



FINAL GLIDE

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Photo: Eifion Herbert

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Editorial

Every single year I fear I have nothing to put in Final Glide. And every single year I end up producing a bigger Final Glide than the year before.

Now that we don't print it anymore I don't have to shorten anything, I don't have to be selective, I can put wonderful photos on the cover page, and I don't care if it takes you all of your Christmas holidays to read through the fifty-odd pages of this year's Final Glide.

But the only reason there are fifty-odd pages of Final Glide is that YOU have written them.

A huge thank you to all contributors from me and I'm sure from all of you who will hopefully enjoy this year's edition.

(This year's FG is not quite as well-edited as I would have liked it to be because I simply haven't had the time. Also because after all my moaning you've splendidly inundated me with contributions. I hope you'll ignore the messy bits and enjoy the content anyway.)

CLUB LADDER

Nick Hill

Over the years OGC pilots have always compared their flights during the season by entering them on the club ladder. The ladders for OGC and other UK clubs can be found on the UK gliding ladder website (<http://www.bgaladder.co.uk>).

Once a flight is entered the flights are assigned a score based on nationally agreed rules and the results displayed in a variety of local and national ladder tables. As glider pilots from all the BGA clubs enter details of their flights on the ladders the web site provides a simple way to compare flights on the same day with both those in OGC and amongst the wider UK gliding community. Useful information can be obtained about tasks set, speeds and distances achieved and if people experienced similar problems in the same areas as others.

The primary national ladders for which the BGA awards annual trophies are:

- Open ladder: For any cross-country flight.
- Weekend ladder: For cross-country flights made on weekends or Bank Holidays
- Junior ladder: For cross-country flights by pilots under the age of 26 at the start of the season (1st January)
- Wooden ladder: For gliders constructed primarily of wood and/or metal

Starting in 2012 OGC decided to introduce a ladder that only contains flights made from Weston-on-the-Green to better reflect normal club flying. The club ladder trophy is now awarded to the pilot that tops this ladder.

The results of various ladders for OGC members are presented in the tables. In both cases only the six highest scoring flights are used to calculate the ladder score for each pilot.

OGC Open Ladder

Pilot	Flight 1	Flight 2	Flight 3	Flight 4	Flight 5	Flight 6	Total
Claudia Hill	3764	3126	3003	2475	2074	1687	16129
Richard Hall	3274	2801	2403	2226	2102	2092	14898
Paul Smith	3273	2440	2408	2311	2134	1985	14551
Krzysztof Kreis	2448	2048	1731	1720	1685	1643	11275
Martin Hastings	2215	2207	2131	2109	1085	967	10714
Andrew Butterfield	3358	2573	1305	865			8101
Dave Bray	3250	1731					4981
Paul Morrison	2126	994	849				3969
Jon Christensen	1750	973	486	458			3667
Neil Swinton	612						612
Patrick Wallace	463						463

OGC Weekend Ladder

Pilot	Flight 1	Flight 2	Flight 3	Flight 4	Flight 5	Flight 6	Total
Claudia Hill	3764	3126	3003	2475	2074	1249	15691
Paul Smith	3273	2440	2311	2134	1904	1217	13279
Richard Hall	3274	2403	2226	2102	1317	1151	12473
Krzysztof Kreis	2448	2048	1731	1720	1643	1338	10928
Martin Hastings	2215	2207	2131	1085	967	837	9442
Andrew Butterfield	3358	2573	1305	865			8101
Dave Bray	3250	1731					4981
Paul Morrison	2126	994	849				3969
Jon Christensen	1750	973	486	458			3667
Neil Swinton	612						612
Patrick Wallace	463						463

OGC Junior ladder

No entries

OGC Wooden ladder

Pilot	Flight 1	Flight 2	Flight 3	Flight 4	Flight 5	Flight 6	Total
Krzysztof Kreis	2448	2048	1731	1720	1685	1643	11275
Richard Hall	1317						1317
Patrick Wallace	463						463
Jon Christensen	458						458

OGC WOG only ladder (This is the one the club ladder trophy is awarded for)

Pilot	Flight 1	Flight 2	Flight 3	Flight 4	Flight 5	Flight 6	Total
Paul Smith	3273	2440	2311	2134	1904	1217	13279
Martin Hastings	2215	2207	2131	1085	967	837	9442
Krzysztof Kreis	2448	1720	1685	1123	1035	874	8885
Andrew Butterfield	3358	2573	1305	865			8101
Richard Hall	3274	1317	1151	1052			6794
Claudia Hill	1249	1103	1097				3449
Dave Bray	3250						3250
Jon Christensen	1750	973	458				3181
Paul Morrison	2126	849					2975
Neil Swinton	612						612
Patrick Wallace	463						463

Some notes on scoring and logger files

Full cross-country points plus a bonus are awarded for declared flights where the task is successfully completed as declared before take-off **AND** a logger file is posted on the web site.

These logger files are also of great use to the BGA airspace committees and others in proving how much glider traffic there is on any given day and where gliders fly including areas with special access rights such as wave boxes to show they are being used.

It is therefore always a good idea to upload a logger trace of the flight to both maximise the points that can be scored and to help the BGA and others in on-going negotiations and activities to keep airspace available for gliding.

Comparisons with previous years

As the ladder website has information about multiple years comparisons can be made between years. For all ladders a comparison between 2013 and 2012 shows that for 2013 more pilots entered flights on the ladder and overall scores for most pilots were significantly higher. The ladder can also be used to show flight and distance statistics for OGC pilots and again a comparison between 2013 and 2012 confirms the view that 2013 was certainly a better cross-country year than 2012. The number of ladder flights entered was 45% higher total distance flown was over 100% further and average distance over 40% further.

A full comparison of years using the website is only possible going back to 2007 due to how the ladder was compiled before 2007. Using the data available from 2007 onwards suggests 2013 was the best cross country year of the last seven years.

OGC distance ladders

2013

Pilot	Km	Flights	Avg km
Paul Smith	3602.9	17	211.9
Claudia Hill	3497.5	14	249.8
Richard Hall	2797.4	10	279.7
Krzysztof Kreis	2077.9	10	207.8
Martin Hastings	2031.8	8	254.0
Andrew Butterfield	1177.9	4	294.5
Paul Morrison	607.6	3	202.5
Dave Bray	600.5	2	300.3
Jon Christensen	577.8	4	144.5
Neil Swinton	108.0	1	108.0
Patrick Wallace	77.9	1	77.9
Totals	17157.2	74	231.9

2012

Pilot	Km	Flights	Avg km
Richard Hall	1894.1	9	210.5
Claudia Hill	1669.3	10	166.9
Paul Smith	1549.3	10	154.9
Andrew Butterfield	1172.7	10	117.3
Martin Hastings	1075.7	7	153.7
Krzysztof Kreis	799.0	5	159.8
Totals	8160.1	51	160.0

Hopefully 2014 will be an even better year and if anyone needs more explanation about the ladders, the rules and how to enter flights then please just ask.

CFI'S REPORT

John Hanlon



Photo: Paul Smith

Thanks to all for completing another year without any serious incidents, this is testament to the high quality in our instructor's, so a BIG thank you to all of them!

Winch! Most of our regular winch driver's will be aware that the throttle stop system was disabled over 2 months ago, this was done after I spent a great deal of time showing our regular winch drivers how to drive the winch correctly!

The "new" operating procedures regarding to whole operation should be (I'm promised by Paul M) be published for 1st January 2014 ;-))

As regards Winch Driving Procedure, the following is the "CORRECT" procedure! Reading the following is not intended to train you as a winch driver.

Following cable tow out, check the drum(s) have not over run, this is particularly important if you are asked to release the brake so the cable can be pulled by hand at the launch point! Re-apply brake as soon as the cable stops moving, again check for any over runs!

When advised by the duty pilot/log keeper which glider type and cable is next! (Note: Cable will already have been attached to the glider ready for launch before you were notified!)

release brake on required cable, using the propshaft brake, engage the drum ready for launch, any loose slack in the cable will be taken out due to transmission drag in the hydraulic gear box!, DO NOT re-apply the drum brake!

On receiving the "up slack signal" move the black lever from "neutral" to "launch".

Slack is taken up using "tick over", but may require a few revs if the grass is long very occasionally!

On being given "All Out" signal "Watch the Glider" and smoothly and progressively increase throttle until you see the glider start to rotate.

(The same rate of acceleration must be used regardless of glider type being launched, the only thing that changes is the amount of throttle movement required for the glider to attain flying speed.)

As you see the glider start to rotate, "Freeze on the throttle" for a few seconds as the glider climbs through the wind gradient, then using your expert judgement start backing off the throttle as the glider climbs.

A perfect launch should end with the throttle being completely shut "gently" at the top of the launch with the cable being either released by the pilot or back releasing without any tension.

If you can manage that, then congratulations, you are a proper winch driver!

Anyone unsure of "How to drive the winch", please ask and I will be happy to show you!

THE CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

Paul Morrison



Photo: Paul Smith

So how do you feel about flying?

This might be a strange question for me to ask as by definition the majority of those reading this will be either glider pilots or have some association already with the sport, but as I sit writing this during an unexpected extra

'sea day' on board P&O's Azura, it has prompted me to think about how people choose to spend their increasingly rarer leisure time and what part, if any, flying has in this.

To expand upon this chain of thought for a moment, in order to get to this ship I flew from London Gatwick to Grantley Adams in Barbados on Thomson Airlines new Boeing 787 Dream Liner. Looking around me as we flew at 41,000 ft and cruising at Mach 0.85 it became apparent that for the majority of my fellow passengers, the significance and dare I say excitement of flying on a very new type of innovative aircraft, or indeed flying 4,000 miles itself was lost on the majority. For them the seven hours spent in shirtsleeve comfort in a pressurised tube outside of which the life threatening environmental conditions would have been inconceivable to aviation's pioneers, was a necessary evil to deliver them to the location and manner in which they had chosen to spend their leisure time rather than as a leisure pursuit in its own right. Flying was therefore a means to an end and nothing more.

So what relevance does this musing have to gliding you may ask? Simply that flying in itself is for the majority, no longer 'sexy' or 'cool' and therefore with an ageing population and changing regulatory regime, not to mention more competing ways in which to spend our down time, we

The Chairman's Corner (contd.)

need to find a way to reverse this if the sport is to grow and flourish as the 21st Century continues.

Prior to my late summer holiday (although surely for a glider pilot a family holiday outside of the flying season is the ideal?) I, along with Martin and John, as Treasurer & CFI respectively, attended the BGA Management Conference. As you'd expect there was the inevitable element of retrospective navel gazing, but it was also encouraging to find so many clubs trying innovative ideas and sharing proposals as to how they can sustain, grow or otherwise refresh and enliven their membership. I think it is pretty much safe to say that within the four walls of the venue, pretty much any of the ground breaking ideas that you may think will be the 'Holy Grail' or the key to a happy and thriving membership will have been tried by one of the clubs present with varying degrees of success, even including such deal innovative ideas as a single (significant) fixed annual fee per member with all flying thereafter being at no additional charge, irrespective of as much as or as little as they do. I'm not for one minute therefore suggesting that it's not worth trying to be innovative or constantly reviewing the way we do things, just that to use one of those horrible management phrases, all the 'low hanging fruit' has already gone.

As those who were at the AGM will have heard, for the first time in a number of years the Club's Executive Committee have decided to increase some of the membership fees. This is not a decision that was taken lightly and involved much discussion and spreadsheet wrangling but the simple inescapable fact is that the Club's fixed outgoings outweigh its fixed income on a ratio of approximately two thirds to one and despite great work and prudence to keep our operating costs as low as possible, they will only increase in 2014 and beyond. Factors we therefore need to plan and budget for include the long overdue rental increase to our landlord as the result of a new Lease, hopefully to be completed in early 2014, as well as other CAPEX investment in new radios and parachutes etc. In the year of the Club's 75th anniversary (based on the most accepted starting date!) it is therefore the duty of the elected Committee to ensure that during its watch the Club is placed in the best position possible and to this end it is encouraging that we have recently welcomed a few new members for whom flying is clearly not just something you do to get to an 'umbrella drink'. To those new members reading my meandering thoughts for the first time, welcome to the OGC family and I very much hope you find the Club satisfies your needs and aspirations, whatever they may be.

Without wishing to be unduly introspective, no annual summing up of the year would be complete without mentioning a few of the highlights of the year. Looking back, it's hard to know where to start as there have been quite a few that are all too easy to overlook. Therefore in no particular order, my overriding memories and impressions of 2013 include:-

- OGC's 75th Anniversary and Party, including OGC's first official fast jet display followed a few weeks later by an impromptu Spitfire display arranged by the Vice Chairman clearly keen to raise the benchmark.
- Claudia's selection for and successful 7th position placing in the Women's World Championships.
- OGC Winning the Inter Club League Final – again.
- A marriage proposal in a T21 – surely a first anywhere!

- A number of notable significant Cross Country Flights flown from Weston, including both several first time 500K's and also a couple of fun (and in some cases arguably futile) flights in Daisy including the well-known SIL-DID triangle successfully completed by Paul Smith & Richard Hall, possibly the first declared and completed task in Daisy for some time?
- The number of new Junior Members who are reminding a lot of the old hands (myself included) what it is to be enthusiastic and passionate about a new hobby and who are at the forefront of the Club's social media presence not to mention the launch point queue! I don't have the statistics to hand, but I think that it is a Junior Member, possibly Freddie that has flown the most flights from WOTG this year.

So to return to my initial point, what I hope this shows is that the Club is in a good place and for a small weekend only organisation, we punch well above our weight. We must not however though become complacent, we need to ensure that OGC remains a safe and inclusive place in which both existing and potential members want and choose to spend their increasingly precious leisure time.

Whilst I therefore doubt very much if I will convince my fellow passengers on my return flight that rather than sitting in comfort sipping G&T's and watching the latest movie, they should spend 5hrs in the unique comfort of an Astir or K8, who knows if perhaps that glance out of the window at a breath taking cloudscape will plant a seed that one day may see them turn up at a launch point clutching a Trial Flight voucher? If they do, we must be ready for them as perfect ambassadors for both the Club and the sport.

It is often said that Gliding is the 'poor man's flying'. I'm not sure that this is still the case, if it ever was, when one considers all the true investment that is required, but it can't be denied that it is one of the more affordable ways of defying gravity that are out there. How you answered my first question will be unique to you – for some of us, and I include myself firmly in this category, NEED to fly and feel incomplete and dis-satisfied when we don't. Others may view it as just a hobby and escapism from the pressures of day to day life on a par with, and potentially capable of being replaced by, mountain biking, sailing or even golf!

Whichever category you fall into, it is my most sincere hope and one which I am sure is shared equally by the rest of the Committee too, that OGC meets your needs and if it falls short at any time, please let us know. Never forget that to use an appropriate sailing analogy as I look over the rail now, it is the Directors of the Company that set the overall destination but it is the elected Executive Committee who set the course on a day to day basis and you can influence this.

With all that said, I can hear an 'umbrella drink' calling me, so all that remains is for me to thank each and every one of you for all that you do to help make OGC the truly great place to fly that it is and to wish you and all your families, a very Merry Christmas and a happy and peaceful 2014. Maybe next year I'll be commenting on Daisy's first 300K?

Kind Regards

'Chairman Paul'

INTER CLUB LEAGUE

Text and photos: Dave Bray

This year was a spectacular one for Oxford, with our pilots winning the local "Midlands" league to earn our place at the National Final held at Bidford upon Avon at the start of September, which we also went and won!

The final was obviously the highlight for me but our journey there marked achievements for many of our pilots and their crews. The local contest weekends unfortunately were not held on any of the fantastic days that will make 2013 a year to remember for the cross country pilots. But that said, on the days that we flew, we won!

Round One.

For the first weekend, we visited Banbury Gliding club at Hinton in the Hedges airfield. Representing us was Paul Morrison as the Intermediate, and Paul Smith as Pundit. The tasks were perhaps a bit ambitious but Paul Morrison flew round and won his class, Paul Smith managed to get most of the way back, landing out at Chipping Norton, probably only two thermals away from getting home, he came second, behind Bicester's full time glider pilot.

Day two was a similar day but a slightly improved cloud base gave more of the classes a chance. Jon Christensen flew as our Novice and won the day. Haste flew 902 around most of the task, but was caught out on his final glide and decided to land out rather than push his luck. He still achieved a second place for us though, once again behind Bicester's pilot from the first day.

Both Paul and Jon (and possibly our pundits) took launches not believing that the task was possible

for them, however, as with most gliding flights, they flew their own style and pace, getting round safely and ending up with a huge sense of achievement. We ended the first weekend full of pride and ahead of the other clubs. We held the lead!

Round Two.

We visited Windrushers Gliding club in July at Bicester airfield, the weather was convective but only to about 1,200 feet. The our Pundit and Intermediate waited around in the morning enjoying a fry up and coffee while I helped our Novice search around the scrap heap to find a replacement wheel for his damaged trailer (I can't believe I forgot this when the flying brick nominations were being considered). Mid-way through the afternoon, the day was called off so no cross country flying took place.

Sunday was considered a total loss, briefing happened but I don't believe that any rigging took place, the day was scrubbed by midday and gliders returned to Weston – we still held the lead!

