



All Out

August 2009

Welland Gliding Club Newsletter

CFI Sprocket's Blog

Day 1- What have I done? I have agreed to get the club out of a tight spot by taking on the job of the CFI. I must be mad. There are those out there that would agree that I'm mad but all I can do is hope that the other instructors back me up so that we can work as a team. And, what on earth are all these files that our previous CFI has passed to me? Doesn't he realise that I don't do paperwork? Laura, are you listening to me? Put these somewhere and look after them.



Day 65 – This job wouldn't be so bad if all the club members just took a bit more care. I simply don't have eyes in the back of my head! I need to know what is going on from so many different perspectives at once. Where are the instructors in terms of their progression. Are they being supported? Do the ab initio's understand how they can use the checklist to show their progression? Do the pilot's flying 'under supervision' understand the Check System? Do the launch marshall's work with the duty instructor on the day to keep the field running safely? Do the club members understand why we have annual checks like the spin checks, field landing checks and log book checks?

Day 1580 – Four and half years into this job and I'm still here ! We have had so many achievements and also some sad losses in my time here. I think that I will simply pause and take stock of the current issues.

Instructors – Our instructors are a very hard working team who support each other and cover for each other wherever possible. There are some major changes on the horizon that have been brought on by the EASA regulations. This is putting some pressure on the instructor training support from the BGA as people want to get their ratings before it becomes more difficult under the new regulations . It looks likely that the current Basic Instructor rating will no longer exist so I am encouraging people to progress with their instructor training. This year we have already seen Mark Rushton successfully complete his Assistant Rating and we have Paul Cronk and Terry Kendall ~~Terry~~ preparing for their Full Rating this autumn. Paul Porter and Jo Cooper are preparing to take their Basic Instructor rating so they will need some encouragement.

Checks – With my attention pulled in different directions (tug, winch, grass, check lists, learner issues, weather considerations etc) I have not pushed all the club members on their three major checks.

The annual spin checks should have been done by the end of May and I will soon be checking that people have completed these if they are still flying. I haven't been able to reinforce this while the tug has been off line but I would like to thank those who took the time to travel to other clubs to get these signed off.

The logbook checks give me the opportunity to check on each individual's progression and are an annual requirement in any type of flying. Has everyone had the annual red stamp with their figures completed?

Field landing checks. Each spring we arrange for a motor glider to come in once or twice so that people that are planning on going cross country, and have not had either a check or a real field landing in the previous 12 months, can be brought up to date. It worries me that some people may be heading off without either of these.

Launch Marshalls – If we had sufficient instructors we would be able to keep an instructor on the ground at all times to oversee the safe flying operations. We haven't though so we, as instructors, rely on having a launch marshall that we can work with while we are busy instructing. A good launch marshall can make all the difference to the smooth and efficient operation on the ground. The launch marshall should be consulting with the duty instructor and should be switched on and assuming some degree of control of the field operations. We can all relax and have a good time knowing that someone is watching out for us. When we do not have a launch marshall we have more mess ups and more disagreements and the instructor is pushed to coordinate it all when they should be giving more focussed attention to the person they are instructing. Does anyone have any suggestions as to how we can get people to support their instructor by turning up for their duty? It has been suggested that we could try to run instructor and marshall teams. Would that work for you?

Day 15893 – We have just finished the flying week and while the weather wasn't great we have had some good days, some good times and some achievements. It is great to see that there is a core of members who are supporting each other with their cross country tasks and really encouraging each other. We have managed to send some people solo recently (Ian and Gary) and Mario has completed his Bronze paper and is working his way through his Bronze check flights. There were only a few real 'Squirms' awarded and most of those were taken in good humour.

Day 15898- I'm going back up to the field for another day. The tug is down again which is so frustrating for me as well as everyone else. Paul Cronk is doing some full Cat training with a visitor from Channel and I'm sure they wanted the tug. The Duty launch marshalls today are Bob Waldren and Len White. I wonder if they will turn up to support Mark Rushton who is the DI today. I know there are some members like Len who are reliable and who will always turn up but there are others who have not yet realised how much we rely on them. Ah well, there is a barbeque tonight so I can relax and drink more beer ! Cheers everyone.



