

**From the home of the *Scottish Gliding Centre***

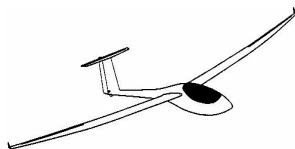
# Portmoak Press

**Editorial – Ian Easson**

Spring has sprung at Portmoak and we have been host to a number of visiting groups from all over the country. Weather has of course been pot-luck but I have seen a lot of smiley faces from visitors and locals alike as they complete their badge claim forms. Our AGM has confirmed our Board of Directors for 2005/06. Chris Robinson and yours truly stood down, and John Guy and Kate Byrne were welcomed as new Board members (see table for specific areas of responsibilities).

As this goes to press, the SGU will be hosting the Scottish Inter-Club League. We wish everyone success and hope they all enjoy the comp. Results will be available on the club house notice board and published in the next issue of *Portmoak Press*. Those avid readers of S&G will have noted that the FAI Centenary occurs this year. As part of their celebrations, and to help increase the awareness of sport flying – and gliding in particular – all pilots are being invited to send their logger files of all flights occurring during a two-week window in July (9<sup>th</sup> to 24<sup>th</sup>). These logged flights will be used to highlight the amount of flights and distances covered by glider pilots. Besides providing a very useful and powerful piece of statistical data, this is your chance to have your flight recorded in history. All flights sent will be used, whether it is a cable break land ahead job lasting less than one minute, or an epic flight across the country lasting many hours. Details of how to download your flights will be available in the next issue of S&G (before next issue of *Portmoak Press*.) The book is still in progress and I'm still on the lookout for more material, particularly for the late

eighties an early nineties. I am keen to get stories and photos (B&W,



colour or digital). All photos will be returned so please write your details, along with the photo details - date, location, names etc. – on the back and send them to me. The best photo will get pride of place on the cover of the book, so get rummaging. Send them to me either at the club or to “Overhill”, Ferntower Road, Crieff, Perthshire, Scotland PH7 3DB, or to [ian.easson@btinternet.com](mailto:ian.easson@btinternet.com) Please note the cut-off dates for future issues: End of June for July, end of September for October, end of December for January and end of March for April. Material can be sent to me either typed or hand-written and dropped in my mailbox beside the payphone, or e-mail me at the above address.

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**Board Members.**

Chairman	John Williams
Secretary & Caravans	Bruce Marshall
Treasurer/Buildings/Property	Kevin Hook
Vice Chairman & Winch etc.	Douglas Tait
Tug, WOA and Tech. Officer	Joe Fisher
Winch & Ground equipment	Douglas Tait
Publicity & PR	John Guy
Membership Comms	Kate Byrne



## Daring Do's Down Under

Whenever you mention gliding in Australia, everyone thinks of Benalla or other large or commercial clubs based in the Eastern States. No one seems to think of what Western Australia has to offer, so when I went there, I did not really know what to expect.

Last October, we flew out to Perth to visit our daughter. I managed to engineer some weekend trips, where I was not included, but retained the use of the borrowed car. So having deposited wife and daughter at the airport for an adventure in the red centre, I jumped in the car and headed west for two hours (I've been to the red centre anyway).

There are three clubs within easy reach of Perth. They are all relatively small and operate at weekends only, but in the summer season that can include Fridays or even the whole week, by special arrangement, or when courses are run.

I had chosen Cunderdin, because it is easy to find off the great eastern highway, half way to Kalgoorlie, which everyone has heard of, (a gold mining town). It is in the centre of the wheat belt, so there would be plenty of large flat fields to land in and there would be plenty of lovely thermals to choose from, with good visibility in all directions. Far enough away from the coast to be unaffected by coastal weather. Cunderdin is a small agricultural town that boasts a filling station, hotel, restaurant, swimming pool and even an agricultural college. The airfield is first left past the college gates. It is an old Second World War training airfield with two tarmac runways - one of which is 1.8 kilometres long. The landing lights still work as the airfield is also used by small private aircraft. You switch them on by blipping your radio transmit button three times! Having said that, the gliding club (of Western Australia) seems to be the main user and has taken over most of the facilities including offices, bunk houses hangers etc., which are all in remarkably good condition, so the infrastructure is good. There is even a large caravan site with facilities, which include showers with hot and cold running water. Bunkhouse beds with self-catering kitchen are available at \$10 per night. Bring your own sleeping bag.