Round Three.

Shenington were unable to hold a weekend this year. Fingers crossed for 2014 but we still held the lead!

Round Four.

The other clubs visited us over the weekend we celebrated our 75th anniversary during our August flying fortnight. The RAF and the weather conspired against us to mean day one was scrubbed. We still held the lead!

Day two was a different story. The visiting competitors, lacking in numbers due to the number of regional and national gliding competitions being held, arrived fresh eyed and bushy tailed. In contrast to our somewhat exhausted pilots, one of whom had being heavily involved with the organisation of the night before, the others, like the rest of the club had just enjoyed the celebrations.

John Mart represented us in the Novice class. He and the Bicester pilot had not flown cross country since their 50km Silver distance flights so a suitable task was set and the pair winch launched and set off.

Krzysztof Kreis completed a 300km flight this year, so as a result will be flying in the intermediate class next year. He decided to bring that forward to this year and flew around the intermediates task. Claudia rigged her glider and set off on the pundit's task, however the Bicester Pundit once again proved too much for team Oxford and Claudia finished 2nd. (He flew it at over 100kph!)



The grid and tug (a Tiger Moth) at Bidford

By this time both John Mart and the Bicester Novice had landed out, their retrieve teams set of to retrieve them, the aircraft and their loggers. The interclub rules mean there is a minimum distance for the pilots to cover before it becomes a scoring day. Unfortunately for John, neither he, nor the other pilot had flown this so the Novices had a non-scoring day. With only Bicester able to

catch us in the local Midland league, Krzysztof's win and Claudia's second place meant that we had ended up well in the lead and we were off to the National final!

The final.

This was my first final acting as club captain, although I had been to the Long Mynd a few years back when we last got to the final, It was well organised and although only three other regions sent teams, there was a great spirit and sense of optimism on the first morning at briefing.

The day was a stunningly good cross country day, so tasks were set in all three classes. 100km for the Novices, 200km for the Intermediates and 300km for the Pundits. Lukasz Nazar was flying the club Astir DKR in the Novice class, he had a fantastic day. Achieving a speed of 82.81kph. The other pilots in the Novice class managed 81.2, 81.02 and 80.69kph. This meant we had our first winner for the day, by a margin of a little over 1.5kph, which when all is considered is a difference of only 1 minute 30 seconds over second place, with only 2 minutes separating all four pilots in the class! Truly unbelievable considering the four pilots all started at different times and flew their own routes around the task!

Inter Club League (contd.)

I was flying as the intermediate for us, the mix of gliders in this class is usually pretty varied and this was no exception – a Duo discus, an Ls6 and an ASW27 were the other gliders doing the 200km task. I was in a DG101. With the handicap system that is used to level the playing field for all the classes, our speeds for the task were also pretty close. I managed 94kph, with the others achieving 91, 89 and 78. We had won our second task of the weekend. Proof that although the more expensive gliders may fly faster, you don't need one to have a good time and fly around a task in the interclub league!

Gordon Craig was flying as our pundit, and despite his great effort achieving 92kph around the 300km task, the winner flew it at 116kph! Gordon ended up fourth, just over 1kph behind Keevil's pundit.

The day results put us on 9 points, with Hus Bos on 8, Essex and Suffolk on 7, and Keevil on 6. We had the lead!

Day 2 was very different with only Russell Cheetham (the Pundit and International gold medallist from Hus-Bos) completing his 157km task. Claudia was flying for us and finished in third place on distance flown. The Novice class failed to post a score as no one managed the minimum distance required. But interest was held to the very end of the day as the last glider flying by some margin was our intermediate Paul Morrison – and his flight would determine the outcome of the entire contest. He landed back at Bidford having flown less than 2kms (handicapped) further than his nearest competitor, giving him 1st place and winning the contest for Oxford!

Although there were first places for three of our pilots that weekend, and wins for three others in the local league rounds, I know they (and I) couldn't have done it without our crews' support. They were there to help rig, tape, clean, transport to the grid, launch, collect us from where we landed, and celebrate with us when we won! They know how they are, and I'm also sure that but joining us at the weekends, they were able to soak up a bit of the experience. Hopefully we will see you having a go at flying next

season's tasks.

From my point of view I'd like to thank all of you who helped make the year's interclub league a success, The pilots, the crew, and also those of you who helped run the Oxford round with site briefings, task setting and scoring as well as launching the gliders on task.

Although the final at Bidford did introduce a bit of competitiveness, the local rounds are no more than just flying around a normal task which someone else has set, in your own time and within your own comfort zones. It would be really lovely to see a few more faces during next year's season. Remember, with enough interest the club DG505 can be used to give experience of flying around tasks, crews can be found if you need (and ask), and then you too can achieve a cross country in the interclub league and have that same sense of achievement that all of us at the final had follow our club's success.



Chairman Paul receiving the trophy from Russell Cheetham (Hus Bos, last year's winner)

Team Oxford Results

Round 1		Novice	Intermediate	Pundit
Hinton	Day 1	no pilot	Paul Morrison, 1st	Paul Smith, 2nd
	Day 2	Jon Christensen, 1st	no pilot	Martin Hastings, 2nd

Round 2		Novice	Intermediate	Pundit
Bicester	Day 1	Scrub	Scrub	Scrub
	Day 2	Scrub	Scrub	Scrub

Round 3		Novice	Intermediate	Pundit
Shenington	Day 1	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest
	Day 2	No Contest	No Contest	No Contest

Round 4		Novice	Intermediate	Pundit
Oxford	Day 1	Scrub	Scrub	Scrub
	Day 2	John Mart, No score	Krzysztof Kreis, 1st	Claudia Hill, 2nd

Final		Novice	Intermediate	Pundit
Bidford	Day 1	Lukasz Nazar, 1st	David Bray, 1st	Gordon Craig, 4th
	Day 2	Lukasz Nazar, No score	Paul Morrison, 1st	Claudia Hill, 3rd

FROM BRIAN EVANS' ARCHIVE (ALL FROM THE MID-1970S)



Brian in Skylark 4 "438" (now BNK)

Mike Randle (with beard), Richard Hall (with splendid sideburns) and Skylark 4 "438"

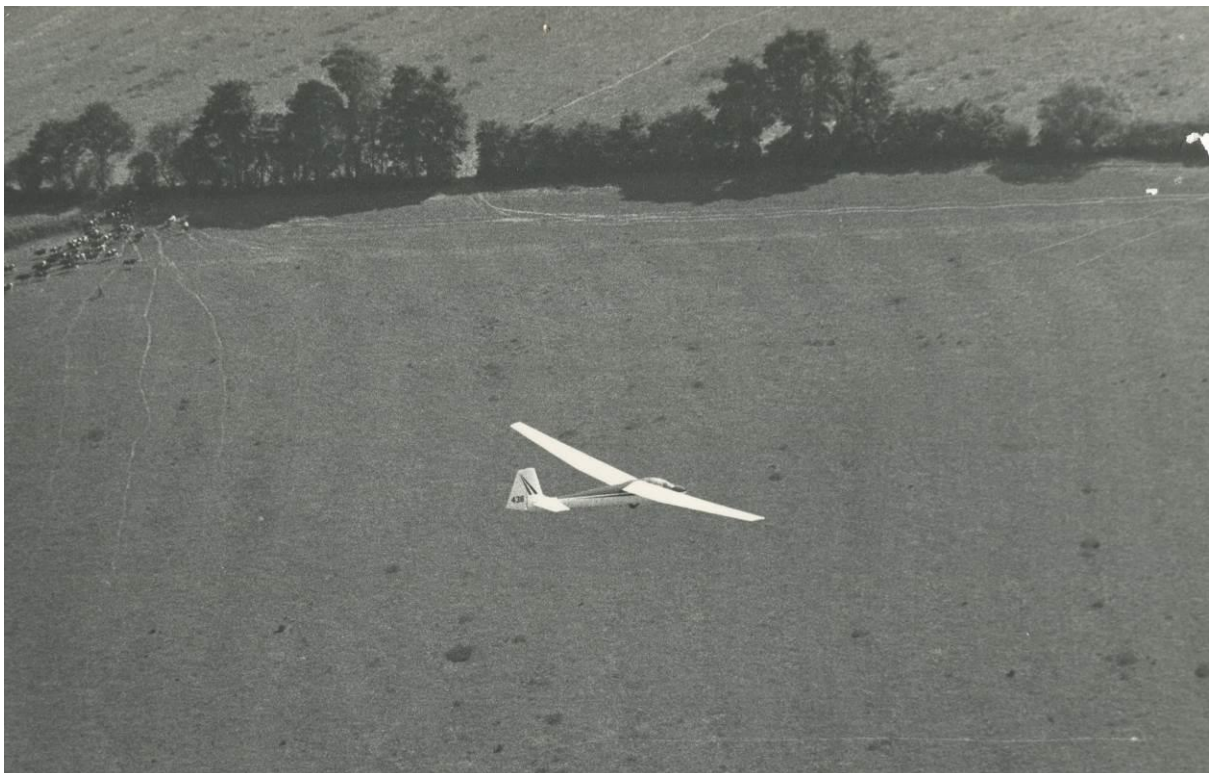


Jenny Klaber in Skylark 4 "438"

From Brian Evans' Archive (contd.)



Weston-on-the-Green airfield. Note the balloon on the balloon pad and the distinct lack of M40



Skylark 4 "438" near Weston-on-the-Green airfield

VISIT TO FLIEGERCLUB SCHOENHAGEN, JULY 2013

Text and photos: Brian Evans



Flight line - K13 with wheels!

Having met Eckhard Peter, CFI, at OGC in 2012, I decided to take up our twin-club's invitation to visit during their Summer Camp. Travel from Aberdeen tends to be a bit trickier than from the Deep South, especially on budget airlines, but we do enjoy direct Lufthansa flights to Frankfurt. Although somewhat pricier, this did allow me to make a quicker, more reliable journey so I arrived at Tegel around 13:00 local, after a VERY early start. Berlin's airports could be said to be "in a state of transition", with Tempelhof long closed and the super new Brandenburger airport overdue and over budget. Tegel is, therefore, quite a modest facility for a major capital city.

Anyway, Eckhard very kindly met me and drove me to Schoenhagen, about 60k away and just outside the Southern edge of the city. You can see all this on Google Earth. Alternatively, one could take one train to Berlin and another to the village of Trebbin, then taxi to the airfield about 5k away. Club members often ferry each other to and fro.



Cable tow-out, arms extended
(inset: arms retracted + release mechanism)

To understand the overall arrangements at Schoenhagen, it would be best to consult the website. In our terms, it would be a medium-size GA airport; with a number of aviation businesses located around the flight operations.

<http://www.edaz.de/en/>

Suffice to say that gliding is quite a small part, commercially, but can be a larger part of the flight operations. The main asphalt runway is 1510m long, orientation 07/25. There is a much shorter runway, 700m, 12/30. I never fully understood the rules concerning the

short one! The main winch run is parallel to the main runway, on a strip about 200m wide. There are good relationships between the club and the airport operators, evidenced by the fact that the tower staff often goes over for a beer and a chat after dusk.

Accommodation on site swings between two extremes. There is a Travelodge-style guesthouse, costing 48-55 €/night, or bunkrooms in the clubhouse. The latter were the stronghold of FCS's youth wing, about a dozen in number, with all that that entails. They're good lads, but I'm glad that I opted for the more sedate surroundings of the former! There were only a couple of caravans, but I only saw one tent.



Breakfast on the veranda

The hangar is a little smaller than ours, and they have a casting trolley for each glider. Clubhouse and workshops are separate, and are very much improvised from what can be obtained at a favourable cost. The clubhouse, for example, consists of 12 (6x2) ISO containers welded together, with doors and windows cut through! It all worked, though and they have all the necessary facilities. There's a long veranda along one wall, and in temperatures of 32-40 degC, all our meals were taken there.

Domestic arrangements were well organised by a "Camp Manager", called Sebastian. He also answered to "Mini-fuss", or Littlefoot. No, I don't know why. The daily tariff was 3€ each for breakfast and lunch, 4€ for dinner. All meals were taken communally, with different people doing the preparation each day. Now, here's the thing ... for one's 10E each day, one could also have as much bottled water during the day, and as much bottled beer in the evening, as one wanted! It seems that both could be bought very cheaply (less than a euro per bottle) in the supermarket, and then the recycling organisation would pay 25 cents per recycled bottle. I guess this came from a Government fund, it couldn't possible have been from the original price.



Launch point

Fliegerclub Schoenhagen (contd.)

I was pleasantly surprised to find the clubhouse decorated with alternate English and German flags. Everyone was very welcoming, and between their English and my primitive German, we got along well.

The Fleet consists of two K13s, one Pirat and an Astir.

There were also two Bocians, one looking somewhat bare, and a flyable one which had just come off insurance and CoA. I'd hoped to get a flight in one, but that wasn't possible. Their A/c maintenance man, Chrissie, has extensively

modified the K13s. He works on the airfield, at Aquila Aviation, who build glassfibre light aircraft. He has replaced the front and rear skids with wheels, and put fairings round the main wheels. All are immaculate. Most of the ground equipment is likewise. The diesel-powered winch is mounted on a humungous ex-GDR Army truck, which sports brand-new tyres, no less. I have to say it's quite tricky for an auld mannie like me to get into, as the ladder goes not lead straight into the winch cab. You have to shuffle along a 9" track, no handholds, no rail, over head-height above the ground! Once inside, the cab is well laid out, but VERY noisy. Communication to the launch-point is by ex-GDR field telephone, so the winch driver holds that to one ear while covering the other with half of a pair of ear-defenders! The 1500-metre line is permanently in place, there being a plug unit at each end, for connection by wander-lead to the two phones. Dial the wrong number and you get Soviet Missile Command HQ.

The non-immaculate equipment is the two retrieve vehicles, beat-up old saloon cars. One, however, tows an amazing cable-pulling trailer with arms that retract, and release catches, operated from inside the car. Their ground-equipment man, Kiki, built it and everyone was very polite about it. Kiki is a senior clinician at a major Berlin hospital, but he likes to let himself go during their summer camp! The launch-point vehicle is an old VW camper van, with very little space inside. Fortunately it didn't rain. For shade, there was an awning and boy did we need it. Mid afternoon temperatures were in the mid- to late 30s, with very little wind. This van was well-stocked with big bottles of water and a marker pen so you could claim your own – which someone politely pointed out to me during the first afternoon ...

On arrival, I presented my credentials i.e., the standard medical certificate from my GP, and FAI certificates to show my progress from A&B to Gold C. I was also asked to show instructor comments



Self-propelled winch



from my logbook, to show that someone had actually cleared me for solo. No comments please. This satisfied their legal and insurance requirements. Now here's another thing: they don't charge directly for launches and flying time. Instead, they calculate the overall cost of running the operation, and arrive at an average cost per month to the members. The cost to me was suggested as 55E, which I thought very fair. However, the Chairman then turned up and very kindly waived this. I really did try to press payment on him, but he was very firm. I have to say I'm not sure if this privilege could be extended further, in the event of future visits.

So, what was the flying like?

One difference is that they don't operate a pilot-controlled flying list. It seems that the duty instructor does that, and no one seems to mind. Over 3 days I had 4 circuits and a one-hour soaring flight. Their parachute system employs a

static line, a length of broad tape which fits into a pocket on the 'chute and attaches on the starboard side of the cockpit. Eckhard had tried to teach me the pre-flight checks in German, but in the event I did them in English. I was interested to see that the

weight placard focussed on minimum, but not maximum, cockpit loads. I never did find out how they made the decision about aerobatic limits. Once checks are complete, they contact the tower for clearance, which never exceeded about 5 minutes, but was never less than about two. Even that was a long time to have the canopy down in those temperatures

Launch procedures and speeds are similar to ours, with a check on weak-link strength before hooking on. The main difference is that the duty pilot talks to the winch instead of flashing at him. On these low-wind days, we were getting around 400 - 450m at the top (1320 to 1485 feet). Circuits are similar, with the rule "wings level at 100m" on the final turn.

Depending on launch direction, one can only do right-hand or left-hand circuits; always to the south. The countryside around is flat, but more heavily wooded than Oxfordshire. There are several lakes too, which Eckhard's "Game-boys", as he called them, used for swimming when we stood down for a couple of hours due to the heat.

My soaring flight was good, but set back by disappointment. The instructor was Egbert Poy, and we launched into a thermic sky at about 14:00. I took us up about 150m, not centring well, when EP took over. He really stuck the wing in and we shot up to 1300m (4300ft). And I

thought I could handle tight thermals! Unfortunately, the bumpy flight and high temperatures left me feeling quite queasy. This is unusual for me, and I then found it difficult



That hits the spot! I to r, Harald, Hans, Eckhard, Kiki

Fliegerclub Schoenhagen (contd.)

to enjoy the scenic tour of the area. I took control a couple more times, but my heart wasn't in it. The water on board was really hot, and not at all refreshing. I eventually had to ask him to take us back. It always breaks my heart to burn off height with the brakes!

On the Saturday, I had one of the last flights of the camp. Powered traffic was light and we had permission to cross the main runway, for a hangar landing. It was a typical ending to a summer's day, light wind, pleasant and Eckhard let me do the whole thing. By then I was getting back into it (having not flown for 11 months), and put it down on the spot. Didn't want to disgrace OGC! We sat and watched the remaining gliders come in, the Pirat flown by a young lad who'd just done three flights to complete his C Badge. Perfect.

