

OUR Mark Parker and Jon Meyer were presented with their World Junior Gliding Championship medals at Hus Bos by Andy Davis, the World Champion at senior level.

Mark, the new World Junior Champion in the Standard class, and Jon, the runner-up, were joined on the podium by the third British team member, Andy May, who took bronze.

This has been a notable summer for our club in international competition.

In July, Andy Davis won the Standard Class silver medal in the European Championships and Leigh Wells took bronze in the 15m class in the same event.

Andy was also in the news for being awarded an MBE in the Birthday Honours List for services to gliding. He won his second World championship medal in 2003, following his first victory in 1993.



Whiteplanes.com

Andy Davis

He has competed in every world championships since 1981, is also the British team coach and was one of the founders of the

British Team coaching operation that has helped British pilots to secure many international medals in recent years, including seven World championship titles.

Andy also chaired the Joint Venture Committee that co-ordinated the World Junior Championships at Hus Bos. Shortly after the Std Nationals, Andy was off to St Auban to take part in a new type of competition, the World Sailplane Grand Prix. Overall rankings were to be calculated using Formula 1 type place scoring. Sailplanes carried tracking units broadcasting their GPS position so that spectators could watch the race in real time.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD!



Well done, the lads! Jon Meyer, left, Mark Parker, centre, and Andy May on the winners' rostrum at the World Juniors at Hus Bos

Andy wins Std Nationals

ANDY Davis (Discus 2) won the Standard Nationals in August with 4142 points, beating Martyn Wells (LS8) into second place, with 4037. Third was Jay Rebbek (LS8) with 3949.

There were seven competition days during the 10-day event and Andy, after a poor first day, came second on two days and first on two more. He was the only competitor to get home on Day 5, a devalued day.

Our other members in the comp were Leigh Wells (fourth), Nick Wall, 22nd, and Russ Francis, 24th, All flew LS8s.

Andy, receiving a prize from Richard Deacon, of sponsors Deacon and Son, of Swindon, thanked Director James Metcalfe and his team of club members for running the competition. Mr Deacon said the event marked the end of a 17-

year association with fellow sponsors Rolex, which had changed its policy on sponsorship. He said he was looking for new partners to continue supporting the club, which he praised for its high standards.

Mr Deacon brought two GWR Radio prizewinners to have trial lessons – Lucy Pike and Ben Seymour.

Lucy entered a GWR quiz online to win the flights, shortly after winning another competition for a week's holiday for two in Spain.

Stop press

MARK Parker came third in the Juniors at Bicester. Jim Wilson was ninth, Jon Meyer 16th and Claire Alston 35th.

EVERY year after returning from our annual trip to the Alps, I look forward to a walk around the field, spotting the changes that have taken place while I've been away but also enjoying familiar sights.

My initial reaction this year was surprise at the huge number of species of flowers, some, like hop trefoil, clover and vetch, continue to pop up on the continually mown part, others are there because we cut the edges *after* they've flowered and set seed, and yet more on the filled bits of the field, sometimes showing the history of the fill that was used. I'm always glad to see "English" grass again too.

However green it may be in the Hautes Alpes after a few thunderstorms, the grass there is more brittle and sharp and never the same inviting sward as at home.

One glaring omission from the above and the TFS records sheets is a long list identifying the many species of flowers – **HELP!** Try as I might, I'm not very hot on identifying plants. If any member of the Terra Firma Syndicate, that

Planting seed of an idea



Wood mouse – by Daphne Malfiggiani

means **any member of BGGC**, spots any flower (in bloom or not) and can identify it, please add it to the list on the TFS board.

While enjoying the many flowers on the field, I and others have remarked on fewer butterflies this year.

There are fluctuations in all sorts of life for many different reasons and the records we keep on our TFS clipboard, unscientific as they are, can still be useful pointers to changes. For instance, where were our bee orchids this year?

And what about the glowworms? This is an undisguised plea for more records! Enjoy the end of summer and onset of autumn – there are young roe deer around, lots of rabbits plus the hares. While some of the

summer visiting birds have already left, swallows and house martins are certainly still about and the winter visitors are on their way.

