

December 2005

**The Welland Gliding
Club Newsletter**

The Current Committee:

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Company Secretary
Mike Taylor

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Andy Lockwood

Membership Secretary
Mark Rushden

Technical Director
Ken Wells

Chief Flying Instructor
Mark Prickett

If you feel you have anything that contribute towards the next newsletter, please contact either Stephen Burgess on burgess.stephen@ntlworld.com or Laura Lindell on laura@lindellassociates.co.uk

EDITORS
Laura & Stephen

From the Chair

Michael Neal

I am delighted that we are once again to have a Newsletter for Welland Gliding Club. They say that communication is what makes business go round and I'm sure the same applies to a Gliding Club. Of course we do have the internet chat line and it is fine for those who have access but we mustn't forget that a number of members do not, either because they don't want it or, in some cases, just don't have a computer.

I'm very grateful therefore to Laura Lindell and Stephen Burgess for combining to produce this newsletter. However it can only be as good as the contributions it contains and therefore relies heavily on you, the membership, for articles. Don't wait to be asked and don't think that people aren't interested in what you have to say. Articles don't even have to be restricted to gliding subjects, though some sort of loose connection is useful, for example the Nympsfield newsletter contains an excellent regular series on wildlife round their airfield.

It is probably impossible to cover everything that has happened since the last issue of "All Out" so I won't try but looking forward your

Committee are already planning for next year.

There are a number of maintenance jobs to be done over the winter months and I am grateful to those who have volunteered to lead the relevant taskforces. They are however only leaders and will be looking for people to help them. There are lists up in both the Clubhouse and Caravan detailing the jobs and leaders so if you can help let the relevant leader know.

Whilst on this subject of jobs if you identify a job that needs doing and you think you can undertake/lead it then please approach either the committee member responsible or myself. If we agree in principle then we would require an estimate of the costs, preferably on paper, and, depending on the project, a sketch of what is planned. Depending on what these costs are it will probably have to be agreed by the committee before giving the go ahead. Despite rumors to the contrary this should not take too long. What is useless however is to ask ordinary members of the club for authorization to proceed. Amazing though it appears it does happen!

Starting in January will be the "Bronze C" lectures. Mark Prickett will be giving more information on dates etc and will contact directly some of the most likely candidates but I would

encourage others who do not need to sit the exam, whether because they are early ab-initios or perhaps already have their Bronze C, to attend as you will undoubtedly increase your knowledge.

We are of course continuing to fly from Lyveden whilst we can but the ground will eventually become too soft and we will start causing excessive damage. To this end we have re-introduced an airfield condition report on the club answer phone, 01832 205237, for the winter months which we hope to update as necessary towards the end of each week. In the meantime we can all help to protect the fragile surface by minimizing the amount we drive over it and, when we have to, by keeping our speed down and not driving through puddles and already existing muddy holes.

Looking further ahead there is to be a Safety Evening in conjunction with Nene Valley GC at Upwood, again Mark Prickett will give more detail. Safety should be everyone's concern so do your best to attend.

We also hope to run an ab-initio week in May, probably starting with one of the Bank Holiday Mondays. For this to be viable we do need sufficient people able to attend the course plus a few more experienced members to help run the field. This is another one for Mark so let him know if you can come.

For our Open Weekend we are proposing to revert to the

weekend of Fathers Day, 17 & 18 June. For the past couple of years we have had it to coincide with the BGA Gliding Week in the hope of getting additional publicity but it simply hasn't happened.

Flying week is 5-13 August and there are expeditions planned to both Sutton Bank and Aboyne in October for those who want to try something a little more adventurous.

We will again be running Friday evening trial lessons for groups, starting in May. These are a very good source of revenue for the Club and help to keep down our charges to members as well as spreading the word about gliding. The lists are already up so if you can arrange a group from work, another of your interests, your local pub or wherever then do so. We also need assistance in running the field on these evenings, so often it is just the same few that turn out.