The club fleet consists of a Blanik

and an IS 28 for two seater training, an ASW 15 (with a max cockpit load of 90kgs), Jantar 2 and Pilatus B4. All are in good condition and well maintained. The private fleet consist of the following:- Phoebus, Jantar 3, Astir, DG200, Motor Falke, Speed Astir, SZD 55, PW 5, SZD 55, Discus A TOP. and Mosquito. The tug is a Piper Pawnee. Temporary membership fees are waived for those who are visiting from other clubs, but there is a compulsory fee of \$50 to join the Gliding Association of Australia, which provides third party insurance cover. They don't bother with a flying list, as nobody has to wait long for a glider, but later in the season when conditions are strong, a task may take a glider away for a very long time. The wheat is usually harvested by the end of November so there are plenty of stubble fields available.

The local mobile phone company is Telstra and they provide cover locally so long hikes to a distant landline are not necessary. Aero-tow retrieves are possible if conditions allow. Using a short towrope enables the tug slipstream to level the wings before take off so ground crews are not essential. The low tow position is usual and on release the glider turns to the right.

Cloud flying is not permitted at any time. The club aircraft do not carry parachutes so you have to borrow, buy or lump it! I chose to lump it, which gave my height and bulk more room in the cockpit. As the club has no paid staff and is entirely run by volunteers the flying fees are reasonable and compare very favourably with Portmoak. Most of the tug pilots are retired and would be prepared to turn out midweek for a visiting group.

In the two weekends that I was there I was first given dual check flights with stall and spin checks (the two seaters spin beautifully). I was then permitted to take up all the club fleet in turn apart from the ASW 15 as I exceeded the max cockpit load by quite a margin.

Virtually every day is a soaring day, but cumulus is rare, as the humidity is so low. So you have to get used to using blue thermals. The good news is that they are plentiful but the bad news is that they are narrow low down and very difficult to centre in, so

steeply banked turns are needed. Inversion levels are rarely below 5000ft.



Since my visit, one of the local members e-mailed me with the news that he had just thermalled to 14,000ft!

On my last day I took the club Jantar up. With the seatback fully back in order to fit in, I could only just reach the stick. Which made things rather interesting. There was cumulus at 5500ft. that day, and I expressed a wish to attempt a task but until ten local flights are completed on type, this is not permitted, so I spent the time dolphining around the sky at cloud base keeping cool under the cloud streets. Three hundred kilometres would have been a doddle. As it was two of the locals declared 500k triangles that day.

The one drawback to this idyllic existence is the flies. Strong repellent is required. Come sunset they suddenly disappear but then the mossies make their presence felt.

I made some enquiries about how they would feel about a party from Portmoak. They welcomed the idea. In fact their eyes lit up with the prospect of additional income. They would lay on tuggies but the hire of private gliders would have to be negotiated. There are only two club glass single seaters for long tasks so private hire would probably have to be considered.

The members I met were very friendly and welcoming. I had a wonderful time even though I was not allowed off the leash. Completing the necessary ten local flights would not be a problem, as virtually every day is a flying day. Two weeks at the club would almost guarantee the completion of some memorable tasks, even up to 500k and who knows. There have been some pretty mammoth tasks flown from this site in the past.

I would recommend a further two weeks sightseeing, especially if you bring a partner. If you base yourself on Perth, there is a lot to see and do. The cost of living is cheap, so your pound goes a long way with the Australian dollar valued at \$2.50 to the pound. What a pound buys here a dollar will buy for the same item in Australia. Perth is only four hours from Singapore and flights are frequent.

If you fancy Australian conditions in a friendly informal atmosphere which is not too expensive I would recommend Cunderdin. Look up their web page:

[www.gildingwa.com.au](http://www.gildingwa.com.au)

I am probably going back next November for a month so if anyone wants more information, give me a bell.

*John Guy*

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### **K21 to Poland**

No not another boring story about a long cross country, but rather a retrieve in reverse story. The club, ever mindful of your pennies, when deciding to refurbish our K21 (HPV) found that the Poles were able to provide the most economic price for this and a system had already been set up by Paul Crabbe so that the cost of getting gliders there and back could be shared by all the users of the scheme whereby someone taking a glider out to Poland would bring another one back.