Nancy Barrett

DVD library idea mooted

JULIA Dawson has put forward the idea of having a library of DVDs and videos on her website for members to borrow. Several titles have been offered already and there's a possibility that members' "wish lists" could be listed, too. Membership fee: loan/donation of at least one DVD or video. Julia can advertise the titles and availability on her website and people can contact each other to arrange loans (fixed fee to cover P& P?). She asks is anyone can think of a better way to do this. If you're interested email her on: julia.dawson@uwe.ac.uk

Titles so far included are *Redline Sky*, *A Fine Week of Soaring*, *Smokin'*, *Solo*, *Dual*, *Glide Norfolk*, *Glider Pilot*, *Morning Glory*, *Glider Lightning Strike*, *Historical material on BGGC*, *Neverending Thermal*, *Lifting Air* and *Liften' the Blues*.

Chedworth is useable!

IT appears that after all these years of avoiding it – after a report from an outlanding during the Std Nationals – Chedworth Airfield may be useable after all. The owner of Chedworth Estates is Jean Clarke, who is contactable at he Manor House on 01285 720233. Both she and Robert, the farm manager, who is the keyholder and lives on the airfield, are amenable to outlandings and for aerotow retrieves, which are possible from the peritrack on the north side. The objections come from James Clarke, who lives next door to the farm manager and is the brother of Jean, but who has nothing to do with the estate!

Sid

Welcome to new members

Val Todd	FPTS	Francesco Genovino	FPTS
Edwin Halliday	FPTS	Philip Baker	FPTS
Elizabeth Samuels	Assoc	Trevor Mason	FPTS
Alfred Samuels	Assoc	Mel Taylor	FPTS
Mr Jody Burns	FPTS	Daniel David Welch	
Stuart Hall	FPTS		Student



Roger Targett puts up his sign outside his new, bigger hangar at the club entrance. He moved most of his kit out of his old hangar just in time for the Std Nationals pilots to use the place for daily briefings.

Severn Skies



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My 550+ on a 750 day!

10th May - I've got the Nimbus (970) – time for the first 1000km declaration of the season. ENE wind so Cornish peninsula first. Maybe there'll be a sea breeze front; the wind seems a bit too strong though. Try to forget yesterday evening's forecast soundings, which predicted spreadout. So it's Falmouth (home-made turning point, no BGA Trigraph)-BLD (Blandford)-TRR (Truro). Yee hah. I want the FAI badge so it will be my first solo in 970.

Ray Payne and Trevor Stuart are here, wanting to do 750 in their 27s. Ray hasn't got a task sorted out so comes over to see what I've got in mind. I tell him. He emits a sort of choking noise and decides to ask Trevor instead. They settle on CMN (Carmarthen)-SFE (Sheffield East)-CCC (Carreg Cennen Castle). So it's agreed where the good weather is, then – somewhere between Sheffield and Falmouth. Trevor very obligingly takes time out from his own prep to load my bizarre and exotic TPs into the Garmin for me – many thanks Trevor – seriously embarrassing not to know how to perform this elementary operation myself, must learn it up.

It's now just before 10:00 and high time to go. Ray launches first, then it's my turn, then Trevor. Base is about 1,600ft above Nympsfield, as near as I can tell.

Heading south with a healthy tailwind I find the cloudbase rising very quickly as I head towards Bath. I have folded my map all wrong so I have to unfold the whole damn thing – seems to be an awful lot of it, even in the Nimbus cockpit – and then refold it with the right bits showing. So much for pre-flight prep.

Despite this distraction, I am in good nick after half an hour on task – 40 km under my belt, 3,600ft above Nymps after a 4kt climb, clear of the Bristol zone, and so, at last, able to turn on to track for Cornwall, with streets pointing almost straight there; I decide to avoid the Somerset Levels, which look as if they might be a bit blue, and take a more southerly route for the moment.

Meantime Ray and Trevor are tackling the Beacons in a cloudbase that seems to require them to get to

Richard Smith on his first solo flight in 970

Carmarthen by tunnel. Ray is at Merthyr Tydfil in a weak climb, which sounds like an emergency. Just the right time for me to report my cloudbase and rate of climb, in fact.

Retribution arrives almost immediately in the form of another intervention from my map, which slips down between me and the cockpit side and perches itself on the right rudder rear pedal. No P2 to fish it out. Loosening my shoulder straps, I find I can wedge my right arm down between the seat and the fuselage side and grope about for a corner of the map. Increasingly desperate scrabbles; I picture the accident report: "...for unknown reasons wedged his right arm between the seat and the cockpit side and dislocated his right shoulder. May have been attempting to land the heavy open class glider, operating the undercarriage, flaps, airbrakes and stick with his left hand when he (not unsurprisingly) spun."