I hope that this will be the first of a regular series of newsletters but it can only happen with your support so get writing.

Finally, as Laura tells me she is hoping to get this out before Christmas, I would like to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and may your soaring be as good as you hope it to be in the New Year.

Reflections on cross country, 2005

Mark Rushton

As the winter nights draw in, thoughts inevitably turn towards cross country glories past and to come. For me, 2005 was a mixed bag, comprising a few notable successes as well as some dismal failures. The season started for me on May 11th with a cracking Wednesday, sadly before the Pegasus was ready for action. The date was a significant one for me, as 20 years ago to the day I was a spectator at Bradford City's last match of the season when the main stand burned down with major loss of life, so a nice cross country was the perfect thing to be doing on that particular day. Happily, John Kaye came over to ensure that I had a timely start from an aerotow, and I belted round Watford Gap and Gransden for 156 km in a little over two and a half hours in the Cirrus. No real alarms except for the shake-rattle-roll of the aerotow ground roll over a strip that was still recovering from its winter ruts. Indeed, I was back at the strip at three thirty, in time to spend another hour passenger flying, losing me valuable ladder points that in retrospect cost me second place at the end of the season.

Five weeks later was my next stab at going walkabout, when both I and another experienced WGC pilot ignored wiser council and ended up landing out at Saltby on a UK aerobatic championship day. Not a clever thing to do, but in our defense it must be said that

we were visual with Saltby at all times, and it was quite clear that comp flying had yet

was convinced we were well apart I switched the radio off.

6.30 near Newport Pagnell got me home after I'd convinced myself that I was going in to a field. I subsequently found out that Strzeb had beaten me by a clear 45 minutes, with my 5:45 looking a bit pale by comparison.



Photo: Severn estuary, taken from near Aston Down

I got my chance to go into a field a week later, when a few hardy souls extended the flying week by a day given a good forecast for the following Monday. But no aerotow this time, which led to my undoing. I set off quite late, and then spent nearly 45 minutes sorting myself out from the wire before setting off to Aston Down. The scraggy looking sky (sea air effect ?) for the last 10 miles into the home of Cotswold GC should have served as a warning, and I arrived at Aston Down barely 1500 feet above airfield height. Another 25 minutes lost as I tried to top up without drifting back into the airspace

to start by the time we committed to going in. You live and learn....

There was then a long gap to the first day of the flying week, when the next good opportunity arose. Strzeb and I thought long and hard before settling on Andover and back for 309 km. The wind was significantly out of the northwest, forecast to abate as the day went on, and this influenced the choice of task. Anyhow, for the first hour I did wonder why I'd bothered setting out, as we were rarely above 3500 feet, and the thermals were hard work. But south of Northampton the conditions started to improve, and progress became easier. Strzeb's longer wings and flaps meant that he soon disappeared ahead of me, and I heard nothing from him beyond sporadic distorted radio transmissions, so once I

It was a little daunting going around the turning point at Andover, in sight of the Solent, at 4pm, and still 155 km to get home, and only a slow but steady one knotter at



landout, Calcot Farm, Cirencester – don't mention the Cumulus !!!

of nearby RAF Kemble, but finally I was back to 4000 feet. A bit of a false dawn as it turned out, as when I set off back on track to Lyveden I weaved under every likely looking cloud without success, and barely 15 minutes later I was landing on a farm strip near Cirencester. As I trudged towards the farm house it had, of course, recycled, and several gliders were to be seen whizzing past at high level overhead. "Flew like a numpty" was how I recorded my flight on the BGA ladder. As for me, solace came in the form of the farmer's wife, who treated me to tea and bickies whilst we watched the last 20 overs of the third Ashes test together – the second disappointment of the day, as it turned out, as England failed to take the final Aussie wicket. Happily, Julia came out to pick me up, and then the wonderful Laura came out with us the following day to bring Kiki back.

