

From the home of the *Scottish Gliding Union*

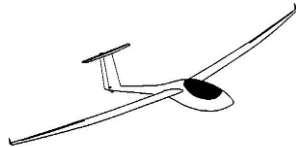
Portmoak Press

Editorial – Ian Easson

Here we are with Issue 35 already and it'll soon be winter! The good news is that that could mean wave, clear air, crisp mornings... misted canopies, frozen ground. Ah well, lets make the most of it, and remember – this sport of ours is great fun. In this issue, we have a number of examples of just how much fun this sport of ours can be. We have a world exclusive from ex S&G Editor, Helen Evens – she has been playing in the wave with John Williams at the UK Mountain Soaring Championships at Aboyne. A few of us flew with John during that week in Aboyne and good fun was had by everyone – even Alan Gillanders when they had to land out, but that is another story, for another issue. Regular contributor Frank Smith has been off on his travels again and has been having fun in Austria. A number of our members have enjoyed Soaring Safaris in South Africa and John Dunnington has supplied me with a copy of the club's newsletter. For those interested in what happened this year and are keen to find out about next year, please read their newsletter which I have posted onto the club-house notice board in the corridor. Continuing on the subject of fun, I have now bought into the Falke SF25 syndicate and am undergoing NPPL training – great fun!

On a more serious note, John Williams highlights a potential problem for those of us wanting to fly high from Portmoak. Although the results will have gone through by the time you read this (the message has already been issued via Portmoak Instant), I felt that the wider readership of Portmoak Press should be aware of what's been going on in this area - see club news section.

I have included a simple crossword in this issue – all answers are Scottish



TPs, so get your maps out and practice your map-reading skills.

Finally, the usual plea to all members, new or old, experienced or ab initio, regular contributors or not, to consider submitting material for *Portmoak Press*. Details of how to do this can be found below.

Cut off dates are as follows: end of December for January, end of March for April, end of June for July and end of September for October. Material can be sent to me either typed or hand-written and dropped in my mailbox beside the payphone, or e-mail me at ian.easson@btinternet.com

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Board Members

Chairman	Douglas Tait
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Technical	Joe Fisher
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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



CFI Notes

Please note changes to the Bronze Badge+X/C Endorsement Flying Syllabus. In particular all candidates must pass the Full Air Law Exam. Use the links below and read the documents.

<http://www.gliding.co.uk/bgainfo/documents/BGANavigationTrainingandTestingAug09.pdf>

<http://www.gliding.co.uk/bgainfo/instructors/documents/supervisionguidance.pdf>

Bob Petrie

Club NewsFlight Level 100 - We Need Your Help!

Wave Flying at Portmoak Do you want to go safely Cross Country in Wave and climb to over 10,000ft? You need to be higher than that to get Gold height, let alone Diamond height – or to go cross-country confidently over cloud tops.

Do you want to install a Mode S transponder in your glider? It would cost £2,000 and upwards for each glider plus the cost of annual testing, maintenance and repair. And you will not be able to install it unless you can get an EASA approved modification for your particular make of glider.

In 2012 all gliders flying above Flight Level 100 (i.e. approx. 10,000' or < 9,000' on a low pressure day!) will be required to have a working Mode S transponder unless the BGA can negotiate some Transponder Free Zones (TFZs) for gliding. We need to provide the BGA with details of all flights over FL100 out of Portmoak over the last 5 years.

So please go through your log-books and let us have the details of any flights you have done out of Portmoak above FL100 since the start of 2004.

Ideally we want the date, maximum height and the areas where you flew. If possible pick out Way Points to illustrate the extent of your flights. We need to get all the responses together by 1st October so we can send them on to the BGA by 5th October. Please don't wait until the last moment.

John Williams



The new 1:500000 air chart of Scotland is now in stock. These are available to members from the office at the discounted price of £13.50

Inter Club League (IC)

I'd like to congratulate the WoA team of Steve Derwin and Dave Tuttle on winning the day in the novice class during their first Comp.

Overall the SGU came third, but quite a few pilots (most) got their first chance of being in a competitive environment.