Stairway to Paradise

A spiral stairway, of course. Invisible within its vaporous skyscraper and ascending with exhilarating velocity. Not the biggest cloud I'd been in, though it would probably have qualified as a Towering Cumulus. But a wonderful and totally unexpected gift out of the blue that hot August afternoon some 30 years ago. Presents are always extra delicious when they come as complete surprises, aren't they? This was one such – totally unexpected on rising that morning but leaving so vivid a memory that there was no sleep that night.

The working day was marked by an early finish – not unusual for a Thursday in high summer when potential clients might be holidaying away- so I thought I'd pop in to Marshall's, the Cambridge airfield, to see if the CUGC course instructor might like a helping hand. He usually did at that stage during a week of good weather and there would often be a pre solo check to enjoy. Or the tug pilot might like a break. No matter the brief; just getting airborne would make a perfect ending to the day for me. But I was out of luck – or so I thought – all gliders soaring and the tug sitting on the ground awaiting trade. So I decided to provide some, readily enlisting help to rig the "big" Cirrus and filling her tanks with water in the hope of getting her round 100 Km at a mentionable speed. Those were the days when, obsessed with the 500 Km Diamond, I was trying to go faster so that I might make further realistic attempts as the days got shorter.

The Cirrus didn't climb well with more than 100 lb of water, as I learned again that day. Airborne at 1430, I set out at best (heavy) glide speed for my first turning point. But I was soon grovelling and reaching for the ballast dump knob. It took some 5 minutes for the water to go and even then it seemed difficult to find a good climb. I struggled on for a while until, a fair way from home and all thoughts of a speedy triangle gone, I headed beneath one of the few good looking Cu still about. Feeling (once again) much blessed, I hit a bit of the right stuff and tightened the turn – 'til I felt her "bubbling at the back", as Ralph Jones used to say . We were now climbing steadily but the base of the cloud seemed far above. And then, quite suddenly, we were in it – within a cathedral like hall of clear air with the skirt of the cloud around and beneath us, and going up like a rocket. No doubt about getting home now, with height to spare for an exemplary circuit. But who, with his spirit soaring in harmony with his mount, could resist taking more of the free energy so abundantly on offer? And I've always enjoyed the challenge of cloud flying in gliders, having been persuaded by the authors who taught me that it's essentially "a state of mind". Given control of that, it's a matter of following simple rules and making good decisions. So I switched on the Turn & Slip – no time to set up the Artificial Horizon, which wasn't much good in pitch anyway – opened up the turn a bit, and trimmed a smidgeon nose down. As I did so, the Altimeter reading passed rapidly through 5,000 ft.

The lift was so smooth. She seemed to be going up on rails, as those stable old gentlemen's carriages called Skylarks used to do. It wasn't cold. Just as well as I was scantily clad in short sleeved shirt and slacks. The cloud didn't seem to cloy as it usually did. Rather, one could see the wingtips clearly and there was a lot of light around and within. I became fascinated by the Altimeter. As we passed 10,000 ft I noticed its big hand turning exactly in phase with the sweep second hand of my wristwatch. The penny dropped. We were going up at 1,000 ft per minute. And so wonderfully, beautifully smoothly. The Ball Variometer checked – the gratuitous calibration adding delight to the primeval joy of riding that vertical wind.