And that was it. I was hoping to do one or two more, but the season sort of fizzled out and I finished third on the club ladder following a late burst from Michael Neal. But at least I've now settled down in the Pegasus that Andy and I imported last winter, and I'm raring to go next year. It would be great if a few more of you could break the invisible bonds tying you to Lyveden and set out cross-country next year, and there's even the suggestion that our Grob, JKV, be used for dual cross country experience flights. Any takers ?

Three Visits to Portmoak David Evans

Among several visits to Portmoak - all of them thoroughly enjoyable by virtue of the unique hospitality, scenery and slope-soaring opportunities - three stand out vividly in my memory.

The first was in April 1969 when, with a Silver 'C' and little more than 100 hours in my logbook, I was consigned by my CFI to the care of Bill Scull for consideration of my metamorphosis into an Instructor. I had been led to expect thorough assessment and tuition and was not disappointed. The "ground school" was innovative and prepared with the dedication which became Bill's hallmark. The six and a half hours of flying I logged that week were among the most varied and educational one could imagine, a highlight being the execution of some innominate aerobatic maneuvers with Bill - ever placid despite the not infrequent redistribution of debris which must have lain on the floor of the Capstan for some time previously. We were privileged to use the SGU's Tiger Moth (Mike November) for formal spin training and I remember my diffidence in "checking out" Bill on that device which, it seems, he had not flown before. Only one brief sortie was required, of course.

Three SGU characters come to mind from that time. One was the 'Tiger' expert who astonished those of us with modest experience of taildraggers by turning the

aircraft almost within its own length. This was achieved in mightily confined spaces by judicious bursts of power to get the tail up and round. No brakes, of course. Out of respect for my club's Chief Tug Pilot, I never tried to emulate that amazing feat but have often wondered how many thousands of hours were behind that expertise. Another local hero was one Tom - an RFC veteran who, well into his seventies, could see what was happening down at the winch without any kind of visual aid. He gave his name to a tree marked with Dayglo below which one should not be if hoping to return comfortably (in gliders of that era) from Bishop Hill in light hill-soaring conditions. The third character was Ansgar Sambale - magical maintainer of the sometimes temperamental winch - whom I was pleased to be able to help a little when he suffered a welding burn. He was to repay that favor with sound advice on subsequent acquaintance.

My second highly memorable visit was in March 1971. I had shared the drive up with a friend, towing his Olympia 463 - a glider I knew well from earlier experience in that syndicate. Although the NW wind was light on the ground, the sky early on the morning of the 9th was a picture. I took little urging to snuggle into 'Phoebe' when her rightful owner seemed unenthusiastic. Still disbelieving, I assured him that I'd be back for him to have a go when things became classic later on. Some elders remarked the increasing cloud cover as I

was lined up on the winch run, with two barographs and a full oxygen cylinder on board. Just before the canopy was fitted, I asked Ansgar for his advice as a local pundit. He said, simply : “Don’t get caught out above cloud”.

A good launch got me to Bishop where I climbed high enough to venture out across Loch Leven (as one does, or did in those days). Thoughts of Mary Queen of Scots faded somewhat as I began to feel a bit low short of Kinross but the hoped-for nudge and vario indication brought their delicious elation nearing Balado Bridge disused. In no time, it seemed, I was soaring serenely upward through the downwind edge of a beautiful gap. Warm and happy, I rigged up my rather minimal oxygen system - designed by Farnborough friends to fit in beside me - at around 15,000 ft. Having only 173 litres of oxygen available, I used only the “medium flow” setting through 20,000 ft. and stopped the climb when I saw 22, 000 ft. on the altimeter. I was lost in wonder at the grandeur of that skyscape - and only later recalled that it seemed to have an almost surreal monochrome quality. Subsequent experience of high altitude flight taught me that my personal first indication of hypoxia is deterioration in colour vision. In my euphoric state that day, it was only the thought that I should take ‘Phoebe’ back while conditions were so good that prompted my descent. And only then, as I headed down, at all of 60kts IAS on a heading of circa 300°, did I notice that I was above 8/8ths.