Anyway I eventually dig the map out. Not very clever though, was it? I didn't really need the map at all – all the relevant airspace is on the Garmin.

By the time I get to Exeter I have knocked off the last 115km in an hour. Time to gulp a bit and cross Dartmoor; the last time I did this the cloudbase came down as the ground comes up and it all got a bit claustrophobic. This time it's easy and the reasonably brisk average speed (if this was the Nationals I'd be taking a lot more risks) holds up as far as Liskeard. Then things start to go pear-shaped.

The initial problem is not sea air, but spreadout. There is a little convergence over the moon-landscape chalk pits north of St Austell that is functioning as a sort of spreadout factory, spewing out a huge area of dead-looking cloud and killing the convection for miles around – especially, in the direction I want to go. I am high so can't see what's actually the other side of it.

Anyway that's where I've said I'm

going, so I plough on; just as I get to the working bit of the convergence it is packing up and rains on me, most unsportingly. Once I am the other side it is clear that I have a bit of a problem.

I am less than 3,000ft above Nympsfield and the spreadout has completely killed the convection. Since I am now 25km from Falmouth I will have to contend with it as soon as I turn, and it will be steadily closing in on me. As a final bonus, the sea air appears to be clear of Truro but is definitely in at Falmouth – not enough North in the wind to keep it out.

And with the spreadout there's no prospect of climbing up high to dart in and out. I am going to be turning my downwind turning point low, in sea air, 260km from home. Just great. I divert 90 degrees off track to try a slightly less ghastly looking cumulus between Truro and Perranporth but I might as well not have bothered – the climb fizzles out at 2,800 and I am no better off for height than I would have been if I'd gone straight for the sea air cumulus 10 minutes earlier. So it's time to work lots of one-knot short-lived broken thermals; 40 (aaagh, 40) minutes after setting off I am back between Truro and Perranporth, with 8/8 all along my next track.

Things then improve a bit as I reach the north coast (to the south and east of me there is nothing but spreadout) and I get 2kt climbs to a luxurious 3,000ft above Nymps, at Perranporth, St Mawgan and then north of Bodmin.

Over Bodmin Moor B20 turns up with Barry and Tim on board. They have just given up trying to get further into Cornwall; very sensible. We take a couple of climbs together and then part company again; they are heading back towards Nympsfield while I am going to persist with my doomed task for a bit longer.

With the conditions I have just encountered I doubt whether I can even get to Truro for my third TP. In fact, progress is now far too slow to stand a chance of getting back from there in daylight hours, or by air. My back is beginning to feel as if it's on fire – the repacked chute seems to have got rather lumpy. So it will be BLD and then

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Farm-strip special

By Dave Cooper
(80ish hrs)

DURING my limited aviation ‘career’, I’ve had some fairly memorable experiences – from Hawker Hunters, Fairy Gannets and de Havilland Doves in the Fleet Air Arm to an hilarious three-hour flight with Derek Vennard in the Starship around the Fairford area to an 800ft (yes, 800ft!) wave-influenced trip back from Bicester with Pete Mallinson in a Puchacz.

In more recent years, my old instructor, Pete Thorn (ex-WWII Spitfires) at Kemble, had me formatting the Chipmunk with the Utterly Butterfly wing-walker girls, whilst Andy Cubin (ex-Red Arrows) started preparing me for low-level sorties in the two-seater Hunter and Jet Provost. Scary stuff as I’d not even sat in an ejector seat since my Navy days back in 1968 at Brawdy.

Anyway, during my last medical, the CAA examiner, told me that I had a ‘displaced’ heart and was some 28 pounds avoirdupois in the excess. Funny, I always thought my heart was in the right place where flying was concerned – it was my wallet that was usually in the wrong. “I’m afraid it’s dual only for a while,” says the doc, “at least, until I get confirmation from a specialist”. Oh well, I wasn’t current in anything for solo flying anyway...

That winter, whilst flicking through an old *Pilot* magazine, I spotted an advert for some farm-strip flying at Clacton-on-Sea, of all places. “Come on down...we’ll have you in and out of meadows in no time at all,” came the enthusiastic response to my initial inquiry. Well, tiring of model aircraft dope and pounding round the Kemble circuit in Cherokees, I decided to give the real thing a go – a PA18 Piper Super Cub at Clacton. A proper, vintage tail-dragger no less.

