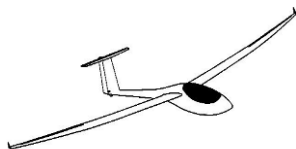


From the home of the *Scottish Gliding Union*

Portmoak Press

Editorial

It is with great sadness that we open this issue with the knowledge that two “well kent faces” will no longer be seen around Portmoak. First, Amy Barsby died in an accident while taking part in a University event at Bicester...



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... then news came through that Rab Mitchell had died from a heart attack while on holiday in Spain.

Both will be sadly missed and our sympathies go to their families and friends.



By the time you read this, John Williams will be on his way to South America and, like last year, you will be able to read about his exploits – and world record attempts - on his blog. Details will be available on the club web site in the next day or so. We wish John safe soaring and good luck.

I am pleased to see a number of articles from some new contributors as well as our regulars. Rumour has it that Slarty Blartfast has been seen sneaking around the airfield (Grob lust) and his pen is smokin’ as he scribbles down his observations. Be afraid, be VERY afraid! Those secret thoughts you have been having might not be quite as secret as you think – Slarty has some mysterious mind-reading powers – especially at Haloween time...

When reading Harry Fleming’s story, I wonder if Ricky Jackson should widen his Safety Officer duties to include motor cycle engine maintenance! 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*. 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

In this issue:

Editorial.....	1
Board Members 2010.....	2
CFI Notes	2
Club News.....	2
Safety Officer	2
Fancy Soaring in South Africa?	3
Up Mine	3
Hi Ho Silver Lining.....	3
From Carlton Moor to Portmoak	5
Expedition to Husbands Bosworth - 2010	7

Board Members 2010

Chairman	Douglas Tait
Vice-Chairman & Membership	Alan Boyle
Secretary	Alec Stevenson
Treasurer	John Ferguson
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Technical	Craig Chatburn
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CFI Notes

Flying in the local area

Please refrain from the following:

1. No competition finishes in the meantime.
2. Do not fly at high speed below hilltop height. The noise below can be annoying to our neighbours.
3. Avoid over flying the Farm Shop at low level.
4. Gliders should always land well into the Centre Strip. The Reference Point should not be before the launch point and to the side.
5. Under no circumstances run turbo engines over the local villages as the noise does annoy our neighbours.
6. Tug pilots should avoid towing over local villages where possible. We do have a noise abatement policy. The Tug Master has already sent out information on this.

Booked Flying – an update

The only way to make a valid booking is through the office. You will receive a confirmation email or phone call from the office.

Do not book more than one month in advance!

The maximum number of bookings per day is 3 pilots and Chris Robinson cannot fly anyone turning up and hoping for a quick check so please do not ask him!

We try to give you value for money so think about your fellow pilots and do not ask for favours.

Under no circumstances make a casual booking through our full time instructor. This causes mistakes and can also result in you



being charged for cancellation.

It is our intention to set up the bookings diary on the office computer to give a better service to pilots wishing to make a booking but only office staff will be able to make an entry into this diary.

Bob

Club News

Kadet Calendars - The calendars have arrived and can be bought from the office for £8.50.

Sally Woolrich

Old Hangar obstructions

All members please note that the old hangars behind the clubhouse are in frequent use and that the entire area in front of the hangar doors, from the doors to the wall of the tug hangar back to the hedge and forward as far as the road, is required for manoeuvring aircraft in and out of the hangars. Please respect club members who use these hangars, many of whom are older than the hangars, and do not leave vehicles, trailers, heavy machinery or other obstructions in this area.

Derek Storey

Oxygen

The oxygen filling station is now back online and open for business.

The club charges £20 for a 2000psi fill.

According to the oxygen book, the following members are qualified to fill your cylinders:

Ian Dandie, Joe Fisher, Tony Brown, Alastair Mutch, John Galloway & John Williams

Let's just have a successful wave season.

John Dunnington

Safety Officer

Please note that a CAA Safety Evening has been organised at the clubhouse on Tuesday 22nd March 2011 (time, and exact venue to be confirmed – details will be published in due course.

Note to all SGU instructors & members:

There has recently been an incident of an ab-initio pilot having been sent solo where the instructor may not have ascertained that the pilot

had previously deposited a copy of his medical declaration or certificate in the club safe, or alternatively emailed a scanned copy to sgcoffice@dsl.pipex.com. Fortunately, the pilot in question did have a valid medical and this was simply a case of it not having been submitted to the club in advance of his solo flight. Prior to sending pilots on their first solo, please confirm that ab initio pilots have provided the club with a copy of their valid medical declaration or certificate.

