



(The mini comp on 7th June.)

Web Site www.ddsc.org.au OR www.gogliding.org.au

Chaotic

Darling Downs Soaring Club Newsletter November 2009

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The AGM and BBQ

The 6th AGM of Darling Downs Soaring Club Inc. was held at the clubrooms on 24th October 2009.

The meeting was well attended, and an excellent BBQ was provided by Dianne Bell and Narelle Hennessy with help from Kay Hook and a number of our Kiwi visitors. This year's fundraising efforts for our World Team pilots got off to a good start with \$480 going into the fund from the proceeds of the BBQ.

The AGM ran through quite quickly with no new motions raised, so the main business was the presentation of reports, and the election of the new committee.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank those committee members who have retired from the committee this year.

Bob Flood has been on the committee for 5 years, including 2 as President and 1 as Treasurer.

Barry Daniel stood down from the post of Airworthiness Officer.

Jo Davies and Shane McCaffrey also stood down.

The new committee is as follows:

President: Pam Kurstjens

Secretary: Richard Armstrong

Treasurer: Paul Bart

CFI: Ralph Henderson

Airworthiness: Robert Bradley

Tugmaster: Lex McQueen

Committee members:

John Moore

Dave Holbrook, duty pilot co-ordinator

Jenny Thompson

Pearce Mitchell

Thank you to all the new committee members who have stepped up to the mark. We have a very strong committee to take the club forward for another year.

Pam Kurstjens

President

Darling Downs Soaring Club Inc

Any old photos/stories...

Perhaps now would be a good time to start digging out old photos & stories for a special edition next year for the 50th Anniversary of the club? If you have photos that need scanning, I'm sure there are plenty of members who can help. (Any scanned images need to be high resolution as possible). There should be enough to have a booklet/DVD, something like that.

The Pre-worlds in Slovakia.

As well as Mike and Allan, Keith, Graham and Charlie, also went from DDSC and Tobi Geiger, Brendan English from down south.

The following is a (quite long) report that Allan put together. The photos are not credited as I don't know who took which ones..,

Slovakia

Slovakia – it is probably not a place that invokes many images to most Aussies – but for a small band of intrepid aviators and their crews, it certainly does now!

After the 2008 Kingaroy Club Class Nationals, Mike Codling and I had been selected to attend the pre-World championships – along with Tobi Geiger in Standard Class. Joining us was to be Brendan English, who, with a special affinity for the place and a glider there already, thought it was an opportunity too good to pass up.

Right from the start, this was a competition that Mike and I decided to approach very differently. It is not very often that both team members in an Australian team hail from the same club, and we decided to make the most of the opportunity by making a real commitment to flying as a team. Both of us had seen this in action at Rieti in the World Championships the year before – where I was flying and Mike was crew. We were both enthused with the idea that we had the best part of 6 months to really give it our best shot.

We made it a rule that we would always fly together, every available weekend right up until leaving for Europe. There was a huge amount to learn – not only about pair flying, but about each other's flying styles and how we could effectively turn each other's skills to our combined advantage. But the biggest commitment was the mental one – defining our goal as a pair rather than as individuals. We decided that each of us would take full responsibility for the other's result, and full credit as well.

During this time a crew quickly assembled itself from within our club ranks. Keith Allen, Graham Hennessy, and Charlie Downes agreed to crew for Brendan, Mike and me. And Helen Woods, of IMS Consulting, and partner of club member Ralph Henderson, made a stupendous contribution by coaxing us all along to many team-building exercises in the months leading up to departure. This was to prove incredibly valuable in the weeks to come.

The preparation didn't stop there – there were airfares, gliders, and vehicles to arrange – and paperwork – and ICAO licenses

(unavailable in Australia) to acquire. All these things fell into place with varying amounts of stress – in reality, the preparation is enough to fill an entire article by itself.

But perhaps one of the more useful parts of our preparation for flying in an unfamiliar environment was Condor – most Wednesday nights after work, Mike and I would log on to the online flight simulator, and fly a task from Priedvidza, where the competition was to be based. I'd already done this the previous year for Rieti, and found that it was incredibly useful for orientating myself once I got there – as every aspect of the terrain was already familiar.