I derigged the O₂ at 13,000 ft. and called base, very conscious of having not heeded Ansgar’s warning. But I need not have feared rebuff. A sympathetic voice advised that the gaps often filled in at this time in the morning but opened up again about tea-time. All I need do was to keep soaring until the ground reappeared and I could vector home. Attractive as this idea was in many ways, I still felt a strong obligation to return ‘Phoebe’ to her owner and so I resumed my descent over what I hoped was the trough which marked the gap I had climbed through. Cloud tops were about 5,000 ft. and there was no difficulty in maintaining the into-wind heading on the T/S and compass until we broke cloud, in a little snow and over a distinctly cheerless landscape at 2,000 ft. Unplanned descent continued thereafter, some 15 n.m. West of Portmoak, down to 700ft. QFE. Having radioed for a retrieve, I then realised that I was no longer descending and cancelled it. (I couldn’t see a level, unobstructed field anyway). I was, the locals told me later, in the bottom of the Dollar wave. It got me to the Cleish Hills and so back to base via Benarty. What a wonderful flight! The recovery as memorable as the idyllic climb. And the smoky barograph worked to the satisfaction of the O.O. although the inky one had frozen.

My third outstanding excursion to Portmoak was by Super Cub on 3rd September 1989. After the SGU lost its tug in a tragic

accident, I was available to ferry one of the CUGC tugs up North as a much-needed replacement, there being several courses booked at that busy time. Arriving circa 0900z after some 4 hours on one load of fuel, I was soon into the business of aerotowing in well-remembered and much-loved topography. Rapport with an unfamiliar team of instructors, as well as visiting CUGC members, was rapidly established. A wonderful efficiency in the use of this limited resource developed, conditions allowing tug landings on a cross runway so that no time was wasted in lining up ahead of the perfectly positioned “next one to go”. I did 52 aerotows on September 4th, the rousing Scots cry of “hill lob” - or its equivalent in sign language - figuring large in my dreams that night. Happy, happy days at glorious Portmoak!

Flying the Local Task **– A Beginners** **Perspective**

Mike Taylor

Although Flying week in 2005 was really enjoyable with great weather, I’m afraid my week started badly. Having had all year to sort the trailer out I found myself desperately trying to replace 4 tyres having accepted the fact that they were too perished to survive a retrieve. This realisation came about after one burst on the practice retrieve my syndicate partner had arranged for me on the first Sunday. Landing out just west of Aldwinckle (3 miles !!!) in a recently cut rape field was a salutary experience.

Lesson 1:	Paul	So near but so far.
	Mike	Don't wear shorts and sandals when retrieving from rape fields. If you turn off onto a bridleway just pray there is a big field at the end that you can turn the trailer round in.
	Both	Rubber has a finite life.

It wasn't until Tuesday evening, having toured the counties tyre suppliers, that I managed to get fully "tyred" up and felt confident enough that if I did land out I could be retrieved.

Lesson 2: Prepare well in advance (obvious really).

Of course my more analytical side would probably say that I was glad of the excuse to not join Strzeb and Mark on their very taxing 300 km flight down south on the Monday.

Before I continue describing my exploits during flying week 2005, I should explain where I fit on the cross country experience ladder – the bottom rung. Apart from my silver distance and a couple of gentle wallows around the local countryside I am still very much connected to the airfield, albeit by quite a stretchy piece of elastic. Having missed the best part of the week I settled down to the prospect of local soaring and turned to the challenge laid down by our CFI, the Oundle/Thrapston/Corby triangle. I'm sure that most of our solo pilots find themselves looking for a challenge beyond the "how long can I stay up" without jumping to the "lets spend all day getting to a field somewhere and then most of the evening getting back

before buying lots of beer for the volunteers who came to rescue me" variety. Well I can honestly say that this challenge fits the bill. As long as the wind isn't too strong, this triangle is within the capabilities of all our fleet whilst still maintaining a tight hold on to that "bit of elastic".

