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from the editor

september–october 2014

Welcome to your big, thick, winter issue of *SoaringNZ*. There should be plenty of reading here to keep you going until the weather improves and you can get back out there flying yourself.

While most of us have been suffering through a long dreary winter, all the action has been happening overseas. Since the last issue of *SoaringNZ* there have been three world championships in Europe and we bring you coverage from all of them, in one form or another. Don't worry; the magazine is not a dump of day by day contest plays. We had three pilots at the Flapped Classes Worlds at Leszno in Poland where John Coutts managed a second place in the 18 m class. He tells us of his struggles on Day Six. Brett Hunter and Steve Wallace give their take on their first worlds and Steve's wife Lisa tells of the nail biting wait for the final day's points when it seemed as if John might have won the contest.

With no Kiwis in the non-flapped contest in Finland, *SoaringNZ* gave the floor to Australian Terry Cubley who tells us what is involved in Stewarding at a World Contest. Prior to Leszno, John Coutts had also flown in the Grand Prix final at Sisteron in France. It was unfair to ask him to write two contest reports, so the Sisteron report comes from Team Australia who experienced some exhilarating flights.

The European summer was perfect for trial cross-country flights in the Sunseeker Duo and the American summer has given our own Terry Delore, flying in Nevada, the second fastest 1250 km flight on record. Terry's friend Mitch Polinsky has done eight US and World records from Nevada this season, on top of the eight he achieved last season, he was happy to share his development from everyday pilot to record setter with *SoaringNZ* readers.

We haven't completely ignored events at home with a report from the GNZ AGM and the winners of our National Awards.

Our next issue will be much more focused on New Zealand events and New Zealand flying, as it should be, during our soaring season. Don't forget we're happy to run your stories of great flights, things you've learnt through experience, things you think your clubs, your exec, or even your magazine could do better, or just maybe, they're doing things well and you'd like to share. Just email me with your ideas and I can help you work up an article. Contest organising committees need to be sure that they have someone shoulder tapped to write up the coverage of



More than one way to spend the winter. The editor contemplates soaring the Dunstons and the Remarkables, from the top of Cardrona ski field.

the upcoming contests and someone else taking photos. Photos need to be taken at high resolution for best results in print. The Central Plateau and South Island Regional contests will need reports for the next mag. *SoaringNZ* works because of the efforts of the volunteers who provide the stories and illustrations so thanks everyone.

Club News is working very well at the moment and again, thank you to all the club scribes out there. I know that one of the first things overseas pilots turn to is the club news, to find out what their friends in NZ are doing, so it is important and you're all doing a good job.

SoaringNZ and GNZ encourage open debate, so if you agree



Sunseeker II, the solar powered aircraft designed and flown by Eric Raymond. Photo Irena Raymond.

next issue

Next issue: The NZ soaring season kicks off. Sth Island Regionals. Central Plateau Contest. Older pilots – how old is too old to fly?

magazine deadlines

Deadline for Club News, articles and pictures is 10 November and 20 November for advertising.



Photo: John McCaw



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or disagree with what you read in the magazine, write a letter to the editor. We are happy to print honest opinions.

Go forth and clear the bird's nests from your trailers; check all your equipment is flight ready and prepare yourself too. Get your medicals and BFRs out of the way, get current and be ready to burst into the air as soon as the thermals pop.