It worked just as well this time around. We even had our local club Condor superstar, Chad Nowak, who regularly joined in our sessions and proved we weren't as hot as we liked to think!

Not least of all was the funding. Again, the club swung in behind us 100%, with an absolutely fantastic fundraising effort that brought in over \$10,000 towards the trip. But we were still without a captain. Eventually, with a lot of cajoling and no other offers eventuating, Charlie Downs agreed to take on the mantle. This too was to prove a great outcome for the team.

So, we were off! Graham and Keith left a little earlier than the rest of us, having decided to take a small detour by train across China, Mongolia, and Russia. Their trip, too, would be a substantial article in itself – but suffice it to say they eventually got to Slovakia without any major dramas, and more importantly, still on speaking terms with each other! *(I hope we will see an article and some photos... Ed)*

I was travelling alone, since I had arranged to borrow a glider from Swaantje Geyer, in Germany, and a camper from her friend Helge Liebertz. Helge had been very generous the previous year in lending me his glider for Rieti.

Both of them were already off at the European Championships when I arrived, so we had arranged that the camper keys would be hidden underneath the camper outside his house. I found the house and the camper no problem, but, exhausted after a 21-hour journey from Brisbane, I just could not locate the keys. It was a good two hours later, after searching fruitlessly and then trying every possible thing I could think of to break into the camper (where I knew there was a spare set) that I realised that just maybe I was searching the wrong vehicle.

Sure enough, down the road 100m and out of view was the camper I should have been searching under! Two minutes later I had the keys and was ready for the 900km drive to Priedvidza. However the camper wasn't quite as keen as I was – but with the assistance of a local mechanic and two sets of jumper leads, I was finally on my way to pick up the glider and head for Eastern Europe.

The trip itself was long and fairly monotonous – punctuated by an unfortunate incident where I managed to exceed the turning-circle limitations of the camper-trailer combination. The camper came off second-best, with a badly crushed back bumper. But at sunset on the second full day of driving, I arrived in Priedvidza.

During the 4 days prior to the start of the comp, Mike and I got 2 practice days to

cement our pair-flying. And the crew got to practice the retrieve drill, with both of us landing out in the same field in true commitment to the pair-flying ethos! It was all coming together nicely.

The opening ceremony was memorably Slovakian. The highlight had to be the troupe of dancing girls, who added a little spice to an event that is traditionally rather dull.



“Team Dingo” appreciatively attend to the opening ceremony – from left, Toby Geiger, Keith Allen, Allan Barnes, Brendan English, Capt Charlie Downes, and Mike Codling (Graham Hennessy obscured)

One thing that we were all very impressed at was the towing. All the tow-planes were ultralight 2-seater Dynamics, with a great power-to-weight ratio that got the field airborne in well less than an hour. AeroSpool Ltd, the manufacturer, was a major sponsor of the competition and is based at the

airfield. Their director, Jozef Šnirc, was also the director of the comp. It was a great advert for the gutsy little aircraft.



Day 1:

A 1hr45min assigned area task – shortened because of the forecast of rain developing later in the day. Mike and I both agreed on as early a start as possible, and we crossed the line wingtip-to-wingtip 60 seconds after window opening – along with half the field.

The sky was murky, and on the very first thermal (6 kt) we lost each other at cloudbase in a sky churning with gliders. Suddenly all the months of pair flying practice seemed a little pointless. But more through luck than good airmanship we found ourselves together again about 3 thermals further down the course, near somewhat soviet-sounding Partizanski. Brendan too joined us, and at this point we could see the band of rain marching in from the east.

It was far more extensive and heavier than predicted, and it seemed quite clear that the task would be unfinishable. We decided, with the wind at our backs, to push as deep as possible into the second circle, and maximise distance – with no hope of getting home. As we touched the second circle, several other gliders turned and headed for home into the rain – we pressed gamely on to a certain

landout. Eventually, running out of circle, we turned for home. The rain was pressing in from the east, pushing us west towards airspace. 200m short of infringement, all 3 of us turned into the pouring rain and glided to a muddy landing.

Back at base, a decision had to be made. The team had 4 outlandings, and 3 cars. Someone had to miss out on an 'early' retrieve. Not that I'm bitter – it had to be someone. The rain eased after an hour or so, and since Mike and I had landed within 1km of each other, we met up at his glider and waited for the retrieve.