Although euphoric, I was still thinking and at 13,000 ft decided to quit as the oxygen system was not rigged. I then realized that I had broken an important rule in not determining the exit heading before going into the cloud – admittedly in a somewhat unplanned manner. So I levelled the wings and headed East, the way home. We emerged at 14,000 ft into a clear sky with no sign of cloud ahead as far as the East coast. The Cu which had carried us aloft had developed perhaps a thousand feet more above and behind us and was still growing vigorously. It proved to be one of 4 or 5 great cumuli spaced far apart, roughly along the line of the A1, as far as I could see – each one a towering cloud castle in splendid isolation from its rivals.. The sight was truly awesome and, at the same time, profoundly thought provoking. The might of Nature – demonstrated with such visual impact within this tiny theatre we call Earth. And, by contrast, one's utter unimportance as an insignificant human being within that system. Unless, perhaps, the privilege of seeing this with such clarity – the Power and the Glory- might carry with it some message to note and ponder? A grandiose thought, maybe, but I seemed to recall reading somewhere that humility is the beginning of wisdom – or was it the beginning of religious belief ...?

I flew for a further hour and a half, in absolutely still air, out into East Anglia and back to Cambridge- just in time to get help with the de-icing. I hope I bought a few drinks for my friends that evening. I know I rang the Honington Met man when I got home. He didn't think my cloud anything special. Just another big Cu from a hot spot as far as he was concerned. Ground temperatures had reached 33° C in East Anglia before the sea air moved in, high enough to break through the 10,000 ft inversion. But to me it was Cloud Nine.

David Evans



Flying Week

Saturday – complete wash out as regards to flying, Marios was busy all day cooking the pig on his newly designed spit with help from young Rob Coving damping down the flames, it truly was an epic feast with many side dishes, salads, deserts etc being provided by many of the members & wives, even the weather improved as the night wore on. I received my wings but only after I had supplied the beers (*that's blackmail Ed.*)

Family, 2 smelly wet dogs & myself camped at the field along with Mike McNally (not in the same tent). A very big thank you to Mario, Lisa, Rob and everybody else that helped to make the evening what it was, a good time with good laughs and good people.

Sunday – started off well with Trish making fried brekkie for the campers, much improved weather wise, 3 pilots completed 150 km+, 1 type conversion, our beloved tug finally made it onto the field for the first of the aerotows in a long time with Howard and Sprocket sharing the duties, Winch Witch seem to spend most of the day in launch control getting very irate with us and mentioning something about the non organisation in breweries, we had one visitor land in a Ka8, peed in the bean field, paid for a winch launch and was gone (*it's good to talk. Ed.*). Evening finished with bbq with some nice steaks cooked by Alan Bushnell.





Monday – again started well with more brekkers from Trish, apparently Mike McNally is moving in with us, the flying day started with the usual briefing, and an award for a type conversion, and a squirm for Jo Cooper for forgetting to replace his batteries in his GPS before flying the 150+km the previous day, necessity being the mother of all invention, Jo came up with a novel way of recharging his batteries by placing them in his pants between turn points to give them just enough power to register his turn, in these days of trying to protect the environment I think Jo is to be commended for doing his part, and apparently Jo has applied for a patent and is in talks with major underwear & battery manufacturers, Coopers Copious Power Pants in stores soon.

Some lift about if it could be found, a few did but most didn't, quite a frustrating day, very busy day on the field launching and retrieving gliders. Gary Robertson seem to spend most of the day doing cable breaks and walking the length of the field in preparation for going solo, it never ceases to amaze me how evil instructors can be and do it while still smiling. Paul Cronk kindly took up the task of Duty Instructor even though it was a soaring day, ensuring those who needed check flights and instruction still got to fly; he even managed to get away in his own machine for a while, so a very big thank you to Paul. The day ended with an interesting talk on Red Kites organised by Mike Taylor given by a member of the RSPB and a Chilli Con Carne cooked by Mike.



Fashion Icons in the making or WGC new uniform? Answers on a postcard please.

Tuesday- Nothing happened apart from Mario winning the skittles match at the night out, he moaned about the price of the meal even though he won more than the price of the meal from the skittles match.