So it was arranged that we would take our K21 out and bring back someone else's machine that had already been refurbished.

Bruce Marshall volunteered to take our glider out and when he asked me if I would act as his co-driver I reckoned it would be a bit of an adventure and having the time available I agreed.

The refurbishment of the ASW 20 that we were to collect was due for completion about the 14<sup>th</sup> of February and the Poles agreed to bring it the 200 miles or so out to the Polish border and meet us on the 17<sup>th</sup> February.

To provide us with the best possible trailer, Walking on Air kindly agreed to lend the club their immaculate four-wheeled trailer complete with P&O and other advertising stickers. We reckoned that the publicity exposure they would get would be good recompense.

Bruce, having made extensive print-outs of maps and driving instructions from *Autoroute*, calculated our timing for the journey, and because the Rosyth to Zeebrugger ferry only runs on alternate days in the winter, the most suitable sailing for us was decided to be the 15<sup>th</sup> so this was booked, with a return Zeebrugger to Hull on the 17<sup>th</sup>.

We were then to leave the ASW at Rufforth so that some one else could



take it down to its base at Parham. As it turned out Joe Fisher picked it up from Rufforth and took it further south to the BGA Conference at Nottingham and someone from Southdown then took it home. So, our adventure started.

### Day 1. Tuesday 15/02/2005

After checking the trailer and fitting padlocks and equipping ourselves with a shovel, we left Portmoak after lunch for a leisurely run down to Rosyth. Check in was 15:00 for a 17:00 sailing. The immaculate WoA trailer generated a fair bit of interest and despite our P&O stickers we were treated well by the Superfast Ferry crew, eventually being treated as a lorry. This meant waiting 'till all containers, trailers and cars were loaded before we could get on but got us to the head of the queue of lorries disembarking. Due to adverse weather earlier in the week, the ferry was running late and eventually left about an hour and a half after its scheduled departure. The Superfast Ferry is pretty new, well appointed and comfortable. The two-berth cabin was basic but satisfactory. I don't know if it was the location of our cabin or whether they were pushing the engines hard to make up time but we found that there was considerable vibration, although not bad enough to keep us from sleeping well. The evening meal in the a la carte restaurant was excellent and the buffet breakfast was good. Everything on board is charged in Euros.

### Day 2 Wednesday 16/02/2005

Due to the ferry running late, our schedule was somewhat behind but we finally got off and set out just after noon. We made good progress on the excellent motorway type roads getting into Germany before stopping at a service area for an evening meal. (Interestingly, for a large part of this run we paralleled the new high-speed rail line and it's under construction extension.) This service station could not however offer us accommodation so we pressed on. At about 10 or 11 o'clock we ventured off the autobahn to try and find a bed for the night. This resulted in us getting the trailer comprehensively stuck in the snow, twice! After finally extracting ourselves (Not a single German offered help - thank goodness we had a shovel), we decided to stick to the cleared motorway and continue on through the night,

arriving in Dresden at 03:00. The Autobahn system is kept beautifully clear and well salted but we did have one incident. When descending into a hollow, I observed lights and activity at the bottom and as we approached saw that there was a lorry on its side and one trying to pass it. Our brakes were totally ineffective on the ice and, with the danger of the trailer jack knifing, the only thing I could do was to accelerate through the gap and keep going.

We couldn't find the Dresden ETAP hotel we were looking for but in any case at that time of night we thought we would not get in. So we spent the rest of the night / morning trying to sleep in the car, starting the engine every so often to heat us up in the sub zero temperatures.

### Day 3 Thursday 17/02/2005

In the morning we left the trailer at the side of the road and drove into Dresden for breakfast. Parked near the centre and walked round the heart of the old city. Then across the Elbe (The wind and cold were intense and the city was very forlorn looking in the snow. Hardly any one about.) to the more modern part where we found a restaurant and breakfasted. Had a problem remembering where we had left the trailer. The street that I thought was the location was hopelessly wrong but fortunately Bruce spotted a building we had passed and I spotted on the skyline the large mill alongside which we had parked. We then hitched up and set off for the airfield at Gorlitz where the hand over to the factory people was to take place.