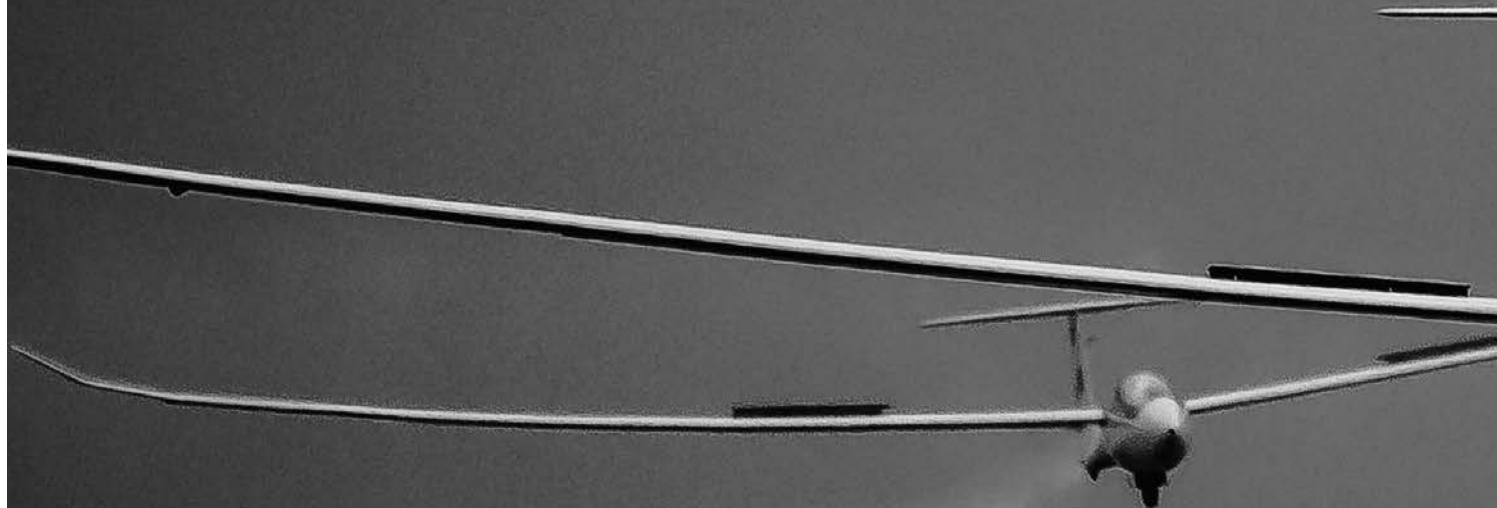
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Jill McCaw

WORLD FLAPPED

Gliding Championships, Leszno, Poland 2014

SUNDAY 27 JULY – SATURDAY 9 AUGUST

BY JOHN COUTTS



Representing New Zealand
John Coutts and Brett Hunter – 18m class
Steve Wallace – 15m class



Team NZ was represented at this event by Steve Wallace in the 15m Class, Brett Hunter and John Coutts in the 18m class with Adam Cumberlege as Team Manager. Crew members Barbara Hunter, Lisa Wallace, Nigel McPhee, Geoff Gaddes, and Matt Findlay were indispensable. It is the first time for a number of years that NZ has had a team flying at a World event. World Championships have become so large that they are now split into two events. This event was the flapped classes which are the 15m, 18m and Open classes. The unflapped Worlds occurred a couple of weeks earlier in Finland.

Auckland Gliding Club member and previous World Champion, John Coutts is currently based in South Africa, but still did us proud, coming only seven points behind the winner for a fantastic second place. While he mentions that he has flown at Leszno previously, at the 2003 Worlds, he neglects to mention that at that contest, he won the 15m class. This was a new contest with new challenges and things were different this time. John's description of his flight on Day Six is an excellent example of just how much skill is involved in contest flying at this level. He tells us about the contest, and how it wasn't just the pilots but glider types that were competing against each other.

GLIDERS IN COMPETITION

From a sailplane development point of view, the competition was to be quite interesting, as the new JS1c 21m, the open class derivative of the popular 18 m glider, was to be pitted against the new EB29 single seat super glider and the Schempp Hirth Quintus. All the gliders had already been showcased in Uvalde, Texas in 2012, but it was argued that the fantastic strong conditions experienced there were special, and that the more common, weaker European weather would give a more accurate comparison. Weight would be a factor. The JS1c can only go to 720 kg while the EB 29 and Quintus could go to the maximum permitted by the competition rules, 850 kg. Dick



Day 2. The haze layer below requires your next climb to be identified before you are half way up your current climb.



Day 2, thunderstorm. Bucketed down.



Pilots leaving briefing day 1, ready to do battle.



Day 4 Brett and crew, beer and icecream after dinner.



Day 4, the raining finish.



Sebastian Kawa waits on the grid for a launch

Butler's Concordia was also there and this glider was rumoured to have cost in excess of \$2,000,000. When you see the gliders side by side you can see that JS1 is quite a lot smaller and the much greater span of the EB 29 and Concordia is very apparent. I think that many people were surprised by the JS1c, me included, in its ability to hold its own even in the weak weather. By the end of the contest, it was generally regarded that the JS1c was as competitive as the Quintus and had a small edge over the EB 29 at higher speeds. Of course when it comes to making long glides at best LD, there is no substitute for span

and the EB 29 seemed to be the choice. In the end some pilots were saying the JS1c was the best choice, simply because for the same performance, it is much cheaper!