Ricky Jackson

Fancy Soaring in South Africa?

I will be arranging another trip to South Africa during winter - January 2011 (their summer) to the Bloemfontain Gliding Club, accommodation travel costs and expenditure can all be explained to anyone interested in either joining me for three weeks or less if you prefer, or details given to arrange your own visit.

All levels of experience are welcome, gain a Gold badge easily for anyone with some basic cross country skills.

Only prerequisite is to be fairly adept at aero-towing and have had some field landing practice (Falke) if intending flying out with the local area >50k

All will be explained to anyone interested. In the first instance you may find information from www.soaringsafaris.com where Dick Bradley can be emailed or telephoned should you have an enquiry.

George Ross

Up Mine

As a young lad, I worked in Bowhill pit, earned decent money and was the proud owner of BSA A10. It was fitted with the wonderful Avon Streamliner which some may remember was a fibreglass fairing completely enclosing the front end. It was effective and very pretty but the downside was that it rendered the poor front brake very poor indeed. One day, after early shift, I decided to service the bike in my dad's garage, an Anderson Air Raid shelter (basically a corrugated iron shed) situated a quarter mile from the house. Armed with the

owner's handbook, lots of enthusiasm but not a lot of knowledge I set about the Beeza. I managed to change the oil, adjust the chain etc., and then I came to the bit about "cleaning the magneto". The book advises to remove the pick-up brush holder and, with a wooden dowel hold, a petrol soaked rag against the slip ring whilst turning the engine over with the kick-start. I didn't have a wooden dowel so, yes you guessed it, middle finger left hand would do. So, right hand on handlebar, left hand down over dual seat, finger poking in mag, big heave on kick-start and my finger disappeared up to the knuckle into the mag. Oh I can feel it yet, so that was me stuck good and proper, my dad and brothers were at work and there was not a soul about. I thought I would be there for hours but after I wiped the tears from my eyes and had a wee think, by manoeuvring like a contortionist I managed with my right hand to hook it into gear and turned the rear wheel backwards to force the finger out. Mercifully it wasn't broken but the skin was neatly stripped off. WAS EVER A LESSON LEARNED.

Harry Fleming

Hi Ho Silver Lining

Friday the 24th September, after looking at the sat pics with Colin Hamilton, agreeing on a strategy and an inimitable briefing, it's time to get the kit ready, admittedly for me this is a weakness that must be worked on and has Mr Hamilton gnashing his teeth at me a bit! A little *ahem* later, FFY, or Fluffy as she is affectionately known, is tooled-up and ready for battle. GPS, logger and PDA are working (for now!), the sky looks great and from the ground I can see various gliders doing really well. At this point I am three parts excited as hell, and one part nervous about attempting a bit of the unknown to an inexperienced cross country pilot. Quite near the airfield, just south of the crags of Bishops' Kinneston Craigs, wave clouds are rolling high into the sky with a very obvious 'up' part that looks within easy reach...famous last words! Colin tells me to take a winch launch and head straight for the beast...50k here I come...or not as it happens, after a poor winch launch I'm



immediately in sink, I have a stab at the cloud but at 6 down I decide the south field looks a much nicer place to be and with a very heavy heart and the embarrassment rising up my face I put Fluffy into circuit and come to rest not far from the tug, lining up to tow some lucky beggar into wave...much to the amusement of some of my fellow Portmoak pilots!

Ok, so now I've got over the initial disappointment and I'm ready to have another crack, this time on tow. We hook up and go at 11.00am, by this time Colin is 'tuggy' and he waves me off at just over 2500ft directly above the radar station on the hill, next to a cracking wave bar. A couple of turns and the vario starts to shout at me...get in!

The climb is above West Lomond and is superb, 6,000ft then 8,000ft come and go quickly, as does the memory of scrambling every foot for my silver height claim a week earlier and, as I pop out above the clouds, my smile must be as wide as the Tay I'm hoping to cross...10,000ft, still going up.

Around about this point though, the silver lining to my cloud starts to look a little tarnished as the first of my problems arise. The world of PDA's, GPS's etc. is fairly new to me and my experience with them is limited to say the least, so the quick cursory glance for position, airspace etc. turned into one of horror as I realise my Ipaq has frozen...eek! At this point my life gets busy, trying to aviate, reboot the PDA and taking care of err 'bladder' issues. After a few attempts to reboot I give up on the PDA and decide I'm going to have to do it the old fashioned way, the map is out, the sky still looks fantastic and I decide it's time I go for it and push out...

