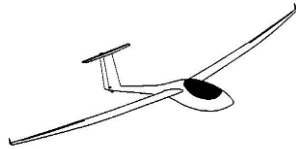


From the home of the *Scottish Gliding Union*

Portmoak Press

Editorial – Ian Easson

Issue 34 brings news of the 2009 Awards & Dinner evening, this year’s AGM and some interesting stories from one or two of our regular contributors. Some new Directors have been sworn(?) in - see table on the next page. Many thanks go to John Williams as he stands down from his five year stint as Chairman and good luck to Douglas Tait in his new role as Chairman. Mike Cartney has started a new initiative to highlight various jobs that need doing around the club – see club news section. Check out Antonia (Toni) Hausler’s artwork on page 12. She has obvious talents and here is an opportunity to have an original work of art.



I have received an anonymous poem from “Sam”, who is he or she? Answers on a postcard please. We were all sorry to hear (and read - aarrgghh!) about Chris Robinson’s recent skiing accident. If you haven’t read about it yet, see Chris’ report “Direct from the Hospital Bed” on page 6.

Someone on the other end of “the knife”, John Guy, tells us about his experiences with a Lea Francis. The original article contains many delightful photographs but I have had to limit these in this issue due to space constraints (page 8).

A **big thank you** goes to Keith Buchan, Neil McAulay and Douglas Tait who, over those dark wintry Friday evenings, persevered with a band of Radio Telephony students and taught them the finer details of R/T phraseology. Thanks to their guidance and patience, we are now the proud holders of the R/T Licence. In addition to myself, the rest of the “gang” were Alan Gillanders, Fiona Gillanders, Malcolm Chalmers, Andrew Wilder and Roger Overan-dout.

I have included an “unusual” photo



from Derek Storey. He swears he took this photo at the beginning of April over Fife and instantly reminds me of a favourite expression by a famous Fifer, one Hamish Wotherspoon, “Always expect the unexpected!”

Derek also provides us with a useful idea in the form of Wurmi Pegs.

As we go to press we have been told verbally that we have attained a Four Star rating as a *Visit Scotland Activity Centre*. When we receive the paper work, we will be entitled to display the star rating at the entrance as well as on our stationery and publicity material. I want to express my appreciation for all of the hard work put in by Vic Leitch, Scott Hardy, Gerry Marshal and last, but by no means least, Irene and Steve Donald. This truly great piece of continued team work means that visitors to the club can expect a Four Star service, from our Four Star Activity Centre.

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Board Members

Chairman	Douglas Tait
Vice-Chairman & Membership	Alan Boyle
Treasurer	Brian Scougal
Technical	Joe Fisher
Marketing & Sales	Fiona Gillanders
Club Secretary	Alec Stevenson
Development Projects	Kevin Hook
Airfield & Roads	Mike Cartney
Cadets & New Members	Andy Graham
Clubhouse & Catering	Ian Norman
Winch	tba
Social	tba

2009 AGM

At the AGM, the Accounts and Directors’ Reports were approved. Discussion commenced around membership attraction & retention, marketing initiatives, and some comments [pro and con] around members’ attitudes towards new members and badge-wearing etc. It was suggested that there have been occasions on which no instructor was present to authorise flying, and the CFI appealed for volunteers to cover the days when Neil McAulay isn’t on duty. John Williams reported that the SGA still hasn’t decided what to do with the insurance settlement for the ASH25. Prior to the election of new directors, the outgoing chairman made a plea for harmony and “working together” on the new board (see next item). Under AOCB, the meeting also discussed the following:

1. Barring employees from becoming directors [the board has had legal opinion that this is not contrary to the constitution, and is happy that conflicts of interest can be resolved by directors absenting themselves from the meeting and the decision-making when appropriate]. The board will consider this further in the course of dealing with up-dating the constitution during this year, and the Treasurer and Accounts Administrator are no longer the same person.
2. The relationship between fee increases, membership



numbers, membership categories, and opportunities for reducing overheads. This generated some ideas for reviewing the membership categories and for making holiday courses more attractive – and also the observation that members who are able to fly only at weekends have to pay the full rate, yet get less from the club.

There was a consensus at the meeting that the election process could be more user-friendly, for example by publishing the list of nominees with the notice of the meeting, and by asking all nominees to say a few words about what they hope to contribute to the management of the club. To be able to do so would entail changing the constitution, which currently specifies that the notice of the meeting has to go out before the deadline for submitting nominations but, again, the board will look into this when it up-dates the constitution.

Alec Stevenson

Election of Directors.

(Transcript of John Williams’s AGM presentation)
After five years of chairing Board Meetings, Information Meetings and Annual General Meetings this is the last time I stand up in front of you.

In a few minutes your actions in casting votes will elect those ordinary members in whom you’ll place your trust to lead and manage the club for the future.

I thank you for placing your trust in me for the last 5 years. I have no interest in trying to tell anyone how they should vote, but I would like to take a little of your time to reflect on the challenges ahead. I’ll try to be brief.

A very wise man once told me his definition of what the expression “team” meant – he said simply that for him it was “a group of people who need each other to get something done”. In my view a “club” is not too different.

Another wise man wrote a book on why some organisations survive and why others don’t.