BACKGROUND

The weather before the practice period was reportedly very good and on my arrival, both Brett and Steve, who had already been on site for almost a week, told of many excellent flights at breakneck speeds. The official practice period also offered some good conditions, with one or two rain days in between. The big

difference between this year and the last world championships which I'd flown here in Leszno in 2003 was that in 2003 they were practically in a drought. This year was very wet. This year everything was green and it stayed that way. Perhaps because of this, the forests seemed more important than I had remembered them. You had to be careful though, as the good climbs were to be had over a particular type of forest only, where the ground was sandier and obviously drained much quicker. I'm not a botanist but it looked like the better forests were pine or similar, much like in the North Island. On one particular day I couldn't understand why the clouds were so soggy looking and the climbs almost non-existent, until I looked down to see the fields were sodden from all the rain.

The weather forecasting was fair but the task setting seemed to be very poor. Many days it seemed that we were flying yesterday's task! Generally though, a number of tasks could have been much longer. Also, the tasks between the classes were conflicting and on more than one occasion the tasks had to be changed at the protest of the pilots.

HOW I WENT

I don't think that I flew particularly well, or certainly not as naturally as I did eleven years earlier, but I did fly with a little bit more wisdom, especially when it came time to survive. Apart from the one distance day back in 2003, I think I only dropped below 2000 feet once out of twelve days. This time I had multiple saves from less than 1000 feet! On one occasion I was down at 500 feet and full of water on a 35°C day, very sweaty. This was the 2nd day

and my only really bad result. I was just a little too late for a storm cycle and realised that I needed to get into the sun to survive. It was otherwise a very good day and even though being full of water made the climb away very slow, I would have been far too light later in the flight and would have lost even more points.

A GOOD DAY ON DAY SIX

As with many competitions, there is a defining moment when perhaps you get a little lucky and suddenly the competition is split wide open. This happened on the sixth flying day, when large storms filled the skies and I managed to get closest to home out of all the competitors (in the three classes). The weatherman promised a good day's gliding, with a chance of thunderstorms in the afternoon. The sounding and my own investigations led me to the opinion that the day was going to go to storms – big storms. Walking out of briefing it was already very hot and I passed the remark to Brett and Steve that I thought it would be a good day to start early.

I was toward the back on the starting grid and with a 15 km glide over to the starting line, the gate was already opened by the time I was ready to start. Large development was already visible on the horizon to the south and the east – our turnpoint directions - so I started as soon as I could get high enough and Brett started three minutes later. I realised that I needed to go as fast as possible because as the storm grew, the combinations and possibilities to penetrate or circumvent the storm would dwindle until the storm had completely engulfed the whole sky.

I pushed as hard and fast as I could and nailed a few good



Photo Mateusz Mrocek



Photo Mateusz Morek

"The Man". Sebastian Kawa, multiple world Champion

climbs and this enabled me to arrive at the edge of the first storm at a reasonable height and in a good position. I had caught up to many early starters. The tell-tale sea breeze type dags hanging from the cloud base told me I had gone a little too deep into the storm and I backtracked a few km's until I centred on a nice climb which eventually took me right up to the mist, at almost 7,000 ft. Then it was a quick glide between two storms before they collided and ultimately blocked the route to those perhaps only ten minutes behind.

As it was, Brett arrived at the storm just minutes later, almost exactly where I had climbed, to find only turbulence generated by the outflow from the storm and eventually had to land. Timing is everything with storm flying. Steve also tried to penetrate the storm but realised that it would be fruitless and end in an outlanding. As a general rule, if you cannot see through the storm, then you can't punch it.

The first turn point appeared to be obliterated by the storm, but a large detour of perhaps 50 km, slowly tiptoeing out to the right, found the turnpoint almost in the clear. This is where things got interesting. A few of the earlier starting gliders had arrived a few minutes earlier and had started to climb. They appeared to be climbing well, but when I pulled in underneath, I got four knots then three, then two, until I was no longer climbing. I could see a nice dag edge running up to the second turnpoint and thought that I needed to take the turn, about 5 k away and get back to the cloud edge and hopefully cruise-climb up toward the next turnpoint. Just as I was taking the turnpoint, I flew into more lift of about four knots and only being at approximately 3,000 ft I thought it would be prudent to take a

bit of extra height, to make sure that I had options when I went back into the storm edge again.