In summary, it was a very rewarding experience, and I hope one or two other members will have the chance to go

there too. They are, however a small club – 44 members including 5 instructors – so we wouldn't want to swamp them. If any of their members come to OGC next August, I hope we will make them very welcome.

Eckhard wrote an article about the twinning with OGC, his visits to us, and ours to them, for "Der Lilienthaler". This magazine is directed to gliding in the region of Berlin and the state of Brandenburg. I have a copy, plus Eckhard's translation, if anyone is interested. I can copy the article if you wish.



End of the camp. Chrissie (r) supervises the Game Boys wing-washing

Footnote on Schoenhagen Airport: The site was the centre of East German gliding "during GDR days", as Eckhard puts it. In fact he grew up in the village, and his parents still live there. Eckhard's father was a senior instructor, and gained some fame by flying an old wooden glider to Warsaw during the 60's (I think). At least one derelict Soviet-era airfield can be seen from the air, and there is a much larger gliding site at Ramsdorf, about 40k south. Apparently, this site has a Skylaunch electric winch, which hurls them up to 1000m! I have an out-of-date map if anyone wants to see it next August.

YOUTH IN PARLIAMENT

Ben Vickars

On the 21st of May, George and I visited Parliament to try and convince the influential people of the UK that Gliding is as good as we say. It was a very helpful day, not only in meeting some people high up (pun intended) in the BGA community, such as Pete Stratten, the CEO of the BGA, Pete Harvey, the current Chairman of the BGA, Alison Randle, the BGA development officer, and Matt Davis, the current Junior Gliding Champion.

It was interesting going to London for the day, and particularly interesting to visit Parliament. There were quite a few politicians around, but the vast majority of them were in the session, debating the equal marriage bill. We did meet some politicians though, one who had been gliding was very interested in taking it up again, I think he was one of the success stories of the day that we had.

There were many people from most different flying associations for young people, but it was quite funny watching the faces of people who were sure that we couldn't fly solo. "Surely there was an instructor in the back" was something I heard quite a bit. It was great speaking to the Air League who were exceedingly helpful with bursaries and other information regarding the EASA transition.

It was very helpful speaking to Pete Stratten, who also helped with the EASA transition questions we had left. Between me and George, we had probably asked him every question we had about Gliding and the BGA's plans for the future.

George Barrett

Being able to go to the Houses of Parliament to represent the BGA is something that doesn't happen every day. Ben Vickars and I were two lucky young pilots who went to the Houses. We got to spend the day with 3 other pilots, Julia Roberts (instructor from Bicester), a Matt Davis (the current UK Junior champion) and Peter Stratten. We also got to talk to many people including MPs about gliding with the BGA and all the things you can achieve, for example going solo at 14 and the maximum thrill of flying without an engine. Not only was the food amazing but meeting others from different flying organisations such as Oxford Aviation Academy. All in all it was a day to remember and Ben and I got our names and the BGA's name out in the world.



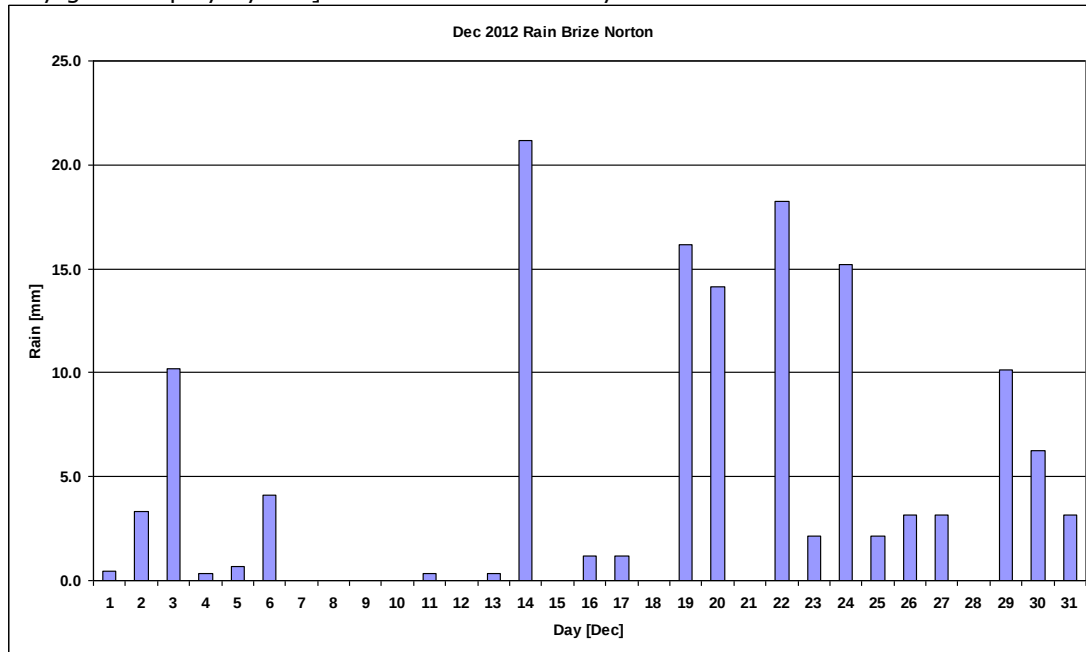
Photo: Ben Vickars

A SUMMARY OF THE YEAR 2013

or Parachutes Instead of Weather

Keith White

Well, the RAF seem to have a thing about AGM days. Yet again the Hercules is lumbering over the field dropping bodies from time to time. Eventually it clears off for a few hours, promising to return for a night drop, so fireworks [a very good display by Jon] are verboten until they have re-



conquered the airfield, and then retreated again.

A few fair days in Nov, but more rain [remember that stuff from last year?] means that Gordon declares the field a wet nature reserve on the 25th; very much like an extension of Otmoor.

Dec 2nd is the 75th anniversary of the club's first general meeting, and a small party was held to celebrate. Enjoyed by all, and we look forward to the major celebration in May next year.

Rain, rain, rain! Well, there might have been a dry patch at the beginning of Dec, but I was holed up with a nasty cold so I did not get out until later, and then the field was more like a swimming pool than an airfield. The first graph above shows the rainfall at Brize during December - it rained nearly continuously from the 11th, with a total of 137 mm; well over twice the Dec average [since 1853] of 59.7 mm.

We can but hope for less rain in the coming year. The graph on the right shows the distribution of annual rainfall at Oxford since 1853. Included is a normal distribution, to which the data is an approximate fit, based on the standard deviation and scaled to the maximum, and indications of the 1, 2, and 3 σ points.

The Oxford rainfall in 2012 was 864 mm, close to the upper 2 σ line. About 97% of the distribution lies below 864 mm, so there is a fairly high probability that this year's rainfall will be less than last year's, although the probability of its being the same is the same as it was last year.

January 18th, and we get the first significant snow of the winter - 10 cm, and sufficient to close the airfield for aviation activities.

On January 26th there was a repeat of the "Women's Development Day" at OGC. About

twenty attendees including one adventurous male, and reportedly a success. And in the melting snow, on a rather soggy field, we managed 32 launches as well.

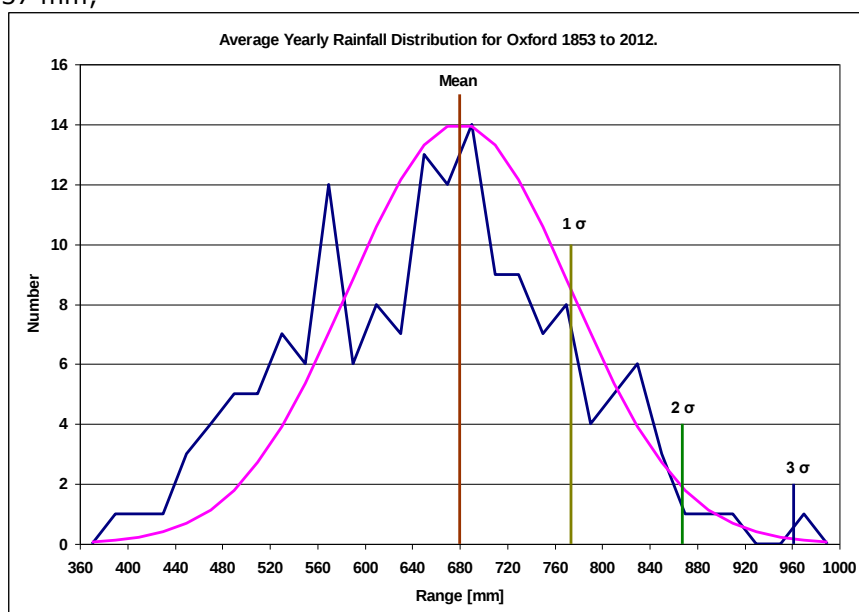
Easter came, and with it snow and freezing temperatures. March, turned out to be the equal coldest March period since 1883 (130 years) in terms of the mean Central England Temperature, despite, or perhaps because of which, on Easter Sunday, with a bit of sun on the ground, there was lift up to more than 4,000 ft.

The forecast for Saturday April 20th was good for the first real soaring day of the season, and out of their winter hibernation came the shiny white birds. There were 54 launches; the longest flight was 5 hr 57 min; and there were four flights of over 5 hr duration. The Sunday was not as good, with 36 launches, and a maximum duration of 3 hr 12 min.

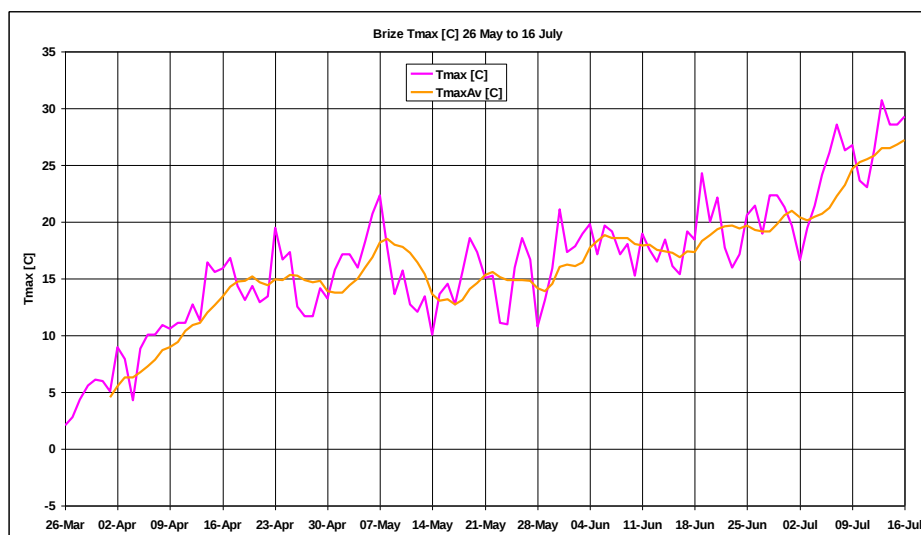
On the Friday before the early May bank holiday, the Skyvan nose wheel broke on landing, and the airfield was closed until the following weekend whilst the AAIB investigated. Rather a nuisance, as the weekend was bright and sunny.

May 26, and the first of the celebrations of our 75th anniversary, with a barbeque and quiz, attended by about 30. Those present will not forget the first question and answer of the quiz posed by Peter Boulton - What time does Andy Murray go to bed? - Tenuish!!

So, after the coldest spring for 50 years, the 1st June came along bright and sunny, accompanied by the drone of - you guessed it! - the faithful Hercules. A few flights were done after about 4 pm. Makes one wonder if they could not use a large trampoline. No such activity on Sunday, with the promise of a good day: and so it, generally, turned out. There were 60 launches, resulting in 3 flights longer than 400 min [longest 446 min], and 6 longer than 300 min, and distances of 500 km. Summer at last, or so it seemed in comparison with what had gone before!



A Summary of the Year 2013 (contd.)



The summer solstice passed without the dawn to dusk flying this year.

The graph above shows the maximum daily temperature history from Brize, together with a 7 day running average. Summer almost got under way at the start of June, but then decided it was not really ready for it yet; the average temperature rose above 20 °C only at the beginning of July, followed by temperatures in the high 20s , and even exceeding 30 °C by the middle of July. You can tell summer has really arrived when the weather men begin giving warnings about hyperthermia.

The ICL got under way with Dave Bray in charge, and OGC won the midland area of the interclub league. Next up, the national finals at Bidford. And we won - well done to all! This will be the fourth time [previously in 1998, 2001 with RAFGSA Bicester, and 2003] our name has been on the trophy, which is now residing in the bar.

The most important event of the year - the 75th anniversary celebration - was held on Sat 17th August in the middle of the flying two weeks. Despite poor weather the event was a great success, with over 100 attendees.

Unfortunately the FTW was badly affected by the RAF and Army who both wanted to use the

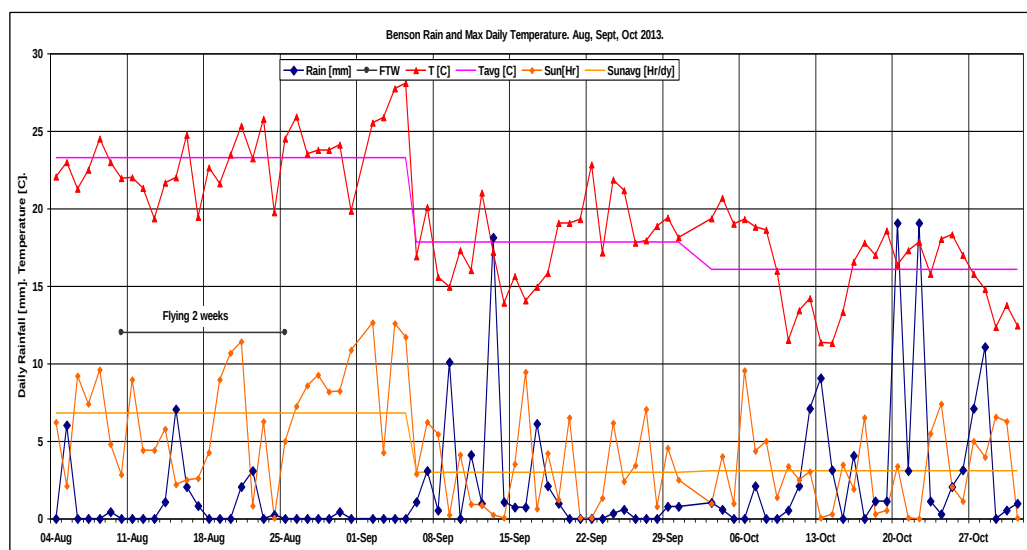
airfield for jumping practice for most of the two weeks. They eventually let us have the airfield back on the last Friday [23rd] afternoon. And then the weather turned a bit miserable. There was one flight only on the Friday - JSX aerotowed back from Bicester. Then none on Saturday, 16 on Sunday, and a grand 47 on Monday with a longest flight of 280 minutes.

The chart below shows rainfall, daily maximum temperatures, and sunshine hours throughout August, September, and October, the dates labelled being Sundays.

During the F2W, there was little rain, and reasonable temperatures, averaging 23 °C Tmax, but little to be done apart from enjoy the sunshine, which averaged just under 7 hours per day; surprisingly perhaps, less than half of the average 14.5 hours of day.

The end of August and the beginning of September improved considerably, with little rain and plenty of sunshine, and 28 °C on Sept 5th; but that was the last gasp of summer.

The rest of September saw a considerable drop in average maximum temperature, corresponding with increased rain and about half the daily sunshine. Most weekends were wet or sunless. And a similar story holds for October, with increased amounts of rain - every weekend except the first having some rain on both days. So, when we were not watching the Hercules we were watching the rain.



FINAL GLIDE is produced using Word. This year, for the third time, it has not been printed but instead is only available as a PDF. Distributed free to members, ex-members and friends of the Oxford Gliding Club, and available in the members' area on the OGC website.

As Final Glide is now available for download from a public website, members' addresses have not been included.

Some contributions may also be available on the OGC blog: <http://oxfordgliding.blogspot.co.uk>

CADET/JUNIORS THINGY AT BICESTER

Text & photos: Ben Vickars

In August, when we had literally no gliding opportunities during the week, an idea that Julia Robson, an instructor at Bicester, had come up with was brought along to Bicester/Windrushers gliding club. The idea was simple, a gliding competition that didn't require any previous experience (There were some pre-solo people there as well). It was held at Bicester, which luckily for us "Weston lot" was close enough to go to.



The competition was relatively simple; it was set up in much the same way as inter Uni competitions where we had 1 point per minute for staying up to 30 minutes maximum. After that you lost 3 points, and you gained 2 points per 100 feet you climbed after launch. There were cadets/juniors there from Weston, Dunstable, Bicester and Gransden/Cambridge. The sheer number of cadets/juniors was really great to see, but I think we slightly overwhelmed the Bicester launch point.