Incredibly the average lifespan of a company is only 12.5 years. Even multi-nationals only

average 40. And yet there are some as old as 700. After lengthy research he believes that he found the reasons. The ones that survived long term looked at themselves as living communities, not purely as economic machines. In our 75th year, and volume 1 of our history already written that's something worth reflecting on. Communities are made up of real people and like families have their sticky patches, but when they support each other come out stronger in the end.

There are plenty of challenges ahead of us. To mention a few:-

Development (the threats have **not** gone away)

Tug – in one idiotic consequence of the post-EASA world, Charlie and Joe have lost their authorisations to inspect and sign off on the tug. We're playing the last card we've got with Patrick Naegli as BGA chairman and a final personal appeal.

The economy, threat yes, opportunity maybe. And we need more members.

Airspace – I've been up to my neck for the last two weeks in airspace consultations trying to keep a way open for us between Edinburgh and Glasgow. I'm really sad to say that I think that as a movement we're being strung along and not being listened to. Assuming that the CAA judgement goes against us I've started to think about how we might redress the balance or appeal.

After speaking with two club members, Donald Carmichael and Alan Boyle I see new options. That reminded me of something really important. We are a club made up of individuals who share a common love of flying. We each have our foibles as well as our strengths. And together we have a choice. We can play to each others' strengths and be tolerant of "other traits" - then there's literally nothing we couldn't achieve. The opposite also applies; if we focus on the negatives we could destroy anything.

For many years we've been asking for more people to come forward and stand for election to the board. This year we have not a famine but a feast.

Even if it's a doubling of the current size I speak on behalf of the outgoing board when I say that I hope each

and everyone who has been generous enough with their time and expertise to allow their names to go forward gets elected. There will be some challenges to work together with that number, but goodness knows that there is plenty to be done and with the spirit I've tried to describe and playing to everyone's strengths I'm sure they will do a great job.

Please vote wisely and give the new board the same support as I've had for 5 years.

And to the new board – congratulations – and thank you for taking on the responsibility of looking after the long term good of the best club in the UK.

Please work to your and our collective strengths
Thank you.

John Williams

CFI Notes

Junior Weak-Link Change

All pilots are advised that the weak-link for the Juniors has now been upgraded to **RED**.

This should reduce the risk of a failure during the first half of the launch.

Pilots are reminded that this does not excuse them from using the "Too Fast" signal. Always signal "Too Fast" before exceeding the max winch launch speed.

Speak with the Duty Instructor before using the red weak-link for the first time.

Instructors' Meeting 14th Feb 2009

Annual / 24 Month Check Flights - These are mandatory.

There will be no reduction in the standard of check flights, 2x Cable-Breaks + 1 x 25 minute flight in the DG505 for spinning. However I only ask for 2 spin recoveries from at least a half turn to ensure a little finesse, i.e. no excessive speed, 90Kts max in the pullout and taking off the opposite rudder when the rotation stops. In most cases it would be best if the instructor puts the glider into the spin to economise the height loss on entry. I also would like to include some slow flying awareness, i.e. flying at just 1 Knot above the stall with water in the tail to explore the handling then make a



very gentle over-ruddered turn. This might make stall awareness more obvious. You might enjoy this exercise.

On a soaring day there is no need to take an aerotow as it is quite easy to get 2500' and this is all that is needed to get the 2 spins done. You can always do another climb if needed. I am very aware of the cost involved but it is safety first!

I have heard of people requiring 2 x 4000ft a/tows and this is why we are getting complaints. On a non soaring day an A/Tow might be cheaper buy why not wait for a better day.

Aerotow checks - I am of the opinion that what we do at the moment is working. If you are in current practice for winch launching and have been cleared for A/Tow, get a briefing. If in doubt ask an instructor (this applies to all pilots up to Bronze X/C). As always the instructor has the final say.

Field Landing Checks - It is recommended that All Silver Badge and Bronze X/C pilots have a field landing check if they have Not Done A Field Landing, or completed the X/C endorsement, in the previous 12 months. This is for your safety.

Weekend Airfield Supervision - The duty supervisor will now be in charge of the airfield. He/she is responsible for ensuring all aircraft are logged back safely, and that everything is put away and locked up at the end of the day.

Stop Press

After last Saturday's Board meeting I have managed to persuade the treasurer to make the following reduction in Simulated Winch Launch cable break charging.

As of the 1st April 2009 Simulated Cable Breaks on the winch will be charged at the new lower rate of £5 + the normal price per minute.

This is a reduction of £2 per launch and should encourage pilots to remain in practice.

Please mark SIM C/B in the remarks column of the log sheet. This pricing will be for a trial period till the end of the year.

RED ARROWS in 2009.

All dates and events are subject to change and this is not meant to reduce the need for normal checks and notams

etc. - but thought it worthwhile sending out the dates. Thanks to John Williams for this INFO.

June 6th - Perth!

June 24th - Forres

July 2nd - Tain

August 16th - Galloway

September 12th - Leuchars!

Bob Petrie

Please be aware of the new "Basic Service" now being offered from ATC. Detailed information can be found via the following link:

http://www.caa.co.uk/docs/33/ga_srg_09webSSL08.pdf

Keith Buchan

Spotted over Fife at the beginning of April, and Derek Storey was on hand to capture the event.



Club News

Annual awards fro 2009 went to the following; John Dunnington & Peter Clayton (Thorburn Two-Seater Trophy).