I'd like to say a big thank you to everyone that helped make the event at Portmoak a success. Also a huge vote of thanks to Fiona, Alan and Andrew who made the WoA entry possible for the away leg at Easterton, I think that must have been the first double chair user retrieve in the UK

Craig Chatburn

Catering at Portmoak

We all know how important the catering operation is to the vitality of the club in so many ways: apart from feeding us and keeping the clubhouse clean and tidy, it also sustains and accommodates a growing population of visiting pilots, expeditions from other clubs, course members, and the air cadets. All of this greatly benefits the club as a whole by boosting our income and helping us to stay solvent, while also enabling us to offer members some of the cheapest membership and flying rates in the country.

Following very useful discussions between Alan Boyle, Alec Stevenson and Ian Norman on behalf of the SGU Board, and Irene Donald, on behalf of the catering franchise, the Board would like to take this opportunity to encourage all members to make as much use of the catering facilities, including the bar, as possible. At present the catering operation is viable largely because of trade from visitors, but we need to remember that it also needs our support if we want to sustain clubhouse catering in the long term. The same goes for the bar. If you would like to see additional items on the catering menu please

feel free to make suggestions directly to Irene or Stephen. If you

have any other ideas or suggestions for the operation of the catering or the bar please contact any of the above board members.

As part of our discussions we have also reviewed the thorny question of members consuming their own food in the clubhouse. The Board recognises that some members prefer their own catering; at the same time it has a responsibility to ensure that the catering franchise remains viable. There has to be a sensible balance here. It has therefore been agreed by the Board on behalf of the club and Irene Donald on behalf of the catering franchise that *members wishing to bring their own prepared food are welcome to eat in the clubhouse, provided that customers purchasing food from the catering facility are given priority use of tables when the clubhouse is busy.* On those relatively rare occasions when the clubhouse is full we would therefore ask members who have brought their own food to defer to customers of the catering franchise until space becomes available. We hope that this formula will prove workable but, if there should be problems that cannot be resolved on the spot in an amicable and sensible fashion, please talk to a member of the Board: it is in no-one's interest to have altercations in the clubhouse regardless of the merits. A new notice, revised as agreed above, will be posted in the clubhouse as soon as that can be arranged.

Douglas Tait

Letter from France

Well we've arrived in France, so far so good. The move went exactly as planned, the removal men turned up in Stirling on Monday 1st June packed our worldly possessions and they arrived at our temporary address in St Germer in France on Friday 5th June and unloaded same. We, in the meantime, drove down to Portsmouth and caught the Santander ferry, arriving in St Germer on Thursday night in good time to meet our removal men. Dougal (our cat) had a hard time as he had to travel in the back of the car. He didn't enjoy staying in his cage in the car for the 24 hour ferry journey one bit, however he seems to have recovered.

The Chateau of St Germer has been beautifully restored

by the owners Harry and Alison and we are staying in a small apartment near the gate. It's a lovely spot; the chateau is in its own 40 acre park which itself is in a small village in beautiful countryside. There is a lovely swimming pool in a garden next to the chateau and we've enjoyed swimming there. We've had lots of walks in and around the grounds and in the surrounding area, and its great bike riding country too. It's very quiet here except when the farmers are doing their harvesting and it's so good to wake up each morning without the ever present rumble of traffic noise we had in Stirling. Dougal after a shaky start seems to have got used to the situation and is now going out by himself chateau grounds for short trips.

Harry has set up an internet connection for us and we get sky TV so Mary was able to watch Wimbledon.

The weather has been great with temperatures mostly in the 20°Cs and sometimes in the mid 30s although we've had a few thunderstorms. We've eaten our dinner most nights outside and have made good use of the BBQ. It's great to be able to sit outside late into the evening.

The new house is going well and the builder has started tiling the floors. The house looks great but the area outside about an acre and a quarter of garden to be is going to need a lot of work, we're hoping we can get one of the local farmers to do some ploughing for us. The new house is in a tiny village called Mansempuy which has about 80 souls and is a 15 mile drive from Auch, our nearest large town. Toulouse isn't far away so we should be able to have the odd day out in the big city! There are lots of Bastide towns (medieval fortified towns) near us which give the area a lot of its unique character. Being France, there are plenty of great restaurants in easy driving range of the house and generally offering great value for money. We have spent some time organising a swimming pool for the new house and have made some progress finding the right builder.

Although Mary speaks good French, my French is

very much a work in progress. I've had lots of practice listening



speaking and reading French and it has certainly helped improve my language skills. I booked and went for a haircut the other day all by myself and came out with the right kind of haircut (nice and short). If I'd tried the same thing a couple of years ago I would have ended up with a Mohican!