Again, the lift died off quickly and I decided to carry on to the edge of the storm. As I said previously, timing is everything and sometimes when you see it is working well, you have to get there as soon as possible. I have had occasions in South Africa where followers were met with heavy rain and no lift, when only minutes earlier I had lift so strong that you barely needed to turn. Perhaps my procrastination cost me, as when I pulled in underneath the daggy edge it didn't look very enticing anymore and at best I could just maintain height. I managed to glide perhaps 20 km but my height was slowly dwindling. Down at 2,000ft I had to make a decision. The storm edge had now almost completely dissolved and there were two options. To the left, an area between two dying storms that could work but looked very uncertain. I would probably arrive at 1000ft and be trying to climb away in light rain. To the right, I could see that the outflow from the storm was blowing away from me, with a wind speed of perhaps 20 knots, as some nearby wind turbines showed. Further in the distance, I could see other wind turbines almost still and facing another direction altogether. This was the safest chance and from the progressive collapse of the sky, I doubted that many, if any, would be able to get much further going straight on track. I turned hard right, dumped my water and slowed the glider to let the carpet wind from the storm blow me toward the potential unmarked low level convergence zone. At perhaps only 800ft I finally hit what the South Africans like to call the 'Gust Front.' Unfortunately, it didn't have as much energy as back home in Johannesburg, but still enough to



Day 5 The sun shines on John Coutts winner for the day.



Day 6, John's paddock.



Day 6, heading for trouble

slowly climb, albeit with constant re-centring, similar to wave flying. Eventually I was joined by three open class gliders. It was time to glide to the only cloud left in the sky (but it looked a good one), although it was a fair glide and almost 90° off track.

We all arrived under the massive cloud together, but I got a strong feeling that I needed to be right on the upwind end of the cloud. The problem was that we were just too late and the cloud was in what I like to call the transition phase. This is when it changes from a large overdeveloped cloud to a proper storm. The conventional thermal lift that made the large cloud is exhausted but the storm frontal line has still yet to form.

After following the open class gliders for a few kilometres deeper into the cloud, I realised that we were heading for trouble. I turned 180 degrees and headed upwind, toward where I wanted to be initially, while the open class gliders persevered, eventually starting their engines a few minutes later. I was down to perhaps 500 ft when I finally hit lift. Swallows darting this way and that chasing the insects getting sucked up by the thermal reassured me that although low, I would be able to climb away easily. It took an age to climb up to cloud base at 8,000 ft, all while the big cloud slowly matured into a proper storm. I was over 40km off track, plus another 110 km from the turnpoint home. With 150 km to run home, the glide computer said I was only 1500 ft shy of a max LD glide. The visibility during the competition was often bad and today was no exception. It was difficult to know in the dark murk where to go, but I just flew slowly on track and seemed to be getting a great glide.

I noticed some interesting clouds perhaps 30 km off track to the left. I studied them for a while and they looked like they

could be growing. I wanted to turn for them, but I just couldn't bring myself to turn. If they didn't work, I would land there while sacrificing possibly 50 km of further distance.

While gliding straight for home, I eventually caught up the large storm that had caused all the initial drama. It was now dying and only drizzle and mild sink remained. I landed approximately 50 km from Leszno. While waiting for Nigel and Steve to come and get me, I could see the clouds that I should have diverted to grow into a new storm system. If I had have gone to them, I would have arrived in perfect time and been able to easily climb to cloud base. Furthermore, the old storm eventually fizzled out altogether and it would have been an easy glide for home. Nigel and Steve didn't see the importance of my mistake; after all I had won the day anyhow. I was however frustrated by my wrong decision and I had had lost the opportunity to get a few extra points!

TEAM NZ

It was great to have more of a team this year. This was the first three pilot team since 1999 in Bayreuth, Germany, and it made the whole event a lot more enjoyable, and not like it was a one man crusade, as it has been on so many occasions before. Brett and Steve perhaps didn't fare as well as they would have liked, but they learned a lot and will be much better prepared for Benalla in 2017.

Steve, Brett and I would like to give a big thanks to the GNZ Umbrella trust for paying our entry fees, paying for the rental of Team Kiwi HQ (the container) and to the promotions fund for subsidising the cost of the team shirts.