Graham arrived shortly before sunset, but there was no way a Skoda and trailer was going to make it into the middle of a boggy blacksoil ploughed field. There was nothing for it but to physically carry the glider out, piece by piece.

Then the message came in from Toby – could we please stop at his field on the way home and help them get their glider out – same problem. By the time we arrived there it was late dusk. We had to wade through water to even get to the paddock. It took 7 of us two hours to carry the glider out through the knee-deep mud, one meter at a time.

Eventually we were back on the road, heading home. But only 10km or so later, Brendan suddenly pulled up in the dark. He'd hit a fully grown deer. Apparently it had jumped out, missed the car, but got hit as it tried to leap the glider trailer. Brendan did the honourable thing with the wheel wrench to put it out of its misery.

It's almost impossible to get food in rural Slovakia at night. We phoned ahead to the restaurant at the airfield, for meals – ETA 11:30pm. No problem, we were assured. Finally we arrived. They hadn't started the meals. I drank 3 cups of coffee, knowing that we still had to head out to get my glider – still in its field. Then Charlie made me the best offer I'd had all day – would I like the 3 crew to go out and bring home my glider, while I got some sleep? I couldn't quite believe I'd heard right – but I had.

And so it was that I woke at 6am the next morning to discover that my glider had only just got back to the airfield. Needless to say, the pilots were quite happy to rig alone that morning, tow out, and get airborne, while the crew slept soundly until lunchtime.

And so to the results – Mike, Brendan and I were all in the top 5. It had been a great start – in spite of the retrieve – except for one thing. The day was only worth 73 points to the winner – and since fewer than 25% had made it 100km – the day had been declared invalid.

To be continued...

6 August – Day 2

After rigging, and towing out to the grid over the daily compulsory weighing station, we headed for briefing. The forecast was excellent, with a 5000ft cloudbase and 3-4kt climbs. A 192km 2-hour AAT was set. Today we were near the front of the grid, and without crew, things were a little rushed. But once airborne, we could see the day was going to be a cracker!

One of the key things about team flying is radio work, and Mike and I have this well practiced. There is a constant flow of information between us – on the glide, we are discussing longer-term flight strategies, updating the climb rates we would be prepared to stop for, and agreeing adjustments to our route. In the transition to thermalling, we are calling out ‘feels like’ climb rates, often splitting left and right to sample a larger area of the thermal in the first two turns.

Once one pilot is climbing discernably better than the other, the other pilot will move across to join him. Throughout the climb, we are comparing averages, agreeing the cut-off point for leaving the thermal, and watching the sky ahead each turn for changes. So it was just as well that in Slovakia we had our own dedicated radio channel – well, almost – we were sharing with the Americans, and just occasionally we would hear one of them update his position to his crew.

Brendan, Mike and I hooked up early and headed out on track, pre-start to explore the excellent cloud street that had already developed. We got 10k out and back without dropping significantly from cloudbase, so decided to start. The plan was that Mike and I would pair-fly, as usual, while Brendan aimed to stay with us for as long as possible. The three of us crossed the line within 4 seconds of each other and we were off!

Unfortunately we didn’t get the same great air of 15 minutes ago, and were soon down at about 1000ft. I was just starting feel nervous when the vario burst into life and we climbed out in about 2-3kts. Since we had already reached the first assigned area, and

were pushing into a headwind, we decided to make that our turnpoint. One trick in AAT tasks is to take into-wind turns low, and downwind turns high. That way the thermal drift acts in your favour. You don’t get extra points for flying through the same air twice!

The next leg was fast and rough, with some quite tricky mountain lee-siders focusing the mind. Brendan slipped below us in one of these and never quite caught up again. The final turnpoint was downwind, and we got to base with a good looking street available to extend our turnpoint. So we stole an extra 5km each way by turning at the end of it. The final leg though was a little tricky – overdevelopment was starting to produce rain on the direct track home.