Far too early but not knowing how far we had to go or what difficulties we might have in finding it, we were allowing plenty of time. This tended to be a pattern throughout the expedition and there would be less time and uncertainty pressure on a repeat trip.

When we got to the airfield (totally snow bound) we phoned the factory. They advised that the earliest they could make it would be 15:00 so we dumped the trailer and went into Gorlitz. This proved to be a pleasant bustling place and we had a very nice walk around and a meal. We almost got stuck in the car park, which was on a slope. The only option possible was to back out against the flow of traffic.

While in Gorlitz we phoned the Dresden ETAP hotel to reserve a



room for that night, Bruce's few words of German helped, and we then went back to the airfield. The Poles did not turn up until about 17:00 by which time it was pitch black and freezing hard again. In fact I don't think it was ever above freezing during our entire sojourn in East Germany.

With some difficulty we effected the change over, they getting our immaculate WoA trailer and we getting a rather scruffy looking trailer with a beautifully restored ASW 20 in it. Fortunately we had torches and some basic tools plus a selection of nuts and bolts with us. We swapped number plates but I noted that the Poles went gaily on their way with the British number plate off the ASW trailer on the rear of the WoA trailer.

With difficulty we got our combination out of the frozen hard snow and on to the main road. The Poles seemed to have no difficulty. I think it's the tyres they use and also they are used to these driving conditions. Bruce's car was too powerful and with its low profile tyres it seemed almost impossible to avoid wheel spin when we got stuck. Anyway we got back to Dresden and found the hotel, parking on the street, since we reckoned that if we went into the hotel car park we would never be able to get out. The hotel proved basic but adequate. One double bed and a bunk above plus the usual facilities. We also discovered that they have a key pad entry system that should allow you to get in at any time of night if there are rooms available by using a credit card, so we could have got in the previous night and avoided a most uncomfortable night in the car. The standard inclusive charge is for bed and breakfast but they have no facility for evening meals.

Whether it was the Parma Ham I had for breakfast, the only thing I had different from Bruce, or what ever, but something disagreed with me and I was violently sick all night.

#### **Day 4 Friday 18/02/200**

Fortunately by morning I was cleaned out and able to drive so we set off westwards. After getting stuck in a supermarket car park and having to unhitch and turn the combination around we made good progress 'till my navigation went astray. Looking desperately for a particular road number I took the first indication of this at a major road junction, only to discover that

we were then heading east instead of west. It took us 20 miles to find a spot that we could come off and change direction. None the less we made good progress and made our target of the ETAP hotel in Achen for the night.

We found that it was not the limiting speed of the car/trailer combination that governed our average speed but the speed limit, traffic density and road works. The Germans in particular go in for very long road works and the continental trucks, being governed, bunch up on motorway inclines and are then difficult to overtake. I found that with both the heavy WoA trailer and the ASW light one, speeds of 70 plus mph at times were possible but no matter what we did we only managed to average around 50 mph. The driving distance Zeebruger to Gorlitz is about 620 miles so in theory it should be possible to do this in about 12 hours driving plus rest stops.

#### **Day 5 Saturday 19/02/2005**

The Zeebruger to Hull ferry did not sail 'till the evening so we had plenty of time, but the responsibility of making sure we got there on time meant that we were always pressing on, and could not afford diversions for sightseeing. Also, the fact that it would have been difficult to take the trailer into any of the centres kept us on the motorway system.

The P&O ferry to Hull is rather old but the two-berth cabin was adequate providing one of you is prepared to take the top bunk. Food on board included in the fare price was buffet style and pretty good.

We were warned of a force 7 gale making the crossing rough, but we slept well and never noticed.

#### **Day 6 Sunday 20/02/2005**

We got off the ferry promptly, then found that the road conditions in Yorkshire were worse than on the continent. Typical Sunday, the snow had not been cleared and there was little sign of gritters. We almost got stuck at an incline that was giving others problems but since we were forewarned and getting used to coping with snow conditions, we got a run at the slope and made it.

Finding Rufforth was not a problem although we turned into the wrong gate initially. Typical gliding club - not even an offer of coffee. We found a spot to park the trailer,



phoned Paul Crabbe to let him know where it was and headed up the road for home. Stopping at Appleby for a meal and arrived home late afternoon. Altogether an interesting adventure.