Kevin Hook (Boyle Altitude Trophy and Height Gain Ladder).

Neil Irving (Marshall 100Km Triangle Trophy)

Sant Cervantes (Andy Penswick Trophy)

John Williams (Parker Distance Trophy, Docherty Handicapped Distance Trophy, Sutherland O/R Trophy, Lomond Trophy, The McClay

Championship and the Peter Copeland Trophy).

Z Goudie (Hot Wings Trophy)



Pete Benbow (Darren Powell Shield).
 Bruce Brebner (Nick Wales Trophy).
 Ian Dandie (Instructors Quaich).
 Ian Easson (Service Salver).

Details of all of the club awards can be found in the Trophies Book in the club house.

It's that time of year again, spring, the dawn chorus, and the start of evening flying groups.

We plan to start the Tuesday evening air experience group on the 7th April and hold further evenings on the 21st April, 5th May and 19th May. Later dates will be announced in due course.

If you are an instructor and would like to get some hours or to just come along for a great evening's flying, can you contact Irene and let her know when you're available and she will start booking air experience customers for you.

Bob Jones

Dates for the summer courses have now been finalised. They will run every week from 3rd May and end on 29th August. Anyone interested in booking a week, or two, should register their interest with Irene.

There will be a meeting of the new hangar group, at the club, on Friday the 3rd April at 19:00 to discuss where we now stand and how we may move forwards. This may be the last chance to get on board or to jump off this project.

Jobs (to be done) Register

Now that we are properly into the new year, and looking forward to some better flying in 2009, I hope you will be receptive to this plea from the Board for volunteers to improve the general state of the airfield and buildings.

As John Williams said at the Information Meeting, the "credit crunch" and the consequent recession are likely to have a number of effects on the operations and finances of the club, none of them favourable. At the same time, you will be aware that there are very many things that need doing for the upkeep of our greatest asset - the airfield and buildings. Some of

these jobs are best done by contractors, for example if specialist skills or plant are required or the job has to be done very quickly to avoid affecting flying operations. However, many smaller jobs can be done by members using basic DIY skills. Doing these jobs ourselves not only saves a lot of money, in practical terms it means getting a job done rather than not. I can't do all these jobs myself, in fact I can't do many of them by myself, so this is where you come in.

Since the good old days when, I am told, the members turned up every weekend and built buildings, dug ditches and laid roadways, things have changed. Health and safety is now a major factor and rightly so. This means a more formal approach. What I have done is make up a binder entitled "Airfield Jobs Register" containing a sheet for each job, which lives on the bookshelves in the Clubroom. Although the risk analysis, PPE and approvals required look onerous they are in practice very straightforward and are, in fact, the bare minimum we need to protect both you and the club and make sure we are doing worthwhile jobs that are not cutting across what somebody else is doing. Please look at the register from time to time to see if there is a job you are prepared to take the lead on and organise.

I have put in a couple of jobs as starters, and more will be added, but I anticipate that many jobs will be identified by members. If you know of a job that needs doing and are willing to organise it, put it in the register. I will check the register every time I visit the club and if the job looks OK and we can afford the materials, I will complete the form identifying the approvals required. Alternatively speak to me at the club, email me or phone me on 01786 823118.

Finally, the register is not intended to replace the existing "unflyable weather" book entirely as that includes jobs on aircraft etc. Furthermore, most jobs will probably require a bit more planning than simply waiting for bad weather.

Mike Cartney

Is anyone interested in a trip to Jaca in July? The



local Duo Discus is still available for hire at €735 per week. So a game plan might be 2 or 3 people sharing that hire cost and aiming for one 2-hour mountain soaring flight each per day. If one of the party was a suitably experienced full cat, we would only need to add on aerotow costs. Otherwise we would also need to add on the costs of the local instructor at €35 per hour. Give me a shout, if interested. Thanks.

Donald Carmichael

is back in service. We all owe a lot of thanks to these guys for the hours that they have put in. We have negotiated an excellent price on our latest delivery of Avgas. With immediate effect, the cost of an aerotow to 2000ft is reduced by £3.25 to £16.20 for club members. The cost for each additional 500ft has also reduced by £1 to £2.75. All we need now is the weather to use it.

Kevin Hook

For this year only, I'm Captain for the SGU inter-club league team, we already have the ground team in place for the Portmoak event, so now the good bit, were looking for team members to compete for the SGU. At each event we require a team of six, made up of two in each class. The classes are set out below, the standards show where the pilot should be on the first day of the comp.

Novice :- Pilots qualified to fly cross country up to Silver C standard.

Intermediate :- Up to Gold distance

Pundit :- Diamond Distance

This competition was conceived to encourage cross country flying. It is intended to be a friendly yet competitive event. It is a non-rated, handicapped competition. I think anyone at SGU should find it a good fun event, though we must win!

The dates are

SGC Portmoak 23rd and 24th May

Highland Easterton 27th and 28th June.

As far as I'm aware we field a team of three each day, one for each class, so you're only committing to one day.

Please give it some thought and e-mail me at craigchatburn@hotmail.com if you want to be considered for either event.