Any pilot who has ever jumped a wave bar in a Junior will tell you that it can be a sphincter clenching experience, but at this point the Wilson/Fluffy combination seem to be doing alright - the biggest issue I have now is airspace. The gaps between the bars are very slender and trying to navigate on ground features is proving really difficult and subsequently a bit of a nightmare in terms of when to take a climb and when to push on under the airspace...but at this point I catch a break!

A decent gap in the clouds gives me a really good fix on Dundee. I take stock on where I am and what to do next. I'm now armed with a better handle on the airspace and for the rest of my flight I'm mostly east of the P600 and heading north toward the goal of silver distance with time for my best climb of the day to around 12,250 ft (only a few hundred feet short of Gold height!).

Dundee is soon behind me and I'm jumping wave bars and heading north east, again with slender gaps of visibility. Not to worry I've got the bit between my teeth now and I know I'm getting tantalizingly close...and then the most wondrous sight I've ever seen from the air...The Glebe!!!!

Anyone who knows me knows I'm a big football fan. I played to a decent level, even had a couple of professional games and my best mate has played professionally for around 15 years.....the moral of this part of the story is I may not know PDA's or GPS's very well but I do know my football grounds. This is right up my cloud street and the sight of the multi-coloured stand of Brechin FC's Glebe Park from 8000ft was a glory to behold and as long as I didn't do anything too daft, my 50k was in the bag. I ran along a bar out and back to Montrose and not long after this came decision, indecision, confusion and a dashing of abject fear...

The next part of the flight I think shows up my inexperience in cross country flying and highlighted lessons to be learned. Firstly decision, sort of. My immediate thoughts were to head home, I had plenty of height, I had started to jump bars south when Colin called me from the tug asking for my position and how I was doing. Very broken communication followed, I couldn't really get across to him my technical problems or my lack of conviction to head home. Kevin Hook, flying 320 near Forfar heard most of my transmissions, so he knew where I was and what I was doing.

While all this was going on I was running west along a wave bar, the problem with that was that I wasn't climbing enough to get over the top of and the bar which seem to converge into another one, ok I thought, I'll turn back east and run out into the clear stuff...only when I



turned it wasn't clear anymore. I just seemed to be in a bowl of cloud and now descending... *insert any expletive you like here, I used them all*

Right, nothing else for it, I flicked on the turn & slip, opened the airbrakes, watched the canopy opaque up and threw away the best climb I've ever had while cursing myself for getting into cloud and praying I would get out of the bottom of it in one piece. After what seemed like an eternity and a good few thousand feet I saw a gap and went for it, only to arrive just north... of bloody Dundee again, this time I didn't welcome of the sight of it!

Settling down after my cloud escapade I now tried to get back into wave, I had just over 4,500ft and as much as I scrambled and got a few climbs I just couldn't contact it again, so my plan now was just to push as far north as I could and pick a field.

This wasn't very difficult, many ample fields came and went, I used up as much of my height as I could pushing toward Forfar eventually picking a long stubble field near Kirkbuddo that ran directly into wind. Flew the circuit and on the ground at around 2.30pm... job done.

A quick radio call to Kevin, a quick message of congratulations from John Dunnington (still in the air flying the Duo), a call to the SGU office, and a quick call to the Mrs. later, and I'm off up the field to see the farmer who, it turns out, lives in Dundee and was unlikely to appear that day.

Arriving back at the glider I'm met by a Dundee United fan called Ally who, with the aid of his Grandson Owen and a vintage tractor, towed me up to the other end of the field near the gate, many thanks chaps.

All I had to do now was to wait. Kevin had returned from his own flight and was making a great effort to hitch up the trailer and come and get me. I walked to the agreed road junction and sat with sun warming my face for a good couple of hours reflecting on an experience that was wonderful, challenging, scary and rewarding all at the same time but had certainly taught me valuable lessons for next time, yet I'm sure had made me a better pilot than I was the day before.

Arriving back at Portmoak around

8.00pm, after a quick look at my trace I thanked Kevin for the retrieve and headed home to regale my story to Lynne (and Dakota, my 3 year old who had waited up for me) and have a well earned beer... what a day... what's next!

