



LONDON GLIDING CLUB, DUNSTABLE

*N*ewsletter

October 2002



In this issue: Hi Ho Silver: **Peter Sharpe** • Got That Signed Off, Now What?: **Martin Smith** • The Great Escape 2040 AD: **Richard Cooper** • A Seventy Year Saga: **Ted Hull** • We're Glider Pilots... Get Us Out of Here!: **Roger Colbeck** •

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Cover Photograph

Adrian Hobbs took this picture of 13 doing a 140 kt run over the runway at Mollis, Switzerland (see more about it on page 16).



From the Editor's Desk

As I am sitting down to write this editorial, I can still hear the pleasure in the voice of the 6 pilots who, yesterday (6th October) flew round Grafham Water and Cambridge. Not a huge task by their usual standard, but such a good feeling to be able to do it so late in the season.

But now, it is more likely time to reflect on past tasks so you can settle down to the report of the Alpine Soaring trip or what the past season brought Martin Smith or Peter Sharpe. Or even delve further into the past with Ted Hull.

Unfortunately, we do not have a proper report on the Regionals but I am hoping to be able to publish something in the next issue.

And talking about the next issue, don't forget that it will be a month later than usual as it will be published in January. Because of this, we have prepared a 3-month roster but unfortunately, it does not all fit on one page. So please turn the page to find out if you are on duty in January!!

Of course, thanks also to the other contributors I haven't mentioned.

And, although it feels far too early for that, best wishes for the end of year festivities.

Véronique Russell

Congratulations

**To the pilots who flew in the Inter Club League.
We finished second in the UK overall.**

And we should get an article in the next newsletter.

Rupert Robertson
Interclub League Captain

And Congratulations also to:

**Robin May—winner of the Open Nationals
 Pete Harvey (3rd place)
 Peter Sheard (4th place)**

Hi Ho Silver!

Having not achieved my silver badge this summer and with the season rapidly drawing to an end, I was (amongst others!) beginning to wonder whether it would ever happen.

Then came Saturday 31st August. A glorious day in many ways.

Bill Craig invited me to join him in the Duo Discus to hone my 'cross-country' skills and attempt a 300k triangle, knowing that I had still not 'cut the cord'.

The day was promising with pundits setting 400k tasks. After the briefing, Bill surprised me by suggesting we rig L3 and place it at the launch point. Quite calmly, he suggested we shoot round a 100k triangle, land back and then send me off to do my silver distance in L3. Dunstable, Goring and Lasham (plus pick up the plate in the process). No problem, I lied (clearly, all this summer sun has got to him).

We winch-launched the Duo into a promising sky and were soon setting off on our task: Thame, Silverstone and back. 1¼ hours later, we landed back at Dunstable having completed the task with an appropriate beat-up, sorry, demonstration of a final glide and competition finish.

Within fifteen minutes, I was strapped into L3 ready to launch. Nervous and apprehensive, but filled with a refreshing confidence that Bill had installed in me during the previous flight.

Over Totternhoe I released from the tug at 1,800 ft. Believing I was in lift (but soon realising I was

not), I found myself at 1,000 ft, scratching around. Surely I can't land within 15 minutes of launch - how embarrassing. Bob King even radioed me to tell me my undercarriage was down.

Now at 800 ft, I returned to the hill and for the next ½ hour got more depressed as I struggled to stay above 600 ft. S-turning in lift, I finally managed to climb to a height where I felt comfortable to circle. At 1,500 ft, I ventured out towards Leighton Buzzard and found a climb that quickly took me to 3,000 ft.

Heading west, I was soon climbing north of Aylesbury (average 6.3 knots) and pushed out towards Thame. The next climb was near RAF Benson by which time I was down to 1,700 ft. I was poorly positioned in the thermal to start but soon climbed back up to 5,000 ft with an average of 3.6 knots. With plenty of height, my route to Lasham was an easy one and flown at 80 knots, taking a small, unnecessary climb near Reading.

With Lasham in sight I relaxed but couldn't quite believe I had made it in such quick time. I circled the airfield, established the circuit and came into land on the grass next to the main runway.

Having negotiated with the natives and found an official observer to sign my paperwork, I presented myself at the bar to collect the "perpetual dispute" plate. The Capstan pilot who last collected the plate from us was soon in sight chastising me, threatening to be back on Sunday, but as I write this, it hasn't been collected.

By now it was 5.30 pm and there was little chance I was going to be able to fly back. Bill Craig, the instigator, kindly offered to come and collect me, which he did in record time. We were in the bar at Dunstable by 8.30 pm with plate in hand for a well-deserved pint.

Bill, thank you for the encouragement. A silver distance, a silver height and a silver plate - Hi-ho!

P.S: If you see me in mid-January trying for my five hours on the hill, you have my permission to shoot me.

Peter Sharpe



Early Warning Notice

Please note that the restaurant will close at 2 pm on December 23rd and will reopen at 9 am on January 1st 2003.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*Geoff, Geraldine
& the Kitchen Staff*

From the Corner of Two Offices

I am told that writers sit for countless hours suffering from a lack of inspiration and then suddenly it all falls into place. Good job that I am not a writer because I sit for hours on end and nothing ever seems to fall into place apart from a deadline, which occurred some week or so before this did!! I do not know how Véronique puts up with us.

You may have thought that the end of the season was upon us at the end of August. Well it was not. We have had a number of notable cross-countries flown even at the start of October. I enjoyed a Thursday afternoon off to fly round a 188 km task at 75 kph in a K23 with a best climb of 8 knots to a cloud base of 4,700 ft near Bicester, whilst some of the more slippery ships sailed past to complete a much larger task.

I also enjoyed the benefit of wave flights the weekend preceding and the weekend following. Mind you, you have to be up early for the wave benefits, as I am sure that JJ will have told you on his lecture at the end of September – unless of course you decide to come to Tal-

garth, Shobdon or Cerdanya when you can fly in good wave at any time of the day.

The field

You may have observed a number of things about the field recently. Firstly the really observant members will have noticed that we seem to have three tracks around the bottom of the field, but not being content with this; some have decided to try to create a track straight across hangar ridge. The field is getting ruined. Please keep to the peritrack. It not only helps to save the part of the field that we care most about but it is also safer. The wear on the far side of the field out towards the West run is also getting bad as it has not rained for at least three weeks and we have been on the NE run for most of it.

You may of course wonder why we have been on the NE run so much. Well it is because I have established my winter cabbage patch adjacent to the take off run. Please do not drive or land (other than in an emergency) on my cabbages as I, my wife, children and grand daughter will probably starve over the cold winter months if you do. (OK; so we have had the NE run graded and re-seeded, it is not really my cabbage patch).

The fleet

We are getting to the time of year where the gliders can get very muddy, dirty canopies make for poor visibility and we all get cold. Please consider cleaning the gliders before they are put away. There is nothing more frustrating than trying to pull a glider out of the hangar, just to find that the wheel bay is caked in mud and that the wheel will not rotate. It is difficult during the summer months when we are flying from dawn till dusk to muster up the energy or enthusiasm to do the

washing but please try your best during this period.

If you fly the ASW24, I insist that it is washed before being de-rigged and put into its trailer. If you fail to do this then you will have your authority to fly it revoked.

Whilst we have arrived at the time of year where we take gliders out of service for George Jackson to complete C of A work, we have got Andy Jude in again this winter to help with C of As and also to get our trailers up to the condition that we should expect to enjoy.

This involves a tremendous amount of work and it would be good to preserve the trailers in good working order for some considerable time to come. Please look after them and if you are not sure how they should be used, seek advice from someone that knows. Perhaps you could make it your business to find out during the winter period when we will all spend less time flying (boo-hoo).

Safety

I have for some time been trying to convince Nick Tillett that he would like to take on the role of Flying Safety Officer for the London Gliding Club, taking over from Rob Brimfield who now has too many work commitments to continue.

Nick has in the past been an instructor (in fact he took me for my first soaring flight in thermals from Dunstable, a flight that I really enjoyed and remember well); he is a tug pilot, a keen cross-country pilot and a pretty hot competition pilot. It is the combination of these skills and experience that has caused us to pursue him with all vigour to fulfil this role, and I think that we have finally succeeded.

Wanted

Ted Hull sent me the following advertisement, which appeared in a 1950s copy of the LGC Gazette:

Young lady required for retrieving. Must be owner of a powerful car. Applications to be accompanied by two photographs, front and rear view of the car.

Write to John Buckley, Red-O Syndicate, c/o LGC Gazette.

For Nick to enjoy this role; he will need your help and support. If you see things that you feel may give rise to danger in our flying operation and that you think he might be able to help with then please share them with Nick and we will try to get them resolved. This role is supported at the highest levels within the Club and at the BGA Executive level, but without your support it is meaningless.

Low sun is a problem at this time of year particularly on approach and whilst hill soaring. If you cannot see where you are going when flying into sun then it has passed the time to land! If the sun is behind you whilst hill soaring it is worth bearing in mind that the pilot in the glider coming the other way probably cannot see you. Maybe he should have already landed but this is of little help to you. Get out of the way!

Andy Roch

Note:

Here are the results of the Regionals. For this issue we only have a long list of results but hopefully, in the next newsletter, we will be able to read a report of the Competition.

If anyone has some nice/interesting photographs taken during the competition, I would be pleased to see them.

Could the WINNERS of both classes return their cups to the office so that the engraving can be arranged?