Wednesday- Bit of a strange day, with a phone call to Mike McNally to see what was happening as the day didn't look to promising, got told that there were only 3 people there but, we were getting the gliders out and needed some help, Chris Hatton was Duty Instructor for the day with quite a few taking advantage of the not so good soaring conditions to get checked off for Aerotow, and Chris putting Gary Robertson through a few more cable breaks before finally sending him solo, with conditions not favourable to soaring Gary managed a quick circuit to make a text book landing, Gary completed a further 2 solo flights with his last one lasting 7 minutes.

Gary had the chance several weeks earlier to go solo but refused because he felt he needed more work on cable breaks, so congratulations to Gary on going solo and well done for not going for it until he was ready. Longest flight of the day went to Richard Lovegrove who managed an impressive 80 minutes.

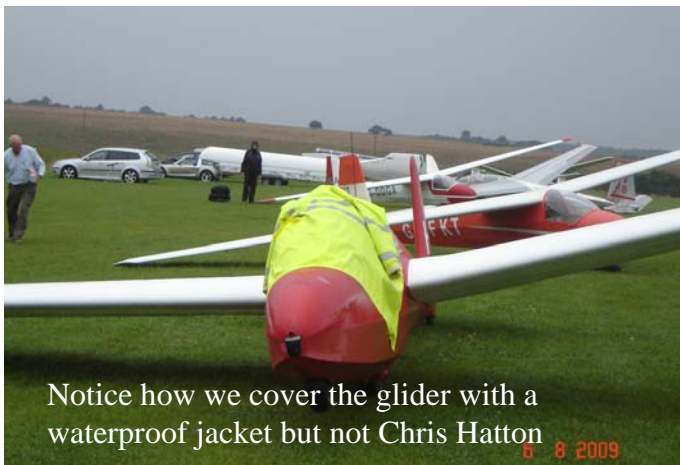


The moment of truth for Gary

6 8 2009



Thursday- Flying started in the morning around 11.30 with seven people getting away, longest flight of the day was Chris Hatton with 118 minutes, flying was finished by 2.30 due to a wonderful Thunderstorm, field was totally waterlogged, partial display due to low cloud base by the model aircraft club, fish & chips and alcohol finished the evening off.



Notice how we cover the glider with a waterproof jacket but not Chris Hatton

6 8 2009



6 8 2009

Friday- Started off wet with flying starting at 3 pm, aerotows only due to the airfield being waterlogged, longest logged flight of the day went to Ken & Alec in the Blanik, with the one & only land out of flying week quite surprisingly not going to Land out Larry but Paul Cronk.



Saturday- I wasn't there this day and nobody gave me a report about it so I am making everything up apart from the flying. Lovely soaring day, Alan Bushnell said nobody needed to pay for anything and didn't moan once, everybody helped on the field, Winch Witch never shouted once from Launch Control and said everybody performed admirably and we were all lovely people. (*Note to self. Stay off the hallucinogenic drugs. Ed.*) Longest flight of the day went to Mark Rushton, which has pushed him further up the club ladder, quite a few very good soaring flights. Paul Cronk was once again Duty Instructor and I'm sure nobody gave him any ribbing for landing out the day before, because we don't do that at WGC, do we? Day finished with some sort of food and lots of Alcohol.

Sunday- Day started overcast but gradually improved with most people getting away, always a good sign when there's winch cables at launch point without anything to launch, Mike McNally won the daily squirm for putting one of the winch cables out of action by pulling the parachute through the winch (*nice one Ed.*). Sprocket won a bottle of wine for managing to get a sick Wilga back safely after developing engine troubles. The day finished with Chicken & Chips by our very own master chef Mario.

Total Launches for the week = 245

Member Profile – Mike McNally

Where do you live?

Kettering with Yvonne and we have two children, Tom (26) & Beth (20). Yvonne currently works in an Adoption Team as a Principal Social Worker. Tom is a Climbing and Canoeing Instructor and has already travelled widely and was one of the trekkers in the British North Ridge Everest Expedition. Beth is currently going into her second year at Newcastle University studying and is studying Fine Art.



Work?