I appreciate that the club will want these refurbishments done in winter but this is not the ideal time of year for a trip to the snow covered frosty wastes of Eastern Europe. If doing this again it would be better with a four wheel drive vehicle or at least snow tyres for off the motorway.

Knowing the route and having established that a 50 mph average is easily attainable, the pressure of uncertainty should be off and make the trip more relaxed.

Navigation is fairly easy if you stick to the road numbering system although the Germans have their A numbering and the Belgians their E number system.

The ETAP hotel chain recommended by Fred Joynes is very useful as they are mostly close to the autobahn system and provide adequate if basic accommodation and breakfast.

The motorway service areas are much as we have in Britain although be aware that they become fewer and further apart the further east you go.

Although you are nearly always in a warm vehicle, warm and waterproof clothing is advisable with boots to get a grip on the frozen snow when you have to push the combination out of trouble. A shovel and rope to help get you out of difficulties is advised. Also you must have some basic tools and spares with you.

Compatibility of the driving team is essential since you will be closely confined for a number of days both in a vehicle and sharing accommodation. We managed fine and overall I think we enjoyed the experience.

*Brian Cole-Hamilton.*

### **First Flight in a Junior**

I was born a few miles from Portmoak and always had a fascination for flight and aircraft. As a boy, I used to cycle up to the airfield to watch the gliders fly. Little did I know then that as I approached retirement age I would take to the air and be entrusted at the controls of a real aircraft.

It was all my daughter's fault. She learned to fly at Aboyne and Portmoak as a student, gained her PPL and used to take her old dad flying. Then her interests changed and she went back to her first love and bought a horse, which took up most of her time. When I complained that I didn't get to fly any more she enrolled me in a Wednesday evening course at Portmoak for my Christmas telling me to learn to fly myself.

And so, after a few introductory lectures, I found myself at the tender mercies of Messrs. Hamilton, Robertson and Hook. This shouldn't be too difficult, I thought, having driven lorries, JCBs and motorbikes. How wrong can you be? It was blooming difficult but with the encouragement of my instructors, whose skill and patience never ceases to amaze me, I plugged away and gradually made progress until I tried landings - they were awful! I just couldn't get it right. After I nearly demolished the launch point cabin one night, I told Colin "I'm not a quitter but I will have to give this up". "No you are not", he replied. "If you are not here next week I will be round at your house to fetch you". So I persevered and eventually it all came together and I was sent off solo. When I gave daughter the weekly progress report she didn't think it was bad - solo at sixty!

Then followed the mandatory flight checks and solos in the K21 'till the big day came when I was allowed to fly the single seat Junior. After a briefing from Kevin and a warning to be back on the ground in fifteen minutes as the light was fading, I launched and proceeded over to the hill. Up and down a couple times and I had gained two hundred feet. I had time for one more pass so back I went, a bit further this time. I turned to head back to the airfield and suddenly found myself flying at the bottom of the hill. I had hit serious sink and I realised there was no way I was going to get round the corner and back to the airfield. Keep cool, I thought. There is no one in the back seat to take over so get yourself out of this mess. The ground underneath was pretty inhospitable so it seemed prudent to head for the loch where I knew there were good fields. I did so and spotted what seemed like a landable area, into

wind, freshly cut with the bales in the corner and no livestock.



Straight in I went for a respectable landing and the longest sigh of relief ever.

So what went wrong? Inexperience of course and a bit of euphoria. Instead of thinking ‘Yippee, I’m a pilot’ I should have been paying more attention to my instruments and local landmarks. But I learned from the experience. I know now that the west flank of the Bishop does not work in a southwest wind and, oh yes, I learned how to de-rig and retrieve a Junior.

Since the land out, I have been happily pottering about on the ridges and thought that was it - ambition achieved. Badges and stuff are for young folk, are they not? But after a bit of pressure from instructors and family, I am working towards my Bronze. It is as well to have a goal in life so I now want to fly the Pegase, get a “Friends and Family” rating and maybe even go cross country! I also have access to daughters lovely old Bocian so that should mean more time in the air. One thing is for sure, this gliding bug sure bites.