Craig Chatburn

Tug Progress

The tug fuselage has been recovered courtesy of Pete Benbow and repainted courtesy of Bill Grieve. With metalwork repairs by Joe Fisher and all the annual servicing completed by Charlie Guthrie with assistance from Neil Gow, it has now been assembled and

The successful Wednesday Evening Aerotow Group will start flying again on 1st April at 17:00.

This group is aimed at post solo students who are looking to progress to bronze level and to any other pilots who want to learn or revise their aerotowing skills. This year's instructors will be Colin Hamilton, Mike Caruthers, Ian Norman and Tony Brown. As always, the group will aim to get everyone flown each evening - even those who are not able to skive off work early enough to arrive at 5pm. In order to fit everyone in, the group needs to work together efficiently with the students committing themselves to regular attendance for the whole evening. If you want to join the group, please contact Irene and ask her to add your name to the list. It has always been a fun group, and with the current aerotow rates it is as affordable as you could ever hope.

Kevin Hook

In addition to the paintwork and layout changes to the front entrance lobby, members will be interested to note that the safe is now fully operational. Thanks to Neil's excellent repair work, the drawer opens and closes with the greatest of ease. The problem seems to have stemmed from someone (children?) throwing coins into the safe and them (coins - not children) becoming jammed in the mechanism.

Direct From The Hospital Bed

I was treated by a specialist Clinique as the break was very bad. Tibia shattered into 10 pieces and broken Fibula, there is also damage to the knee attachments.



The operation was on Saturday morning, under local anaesthetic. Basically, the surgeon removed all the loose pieces of bone, bolted them together on a plate - on what looked like a small lathe (*How did you know that? Aarrgghh! – Ed*), and then inserted this assembly back into the leg. A very skilful task, and rather interesting to watch. The end result is that I now have half a kilo of stainless steel in my left leg (a 30cm plate and 14 bolts).

Saturday night and Sunday morning were very painful and I was treated with a wide range of pain killers (including morphine) and anti-inflammatory drugs. By Monday lunchtime the surgeon was happy for me to return to the UK - provided that I report immediately to hospital, he is concerned about soft tissue and skin damage.

We flew back to Edinburgh on Tuesday afternoon and went to straight to the A&E department at St Johns Hospital in Livingston. After a wait, I had X-rays, the leg was cleaned and re-dressed and I was given pain killers for the next few days. (Edinburgh was not the best airport to arrive at as we had flown from Glasgow and that is where I had left my car. Janice is arranging for it to be collected over the weekend). Using a variety of boxes, stools and boards, I can now move around the house, climbing the stairs, use the toilet and bath.

I have an appointment with an Orthopaedic Specialist in the Fractures Out Patient Clinic at the Royal Hospital in Edinburgh next and I should find out more about the way ahead.

Please pass on my thanks to all those who have offered kind words (my inbox was bursting when I got home) and I will get back to you as soon as a plan starts to emerge.

Chris

Web-Page Developments

Colin and I have been experimenting with an on-line calendar using Google Calendar.

The calendar has some very useful features such as the ability to email/text members when events have been created/modified/cancelled, etc.

I have embedded an SGC Diary calendar into our website and it can be viewed here



<http://www.scottishglidingcentre.com/diary.htm>

It can also be found under the “Members Area” menu item on our website.

In order to receive email/text alerts (this is a FREE service) you will have to sign up with Google Calendars. To do this got to the above link and click on the button at the bottom of the calendar titled “Google Calendar” and follow the instructions. It is pretty straight forward and it should ask you if you want to add SGC Diary to your calendars – say yes. Email/text notifications can be set up from within Google Calendar by clicking on “Settings” link on the left under “My Calendars”. There is an extensive help system in Google Calendar but if you are having problems then let me know.

Only certain people have permission to add events to the SGC Diary so if you think something should be there (or shouldn't!), please email me the details.

Vic Leitch

On a Wing and a Prayer

This is a true tale from several years ago and centres on a club expedition to a well known gliding centre in the South of England. Once again I'd trailed the Vega over the border and this time joined up with fellow syndicate partner, Jim, on site. I'd driven down on the Friday and both Jim and I were able to get check flights before the weekend.

Saturday dawned bright and clear and, with a good forecast, all was set for a great day's gliding. As Jim was only staying for a long weekend, he would go first and attempt to gain his Silver 'C' distance leg by flying to Bicester. After helping him to rig the Vega, I left him to assemble all his bits and pieces and then went to help pilot X whom, from now on, I'll call George to save any embarrassment or law suit, to rig the ASH 25.

George being a friendly sort of fellow offered me a ride in the back seat of the ASH but, tempting as it was, I had to decline as I was crewing for Jim.

Having helped with the rigging I also offered to walk the wing to the launch area, George said that was very kind, and off we set. Now, when I was a

wee boy during the war we would get spam and plenty of it, it came in tins with its own can

opener attached to the side. Nowadays, glider pilots talk of span and plenty of it, something to do with performance enhancement. Of course, the ASH 25 has this in spades.

We had some hundred metres to tow the glider (I've used metric units in case this is read by a EASA official). I'm on the wing tip and George is doing the driving bit. I must point out here, that the rope was not overly long and we had nobody on the nose, but hey!, we are experts. We were using the main metallised peri-track to travel to the launch point, where other folk were gathered with their gliders on the grass, having parked their cars on the same peri-track.