I am semi retired now but used to work as a Probation Officer. When I left the Probation Service I worked in a number of jobs in Children and Young People's Service including the local Safeguarding Children Board. I now work two days (sometimes 3 days) per week always keeping Wednesday's clear of course.

When did you start gliding?

Peranporth in Cornwall in about 1966/67 when I had a couple of one week gliding holidays.... there was then a very, very long gap, until 2006 when I joined Welland. I was spurred on by increasing age and a very strong sense of 'do it soon or you will be too decrepit or dead!'

Where else have you flown?

Husband Bosworth, Gransden Lodge, Upwood and Strubby Airfield in Lincolnshire. I have also done some power flying at Sywell in a fixed wing microlight and Deenethorpe in (or perhaps on) a flexiwing microlight.

Hours flown?

Total in gliding is 78 hours with 36 hours of that being solo – most of that in the Junior (*That's my glider. Ed.*) you will be surprised to learn.

Epic flights flown:

At my stage they all feel a bit epic...but I can still clearly recall what it felt like to go solo – amazing! I have also enjoyed all the others but probably for me the flight I had at Strubby last year felt the most incredible. I was in the RAF briefly in the late 60's early 70's and was stationed at RAF Manby in Lincolnshire, the home of the College of Air Warfare and the Macaw's aerobatic team, which comprised 4 Jet Provost's. RAF Strubby was a satellite of Manby's and had Varsities and Dominies there. The Varsities flew on navigation exercises to Germany (Bruggen and Berlin) on a regular basis and it was possible to hitch a lift. As a result I did fly from Strubby on several occasions then to Germany: It was a thought provoking experience to find myself sitting in a K8 approximately 35 years later circling above Strubby. Interestingly, from the air the whole site did not look a lot different. I could see Manby in the distance but that does look very different now as you can clearly see where the runways have been ripped out.

Flying targets/goals?

Complete my Bronze and go cross country

Other hobbies?

None now as gliding is all consuming of time. I have walked some of the long distance footpath routes of Britain, canoed - both on rivers and sea, enjoyed cycling and running (3 marathons in the dim and distance past) was a member of the Royal Photographic Society (LRPS) and also studied for several years a martial art called Tang So Do and achieved a Senior First Dan Grade. Arising out of that interest I learnt Tai Chi and ran a class for time in the 1990's in Kettering

Other targets?

Live long and stay healthy

So you want to be an AsCat ? By Mark Rushton

Well, Sprocket finally got me. My five years as a Basic Instructor were due to expire earlier this year, and my offer to undertake the necessary refresher training was countered with an instruction to choose between returning to the ranks or going for an As Cat rating. So I duly applied for the Bicester 9 day course starting on 16th May, giving me three months to get familiar with the manual that subsequently dropped through my letterbox. The pre course flying training started that same month, and covered nearly twenty flights, including a very expensive day at HusBos when I had two high aerotow launches in order to rehearse spinning exercises with our former CFI, Brian McDonnell.

The night before the start of the course saw me driving down to my home for the week, the sumptuous Travelodge at Bicester North service station on the M40, some 10 minutes' drive from the airfield. A special deal meant that 8 nights there would cost just £200. The next morning, having located the greasy spoon that would provide breakfast for the next few days, I found the airfield and was introduced to my three fellow students from Gransden Lodge, HusBos and Shenington. The course was to be run by Dave Bullock, a former National Coach, assisted with the flying by guest instructors from Black Mountains and Stratford. Dave's weapon of choice was to be the K13, happily for me.

Day 1: Saturday

Spoiled by the weather, the day was spent with classroom instruction.

Day 2: Sunday

Again, a day almost totally ruined by strong winds. We each managed a 45 minute motor glider session going over the same Basic Instructor pattern exercises that I'd done 5 years before. Other than that, mostly classroom stuff.

Day 3: Monday

Grounded by the wind again, so back to the classroom...