We've made lots of visits to local markets and they all have a great atmosphere. They mostly sell local produce like fruit and veg but you also get various cooked meals which you can take home. Other items on sale like hardware, clothes etc give a great insight into French life.

We have made a start on integrating into gliding in France. As expected it hasn't all been plain sailing but we've made some progress and have had some great flights. I will leave gliding progress reports on the SGU members' forum so as not to bore our none gliding friends!

I will try to write from time to time. If you need to get in touch we have a new mobile number in France which you can reach by dialling 0033 6 04 18 03 26. We'll get a fixed line when we move and let you have the number later.

Bob & Mary Jones

Sort of wave-ish

The Scottish Highlands, so impressive viewed from ground level, can seem almost small from 8,000ft – and climbing. John Williams and I were glad to see them looking like that: an hour earlier, on the second day of Deeside's UK Mountain Soaring Competition, we'd pulled off tow at 4,000ft and sunk scratchily down to 2,000ft in choppy, disorganised air.

Listening to various competitors in circuit, making their reflight calls, was not as much fun as it might otherwise have been.

Eventually, we'd scraped our slow way up to 6,000ft in the start zone. "Weak as Hell," said John, "but it does appear to be moving the altimeter." Then we'd set off on track, aiming for a promising-looking edge of cloud above us, and reassessing the sky. South-westerly wind flowing over the high ground, but due to decrease in the afternoon. High cloud to the west.

Some signs of wave, with more obvious cloudstreets. "Sort of

wave-ish, but..." remarked John.

As we dutifully discussed thermal tactics, we reached that promising edge. It delivered dreamlike, laminar wave. I took a photo of the varios, which were chirruping excitedly, but I won't tell you the climb rate. You'd only be jealous. Just one clue: using John's finger-variometer system (deployed whenever I pointed my camera at him) he'd have needed both hands. Including thumbs.

So there we were in the Scottish Gliding Centre's DG-505, above cloud, in the sunshine, soaring towards the Moray Firth and the first sector of a three-hour Assigned Area Task (AAT): Loch Kinord, Rhynie, Braemar, Bridge of Avon, Aboyne (122km/385km). I knew where we were; I knew what we were meant to be doing; and anyway, John Williams was P1. There was time to reflect on how I had got lucky enough to be in 5GC with him over Scotland at – by now – 11,000ft.

I'm in the country to study at the University of St Andrews, and I'd arrived mid-August, a few weeks early, in a bid to break my usual downward spiral, where lack of flying time breeds lack of confidence breeds even less currency. I'd barely flown for a year and, having devoted the summer of 2008 – one of the wettest on record – to gliding, I wasn't that hopeful for 2009. It was, therefore, a very pleasant surprise when my first week as a Portmoak member went to plan. The flying that I *had* managed to do the previous year, at Lasham and the Long Mynd, was consolidated on a course taught by the indefatigable Chris Robinson. He got me back solo on the winch, through most checks and cleared for the Junior. Thanks, Chris – you're a star.

Kevin Hook and Irene Donald had kindly arranged a place for me on the following week's cross-country course, to be run by Kevin, Colin Hamilton and John. Unfortunately, the weather reverted to type. My fellow fledglings and I stared glumly out of the briefing room window at rain, torrential rain and yet more rain, interspersed with the occasional patch of drizzly low cloud. Floods in Elgin and ever-bigger puddles on the ash tracks. Tail end of a hurricane, it

was rumoured. The hobbies page of Metcheck raised a



hollow laugh. “Don't ask us why?” it burred ungrammatically, “But some of you choose to do things outdoors, even when it's raining!”

Kevin, Colin and John deserve a medal for their persistent optimism and their ability to create the best flying opportunities out of the tiniest weather windows. Remarkably, I ended the week cleared for aerotow (thanks, Kevin, and John Riley), with field landing checks done (thanks, Ian Dandie) and a 90-minute wave flight over the Tay (thanks, John). And the briefings and exercises were just brilliant: I remembered things I thought I'd forgotten for ever and learned new stuff it'll take months to assimilate. Highlights included: Kevin and Colin's unexpected encounter near Forfar and the importance of keeping a good lookout; a logger- and pilot-testing cross-country, in our cars, around Loch Leven; thermalling exercises; what you need in the cockpit on wave cross-countries (apart from Colin, Kevin or John, that is); how to get turning point sectors right; wave flying techniques; met forecasting; using oxygen; and a field landing briefing followed by spot landing practice. The week would have been worth it for the briefings alone. Then, amazingly, came a wave slot late on the final afternoon – complete with Mark's landout that made it, against all the odds, a real cross-country course. My thanks to everyone involved for making it so enjoyable.