The day(s) basically involved a normal day, and while most of the cadets/juniors didn't take part in the actual competition, it meant a lot of fun for us lot who did compete in it. If you want to know the scores, you'll have to wait until the end. The benefit of doing it during the week was that the normal members of the clubs were generally not there, leaving 'us' with the Bicester fleet. We got to fly in K21s, K13s and K8s. It really was a Schleicher competition.

The scores? At this point, I would like to add the fact that other clubs had more people entering the competition, so that's the excuse. Anyway, the scores were:

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| 1. Bicester | 336 points |
| 2. Dunstable | 324 points |
| 3. Cambridge | 305 points |
| 4. Weston | 218 points |

We did all our scoring flights in the K8, so I like to think that the K8 performance was hindered by the fact that it was the lowest glide ratio glider they used.

It is important to thank Richard Hall in particular and the club in general for the use of the K8, and for Richard, for his use of his car and the general help he gave us in the competition.

UK JUNIOR WINTER SERIES

Text & photos: Ben Vickars

From the 25th to the 27th of October, I went to the Long Mynd in Shropshire for the Junior gliding winter series. The winter series is an event that UK Junior Gliding has held for 2 years now, and is meant for people under 26 to find an excuse to go flying during the cold winter months. So far it's been held at the Long Mynd, Sutton bank and Nympsfield. It's predominantly held at ridge sites so that there is a possibility of staying up more than the usual circuit time.

It was interesting flying at a different place to the normal Bicester/Weston area, and the 'interesting' circuits that they employ at the Mynd. When I first got there, probably one of the best bits was when we arrived on the airfield with sheep included. When told that this was the airfield, I found it hard to believe that the grassy area, filled with rabbit holes, sheep and ponds was really where we planned to fly.



I got to fly in three different aircraft during my weekend, them being the DG 1000, a K21 and a Twin Astir. I also got to drive the Mynd's retrieve winch. The retrieve winch operates in what I imagine to be a very similar way to the winch that we use. The one difference being the fact it has no brake, meaning a whole lot more thinking of when to disengage the clutch.

The hangar that the Mynd use is very small, but they still manage to fit in even more gliders! As Boyd the American put it, "if we had the same problem, we'd just make it bigger". The way they did it is with trollies and cranes, making it possible to put all the 8 gliders in the same hangar, with a K23 hanging over the K21, shown by the photo.

WOMEN'S WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP

Claudia Hill

Photos: Conny Andersson, Dave Draper, Claudia Hill



Well, where do I start? It was fabulous. Like a giant school exchange, only without the weird host parents. Instead as part of a brilliant team and with lots of pilots from all sorts of countries. Great friendly yet competitive atmosphere. And of course we had the best crews. And the best

team captain (Mel), and team masseur-cum-chef Conny, and Raz the team mascot.

The Women's Team had flown at Issoudun last year in the Pre-Worlds, and several of us went there for a coaching week with Brian this April, so on arrival it all felt very familiar – a bit like doing an Inter Club League at a neighbouring club. Nick and I were the first to arrive, the others followed over the next few days.

The practice days saw a mix of AAT practice, ensuring all the gadgets worked, (re)familiarisation with the area, flying near the big aerals the other side of Issoudun to see which gadgets they would mess up this time (they only wiped my secondary logger's complete memory once, luckily), and one slightly bigger task of 350km under a classic looking sky.

I flew the big practice task mainly so I could get an idea of most of the potential task area and its field landing options. Issoudun airfield is almost entirely surrounded by crop fields, which normally makes for excellent undershoot options this time of year, but unfortunately the wet weather this year meant that the farmers only started cutting fields after the first competition week. The area to the south is more like the Cotswolds, with small, undulating but landable grass fields, to the east you have the Loire and Cher rivers and a mix of fields plus vineyards, to the west it's similar to Oxfordshire, a good mix of landing options, and to the north lies the Sologne, a large forest – but with landable fields, and more importantly, with sandy soil which generally provides decent conditions.

After that flight I was mostly happy with what I had seen in the way of field landing options. The next day we did another AAT – and on those two practice days I came second and third respectively, which started me off with a very positive attitude for the comp.

The competition started on Sunday. And I kept waiting for the classic conditions I'd seen on the 350km practice day. Thinking back now, all I remember is blue and hot (not strictly true, there were clouds as well, but fewer and fewer as the days went on). We certainly didn't have any classic days, as one could tell by the average speeds. Cloud base went up to 6500ft, but you were in trouble below 3500ft, on some days the really good lift was only to be found above 4000ft. The Loire and Cher rivers look quite pretty but really mess up the lift – there are still clouds and they pretend to look good, but when you get there they don't work. The Sologne did indeed generate some brilliant conditions most of the time. It's a bit of a shame that on competition flights there's not much time to look at the countryside, though – I'll have to go back to the area specifically to do a sightseeing flight to a variety of Loire castles.

After 10 days of competition flying in similar conditions the flights tend to merge into one and I struggle to remember every detail of each individual flight, but certain things stood out. For instance the impressively accurate weather forecasts during the first week – you could almost set your altimeter by the predicted cloud base. Or the day when I thought I should push ahead of the gaggle but didn't realise how unreliable the clouds near the Loire were, and ended up scrabbling around low down for a while and losing everyone – but then meeting some of them again at the last TP. Or the day when I didn't trust my own judgement on an AAT, made a silly decision to turn around and go deeper into the sector after all, and lost out because of that. Or the day when I met up with Elena, the Italian club class pilot, at the last TP and we ended up helping each other get home. (Team GB got to share some of Team Italy's "post-flight salami" and "post-flight parmesan" afterwards.)

We did a mix of AATs and straight racing days, with the task setters taking advantage of airspace becoming available at the weekends that was prohibited mid-week.

The weather was so good that we only had 3 scrub days, and all competition days were good enough for decent-sized tasks, including a 4.5 hour AAT, a 400 km and several 269km tasks. What a difference to last year's Pre-Worlds where we only had 4 days of rather short tasks!

The three clubbies Ayala, Helen and I flew as a team when that worked, and on our own when it didn't. Considering we hadn't had a lot of opportunity to practice team flying it worked better than expected at times. On

one day we managed to start after most of the others, caught them up pretty soon and worked amazingly well as a team – so well that we ended up 1st, 2nd and 3rd that day.

Sometimes we could also help each other across classes, when the tasks weren't wildly different for Gill and Kay in the Standard class.



Team GB with crews and mascot

Women's Worlds (contd.)

Almost all team members had at least one day win, except me – I had a day win for about an hour, until Ayala (who had crossed the finish circle after me but then opted for a safe field landing instead of a marginal final glide) was scored, and then I came second. I didn't even have time to take a screenshot of my interim day win! – But I was still quite happy with second place.

In general I just tried to be consistent and enjoy myself, and not make any major mistakes. And I consistently seemed to get around 850 points, which meant that I slowly crept up from 12th to 9th and eventually to 7th place. Considering my initial aim was not to come last in my first international competition I am very happy with my 7th place (out of 20)!

On the penultimate day Ayala was in the lead in her Libelle, slightly ahead of Dörte and Christine, the two German Libelle pilots, so Ayala and I agreed that we'd fly together on the last day – and just stick with the gaggle. Helen had decided to start earlier by herself. Because the Tour de France was going past the airfield at 4pm, and with it lots of helicopters, our start line closed at 3.30. And so almost the complete club class gaggle set off at 3.30 on the dot, after milling about near the airfield for 2 hours.



Gaggle flying

Issoudun in the same field as Dörte, which gave me exactly the same points as Ayala. As Christine had landed in a field another 3km further it meant that Christine won the competition and Dörte and Ayala were beaten to a joint second place by a mere 14 points.

Only three club class pilots got round that day, including Helen and Magali!

All of us managed to be in the top ten in our respective classes in the end (7th and 8th for Kay and Gill in the Standard Class, 2nd, 10th and 7th for Ayala, Helen and me in the Club Class), we had one medal winner and came second in the Team Cup. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, although it took me a few days to recover from 13 days of flying in the heat. I want to go to the next WWGC in Denmark in two years – I guess I had better go and qualify then...



1st, 2nd, 3rd!

We crept round the task in 0.5kt gaggles, the leading pilots just trying to sit it out, but surprisingly none of the lower-placed pilots were making a break for it. As time went on it became more and more obvious that we were all heading towards the inevitable mass landout. Dörte and Christine were higher than most of us at that point and pushed ahead, the rest, incl. Ayala, landed approx. 20km short of Issoudun, where there were enough cut fields to accommodate everybody. I got a very weak climb and managed to push on a little, then found another bubble, but couldn't make it work (I saw Magali, one of the French pilots, about 800ft above me climbing away), and I eventually landed 10km short of



Last day, sharing a field with Dörte 10km from Issoudun

DAISY DID LASHAM

Text and photos: Dave Weekes

OK so Hampshire isn't quite so exotic as Lithuania, scene of last year's international Vintage Glider Club rally, but it's a lot nearer Weston. Last year was a three day marathon each way, this year less than three hours. Sheer luxury!

As a result there were a lot more OGC members who went to the rally, some only fleetingly, but it's the thought that counts. Exposure to the VGC social scene is greatly to be encouraged!

This year was the 40th anniversary of the founding of the VGC (i.e. it was the 41st International Rally). The first ever rally had been held at Hus Bos but apparently they didn't want to host the 41st! Can't think why!

However Lasham stepped in and organised number 41. It happily coincided with the official opening of the Glider Heritage Centre at Lasham, so the UK finally has a dedicated glider museum.

The final entry was 144 pilots and 98 gliders from 16 different countries (the Aussies didn't bring any gliders). So it was a big rally but two winches and a large number of tugs plus pretty sharp operation meant that the launch queues were tolerable.

The weather wasn't bad either – we only lost one complete day and most of the rest were soarable so there were no real complaints.

It has to be said that Lasham's organisation was excellent. Lasham Gliding Centre is a business, not a club but many of the organisers and volunteer crew had gone well out of their way to make the rally a big success. During the closing remarks it was said that it had been the best International Rally ever, and that may not have been too far from the truth.

The usual OGC hard core went. Peter and Ursula Brooks, Peter Boulton, Rob Jackson and Name plus myself and the increasingly notorious (within the VGC) Shaun the Sheep. Between us we took Daisy, plus the two Skylark 4's BNK and BLW. Graham and Lynne Barrett, Martin and Sue Cooper plus Gary and Janet Cuthill took Loulou the Capstan.

Chanel (plus Shaun) in Daisy



Haste came along to have a go in anything he could lay his hands on (He flew BLW more than I did!). Other passing

OGC visitors were Karen King and Chanel plus Karen's adventurous neighbour with her offspring. Tim Elliot and Liisi also showed up and had goes in Daisy.

Cloudy, Martin Brown, Adrian & George and possibly others (do you expect me to remember through that alcoholic haze?) turned up to participate in the infamous VGC "International Evening" so altogether OGC had a pretty fair representation at the rally!

OGC in full flow



Haste was getting suspiciously eager to fly strange wooden gliders, especially the Danish 2G – essentially a couple of seats slung under a wing. Haste's description of looking straight down at the ground when turning is worth listening-to!

Karen's neighbour (wish I could remember her name) hadn't done much (if any) gliding. So what did she elect to have a go in? The 2G. Now that's the way to start!

Karen's friend trying the 2G



Daisy did Lasham (contd.)

Of course much of any VGC rally comprises trying other people's gliders. At one point I worked out that flying a Polish built, Hungarian owned, German Foka 5 glider in England (by a person born in Wales, resident in Scotland) which is a fair mix! A very sweet handling glider indeed. Allegedly twitchy on the elevator but it seemed OK.

Foka 5



But an L Spatz 55 (it looks a bit like a K8) – I thought very twitchy. I flew it for 45 minutes and it seemed longer! There didn't really seem to be a time when I could relax. Plus it was absolutely immaculate. A finish inside and out like I've never seen. Even the fuselage tubes seemed polished! Scratch that if you dare!

L Spatz 55



Inside Gerhard's L Spatz



And then I got my sticky fingers on the Rhönsperber, a small glider (especially the cockpit). Built in 1936, won the British Championships in 1938 and 1939 and the VGC best restoration prize in 1980. That's a lot of history to climb into! Rob had a go as well. We were busy hunting down the owner's other glider, an equally rare Minimoa, but he derigged it just too soon. Rats!

Rhönsperber



Overall? A great week both flying and socially. Next year's rally is in Denmark. And yes, we will be going! Why not come too?

VINTAGE GLIDER CLUB, LASHAM 2013

Peter Boulton

A few members of OGC are eccentric enough to fly old wooden gliders. This causes minimal inconvenience for other OGC members, because there is an outlet for their enthusiasm – The Vintage Glider Club, or VGC, (www.vintagegliderclub.org/).

As well as various meetings around the UK during the year, the VGC holds a big annual shindig, encouraging every member from around the world to attend, and bring his or her vintage glider. OGC has had a presence at a number of these meetings, in Germany, Austria, France, Lithuania, and probably others that I haven't been to or heard about.

Occasionally, the UK is the host country. A few years ago Tibenham hosted it; 2013 saw Kent Gliding Club at Lasham hosting the 41st annual meeting. A UK venue meant that it was easier to attend, so Lasham was home for a week or so to Peter and Ursula Brooks, Peter Boulton (me), Dave Weekes, Garry and Janet Cuthill, Graham and Lynne Barrett, Rob Jackson, his then fiancé (now his wife!) Name, Rob's mum, former OGC member Martin Cooper, his good lady wife Sue and his excellent dog Brewster, and Martin Hastings.

The aircraft accompanying them were Daisy (Slingsby T21 WJ306), Skylark 4 BNK, Skylark 4 BLK (now living with Dave weeks in Scotland, since Steve Trusler decamped to Scandinavia), and Slingsby T49 Capstan Lulu.

Daisy had a place in the hangar, as she's a bit of a challenge to rig and de-rig on a daily basis; all the other gliders were either rigged and de-rigged as needed, or staked out to protect them from the wind overnight.

My start to the event involved a road tow taking Daisy from Weston on the Green to Lasham. Willing helpers had assembled the frame and cover, and all her wheels tyres and her spare were checked. I set off in the early evening, so that I could park her up at Lasham before dark. About 10 miles into the journey, I heard an ominous rattling sound. A glance in the wing mirror revealed that one of Daisy's trailer wheels was minus a tyre, no longer round, digging a furrow into the tarmac, and spewing a trail of sparks like Guy Fawkes night. This was the point at which I found out that Daisy's trailer is not equipped with a jack; nor is my car – it just has an emergency inflator/sealant aerosol for punctures. Fortunately, a phone call to Peter Brooks elicited a rescue. It did mean that I got to Lasham after dark, and indeed after they had locked the airfield, and I was cold and tired. Eventually, I managed to locate someone with the gate code, although I had to interrogate everyone in the bar to find the right person, and got so excited when I saw a face I recognised that poor Gail got hugged rather more enthusiastically than she was used to.

Dave Weekes potentially had an ultra-tricky trailer reversing job through a tiny village, when he attempted to enter the aircraft repair facility rather than the airfield. Apparently, the aircraft repair people object to this strongly, and are adamant that no glider trailers enter through their territory. However, Dave used his charm and came smoothly through their entrance and onto the airfield.

Eventually, the entire OGC contingent was settled in, either in tents or motor-homes.

On registration, we were informed by notice in the office that landing out was forbidden. The first land-out was nevertheless achieved on the first flying day of the rally –

Hugo Ording, a pilot from Holland got to within one kilometre of the airfield, but didn't quite make it home.

OGC members got stuck into flying the gliders that they had brought with them, and started building up their network of friends from whom they would borrow gliders during the week. Daisy worked hard as an ambassador for OGC, with Peter Brookes, Rob Jackson and Dave Weekes bearing the brunt of the piloting for people keen to experience the two-seater, side-by-side, open air experience. This worked against Rob's favour – he arranged to swap a go of his Skylark for a go of the 1935-built Rhönsperber, but when the time came, found he was the only person available to look after Daisy, and he's had to take a rain-check on putting yet another new type in his logbook. Next year perhaps! Our friends from Hungary, Peter Moskovits, and his father Ervin brought their Szd-32 Foka 5, which Dave Weekes flew, although a slight mix-up due to language and translation difficulty meant that Martin Hastings didn't. Rob didn't want to fly the Foka, since the tragic accident at Bicester weighed heavily on his mind. (That sad accident was attributed to incorrect rigging by people who had not been trained to rig this particular craft; Peter and Ervin are experts in rigging them.). Peter Moskovits was inspired to buy a T21 after flying in Daisy at an earlier VGC meeting. He didn't bring it to this meeting, as it is currently undergoing restoration.

Martin had previously seemed a bit diffident about vintage gliders, but this week converted him – he flew Dave Weekes' Skylark 4, but thought discretion would be the better part of valour when the Isle of Wight hove onto view, and came back to Lasham. His real baptism of fire came with the "Hol's der Teufel", a 2004 build of a 1929 design, technically a primary, but in fact with a surprisingly sophisticated wing section. Gary also lost his Hols der Teufel virginity at this meeting. There are photo's of Garry's circuit at

http://www.flickr.com/photos/rumah_cantik/sets/72157635068019358/. You can see a somewhat concerned look on

Garry's face all the way round the circuit change to a big grin when he is safely down on the ground. The rest of us are old hands in it.