THE THRILL of the worlds

BY STEVE WALLACE

What a privilege it is to compete at a World Gliding Championship. It really is the epitome of gliding as a competitive sport; from the awe of lining up on a grid with 130 other high performance gliders, to the anticipation of the launch.

The rumble from the 15 post-war radial engined tow planes, signalling that things are about to get under way, is one of the great sounds in aviation. From the craziness of the pre-start gaggle tactics, to the beauty of the on-task climb and run rolling maul, where man and machine imitate nature, achieving speed and efficiency with peloton like precision that cannot be matched by the individual. And of course, there is nothing quite like the thrill of the final glide, streaming home with dozens of other gliders all around you. It really is all a sight to behold.

Best of all, New Zealand was there as a team. The pilots were supported by Adam Cumberlege as Team Captain, with stand-ins of Lisa Wallace before Adam arrived and Nigel McPhee when Adam took ill.

Geoff Gaddes and Matt Findlay arrived early in the first

week and worked hard preparing gliders and helping on retrieves when John, Brett or myself landed out. They were also excellent at appearing with cold beer just when it was needed. Lisa and Barbara did a superb job of making lunches, driving the retrieve vehicles, preparing NZ's contribution to International Night, looking after pilot morale and doing the numerous other tasks required to keep the whole ship on course. Fraser and Grace (my kids) did a great job acting as NZ cheer squad, decorating NZ's container HQ with hand drawn pictures and sticker bombing our neighbours when the opportunity arose.

We may not have been one of the powerhouse teams like France, Germany, England, South Africa, the USA or even Australia, but what we lacked in hardware, logistics, knowledge and organisation we made up for with spirit and character. We waved our banners, flew the flag and wore our shirts with pride. We did what New Zealand does best; we punched well above our weight on the world stage.

We flew 10 days out of the allocated 14, in weather that was average compared to the practice week. Many of the days were devalued, with the weather only allowing for shorter tasks to be set. Thunderstorms and thermal-killing high cirrus were the main culprits. Even Sebastian Kawa called the weather "non-Leszno-like" and "whimsical". Consequently, the winners in



Photo: Mateusz Morcek

all classes ended up with totals only in the seven thousands, compared with 2003 when they were in the ten thousands. As an indication of the experience amongst this group of pilots, it was amazing to hear the number that were able to talk about how good the conditions were when they were last at the World Champs in Leszno, back in 2003. Certainly, the leader board read like a who's who of international competitive gliding.

At the end of the contest it was just great to see John Coutts, our most experienced and highest performing competition pilot at this level, on the podium once again, taking Silver in the 18m class. If it wasn't for a few land-outs in the 18m class on the last day devaluing the speed points, it would have been Gold for John for a second time in Leszno. For Brett and myself, both way back in 42nd place, we were certainly hoping for a better result but not having competed at this level before, it was hard to know where to aim. At the beginning of the contest John said to us, "You must treat your first Worlds as a learning experience," and of course he was right. Having now had the experience, we are both certainly better pilots for it and metaphorically speaking, we wouldn't (and even if we wanted to, couldn't) trade it for all the gold in China. With the benefit of hindsight, we now have the foresight to know how to do better and are both looking forward to the next chance we get to have a crack.

Like all gliding competitions, the best part was of course the people, both at the comp and back home. We have made some great international gliding friends, and being able to fly and converse with some of the best in the business was certainly an opportunity not to be missed. The messages of support from NZ and friends around the world were just fantastic and we all looked forward to reading them every day.

As well as all the other thanks I would like to add a big thanks to my home club, Aviation Sports in Auckland, who raised an amazing sum of money for a small club, to support my first World Gliding Comp.



Steve, first day on the grid beside the Americans



Team Captain, Adam



Steve, selfie



A Polish Experience

BY BRETT HUNTER

I arrived in Poland with preconceived ideas of the landscape, the flying, and the country in general. This came from google earth, SeeYou files for the 2003 WGC (also in Leszno) and general internet surfing. All the research just did not paint the picture that is Poland today.

From the air the ground is a strikingly beautiful patchwork of maize, wheat and barley in different shades of gold, brown and green, which altered each week depending on the stage of the harvest. Add to that, frequent patches of forest, and many small lakes, multiple wind turbines, and ancient towns. It all meant there was plenty to look at and also plenty of surface variation to heat at different rates and to trigger thermals.