We had a tricky choice – to dive in under the overdevelopment looking for a strong climb, or to skirt around it through the safer, but unexceptional sky. Such decisions can make or break a day. With a quickly changing sky, one pilot can have a dream run while another, just a few minutes later, is washed out of the sky. Given that the competition was young, we decided to play it safe and deviate around the overdevelopment – yet were still rewarded by a 5.2kt average – the best of the day – onto final glide.

Landings were always straight-ins and always long – so we crossed the perimeter just 20 seconds apart at 10ft and 90kts, and carefully bled off the speed with airbrakes until normal landing speed was reached.

Scoring was extremely simple – by SD card or by internet – and the progressive results were up within minutes of each trace being received. It was a good day for Team Dingo –

3rd and 4th for the day – and Tobi took out 1st in Standard Class. On a personal note – it would have been unachievable without the crew’s magnificent effort the night before.

Day 3

Operations were now back to normal, with the crew on deck. After some complaints about the shortened task from day 2 devaluing the scores, the organisers had set a racing task of 312km, taking in a mixture of mountains to the north and flatlands to the south. The day turned out to be quite a mixture, with good racing conditions early, a period of overdevelopment in the middle of the task, and a fast run home.

Our pair flying was really starting to gel well now, and I estimate that as a result we were getting at least 0.5kt better climbs over the whole course than if we had been flying alone. That might not sound like much, but added up on a 3 kt day with a 3 hour task, it saves you more than 10 minutes!

That is typically about 50 points, which is a massive advantage if achieved consistently throughout a comp.

Mike and I started mid-field, and were out in front by halfway down the second leg. After that we saw no-one else for some time, until just before the final turn, at Nitra, where some others joined us. Fortunately though these were a mixture of early starters and local pilots from the airfield at Nitra.

On the way home we had a good run under some solid streeting and left the others behind. We were delighted to see only one aircraft on the field when we got home – a great feeling! Sure enough, we’d pulled off a

1st and 2nd for the day, and moved into 1st and 2nd overall as well. Brendan was 12th, and Tobi had had a tough day, finishing 5th in Std Class.

Day 4

Some pilots are in their element when leading a competition; some feel uncomfortable having to defend a lead. For me, I had had a big psychological problem with being in front – what I would call an “I can still cock it up from here” mentality. But after attending a training course with George Lee the previous year, one key nugget of advice had solved this for me. His advice: “Just fly like you’ve always flown” was succinct yet compelling.

And yet another advantage of pair flying – you have a partner who is always available, on the ground or in the air, to act as a sounding board and to temper any negative emotion.

Today was another racing task – 319km up into the Tatras mountains – further than we had flown on the practice days. We started early – a little too early as it later transpired. The run up into the mountains was good – we had had clouds all the way – but coming up to the far turnpoint the sky was very different – totally blue. After leaving the clouds, the thermals were weak and low. It seemed like a different airmass.

As we reached the turnpoint we had a choice – to continue on course, in the blue, over low hills, lakes, and green valleys, or to deviate massively back to the mountains where the development was still excellent. There was no-one out in front of us to indicate whether the blue was working –and it seemed like a

significant risk of outlanding - so we decided on the detour back under the clouds. As we detoured back, the rest of the fleet began heading out into the blue high above us. But we were firmly committed. Sadly for us, as we worked our way back along the mountains, the previously blue area, now far off to our right, blossomed into cumulus. The later starters had no trouble deciding which route to take.

We had been blitzed. But in hindsight, I don't believe we made a significant error under the circumstances and with the evidence available. Our mistake was really just one of starting too early. In the end we were 13th and 16th on the day, falling back to 5th and 7th overall. Brendan had also had a shocker.

On the other hand, Tobi had a brilliant day, blitzing the field, beating #2 by over 200 points, and climbing to within 50 points of 1st place overall.

Day 5

It's common practice these days for teams to keep a web presence, and this comp was no exception. TeamDingo.blogspot.com was keeping friends and family back home up-to-date with our adventures. The whole team – including captain and crew – was contributing. But this works both ways – and it was great motivation to have positive feedback from other pilots who were following the event. Thanks to you all!

Today we were being sent abroad. The 305km task took us far north, into Poland. Our game plan had not changed – as usual, we were planning to pair fly in our normal, tight style – separated by no more than 500m at the absolute maximum. However good this

sounds in theory, it is extremely hard to achieve in practice, and we still have a lot to learn about making it work effectively. On the first leg, that separation had somehow pushed up to about 1km. I called a climb, but by the time Mike got to me I was substantially higher and his climb was weaker.