*Harry Fleming*

### Aviation Truths

Peter Sharphouse has been trawling the aviation pages and shares his findings:

- When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane, you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.
- Blue water Navy ‘truism’: There are more planes in the ocean than there are submarines in the sky.
- Never trade luck for skill.
- The three most common expressions (or famous last words), in aviation are: “Why is it doing that?”, “Where are we?”, and “Oh Shit!”
- Weather forecasts are horoscopes with numbers.
- Real progress in airline flying: - now a flight attendant can get a pilot pregnant!
- Airspeed, altitude, or brains – two of these are always needed to successfully complete a flight.
- I can remember when sex was safe and flying was dangerous!
- Mankind has a perfect record in aviation; we never left one up there.
- If the wings are travelling faster than the fuselage, it’s probably a

helicopter and therefore unsafe.

- Flashlights are tubular metal containers kept in a flight bag for the purpose of storing dead batteries.
- Navy carrier pilots to Air Force pilots: “flaring is like squatting to pee.”
- Flying the airplane is far more important than radioing your predicament to a person on the ground who is incapable of understanding it or doing anything about it!
- When a flight is proceeding incredibly well, something was forgotten.
- Just remember, if you crash because of weather, the odds are that your funeral will be held on a bright sunny day.
- Advice given to RAF pilots during WW2. When a prang (crash) seems inevitable, endeavour to strike the softest, cheapest object in the vicinity as slowly and gently as possible.
- “The Piper Cub is the safest airplane in the world – it can just barely kill you!” (Attributed to max Stanley, Northrop test pilot.)
- Though I Fly Through The Valley Of Death I Shall Fear No Evil – For I Am At 80,000 Feet And Climbing! (A sign over the entrance to the SR-71 operating location, Kadena, Japan.)
- “You’ve never been lost until you’ve been lost at Mach 3.” (Paul F. Crickmore, test pilot.)
- Never fly in the same cockpit with someone braver than you.
- “Now I know what a dog feels like when it watches TV”. (A DC9 captain trainee attempting to check out the ‘glass cockpit’ of an A-320.)
- What is the similarity between Air Traffic Control and pilots? If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies. If ATC screws up, the pilot dies.
- If something hasn’t yet broken on your helicopter, it’s about to.

### Basic Flying Rules

- Try to stay in the middle of the air. Do not go near the edges of the air. The edges of the air can be recognised by the appearance of ground, of buildings, of sea, of trees, and of interstellar space – it is much more difficult to fly in the edges.



- You know that your landing gear is up and locked when it takes full power to taxi to the terminal.

## Club News

### The tug is back

As I mentioned at the AGM we had an unexpected failure of the magneto drive bearing in the tug engine recently. Charlie, with much volunteer help, got the engine out and despatched speedily to Isenburg Engineering in Essex on 22<sup>nd</sup> March.

There the engine was stripped and repaired. In addition, cylinder head cracking was detected and no fewer than 5 of the 6 cylinders were replaced. This has left us with an engine in excellent condition and also with a severe pain in the budget (c.£9k). The board will immediately address all possible ways to remedy the budget by saving cash with hopefully minimal impact on flying service to members – it is likely that yet more volunteer effort will be in demand...

The main point of this note is, however, to highlight what happened when the engine was sent back to us. It arrived on a crate at 10:30 on Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> April. At 10:40 on Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> April it fired instantly when Ian Dandie hit the starter. The short time in between was filled with huge efforts from Charlie, Jim O'Donnell, Craig Chatburn and others. We owe them all a huge thank-you.

*John Williams*  
*Chairman*

P.S. It also seems to be running sweeter than ever before....

### Winch Lunching

One of the better definitions of true frustration is when you arrive at the front of the winch launch grid, eyeing-up what's probably the last thermal before the sea breeze, only to discover that the winch has just "stopped for lunch".

However the law of this land requires that all employees have a 'lunch' break and the SGU and its winch drivers are no exception. The ensuing problem is not entirely new and suggestions already made to alleviate this problem include: -

- Employing a winch driver to cover the half-hour lunch break. It seems to me unlikely that anyone would seek employment for a half-hour or so in the middle of the day with the associated travelling costs and time.
- Doubling up the professional winch drivers at the weekend. This leaves the issue of how to efficiently employ the second driver for the remainder of the day. Access to areas for grass cutting is very limited on a good flying day when we are both winch launching and aerotowing. With the club currently facing a £15k deficit from tug repairs and absent air-cadets I have no wish to spend your money in such an inefficient way.