Got to thank a few people here, Colin Hamilton for the training flights and pushing me on, Kevin Hook for his all his help, not at least the retrieve and lastly to Brechin FC, for building a lovely wee stadium ;-)

Mark Wilson

Mark's trace from his flight can be downloaded from the club ladder page, or by following this link: <http://www.bgaladder.co.uk/dscore.asp?FlightID=29651>

From Carlton Moor to Portmoak

... with a brief hiatus!

I have heard it said that, amongst our childhood memories, it can be sounds and smells that are the most evocative. For me, that means the pungent aromas of smoky diesel fumes and aircraft dope, coupled with the chugging of elderly tractors and the unmistakable sound of a voice shouting "all clear above and behind, take up slack".

I was born, through no fault of my own, into a gliding family. Indeed, the first public mention of my existence was a postscript in the "Club News" column of "Sailplane and Gliding" in 1965. My Dad was Deputy CFI of a small gliding club in the North Yorkshire Moors and my Mum was a gliding widow. Literally, as her first husband tragically lost his life in a ground handling accident in high winds. Nonetheless, she accompanied us on weekends spent in a rebuilt prefab chalet in the lee of the hanger and clubhouse and with three sons and a husband all spending time on a very windy hilltop airfield; she stoically knitted vast quantities of replacement woolly hats.

The Newcastle and Teesside Gliding Club had been reinvented from the Newcastle Gliding Club in the 1950s, when it was evicted from RAF Usworth

(later Sunderland Airport and now a Nissan factory). A potential hill-soaring



site was found at Carlton Moor, near Stokesley in the North York Moors and runways carved out of the virgin heather by conscripts of the Royal Engineers. Unfortunately they also removed any semblance of topsoil and years of attempts to persuade grass to grow were doomed to fail, resulting in a dusty, rocky airfield which, as a small boy, I loved to bits.

The location was exposed to say the least, so a compound was built within a U-shaped earth windbreak. Within this were the tractor shed, a workshop (which, in those days of canvas and plywood aircraft, perpetually smelled of dope), a clubhouse and bunkhouse, made from recovered and rebuilt prefab houses and a small hanger. Oh, and there was the toilet block, a place of great foreboding for a small boy, living in fear of the stinking Elsan bucket that dwelled within. With great foresight, this had been built alongside the generator shed, some distance from the other buildings.

The clubhouse was a place of great excitement for a small boy, with a wood-fired stove, scale model aircraft suspended from the ceiling and exotic-seeming seats, removed from old buses (of which more anon.).

The hanger contained a K13 two-seater, the mainstay of club flying and an Olympia 2, together with a privately owned Skylark. There was also a Falke which, to my great disappointment, seemed to fly very rarely, and the tug - an elderly blue and white Auster.

The tug's role seemed largely ceremonial except during the winter, when the club decamped to Sunderland Airport where aerotowing was compulsory. Most launches at Carlton were by winch, using a converted bus, with its body removed. This would be driven to the end of the runway before the winch driver (a club member who presumably didn't run away quick enough) disappeared into its depths with a spanner to unbolt the drive shaft from the rear differential and bolt it onto the cable drum. In the austerity of the 60's and early 70's, cables were made of low-cost fencing wire which resulted in regular cable breaks. These were swiftly repaired using an impressively complex knot, tied

using a couple of mole-grips to hold the wire ends. For a small boy it was a fantastic place to spend weekends, especially on the rare occasions when I was allowed a flight. I was always convinced that one day I would learn to fly gliders. Unfortunately, it wasn't to happen at Carlton as we left the area in 1975, when I was ten, and my Dad took the opportunity to give up flying. With only one wage in the family and three very hungry teenage boys to feed, gliding must have seemed an expensive luxury.

Fast forward 34 years and that same small boy, now somewhat expanded in size and living near Edinburgh, was trying to think what he wanted for a birthday present, nominally from the kids. With a career as a professional ecologist, working with wild bats, flight was never far from my mind, although a very different kind of flight! Somehow a link was made and a half-day course voucher was purchased.

Driving to Portmoak, I couldn't help wondering if my childhood memories of gliding were perhaps being viewed through rose-tinted spectacles, especially when I arrived and realised the sheer scale of operations at the SGU, by comparison to my memories of the recently-closed Carlton Moor. After a couple of flights with Neil MacAulay there was no doubt in my mind that this was what I wanted to do. It quickly became apparent that large-scale operations don't preclude friendliness and I found myself made very welcome.