After booking in at a local seaview hotel, I drove the few miles up to the old grass airfield and was greeted by a lovely scene. Over on the far side, a silver-winged de Havilland Rapide was just being got ready for an air-test to Duxford after new cylinder heads had been fitted to its Gypsy Majors.

The following morning, I presented my log book to the CFI. “Oh dear, I see you haven’t done a tailwheel conversion yet,” he announced with some concern. And then, “and you haven’t got your

PPL either” ...with even more concern...“and you’ve yet to go solo on power”. He called over Phil Burton, their top instructor on tail-draggers, and told Phil to assess my circuit flying in the PA18. If I passed muster on this, I could go on to do the farm-strip course. At this juncture, we encounter a slight snag, namely, the local travelling circus.

Now said circus has a herd of camels and llamas which have to be cleared from the strip before flying can commence. Just to add to the fun, a temporary footpath has been erected across the middle of the airfield so that the local inhabitants can take a shortcut to the circus box office.

So, lined-up with a 15-knot, 70-degree crosswind, checks and radio call completed, I start the take-off run, one eye on the ASI, one on the llamas, another on the footpath and my end-of-runway aiming point. Just then, I spot a small boy on a mountain bike at the edge of the footpath... “keep going” cries a voice from behind, and the throttle is held firmly open. At 500ft, I’m instructed to turn right and follow the shoreline. “If we get an engine failure, just put it down on the beach,” came the relaxed comment from the rear seat.

After a slightly bouncy, slightly swifty landing which he says is “not bad”, I’m told to go around again and hold off for a bit longer. Back in the crew room Phil winks at me and announces to the CFI that I’m a natural.

Richard Smith on his 550+km

home; the usual anticlimax. Progress is good for a while past Exeter and then there’s more spreadout.

Long glides into and out of BLD, a struggle around Longleat and then it starts to look a bit more reasonable. I wonder how the 27 boys are doing and give a call. Astonishingly they are still on task and have just turned somewhere. I assume it’s Sheffield and brace myself for a long retrieve (it’s now about 17:30); to my great surprise they turn up back at Nymps an hour after my landing (they had turned CCC, 115km from home, when I talked to them). They have completed their 750s in about nine hours. Epic flights in 15-metre gliders. They look tired and very cheerful, and no wonder. I try not to be completely

(He didn’t say a natural what).

So, the next day we start farm-strip flying. Now, I know in WWII they used to camouflage important ground features, but I didn’t realise farmers did this with their landing strips. Fortunately, the navy teaches navigation by map and stopwatch, and this stood me in good stead for finding the necessary ‘lead-in’ ground features. I reckon that even with GPS, you’d still struggle to locate some strips. Out of the three that we went for on the last day, even the instructor failed to find one – he reckoned it had probably been ploughed over since his last visit!

Gliding experience also came to the rescue – flying from challenging and undulating sites like Nympsfield, Talgarth and Camphill teaches you to assess slopes and gradients with extra caution. Landing at one farm strip, and following a very welcome radio reception, the final approach was up what seemed like a 40-degree incline! Needless to say, this required quite a few extra knots on board and a very careful roundout accompanied by several bursts of power to get to the top of the hill.

If you ever get the chance to go “farm-stripping”, it’s terrific fun and will add many extra dimensions/skills to your flying. Failing this, get yourself into a tail-dragger (preferably of the vintage /classic variety) and do some real flying.

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curmudgeonly. I wonder how they did it? I hope one or both of them will tell us (*Trevor did write a piece for Severn Skies, but S&G snaffled the article! – Ed*).

My 550+ in Open Class, undeclared, looks pretty tame in comparison; I’m sure I could have done 750 with a less sporting declaration though – first TP at Liskeard, say, and a third TP at Launceston or thereabouts. Ah well. Would have, could have, should have. Or wudda cudda shudda as the Americans say it.

Next day, May 11, which was a much better day, I tried the less sporting declaration and finally did my 750 too (LAUBUL-OKE). It was easy. Should have tried 1000km.

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To book, just fill in a booking form available from the office or on your club emails and give it into the office with a cheque.