My first attempt at the task was done according to a very strict set of self imposed rules. The most punishing of which was that I should finish at the same height as I started, thus avoiding any complicated calculations based on loss of height. As a result I spent a long time trying to get back to my 3,500' start height; task duration was 53 minutes. As the task distance is 41.5 km (25.8 statute miles) that gives a speed of 47 kph. So plenty of room for improvement there then.

That evening I talked through my attempt with Mark Prickett who, whilst suitably unimpressed with the speed, was quite derogatory about my self imposed rules. Apparently there were no rules, apart from going round the 3 turn points correctly in any order. No rules I thought, that does make it more interesting. "So", I asked Mark, "in theory I could start at 5,000 feet and just blast round without needing to thermal?"

"Sounds OK to me" was Mark's reply.

Lesson 3: Know the rules before you set off.

So the plan for the next day was set.

- ASW 19, best L/D 38:1, say 35:1 to allow contingency.
- Task distance 25.8 miles = 136,224 feet.
- Height needed to cover this distance = $136224/35 = 3,892$ feet.
- Plus allowance for circuit, say 1000 feet, giving a start height of about 5,000 feet.

Of course thinking this through made me realise that there was no point in ending up at any of the turn points at 1,000 feet as, although a land out would still achieve the task, it rather ignored the whole point of doing a local task. So I decided to start and finish over the Lyveden hanger. Although this added a little to the overall distance, the comfort factor it would give at the end of task was worth it.

Next day accelerating out of a thermal at 5,000 feet towards Corby I set my sights on the roundabout that marked the first turn point. Mind you there are quite a few roundabouts around Corby, was I sure I was pointing at the right one? Never mind, too late now must press on, it's got to be the right one. Round Corby almost to Thrapston, it's odd how as I get lower this knot starts to form in my stomach. I know I have plenty of height to get back to the field, but what if there is

horrendous sink, or the wind has suddenly picked up by 20 knots. So I must conserve my height and really take this turn point as close as possible. Banking steeply I can't actually see the Thrapston roundabout on my wing tip but I'm sure I am OK. On to Oundle, but I can't resist the temptation to take lift. Again cutting the Oundle Roundabout very fine and back to the field, flying slowly to conserve height, arriving over the hanger at about 1,500 feet. Damn, there is 500 feet wasted that should have been converted into speed. I had forgotten how competitive I can be and I have to remind myself it is supposed to be just for fun. I land and download the logger trace. Task time 35 minutes, speed 71 kph . Looks good to me but I still have a nagging doubt about the Corby turn point. After discussions with some of the Lyveden pundits my doubts increase. Not to worry, I hand my trace to Mark and tell him how much fun it was. Next day Mark, despite telling me it's just for fun, tells me my claim has been rejected for missing the Corby turn point completely and not rounding either Thrapston or Oundle correctly. Well I suppose he has a point as the "cleaned" version of my trace attached clearly shows.

Lesson 4: Know where you are going.

Not one to be defeated the weather next day looked good for a 3rd attempt. My suspicions about the Corby



turn point had led me to check the photo that is included with most BGA Waypoints on the BGA sight. Mark was right I was going for completely the wrong turn point.

Armed with a photo of the Corby turn and a freshly loaded set of waypoints on my GPS, I set off once again from 5,300' near the hanger, towards Corby. This time I wasn't going to make any mistakes. I took all the turns with a wide berth, flew slow in lift and less slowly in sink and resisted making any turns until just before Oundle when the temptation to take a thermal of 5 knots just to get that extra 500' was too great.