I won't bore you with the tale of how I learned to fly and went solo a few weeks before Xmas (on Friday 13th...not so unlucky for me!), but I have been lucky enough to fly with a number of instructors, all amazing and inspiring in their own ways. Whilst their patter still resonates in my head as I work towards bronze (and I hope it continues to do so, keeping me safe) I will leave you with some of their less scripted comments. Perhaps you can work out who said what!

"Ooh good, a cable break" (a view I didn't share at the time); "We'll miss that road-sign ok" (whilst demonstrating a sideslip approach into the south field); "Watch your



speed, David. Watch your speed, David! WATCH YOUR SPEED DAVID!" (I still hear that one on every base leg!); "OOF...SHIT!" (that was when I learned the importance of a fully held-off landing); "That's not uncomfortable...This is uncomfortable!" (Yeah, thanks for that!); "You've never flown a launch before? Well you're flying this one. When I learned we didn't have single-seaters" (Errr...help?). Many thanks to all the instructors and experienced pilots who have chided, suggested, advised, corrected and taught me this wonderful thing called gliding.

David Dodds

Expedition to Husbands Bosworth - 2010

This year's club expedition saw members trailing down south to the 'Soaring Centre' at Husbands Bosworth. As with last year, it took place during the last two weeks in August to coincide with the cutting of the harvest allowing for lots of mini airfields to litter the countryside and making any out-landing a little less stressful affair. A bonus was that they were holding a 'Task Week' during our stay.

Trailing down on Friday the 13th, I was accompanied by heavy showers most of the way which didn't bode well, especially as these showers continued into the Saturday which was the first day of the task week. Unfortunately these showers prevented any tasks being set. However it did allow our Task Setter Rolf to present an extended briefing for all the pilots present which was then followed by a very well presented session on field landings by the Deputy CFI.

The weather improved on the Sunday with good cumulus developing and various tasks were set. I tried to go cross country from the top of a 1300 foot winch launch which was pretty stupid really. My excuse was that I'd seen Vernon get away after launching just before me so chose the same area to fly to. After scratching around in blind hope, I was hopelessly out of gliding range of the airfield and made a rather hurried landing into a cut rape field some 6.75 kms away.

Other members of the Portmoak squad went further afield



but everyone landed out.

Ricky engaged the wrath of a landowner who just a little previously had been invaded by a hot air balloonist who had caused some damage. Mike found himself almost being blackmailed into parting with money to save being ploughed into the sod and Kate, according to Pete, landed in a field that was almost a mile long. So, quite a day to start with. Monday started grey but gradually blue patches appeared and we all went flying. Due to the strong crosswind it was aerotow only, this was due to the fact that any cable breaks would have resulted in the cable trailing across the public road which ran alongside the airfield. With the wind component and strong thermals, the first thousand feet or so of the tow was very interesting - meaning that your harness needed that extra tug. What at first had seemed to be a non descript day actually turned into a reasonably soaring afternoon. Once again various tasks were set. I went north to a place called Skeffington, why are turn points always placed where the weather is less desirable. In this case it meant venturing out into a big blue hole. Kate went much further Northwards exemplifying the true Portmoak push on spirit and was rewarded at the briefing next day with a bottle.

With rain overnight and a grey overcast sky to start the Tuesday, our Task Setter declined any thoughts of sending us off and instead us Portmoak Stalwarts participated in a treasure hunt which the locals had organised especially for grounded pilots. There were four of us in my car, Alastair, Mike, myself and, it has to be said, a reluctant Ricky. As we drove through the entrance of the airfield the sun had emerged and it was obviously soarable, what on earth were we doing going out looking for impossible clues. This all changed when we discovered the first of the clues and suddenly we were all embraced in the spirit of the hunt. Mike and Alastair had brought their laptops which I thought was cheating rather. The good weather didn't last, large thunderous showers developed vindicating our task setter and on a watery note we

called it a day having discovered most of the clues.

At briefing on the Wednesday we learnt that our team had indeed been successful taking first prize, a rather nice bottle of red wine which we gallantly shared with Kate, Sally and Pete who'd been sneakily following us (They will deny it if asked). Awoke to a beautiful morning on the Wednesday. At 05.30 the sun had risen into a gin clear sky but cloud quickly developed. Small "cat's cradle" tasks were set using ten local turn points if the weather improved. With it looking unlikely I decided to visit my sister in Dunstable using the M1, all went well till nearing junction 15 when an overhead sign warned of total closure of the motorway between junctions 15 and 16 due to a pile up of four lorries. Diversions were in place but the whole area was almost at a standstill. I felt lucky to extricate myself and head back to the airfield.