Dunstable Results

Blue Class

Place	Reg	Pilots	Glider
1	HCQ	Malcolm Birch	Libelle 201
2	230	Nick Wall	Discus
3	HBB	Mark Davis & Andrew Roch	ASW 24
4	JZK	Alan Harrison & Robin Hodge	DG 505
5	FNK	Andy Brown	Vega
6	143	Geoff Beardsley & Martin Smith	LS4
7	ESB	Dave Cornelius & Alan Garfield	ASK 21
8	346	Robin Hodge & Alan Harrison	ASW 19
9	EJQ	Steve Foster & Julian Bayford	ASW 20
10	EVY	Ted Coles	ASK 23
11	CMW	Mark Dalton	Libelle 201
12	JZB	Peter Hurd & Mike Woollard	DG 505
13	795	Dave Miller	LS7 W
14	972	Mike Makin	ASW 20
15	EFV	Alan McKillen	ASW 20
16	803	Paul Whipp	Discus
17	757	Mike Fairman	ASW 19
18	986	Peter Winter Richard Lodge	Std Cirrus
19	785	Jim Slater	Discus
20	GWD	John Jeffries	ASK 21
21	DGE	Tom Snoddy	Std Cirrus
22	DMN	Ray Brecknock	Mosquito
23	CFX	Vickie Grayson	Libelle 201
24	969	John Melvin	Discus
25	136	Rupert Puritz & Peter Hicks	LS4

Regionals

Red Class

Place	Reg	Pilots	Glider
1	75	Warren Kay	LS8-18
2	N5	Steve Lynn	ASW 27
3	621	Trevor Stuart	ASW 27
4	T4	Nick Tillett	ASW 27
5	T6	Jon Gatfield & Tim Scott	ASW 27
6	K5	Bob King	ASW 27
7	73	Mark Newland Smith	Discus
8	973	Paul Rackham	LS7
9	801	Rob Brimfield	ASW 24
10	D15	John Reed	Discus
11	762	Doug Lingafelter & Peter Wimmer	Discus
12	GP	Geoff Payne	ASW 27
13	RW	Ian Reekie	LS8-18
14	L8	Francis Russell	LS6 18m
15	HXD	Mark Jerman	ASW 27
16	332	Mike Stringer	ASW 20CL
17	802	Robbie Knight & John Ferguson	Duo Discus
18	D4	Ron Davidson	LS8
19	700	Wendy Head	ASW 27
20	906	Bill Craig	Ventus 15
21	721	Rupert Robertson	LS6
22	S9	Simon Edwards	Ventus 17.6
23	232	Reb Rebbeck	LS8
HC	LGC	LGC Various	Duo Discus



Warren Kay explaining how to win a competition.



The morning briefing.

A colour copy of this picture is on the notice board in the Club house. Have you read the captions?

Got That Signed Off, Now What?

Martin Smith has some practical advice to launch a new cross-country career.

There is now a considerable number of early solo pilots who are sufficiently qualified to be looking forward to there being a cracking soaring summer next year. Well I was at that stage this time last year, and was able to purchase a half share in 143 which I duly frightened out of its trailer on any half decent winter's day. By March, I was up to about 20 hours and more importantly 20 landings in all sorts of different weather conditions and keen to progress.

So from the heady heights of one year's experience of such things, I offer this suitably light-hearted checklist of what to expect in your first ventures away from the familiar landmarks, along with a few highs and a low from this year's logbook.

CB: Character Building

We'll start with the bad news. Character Building is the phrase to be used when it all goes horribly wrong. If you are going to go for a dose of this emotion, then the spotlight of the Inter Club League finals with Ed Johnston winning the Pundit Class and Mark Davies winning the Intermediate Class, all of fiercely competitive Yorkshire looking on and the knowledge that just returning a modest score would secure LGC the overall trophy, then two land-outs with a combined achievement of less than a Silver Distance is certainly the complete package. I suggest to the authorities that the area around Northallerton be declared prohibited airspace, then that enormous 143-magnet need never be visited again.

S: Syndicates and Partners

After much observation, I reckon that the ideal syndicate is roughly as follows: only 2 partners, that

way you are pretty much guaranteed to get one day's flying every weekend. Partner 1 must be fully conversant with the glider through many years of use and the glider must have been lovingly cared for. Partner 1 should normally only be at the airfield one day each weekend, and he must be an Instructor so that quite often his one day is

processes such a gridding, start lines, loggers etc. exist, but they are very informal. If you don't understand what's going on or don't quite understand the rules, you won't be penalised and everybody will help you.

I flew in the Novice Class at the rounds at Dunstable, Syerston and



Partner 1 relaxing

taken up by instructing. Partner 1 should have another hobby, a classic car for example, this way he will attend other events some weekends. Both partners have to allow for the oddities of the other fellow and be prepared to put a polite grin in place when the inevitable "You want a retrieve from WHERE?" conversation takes place. If this sounds suspiciously like the syndicate that owns a particularly fine example of an LS4 based at Dunstable, it is pure coincidence.

I: Inter Club League

Ah, the red mist of competition! Fortunately, at this level of competition, it is not so much a red mist, more a warm tint. All the serious

Saltby, had a huge amount of fun (we won't mention the Northallerton moments) and got to fly alongside lots of like minded folks from other clubs over their bit of countryside. However far from home you are, you can still be sure to hear 13, 8 and N5 discussing their circumstances on 130.1 so you never feel too isolated. And the "Competition Finish" style of flying? At a safe altitude I suggest you try a fast glide and pull up to see just how little height is actually gained by such a manoeuvre. Translate these dimensions to "near the ground" and you probably won't consider it to be a sensible way to conduct an approach into an airfield you do know, let alone one that you don't.

F: Field Landings

July 28th, 18:30 local time, about 12 miles short of the finish line in the Northern Regionals at Sutton Bank, my first field landing. The day had been cooling down and it had been apparent for half an hour that I wasn't going to get back to Sutton Bank, so the nervous excitement of the impending landing had been overcome, it was just a question of when it happened. Suitable stubble fields where in abundance, so I chose one with a big gate and a nearby farmhouse.

By the time I got to the gate, lady farmer and t'dog were waiting. We discussed the pleasant weather and when questioned I announced that I had flown from Sutton Bank. 'Tha's a long way out from The Bank!!' At this point I should have kept my mouth shut, but flushed with distance achieved I pointed out on the map the route already flown and the fact that I was actually on the way back. 'Wi'out an enjin??' Clearly only good manners prevented her from adding the comment written all over the faces of both her and the dog, 'Tha's barmy!!'

The 'Partner 1 Secret Weapon' when dealing with farmers is to compliment them on something about their field. He always asks how much of the visible land is theirs, and then favourably compares the field we are in to one identified as being owned by a neighbour. Our farmer clearly doesn't believe a word of it, but by the time he has discussed crop yield and so forth, the trailer is packed and we are on our way.

T: Task Setting and Briefing

We've all seen the notice outside the Briefing Room, 'Briefing at 10:00, grid before briefing' etc. I always considered these briefings to be somewhat above my humble skills as only experts who knew what they up to and were about to make stunning plans for the day ahead attended them.

In reality it's a whole bunch of folks who are waiting for someone else to make a decision on what the weather might do and hence which piece of sky it would be wise to head towards. If these known weather experts are not to hand, then the briefing dissolves into something of a 'Oooh, I don't think we should go West', 'The best weather will be in the West', 'Which way's West?' heckling match. The good news is that if you attend this briefing you have a chance to launch from the XC grid and thereby disrupt normal club launches. Don't forget to pay attention to the NOTAMs.

C: Cerdanya

I've always enjoyed hiking over mountains, but I feel that staring rocky escarpments in the eye from a glider is considerably more daunting. Perhaps the only more daunting thing is being in the presence of a Spreckley who quite correctly points out that having achieved your Silver Distance doesn't mean you know the slightest thing about soaring, and certainly nothing about mountain soaring. Wonderful way with words he has. He was right too, on my first flight I almost beat the tug down. If it hadn't rained and snowed, and then snowed and rained, it might have been a stag-

geringly good trip. We did have a few good days though and simply listening to Team Spreckley gives a whole new meaning to interpreting the piece of sky that's visible at any one moment.

B: Ballast (water, not the full breakfast)

If you have your own glider then sooner or later someone will want to know, 'What does it go like with water?' Well I can tell you now, it'll do everything a bit faster including making your view of the ground get bigger if you haven't quite centred on that weak thermal. On a good day though, very exciting. You can cross sinky bits of sky much quicker, you climb a bit slower because, after all, the glider is heavier, and there's a whole feeling of greater momentum. You can also frighten folks at the launch point by asking them to help you move the glider and then watching them struggle with the unexpected weight. So far I have only tried one barrel of water in each wing and only kept it to the end of the flight twice.

The breakfast ballast has been fairly consistent at all the sites I have visited, albeit to a slightly different recipe at each location. If we could get all these caterers locked in a small room and have



Just 'cos it's raining, that doesn't mean I'm missing my go when it stops.

them debate the correct consistency of baked beans, I am sure some folks would pay good money to watch the fight if it was a non-soaring day.

E: Enjoyment

If this is not the main reason you want to extend your gliding experiences, then there's no hope for you. In addition to Dunstable I have flown either in or out of Saltby, Cerdanya, Syerston, Sutton Bank, Enstone and four assorted stubble fields this year. I have also retrieved Partner 1 from Bicester, Pocklington and two stubble fields, sadly one of these farmers proved immune to the Secret Weapon. At each location I have been welcomed, getting to each location has taken me over new areas of countryside and although I've almost sussed trailer towing, I still have trouble with backwards.

High Points

April 13th: A nice day in Cerdanya at last, and what's more it was my turn with the glider. I successfully climbed away in those daunting mountain thermals, and flew above the snow line high enough to see the grim weather in France (tee hee) and just how many mountains there were if you strayed out of the Cerdanya valley. I also got the altimeter past 10,000 ft and even given the launch height above the valley floor this was enough for a Silver Height gain.

Apparently I had a particularly silly grin for hours after this flight.