(http://www.flickr.com/photos/rumah_cantik/sets/72157635068009796/) Martin also flew something called a Two-Gee, built in 1950, which has nothing surrounding the pilot at all.

(http://www.flickr.com/photos/rumah_cantik/sets/72157635067987334/) As well as the stalwarts who camped on the airfield for most of the week, other OGC members managed to visit for at least a day; Cloudy, Liisi, Tim, Barry and Martin all spent some time with us. Karen brought some youngsters who were thrilled to ride in daisy. One youngster asked Dave as he was strapped into his 'chute "What happens if the parachute fails to open?" "You can come with me to the shop to make a strongly-worded complaint!" was Dave's reply. Tim, unfortunately, made the mistake of registering as crew at the rally, instead of just visiting, and was stung £20 by the organisers, who didn't miss a trick when it came to fundraising. They were charging aircraft spotters for escorted walks round the perimeter of the airfield, although, to be fair, the money raised that way was donated to the Chris Wills Memorial Hangar, a new facility for the storage and display of historic gliders, which is part of Lasham's "Gliding Heritage Centre". The opening ceremony for the hangar was held during the meeting. It's a fine facility, full of beautiful old aircraft, including one

VGC Lasham (contd.)

that used to belong to the Prince of Siam, much to Name's fascination – Siam is now Thailand, which is her home country. To any killjoy who tells you that the proper name for this facility is "The Shed of S**T", well boo to them! Many of these aircraft are flying regularly; if you join Lasham you too can fly them (although you should be warned that membership at Lasham is much more expensive than at OGC).

The evenings were extremely sociable – Lasham has a passable restaurant, the local gastro pubs were excellent – we had a really nice evening where we were able to get to know both Rob's mother and Name better over a meal and drinks. My brother and his wife were able to visit and fly as well. Other evenings were spent cooking at the OGC camping/motor-home area, or eating at the social events organised by the rally – an English Evening, designed to introduce all the overseas visitors to English Culture and Cuisine, included in the rally registration fee, and the International Evening, where the participants bring food typical of their home country's cuisine to share with everyone. We cooked Chicken Tikka Masala – it was, after all, declared Britain's national dish by Robin Cook when he was foreign secretary. The highlight of the evening's cuisine was undoubtedly the superb goulash prepared for us by the Hungarians – Peter and Ervin are professional-standard cooks.

Music for the evening parties came from various local bands – the Strodes Big Band, Taller than Jane (what a vocalist!), Kickback, and the Jazz Quartet featuring Mark Wills, who put in a huge amount of work as an organiser, and still found time to blow some really mean blue notes! His up-beat soulful playing really belies his normally solemn demeanour.

Added to this were model flying and visits by vintage car clubs.

The daily briefing meetings were enlivened by a system of hats – the CFI took off his CFI headgear and donned a policeman's helmet to admonish people for things like low final turns, which were punished by a (voluntary) fine, the

proceeds going to the Gliding Heritage Centre. I'm pretty sure no OGC member was involved.

A really interesting aspect of flying at Lasham is that a 1929-design glider can end up sharing a runway with a modern jet. There is a commercial jet aircraft maintenance facility on one corner of the airfield, with jet movements in and out. Arrivals are pre-announced by the explosion of maroons to attract your attention, and departures are pre-announced by a strobe beacon on top of the repair facility, and, of course, the noise of a jet taxiing. We were asked to show patience and tolerance for the jet pilots, "as they may not be familiar with flight in uncontrolled airspace". You also need to know how to deal with the vortices these aircraft leave; apparently they can persist for several minutes after an aircraft movement – land long if you are following one down, land short and you may find yourself flipped by a vortex.

At the time we were there, there was also a passenger jet sitting in a large artificial pool with a "green-screen" surround, which was being used to make a film about the passenger jet that set down on the Hudson River after losing its engines to a bird strike.

An off-beat note was added by a chap called Andrew Jarvis, who entered a competition to win the furthest-glide-after-jumping-off –a-seaside-pier prize. There are pictures of his glider at

(http://www.flickr.com/photos/rumah_cantik/sets/72157635061318161/). The craft was towed behind a car at the rally as a pre-flying trial, and some minor adjustments made. There is video of his Birdman attempt at <http://www.worthingbirdman.co.uk/>. He appears in the video with his transparent Mylar-covered glider that seems to have a glide ratio of about zero to one. Don't blink, or you will miss him; he went straight down! (31 seconds into the day-one video).

Next year, the rally will be held at Arnborg in Denmark. Have a look on the VGC website. Come and join us (several of us have already registered and booked accommodation). You can join us without joining the VGC or registering for the rally, unless you want to fly P1, in which case both are mandatory. See you there!

OGC – FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Jon Hunt

As I pulled into the car park at OGC for the first time, I was all of a sudden hit by a wave of familiarity!

It had been 28 years since I sat in the cockpit of an IS-28B at Inkpen ridge. I distinctly remember my primary thought back then was "I hope this thing doesn't take off", as a nervous 8-year-old gliding really did not appeal to me... even though my family was heavily involved.

Seeing the gliders launching though from the car park of OGC, I was only thinking one thing... "I've just got to try this!!" I had turned up out of the blue and was met by a friendly chap (John Hamilton) who told me to follow him to the launch point.

There I was met by a team who although already busy, were only too happy to try and accommodate me on a mini-course. Well that was it, I was hooked. The three flights brought it all back, the distinct smell inside the cockpit instantly sent me back 28 years, only this time I was willing the thing to take off!

The rush of the winch launch was immense and something that I'm keen to remember. The views over Oxford... unbelievable!... it was late in the day and the sun was coming down on a perfect gliding day.

I joined the club there and then and for the last few months I've been soaking up the sport.

Through the week I find myself desperately trying to focus on work rather than how to perfect my circuits

The club is home to all sorts of characters and the level of professionalism, safety and knowledge far surpasses anything I expected.

I can't wait now for next season and thanks to all the members and instructors at OGC that make it a fantastic place to be.

ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATIONS: LISTSERVER, NEWSLETTER, FACEBOOK, TWITTER

Neil Swinton

There are a number of 'Internet' services used by OGC which can be confusing to new members. The below should provide a quick summary.

Internal communication

ListServer (mails from oxfordgc@avwiki.co.uk)

The list server has been going many years now and is, to be honest, showing its age. Email delivery is sometime a bit random, and I'm sure not everyone gets each and every Email. It is also text only, and with a limited size of each message. So at some point it will be replaced. However it still does the job maintenance free, with zero spam and adverts, and I suspect is also quite good for people who read and compose Emails on smart phones. The list server can be used for member-to-member chats, alerts, weekend weather predictions, RAF updates etc. In fact, pretty much everything. But do bear in mind that people outside of OGC do subscribe and read these Emails, so please be a little bit careful when talking about sensitive issues... You can subscribe yourself to the list server by going to the OGC web site, and looking in the members' area under 'download area' / 'more downloads'

Newsletter (mails from newsletter@oxford-gliding-club.co.uk)

Hopefully by now, all full flying members, and some ex-members, should have received several semi-regular 'newsletter' Emails. (see picture).

For some time now the committee have felt that they needed an official Email channel to reach ALL flying members. Bear in mind that owing to the 'chatter' content, not all club members subscribe to the list server. So the committee introduced a 'newsletter' that is being sent to all flying members. This is done using the member's Email address held in the club records. The newsletter is currently being produced weekly, with varied content, some weeks with a few pictures and items of interest, other weeks it will simply contain the Rota for the following weekend (thus replacing Chairman's Pauls manual list server Email every week). It is planned that the same delivery method will also be used should the CFI or Committee wish to inform members of vital or safety related information.

The newsletter is going to over 90% of flying members now. If you don't receive the newsletter, and you think you should, then please contact me directly to sort out why.



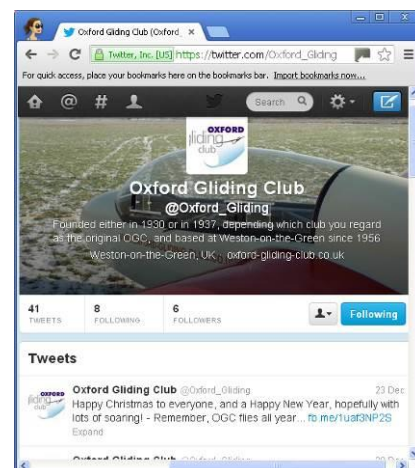
External communication (advertising)

Facebook & Twitter (<http://www.facebook.com/OxfordGlidingClub> & [@Oxford_Gliding](https://twitter.com/Oxford_Gliding))

The OGC Facebook page is now well established.

Like it or loathe it, quite a lot of work goes into the page by the moderators in keeping the page as a great advertisement for gliding in general, and OGC in particular. The BGA frequently 'share' the OGC posts, thus publishing them to a very wide audience. Think of the OGC Facebook page as an advertisement in a colour supplement, which is why posts such as 'Has anyone seen my car keys - I left em in the bar' tend to get hidden by the moderators. The page does generate a lot of traffic and interest, and helps show OGC in a great light to other glider pilots and interested followers. It also appears very high up the list on an Internet search for 'Oxford Gliding Club', so it will attract potential new members trying to find out about us.

All posts placed on the FB page also get cross-posted out to Twitter. You can view the OGC Facebook page without being a member of Facebook, and it is recommended that everyone takes a look at the page from time to time to see what is being said about us.



OGC NEWSLETTER – HINTS FOR WEBMAIL USERS

Gmail

Martin has sent us these handy instructions for Gmail online users:

The problem probably only affects users of Gmail online and then only those who accept what they're given and don't like to muck about with the configuration - like me.

Google has added tabs to the inbox (like browser tabs along the top). The three defaults are 'Primary', 'Social' and 'Promotions'. Most email will be directed into 'Primary'. Facebook emails for example default to 'Social' and OGC newsletters default to 'Promotions'. If, like me, you never even noticed these tabs you will only ever have seen the mail that defaults to 'Primary'. There is no indicator to suggest that there is unread mail in the other tabs. This is not the same as SPAM by the way.

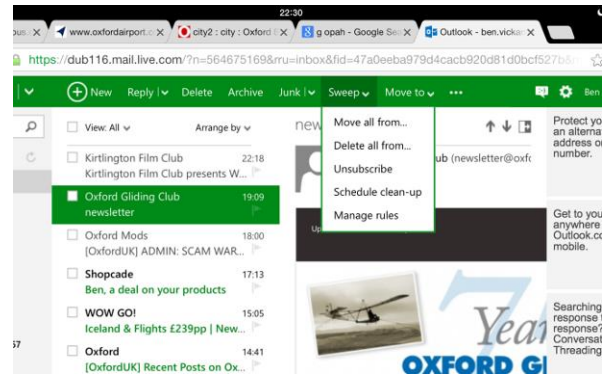
There are various solutions. You can set up a filter so that OGC newsletters are recognized and diverted to their own folder or you can switch these tabs off if you don't want to keep checking them. To edit the tabs click the little gearwheel icon at the top right and select 'Configure Inbox'. This will bring up a pop-up box where you can select which tabs you wish to display. Creating a filter is a bit more involved so I won't go into that here.

Hotmail

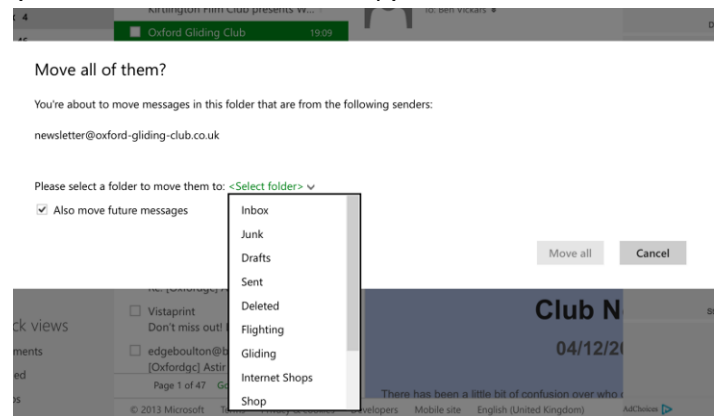
And from Ben we've received similar instructions for people who use Hotmail webmail accounts:

In addition to the helpful piece on Gmail, here how you can set it up for Hotmail/outlook:

- 1) select the newsletter email
- 2) click on "sweep" at the top of the page
- 3) select "move all from"



(A screen like this will come up)



4) select a folder to move them into. If you want the newsletters to come straight to your inbox, then select that one. If you're like me, select your gliding folder

5) Tick the box that says "also move future messages" to get all the newsletters sent by Neil to go straight to the folder you chose previously.

And finally, Di, who seems to use Gmail, assures us "I've been getting your emails and I am Gail."

A NOTE FROM THE "CHAIRMAN'S WIFE"

From my point of view (the food side) I thought the AGM again was a success.

With most people letting me know they were coming Kayleigh and I eventually catered for 82 people.

Luckily we make sure there is enough to go round and lots had seconds!

There was just enough Apple Crumble for some to have breakfast and 'Cottage Pie' (as it's made with beef) left for Liisi to have her lunch.

I would on a serious note like to thank everyone who helped out with the AGM Food side of things:

- like Emma for coming shopping with me and my 2 trolleys, fetching and carrying.
- Kayleigh for being my Sous Chef and making all the deserts this time and actually taking an unpaid day/night off work to be there.
- Everyone who helped serve (Emma, Kayleigh, Jim and Mark Brooks) Wash Up (John Mart, Tristan Crumpton & Rachel Clarke ((our new members))),
- and those who cleared up in the morning...
- Carole for dealing with the Bar... obviously the most important place to be....and everyone else who had set up serving area, provided hostess trollies and the bricks... which actually were brilliant.

Thank you again

Di Barrett (Newly Divorced for the Chairman!)

TREASURER'S REPORT (SEPTEMBER 2013)

Martin Brown

As most of you will know I took over as Treasurer at last year's AGM. Paul Smith has been looking after the finances for the past 3 years and I must start by thanking him for his help and considerable patience while I learnt the various aspects of the role. It would have been even more daunting journey without him. OGC is very fortunate to have the versatile and sophisticated system that we simply call The Log. Put together several years ago by Ian Shepherd while he was Treasurer, it seamlessly connects all the Club's financial activities from flight times to launch vouchers and puts it all together in an elegant and straightforward spreadsheet that even someone with a very limited understanding of I.T. (such as me) can more or less understand. Thankfully, I've got Paul there to fix it when I break it!

Anyway, I have some good news and some bad news for you:

Good news

- Positive cash flow of £4,200 for 2012 / 13
- Aircraft Maintenance expenses lowest since 2005
- Ground equipment expenses very low
- Trial lesson income very strong

Bad news

- Membership numbers decreasing throughout the year. At one stage we had no pre-solo students!
- (non) Flying Fortnight - barely any income. Probably cost us £1,500 - £2,000 in lost income
- Hangar rent is due to increase by £1500 this year with associated legal costs of a similar amount. It rises a further £1500 PA from 2015.
- Glider radios need replacing before 2017 at circa £1000 each
- Parachutes are getting old. Budget to replace one per year at circa £1500 each

(a bit more) Good news

- During the past 3 months we have gained several new members including some new students. This is an encouraging development and it bodes well for 2013 / 14

Ratio of Trial lessons to Members flying.

Income and number of launches through members dropped off significantly last year, while trial lessons (which includes Fridays) plugged the gap. Heading into 2014 we have a lot more pre-solo students than we did last year. This should go some way towards returning this ratio to normal. We need to keep the balance right. Lots of trial lessons mean lots of income but we cannot afford this to come at the expense of training students.

2014 price structure.

The BGA charges an annual affiliation fee for all members of BGA clubs over the age of 21. Previously this fee has been concealed within our membership fee. From 2014 we will separate the two.

Our intention is to raise the Club's income to cover the increased cost of the new lease and also to build up a useful surplus to go towards upcoming costs such as radios and parachutes. A secondary aim is to increase the amount of Club flying we do, particularly in Club single-seat aircraft.

Annual Subscription Rates from 01 January 2014:

Full / Provisional membership	£220 + BGA fee
Student / Junior	£110 (+ BGA fee if over 21)
Country	£110 + BGA fee
Family	£110 + BGA fee
Associate	£10

The BGA affiliation fee is currently £29 for all flying members over 21. Juniors will therefore see no rise in subscriptions.

Winch Launch and Soaring fees:

Winch Launch	Rate A	Rate B
2 seat Club gliders	£ 8	£ 4
1 seat Club gliders	£ 7	£ 3.50
Private gliders	£ 8	£ 4
<i>Per minute use of Club gliders</i>		
K13, DG-505, T21	35p	25p
Astir, K8	30p	15p

Winter Special Free flying!

No soaring fees for the first 30 minutes in Club single-seat gliders between November and 28 February 2014.

Facility Fees:

Caravan per annum	£155
Trailer including use of workshop	£155
Electric hook-up	£50 / yr or £5 / weekend
Briefing room	£25 / half day
Workshop	£25 / half day

Glider Hire:

	Single-seater	2-seater
Any day the glider could be used at Weston	£30	£45
Any other day	£15	£15
10- day rate	£150	£200

FAM rate:

Normal Club rates + £5 flat fee*. Limited to 5 per member per year.