Returning to Hus Bos the weather had improved and there were a number of pilots lining up for a launch. Quickly joined them with the Vega. Unfortunately somebody took off with their airbrakes unlocked and these stayed open (despite radio calls) until the glider crashed quite close to the airfield. Further gliding operations were cancelled and we all put our machines away.

Thursday produced cu development under a high overcast which gave thermals to 3500 feet plus with a 10 - 15 knot Southwest wind at height. I didn't attend briefing that morning I was too busy with the wheel of the tail dolly. The valve had been damaged when I was towing out. Luckily Mike had a spare inner tube and I spent the next hour or so separating the two halves of the wheel, remove the damaged tube and replace with the new. There can't be anything more frustrating than having to carry out running repairs when your compatriots are aloft and going places.

Once airborne I flew out East to the far side of Market Harborough. Not liking the strength of the wind or the uncertain lift I struggled back to the airfield. Kate still displaying exemplary Portmoak fortitude landed out near Corby. It rained from 4 o'clock onwards.

Friday and Saturday were non flying days due to the weather

and most of the Portmoak contingent left to trail home leaving just Sally and myself to battle on into the second week. We should have gone with them as apart from the Sunday the conditions were disappointing. There was a final briefing on the Saturday though numbers attending had obviously dwindled by then. Rolf announced the winners of the task week with Kate's name being amongst them. This won her another bottle of wine which was thoroughly deserved with her push on spirit. Sunday though was good with lift up to 4000 feet enabling me to run out exploring the countryside with minimal risk of landing out. Returning to the airfield I had one of the most sobering experiences in all my years of flying. I was on a Westerly heading at 3000 feet with some 10 nm to run when another glider on a reciprocal passed overhead at no more than 10 feet away and slightly off centre. The visibility was good, but neither of us had seen the other. What lessons to be learnt from that? Well if flying with wings level the most likely area of danger is going to be from dead ahead.

This was on the infamous day that a number of glider pilots from Bicester infringed the Restricted Area set up around Silverstone where the British Touring Car Championship was taking place. The RA(T) had been Notam'd to warn of a display by the Red Arrows. I think they may have actually started their display then had to abandon it. I was just to the north of Daventry looking South when I noticed the first burst of coloured smoke released, it didn't continue. Pity really as the visibility was very good and Silverstone would have been some 25 kms away.

Sally and I de-rigged our gliders on the Tuesday in very windy conditions and were grateful to get both safely in their respective boxes and that was about it. I trailed home next day on the Wednesday leaving the field at the ridiculously early hour of 4.30am which allowed for an easy passage up the motorway. It was a beautiful morning with the rising sun creating the most incredible diffuse colouring of the sky.

So was it worth all the travel, I think it was. It was good to be amongst



fellow glider pilots enjoying our special sport. Many thanks to Sally for retrieving me from my shortish field and many thanks should go to our hosts at the 'Soaring Centre' for their hospitality. Especially their catering staff, who produced some excellent meals to satisfy our taste buds after a day's flying.

As a footnote to this article I would like to add a little more regarding my field landing. As always after landing the first quest should be to ascertain ownership of the said field. So having skimmed over this playing field where a dad was kicking a ball about with his son, I duly enquired of the grown up if he knew who owned the field. He thought it was a person named Sarah Towers who according to him lived first on the left after the bend and drove a silver 4 x4. Suitably informed, I made tracks into the village of Naseby on foot and negotiated the bend where upon a silver 4x4 appeared from the first turning on the left. As it drove past me I had this strong premonition that this was the lady in question. She was already driving round the bend and some 50 yards away when I leapt into the roadway and waved my arms furiously.

Eureka - the 4x4 pulled into the side and I legged it up the lane to enquire of the woman whether she in fact was one Sarah Towers. She admitted she was and I duly explained all that had befallen me. She looked a little startled as she had every right to be. It turned out that she didn't own the land but knew who did. It was a farmer who lived at the other end of the village, after a lengthy description of how to get there I cheekily asked whether she could take me there. Bless her heart she said okay and we duly arrived at Westerway Farm where a charming lady took me to where her husband was working in a large barn. He couldn't have been more pleasant and readily gave permission for us to take the trailer on to his land and remove the glider. I've written this to demonstrate how much we depend on landowners for their goodwill and understanding when we invade their territory, we should not take this for granted.

Frank Smith



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