July 13th-14th: On the 13th, Partner 1 had joined the Isle of Wight trip and been ecstatic about achieving the task (but he can't speak trigraph, flaps or 18m tips so wasn't mentioned in the recent write-up of the day). I had previously done a 300 km flight in 5 and a half hours, my only real memory of which was a sore backside from sitting in the glider for over 6 hours. The 14th though was a big step up in performance, the water ballast got all the way round a task for the first time, 300 km in 4 and a half hours. At about 16:00, while somewhere near Rutland Water, I had heard various folks announcing a finish and felt a loooong way from home. By Kettering I reckoned I was almost high enough to get home and duly set off. The logger trace shows one turn near Olney and I remember steadily accelerating from there onwards. I finished at a 'very brisk pace' having done the last 50 km in 24 minutes, what a blast.

August 22nd: Dunstable Regionals DNS-EDG-BOZ-STS-DUN (see, I can speak trigraph). A racing day no less, during which the red mist definitely made an appearance. On each leg there were folks to be overtaken, folks overtaking me, choices of which set of clouds to follow, decisions about when to go

for the final glide, and would that fellow alongside me near the last turnpoint stay a few more turns in the thermal I was leaving and then come barrelling past a bit later on? A very entertaining flight achieved at my fastest speed yet, 78 kph, or 81 kph if you consider all the handicapping stuff. Not fast by pundit standards, but I beat some folks round the course, other folks beat me round and we all had a beer afterwards and out-nonsensed each other with tales of how I dun-nit.

Low Point

Hmmm, let me think, somewhere in Yorkshire maybe?

And What Next For 143?

Well, Partner 1 has done his Diamond Height twice but not done the Distance, so if I just do two of those we can 'jointly' send off our paperwork to the BGA. I've seen the Isle of Wight photos and it's very tempting to attempt to get Partner 2 signed off on this task, although that remarkably narrow strip of water still looks far too big to me. In the Regionals (Sutton Bank and Dunstable) this year we did okay, but still got soundly beaten by Libelles so that needs to be addressed either by rule changes, sabotage or heaven forbid, hard work and practise on the part of Team 143.

Martin Smith

New Timing For the Newsletter

Remember, the next newsletter has been pushed back by a month so that I can spread out my workload with preparing the newsletter and organising the Regionals over the summer. The next issues will therefore appear at the following times:

January 2003
March 2003
And every 2 months thereafter

Poet's Corner

I sail
on invisible airs.

In silence
I glide
to an unpredictable,
certain end.

The landscape
below

the sky
above,

I live,
I fly,
in a world between.

The blue
heights,

the tops
of the thunder-clouds
surge,
forever beyond me.

The earth below
is my destination,

but still

I circle and soar,
as the kites
and the buzzards do,

and the slim
white wings
flex
in the wind of my passing.

I look for lift
in the dark undersides
of the cumulus,

towering,
sharp-edged,
in the bright depths
of the sky.

I see,
far above me,
the racing mare's tails
of cirrus,

a front
coming in

and the end
of my flight.

I see the sun setting
and know
that the lift will die,
as I shall die

and the whispering airs
no longer
support me.

I watch
the diminishing
angle of glide
to an airfield
far
in the distance.

I speed
through the downdrafts.

I search
for lift.

I watch
and I wait

as slowly,
the crisis unfolds
and I go down

to the end
of a flight

beyond all expectation
or hope.

John White



Dates For your Diary

12-20 October
Talgarth Trip

26 October - 19.00 hrs
The Full Cat Challenge

2 November
**Bonfire Night &
Buttocks Trophy**

16 November
**Annual Dinner &
Prize Giving**

4th December - 19.00 hrs
CAA Safety evening
(at RAF Halton)

7th December - 19.00 hrs
Aerobatics Presentation
(Ray Stoward & Peter Miles)

11th January - 19.00 hrs
Safety Evening
(Peter Claiden)

15th February - 19.00 hrs
Valentines Dinner

8th March—19.00 hrs
Mountain Flying Presentation
(Ed Downham & Robin May)

15th March - 6th April
Cerdanya Club Expedition

15 - 22 March
Shobdon Trip

29 - 30 March
Dan Smith Trophy

Check out the details of the above events on the notice boards, where you will also find details of the various ground school courses.

The Great Escape 2040 AD

I am proud of my ability to keep my head in dangerous situations, even if the rest of my body dissolves into a quivering jelly. I am leaning with a studied casualness against the wall of the Bide-a-Wee Home for Distressed Gliderfolk, looking out to sea towards the place where Bedford used to be, before the global warming got properly out of hand, when Matron appears round the corner with two escorting nurses. I tap on the pipe with my walking stick, and the faint sounds of digging promptly cease.

Matron stops in front of me, her head slowly swivelling towards me like a tank turret, and her eyes levelling on mine. I try to avoid meeting her gaze, and find myself staring at the duelling scar on her cheek. Her mouth creaks into a smile but her eyes remain scowling.

‘Are we well today Mr Cooper?’ she said with an icy sweetness, ‘No sign of the old trouble I hope?’ I nod eagerly, give her my No. 3 (angelic) smile, and watch her as it doesn’t work. ‘And what are we up to, Mr Cooper? Trying to escape again? A little bird told me that you were on the Escape Committee, and I can well believe it. Trouble Maker! Where’s your friend Cornelius?’

‘Who?’

She barges into me, so I am sandwiched between her chest and the wall, her unshaven face only a foot from me. ‘Don’t give me that “Who?” business: you know damn well who David Cornelius is. You’re seen often enough in his low company.’

‘Oh! You mean Corny!’ I am gasping for breath, as she towers

nearly a foot above me. ‘Haven’t seen him since breakfast. Have you looked in the library? He’s often there.’

‘Cornelius? In The Library? That’ll be the day!’ I give her my smile No.4 (beatific), and it doesn’t work either. ‘Tell him I want to see him. After supper and before final roll-call. In my office, and tell him he’s in trouble!’ She backs off, and I slump back onto my feet. I am still breathing heavily when her party has passed the corner and disappeared, but I remember to give the double tap on the pipe.

Corny’s voice hisses from the grating by my knees. ‘Bloody hell, Richard, what was that all about? That’s the third time in an hour that she’s been around.’ I decide to tell him. He really should know.

‘They’ve got Phil Warner. They finally got the dirt on him. The spoil from “Harry”. In matron’s office, it went down his trouser leg and all over the floor. He couldn’t get to the vegetable plot quickly enough.’

‘Bloody Hell! They could hand him over to Gerricare for that!’

I am quite hardened to Corny’s language, but using words like ‘Gerricare’ openly in public, and without spitting afterwards, is unusual for him. The images it produces - the grim gateway under the words ‘It’s For Your Own Good’, the sugary smiles, the dripping needles and the soft slippers - would send a shiver down any spine.

‘He knew what to expect when he joined’, I reply, ‘We’ll do what we can for him.’ Even I don’t believe myself. I know that they found a

half-million map sewn into the lining of his jacket. Worse still, they found a roll of sticky white tape in his pocket.

My mind runs over the recent history of the home. Bide-a-Wee Luft IV, to give it its full title. First there was the Lasham Wire Job, when eight got away, and four of them made home runs. Then there was the success that we had when we got Dave Starer out via the drainpipe, and the disaster when Mark Burton tried the same thing. Now we were facing the biggest challenge: this month, the twenty first! Forecast to be the day of the century! We had to make a brave show of it! Two days to get results. ‘How’s it going Corny?’ I mutter, checking each way for unusual shadows at the building corners.

‘We’re through!’ comes the reply, ‘We’ve broken a small hole through into the old “Dick” tunnel, and we’re pushing Mark to and fro in the gap to widen it.’ I think of Mark, ever desperate to escape since he was caught begging in the Piccadilly Underground station with a sign around his neck saying ‘ASH 37 and wife to support’. So we are through to ‘Dick’ at last, the tunnel that we started from underneath Pete Stammell’s wheelchair in the exercise yard, only to be within inches of completion when he was suddenly repatriated to what he had claimed were his aboriginal lands at Lake Keepit.

It had been one of the great disappointments to us, almost as bad as the attempted escape made by Lofty Russell, disguised in the full uniform of an EU Sondereldergaardfuhrer, but discovered when it started to rain and the papier-mâché bodywork on his limousine began to sag. Lofty and the four-

teen inmates who were concealed under the bodywork were all recaptured, and forced to spend three months listening to Vera Lynn.

'Have you organised a diversion for this evening?' whispers Corny 'We're going to need a good one if the whole lot of us are going.'

'No problem.' I reply, 'I am going to tell Bryan Middleton that they are putting Bromide in his tea again. That should cause a worthwhile riot and keep them busy until the small hours.'

'He'll be livid if you leave him behind.'

'If I leave him behind, I can have the glider to myself.'

'You rotten sod! Have you organised any transport for the other side?'

'Not yet. Have you got anything going?'

'Yup, I'll be driving a horse and carriage. I fixed it with a friend in the theatrical business. No-one would ever think of horse-people harbouring evil intent.'

'Except foxes, perhaps.' I grab the chance: 'Any place in it for me?'

'Yeah. I need you. Dave Hook's doing the front end of the horse and you'd be a natural for the back end.'

A shadow appears at the corner, and I tap sharply on the pipe. To my surprise, Corny shuts up instantly and disappears. The shadow grows to enormous proportions, and Matron appears at the corner and tacks towards me, her assistants desperately retrimming her headgear to take the wind abeam. 'Who Were You Talking To?' she roars. 'You Were Talking To Someone!'

'I'm only practising for the Dramatics, Matron.' At least age hasn't slowed my wits too much. 'I've always wanted to play Hamlet.'

'Hamlet? You? Hamlet? To my Ophelia?' She cups my chin in her enormous hand, 'You'll be playing Yoric if I have anything to do with it.' She leans forward until I can hear the rivets in her underwear popping, 'Perhaps we should find somewhere *safer* for you. For Your Own Good, of course! So Where's Cornelius?'