For my third and final week, I'd planned to spend time in the Junior, getting myself current enough to fly HZE, the Discus that Keith Auchterlonie, Bruce Marshall and Ricky Jackson have been so generous as to welcome me into while Keith is away down south (and a VERY big thank you to you three!). But plans are made to be changed so when a P2 seat with John at Deeside unexpectedly became vacant, I didn't hesitate. How often do you get this kind of chance?

And that's why on September 7th I found myself in 5GC, heading for the south coast of the Moray Firth and watching the pattern of the wave unfold across the sunlit fields below us. John had the appropriate navigation aids in the back and in addition I was clutching perhaps the worst-marked map of the comp with its

unconvincing freehand circle around Bridge of Avon and two accurately positioned but half-sized wedge-shaped sectors for the other two TPs. Hmmm. It's one thing to mark up the half-mil chart in slow time when I've got a decent protractor, a quarter-mil map for the TPs and a ruler showing nautical miles and kilometres; it's another to do it in a competition without any of the above. What was that they'd said on the cross-country course about being prepared for the day *before* it arrives? Lesson number one well reinforced. I'd better buy a ruler and practise marking maps.

Of course, John knew what he was doing, or we'd have turned halfway into the sector instead of, as we did, at the very far end of it, near Banff. Cue pretty photos and a good view, as John pointed out, of the wave bars refracting at the coastline. These made me think hard about the quality of character it takes to turn your back on land and trust yourself over water to those suddenly flimsy-looking clouds.

North Sea One, anyone?

We turned 180 degrees for the second sector and the sky looked, as it always does, very different. Much more clag, shaped by a well-defined wave system, with some big lumps above the mountains. A long dive to a couple of bars upwind paid dividends: we made it over the top of the second bar into a hole that gave us a great run down to Braemar. When I'd tried something similar many years ago on my Gold Height out of Sutton Bank, I'd – forgive the journalese, but it's the only word that fits – plummeted into the side of the wave bar, instead of floating gracefully over the top of it, and had been forced to creep ignominiously back to the ridge.

Today, it was nice to see the move carried out successfully. Perhaps it had been a little ambitious of me, trying it in a K6CR.

Now it was time to revisit AAT tactics. One of the many good things about flying with John is the polite fiction he maintains that a P2 like me can actually contribute to the decision-making. I'd never flown an AAT before, let alone in wave, let alone in a comp, so this was all new. I understood the basic

principles – go as far as possible in each of the sectors, in the right



order, for the time set. But it was a revelation to hear John's thinking about the options. Here was a comprehensive synthesis of all the factors: the glider's performance; what competitors might be doing; the remaining time; trends in the met; our current status; the topography... As Alec Stevenson, who also flew with him that week, later said, John always has a Plan B – and I suspect Plans C and D, as well.

We decided not to venture too far into the second sector, south of Braemar, then go as far as possible into the third one, the big (and, in my case, wobbly) circle around Bridge of Avon. Still in wave and now under high cover, which damped down thermal activity, we found it all going to plan until we turned for the third sector. After an indifferent climb or two, John said aloud: "Perhaps it's time for a change of gear." I thought of the number of flights that have ended in fields because of the failure to recognise the need for that change of gear. Been there, done that, got the landout certificate.

We headed in the general direction of Aviemore with about half an hour's task time left – then watched the minutes slip away, frustratingly, as we tried wispy wave edge after wispy wave edge. Enough to sustain us, and the PDA was giving us a final glide, but there was cloud in the way. And granite below the cloud. We switched down another gear: now it wasn't a question of making a respectable distance in the remaining time. It was a question of getting home. A cry from John of "Attagirl!" greeted the climb that ultimately gave us the height to soar above cloud. There followed an exhilarating 90kt dive through a gap back to Aboyne. Fourth for the day (full details at www.ukmsc.co.uk). And as John had said when he'd read the entry list, you could come last among this particular bunch of competitors and have nothing to be ashamed of. The winner of that day and of the comp, Robert Tait, went further in the second sector – good stuff. That's AATs for you.