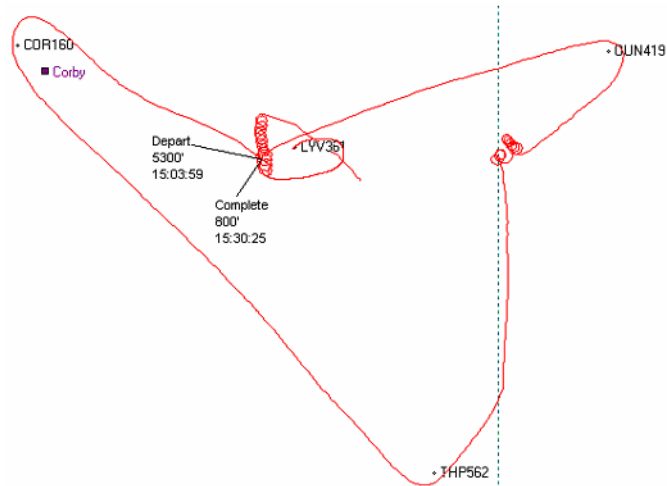
On rounding Oundle I realised I had plenty of height and decided to burn it all up hitting 90 knots most of the way back to arrive at 800' at the perfect spot for a "by the rules" circuit. Task time 26:30 minutes, Speed 94 kph. That was better.

This time my trace passed the rigorous scrutiny of the CFI and I really felt as though I had achieved something. Of

course if I hadn't take that thermal and maybe just scraped in over the boundary fence I probably could have got my time down to about 20 minutes. Hopefully the inner self that wants to keep holding on to that bit of elastic will never let me take those sorts of risks. Unlike, I might add, a certain CFI who was so determined to thrash my time that he ended up landing out at Oundle Golf Course the very next day. Had he been happy to just make my time look pedestrian I'm sure he would have succeeded. I guess Mark possesses the same competitive streak that I'm sure lies in all of us. Maybe next year Mark.

**Lesson 5:
It's only a bit of fun and there is rarely more fun to be had than when watching the CFI being awarded the daily squirms.**

So as soon as it starts warming up in 2006 why not have a go at this task, it really does provide an interesting challenge.



Footnote

We should handicap this task, so to beat 26 minutes 30 seconds you really need to beat the following times: (I'm sure someone will tell me if I have calculated these wrongly).

Glider	H/C	Time mm:ss
ASW 19	92	26:30
Ka8	69	35:20
Grob	84	29:00
SHK	88	27:45
Vega	100	24:22
Nimbus	106	23:40

PHEW, SO FAR SO GOOD

CFI Sprocket

Well, it hasn't been a year yet but so far (dare I say it?) so good. I want to thank everyone for contributing to a fun but safe season. We may not have achieved great long flights but there have still been a number of personal achievements over the year. Most of these were talked about at the dinner so I will move on to current issues.

Winter Flying

Last winter we managed to fly from our own field at least once a month throughout the winter. We are going to try to do that again this year. Provided the field is not too soggy, the skies not too misty and the tea is still available we will fly from Lyveden.

If you want to know in advance whether we are likely to be flying from our field just call the club's landline where you can pick up the messages – 01832 205 237.

In recent weeks we have sent some of our more patient pupils to Hus Bos or to Saltby where they are happy to have you fly on a reciprocal basis. Husband's Bosworth (The Soaring Centre) will charge you £5 membership that will then last you for the duration of the winter flying season.

Some of you will know by now that we will also continue to have a tugging service over the winter as we are keeping the Wilga here for the winter and will offer it for service whenever there is a demand. Aerotowing over the winter will allow you to have a longer flight, more stick time and is a great time to learn as the conditions are often smoother than the summer months and we can all do with some extra height for those stalls and spins.

Currency

Over the years we have had some great times in the winter. People can remain current and confident and have some much needed winter exercise. A reminder to all of you that our published currency periods are:-

- Check 1 – 2 weeks
 - Check 2 – 4 weeks
 - Check 3 – 4 weeks
 - Check 4/ instructor – 8 weeks
- Outside of this time you are asked to have a check flight however 'long in the tooth' you might be.

We hope to see more members more often over the winter months.