Day 4: Tuesday

With all the other glider pilots back at work, clearly the weather was bound to improve! The day started with the four of us split into pairs, with each pair asked to fly and evaluate an unfamiliar type with a view to undertaking a type conversion briefing for Blogs. Dave and I got a Skylark 2 to play with, whilst the other two got a Grob Acro named VE that most of you will still probably remember! After that, it was a matter of three aerotows each followed by stalling exercises on the way down.

Day 5: Wednesday

More good weather, and a shockingly expensive day of 5 aerotows to 4000 ft followed by lots of stalling and spinning on the way down. One student was told at the end of the day that he was not ready to complete the course, although he stayed to the end of the week with a view to repeating in September. Wednesday evening was set aside for a splendid evening in a village pub, where our instructors were treated to free nosh. Well, bribery's got to be tried, eh ?

Day 6: Thursday

Back to the classroom for half the day, followed by completion of spinning off another aerotow, and then another motorglider flight to rehearse circuit- planning pattern.

Day 7: Friday

Winch day. Seven winch launches, of which five were simulated failures of some description. But not before we'd each had a third motorglider session, this time to rehearse approach control and airbrake/elevator coordination.

Day 8: Saturday

Two winch launch flights were our introduction to faultfinding techniques, nervously sat in the back with arms folded while "Blogs" did his best to kill us both. I also had an extra aerotow to finish off some outstanding spinnery.

Day 9: Sunday

Three winch launches each, with the intention of honing lesson planning and assessing Blogs for an Astir type conversion. Muggins forgot that there was a spare Acro at the launch point that could have been used instead of the K13 for the pre conversion check ride, but in my defence I assumed that its owner's ban on Welland instructors taking her up was still in place! The course finished with a two hour classroom session on safety.

And so, having passed the course was I free to instruct? Err, no. There still remained the small matter of CFI acceptance checks, which took place over 6 more flights at the end of May with more launch failures and spinning. The whole lot is certainly a challenge, particularly when three lost days mean the rest of the course was very intensive, but the key must surely be sufficient pre course preparation, as one course student found out to his cost. Talking of cost, the club is happy to cover the £450 course fee, but I had to pay for all my flying. With accommodation, pre course and post course flying, it's fair to reckon on about £1500 and some 50 flights of various descriptions. But the congratulatory email from a fellow instructor who professed, "***Now you will know the true meaning of fear***" surely makes it all worthwhile. Right, ladder pilots, see me for checks. I think I can fit you in for about 4pm, Strzeb.....

Treasurer's Notes

I took over as treasurer from Andy Lockwood in May. Andy had been the club's treasurer for many years and certainly deserves a big thank you from all of us – especially now I know what is involved! I hope that you will have seen the monthly statements, which cover all active accounts; I have been posting on the group. I will be continuing with this and hope it will make it easier for you to keep track of your account. A paper copy is left in the clubhouse and caravan for those not on the group.

Please note that following a discussion at the committee meeting on 25th August it has been agreed that members flying accounts should not have a debit balance greater than £50. As a result would any member whose account currently exceeds this amount please take steps to correct the situation. If you are unsure as to the current state of your account I will be circulating a statement for August shortly.

In addition any 90 day members (as is currently the case) should ensure they pay on the day and do not have a debit balance at all.

The other issue to mention concerns standing orders, these can be arranged so that you can make payments direct to the club's account. I do have a supply of forms with me most of the time and can let you have one at the field. I can let you know what your spend was over a full year so that you could average out your monthly payments if you wish.

If you do have any queries at all regarding your account please let me know. I think this is better done off the group so please email me direct (seakayak59@yahoo.co.uk) or ring me on 07767052886.

Thanks,

Mike McNally

Now a word from WGC's very own agony aunt, some say she can stop a man just by looking at him, others say she practices voodoo, and others say she steals sweeties from children, but if you have a problem, and no one else can help, and if you can pacify her, maybe you can hire the...Winch Witch.