Thinking back to the day, as I write about it three weeks on, I still have a smile on my face. The pleasure of the company, the skill of the piloting and the beauty of the scenery make it a flight I will always

remember. I learned a huge amount and it's given me something to aspire to. Thanks again, John. This almost, but not quite, concludes the first chapter of my Scottish gliding story. Two days later, back at Portmoak, I aerotowed the Junior to a 90-minute soaring flight. Three buzzards soaring above Loch Leven marked the first thermal. Perfect. What a beautiful place Scotland is to fly from. More than that, the welcome I've received from so many people at Portmoak and at Aboyne has been out of this world. I was going to conclude with a list of individual acknowledgements – then realised I couldn't possibly do you justice. You know who you are: the friends who contributed to *S&G* during my time as editor; those of you who knew me even before then; and the rest of you, the people gliding's full of – the like-minded new friends I simply hadn't happened to meet before. For me, it's been a memorable and very happy few weeks. A big, big thank you to everyone who's helped along the way.

Helen Evans

Aviating in Austria

This year, rather than face the hot sun of another Greek holiday, Margaret and I thought we should have a change. Austria was to be our destination with 'Molly' motor home in 2009. So, after a North Sea crossing from Newcastle to IJmuiden in Holland and driving down through Germany, stopping at Heidelberg on the way, we eventually reached the Austrian town of Bregenz. Bregenz is about as far west as you can get in that country and occupies a position right on the shores of Lake Constance or the Bodensee as the locals call it.

The weather was very hot and folk were throwing themselves into the lake to cool off, not very different from Greece really, but this was all to change over the next few days as we moved steadily eastwards. Now we were journeying through a land of towering peaks still adorned with winter snow, the setting was magnificent. At every twist and turn of the road a new vision of Alpine scenery unfolded before us.

We reached Innsbruck on the tenth day after leaving home. Our campsite was located



several miles to the south of the town and on higher ground, from which we could look out over Innsbruck to the steep rocky faced slopes which surrounded the town to the North and West. During the preparation for our trip Margaret had managed to discover the address of a gliding club close to Innsbruck. So, after a respectable lapse of time spent visiting Cathedrals, historic buildings and ancient artifacts I suggested a day spent locating the gliding club and perhaps with luck, a flight. So it was with the smooth encapsulated voice issuing from the Tom-Tom giving us directions we set out the next day. Marvelous things Sat/Nav instruments, they will take you unerringly to your destination, which in this case Surprise Surprise, was Innsbruck International airport. From the address we didn't realise that the club lay within the confines of the airport but as I drove along a road paralleling the security fence there indeed were gliders on the other side.

It appeared that the glider operation was tucked well away from the main commercial aircraft operation. Now to gain entry. This is where the fun began. Since 9/11, airports round the globe have become rather reluctant to admit folk into their inner sanctums, you may have encountered similar problems. So having found an entrance into the airport all I had to do was to convince the stern faced security guard with the determined expression and attitude that he should allow me to pass. Luckily he spoke English. I explained that I wished to visit the gliding club whereupon he said that I would need somebody at the club to vouch for me. You can see the difficulties these trips abroad throw up. I tactfully explained that this was going to be a challenge as I had never been to Austria before, let alone the gliding club. His facial expression now bore the look which said 'Trouble Maker'.

It was at this point that a member of the gliding fraternity chose to pass through the security gate. The guard mentioned my predicament to the member and he, after chatting to me, said to come back to the security gate in ten minutes. This I duly did and the guard handed me a piece of paper with the name of the

member - Hans Peter Erlacher and a phone number - could I call between 14.30 and 15.00.

The time was still only 11.00 am, what to do for several hours. One of the delights of motor home travel is that you always have everything with you. So, after coffee, lunch and lots of reading it was time to ring that number. The member I'd met earlier answered and said to meet him at the gate. Gathering my hat and sun glasses off I went. The said member was there waiting.

There had been a changing of the guard since my last visitation to the security gate, the stern faced individual giving way to a rather attractive lady, but she, never the less just like her counterpart was not prepared to allow an easy passage through into their inner sanctum. What was required now was that I held my passport up to a screen which presumably fed all the information for vetting me, to some secret service dept. At this point I was still outside the fence. The smiling face in the photo on my passport must have done the trick as I was now given permission to pass through the gate into the security office.