- The FAM rate should only be used for family and close friends.
- The visitor should take the place of the relevant member on the flying list.
- These flights should be agreed with the Duty Instructor in advance.

*As with all trial flights in Club gliders the BGA imposes a daily fee (currently £3.50). This flat fee is to avoid the Club losing money on these flights.

Treasurer's Report (contd.)

Members wishing to offer 'mate's rates' for friends / colleagues may use the FN1 rate (currently £30). All other FAM rules apply.

Summary.

2012 / 13 was a relatively difficult year financially. We have seen a further reduction in the number of members and an associated reduction in the number of students. The effective loss of the Flying Fortnight was a further blow to our income. Costs continue to rise and we have several expenses on the horizon that we need to budget for so an increase in our fee structure was inevitable. It should be remembered that fees have remained largely unchanged for 2 years now and that the proposed increases still leave us as one of the least expensive clubs around.

The revised price structure is aimed at encouraging our more established members to make more use of the Club's single-seat gliders while we use the K13s to provide training. The DG-505 will now cost the same as a K13 to fly (only £1 more per flight than last year) so hopefully this will encourage more members to make use of the Club's most valuable aircraft.

The recent influx of new members and students is a very positive development. Clearly these new members will bring welcome financial income to the Club but they also bring other skills. OGC could not operate without the great deal of hard work that goes on behind the scenes and we should encourage our new members to participate in these aspects as well.

SUMMARY OF AGM 2013

Keith White

Chairman Paul opened the meeting and gave the chairman's annual report.

He welcomed all [about 50 present in the briefing room], especially the new members, but commented that, in common with most gliding clubs, membership was falling despite our gaining a few in the later part of the year.

On the flying front, we have done fewer launches and flown on fewer days than in the last two years but we've flown for more hours! Overall the club is in a good shape considering the current climate, but we must take opportunities to gain new members. The social media presence is a useful advertisement for the club, and Paul asked for volunteers to help with fundraising.

The highlight of the year was the 75th anniversary celebration, and Paul thanked all concerned with its success.

We won the ICL - well done all, especially Dave Bray who organised the teams, and who is expected to do so next year of course.

The flying two weeks was pretty much a disaster, with the military using the field most of the time, and it looks like this might be the same next year.

The new lease is well on the way, but is considered low priority by the RAF. However, we have managed to defer the original increase for a number of years now, and actually agreed a reduction in the initial rent.

New Licences will be required from April 2015 and we hope to do a presentation about this in the new year. The BGA will soon become an Approved Training Organisation, as a result of EU regulations. As mentioned last year we will have to change the way we do things and hold training records, etc.

With more and more demands being made on airspace, GA flying and Gliding does face challenges. We must remain good ambassadors of the sport and not do stupid things. If we want to avoid over-regulation, we need to get and keep our own house in order. The best counter to any Airspace Change Proposals is to prove that we can safely manage the risk without them – and that is up to all of us.

Martin Brown gave the treasurer's annual report.

Membership was lower than last year - 69 full flying members, 10 fewer than last year. Members' flying income for the year was down by about £6,000, but trial lessons income was slightly up. Adding non-flying income, total income was about £6,000 down on last year.

The greatest expenditure was insurance - 27% of the total. Both aircraft and ground equipment expenditure were slightly less than last year, and the overall expenditure was nearly unchanged.

In the near future, rental will increase by £1,500, together with a, once only, similar legal charge; it is expected that all radios will have to be replaced by 2017 at about £1,000 each; parachutes are ageing and will need replacing at about £1,500 each.

In summary: a positive cash flow of £4,200 but it's falling; aircraft maintenance lowest recorded but this will increase; ground equipment expenses very low but this will increase; trial lesson income very strong, but we're a members club so we need to strike a balance between TLs and club flying.

In order to meet the foreseeable expenditures, increases in the membership and flying fees were proposed and passed. An innovation was that during the winter months of November to February soaring would be free up to 30 minutes [it being expected that you would land at this time]. The changes were approved by majority votes.

AGM 2013 Summary (contd.)

John Hanlon gave the CFI's annual report.

Quite a good year, and thanks to all the instructors, and to members for not breaking anything.

In April 2015 new licences [LAPL(S)] are required according to EU regulations. It is hoped to have a winter lecture on the subject, but in any case, see the BGA site and apply early. The licence is required from bronze standard onwards.

The club will apply a policy that new members will need an EASA medical certificate immediately, a copy of which will be kept on record so that there are no delays at going solo.

Thanks again to Dave for running the ICL and getting the trophy [for the fourth time].

Steve McCurdy received the CFI's bottle this year.

Any Other Business.

There were a number of motions, the most important being that the equivalent of an insurance excess should also apply to the "self-insured" gliders. "Spouse" was changed to "partner", and a few grammatical errors tidied. All were passed without opposition.

The directors and honorary members were re-elected, and the proposed executive committee elected, without opposition. New members to the committee are Richie Hale and Mark Brooks; Phil Pratley having stood down during the year on taking up associate membership, and Neil Swinton standing down in favour of "young blood".

The customary thanks from the chairman to those Club Members and Officers who have, as always, helped make sure that the club is kept flying were as follows:

For courage in the face of challenge and adversity [e.g. Haste] in keeping the workshop tidy, and remembering where he leaves things for next time.	Lynne Jones
For leading and motivating the Tuesday night crews without which none of us would fly.	Graham Barrett
For bringing order to chaos (mostly) – i.e. organising Trial Flights.	Steve McCurdy
For leading OGC's Social Media presence and for ensuring that we have the correct number of apostrophes in the right places in Final Glide each year.	Claudia Hill
For bringing both order & chaos to Friday Nights, sometimes both at the same time!	Rosalie Taylor
For keeping us all clean and fed and, most importantly, being the honorary 'Chairman's Wife' tonight.	Di Barrett
For twiddling nuts in what is often the freezing cold. For services to Ground Equipment above and beyond the call of duty.	Jon Christensen & Andrew Butterfield

It is customary that the chairman's wife organise the food for the evening, so Di was co-opted to this honorary position, which caused George to ask if he were Paul's son. Later on it was realised that Kayleigh could be his daughter, but at the same time second wife!

There was one more special award this year to Kayleigh who, whilst not even officially a club member, worked tirelessly both day and night during the 75th Anniversary party, and even baked a cake!

Concerning flying of Astirs by under 16s. This is subject to training to bronze standard, and there will be an increased insurance excess.

The annual awards were as follows:

Best flight in a club glider	John Hanlon & Jon Christensen for Daisy's epic flight to almost Husbands Bosworth
Most outstanding flight from Weston	Andy Butterfield for his 506.6 km flight (WO2-BUL-BOT-NEW-WO2) on the 2 nd June in 6hrs 50 mins @ 76.4 kph
Ladder trophy for weekend flights from Weston	Paul Smith – 13279 points(+ 6242)
First 5 hour flight of the year	Keith White on April 20
Highest legal flight from Weston	Martin Hastings & Jon Christensen to FL85
For services to instructing	Steve McCurdy
Flying brick	Keith White for flying 5 ½ hours with a dead logger battery on April 6

Liisi received a special award following her nomination for the brick [fashionable sunglasses perched on top of head fell off during rather fast "all out"] - a pair of specs with a suction cup to attach them to the canopy.

Then it was off to the fireworks - a very good exhibition arranged by Jon, and the food - tasty stuff prepared by Di and Kayleigh for [according to Neil's newsletter] about 80 people, to round off the evening.

FLYING BRICK – THE FIRST 30 YEARS

Oxford GC's most prestigious trophy, the Flying Brick, has been awarded since 1984. To win it one has to do something that's a bit stupid but not dangerous.

John Mart had the great idea to look at the stories behind previous trophy winners.

Keith White kindly provided an overview of the lucky winners so far:

Year	Winner	Citation
1984	A Barns	The last cross country of the year, whilst hangar flying the K 8.
1985	John Giddins	His 495 km cross country flight attempting a 500 km.
1986	John Giddins	?
1987	Chris Reynolds	Flying 45 km of his Silver Distance.
1988	John Gibbons	Becoming lost in cloud above the airfield with a pupil and landing out nearby.
1989	not awarded	N/A
1990	Colin Shepherd	Outlanding a K 13 solo in an unreachable field after going for a stubble fire which wasn't.
1991	Mick Moxon	Outlanding his Pilatus close to the airfield on a good soaring day.
1992	Andy Barnes	A particularly muddy hilltop landing in Scotland.
1993	Steve Evans	Photographic error on an otherwise successful Diamond Distance attempt.
1994	Martin Hastings	Twice landing out within a few miles of his launch point.
1995	Martin Cooper	Landing out at the bottom of Long Mynd.
1996	J Gordon	Flying ICL intermediate class without film in camera.
1997	Paul Rogers	Landing out in a nearby polo field.
1998	Peter Brooks	Achieving a distance of 400 metres in the Inter Club League Competition at Hinton.
1999	George Crawford	Landing two fields away on a day considered unsuitable for cross country flying.
2000	Neil Swinton	Test flying the wrong K 13 after a new hook had been fitted.
2001	Steve McCurdy	Attempting to get an 18m glider into a 17.5m hangar.
2002	Howard Stone	Landing the big DG wheels-up twice in a row?
2003	Simon Walker	Flying the complete Inter Club League Final task with the wheel down. And still winning.
2004	Not awarded	N/A
2005	Simon Calvert	Landed 3 fields from Weston but it was a 4 ½ hr retrieve as no one could find him.
2006	Neil Swinton	Upsetting RAF by cutting 'artistic' designs in the grass.
2007	Steve McCurdy	Friday evening hangar landing of DG505, landing across both cables being towed out, so winch driver guillotined both cables.
2008	Carole Shepherd	Organising a simulated launch failure for an instructional flight and then allocating the cable to a solo flight for John Mart.
2009	Not awarded	N/A
2010	John Hanlon & John Mart	OGC's first attempt at a combined auto tow / winch launch when trying to clear the field as efficiently as possible with a C130 inbound!
2011	Tim Elliott	Numerous 50 km attempts including one where, heading for Lasham, he turned back at Didcot at 500ft QFE into a strong headwind and almost didn't make it back to Weston.
2012	Krzysztof Kreis	An out landing before getting the cross country endorsement.
2013	Keith White	5 ½ hours with a logger battery that gave up the ghost after 40 min.

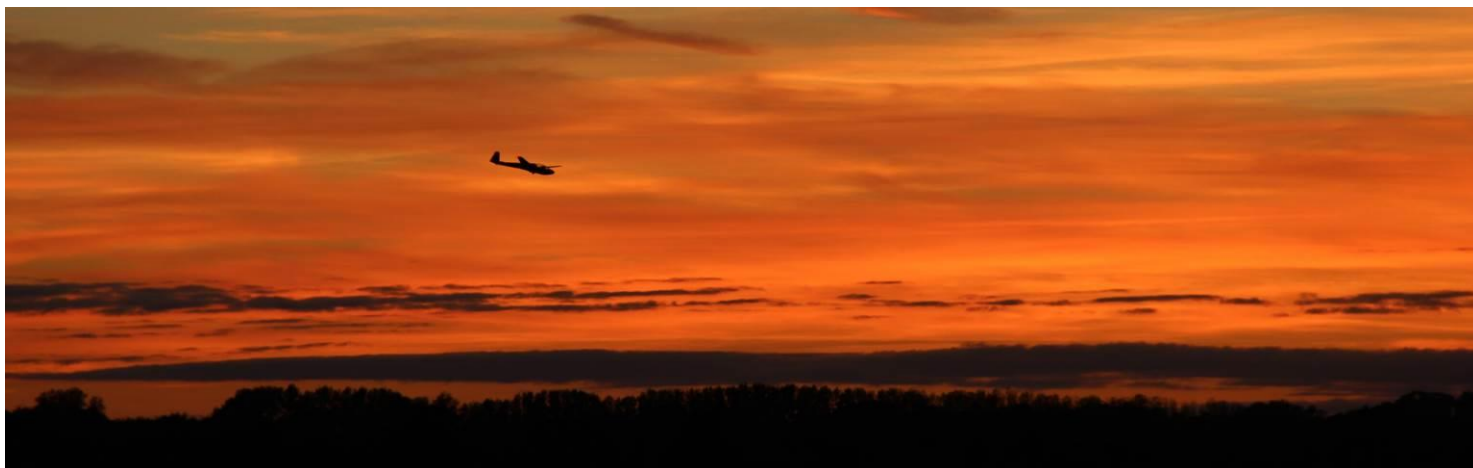


Photo: Eifion Herbert

The Flying Brick (contd.)

(Photos: Claudia Hill + Neil Swinton)

Some of the Flying Brick winners told us the full story:

1984 A Barns

Richard Hall remembers:

I think it might be worth knowing the story behind the award of the brick for the first time. This was the flight by Alf Barns that started it all...

Alf took off to fly a K8 back to the hangar. It was getting dark and vis was quite poor. He was seen disappearing into the murk towards the north which is what would be expected for a hangar landing. A few minutes later there was a radio call from Alf to say he could not find the airfield.....

I asked him what he could see and how high he was.

He could see lots of lights and was at 1200 feet.

It was winter and there was very little wind.

I told him to forget about getting back and to find the biggest field he could see and land in it.

He said OK to that and then it all went quiet...

We (everyone!!) set off to look for him.

I reckoned that the lights he could see was probably Upper Heyford which was still very active at that time.

We set off to Middleton Stoney and found him within half an hour on the road just past the crossroads on the Heyford road. He had made a good job of the land out in a huge field of young rape. Retrieve was with headlights and, I think, lifting the glider over the locked gate.

I have to say that as CFI at the time, that was a very long half hour for me!!

I think it likely that Alf is no longer around to tell this himself. A lovely bloke and a great club member.

1988 John Gibbons

Yes I remember the incident well. As you noted we became lost in cloud emerging from it about halfway to Middleton Stoney and clearly with insufficient height to get back to Weston. I told the pupil we were going to land in a field next to a wood on the Kirtlington road.

He seemed more enthusiastic about the prospect of landing out than I did and was asking lots of questions which included as we came onto the downwind leg "are those potatoes I can see on the ground"? I explained that they were fairly large pieces of stone and I was looking for a clear patch in which to land to avoid damaging the glider and could we now have "hush" until we were on the ground. It was a ploughed field and very muddy so our landing run/slide was not very long.

Having secured the glider we started to walk back towards the club, meeting the retrieve crew not far down the road and it was not long before the expert de-riggers had the glider on the trailer and back at the club. With luck on our side it was only necessary to remove a fair quantity of mud from the wheelbox, rig the glider and it was ready to fly again.

1990 Colin Shepherd

Martin Cooper remembers:

So let me set the scene.

The Late Colin shepherd was an instructor when I joined in August 1989.

He had long grey unkempt hair and sideburns and droop moustache that would look more fitting on the set of Zulu than on an airfield.

He always looked like he had just run the 800 metres, and I put this down to the fact that a cigarette was always in the side of his mouth.

His instructing method was one that I remember of, if he is not shouting at me I must be doing OK.

Having said that he was always at the club and a very keen pilot.

As an early solo pilot by the summer of 1990, all instructors were god and ones to be obeyed and admired for their obvious skills.

So it was August in the middle of the flying 2 weeks, the only ones I can remember being there that day were, Colin, Pete Shears, a very unassuming guy who was always at the field helping out and pre solo. I think John Freymuth was there and myself.

We were launching from farm to bomb dumps, launch point being at the farm.

It was late in the day and there were few people left, me and Pete had taken it in turns to drive the winch, it was my turn and I could see through my binoculars that Pete was climbing in to the front of CCE.

It was the days when farmers could burn off their stubble in the fields with the resultant effect of very strong bumpy and smokey thermals.

The M40 was still under construction and in the distance from my vantage point, looking beyond the launch point I could see a stubble fire starting up

In those days, the sight of a stubble fire had the same effect as the words "squadron scramble" on a 1940's spitfire airfield.

As I learnt later, Colin had marched over to Pete and claimed, "well I have been instructing all day it's my turn now" which was fair enough, I don't think anyone but Colin had notice the fire starting over their shoulders.

So in jumped Colin into the front seat leaving a stunned Pete still in his chute and before you knew it Colin had pulled off at the top of the launch, and almost chandelied a 180 to head for the almost certain thermal which would thrust him skywards at up to 10 knots to cloud base.

I watched him determinedly flying towards the smoke, and getting lower, and admiringly thinking, wow these instructors know how far to take it before turning.

Well he got to the smoke! The last I saw of him was doing a thermal turn to the left behind the smoke.

About half an hour later came a call from a farmhouse, yes that thermalling turn was in fact his final turn!

The Flying Brick (contd.)

We finally got to him at about 7pm. The field was very small and tapering. It was also adjacent to the M40, it was his only option as there was crop around.

I think this field was too small to bother with putting a crop in!

We didn't have enough people to retrieve him and decided to picket the glider out and get it the next day.

After talking to Colin in the bar that night, he said it was *sxxt* or bust, when he got to the smoke all he saw was 8-10 knots down which forced him in to the field.

We all enjoyed our pints and I am sure all thought to ourselves including Colin "we all learned from that one"

1992 Andy Barnes

Dave Weekes remembers

During a club expedition to Portmoak in 1992 Andy Barnes landed the K6E on a high hill overlooking the airfield. In fact the K6 was visible up in the distance immediately we turned out of the airfield gate!