Rather than a full account of the competition I will recount some of the more lasting impressions of my experience there.

- The contest organisation did not get off to a great start. The briefings were held in a large hangar with shocking acoustics, which were not helped by a stone-age PA system. Things were made worse by barking dogs (yes – in the hangar with us) and general hubbub from the crews standing behind us. However by the second week things had improved markedly with a decent PA system and a sound technician.

- I went to my first WGC with the expectation of rigid discipline and rule enforcement. The Poles had a pretty relaxed attitude to such details; for the entire practice week there was no glider weighing, no gridding in classes and no start gates. Start times were never required. Reports of cloud flying during the competition led to a good-natured safety warning by the chief steward at one briefing. There was no time limit for uploading flight logs after landing (one competitor often didn't bother until the next morning).
- The tasking was pretty abysmal, in fact there was some evidence the tasks were set the night before (yesterday's date printed on the SeeYou task sheets). The Task setter grew gun-shy after Day Two when there was a thunderstorm over Leszno during the finish, leading to some interesting landing experiences. We had day after day of AATs with 10 km finish circles, with some obviously under called tasks. We had very few 1000 point days – one, rather perversely, was the mass land-out day.
- It has made me appreciate just how professional and well run our New Zealand competitions are. We would not have to change much to run a successful WGC.
- Gaggle flying. To the uninitiated like me, the pre-start gaggles were a place of high excitement. Really. Up to 30 sailplanes in one thermal in the murk with the flarm going ballistic. On reaching cloud base the accepted norm was to open out the circle and speed up - so there



Photo: Mateusz Mocek

could be a glider outside you, a glider inside you, cloud above and gliders below. All within two or three wing-spans, not to mention the gliders in front and the unknown behind. Not the time to be unwrapping a sandwich.

- ▶ The flying itself was simply amazing. The best of it was in the unofficial practice week where the tasks were between 400km and 560km, and accomplished easily at good speeds. Climbs would average about 5 knots from bottom to top (although the 20 second average would often be 8 – 10 knots) but most of the climbing would be pull-ups in the cruise. During the competition we were not so fortunate as we suffered with a very humid unstable airmass which brought with it lower cloud-bases, poorer visibility and....
- ▶ Thunderstorms. The closest I've come to an in-flight perm. Exhilarating when you manage to get under the shelf and are screaming along at 130 knots and still climbing, while big raindrops hit you like machine gun fire. Terrifying when you get it wrong and have no control in the turbulence, the ASI flicking between 80 and 40 knots, and walls of darkness and heavy rain closing in on you. Did I mention the lightning? On the mass land out day I got it wrong and got sandwiched in a meteorological oasis between several storm fronts. I opened the brakes from 2500 feet and landed while I still could. Downwind into my chosen field the wind changed 180 degrees and so did I – landing with about 15 -20 knots on the nose.
- ▶ On many days we encountered areas of very high vertical cloud development with areas of heavy rain which were sometimes unavoidable. You had to hit them high to get through to the thermic areas, which could be 20km behind the rain.

Steve, John and I worked well as a team. After briefing we would have a discussion on the tasks over an early lunch. In the air we would have a pre-start chat on our 'secret' Kiwi frequency (133.55) and pass on any intel we had gleaned from channel-surfing other team frequencies.

I knew John would be a medal contender and he didn't disappoint. As well as being a superb pilot he is a great ambassador for New Zealand gliding and is well liked by his fellow competitors.

Steve and I were disappointed with our placings, but I know we have emerged much better competition pilots and I know what areas I have to improve on. I was surprised at how little difference there is between me and other well known competitors –we could fly together for most of a task, but they have a level of consistency which I just could not emulate.

The support crew was fantastic. Adam Cumberlege, then Nigel did a great job as Team Captain, but having Lisa Wallace and Barbara (my wife) was pure gold. Gliding New Zealand through the Umbrella Trust funded a team office, which was an air-conditioned shipping container, which we equipped with a refrigerator and a BBQ. Having this made a huge contribution to team morale.

Julian Elder and family visited for the first weekend, and Geoff Gaddes and Matthew Findlay arrived soon after and were a great help with the gliders and were valuable additions to the retrieve crews.