I thought I'd cracked it but no, there was more to come. Another male security guard had appeared and instructed me to empty my pockets on to one of those conveyor belts, while I passed through a screening gate. After which I was thoroughly frisked for the odd grenade or plastic bomb, this was carried out by the male guard. I'd half hoped the pretty lady guard might have performed these duties but alas it wasn't to be. Anyway I was at last allowed to proceed with Hans Peter into the airport.

As we walked to the gliding club's area he told me about the club's activities. They had a very good set up with a large hangar and an impressive array of aircraft; some of their machines were already airborne in the hangar, being hoisted up on webbing cradles by electric winches. Quite a novel idea I thought, allowing many more gliders to be accommodated.

Hans Peter had suggested that the conditions weren't particularly good for gliding that day but he could certainly arrange a flight from a winch launch if I wished. The



idea of a winch launch at a International Airport seemed a rather unique proposition, but it would have only been a circuit in the prevailing weather. I'd already spotted a small power plane standing idle at the back of the concrete apron and asked Hans Peter if there was any chance of a flight in it. The result was that a short while later we were lined up on Innsbruck International Airport's main runway receiving departure clearance.

We took off to the east and what followed was an extraordinary flight over some of the most spectacular scenery the Austrian Alps had to offer. For sheer magnificence this was hard to beat. Snow capped mountain and ridges slid by beneath our wings and verdant green high alpine meadows dotted the terrain thousands of feet below. We even flew close to a glacier and ventured into German airspace. Sat there in the side by side 'Katana' chatting to Hans Peter about Mountain flying and gliding in Austria was a real pleasure. All too soon we were heading back and receiving landing instructions from the tower.

It had been a remarkable flight with a very friendly and knowledgeable pilot. The DV20 - 'Katana' we flew in was developed by the Diamond Aircraft Industries who also produced the Dimona Motorglider. Afterwards I sat in the sunshine chatting with Hans Peter and his colleagues who warmly welcomed me. Before I left they invited me to help them rig a DG 500. How could I refuse? So, feeling very content, the holiday continued with a visit to Salzburg before heading south to a campsite near the small town of Maishofen which was itself near to a larger town named Zell am See that was set right beside a lake amid high mountainous peaks. In winter its flooded with skiers. We paid several visits to this town using our bikes to travel the eight miles or so. During one of our visits we were casually walking along through the tourist thronged streets when suddenly this combination of tug and glider passed right overhead. From their height I knew that they must have only just taken off, Margaret immediately spun round and said "how did you manage that".

Despite my protests of having no

previous knowledge of there being a gliding site near at hand she didn't look convinced. Anyway Margaret suggested we find the Tourist Information centre - she's a good lass really. The girl there confirmed that there was indeed an airfield close by and yes they did have a gliding club which operated from there and produced a booklet with a phone number to contact. Which I did, there was no reply. However, later that day I received a call on my mobile from the reception desk at the airport saying they were sorry they had missed my call and how could they help. I duly explained. The guy said yes it would be possible to fly but only if the weather conditions were favourable, he would get back in touch tomorrow.

The next two days produced indifferent weather conditions and no phone call, I wasn't surprised. But then the weather relented and we thought we would cycle out through the town of Zell am See to find the airfield. Just past the town the heavens opened up and with the rain and huge hailstones, we stopped to put on our rain gear, but we were squeezed between a wall and the main road where cars were throwing up a curtain of spray. Thoroughly drenched and all thoughts of airfields and flying abandoned, we retreated.

The next day's forecast was for dry warm conditions. I decided to repeat the quest of yesterday, Margaret quite sensibly said, "You're on your own mate". I found the airfield, went to reception and actually spoke to the person who had phoned me earlier and once again enquired about a flight in a glider, only to be told they were packing up due to adverse conditions. Back outside and looking at the sky it looked perfectly okay to me, frustrating really.

A couple of days passed, one of which we spent visiting the highest mountain in Austria - The "Grossglockner". No, we didn't climb it, instead we were driven by coach up to the large public viewing area and visitors centre, negotiating 36 hairpin bends in the process (Says so in the official guide). If ever you visit Austria make a visit to this

magnificent spectacle a must.