It's a beautiful day and I'm thinking "I wish I was flying today", but hey ho! I've the next fortnight in which to indulge myself in aerial activities. The combination of car and glider has now moved somewhat nearer to it's destination and I'm idly thinking to myself "I wonder where George is going to park this lovely machine with it's incredibly long wings?"

"Wherever he chooses, he will need more room than most."

We sailed on rather like the Titanic, cocooned in our own cosy world of contentment, but always moving steadily nearer to the launching area. I suppose it was at this juncture that the cogs which detect danger in the human brain first started to turn.

It went something like this..."Shouldn't George be slowing down by now?" (That's me talking to myself) "Yes he certainly should." (That's still me talking to myself) but George makes not the slightest change in speed or course. Now, I'm thinking he's a pretty resourceful kind of guy is George and knows what he's doing, doesn't he?

But then George doesn't have the same view as me, which is one of parked cars and other obstacles nicely placed which, if we proceed, will probably reduce the effective wingspan of the ASH by a third. The thought ran through my head that I could steer my way out of trouble but there were similar threats on the other side as well, plus the question of a shortish rope. Then I started to have completely irrational

ideas, which wing should I sacrifice, as if it really mattered.

Anyway, surely any time now, the foot will come off the gas and all my fears will have been for naught. George will have had the whole thing planned to the centimetre and once again it will be a beautiful day. Foolish thought, the fellow in the car seems completely oblivious to the surmounting condition red that is developing. My inner calm now gives way to outward panic and I started to call out to George to stop. Immediately ahead is a parked car, that if I'm lucky will pass under the wing tip, but just beyond that is a much higher obstacle and I know I'm done for, as will be the glider.

Now I'm shouting, not caring if others can hear, in fact I'm hoping that the pitch of my voice will carry to those at the launch point, in fact anyone to relieve the ensuing threat. As disaster looms, a myriad of thoughts pass through my mind - all of them bad or worse. Top of the bill is the voice that thunders - but you're an instructor, how could you let this happen, to which I can only weakly reply, but so is George. Why can't he hear my impassioned cries of anguish, bloody hell this is it. I'm on the wing and saying a prayer and, incredibly, God hears.

When all seemed lost, this Angel in rough old gliding attire strolls across the grass, raises both arms in the air towards the heavens in the classic stop attitude and George, ever so gently, coasts to a halt. Calmly unfolding himself from the car, he thanks the bloke (angel) and wanders away to enquire where he should put the ASH. I could tell him, but it would require de-rigging the glider first. I'm left shaking and in a cold sweat, everyone else appears completely unaware or unfazed by the drama just played out, particularly George. Looking back it seems incredible that it happened the way I've told it, but it did. To this day I've never touched any part of an ASH25 again - I wonder why. The moral of this story - Don't bank on there being too many angels around when you need them.

Frank Smith



My Lea-Francis Story



In 1964, as a newly qualified young doctor working in an Edinburgh hospital, I decided I needed a car. What I wanted was something reliable that would get me from A to B without too much trouble and was within my slender means at that time.

I mentioned this to a friend, Michael Kamper, at a hospital mess party and, much to my surprise, he said he had just the thing. He took me outside, to show me an elderly black saloon with a classical radiator grill and large bulbous front wings. The make I did not recognise. It was a Lea Francis 14 four light saloon, and a good runner he assured me. When he opened the bonnet and I saw the two sleek aluminium valve covers of the twin cam 1.8 litre engine. I knew this was a real car and I fell in love with it on the spot.

I parted with £130 and the car was mine. It was 12 years old, and I was the fourth owner. The first owner had been a lady of substance, Margery Bromfield, whose address was probably the most exclusive in Edinburgh: Ramsay Gardens, right next to the castle!

It had a coach-built aluminium body, torsion bar front suspension, windscreen washers and heater. These accessories were rare in 1952 when it was built. This was sheer luxury, not bad for my first car. I can remember pulling into a filling station for the first time and filling up with petrol at 5 shillings and 7 pence per gallon. Third party insurance had cost me £19. It soon became obvious that the brakes were not very effective, so I spent many happy hours learning about

their workings, replacing brake cylinders and shoes all round.

I had always had a mechanical bent but had never before had the time or opportunity to exercise it. It was great fun learning as I went along. Lea Francis had ceased production in 1954, and this was 1964. Fortunately, basic spares were pretty standard and easily obtainable.

Having reconditioned the braking system, a general service was next on the list. Now where was the oil filter? I felt a real fool, as no matter how hard I hunted round the engine, I could not locate it. In the end I took it to Ecurie Ecosse at Merchiston Mews, where the D-type Jaguars that won Le Mans lived. A helpful mechanic poked around and eventually pointed to a little square aluminium cap right down in the depths, which was caked with dirt and virtually invisible. When this was scraped away, one could see, in raised letters, the words "oil filter". On removing the cap, it was possible to screw out a cylindrical metal gauze filter, caked solid with black gunge. It had obviously not been cleaned in years! After some months, it became difficult to engage second gear. By this time, I relished the opportunity to do something more major to the car. So out came the gearbox. I carried it up to my bedroom in the hospital mess to work on it. Having removed the top, badly worn and broken selector forks came into view. I was about to remove them when the flange on the rear drive shaft on the box literally fell off. It had obviously suffered a severe fatigue fracture and removing the gearbox had been the final straw. Had it failed on the road, it would have dropped the front end of the prop shaft onto the road, with probably spectacular results, even writing off the car and possibly the driver as well!