Dear Winch Witch,

Loved your column in last month's newsletter: as always-sound advice in a totally unbiased way. Anyway, I have heard a rumour about WGC becoming a male only club. I feel this is definitely the way forward as seeing women on the field during flying time is simply not cricket. I'm sure we can get more productivity from our female minions by letting them: a) Set up the field in the mornings, b) making sure the kettle is always on and the bacon fresh and, c) putting away the gliders tractors in the evening while us men sit around drinking beer and making helpful suggestions about how they could pack the hangar more effectively, Oh and also I think they should do this while looking a bit smarter so as not to scare the public away, and only speak when spoken to.

Some good ideas I think you will agree, but always willing to listen to your thoughts.

As ever your number one fan,

Mr Magoo.

Dear Mr Magoo

It is unfortunately the case that gliding attracts more than its fair share of sad male fantasists who seem to hark back to some supposedly golden age when women 'knew their place', usually fastened to the kitchen sink. You probably consider yourself quite enlightened since you are prepared to allow women to operate such dangerous machinery as tractors when they have such a poor reputation as drivers. However, all you have succeeded in doing is in drawing attention to the chief difference between men and women: women's ability to multi task and men's ability to sink beer.

I do not condemn you for your misguided views, but would urge you to seek counselling for your low self esteem which has caused you to feel so threatened by the thought of female pilots enjoying more success than yourself. And as for your comment on the dress sense of the women on the field, please note that this is a deliberately agreed policy by the members of WASP (Women Assisting Simple Pilots). Being aware of the frailty of the male brain when distracted by an attractively clad woman, the ladies of the club seek to maintain a low profile in order that the men may concentrate safely on their flying. (For further information on this, please enquire of the Winch Witch or the Soup Dragon about the Lara Croft case.)

Kind regards

Winch Witch

Dear Winch Witch,

I've noticed that it seems to be the same group of people who set get the gliders out in the mornings and set the field out, then pack it all away again at night. Well, I'm sorry but they seem to be slowing down somewhat. It's just not good enough. I mean how are myself and my fellow aviators meant to get flying early? Perhaps you could find it in your wisdom to have a subtle word. They'll listen to you. Me they think; can't be bothered, but I tell you if they got it done quicker I'd be flying quicker.

Yours frustratedly,

Mr. L.E. Gover

Dear Mr Gover

I'm so glad you are observant enough to have recognized that it is the same group of people getting the gliders out and packing them away, since there are some members who appear to remain blissfully ignorant of this fact. I'm sorry you feel the service has been a little slow of late: they are probably simply knackered. Why not try lending a hand yourself sometime?

Kind regards

Winch Witch

Dear Winch Witch,

As a female member of WGC, I must admit to feeling a little shunned by the male members of our wonderful club, I get the feeling that these men would rather see us locked in a sheep pen, only to be let out when there is work to be done. Your thoughts please.

Yours Angrily,

Mrs. Eileen Dover

Dear Mrs Dover

I'm so sorry you have been made to feel this way. Please try to understand that these men are simple creatures and tend to congregate together much like lemmings in order to feel more secure. Ganging together against us helps maintain their illusion that they are a superior species. We do not need to resort to such tactics, being confident in the knowledge of our own infinite superiority. Just smile sweetly at them and try phrases such as 'Could you help me turn the gas on?' and you'll soon have them running around after you.

Yours in solidarity

Winch Witch

The Winch Witch regrets that no correspondence can be entered into unless accompanied by chocolate, flowers or contributions to her flying account.

Note from the Editor: Well that's all for this months newsletter, at 13 pages long I think it is enough.

I have written a technical article on Composite Repairs but will leave this until next month, as the weather is now on the change I feel there will be less to write next month. Also there will be a very short article on Mike McNallys world record attempt at the number of landings achievable from one approach.

I would like to thank all those that have contributed to this news letter: Mark Prickett CFI, Mark Rushton AssCat, David Evans M.D, Mike McNally & not forgetting the Winch Witch. A big thank you to all those that helped to make flying week what it was. Blue skies & happy landings to you all.

Editor.