At times like this, a pair must be able to make a transition to 'elastic' style, where the pilots can be separated horizontally but the pilot in front is able to pass back sufficient information about the air to allow the other to catch up. So I pushed on ahead, and we quite successfully started closing the gap.

However, the weather had other plans. A huge deck of thick cirrus was pushing in from the west, forcing us to change down a gear or two. Mike, being a little lower and further behind, was forced to take some weaker climbs and the separation grew again.

This was not the place or the time to be taking flying risks – we were now over southern Poland where the landing options were extremely challenging.

The whole area was one of picturesque, but quite densely populated valleys, with fields that were better described as 'gardens'. There was not a single field I saw in over 50km large enough to land a glider in the traditional sense. Yes, you could land, but only by running through at least two or three of these fields, and hoping that the boundaries did not include banks or ditches. At least there were no fences to worry about – the Europeans do not tend to allow livestock outdoors, and therefore see no need for fences – as their only purpose would be to prevent the crops from escaping!

Mike and I both got home – 6th and 16th - but it was a very mixed day for Team Dingo. Brendan struggled home 23rd, but for Tobi it was a disaster – significantly faster than anyone else, he had narrowly missed the start line through a misunderstanding, and lost 1000 points as a result. His perspective on this disaster was very healthy though – “Well, it’s only the pre-Worlds, I won’t do it next year!”

Overall, Mike and I were lying 8th and 4th respectively. With 6 days still to fly, we were only 300 and 200 points behind the lead. We both still felt that this was quite an achievable margin to make up.

Days 6, 7, 8, and 9

Well , the best laid plans... etc etc. Australia may have irritatingly persistent flies, but Europe’s equivalent is the Warm Front. It sat and drizzled on us for 4 days. Two of those days we gridded and waited for a possible gap. Every 15 minutes, the first launch would be delayed by another 15 minutes. We were on the front of the grid both days, so had to be ready to launch as soon as the word was given.

One day I spent over 3 hours strapped in the glider, ready to launch. Each 15 minute delay was just not quite enough time to get out, stretch the legs, get in again and prepare for launch. Being unready would mean a trip to the back of the grid, which with such a small potential flying window, could well be disastrous.

On the days that were so bad that we didn’t grid, at least we got the chance to visit Prievidza’s famous Bojnice castle. Reconstructed in the classic Renaissance

style, it is well worth a visit, even in the rain. We also got a guided tour of the impressive Dynamic factory, which produces 2 complete aircraft each week, as well as being a fully fledged glider repair facility. They can even repair camper bumpers!

Every day that passed, though, we were becoming aware that the task of catching up the leaders was becoming more and more onerous.



Day 10

The day dawned looking unpromising, with rain still in the hills and low overcast. But we were briefed that the weather would continue to improve throughout the day, and that we would be flying. A 2:00:00 AAT was set. Yet again Mike and I were at the front of the grid, because of the rule that the grid order only changes after a valid competition task.

We still had 200 and 300 points to make up – but only 2 days to do it in. Our plan was to start late – about 3:30 – to take advantage of the improving conditions. This would entail a long airborne wait – about 2 ½ hours, pre-start, which we were prepared for – and would separate us from the main competition – which was necessary if we were to have a chance of a significantly better score.

After launch, we headed off to the west, to get out of the competition frenzy and have some relaxing flying. It was during this time that we saw one of most unusual aerobatic displays that I've had the pleasure to witness. It began with one of the many small eagles, or hawks, joining us in a thermal as they often do. As we got close to cloudbase, the bird began putting on an aerobatic display.

At first the maneuvers were relatively tame – deep swooping dives with graceful pull-ups, wings tightly folded. Then a beautiful chandelle, seeming to almost stall on the lower wingtip. And then, to cap it off, a full loop, the likes of which any aerobatic pilot would be proud. I could think of no other explanation other than that this bird was out there having fun and showing off. We would have stayed for longer, but it was time to head back towards the start area.