I soon obtained a reconditioned replacement and fitted it along with a new clutch for good measure. By sheer good fortune, my father was very friendly with one of our neighbours, who ran a garage in town. He very kindly allowed me to use a ramp in his garage while I worked on the car myself with help and advice from his staff. So I spent the

Christmas holidays that year carrying out a cylinder head overhaul,



plus replacement of piston rings and big end bearings.

On a trip to London a little while later, the engine started to cut out. The electric fuel pump was choked with debris from a dirty petrol tank, but both problems were soon fixed. The rear springs were getting rather soft at this stage, so new ones were made up and fitted.

At this time, I moved to London for six months, to study at the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn. I stayed next door at the College residence. My weekends were usually spent under the car, in front of the College, sometimes using the President's parking place. He never came to the College at weekends. But I think that my activities were rather disapproved of.

By this time the car was in really good order and I was having a lot of fun with it.

I had decided at this stage to continue my medical career in New Zealand. The reason being I had become engaged, but my fiancé, also a doctor, had already arranged with a girl friend to spend a couple of years in New Zealand, so I had to follow her out, or pine at home for those two years.

I had been warned that cars in New Zealand at that time were scarce and expensive, so I resolved to take the Lea-Francis out with me, working my passage as a ship's doctor on a Port Line cargo liner, the Port Sydney, bound for Wellington. The car, along with a few others, was craned into an otherwise empty hold and tethered down.

On one occasion I had cause to go down to the hold during some heavy weather, when the ship was pitching and rolling. It was an amazing sight to see all the cars bowing and curtsying to the ships movement on their suspensions, all in perfect time! There had been a severe outbreak of foot and mouth disease in the UK in 1966, so when the ship arrived in Wellington in June 1967, the car and my shoes had to be steam cleaned very thoroughly!!

Petrol prices out there were a very pleasant surprise, 3 shillings and 6 pence a gallon.

New Zealand at that time severely restricted the import of new cars, so there were some ancient creaks on the

road. Garages were very good at improvising on repairs. It was usually a case of make do and mend. I had heard that on a few farms in South Island Model Ts were still running. Prices of second hand cars were prohibitive, so I was glad I had taken the advice about bringing my own car out. It had cost more than the car itself (£150) but it was worth it. I made enquiries about other Lea-Francis cars in New Zealand. I was told that there was perhaps one other!

As my fiancée and I were planning to stay out in New Zealand for two years, we decided to get married out there. So in Masterton, North Island, we tied the knot in the Baptist church on 16th December 1967.

Our honeymoon was to be a tour of South Island in the Lea-Francis. We had booked the car onto the inter-island ferry "Maori" from Wellington to Littleton, which was the port for Christchurch. A few months before the sister ship "Wahine", on the same ferry run, had gone down in the entrance of Wellington harbour during a tropical storm, with the loss of fifty lives. The girl at the travel agent said she would see if the Governor General for New Zealand needed to use the ferry on the same trip as us. If not, we could use his cabin for an extra cost of £2. He did not need it, so we spent the first night in luxury. I can remember, there was a full moon and it was a calm crossing.

The trip round South Island was spectacular. The weather could not have been better. The car did not miss a beat, apart from a puncture on Arthur's Pass over the Southern Alps. It happened on a very steep, narrow section of road, but we made it to level ground before the tyre lost all its air.

I had brought my beloved Leica IIIG with me on the trip, but I had a row from my new wife who was jealous of the fact that every photo that was taken had to include the car!

South Island was very thinly populated so traffic was very light. Some of the main roads were not even tarmaced but had a loose metal surface. Very dusty in dry weather and rather bumpy, so 40 mph

was the sensible maximum speed under these conditions.



Our overnight stops were in modern motels which had sprung up all over New Zealand within the previous ten years or so. All very clean and new, and also very cheap. The tourist trade was only just getting going at this stage.

On one occasion, in Southland, we were passing through small towns and villages and were mystified by all the crowds at the roadside, with everyone dressed in their finery. The flags were flying and there was bunting down the main streets. We waved graciously, but they did not seem to be looking at us. It transpired later that the Governor General, Sir Arthur Porritt, a retired surgeon from London, had just passed through in front of us on an official tour. We caught up with him later at Milford Sound on the west coast. I had the cheek to park next to his Rolls-Royce at the hotel. I thought that there was a vague similarity between the two cars! I had met him at a hospital in Auckland, when he had visited. I presented a patient to him who had undergone a jaw reconstruction in the plastic unit where I worked at the time.

When we were about to leave Milford Sound, there was a heavy snowstorm, but this was midsummer, a surprise for everyone. We started the climb up towards the entrance to the Homer Tunnel, which was the only way out from the Sound, but when we were within a couple of hundred yards of the entrance, the rear wheels started spinning. We were stuck.



As we wondered what to do next, a Land Rover appeared at the tunnel entrance above us. This was our knight in shining armour. Whenever it snowed, it was his job to tow hapless

tourists out of trouble, on the road up to the tunnel. So we were soon on our way again, as the rest of the journey was downhill.