'Did you try the library?' I gasp. I can do nothing else, but in desperation I give her smile No.7 (Imbecilic) and am quite dismayed when it seems to work.

'Fool! Never mind. I'll find him if I have to tear the place apart with my bare hands.' She drops me to

the ground, and storms off. 'Cornelius in the Library indeed!'

I sit there and gather my breath. There are things to do. Find Bryan and buy him a cup of tea. Cut the phone wires. Slip the Tarantulas into the top drawer of Matron's desk, and put a half-Euro coin under the light bulb in her desk lamp, so that it fuses the lights when she needs them most. Then get to the library. Technical section. Meet the others, and as soon as dusk falls, remove the last volume of OSTIV reports on the third shelf and thus open the trapdoor to the tunnel. There is no time to waste.

An ASW 42 sighs overhead wagging its wings. Ah, David, you sod, we'll be up there with you tomorrow.

Richard Cooper

Achievements

Name	Achievement	Date
David Mills	First Solo	1/8/02
Steve Phillips	First Solo (K23)	15/8/02
David Evans	Re-Soloed (after ... Years!)	15/8/02
Karen Killick	First Solo	16/8/02
Aidan Paul	First Solo	29/8/02
Peter Adshead	Bronze Course completed	2/9/02
Ken France	Solo (winch & a/t)	2/9/02
Tom Ross	Silver Height	2/9/02
Brian Newson	First Solo (winch & a/t)	16/9/02
Stuart Steel	First Solo	18/9/02
Russell Page	Asst Cat Instructor	24/9/02
Dill Faulkes	Solo (1st in gliders)	18/9/02
Simon Cattle	Silver Distance	4/10/02

Full Silver Badge and beyond are not detailed above as they are acknowledged in S&G. Make sure your name is on the list on the notice board so that we do not miss you out.

A Seventy Year Saga

Ted Hull takes us back a few years for some more reminiscence about our Club's past and its members.

Before last Christmas, I had a telephone call from a gentleman in London who was researching the history of an Alvis Speed 20 car he had just bought and his enquiry was about its being owned by a former Dunstable club member, Rolf Pasold, who was now 89 years old and living in Switzerland. I could not help him but he did agree to ask Rolf to contact me. I heard nothing for nine months and then got a letter advising that Rolf was visiting London and had some press cuttings and photos from early LGC days he would like to show me.

I met up with Rolf and he had the most fascinating story to tell. Three Pasold brothers, Eric, Rolf and Ingo, Austrian by birth, lived in Sudeten Czechoslovakia and ran the family textile factory which had operated for over 200 years.

In the early thirties, Ingo distrusted the economic and political situation and persuaded the brothers to move to England where they set up a textile factory at Slough making children's clothes under the 'Ladybird' brand name. The company prospered to the effect that, when sold in the sixties, the workforce numbered 5,000.

In 1935, the three brothers arrived at LGC but Eric, the eldest, was too impatient to wait around to fly and soon moved on to power flying. Rolf and Ingo persevered with gliding and they soon bought a Rhonbussard for £115 from Schleicher. After unpacking it from its transit crate, Ingo insisted

on flying it immediately in spite of the fact that he had only 5 solo hours to his credit. He took a launch, flew successfully and made a perfect landing, confounding those who had taken bets that he would bend it!

During the 1938 Munich crisis, Beryl Stephenson had been staying with the Pasold family in Czechoslovakia and managed to get back to England, crossing Germany on a troop train, but that is another story.



Rolf Pasold—1938

The Bussard was flown extensively including competing in the British Nationals. Power flying was also indulged in. Ingo, much less cautious than his brother Rolf, became a very press-on glider pilot and, at the 1938 Rhon contest, won the Junior Class, flying a MU13.

At the outbreak of war in 1939, Rolf, who had taken out British nationality, applied to fly with the RAF but wisely decided to decline their only aircrew offer of training as an air gunner. Some time later, he joined Philip Wills who was running the ATA ferrying warplanes around the country, an occupation Rolf described as being the best job going anywhere.

Ingo, meanwhile, had returned to Czechoslovakia, was trapped by the outbreak of war and was drafted into the Luftwaffe where he got involved in trying to rectify problems which had shown up in equipping troop carrying gliders with arrester parachutes and which had caused many fatal accidents. Ingo himself suffered a broken back in a flying accident and after many months recovering, was posted to a Messerschmitt 163 training unit. His back was broken again in another crash and he was still in hospital when word came that Russian troops were only hours away from over-running them. He was asked if he could fly out three other people in a Bf 108 and managed this, taking the weight off his damaged back by leaning on his elbows. He took off at dawn and flew for four hours at

treetop level to avoid the marauding American P51 fighters. He had no maps but managed to locate his family factory and landed at an airstrip nearby. He then turned up at his mother's house but she did not recognise him at first.

After the German surrender, Rolf had the job of ferrying medical supplies in an Anson to a liberated POW camp in southern Germany and, when he got there, he asked the American camp commandant if he could borrow his Jeep and go and visit his mother 100 miles away. This he did and, only a month later, elder brother Eric also turned up in the uniform of a British army major.

Going back to the story about the car, in 1946, Rolf decided to try and rescue it from the Czech factory where it had been stored during the war. From a bus, nearing the family home, he saw a red car, half covered in snow on a garage forecourt and thought it looked like his old Alvis. He got off the bus and found to his amazement that it was indeed his car. The garage proprietor told him that it had been brought in by a communist commissar to be converted to run on Calor gas. Rolf told him to do nothing and then sought out the local authorities to claim the car back as his.

To give himself more clout, he claimed to be an official of the United Nations Refugee Relief Organisation and, wearing a camel hair coat, he obviously suggested wealth and position in that poor and struggling country. He browbeat some very aggressive officials and eventually got them to give him the required paperwork to support his claim. Back at the garage, he collected the car and persuaded a local farmer to tow it 15 miles to the factory with a couple of horses.

Rolf had taken some hundreds of cigarettes with him, as this was the most effective currency. A few

packets were swapped for a dozen bottles of Czech brandy and then he had to find some petrol. Chauffeurs of official cars outside authority offices readily let him have fuel for a few cigarettes and he built up a stock of jerricans which he concealed in the back of the car under a wooden cover. At 4 am one morning, he set off to drive back to England and a few cigarettes saw him safely across the Czech/German border. With fuel getting low, he did a deal with some American Jeep drivers who filled his jerricans for a couple of bottles of brandy. Rolf suspected the quality of the Czech liquor and did not wait for the bottles to be opened but drove off as quickly as he could.

He got as far as Brussels but had no money whatsoever. So he used his UNRRA ploy at an officers' club and was fed and accommodated there for a couple of days.

Arriving at the Channel coast just as a troopship was about to leave for England, he waved and shouted at them to leave the gangway in place until he had driven on board. He said nobody questioned who he was or what he was doing and his only problem was with the Customs who refused to let him bring in the remainder of the brandy. This problem was easily solved – he threw it into the dock!

Rolf then drove up to their British factory where Ingo was living in a small apartment. Ingo was amazed to see the car – he had been trying to get an import licence for it from the Board of Trade but they kept refusing to consider it.

Rolf and Ingo did not continue gliding for long after the war and the Bussard was sold. What I was able to tell Rolf was that this aircraft is still fit and well and is one of the few airworthy gliders at the magnificent Wasserkuppe Museum. It appeared at the International Vintage Rally at Achmer at the end of July.

Rolf and Ingo also operated an RF5 from Booker for many years and, after selling their 'Ladybird' company, emigrated to Switzerland and Canada respectively.

This fascinating story of initiative and success is indicative of the talents of the early members who gave the London Gliding Club such a good start in life.

Ted Hull



Ingo Pasold

We're Glider Pilots ... Get Us Out Of Here!

Another epic adventure of gliding, long distance trailer driving and digital photography as Robin May and Edward Downham lead a motley crew of club members around France, Switzerland and Austria in the summer of 2002.

Friday 28 June 2002

Arrive at Dunstable at 11 am just in time to see YM with Robin and Pete plus lifejackets leaving for their cross channel dash to Troyes in France, en route to Birrfeld near Zurich, Switzerland.

Various members of the team drift up and begin sorting out luggage, cars and trailers. We are 12 in total with three gliders, ASH 25 13, the Club's Duo Discus and LS4 70.

Andrew discovers he has no passport, triggering major sense of humour failure in the May family, not to say the team. Helen Downham disappears with a panic-stricken Andrew to home and a distinctly unimpressed Mrs May. Passport is located and all is well.

Team all present now, and the convoy rolls down the drive to farewells from assorted relatives, interested parties and on-lookers.

We are currently lacking one key member... Anthony Claiden, multilingual extraordinaire and chief battery charger. Anthony's education is getting in the way of his gliding so he will fly out to meet us in a few days.

Easy convoy run to Dover, working our way through Andrew's downloaded MP3 collection which ranges from garage through garden shed to easy listening.

We board the Sea France ferry in eager anticipation of a seaborne gastronomic treat... escargots, foie gras and claret, only to be sorely

disappointed by dire canteen food. We disembark around midnight and set off for Switzerland, some 500 miles away.

Saturday 29 June

A long trip ahead. Fitful snoozing in car when not driving, and dawn appears at 4 am. Continue on through day.

Edward arrives at the Swiss border first, and buys Swiss motorway tickets for all, but the other two trailers arrive minutes later and pay £60 each to border police. The policeman refuses to refund money... he is wearing a firearm, so the team beats a hasty retreat. Much mayhem results, with eventual refund of cash from helpful tax lady.