Our plan for a late start was still on track, but we were beginning to become aware of some significant spread-out. Brendan radioed that the entire start valley was in shade, and we could see that this was the case. We headed back there anyway, and found only very weak climbs, taking us nowhere near base. We were at another critical decision-point. To make a sub-optimal start, in weak conditions, with a long glide out to sunshine, or to wait even longer, in the hope that the day would recycle, and give us another chance at the stronger conditions that we needed to catch the leaders.

The early starters were already passing back through the start area, on their way to the second turnpoint, and this reinforced a feeling that we might be leaving our start too late.

In the end, we made a start, but an uncommitted one. We agreed that if we got a good climb just after starting, it would make sense to use it to come back to the line and re-start higher. But was that plan A or plan B? In our confusion we were separated, with Mike heading back towards the airfield to find another climb, and me holding on to a very weak climb 5km out on track. Mike didn't make it – nothing worked, and in spite of taking a re-launch he couldn't stay airborne under the overcast.

I got just enough to drift me in over the start line and start 1000ft below base at 3:28 – almost exactly our original planned start time. Ten minutes after I started, the first finishers began crossing the line and Mike lost any chance for another launch.

I had lost my wing man and my buddy. Flying alone felt strange and somehow wrong. The day did redevelop, and was still improving when I crossed the finish line at 5:30. At 5:20 I had had to leave my best thermal for the day, a 5.8kt average, having made final glide.

It had been a day of extremes for Team Dingo, my winning result being sourly tainted by Mike's disaster. In a close-knit team, such disparity in results can be even harder to deal with. We were both flying for our common good, but the results could not have been further from this ideal. It just shows what a knife-edge our decision-making can rest upon – and not only that- but how important it is in team flying to not only communicate the raw statistics of climb rate and glide speed, but also each pilot's gut-feelings, intentions, and expectations. This we had failed to do.

Day 11

The final day. Everything we have worked towards for the last 12 months rests upon what happens out there in the next few short hours. The scoreboard shows that I now trail the leader – Mario Schupfer – by only 50 points. Mike is now out of the running, but agrees to support my effort by continuing our normal style of pair flying. I have another advantage – Mario's wing man, Christian Lang – has had to leave the competition for personal reasons. Mario will be on his own.

Tobi also had another day win in Standard Class – but with his 1000-point start penalty from earlier, he is out of contention for 1st place.

In our morning team huddle, Tobi points out that Mario will be looking for us pre-start – all he has to do is fly with us in order to secure his own victory. We agree that straight after launch, Mike and I will do our best to disappear. Meanwhile, Brendan will seek out Mario, and let us know by radio what his movements are.

This works like a dream. Straight after releasing from tow, Mike and I take one climb, then head way out of the start area to the west. There are no other gliders in sight and conditions are good. We hide behind clouds, and try to stay at cloudbase to avoid being seen. Mario is looking for us, but Brendan is on his tail. Every time we hear that Mario is getting warmer, we break off sideways before he can spot us. Eventually, Mario gives up and makes a start. Brendan starts with him and keeps us informed.

When Mario heads back for a restart, we hear about it and stay hidden. Then we head

for the line and make a perfect start 20 minutes later. If we can catch Mario, I know the 20 minutes time difference will be enough. All we will need to do is stay with him. The hunter becomes the hunted.

As we make our start, Sebastian Kawa starts too in his beautiful ASW22B. Sebastian helps tow us along for a few thermals before we lose him. Just before the first area, Mike and I become separated again by differing climb rates in the same thermal. This time we can't use our normal technique, which is to immediately leave and find something better. Terrain is in the way for Mike. He urges me to push on, so I head off alone in search of Mario. But I must find him before he turns the first area, or I won't know where he turned and how far I have to go. I can't do it – there are too many gliders for me to identify at a distance which might be Mario. I decide to fly my own flight from now on.

I try to feed back useful information to Mike, but I am distracted by the task in front of me. At one point, Mike comes in to the same thermal as me, hundreds of feet below, but neither of us realises the other is there. We have already assumed that our paths will not cross again this flight.