You may be wondering how I managed for spares. Then, as now, even out in New Zealand, A B Price provided an excellent service. To give you an example: we were somewhere in East Cape, North Island. Doreen, my wife, was driving when we came to a steep hill. As the speed fell off Doreen changed down, but as she did so the gearstick came away in her hand. It gave her quite a shock, I can tell you. We pushed it back into the gearbox, and by pushing down on the stick it was possible to change gear without any problem. The cause was a broken conical retaining spring.

That evening I wrote an aerogramme to A B Price and posted it the next morning. The replacement spring was in my hand ten days later. Not bad service to the other side of the world. It had obviously been shipped by return.

After eighteen months exploring New Zealand and covering some 20,000 miles, it was time to go home and continue my postgraduate orthopaedic training in the UK. Besides, our first child was on the way.

I sold the car to a solicitor in Auckland, Harold Kidd, who already had a collection of old classic cars. He paid me £300, which was more than twice what I had paid for it! A few years later, I wrote to him to find out what had happened to the car. I got a reply. Roger Wells, a friend of his from Sydney, had come over with his girlfriend to a classic car rally. He had fallen in love with the Lea-Francis and taken it back to Sydney with him, but he had left his girlfriend as it seems he had fallen out of love with her! After that I lost track of the car ... that is, until about eight years ago.

I contacted the DVLA, asking if it was possible to use the original East Lothian number (SS 8819) on one of my current cars. The original SS numbers are now very much sought after, and as I now live in East Lothian, there was no harm in asking as the Lea-Francis, when I last heard, was in Australia.

“No can do”, they said, the car had to be my property and physically shown to a licensing



official in this country for this to happen. But they did suggest that I got in touch with the Lea-Francis Owners Club, which I did. They told me that the car was still in existence, and were able to give me the name and address of the current owner. His name was Tim Hopwood, and he lived in the town of Collie, in Western Australia, about two hours from Perth, the capital. I wrote to him and got a prompt reply. The car at that time was in a garage in Perth, undergoing a total professional restoration.

By sheer coincidence, my wife and I had organised a trip to Australia and we would be passing through Perth in about three months' time. We arranged to meet for lunch, and then he took us to see the car at the Roadbend Garage in Welshpool, a suburb in south east Perth. The car had been totally dismantled, the chassis sand blasted and the wooden frame of the body replaced with metal parts, as the Australian climate had not been kind to the wooden framework. All the body parts were ready for assembly, but this had been held up by a delay in supplying a new electrical harness from England. The paintwork had been changed to two tone silver and maroon. It looked terrific. The original engine had been changed to one from a burnt out wreck over in the East. It was the 18hp version, which was still in bits. All the parts were ready to assemble and looked bright and shiny like new.

Two years later, we returned to Perth as our daughter was now living there and we had come out to visit her. The car was still at Roadbend Garage. We dropped by and met the engineer who had carried out the restoration. He was a Brit, originally from Gloucester, name of Alan Guy. I commented that we had the same surname, and he mentioned that his doctor's name was also Guy. I said that would be my cousin Eileen, who had come out to Roleystone about 25 years before. What a coincidence! There had been some slight problem with the timing chain in the engine, but otherwise the car was complete and looked fantastic.

After taking some photographs, I said goodbye to the car, thinking that this was the end of the story. But then my daughter got engaged and planned to get married this

last July. So I got this idea to ask Tim if the car was available to take Susanne, our daughter, to her wedding, which was to be held at The Wise Winery at Eagle Bay near Dunsburgh. Tim by this time had moved to Bunbury, so he only lived about an hour away.

So on Saturday 26th July 2008, my daughter and I travelled in style the few miles from the hotel to her wedding in a car which, 40 years before, had taken me and my new wife on our honeymoon in New Zealand.

If anyone is interested, the car is now for sale, at slightly more than I paid for it 43 years ago!

John G Guy

Plane Portraits by Toni Hausler

Would you like a personalised portrait of your pride and joy? I draw and paint custom pictures of aircraft in a variety of media.



If you're interested in commissioning a piece of art, you can drop me an e-mail at:

tonihauslerart@hotmail.co.uk – or, to see more examples of my artwork, why not check out my gallery at: www.tonihausler.artistportfolio.net



My First One Ever

Cable on, take up slack
 Check the stop, make sure it's black
 Checks are done, I have control
 All-out called, we start to roll

Build up speed, we're off the ground
 We start to climb, we're skyward bound
 No cable break, it's looking sweet
 Ground falls away beneath our feet

We climb as high as we are able
 We reach the top, release the cable
 We're off, we're free, we're in the air
 A great big sky for us to share

We trim our speed, we settle back
 We look for others on our track
 We see them and they see us too
 Shining white against the blue

We soar the ridge, to left and right
 We look for lift to give us height
 The vario decides to speak
 A twitch, a bleep, sometimes a squeak

We hear the sound we've waited for
 We've found the lift – can we some find more?
 We quarter over sunlit ground
 Is this a thermal that we've found?

It seems to be; we turn in tight
 Which wing kicked up – the left or right?
 A steep left turn, we're swinging round
 Our left wing pointing at the ground

We're in the lift, we shoot up high
 Like an elevator in the sky
 A minute later it kicks us out
 But we know it's there, without a doubt

We circle back across the hill
 Looking to repeat the thrill
 We wait, we look, we hold on tight
 My first one ever – a thermal flight!