On to Birrfeld, Switzerland, where Robin and Pete have spent a comfortable night. Beautiful day, lovely airfield, lots of immaculate Swiss gliders. We make contact with Robin and Pete who look relaxed, well watered and fed and clean shaven, and are directed straight across to the trailer rack to rig all 3 gliders. Lots of activity at airfield with gliders, a dirigible, aerobatic aircraft, twins, ultralights etc, all sharing the circuit.

Team increasingly exhausted from travelling. The Great Plan is to fly all three gliders and Yankee Mike to Mollis, one of the ex-military airfields which are found in various Swiss valleys, and use it as our first base.

However, Mollis have no idea what is to descend on them and we have no real idea of a likely reception. The premise is that if a glider lands first then it will be difficult for them to refuse us.

David in 70 reaches Mollis first and reports that the natives are

friendly. The trailers arrive next, followed by the big gliders and the team is reunited. So far the organisation has been (near) flawless but things take a turn for the worse. We can't all fit in one hotel, and Andy B had found a second hotel for four of us. Unfortunately he couldn't remember where it was, so much time and angst was expended driving round Swiss village lanes in darkness until it was eventually located. Everyone meets for a welcome evening meal after what feels like years of travelling.

Sunday 30 June

A breakfast briefing and off to the airfield. The weather is warm and hazy, so no big tasks are planned. The airfield lies in a valley with near vertical rock faces on either side, opening to the North into a plain with a large lake close by. Most of us engage in some local soaring, trying to learn the principles of mountain flying and speed control with varying degrees of success.

Robin does a 140 knot low pass down the runway with most of the team prostrate on the centre line trying for the photo of the trip.

Monday 1 July

There is an early change of plan, dictated by the weather. The Plan is to move to Samedan, 90 kms south in the Engadine valley... half the team had already booked into new hotel in Glarus... mental note... don't try to pre-empt our leaders.

Rapid retrieval of luggage from new hotel results in hotel mayhem. We also learn that Mollis airfield is to be closed in the afternoon and taken over by the military so no aircraft movements will be allowed and Yankee Mike risks being impounded as a spyplane.



The team meets at Mollis with CFI Kurt Baumgartner (photo: Roger)

the most ruthlessly efficient airfield staff, all clad in red uniforms, who insist on packing the tug and gliders away into spacious hangars with customary Swiss precision.

Tuesday 2 July

We wake to low cloud and drizzle. Not good. Much battery recharging and displacement activity. Peter arrives from Zurich and an overnight stay, having picked up Anthony who arrived via Easy-Jet.

Low cloudbase continues so we lunch at Samedan's airfield restaurant, watching men dangling on a string under a helicopter.

ors pair of trousers appears so glider pilots know all will be well.

After a breakfast briefing of the usual wild optimism, the team adjourns to Samedan airfield where clouds cling to surrounding hills and rain begins to fall. Decision time. Robin and Edward disappear to consult web runes and another cunning plan is formulated.

The gliders will be derigged, and the destination based on likely weather patterns is Schading-Suben, a small airfield north of Salzburg in Austria. If the weather behaves, a task from Schading, north to the Turingerwald may be on. Team will drive through beautiful scenery and along lovely motorways via Innsbruck and Salzburg. Rain falls harder. The ASH 25 team smirk smugly as their derig proceeds completely in the dry, in an enormous hangar, although men in red curiously absent.

13 and LGC are prepared with Edward and Andy B off first to sniff. 13 with Robin and Roger is launched. Yankee Mike flies back to Mollis, drops the rope and flies to Bad Ragaz as staging point with David and Tom. Everyone else hits the road to Samedan via the Julierpass. When we are airborne, we get news that an emergency locator beacon has been reported by the police to have gone off, resulting in frantic testing of the gliders' ELTs, but all seems well... it's not us.

A magnificent flight develops, climbing from dynamic slope lift, through rotor and into wave at 17,000 ft over Chur to Samedan, soaring over the Piz Bernina at 12,000 ft and then meeting up visually with trailers as they top the Julierpass.

Yankee Mike gets the green light to fly on to Samedan via Davos, and we all meet up in the early evening. Samedan is noted both for being the highest civil airfield in Europe at 5,600 ft and having

Planning for tomorrow's move continues apace. A large map covering most of Europe is spread out to general consternation... Robin is aiming to test the teams' trailer driving skills to the limit by crossing 3 frontiers... Switzerland-Italy-Austria-Slovenia. Weather permitting, the Plan is to fly about 400 km east to Lesce-Bled in Slovenia. The trailers are to leave by 10 am, followed by the gliders at maybe midday and then YM. Bolzano in Italy is identified as the first bolt hole followed by Mainz and then Lesce-Bled. Pizza and beers tonight.

Wednesday 3 July

Up early at 7am. Look out of hotel window... cloudbase on the hills and light drizzle in village. The TV weather forecast looks better... no rain and little suns peeping out from little white clouds. Temp 24-25, with light winds. Down to breakfast. Hotel proprietor says weather is going to be good... will rain all day! What do locals know about weather? A patch of blue sky the size of a sail-

Lunch, and much peering up northwards as YM will have to break out of the valley between cloudbase and some very hard stuff. Departure from Samedan is delayed by a trouser moment involving brand new leather upholstery in Barry's BMW and Andy B's clothing.

The convoy eventually leaves for the drive northeast. It is said that the devil finds work for idle minds. He zeroes in on the Sharan and soon Andrew and Anthony are practising their in-glider bladder relief skills with much rustling of polythene and hilarity. As we leave Switzerland to audible sighs of relief from our wallets, an Austrian police radar trap narrowly misses being the recipient of a well aimed full freezer bag.

Meanwhile YM with Robin, Edward and Pete passes overhead through brightening skies. David, in the last car, has rigged up his laptop with Autoroute linked to his GPS and after some easy motor-

way running begins to amaze the cars occupants with the pinpoint accuracy of the combination. Hair-pin bends, torturous routes through small villages are predicted with astonishing accuracy until we eventually miss one small turn and are then rerouted down single track Austrian roads through neat villages with bemused inhabitants looking on. The convoy radio traffic crackles with talk of average groundspeeds, fuel consumption and ETA at Schading.

Robin phones to reassure us that YM has landed safely, the natives are friendly and accommodation is booked, so we press on and arrive at about 9:30 pm. The airfield manager has kindly arranged for the restaurant at the flying club to stay open for us and the Austrian version of Geoff Billington soon has succulent steaks sizzling to general approval while Adrian has a transcendental gliding moment. Whole team booked into one hotel... another first for the trip.

Thursday 4 July

The night was disturbed by the sound of incessant rain and a grey overcast greeted us. An early breakfast, and off to the airfield. All three gliders are rigged, and local check flights proceed amid gusty crosswind conditions interspersed with torrential showers. Anthony is assigned the task of Air Traffic Controller in the tower due to his impressive German language skills. Cumulus appear on the horizon, cloudbase rises as do teams spirits and everyone flies something, although only local soaring and circuit bashing. Another great effort from the one man catering operation keeps the team happy and even the local mayor gets in on the act with formal photos of us and the flying club dignitaries.

Meanwhile our leaders have consulted their crystal weather balls and plans are hatched for another move, this time to Wiener-Neustadt, south of Vienna. This

will place us in a good position for access to some real alpine flying and act as a stepping stone to Slovenia later in the week. Possibly.

Friday 5 July

Blue skies. Yippee. Early breakfast and planning for day. Big gliders are to attempt a task running west-east along the Austrian Alps to take them to Wiener-Neustadt by evening, with 70 being aerotowed to within gliding range of the airfield. Hot blue conditions at the airfield with a low inversion of 4,000 ft limit the opportunity of starting from Schading so YM undertakes a marathon tow of 40 mins and 54 miles SE to 10,000 QFE to drop 13 with the Mays, Major and Minor, and subsequently LGC with Edward and David for the start of a task that took them west to Zell am See and eventually east to Wiener-Neustadt, landing at 19.40. LGC accompanied 13 for most of the task and ended the flight with a nail-biting 66 km final glide through the Semmering pass at tree skimming heights.

Back at the ranch, lunch was consumed courtesy of mine host, with local entertainment provided by a Katana picking up an advertising banner using a large hook on a string and a pair of posts. Success first time and it disappeared off to inform the local populace of something or other. Adrian and Tom flew 70 locally in the blue, and handed over to Barry who undertook the transfer flight of 218 kms to within soaring range of Wiener-Neustadt, with picturesque views of the Danube en route. As luck would have it the towrope had been noted to be almost worn through so a rapid change was made and Tom undertook to display some of his nautical rope splicing skills the following day.

Trailers were hitched up and the convoy began the 4-hour drive to Wiener-Neustadt through rolling agricultural countryside. Arriving in Wiener-Neustadt, the airfield

was so large we couldn't find it, taking in the Diamond aircraft works, an industrial estate and a shopping mall before a white Audi containing Mrs Trimmel and Anthony appeared to shepherd us in.

The team reunited, gliders were cleaned and a link up was made with Hermann Trimmel. Hermann is wearing his Barron Hilton T-shirt, and they don't give those away with Cornflakes. Hermann is a veteran of record breaking alpine flights and a fund of information for Robin and Edward with regard to local conditions.

The utter civilisation of the continent was again demonstrated with the club restaurant providing beers and a very tasty mixed grill, late in the evening, and much appreciated by all. At 11.30 a move was made to the hotel kindly arranged for us by Hermann. Once again the essentially co-operative nature of glider pilots was shown by the only car with a road map to the hotel being in the last car with no communication of any sort with the others. Hotel mayhem resulted with the Sharan successfully completing the hotel run but having to return to pick up the other two cars plus the baggage trailer which by this time were hopelessly lost in the dark wilderness. After a very long day nerves were a little stretched by all this but everyone ended up in the right hotel... eventually.