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Many thanks

Gill Starling (Glider 100)

The menu

Roasted Root Vegetable Soup, Soured Cream
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~~~~~

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~~~~~

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~~~~~

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Potted Stilton, Port Jelly, Malt Loaf

~~~~~

Coffee and Mints

THE History Group came into existence in 2002, because Helen Evans was concerned that papers, photographs and memories of particularly the early days of the Club were likely to be lost as the old ex-members faded away and their effects were dumped by their executors.

So she got together a few mainly long-serving members, who became the History Group. These were Bernard Smyth, Nick Kelly, who dealt with the digitising and me. We were later joined by Nancy Barrett and Bill Meyer. When Nick left the Club I took over as a very inexperienced digitiser.

The first priority was to contact such ex-members as we could, to see whether they had anything which they would be prepared to lend or give to us, or whether they had any memories which we could record. The idea was to digitise everything and store it on computers to keep it safe and so that it could be made available to members or anyone else who might be interested. And also to provide safe keeping for the actual material which had been donated because, in the past, Committees had been known to throw such things away as being of no current use.

We have had quite a lot of support. Some 50 people have provided more than 1,000 photographs, which we have

Your club history

digitised. The coverage is a bit patchy of course, and we are always keen to get more to fill in the gaps. Particularly we are interested in people, aircraft, winches and vehicles, buildings and events, and of course pictures of the site to show how it has changed.

History, of course, is not just about the beginnings of the Club, but should cover major events and developments, so more modern photographs would be welcome, especially if they have some indication of date and what they are of.

We have a collection of newsletters,

have a volunteer who would revive it. We have also accumulated a fair amount of miscellaneous written matter: a diary of the 1949 Nationals at Camphill, a complete file of accident reports for the period at Lulsgate, the original Bristol Club manual for instructors dated 1946, an account of the restart of the Club after the war, Club annuals for 1948 and 1949 and much more. Again if anyone can supply any verbal or written accounts of later events we should be pleased to have them. I have also started to extract the prime information from all the sources which have come to hand, with the idea

of producing a referenced account of the development of the Club. This is a very time-consuming job and so far I have got up to August 1949 when the Club bought its first two-seater! Even what I have

done so far is liable to additions as new sources become available.

One concern is that what we have collected is not really available for the members to see. We are looking for ways to remedy this and also to get what we do have in a more accessible order, because at present it is mainly stored in the order it came to hand.

We are not a closed group, and if anyone is interested to join us to help out in this enterprise they would be welcome.

AT least 80 former members have signed up for the September 17 reunion so any help that members can give on the day would be appreciated.

complete from 1992, with an almost complete coverage from 1960 up to then, plus a dozen from 1949 to 1952. We would be pleased to hear from anyone who might be able to fill any gaps.

About two thirds of the Gestetner duplicated ones have been digitised, but this is a long and tedious process. Peter Bray has protected the post-war minute books, and also the company returns from 1938 onwards. The Club scrapbook contains press cuttings, but it has fallen into disuse. It would be nice to



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Three days winching – or thinking man’s guide to being a winchie...

WITH daunting trepidation I accepted the request to cover for Lionel during his three days off from winch driving. As a relatively inexperienced winchie, it’s one thing doing the odd weekend day here and there, but quite another to stand in for our respected professional weekday driver, who provides a service commensurate with his vast experience in the art.

Would I be greeted with choruses of “Oi! How come you’re winching, where the ‘ell’s Lionel?”, and what would happen if the winch blew up and it was all my fault! Ooooh, the shame, I’d have to run away and never return!

Most of you will know that our club is in short of winch drivers. I suppose it’s not seen as a desperately glamorous or authoritative task, particularly next to instructing. Traditionally, it’s perhaps been considered a hard school of knocks. After all, if you have a bad launch then the poor old winch driver can be blamed if all else fails.

Every winching day starts early with a daily inspection. By far the most time-consuming item is the DI of the cables themselves. If you’ve seen the tow-out vehicle slowly bumping up and down the track with the driver’s head poking into the stiff morning breeze then this is what’s going on.