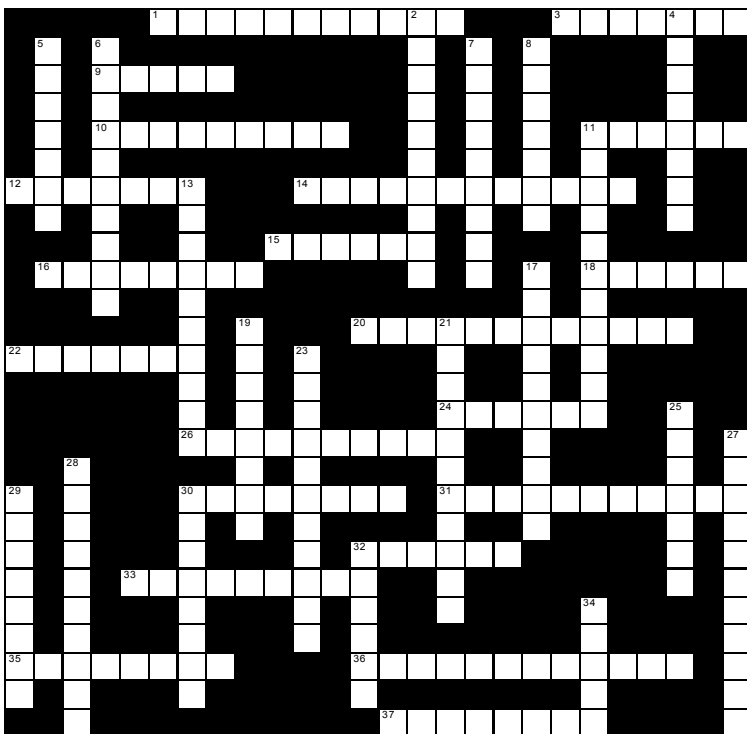


Thoughts of gliding were still lurking in my mind, so with the next day looking superb I phoned the airfield once more. Same guy, same conversation, could I ring back at 1pm. During the morning the sky developed these 10 kt cumuli and I was salivating. Phoned the man at 1pm, no reply, again at 1.30pm, still no reply. By now we'd had lunch and in anticipation of a favourable reply I decided to start out for the airfield, with Margaret kindly lending me her electric bike.

I was just the other side of the smaller town of Maishofen when my mobile rang. It was the guy from the airfield to say that sorry, but all the gliders were booked solid and there was no chance of flying today. Maybe I could ring tomorrow. I know when I'm beaten, anyway we were moving on the next day. So no happy ending to this little tale, but there was one consolation - I got to ride Margaret's electric bike.

Frank Smith

Crossword – Map Reading



Across

- 1 57 41.518N 001 59.697W (11)
- 3 57 31.509N 002 00.089W (7)
- 9 56 36.992N 003 12.707W (5)
- 10 56 10.717N 004 23.070W (9)
- 11 56 12.581N 003 27.702W (6)
- 12 56 24.958N 003 34.868W (7)
- 14 56 02.257N 005 26.489W (12)
- 15 57 19.923N 002 50.027W (6)
- 16 57 39.437N 003 03.958W (8)
- 18 57 14.272N 002 43.527W (6)
- 20 56 23.132N 004 17.226W (12)
- 22 56 43.412N 002 38.872W (7)
- 24 56 48.739N 002 36.291W (6)
- 26 55 59.066N 004 49.230W (10)
- 30 57 02.841N 002 30.042W (8)
- 31 56 35.520N 003 20.086W (11)
- 32 56 22.418N 003 59.237W (6)
- 33 56 14.576N 004 13.045W (9)
- 35 56 20.313N 003 11.566W (8)
- 36 57 08.761N 004 40.525W (4,8)
- 37 55 30.345N 002 34.338W (8)

Down

- 2 56 16.966N 003 45.064W (10)
- 4 56 26.855N 003 28.347W (8)
- 5 55 39.075N 003 11.565W (7)
- 6 55 36.207N 002 46.803W (10)
- 7 56 23.489N 004 06.253W (2,7)
- 8 56 05.020N 004 32.922W (7)
- 11 56 46.283N 003 51.433W (5,6)
- 13 55 24.070N 004 10.970W (3,7)
- 17 56 40.433N 003 00.401W (10)
- 19 56 11.164N 003 57.958W (8)
- 21 56 00.085N 004 44.242W (11)
- 23 57 33.512N 002 37.802W (11)
- 25 57 31.998N 002 27.686W (7)
- 27 56 53.582N 004 55.202W (11)
- 28 56 55.655N 004 14.922W (10)
- 29 55 06.094N 004 45.806W (8)
- 30 57 02.821N 003 02.183W (8)
- 32 56 21.983N 003 51.122W (6)
- 34 57 20.267N 002 37.087W (5)