It was a very wet, soft ploughed field and we had to carry the K6 piece by piece out of it. It was remarked "A pity you couldn't have made it into the valley" to which Andy replied "I was a bit low when I got here" A clear case of the field picking the glider and not vice versa! That was Andy for you. Something of a forerunner to "Cautious George"

I wrote a piece about that retrieve for the 1992 FG if you can find a copy

Phil Hawkins remembers

1992 was the year when Andy Barnes took his K6e to Portmoak. Tom and I were flying our Mini Nimbus, Richard Hall was flying the PIK, Dave Weekes was flying the Skylark, and probably a few others were there. Andy managed to land out on the top of a hill, within sight of Portmoak, in an extremely muddy field, and took hours and hours to be retrieved. The retrieve crew as I recall were extremely puzzled, and that's putting it politely, as they stood there in the quagmire looking downhill at the airfield. Why did he land there? I noted in my journal that he spent most of the next day digging half a Kinross-shire ploughed field out of his wheel box.

I have no proof that it was for this foolishness that he won the coveted award, but it's a good theory, and even better he's not here to defend himself!

1993 Steve Evans

My brick was for taking my turnpoint photo 400 meters out of the turn zone on my first completed 500Km flight!

I believe I then went on to do a successful 500Km a few weeks later. I think that was only time that I won the best flight from Weston and the brick in the same year.

1997 Paul Rogers

A tiny little brass plaque with the date 1997 and my name gave the game away; this tiny piece of metal was stuck to

a stained square of wood which formed the platform to carry a slightly tatty theatrical foam rubber brick which had something that looked like wings sticking out from either side. It was a trophy presented at the clubs AGM, given to the one person who, in the committees opinion had in the last 12 months done the most foolish or funny thing. Nobody ever wanted to win the trophy, but I suppose it could be said there was some sort of pride in doing so.

Why was my name on it, I could not be sure and had to look through my log books for the year in question and re-live all of the flights, I also wondered whether it might have anything to do with ground equipment, no Nick Brooks was driving the winch went it caught fire and we had two Fire Engines turn out from Kidlington, the clue was in the log books and I hope this is the correct explanation.



AGM 1998: shorts made from K13 fabric after Haste's lightning strike (not a brick winner)

My first official flights at OGC were in October 1993, but there were a few in August, the very first being with John Gibbons. And now it was 1997, 10th August, and I had been out working with Howard Stone installing a Burglar Alarm system in a house in Oxford, we arrived back to Weston at 3.30pm and K8 HFW was sat waiting to fly, there were a lot of gliders over the Motorway roundabout, probably a competition out of Bicester, not liking crowds I went the other way where two gliders were circling under a nice dark cloud. Apparently those on the ground had spotted my mistake quite quickly, I flew on totally oblivious to my little error, I reached the other circling gliders at 1300ft and they were well above me, I could only find sink, at 1100ft the penny dropped and as the nose came

around to face Weston, I could see the launch point quite clearly, my eyesight was better than the gliders performance into wind. This was going to be No 1 solo land out.

Oh dear, (there might be a four letter word that has been substituted there). But I have been trained for this, I have flown with many OGC Instructors and picked landable fields while under instruction, we have talked about crops, animals, pylons, telegraph poles, barbed wire, and try to land by a Pub (Haste). The first landing field I saw was not fully into wind, it was across a farm and a steel barn, so choice two was the one to go for.

Field two looked perfect, bloody frightening, but perfect, only an Oxfordshire farm hedge to fly over then stop before running into a forest, an immaculately cut Polo pitch, no horses, just perfect grass, HFW came to a stop and I thought it was a great landing.

Two people wandered over from the farm opposite to see if everything was OK, and shortly afterwards a retrieve crew came to the rescue with the trailer, google earth says it was just about 2 miles back to the hangar, only 3 fields out.

The Flying Brick (contd.)

So that year my name ended up on the Trophy that nobody wants to win, but secretly wish they could. I will let you draw your own conclusions about where I went wrong, as long as we all learn from others mistakes this helps to keep OGC a safe place to fly from.

Do I really need to put my name at the bottom of this...
Paul

1998 Peter Brooks

Well it was 15 years ago, but even an elderly pilot like myself can still see the funny side of it! I do remember that it was difficult getting away and I was so involved in trying

AGM 2002: DG-505 undercarriage lever and trophy winners



to stay airborne and not letting the side down, that I suddenly realised I was not going to get back! I did think that at the time I might get a point for making a start! Unfortunately I didn't declare a start time so no points!

As far as I can remember, I walked back to the field to get the retrieve crew, it was that close!! I was flying a Standard Libelle and the air-brakes are not the best in the business. So picking a suitable field was quite important as everyone knows.

In conclusion, I did a flight from Hinton on another day and won points for the club, flying in a Libelle again and flew to Garsington, outside Oxford, not getting above 1400 feet for the whole flight due to poor viz and low cloud! Again I landed in a field, which I can only describe as being shaped like a banana, in that the glider rolled back after landing due to the steepness of the slope! In this field I had to get a tractor to tow me to the edge for the retrieve crew.

Hopefully my flying has improved since these events.

2000 Neil Swinton

It was early in the spring one year, when I had to fly a K13 after a CofA inspection. We were racing around at the launch point as it was a good soaring day, and there were lots of people out. However I was mindful of not rushing, so I had the 13 pushed off line, and annoyed everyone by spending simply ages giving the thing a good pre-flight inspection. Then it was pushed into line and I flew it, even doing the 'almost VNE' thing, which is rare for me at the best of times. It was only after having landed, that one of the Tuesday night crew wandered over and asked with a smirk

why I had test flown the wrong K13. Luckily the Tuesday night person had also stopped the other K13 being flown in my absence. phew.

2001 Steve McCurdy

During my three years at art school, I studied perspective and scale, pouring over Uccello's "Battle of San Romano" who was ace at foreshortening. Of course it's all a trick of the eye to persuade the viewer that the two dimensional image they are looking at is three dimensional. You get the same effect if you look from the front of the hangar at a glider in the hangar that is not quite square on and are tricked into thinking that the space around the glider is sufficient to move the glider through, but physics will tell that you can't get an 18 metre glider through a 17.5 metre space. I was always more art than science.

2002 Howard Stone (see photo on the left)

2003 Simon Walker

My inglorious award of the flying brick was during the ICL final in Sutton Bank in 2003.

I was flying an ASW24. It was a blue day with lots of gaggle flying. The groups began to string out a bit after halfway round the task. Eventually it was just me and a chap in an LS4 who had drawn ahead of the pack a bit. I managed to get a good climb that had me on a final glide into Sutton Bank (I'd last seen him a mile or two behind me in a climb I rejected as too weak) and punched out with heart in mouth. After a while I started to feel a bit better about the final glide as my wondrous C4 computer was showing me that I was still 'on glide'. Sutton Bank eventually appeared out of the haze a few miles distant and I started to think "That picture doesn't look right... I look a little bit low"...

However, my infallible C4 said I was still slightly above final glide... so, on I pushed.

By the time I was a few miles out it became apparent that I was indeed too low. I arrived at Sutton Bank below the ridge with people on the airfield looking down at me. Thinking I'd completely blown the day I picked a field on the valley floor. As I turned final into the field I got a strong kick in the pants and the vario started singing. I



Sutton Bank 2003: Inter Club League Final winners

continued my turn, keeping in mind my option if it didn't work. It did work and I crept up towards the airfield. Once I was above the ridge I just popped the aircraft onto the top of Sutton Bank and crossed the finish line on the ground.

The main mistake I made though was not programming the height of Sutton

Bank into the C4 computer and so compensating for my final glide height. If I remember correctly I used to allow about 600' for arriving at the airfield on final glide. What I didn't do was also apply the height of Sutton bank... Which would have put me 300' below the ridge... and did.

The Flying Brick (contd.)

That was the day I earned the brick. The reason I did so was not because I fouled up my final glide but because I had flown the whole task with the wheel down!

It also cost me several beers that evening.

Still, I won the day, if in an ignominious way, and thanks to great performances by Haste, Phil, Howie and Maz, we won the final... which made up for it all. Happy days.

2006 Neil Swinton

I notice the citation for this was 'for cutting artistic designs in the grass'. I would debate that - I did cut lots of designs but the one which really annoyed 'the powers in Whitehall' was the one that read in 25 foot high letters 'CUT ME' across the deepest of the uncut grass!

The situation was that, in spite of pressure from both us and the parachute club, the RAF hadn't cut the grass for over a year, and we only had a dinky little cutter, only 6 foot wide. This had the major disadvantage that it took simply ages to cut enough grass to operate from. However it had the hidden advantage that it was very manoeuvrable, and cut a lovely sharp line through long grass. It was also good at slicing bunnies, but that is another sad story.

Anyway, after getting totally bored one night cutting the landing area, I moved into the longer grass and cut a spiral, then another one, then a star, then a planet with rings around it. From 2000' they looked great.

Then, the next week, I did the 'CUT ME' plea, in big letters, right across the middle of the field, lined up with the Hercules run-in.

On the plus side - I can safely say it worked, within 7 days the contractors turned up and cut the entire field.

On the negative side, our chairman at the time was then called in to an Air Vice Marshall's office at Brize and shouted at. Sorry Paul!

We tend to cut in straight lines now, but the temptation is still there....

2007 Steve McCurdy

All instructors are taught that the "law of primacy" is very important in the teaching regime. That is that the first time a pupil is shown or taught a manoeuvre, that's the one they'll remember. So, from the very first Friday evening flying I did, the winch was in the S.W. corner of the field. It's always there. And doing a hangar flight, you land at the N.W. end of the field. What a surprise it was then to find the winch in the N.W. corner and the cables being towed out! I did a "carrier landing" across the cables in the DG. As a "carrier landing" it was crap as, luckily, I failed to catch either cable but it certainly woke the winch driver up.

2008 Carole Shepherd

The reason instructors should leave the launch to winch messages to the duty pilots

It was rather a while ago now but like all good gliding memories seems fairly fresh in my memory.

Whether others remember it the same as I do is another story. Here is my version of events.

It was a pleasant afternoon, which meant there were several keen people at the launch point and a fairly long flying list. I was busily working my way through the instructional flights while the solo pilots were kept in order by the duty pilot.

Being a keen instructor and trying to give my student as much variety as possible I decided to do some launch failures. Normal pulling of the yellow knob or kicking the hook was far too obvious an exercise. I had decided to ask the winch driver to do an awkward height power failure. So while my student was busy getting the glider ready for the next launch I nipped to the bus to quietly radio my request for the next K13 launch.

As sometimes can happen there was a delay in cables

2006: Saturn at OGC



being returned to the launch point and things got a bit out of sync at the launch point. As my student wasn't quite ready to launch we told the other glider to go first as it was being flown solo.

I remember looking at the launch and thinking "That's a bit slow!" Then as the glider, a K13, was released from

the cable and landed quite a long way up the field, the penny dropped. The winch driver had done as instructed and given the next K13 a launch failure! Oooooops. Who was the pilot of the solo K13? Mr John Mart of course, thankfully he seems to have forgiven me.

2010 John Hanlon and John Mart

John Hanlon

John M was winch driver and we had a C130 imminent with 2 gliders still to launch!

I raised the winch legs and attached it to the tractor for a quick pack up following the last launches. As John M proceeded to launch dangerous Neil in a K13, the glider climbed to about 300' at which point due to the poor brakes on the tractor, the tractor/winch combination moved about 3'... John M panicked and cut the power giving dangerous Neil a launch failure. I said to JM, "Why did you cut the power?"... He said because he thought the glider was going to "roll the winch over", So here we have a man with an engineering degree I believe, yet with all his experience, he thought a K13 on the wire with a 2200lb weak link could topple 8 tonnes of tractor and winch! Dooh!

The last launch I stayed on the tractor with my foot on the brake!

John Mart

Now I want you to hear my side of the events leading to the 2010 Brick Award. I was driving the winch and we had been notified that the military were sending the C130 to drop parachutists and "flasher" had decided to clear the field ASAP after lobbing the last two gliders into their hangar flights. The tractor trundled towards the winch as the second-from-last launch was done.

The Flying Brick (contd.)

In the time it took to get the last glider hooked on, the tractor pulled up behind the winch and the hydraulic jack burst into action and the winch moved up. After a few more bumps and clunks from around the winch, Flasher sent the last launch signal. As the throttle approached the maximum selected on the preset bar, the winch began to slide gently towards the launch bus. I stuck with it and the glider began to rotate into the climb. With the increased cable tension on one side the winch began to rotate and I chickened out and shut the throttle. Apologies to P1 and P2 (you know who you are) for giving you a real unexpected launch failure; I got an unexpected brick!

2011 Tim Elliott

Decided to have yet another go at my 50K and after help from the instructors it was decided that downwind to Lasham was a good choice. After the usual pre-flight preparation, checking NOTAMS, marking up the map, water, phone with a charged battery etc. I set off. Managed to fall into a good thermal after the launch and took it to ~4000' before setting off. An uneventful flight passed over Oxford the sky was booming so carried on. I was East of Abingdon looking South and now thinking the sky looks pants in the direction I wanted to travel and instead of hanging around letting the wind take me and the sky to recycle I decided to turn for home.

This was not a good decision I was flying the K8 into a fairly brisk headwind and this part of the flight was not at all relaxing and a number of fields were picked and my way back to Weston. When I did see the airfield it was looking very flat from the cockpit and I spent all of the return leg wondering if I was going to get there. However I did land safely and even managed a proper circuit. There was an element of luck involved I am sure but I would like to think that taking every wisp and concentrating very hard on what the sky was doing I did get back home. Upon landing looked South and the sky was stonking again hey ho.

2013 Keith White

It was early in the season, April 6th; DKR was rigged and at the launch point, and the sun was shining encouragingly - enough to start thinking about doing the 5 hour stint for the 'silver' duration. I was at the launch point, and our duty instructor, Neil Swinton, was sitting in the back of a K13. I ambled over in as casual a manner as I could, and muttered something about "Would it be a good day for doing 5 hours?" Neil was quite sure that it was, so I was committed. Before allowing me to drift off, Neil said I should get another instructor to witness that I put a logger into the aircraft.

OK, then. First thing, back to the club house to pick up a logger. The syndicate owned a logger, but, as I remember, John Mart and I had come in his car so I did not have the key to the locker, so I went and looked at the club ones. Pick one up, press the 'start' button, nothing happens - no bright flashing LED, nothing. Oh well, try another. Second attempt produces one which does the right things, so I trot off without a second thought. The gods were not looking on me favourably that day.

Back at the launch point I get Paul Morrison to see that I put the logger into DKR. Get water, food, hat, and remove anorak as it might be expected to be rather warmer under the canopy - I was right, later on I was really glad to fly under a cloud out of the direct sun.

At last I am at the front of the queue, and off! Catch the first thermal and make a note of the time. From then on, I do not remember much of the flight; staying up did not seem difficult and I did not stray too far from the airfield - I do dislike losing sight of it. Upper Heyford, Bicester, Beckley mast a few times. I think this might have been the first time to the mast. I do remember that, on the first time I felt quite bold in rounding it at 3000 ft. Later attempts at 5000 ft felt much safer. Anyway, the first ½ hour passed reasonably quickly, the next ¼ quite slowly, and the next 5 mins took for ever - stop looking at the watch!

Eventually the time passed, even if the backside was without feeling and the feet nearly so - I could relieve the feet by taking them off of the pedals and waving them around a bit. Rather more awkward to do that with the nether regions. Call the bus to check on the duration - no reply, so stay up a bit longer to make sure. 5 ½ hours and time to come down. Land and park the aircraft, and await Neil's return. Exactly 333 minutes logged for the flight.

At last Neil is free and we can take the logger out. Remove logger, and it is off! "Perhaps they go to sleep", suggests Neil. Neither he nor I know the answer to that one, but I try not to appear too gloomy. Andy Butterfield being our resident expert in interrogating loggers, the logger finds its way to him. After a couple of days I get a call from Andy, "The logger battery was low, so the logger turned itself off to conserve whatever data it had. Forty minutes of the flight was logged." So they do go to sleep, but not necessarily at a convenient time.

So, I had to do it all again, and the opportunity came up 2 weeks later. This time I put a barograph in - by flying slowly and closing the air vent you can hear if it is still ticking - very reassuring. Of course, if I had plugged the logger into the aircraft 12 V supply, everything would have been hunky dory on the first attempt.

John Freymuth (not strictly a Brick story)

In August 1959 I took part in a holiday course for beginners at Portmoak. Our youthful sense of fun and lack of discipline did not go down well with the CFI, a tall and wiry Scotsman and RAF veteran who had been shot down twice in WW I.

Following one of the frequent cable breaks, a brave course member extracted the broken end from an adjacent stretch of woodland by fixing it to the back of his motorbike. After a promising start, he was seen to be riding backwards while the distant retrieve tractor took off with the opposite end.

By the time that the cable was mended, the winch driver had deserted his post in anger and frustration, swearing that for today he "wouldn't even wind in a bloody five pound note".

Not quite a brick 2 (Norman Hedge)

I managed to avoid that (goodness knows how) but I did on one occasion get presented with a "special" award.