Saturday 6 July

Dawn... blue sky, southerly wind and breakfast in a dining room festooned with the junk of centuries collected by the family who had owned and run the hotel since 1888. We set out for Wiener-Neustadt airfield and a briefing. After yesterday's exhausting flights, relatively local flying was planned.

The airfield is absolutely huge, 4 miles around the perimeter, making it the largest grass flying site in Europe. It is the cradle of Aus-



trian aviation where flying began in 1910 or so and during WW2, it was the site of one of the principal factories producing the Messerschmitt Bf109. As a result of this, the whole area suffered heavy bombing during WW2. Reaching the launch point took 15 minutes by car so those of us used to a gentle stroll around Dunstable had a big surprise.

We arrived at the aerotow launch point at 12:15 to find that aerotowing ceased for 2 hours from 12:30 to 14:30 because of local noise restrictions. Winching however continued so 13 and LGC were duly despatched with launches to 2,700 ft asl. Both soared the local ridges and on out to the Schneeberg and Raz mountains. Tom and Roger launched for a 2 hour thermal flight over the locality and landed for Peter and Adrian to take over only to find aerotowing had ceased! A long, long walk back to picket the gliders and then back to hotel for supper and alcohol.

The team gained a new and welcome member in the form of Helen Downham who jetted in to Wien and was met by Edward and Barry. An active front was approaching as flying ended and the evening ended to the accompaniment of thunder, lightning and high winds.

Sunday 7 July

Overcast and windy with a change

in wind direction to the North. After a (relatively) late start and breakfast, we made our way to the airfield to suss out the day. After some discussion, Helen, Edward, Barry and Phil decided to spend the day discovering the civilised delights of Wien, and left in Barry's car.

The rest of us trusted that the passage of the front would bring some soaring possibilities and got the 3 gliders ready after a relaxing coffee and pizza baguette produced by the ever helpful club restaurateur who also provided a free forecast and assured us that things would get better.

The wind was 10 kts gusting to 15 so the local parachutists had abandoned their activities and we ambled over to inspect their Dornier twin decked out in the most extraordinary colour scheme, with an eagle's head over the nose and the rest of the aircraft covered in feathers. Andy B asked about a tandem jump but the hard men standing by the aircraft told him to come back on Wednesday... probably just testing his resolve.

A significant problem appeared with the discovery that we were no longer allowed by the military, who run the airfield during the week, to use a British registered aircraft for towing, so our plans as a self contained unit took a major knock. Since we were also running into the 2 hour lunchtime ban on aerotowing, and the Cus were starting to appear, 13 and LGC with took winch launches at 9 Euros each. Much to our relief the winch launch point was at the hangar end of the field so we didn't feel too isolated.

Both gliders contacted wave although it topped out at 8,500 ft. Tom and Roger took a launch at 5pm but the day was dying and, following a 6kt average climb to 5,000 ft, failed to find another and sank back to earth.

We were met by Hermann and his wife who had arranged an evening out at a local vineyard to taste the new wine and we were joined by other members of his club. Having heard of our expertise in hotel location Hermann insisted on leading us in his car, and a very convivial supper of local dishes followed with much discussion of mountain flying.

Of course, to the average UK glider pilot, flying in real mountains is something of a black art and we listened in awed silence to tales of huge rotor, massive sink, tiny isolated alpine landing fields and so on. Not to be outdone we countered with descriptions of wild Scottish airfields where the tarmac runway is only 3 ft wide, Welsh sites the size of a grass postage stamp, and scratching days when 100k triangles are a real achievement.

Hermann is a professional meteorologist and the WeatherJack of Austria, running a website on which he assigns exclamation marks from ! for a good day to !!! for the day of days although he is sparing with !!!s. He predicted a !! for Monday so we returned to the hotel anticipating great things.

Monday 8 July

Weather hot and blue. Anticipated early start to day began with big tasks planned for big gliders, and smaller ones for the baby glider. The ASH and Duo are to try for an 800k o/r with Hermann flying his LS6. The water supplies have run low, so en-route to the airfield, the team picks the only supermarket in Austria that doesn't stock still water. Precious minutes tick by as a shopping mall is found and the appropriate bottles obtained.

A Mad dash to the airfield finds Hermann already gridded in his LS6. Unfortunately we had forgotten to put our beach towels down and an unseemly scramble then follows with determined movements forward in the launch queue

of a Pik and PW5 although Hermann thought he had sorted all this out for us. Anglo-Austrian relations thaw a little as the PW5 agrees to step aside and the ASH with Robin and Tom eventually launches followed by the Duo with Edward and Adrian and they set off for a task to the west.

70 is allocated for the day which becomes ever hotter and bluer. Roger is allocated first session and launches for a first flight on type. A 3,000 ft tow on a short rope and a hot struggle to 4,600 ft follows with a float up and down the Hohn Wand, the local hill, a fairly impressive sheer cliff face populated by hang gliders, restaurants etc. Barry is next in 70 but his heart isn't in it and the small group of us who declare the day an official scorchio and exit for a cool drink in the local hills, pass him on finals over the motorway after 30 minutes of fruitless soaring. Phil launches for a slightly longer

scratch and we await the return of the big gliders.

They have had a tricky time with a slow start to the Semmering pass. Conditions to the west looked very poor so they follow what Cus there are south and manage to cross into Hungary, gazing down at concrete communal housing and huge fields as opposed to the neat strip farming of Austria. They briefly poke a nose into Slovenia thereby achieving at least one aim of the whole expedition, and head for home.

Meanwhile Roger had been chatting to an elderly local. He had learned to glide in 1940 with the Hitler youth, flying Primaries, Grunau Babies and Kranichs. His excellent English had been picked up whilst detained "somewhere in the UK" in 1943!

The Duo returns first, followed by 13. Tom is extracted from the rear cockpit having locked himself into

one position and at some point in the flight "losing the will to live" but clutching a digital camera containing many shots of LGC all at slightly different angles against slightly different backgrounds!

The evening is spent with Hermann and his wife in another pleasant Austrian restaurant trying to work exactly what a !! means.

Tuesday 9 July

Hotter and yet bluer. The weather pattern dictates a move west from Weiner-Neustadt and frankly most of us are relieved to escape the increasing difficulties of operating from the site. Our Austrian hosts have been fantastic in helping us but the workings of the military mind are difficult to fathom and the sheer scale and bleakness of the airfield is a problem. The plans to leave require the skills of a systems analyst and a flow chart for simpletons to follow.



Roger held his camera out of the glider to capture the reflection of Piz Bernina, southeast of Samedan, on the canopy of the Ash.

A few miserable Cus keep appearing and disappearing over the ridges to the SW and it is clear that the way west will not be easy. YM is granted one tow only, so a long high tow for 13 is planned. Hermann has kindly arranged for a tug pilot to turn up to help us and the Duo is then launched to lob into Voslau, a small airfield about 10 miles to the N. YM then returns from the long high tow of 13 to pick up the Duo and gives LGC a longer and higher tow to ensure a successful flight with 13 to the next destination, Zell am See.

YM then stages to the small gliding club at Treiben to await the arrival of the 3 trailers, and swap both pilot and backseaters with car crews to give everyone a fair share of flying. 13 and LGC have found increasingly soarable conditions and reach 15,000 ft in wave at Mayrhofen, 70 km west of Zell, before landing at 19.45 to meet the crews and make for the hotel.

Tom, Roger and Andrew fly along the valley in YM, us admiring the impressive alpine landscape and Tom frantically calculating the engine-off glide performance of YM and land at Zell am See to await the arrival of the gliders in the Flugplatz stuben, and first 13, and then the Duo land. 13 elects to land on the runway although, on base leg, Robin was still deciding whether or not to divvy up the landing fees. Having seen the (short) grass strip for segelflugs, he decides to spend, spend, spend and puts the ASH down on the tarmac. Ed follows with a spot landing on the grass, and we are met by Birt, the local gliding club instructor/tug pilot. To Birt everything is "no problem", and the gliders are duly put away in his hangar, and accommodation booked in downtown Zell. A desperate search at 9.55 for an open restaurant is rewarded by a pleasant meal and bed.

Wednesday 10 July

Cloudy and high cover initially,

thunderstorms later. Down to the airfield to rig 70 and prepare the Duo. Zell is actually a very small site with a short tarmac runway aligned 08/26 and an even shorter grass glider strip. At the western end of the runway are a road and some substantial trees, together with a golf course.

This combination together with virtually no wind on the field made launching 13 impossible and the Duo a finely judged exercise... but to Birt, the tug pilot... "no problem". First to go in the nature of a sacrificial lamb was Tom in 70... "no problem." Next were Ed and Roger in LGC, with the tail-wheel on the runway verge and a plan to pull off if not airborne when passing the Cessna twin parked in front of the hangars. Birt did his stuff, "no problem", LGC cleared the trees and towed to 6,000 ft to be sure of contacting lift on the south facing upper slopes. The Duo was soon at 9,000 ft and starting to explore the area as conditions improved. We crossed south to the Kaprun ski area and climbed to 11,000 ft in dynamic lift from the heated slopes, and ran the razor edged ridges and grubby grey glaciers.

As the afternoon wore on, thunderstorm activity began to grow and we set off for the airfield at St Johann am Tirol. The sky darkened ominously, cloudbase decreased and dark tendrils hung from cloud edges as we made for St Johann. Lightning flashed nearby and the tightness of my parachute harness suddenly became a priority. As we descended, the airfield initially reported light N winds but as the low level turbulence began to develop, they advised winds of 20 kts gusting to 30. In crashing sink we made the runway, ran the glider off the tarmac and tied it down with screw pickets as torrential rain and high winds thrashed the airfield. After a welcome beer, Robin arrived to ferry us back to Zell, a meal and sleep.