Each cable has, on average, four or five joints at any one time. A new joint only seems to last for around three days winching after which it needs to be replaced, mainly due to the wear involved in dragging the cable out along the winch track. Replacing joints is always a bit of a chore and to minimise the need, no regular driver tows out cables unnecessarily, and will always try to wind them back in over the grass if possible.

So what’s she like to drive? In certain conditions it can be fairly simple. For those of you considering learning, I’d certainly recommend going along to the evening sessions and sitting in with the regulars. Few beginners fall hopelessly in love with her gearbox, but once mastered you will have nice consistent conditions, mainly K13s/Hagar and a sympathetic flyers to practise on. Her current engine, while being a diesel, does

exhibit a power curve reminiscent of a cross between a tuned two-stroke petrol engine and an RB211 turbofan. In other words the pulling power that the winch can deliver to your glider rises quite sharply with increasing revs of the engine but the spooling up from low revs takes its own good time.

Whilst some experts out there may beg to differ, from my experiences, this means that...

For increasing headwind components...

After rotation, launch speed is generally more under control of the glider pilot.

For reducing headwind components/tailwinds launch speed generally becomes much more under control of the winch driver, and more critical to boot.

How did I do it?

So how did I come to the above conclusions?

Well, in any kind of fair headwind launch, winch engine speed and torque produced will be relatively low. If the pilot pulls back, the winch pull will be easily countered and excess speed gradually bled off. Similarly, if the launch is slowing, a forward movement of the stick will allow the winch engine to pick up speed, although with a slow moving and heavy cable drum, this is going to be only gradual. To those who demand a rapid acceleration to rescue them from a slowing launch, I can only quote in Star Trek fashion, “Ah cannot change the laws of physics, Captain.”

As the glider gets higher it picks up more cable weight and puts even more load on the already slow and groaning engine. At this point some pilots suddenly realise that things are slowing and shove the stick forward hoping for a sudden increase in speed. The previous quote applies.

In strong headwind conditions, during the full climb it makes surprisingly little difference what throttle settings the driver settles on, and this is especially apparent with slower wooden gliders (e.g. K8 and Dave W’s K6). Virtually all speed control rests with the pilot. On the other hand, for nil and tail-

wind components, a disconcertingly high engine and drum speed is required to trigger the pilot’s rotation and this takes the winch revs right into its power band. However, the increased spool-up time of the drum is often longer than the glider pilot would ideally like in order to achieve a decent time from “all out” to rotation and can make for an uncomfortably long and bumpy ground run. The glider pilot, thinking he’s in for a slow launch, pulls back just in time for the winch engine to reach its high-revving peak of its max 250bhp power. To those who point out the fluid clutch, I can only say that just like the fluid clutch in a car automatic box, no difference is apparent at higher speeds.

During launch, the glider speed is now much more at the whim of the winch driver’s throttle hand and the fiercely revving engine. The horrors (and I own the patent on that word by the way) don’t end there. As the glider rises higher the tailwind component often increases resulting in a further loss of airspeed, a sagging cable, and an even higher engine revs which demands an ultra critical throttle setting to achieve a fine zone between cable breaks and slow launches. Most drivers will err on the side of a light throttle setting – resulting in safer operation but disappointing launch heights and widespread mutterings from the punters. The sensible driver then insists on changing ends, even though this means grumblings and an hour’s delay.

Glider variations. As well as the above effects, individual gliders display their own little nuances. Libelles need a lively launch to reduce instances of early back releases, our newer K13 EKD seems to go through the sound barrier at the top of a launch unless power is backed right off, and conversely, the K8 DUK slows dramatically at the top unless power is staunchly maintained until release.

Pilot Launching Styles. Pilots unknowingly reveal a great deal about themselves to their winch driver. Those who would rather drink sewage than break a weak link, those who react to

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Winching from page 9

instantaneous airspeed as opposed to its rate of change, those who are unfamiliar, nervous, confident, expert, the anti-lay-off brigade etc, etc, all reveal their exact style of flying and state of mind during a launch. It was a bit of a shock when I began to realise how much this applies.

Therefore, after a mediocre launch, blame the winch driver if you like, but if you really want to learn – go and ask him how you could also improve your launching technique, and be prepared to listen carefully to his insights. You can be certain that, like the best bar tenders, professional confidentiality is assured (especially if bribed!).

A Worthy Experience. The most pleasant surprise of my three days “working holiday” was how much of a good team atmosphere existed.