Thank you all for your support – both personal, and through GNZ funding for our entry fees and the Team office, as well as to the Matamata Soaring Centre for their assistance.



HOW JOHN COUTTS nearly won the worlds

BY LISA WALLACE AND JILL MCCAWE

During the Worlds, Lisa Wallace, wife of NZ competitor Steve Wallace, kept the country updated with a blog post a day. Jill put the following together from Lisa's blog and other records from the contest.

It was absolutely nerve-wracking. John Coutts went into the final day of the 33rd World Gliding Competition in Leszno, Poland with a good chance of winning. John started the final day in 3rd place in the 18 m class. He was only 123 points behind the leader Karol Staryszak, the local pilot from Poland. In 2nd place, another Polish pilot, Lukasz Wójcik was only 32 points in front of Coutts. A good day would have made 123 points perfectly possible.

The contest had had nine days flying and the pilots and crews were exhausted. We were hoping that this would mean that the others would make mistakes. John needed a good flight on a high scoring day; that is a day with a long task flight – 400 km would have been ideal. On the morning of the last day we were delighted when this was exactly what was announced at the task briefing. However, the weather wasn't to co-operate and it became obvious to the task setters that a front moving onto the contest area meant that the competitors would never be able to fly that far. Rebriefings were called, and the task length was pulled back to 300 km and then eventually 250 km. While this meant that the task should be doable for all, it also meant that the day would be devalued, making it harder to score well enough to make up a points deficit.

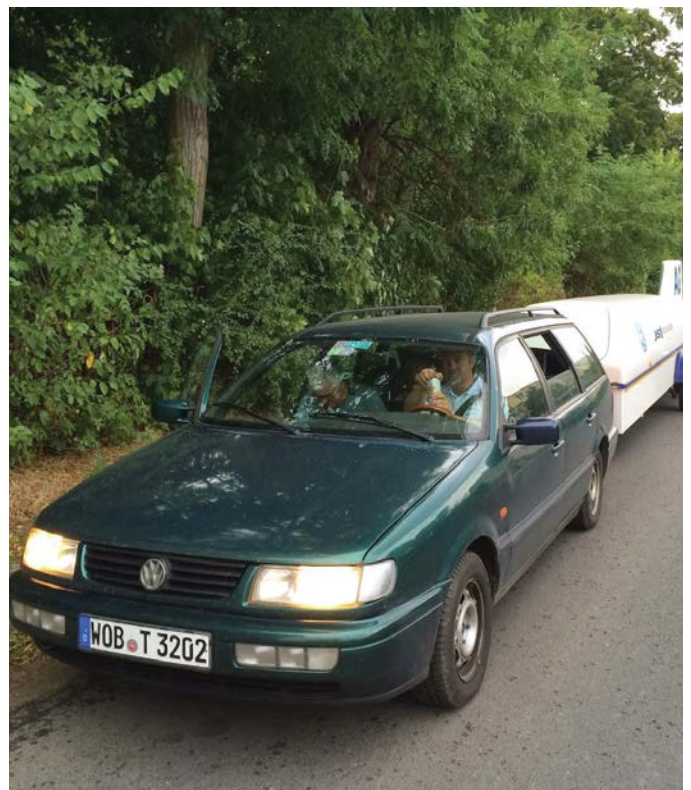
It turned out that the weather would be even worse than predicted and many pilots landed out in paddocks, unable to make it home. It was to be these outlanders who were to rob John of his chance at a 1st place. He did alright for the day, coming in at 10th for the day out of the field of 46, while his Polish rivals did even worse, ending up 32nd and 33rd.

As the logs were processed we held our breaths. John seemed to have done enough for the overall win. He was sitting at only seven more points overall than Staryszak. But it wasn't over. As more and more pilots landed out, the day was devalued still further. The day winner ended up with only 670 points. Played out live on screen in the briefing hall and on computer screens around the world, the points slowly changed as returning pilots' electronic traces were processed. John's lead was cut from seven points, to four points, then three points, then it was 1st equal and eventually the points dropped to seven behind Karol Staryszak. Lukasz Wójcik was another 76 points behind to place third.

Second isn't a bad placing at that level of competition. This is a silver medal achievement.



John nervously waiting for the final results to come in.



John's retrieve car 'The Vengabus' was pretty special. Neither of the front windows worked, the aircon didn't work, first gear selected only sometimes and reverse selected rarely.