Thursday 11 July

Low cloud clinging to the hills over Zell. A slow start to the day. Andy B has to leave the expedition early, and we make for the airfield. The plan was to try and transfer the ASH to St Johann by a tow, with Robin solo in 13, to maximize takeoff potential but this is scuppered by the lowering cloudbase and drizzle. The opportunity is seized to update the website stats and much computing occurs. 13 and 70 are de-rigged in the afternoon and we set off for St Johann, as the post frontal clearance appears. Accommodation is arranged and Edward spots a local brewery for the evening's entertainment.

Friday 12 July

St Johann.

The day starts hot and clear but mid-level alto Cu appears and spoils the prospects. Much effort and gaffer tape expended by Adrian to arrange a wingtip camera on 13. The photo session begins and results awaited with bated breath. 13 and LGC launch to the local hot spot, a small ridge 6,000 ft asl (3,800 QFE) as the Cu start to appear. Cloudbase doesn't rise much and they fly relatively locally to pose for Adrian's camera. The LS4 joins them to soar the local slope ridge, all gliders being planted at the right point by an excellent local tug pilot. No big tasks, so more local flying for 13 and LGC into the evening, soaring the lower slopes of the Wilder Kaiser and the Kitzbuhlerhorn, the local mountains.

Resident on the airfield, we find G-WAVE, the Grob 109 owned by a Dunstable syndicate, Malcolm Murdoch and Colin Wray, and meet a longstanding LGC member, Godfrey Franzl who now lives nearby at Lofer and flies the Grob. Small world. The plans to stay at this delightful spot are sunk by the discovery that 400 Harley Davidson bikers are arriving the next day for a meet and the airfield will close at 11 am. Not having

brought our leather biker gear with us, the team decide to up sticks.

Off to the beer tower in St Johann for another sampling of local brews and a panoramic view of the magnificent Wilder Kaiser massif, followed by a unproductive wander round the town centre looking for food. After being refused entry by our hotel for being too late to eat, we find a subterranean restaurant manned by fearfully blond, cropped and leather trousered waiters who served up gargantuan portions of food with great efficiency. Once again, Adrian adds to his collection of great ice creams of Europe, and we turned in.



The Ash soaring the rocks east of St Johann (photo Adrian Hobbs)

Saturday 13 July

Warm and humid.

Up early to plan the journey home. Down to the airfield where the beer tables were already being erected in anticipation of the arrival of hundreds of Harleys. Both the two-seaters were de-rigged, and the team flopped down to recuperate and watch the local parachutists leap out of their Cessna, one having to cut away to his reserve chute amid much consternation.

At 10.30, we finally left in convoy down the single-track road out of the club. Unfortunately no one had told the Austrians arriving for the meet and a head-to-head meeting led to a heated impasse ending in the locals taking to the field to allow us on our way.

A long motorway drive followed via the outskirts of Munich aiming for the French border. Hagenau airfield, north of Strasbourg, was identified as a likely destination and the team set off. Apart from a temporary navigational inexactitude in Karlsruhe resulting in us taking the pretty way through a town twinned with Nottingham, all went well. We reached Hagenau

who thought the rota was another wind-up!

By morning all wheels were still in place and a bunch of bleary eyed glider pilots convened for breakfast. No flying, and a run for the coast was on. YM waited for the weather to improve and set off for Reims, landing at Reims-Prunay and linking with the road crew for a crew swap.

The final leg was taken at a brisk pace to make the earlier ferry at 7.15, and we arrived in good time for a smooth crossing.

As we crossed France, David decided to try and book the traditional Dunstable end of trip curry at the Tandoori on Dover front. No phone number could be found for the Star of India, Dover, but a table for 8 was duly booked at the Taste of India. No doubt they are still wondering where the trade went as we parked in front of Dover Castle and strolled down to the Light of India! A final thrash down the M20, onto the M25 and the club was reached at near midnight. Baggage unloaded. Sleep beckons. For two days.

Once again, a huge vote of thanks must go to Robin, Edward and Peter for organising, planning, and flying us all safely around Europe to fascinating, challenging and memorable places. These trips are very enjoyable and depend to a great degree on the patience, good humour and adaptability of the members of the group and, in this, they did not disappoint. Please have a look at the website at www.may.uk.net (Euro2002 expedition) and enjoy the images of the trip, together with Tom's diary, a wry and alternative account of the trip.

Roger Colbeck

on a drizzly evening, the tug having preceded us, landed and organised accommodation in a local hotel.

Unfortunately a huge field opposite was full of caravans and immediate concern was expressed concerning the safety of Barry's alloys so a watch rota was hurriedly approved, with one hour watches over the trailers occurring. Tapping on Phil's door at 4.30 in the morning to hand over resulted in a bleary eyed vision

Obituaries

Dick Cooper

Andy Roch wrote these words for Dick.

As many of you will know Dick Cooper died after a period of difficult health. Few people know of his history with the Club, as he was a quiet, gentle and private man.

He kept our ground equipment in good condition over a period of some 25 years and we all got used to seeing him at work. I am quite sure that we will always remember his excellent winch launches.

He was a wonderful man. He would get to work on the largest of our kit and would make no fuss about fixing the things that we broke time and time again. He knew where to get all the parts and how to separate two halves of massive tractors and put them back together again using kit that was nearly as old as the tractors themselves.

He kept a watchful eye on the youngsters and frequently, gently nudged them back onto the rails. I miss him as I am sure that so many of us will. His ashes were scattered on the Downs and he will look over us as he rests in peace.

Colin Beaumont

Rupert Robertson remembers Colin.

It was a great shock to all of us to discover that Colin Beaumont had passed away unexpectedly in the night of 21st/22nd September in his sleep.

Colin first joined the London Gliding Club in 1997 and cheerfully enjoyed a variety of flying activities during his years of membership.

He was well known at the club and contributed in a number of ways, particularly in helping to run the Clubhouse and social functions during recent years. He will also be missed in helping many visitors to enjoy Air Experience Flights during summer evenings. Colin was involved in the media and public broadcasting, having worked for many years at the BBC as a Studio Manager. In more recent times he had been enjoying his new activity of making films for the Discovery Channel.

Colin had recently been making so many positive plans for the future, and I am sure that you will join me in offering our sincere condolences to his fiancée, son, daughter and family at this sad time.



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CLUB MEMBER



Lost Property

There are various items of clothing still unclaimed in the office.

A small toolkit has also been found.

If these items are not claimed by the end of October, we will dispose of them.

Contact Val in the Office.

From the Chairman's Cockpit...

As I write, and certainly as you read, the season is more or less over unless, of course, you are JJ who opened the lecture season with tales of how to soar through the winter. I understand that the following morning, with solid mist on the hill, every glider was out bright and early in the hope of the first winter wave!

The end of the year produced some surprisingly good weather with more notable days after the Regionals than any previous year I can remember. The Regionals was, as usual, a great event and my thanks to all of the team who made this year's competition such a success; Andy French did a great job as Director, ably supported by the rest of the team. The week presented us with some very interesting weather and "interesting" tasks, all peppered with the usual good-humoured cut-throat competition.

Congratulations to the winners, Warren Kay in the Red Class and Malcolm Birch in the Blue Class. Warren explained to the rest of us that his secret was not having flown for four years.

Malcolm Birch's technique was equally interesting. He moved house in the same week which is often quoted as one of life's most stressful episodes, yet arrived relaxed (at least outwardly) on the launch point each day, although on occasions long after the rest of his class had launched and gone! I'm now considering a sabbatical from gliding and moving house in August 2006.

During the competition Jay Rebeck paid a visit and flew to Ludlow and back at 121.13kph to claim a number of 300k O/R records. On the same day, those of us in the comp flew at a more pedestrian pace since we were sent north into clag before being allowed to sample the better conditions to the west! That's my excuse anyway.

Dunstable pilots have also been having success elsewhere taking three of the first four places in the Open Nationals. Peter Sheard was 4th, Pete Harvey 3rd, and in first place, Robin May flying a positively antique ASH 25 against the newer Nimbus 4s and ASW 22s. Well done, Robin.

On the more mundane side, we have recently carried out some repairs to the roof of the bar store area and we are about to start work on the peritrack too. Could I ask all members please to keep to the peritrack, especially during the winter months? At the bottom of the hill behind the SW Run there are two further tracks appearing that will gradually get worn away if used during poor weather. As we approach the winter, I would ask that we all try and keep vehicles off the field as much as possible when the ground is wet. 4 x 4s may well be able to get about without getting stuck but the way that they are often driven can cause even more damage.

Could I also remind everyone of our responsibility to visitors? If you see people who obviously do not know their way around the air-

field, please point them in the right direction. If you bring visitors, please remember that, as your guests, they are your responsibility whilst on site. In particular they should be signed into the visitors' book if being entertained in the bar.

Finally, our sympathies go out to the family of Dick Cooper, who worked for the club for over 30 years and has passed away after a period of illness and to the family of Colin Beaumont who also recently passed away. Obituaries appear elsewhere in these pages.

Mark Newland-Smith

WELCOME

TO NEW CLUB MEMBERS:

- Lloyd Duhaney
- Mark Erlund
- David Evans
- Ian Peacock
- Stephen Phillips
- Peter Roberts
- Philip Rose
- Anneliese Rutson
- Daniel Subhani
- John Crawshaw Taylor
- Louis Richard Whitfield
- Stefan Winter

Et Bienvenue à:

- Daniel Jamin

Next Deadline - 29th December

Gliders for Sale

Adverts are limited to 35 words and cannot carry any photograph. Advertising is free to club members but will cost £5.00 to non-members.

- **Lak 12** '236'. Trailer, radio, tresles, covers, oxygen, CofA Feb 01. Priced to sell at £14000. Bryan Middleton 01582 872892.