The mid-week instructors, tuggies, flyers and helpers are very welcoming and the whole process seemed to run like clockwork with everyone mucking in and goodwill galore.

I for one am completely confident, especially after speaking to some of the trial flight and course punters, that BGGC is currently producing a top quality service and conveying the very best impression to the general public. Well done to all concerned and long may this last.

As for my lot, well putting my initial feelings of Worst Case Scenario-itus aside, it has all proved to be a vastly rewarding experience.

Thanks to Gavin, Fred and all the others who maintained professional diplomacy and appreciation in the face of my developing and sometimes “character building” winch driving!

Rob Amor

Laws and Rules: The 15th edition of Laws and Rules is now available online from the BGA Forms website page at www.glidering.co.uk/bgainfo/docum

You can buy a copy from the BGA office (0116 253 1051) or via the BGA web shop at <https://www.glidering.co.uk/bgashop/shop.cgi> at £2.25 plus 50p postage and packing.

You can also view the update by clicking on www.glidering.co.uk/bgainfo/news.htm/Edition15final.pdf

60 years in gliding

DOUG Jones celebrated 60 years in gliding on August 19. He is believed to be the first BGGC member to achieve this distinction.



Ian's AOPA instructor of the year

IAN Marshall, above, has been awarded the AOPA Instructor of the Year award for making a special contribution to the training of student pilots for the PPL or NPPL.

As well as being a Nympsfield member and in 264 syndicate, he's a member of the West London Aero Club at White Waltham.

Ian, who is a senior captain with bmi, instructs in his spare time at both power and gliding and has a special ability to coax the best out of students who do not always feel secure in their abilities.

One of his three sponsors for the award wrote: “Ian infects his students with his limitless enthusiasm for getting aloft and enjoying aviation. His sense of humour and *joie de vivre* have contributed in no small part to the eventual success of a number of students who were otherwise finding learning to fly challenging and arduous, and who were very likely to have given up.

The trophy Ian won is donated by Virgin Experience Days, which supplies experience gift packages and introduces a large number of new entrants to general aviation.

Solo2Silver idea

TIM Allen has proposed a new system to take over once a pilot is “out of check flights” and wishes to progress from solo to eventually Silver C.

He says folk in the same position as himself aren't totally sure about what to do next and therefore waste a lot of time going about things in completely the wrong way.

The mentor scheme goes some way to help with this, he says, but it seems to work best on an individual basis with people who have specific problems.

Tim has agreed to try to start a “Solo2Silver” scheme. The idea behind this scheme is to have a single point of contact, either via email, phone or face to face, that can then pool resources to help people progress more easily. This could be as simple as advice on who to talk to about a particular issue, arranging regular lectures on various subjects or organising flying evenings to work on particular areas.

The subjects covered can be anything loosely related to gliding obviously, he adds! Meteorology, navigation, cross country flying or even driving the winch could be included.

So, if anyone has a particular need or is prepared to help out in any way, he asks them to get in touch and he'll start the ball rolling. He can be contacted on 07977 067034 or via email at tim@timothyallen.com

CONGRATULATIONS to the following members: Silver Distance and Silver complete Alan Morecroft, Trevor Wilcox, Tim Maw and Martin Talbot; Bob Page for Silver height and Ian McKavney for Silver distance; Bronze: Adrian Hall, Julia Dawson, Pete Stevens and Marcus Shirley (who also got a XC endorsement). Well done, too, to Rob Hanks on becoming a tug pilot and Fred Ballard and Mike Dixon on completing BI training. Alec Watt and Phil Martin, both course members, went solo.

Car parking banned south of clubhouse

TO improve the safety of pedestrians the road area to the south of the clubhouse has been designated a NO PARKING zone. The car park to the west of the clubhouse has been enlarged to ensure there is adequate parking space. This will also improve the amenity of the area for members and visitors.

The co-operation by all members and visitors by parking only in the car park is requested.

TIM Mountain came back to Nympsfield after a break of 15 years – and went solo

Before coming back in June, Tim had visited us on gliding course holidays from 1986 to 1989, but had never succeeded in leaving his instructor behind on terra firma.

I asked Tim to give his view on how things had changed here over the past 15 years.

He recollected a situation where there were six or seven people on a course led by two instructors. Everyone stayed overnight in a dreadfully smelly and noisy bunkhouse. Too much snoring after too much beer! Full board was included in the course price, and incredibly filling breakfasts and evening meals were prepared by Caroline. Sandwiches were taken to the launch point at lunchtime.

Tim told me that on this occasion he had brought a supply of frozen meals from his home in Banstead. And perhaps, he said, he was lucky that being the only course member in June 2005, he had almost 100 per cent of Gavin Wrigley's attention.