No other gliders fly nearby
 They're in their own small piece of sky
 Chasing the capricious breeze
 To find a thermal, climb with ease

We hear the sound and feel the kick
 Right foot rudder, right hand stick
 We bank her over, bring her round
 Look down the wing towards the ground

It drifts away, as these things will
 Moving southwards from the hill
 To follow is tempting, without a doubt
 But just don't fancy landing out!

It's time to land, we've had our fun
 Let someone else enjoy the sun
 I can't stop smiling, my face alight
 My first one ever – a thermal flight!

*Sam***Wurmi Pegs**

Ever landed out or on a remote part of Portmoak and been unable to leave your glider because of strong wind? Our solution for our K8 is to tie down the glider using luggage straps and Wurmi pegs. Wurmi pegs are plastic pegs that are five times lighter than the equivalent metal peg. They are strong enough to securely tie down a light motorised aircraft yet light and compact enough to carry in the cockpit. They are easy to screw into the ground using the Wurmi hand tool and will remain secure in virtually any type of ground from sand to stony ground or gravel (see pictures). They can also be screwed into the ground with an electric drill although it is unlikely that you would have such a

tool lying about in your glider.

Screwing the pegs into the ground takes a little



longer time than using tyres but, if there are no tyres nearby, these pegs can be a godsend. I vividly recall an occasion before we acquired the pegs when I spent two hours lying on the wing root while waiting for a retrieve crew after landing out in gusty conditions.

For our K8, we purchased 12 standard Wurmi pegs (8 necessary + 4 spares) plus two Wurmi multiboard plates. To this we added two luggage straps from Halfords and two small karabiners from the Army & Navy store. We also purchased from the Army & Navy store, a small roll-up wallet to hold everything.



Each multiboard plate is firmly secured to the ground using 3 or 4 pegs (depending on wind strength and type of ground).

A luggage strap is then passed around the wing tip and secured to one plate using a karabiner.

The other plate, karabiner and strap is attached to our fuselage tail handle but could be wrapped around the fuselage or attached elsewhere depending on aircraft type.

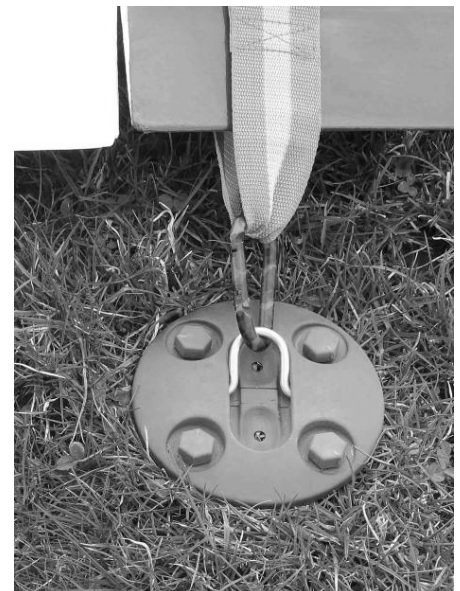
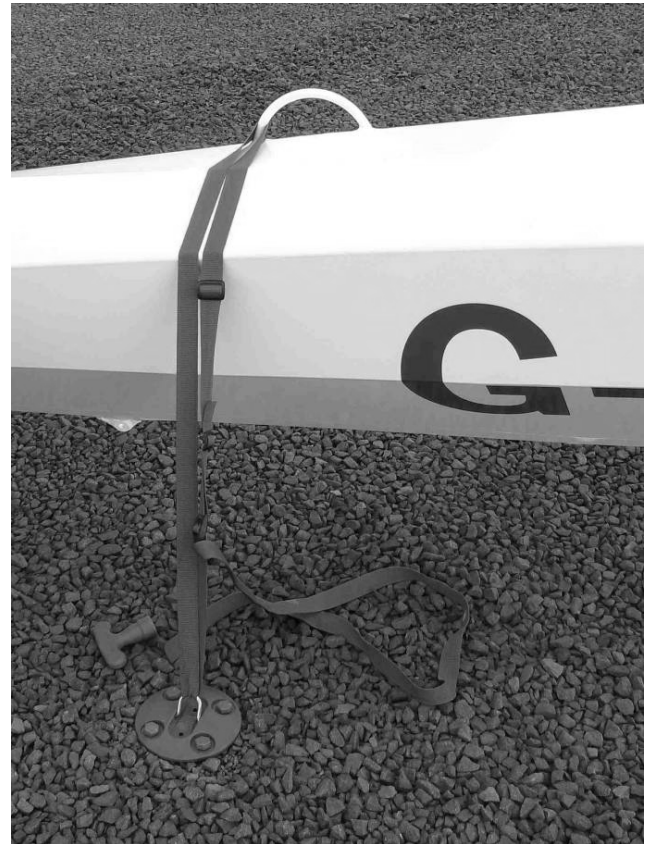
Wurmi pegs may be used in all sorts of terrain. They will even screw into the gravel outside the Clubhouse.

Wurmi pegs have multiple uses. They can be used to tie down tents, caravans, motor homes, canopies and many others. For further information see

www.wurmi.co.uk

The same company are now producing the next generation of screw-in pegs.

These pegs, called PeggyPegs, are 10% thicker, 1.8cm longer and 30% stronger than the original Wurmi pegs. See www.peggypeg.co.uk



Derek Storey