In the past the gap has mainly been filled by volunteers, usually Ian Armstrong or myself. Ian, who did the brunt of the work, has my grateful thanks for his efforts. However Ian isn't around so often these days and more recently the same has applied to myself due to family ailments.

I am therefore again appealing for volunteer winch drivers. We need to train sufficient volunteers to provide cover on the required days and the club needs a volunteer to prepare and publish a rota along the lines of the Duty Pilot one. The more winch drivers we have the less often your turn comes around, although currency does need to be retained. So come on guys and gals, this is your chance to do something really useful for your club. Without your help there ain't much I can do about the problem without wasting your money.

If you would like to talk to me or if you have any ideas you can contact me at 01505 690967 or [douglas.tait@btinternet.com](mailto:douglas.tait@btinternet.com)

*Douglas Tait*





### Achievements since last Issue

The following details have been taken from the Achievement Log on the notice board. For newcomers to the club, here's what to do: The log should be completed by the individual pilot and can be anything from first solo, badge legs or fully fledged badge claims. In the event of a badge claim, please note that the pilot must still complete the BGA paperwork with appropriate signatures etc.

Recent Achievements: Achievements since last issue include Bob Smallman (Gold Height), Peter Clayton (BI Rating), Peter Sharphouse (Silver Height), Derek Storey (5 hours to really complete his Silver this time), Dave Newbigging (Solo) and Bruce Brebner (Solo in the snow).

### Duty Instructor Rota

Sat	30 <sup>th</sup> April	Bob Jones
Sun	1 <sup>st</sup> May	Chris Robinson
Sat	7 <sup>th</sup> May	Ian Dandie
Sun	8 <sup>th</sup> May	Gerry Marshall
Sat	14 <sup>th</sup> May	Jonathan Pryce
Sun	15 <sup>th</sup> May	Mike Carruthers
Sat	21 <sup>st</sup> May	Willie Laing
Sun	22 <sup>nd</sup> May	Ray Hill
Sat	28 <sup>th</sup> May	Frank Smith
Sun	29 <sup>th</sup> May	Bob Petrie
Sat	4 <sup>th</sup> June	Neil McAulay
Sun	5 <sup>th</sup> June	John Henry
Sat	11 <sup>th</sup> June	Ian Dandie
Sun	12 <sup>th</sup> June	Gerry Marshall
Sat	18 <sup>th</sup> June	Bob Jones
Sun	19 <sup>th</sup> June	Jonathan Pryce
Sat	25 <sup>th</sup> June	Chris Robinson
Sun	26 <sup>th</sup> June	Willie Laing

There are too many days and not enough instructors, which means that some people have to do two duty days. Any instructors who are not on the rota, feel free to help out on any of the above slots.

*Andrew Bates*

### Duty Pilot Rota

Sat	30 <sup>th</sup> Apr	Edward Clapperton
Sun	1 <sup>st</sup> May	Robert Furness
Sat	7 <sup>th</sup> May	Bob Adamson
Sun	8 <sup>th</sup> May	Gordon Hunter
Sat	14 <sup>th</sup> May	Les Ladomery
Sun	15 <sup>th</sup> May	Gordon Packer
Sat	21 <sup>st</sup> May	Iain Armstrong
Sun	22 <sup>nd</sup> May	Ron Mackie
Sat	28 <sup>th</sup> May	Graig Chatburn
Sun	29 <sup>th</sup> May	Tony Taylor
Sat	4 <sup>th</sup> June	Jim Miller
Sun	5 <sup>th</sup> June	Douglas Tait
Sat	11 <sup>th</sup> June	Alistair Mochar
Sun	12 <sup>th</sup> June	Hamish Eagleton
Sat	18 <sup>th</sup> June	James McGouldrick
Sun	19 <sup>th</sup> June	Alec Stevenson
Sat	25 <sup>th</sup> June	Derek Storey
Sun	26 <sup>th</sup> June	Colin Macalpine

### Duty Pilots

Calling all solo pilots – how would you like to put something back into the club? What about volunteering to become a duty pilot on a Saturday or Sunday? Alec Stevenson is always on the lookout for more people so please have a chat with him and he'll explain what it's all about. Eligibility being current members who are solo with more than ten hours flying in the last 12 months.