But stepping back in time, Tim's impression was that gliding entailed a lot of pushing and shoving, and not getting very far very fast. On the first count, not much has changed, apart from the 4X4 recovery vehicles that have replaced the noisy, smelly and smoky ex-builder's dumper trucks. But on the second count, with years comes patience, and the need to do everything in a tearing hurry diminishes.

Perhaps it was sometime in 1999 that a recently-qualified PPL friend of Tim's offered him a flight and from that point on 'the rot set in'. Tim's decision to 'go for it' was triggered by the untimely death of his younger brother to cancer, followed soon after by the passing of his father.

Tim's wife's proviso was that she hoped the money spent would not put her out on the street, and that there would be something left for her to buy warmth and food! "But I felt I just had to get on with it," said Tim, who retired from B.P. after 31 years, and now works part time at a local children's charity. And so it was that in August 2002, Tim was able to request people to

15-year wait to go solo!



Tim Mountain is all smiles after going solo

address him as Captain Mountain. He'd got his PPL!

Tim told me how one day last winter he was having a tidy out at home (as we all do from time to time, don't we?), and found his old gliding logbook. This inspired him to think of a spring-time visit to Nympsfield to check the place out. But why a 250-mile drive for one day? Go for a week, and get some gliding in! See if he could get to go solo?

Why did Tim decide to come to Nympsfield to try gliding again? The Cotswolds are a lovely part of England, and the long grass airfield is good for a learner (except in a strong nor'westerly – *ed*). But Tim did check the Cotswold Club's website first before deciding on the devil he knew.

One of the other changes that Tim commented on was the Piper Pawnee tug plane flown ably and unflappably by Geralyn. The power of this plane gave Tim a lot of confidence as clearing the trees now seemed a formality instead of a question – will we or won't we!

However, back to the course. Tim had

arrived late Monday night and presented himself and his logbook to Gavin the next morning. His trick question was to ask Tim what he expected to get out of the course. The trick answer – go solo.

Aerotows came and went, landings came and went, but no sign of a solo. Come Friday afternoon, Tim sensed that the pressure was on. Gavin also had a target! A couple of flights in, and Gavin reckoned that Tim must have been working pretty hard at it the previous night. It all seemed to be coming together! New exercises were introduced – cable breaks, both real and simulated, and what would he do if he could not get back to the airfield.

After the fourth flight that afternoon, Gavin asked if Tim was going flying again – answer yes after a drink of water and a comfort break. Parachute on, back into the plane, but where was Gavin? Check list complete – more or less – but still Gavin seemed unwilling to climb aboard. Maybe I scared him too much, thought Tim.

Then the penny dropped. Gavin was not going to be on this flight, and it was all down, or perhaps up to Tim!

And so it was, as Tim said, all over in 10 minutes. Like his first powered solo, that 10 minutes seems on one hand to last for an eternity, and on the other hand goes by in a flash. And the excitement can be compared only to the thrill of making love with a new woman.

Tim told me he stayed on overnight to try to get another solo, but sadly it did not happen.

Will you come back to Nympsfield? I asked Tim. And, like Arnie, the answer is yes, hopefully in early September, and next year perhaps as a country member.

Watch this space!

BS

Trailer power on the way

THE much-delayed scheme for getting power to the trailers, for using dehumidifiers in the winter, is on the move again. Graham Morris hopes to arrange an early start date with the contractors.

A trench will be dug from the NE corner of Roger Targett's existing hanger along about 60 per cent of the trailer line at the hitch end. This will temporarily prevent trailers being towed out forwards and cut the track.

Hopefully members' efforts at cable laying and trench filling will restrict this inconvenience to a brief period. Some trailers may have to be moved.

Don't cause distress!

THE Distress and Diversion Cell asks that all pilots to let them know if they land out and have to leave the glider in the field overnight or if, for any reason, they believe that the landout has caused or is likely to cause alarm. In these events, you should call the D&D Cell on 01895 426 150, letting them know the location and confirming that there are no casualties. If you don't, the rescue services being scrambled unnecessarily.

Handy Hints – No 3

THE Weatherjack website provides a new link to weather information from Dr Jack Glendening. This gives daily forecast thermal strengths, cloud amounts, thermal heights etc for the whole of the UK in a simple map format. It seems to be fairly accurate, so give it a try – and please feedback any comments on its accuracy to me.

This hint is again courtesy of me – surely someone else must have some! Sid

For sale

1/9th share in Duo Discus 802 for sale: £6,100. Superb, totally complete kit with tee hangar at Nympsfield. Subs only £36 a month.

Julian Fack on 07812 108 588 or j.fack@virgin.net

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