After a slow spot that has held me up for 10 minutes, finally I get onto a marginal final glide and push the stick forward impatiently. There are hills between me and the airfield but I should be high enough. I am not. The hills slowly rise up the canopy and I am on the lee-side. I search desperately for escape, and find 3kts which hefts me back out of the gully. I am home. But I am not that fast. Team captain Charlie comes up to me and tells me – it is a 100kph day. I know I was only 92.

I am not that fast – I am 4th today - but it has been enough. Mario has had a bad day, and finishes 15th. Tobi arrives back – very fast – another day win for him. Mike has also had the battle with terrain but did not find his saving thermal. The trailer departs. Joy and disappointment combine yet again.

Closing

It's been a roller-coaster of emotion, this competition. At the end, for me, the result was only half of what we set out to achieve. Our target, although it seemed ambitious at the time, was to come first and second as a pair, with the order not important. We came, I believe, much closer to that target than the scores would suggest. Mike and I both won this competition, because alone, neither of us would have. I am more convinced than ever that pair flying is an advantage, and that no pilot should ignore this when travelling to an international comp.

Tobi also had a great competition. If it hadn't have been for his start line indiscretion, he would have had a scorching win. As it was, he still clawed his way back up to 3rd place.

There were many unsung heroes in this comp. Brendan, for example, who was a terrific help throughout, and sacrificed his own plans on the last day to chase Mario around the sky. And Charlie, our tireless captain, who was the oil on the rusty hinges of our team. The crew, Keith and Graham, who took on untold hardships with good grace, especially on that first night. And Helen, who made such a difference towards helping us understand each other, and to the attitude that we took with us. Finally, our local club, DDSC, who not only ran a fantastic fundraising program, but also supported us

100% from start to end.

Next year we will be going back to Priedviza to do it all again. Next year it will be a lot harder. But hopefully, we have also learned a lot from this trip. I can't wait. Bring it on!
Allan Barnes.

CLUB CLASS:



1st – Allan Barnes AUSTRALIA
2nd -Ferenc Bereczky HUNGARY
3rd - Mario Schupfer AUSTRIA



- 1. Juha Sorri FINLAND
- 2. Jiri Kusbach CZECK
- 3. Tobias Geiger AUSTRALIA



team Dingo

- Tobi Geiger
- Brendan English
- Allan Barnes
- Mike Codling
- Charlie Downes
- Graham Hennesy
- (Keith already departed)

Duty Pilot Rostering:

I am working on a spreadsheet to set up the rostering, should be done today.

What I need is a list of non availability.

I have David Nash's non availability.

We will try a system whereby you can edit online the calendar. You can also email or ring me or see me and tell me.

Shortly everyone on Chat will receive the email explaining how to edit their calendar on my planning spreadsheet.

Thanks by the way, to Sue Ennis who is going to stand in for Shane Robert as DP on the 8th November. Sue has done DP in other clubs I believe but may need helping round the pie cart. I am aware we are short of envelopes for money. We need some more, blank ones for a start will do! I'll try and remember to get to the post office...

Hopefully I will have net access at lake keepit and will be able to work out the Roster for Dec.

Dave Holbrook
0403948944

Roster November.

Apologies, I don't have Tug roster.

Date	Instructors	Duty Pilot
Sat 31st (Oct)	Jeremy Thompson (L2/Coach) David Nash (AE)	John Hook
Sun 1st	Jenny Thompson (L2) Mike Codling (Coach)	Greg Valler Michaela Valler
Sat 7/11/2009	Andrew Huggins (L3) David Nash (AE)	David Nash
Sun 8/11/2009	Robert Hart (L2/Coach) Pearce Mitchell (L1)	Sue Ennis
Sat 14/11/2009	Jenny Thompson (L2) Bob Flood (AE)	Harris, Steve
Sun 15/11/2009	Peter Bell (L3/Coach) Greg Valler (AE)	Hennessy, Graham
Sat 21/11/2009	Jeremy Thompson (L2/Coach) Paul Bart (AE)	Matuszczak, Libby
Sun 22/11/2009	Denis Lambert (L2) Barry Daniel (L1)	Ian Lesch (
Sat 28/11/2009	Alain Potier (L2) David Holbrook (AE)	Flood, Robert
Sun 29/11/2009	Richard Hoskings (L2) Jo Davis (Coach/AE)	Richards, Peter