Winch Safety

Recently the BGA has issued the club and all instructors with a document concerning winch safety. If you haven't read it yet then I would suggest that you have a look at it in the clubhouse or the caravan. Basically, the document was produced after the BGA had conducted a review of the causes of gliding accidents. It seems that a significant proportion of accidents are winch related and so the BGA want all of us to take care and to follow

established good practice and eliminate bad practice. I will leave you to have a look at the document for yourself but there is one specific area that is of great concern not just to the BGA but to me as your CFI, and that is the area of the rotation. How many of you have seen the Ka8 launch, steep and fast, and then what happens? You guessed it, the weak link breaks. Now you have a glider with a very high nose attitude, with speed reducing rapidly; the pilot now has to push over fairly briskly to obtain flying speed again. As you know this attitude will be way beyond the normal approach attitude to obtain "minimum manoeuvring speed", which is your selected approach speed for that day, you will NOT slow down the winch by pulling back hard on the stick, but you will break the weak link and possibly put yourself in a difficult situation.

The BGA document gives you the statistics on the number of accidents that have been caused this way. Read it, make note and act safely – please !

Instructors

This year we started off the season with a concern about our instructor numbers. We started the season 3 instructors down when Brian McDonald, Werner Leutfeld and Mark Tolson all left at the same time. Thankfully, Paul Cronk came on board early in the season as an Asst Cat instructor and took the pressure off.

During the year we gained new member, Richard Lovegrove who used to be a

Full Cat. in the RAFGSA. Hopefully, Richard will be joining the instructor team when he has been checked out by the Regional Examiners in the spring.

Nigel Perry is also now back in the area and has offered to return to the club in the new year when his new job has settled down a bit.

We currently only have 2 Basic Instructors so I am pleased to tell you that we have two further members in training to join the BI team, Malcolm Johnson and Mike Taylor.

When all these people have come on board we should be back to full strength.

Launch Marshalls

However, we are a long way from the days when we could put two instructors on the rota at once. With an instructor expected to be available to fly all day we are conscious of the need for them to be supported by the launch marshalls. Sadly, the launch marshall system has fallen into decline with too many people not turning up for their duty days. How would you feel if the instructor just chose not to turn up on their duty day? Launch Marshalls have a vital role to play in maintaining the smooth, safe and efficient running of the field. When you are on the rota please be there or arrange a swap.

Next Year?

I would like to see more mini competitions like the one that we had over the flying week so that we can encourage more and more people to

spread their wings and go a bit further. It would be great if we could grow our cross country team again back to the strength that we had a few years ago. We intend to start using the new Grob Acro for some 2 seat X-country flying in the coming season. Remember there are many ways to pick up points and climb that club ladder. Strzeb is away in New Zealand at the moment (lucky devil) but, on his return, I'm sure he will be only too pleased to explain how the ladder works.

Bronze C Lectures

Bronze C lectures are due to start again on Sunday 5 February 2006 at 9.00 a.m. in the clubhouse. There will be two topics covered each Sunday morning by your team of instructors. The sessions will be run for seven weeks and will conclude with the Bronze exam on the morning of Sunday 26th of March.

The lectures are open to absolutely anyone who wants to attend irrespective of whether you are ab-initio, approaching your Bronze, already a Bronze but want a refresher. The instructors have all chosen their topics and are already preparing their sessions. I will put up a list of the topics that will be covered each day so that you can choose the ones that you want to come to.

Over the page you will see a list of this years trophy winners. Some of the names are repeated year after year. If you would like to change that then remember to set yourself some new, but realistic challenges.

Trophy Winners 2005

Chairman's Cup –

Meyrick Jones

Ray Clarke Perpetual

Challenge Cup

Stephen Burgess

Best in Wood

Michael Neal

The 267 cup

Mark Rushton

The Sedbergh Cup

Jo Cooper

CFI Shield

Mike Taylor

Rigging Pin

Dick Short

And finally...

Laura and I would like to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a safe and successful new soaring season.