- **Slingsby Grasshopper**. The easy-to-rig primary glider. With excellent aluminium-clad trailer, spares and tripod for ground-based training. Outright sale or syndicate considered. Value £4000. F. Russell at LGC or 01462 672532.

- **Discus 2a**. Slim fuselage. All new outfit with Cobra trailer & superb panel. Would anyone be interested in a non-Nationals weekend share or operating share. Peter Sheard 01525 222887.

- **Ventus 2CT** '170'. 1/4 share incl. amongst many toys: 1-man-towout gear, Filser computer, Garmin Pilot 3, horizon, 720 channel radio, Cobra trailer. John Marshall 07836 353344 or 0208 4582155.

- **DG 300** '175'. 1400 hours, 700 launches. Complete outfit. £18000. Alan Garfield 0208 445 5513.

- **Std Libelle** '428'. 2 1/4 shares. Fantastic condition, low hours & no repairs. Good kit including parachute, full panel & radio. Trailer recently replaced. £2500 each. Gill Lynn 01582 793989 (home) & ArmstrongGillian@aol.com or Carol Marriott 01442 872260 (home).

- Flapped **Vega 15m** 'FNK'. 1/2 share. Excellent performance. Instruments, GPS, wiring for EW,

parachute & oxygen. £4500 ono. Contact Peter Goldstraw (weekends) 01525 72639 or Andrew Brown 0208 694 9453/andybrown@lineone.net.

- **Libelle** 'CMW'. Including tow-out gear, aluminium trailer, parachute, GPS, oxygen. 3rd in last year's Regionals. All in excellent condition. Bargain at £9500 ono. Mark Dalton 07768 101505 (m) or 01582 623117 (h).

- **K7** 'DRM' needs a number of new Syndicate Members. Low cost shares now being offered. To fly friends & family in this lovely two-seater please phone Len Cross 01604 491581. Ask for a trial flight any weekend.

- **Standard Cirrus WT** '566'. 1/3 or 1/4 shares. Excellent Schofield aluminium trailer. Winglets enhancing performance & handling. Horizon, radio, new parachute. One man tow-out gear. Covers. Borgelt varios & glide computer. Excellent condition. Mike Woolard 01462-711934.

- **Kranich III** Two-seater sailplane. Built Focke-Wulf Bremen 1954. Good condition, with all documentation from new. Complete with closed trailer. Werk Nr 79 D-5420. CofA to end July 2003. £8000. Paul Davie 020 8238 6666 (w) 07770 658191 (m) e-mail paul.davie@buhlergroup.com

Articles For Sale

- **O/K Barograph**. Good nick & works well. £30 ono. Mark Dalton 07768 101505 (m) or 01582 623117 (h).

Other

- **Space in heated garage/workshop** in my Milton Keynes house for 2 gliders over winter. Pete Harvey 01908 565379 or 07713 146263 or pharvey@interdesign.co.uk.

Wanted

- Surplus, unserviceable ASI, ALT, A/H, T/S for instructional purposes with the ATC. If you have any of these and are prepared to donate them, please call John Richardson 01582 724075 or Johnrich72@netscapeonline.co.uk

- Two unwanted, worn-out, bold etc, **wheels as used on tail dollies**, 200mm with pneumatic tyres. Contact Anthony Smith (aka 2-Tone) e-mail bleeding-me-2000@hotmail.com or at LGC on Saturdays.

Accommodation

Flying in the Southern Alps?
Village house available for holiday lets. Living room, double bedroom, twin bedroom. 10 minute drive from Sisteron. Contact Richard Abraham 01494 726396, richard.abraham@hemscott.net.

Weekend Duty Roster

November & December 2002 - January 2003

Date	In Charge	Instructors	Basic Instructors	Duty Pilots	Winch Drivers
01 Jan	volunteers please				
04 Jan Team D	M. Woollard	P. Stammell R. Hodge	C. Sorace I. Hicks	A. Wilson/P. Richer G. Davies/A. Garfield	B. Emerton B. Mills
05 Jan Team E	R. Puritz	L. Cross J. Heath	P. Shrosbree P. Goldstraw	P. Marsh J. Knowles	K. France M. Hayden
11 Jan Team F	C. Collingham	R. Stoward M. Jeffereys	I. Reekie A. Gait	M. Reed D. Randall J. Gossling	M. Davis D. Brown
12 Jan Team G	J. Reed	G. Beardsley D. Cornelius	M. Morrison M. Bolton	I. Cronyn T. Brook	G. Moore G. Nisbet
18 Jan Team A	V. Blaxill	M. Bland J. Cahill	D. Miller P. Shrosbree	R. Cooper R. Lennard	M. Wilshere C. Parfitt
19 Jan Team B	M. Newland-Smith	P. Miles D. Crisp	A. Peters M. Peters	R. Grimes D. Lingafelter	P. Bushill A. Claiden
25 Jan Team C Red	B. King	A. Harrison P. Rackham	S. Lynn R. Oliver	J. Claiden/R. Colbeck R. Colbeck J. Hodgkinson	H. Schuricht N. Davis
26 Jan Team D	T. Sage	R. Hodge P. Stammell	A. Kirtley P. Hicks	A. Yeates/G. Davies J. Soilleux/J. Melvin	K. Torgesen Martin Bird

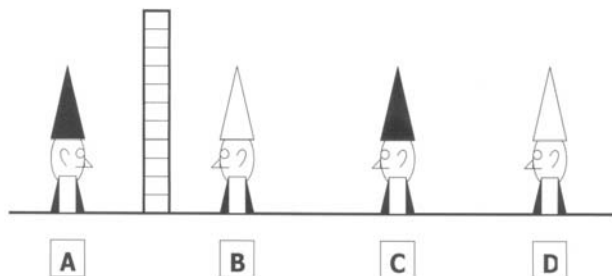


Note: If any of the dates on the roster are not convenient, please arrange your own swaps and inform the office of the change.



Brain Teaser Solution

Not very many people told me the answer to Richard Lodge's brain teaser. So for those of you who might still be trying to work it out, here is the answer. And well done to those who got it right.



First a reminder of the question: 4 men are buried up to their necks in the ground. They can only look forward. Between A and B is a brick wall which can not be seen through. They know that between them are 4 hats, 2 x black and 2 x white, but they do not know which colour they are wearing. They are not allowed to talk to each other and have 10 minutes to fathom it out.

ANSWER

C called out he has a black hat. A and B have no information as they can only see the wall. As D has not called out, it is because he can see a black hat and a white hat. C can see a white hat so he knows he must be wearing a black hat.

Weekend Duty Roster

November & December 2002 - January 2003

Date	In Charge	Instructors	Basic Instructors	Duty Pilots	Winch Drivers
02 Nov Team G	M. Birch	J. Dougans G. Pursey	J. Brimfield A. Brown	R. Banks D. Castle M. Makin	B. Emerton B. Mills
03 Nov Team A	B. Craig	D. Starer M. Stringer	P. Warner P. Davie	A. Day L. Saunders-Fern	K. France M. Hayden
09 Nov Team B	R. Brimfield	T. Manwaring D. Crisp	A. Hobbs D. Perry	J. Haines I. Bramley	M. Davis D. Brown
10 Nov Team C Blue	K. Lillywhite	S. Jarvis R. Page	T. Mills D. Hook	A. Borsoi D. Clarke K. Killick	G. Moore G. Nisbet
16 Nov Team D	M. Woollard	R. Hodge P. Stammell	A. Kirtley I. Hicks	G. Davies J. Soilleux	M. Wilshere C. Parfitt
17 Nov Team E	R. Puritz	L. Cross J. Heath	P. Shrosbree P. Jones	D. Tyrell M. Smith	P. Bushill A. Claiden
23 Nov Team F	C. Collingham	R. Stoward M. Jeffereys	I. Reekie A. Kefford	M. Clarke J. Belk C. Marriott	H. Schuricht N. Davis
24 Nov Team G	J. Reed	G. Beardsley D. Cornelius	M. Morrison M. Bolton	A. Sampson K. Robinson	K. Torgesen Martin Bird
30 Nov Team A	V. Blaxill	M. Bland J. Cahill	D. Miller P. Shrosbree	R. Cooper R. Lennard	B. Emerton B. Mills
01 Dec Team B	M. Newland-Smith	P. Miles D. Crisp	A. Peters M. Peters	R. Grimes D. Lingafelter	K. France M. Hayden
07-Dec Team C Red	B. King	A. Harrison P. Rackham	S. Lynn R. Oliver	J. Claiden/R. Colbeck R. Colbeck J. Hodgkinson	M. Davis D. Brown
08 Dec Team D	T. Sage	T. Coles M. Vowles	C. Sorace A. Kirtley	J. Melvin H.B. Walrond/P. Whipp	G. Moore G. Nisbet
14 Dec Team E	P. Hurd	P. Candler R. Stone	P. Goldstraw P. Jones	R. Robertson A. Nash	M. Wilshere C. Parfitt
15-Dec Team F	F. Russell	A. Cunningham G. Falcke	A. Kefford A. Gait	P. Studer B. Spriggs M. Hayden	P. Bushill A. Claiden
21 Dec Team G	M. Birch	J. Dougans G. Pursey	J. Brimfield A. Brown	B. Newson P. Lewis	H. Schuricht N. Davis
22 Dec Team A	B. Craig	D. Starer M. Stringer	P. Warner P. Davie	A. Day L. Saunders-Fern	K. Torgesen Martin Bird
26-Dec	volunteers please				
28-Dec Team B	R. Brimfield	T. Manwaring D. Crisp	A. Hobbs D. Perry	J. Haines I. Bramley	volunteers
29 Dec Team C Blue	K. Lillywhite	S. Jarvis R. Page	T. Mills D. Hook	A. Borsoi D. Clarke K. Killick	volunteers

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 * **The Roster for January 2003 is on the previous page** *
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