The "Norman Hedge Nearly Made the Field Award" ! It hangs, to this day, on my workshop wall. Now I'm hoping that you will all have forgotten it - but at times, whilst lying awake in the early hours, the thought of what might have been, still brings me out in a cold sweat!

The Flying Brick (contd.)

And another really good brick but we can't remember which year (Neil Swinton)

One of mine at least seems to have gone down in club folklore - I was in the back of a K13, with a just pre-solo student. Everything was going well, we were mid-way round the circuit, and I couldn't really fault anything. Quite frankly, I was a bit bored. Idly, I saw a small hole on the right side of the panel, and without thinking, put the little finger of my right hand into it to see what was there. Of course, there was nothing in there, but when I went to pull my finger out, it wouldn't. We were now turning onto base leg, with my right hand firmly stuck against the panel. I was no longer bored, in fact, quite the opposite. I was

already imagining the accident report, which I was certain would not read well from my point of view. "That's good, looking I nice" I said, calmly. After all, if I didn't have quite enough hands left to land the glider, there was no point worrying the student as well. I knew I could fly with the left hand, but how could I guard the airbrakes from being opened too far or too soon? Luckily, half way down the approach, as I shifted my position to see if I could jam my left knee behind the airbrake handle, my finger popped out and the drama was over.

I only admitted the mistake some weeks afterwards, and Haste promptly covered the hole with some metal to prevent 'some other idiot' from doing the same.

The P2 still flies from Weston.

MY FIRST LANDOUT

John Mart

Many years ago someone created the saying something along the lines of "A satisfactory landing is one you can walk away from". Well...since the last edition of *Final Glide*, I had to carry out my first field landing. And I walked away from it.

For the previous 6 years since I gained the cross-country endorsement, each time I had been out of gliding range, I had been seriously concerned about landing out. I attended the lectures and regularly revised the guidance received, studied fields while driving, watching the growth of crops and their colours. It also helped to chat with fellow club members and to listen to how they either made regular uneventful field landings or, perhaps, made contact with hedges, walls or just heavy objects hidden in longish grass. Nobody is going to convince me that making field landings is a safe pastime; it can be dangerous.

This year I entered the Interclub League competition in the novice class. We were to launch out of Weston-on-the-Green and I was happy to learn that the only other competitor in my class was as inexperienced as me. Maybe I could win for OGC. (It doesn't hurt to dream!). All the preparation, received advice, getting the required procedure sorted out, not to mention the number of launches I needed to finally have the confidence to set out, will be glossed over; I'm here to tell you about a field landing. As luck would have it, my task would take me through familiar territory. I have spent several contented hours above and near Upper Heyford; the extensive tarmac makes friendly thermals. The day was not booming and, had it not been for the ICL, I would probably not have continued much further. I identified various landmarks and pushed on towards Barford St. John which was on my intended track. Then I saw the large blue hole in front of me starting just the other side of Barford.

At this point I had one of my regular flashbacks to when I joined OGC to learn to glide. Prior to that, my experience of aviation was as the holder of a 1960's-style PPL in those aeroplanes that could keep themselves in the air without having to go searching for thermals. Haste had said to me something like...."Oh, you're one of those power pilots, eh?... you'll probably fly yourself into problems by trying to cross a large blue hole without an engine". It was a prophesy that I was determined would never happen.

Meanwhile, back at the Barford blue hole, I decided that I would turn 90 degrees off track towards some fairly

scrappy clouds. As I flew further off track, the altimeter didn't give me any cause to be confident. I thought back to another memorable piece of advice I heard in one of Cloudy's lectures, don't just let the ground come up to you, plan well in time so that you end up with a good circuit around a suitable field. So I abandoned all thought of winning the ICL points, did a 180 and set about trying to plan a textbook field landing. So where did it go wrong?

Barford St. John airfield is disused and probably full of potholes, or worse. Dave (that's David Bray, our ICL organiser) had advised me not to attempt to land there. Later on, reading the signs on the barbed wire fence around Barford St. John, I was glad that I had avoided the potential fierce penalties for being on the other side of that fence. Nevertheless, airfields are usually fairly level and everywhere else I looked there were gently rolling slopes. I began searching around Barford and was dismayed to see field after field filled with tall crops, or assorted animals. Many years ago when training for field landings with and without engine power, we were advised to look for a field the same colour as our home airfield. In gliding, that can be poor advice especially with a low-wing machine. However, I was losing height and beginning to get a little anxious as the ground was beginning to approach me in a worrying fashion. Then I saw the apparently tiny patch of green, grass green, and adjacent to the disused runways the other side of a fence! No animals, great. But how long is the grass. I turned around the green patch and saw a worn brown patch at one edge with, clearly, no long grass. Later on, a local man out walking his dog told me that the grass had been cut for silage just the week before. OK, so what is the wind direction? Excellent, it's blowing along the length rather than the width of the field. But....along the approach side of the field were tall trees, but with a gap. I was getting nearer the ground, had a better impression of the size of the gap and concluded that I could fly through it on final approach. Decision made. That's my field.

Have you spotted any or all of the errors yet?

I turned onto a downwind leg, watching not to fly too far and risking an undershoot. At this point I was thinking that it would be disastrous for this to be my first bounced Astir landing and to fly into the fence at the far end of the field. I thought back to John Gibbons' advice he had once given me to divide the field into thirds, to set aside the first third as an undershoot area, the middle third as the landing zone and the final third for the unexpected. Apologies, John, I was worried about the rusty metal fence at the far end, so I decided to try to land in the first third. I turned onto base leg very close in, then flew past the centre line

My First Landout (contd.)

because the approach angle was too steep. It was then that I decided to ignore the exact wind direction and to enter the gap in the trees at a slightly different angle, giving me slightly more length of field with a small crosswind. I turned another 180 and entered a new base leg. Then the final turn toward the gap. Yes, it was wide enough, but don't lose concentration with the slight crosswind drift.....everything going well, scanning from wingtip to wingtip. Great, bang in the middle, reference point stable up the canopy, approach speed still correct, prepare to round out.

As the nose of the aircraft rose to a perfectly held-off landing, the sink came, and came. Where the hell was the ground?!! After what I felt was an alarming drop, I "arrived" as we pilots say. My elbow was thrown down and tapped something and I muttered "oh dear" (in mode F). The aircraft stuck, not a hint of a bounce because it must have been thoroughly stalled.....and rolling to a halt uphill!!

I climbed out thinking about landings you can walk away from, and walked away.....to assess my situation. I must

tell Haste that I had a bump on landing; you don't hide things that might endanger the next pilot. As it happened, no damage was found when the seat was later removed to get access to a typical damage point. The "concrete swan" rides again.

Then, standing there looking back past the glider, I noticed FOR THE FIRST TIME that there was an increasing slope down towards the aforementioned gap in the trees. Not only that, there was a gentle slope across my landing direction; didn't notice THAT either. Then as I walked down the slope to find an access for the eventual trailer recovery, I saw the item that proved that luck was on my side: a stout wooden stake about 80 centimetres sticking out of the ground right in the middle of my planned approach path.....if I hadn't changed my mind at the last minute about my landing direction.

There is one more thing which might have spoiled my day, but you'll have to ask Dangerous Neil what that might have been if you can't guess yourself!

Fly safely.

OXFORD GC IN THE OXFORD MAIL (1)

(21st November 2012)

oxfordmail.co.uk/news

OXFORD MAIL, Wedne

Club's youngest solo pilot proves high flier



■ ON CLOUD NINE: George Barrett
Picture: OX55488 Antony Moore

OXFORD GC IN THE OXFORD MAIL (2)

(20th February 2013)



■ **BIRD'S EYE VIEW:** Katriona Ormiston, inset right, and above in the front seat with Claudia Hill gliding above Bicester
Pictures: OX57420 Ric Mellis

Mail reporter gets a taste for the high life of gliding

THE idea of being hundreds of feet in the air inside a small plane with no engine didn't fill me with joy.

I guess that's what comes from volunteering for something you know nothing about, and Googling it afterwards. But I've always been a yes man. Woman.

And gliding proved exactly why.

Although it sounds terrifying it is essentially as simple as hopping from one pocket of hot air to another with no need for man-made power of any kind.

Nobody knows that better than Claudia Hill, who will next year have been gliding for 20 years. The 40-year-old Didcot resident was one of just three Brits picked in November to compete for the UK in the biannual Women's Worlds Gliding Championships in Issoudun, France, this summer.

Aptly nicknamed Cloudy by friends at Oxford Gliding Club based at RAF Weston-on-the-

Green near Bicester, Claudia has spent more than 800 hours in the air. It was here that I met her on Sunday to see if I could be convinced.

WHO knew you could spend up to eight hours in the sky hopping from one pocket of hot air to another without any need for an engine? Not *Oxford Mail* reporter Katriona Ormiston, who went along to Oxford Gliding Club to find out more...

She said: "Whenever I fly over the countryside, I feel so lucky that you can see all the views from above. Over Germany you can see pretty little villages or over France there are many little castles. What I love about flying in the UK is that you really don't have to go very far to reach the sea. You can go east and reach The Wash, or west and see the Severn Bridge, or even south to the Isle of Wight."

We stuck to Oxfordshire, and joined the county's many red kites in flight after being launched 1,600 feet steeply into the air by a steel-wired winch

from the other side of the airfield.

After the initial adrenaline rush, I was on the lookout for the Oxfordshire I knew, and could make out Bicester below, Oxford city itself amid still evident flooding, and Didcot's power stations in the distance. And there was no engine noise drilling into your head to spoil the spectacle.

Flying with the kites made more sense than I initially realised. Gliders work in exactly the same way as they do – by following the hot air which pushes you up. To find the thermals of hot air, you look for the clouds which indicate hot air underneath, or follow the birds.

Claudia said: "There's nothing more amazing than sharing a

thermal with a red kite. Seagulls have saved me once too – when there were no clouds around I found a thermal by following them to get some more height."

And it is dangerous? "No," Claudia assured me. "I haven't had any close misses and nobody has had any accidents at Oxford Gliding Club for more than 50 years. It is no more dangerous than riding a motorbike."

There was a serious message to the day too, to encourage more women to try gliding. Only about seven per cent of glider pilots are women, although the Oxford club bucks the trend with about 10 out of 90 members.

"I have no idea why," Claudia said. "It has nothing to do with physical strength. Fitness and concentration is important but not strength."

Annual membership costs are £220 with £7 for a winch launch and 25 to 35p per minute flying time. So you can be airborne for £25 an hour, with discounts for juniors and students. Tuition is free. For more information, go to oxford-gliding-club.co.uk

SILVER C REMINISCENCE

Phil Hawkins

While we're on the subject of remembering our silver distance flights, mine was on 19 April 1976. Here goes with a quick transcription from the archives:

Easter Monday at Weston-on-the-Green, dawning blue and bright. As I had been given clearance to go cross-country about a week previously, I was eager to make an attempt. Good Friday and Saturday had been only moderately soarable with an east wind and a low inversion, although I had managed a flight of nearly 2 hours in the Skylark 4 on Saturday, up to 3,100ft. Sunday was solid Sc cover all day and just about soarable in the odd patch.

But Monday was fresh, wind ENE about 15 knots, scruffy low cumulus forming by about 10am, becoming soarable towards noon. John Giddins also wanted to do a silver distance flight in the club Skylark 4, but I would be flying the Skylark 3. I was happy about this as I had done over twenty hours in the "3" and knew its vices, like when to haul on the pole with both hands, and when to disregard the squealing audio which wasn't total energy. John and I discussed the possibility of cross-country with the duty instructor, and were quite pessimistic until 1.30pm when the cloud tops really began to go up and started looking half respectable. At this time various pilots were reporting cloudbase at about 2,500ft. I decided to have a go, strapping myself into the "3" while John waited for the previous pilot to bring back the Skylark 4.

Richard Hall went off to do some cloud flying but I heard later that he had shown John the way to Little Rissington. However they both turned back towards Weston and both landed in fields. I had marked a dog-leg on my map, turning at Rissington to avoid the Brize Norton zone and ending at Aston Down. Launched at 2.30pm, immediately after Brian Gregory who was flying a K13 solo and who had found a decent thermal for me just off the top of the launch. We climbed at 3 knots with the red and white Blanik coming in some distance below us. Then I was on my own at cloudbase, which was 2,800ft.

I never actually made a conscious decision whether to go or to stay; it just happened. The next reasonable cloud was downwind over my home village and I flew towards it. I had some doubts about whether the radio was working, but put out a call nearing cloudbase again. Climbing in this cloud to 4,700ft on the turn and slip, I came out on a NW heading in order to make sure that I didn't get mixed up with the Brize Norton zone. I recognised Blenheim lake and the A34; Enstone airfield appeared a little later. The visibility was pretty bad, about four miles.

I continued to fly NW along the A34 until Chipping Norton was just visible, then turned onto a compass heading of 240. The next ground feature I recognised was the railway and river Evenlode crossing the main road at Shipton-under-Wychwood. Turning due west at this point I flew until Little Rissington airfield came into view and passed closely south of it, remarking to myself upon the incredible ugliness of those gaunt green hangars. The clouds in this area looked a bit ragged, and I became slightly concerned since I had been gliding for a long while with no sign of lift, and had sunk to 2,500ft. However I set off again at 240 on the compass, giving the fields a cursory glance now and then. Most of them seemed to be pretty huge.

I fiddled about in a patch of wild turbulence for several minutes, thinking that there must be lift somewhere near,

but gradually lost out another few hundred feet. I gave this up and again headed off downwind at 2,200ft, minimum sink speed 36 knots, crossing an unknown grass airfield. It was either round or perhaps square with rounded corners. Tony Taylor said later this may have been Chedworth, which seems possible.

Luck was with me, for despite the nondescript lumps of cloud above I soon struck a roaring five-knot thermal. Climbing in this, miles from anywhere, with the audio wailing and the occasional friendly creak from the wings, made me feel pretty good. Hoping for silver height I hung onto the bubbly bits in the top of this cloud for quite a long time, but could only manage 4,900ft.

When I eventually came out heading 250 on the compass I realised that I was completely lost. I had to detour several times to avoid flying into the sides of other clouds and incidentally in order to inspect as much ground as possible. I passed a couple of miles to the north of a sizeable town which I thought might be Cirencester. Quite a few main roads radiate from the north of Cirencester and I was trying to locate these on the ground below (without much success) when the river Severn and a motorway came into view. Obviously, I thought, I've gone too far.

I then saw a distinctive railway junction crossed by a main road, and suddenly placed myself about three miles north of Nympsfield. The town which I had been looking at was in fact Stroud. Aston Down, my intended destination, was now out of the question unless I wanted a tough struggle against the headwind. The visibility was quite a lot better in this area and the cloudbase had gone up towards 4,000ft. So I decided to find Nympsfield, but being unsure of its position I wanted more height first of all. There were a few gliders about, the first I had seen since the K13 left me in the first thermal after the winch.

A very smart Std Libelle came in overhead, sniffed disdainfully at my lumbering plywood giant and streaked off to the south-east. I climbed to 3,700ft in clear air, by which time I was about three miles downwind of where I supposed Nympsfield might be. Flying into wind over the northern part of Dursley I soon saw gliders parked in a narrow field on top of a tree-covered ridge. There was also a long sandy strip running the length of the field, and I thought at first it was a runway. Then I saw a glider land on the grass and surmised it must be a winch run or towcar path.

Attempting to local soar I got down to 1,800ft (above Weston, that is) before slamming into an extremely rough six-knotter. Another Blanik joined me in this thermal, but I was very glad he was not on my level as the turbulence was requiring all my concentration, not to mention strength. Looking for more thermals I flew for what seemed like an age into wind, turned in a weak bubble and saw to my amazement the field still just behind me. Not noted for its penetration, the Skylark 3. I used two more somewhat calmer thermals, failing miserably to out-soar a K6e at one point, then the air went very flat and the clouds degenerated into little horizontal blobs that mean the thermals have given up for the day. I landed shortly afterwards, at 5.10pm.

All pilots at Weston are spoiled by the huge expanse of near-perfect landing surface, and I was duly surprised that Nympsfield was all hollows and hillocks, but this gave no trouble. I got out, switched off all the instruments and checked the barograph. A friendly face peered from a car

Silver C Reminiscence (contd.)

window, enquiring in a rustic accent if I wanted a tow to the clubhouse. I did.

Armed with a 10p coin and the correct dialling code, I attempted to call up my retrieve. A slightly nasal recorded voice informed me politely that I must check the code with the operator. I then made the remarkable discovery that there are some STD exchanges that you cannot dial from other STD exchanges. One has to be connected by the operator, which costs 42 pence. Fumble, fumble. The last 10p was stubborn and the machinery took four attempts to digest it. Jane Randle answered, pleased and relieved that I had succeeded. "That's 75km!" she exclaimed.

Evening, waiting for the retrieve crew. I had watched the buff-coloured T21 flying the last few circuits of the day and helped to stow it in the hangar. I had swapped chatter with the K6e pilot and some others, admired an Open Cirrus. I sat on the wall outside the bar, eating a packet of peanuts and watching the sun disappearing in dusky redness over western hills. I looked at the Skylark, resting like me in the evening calm, waiting to be taken to bits and trundled back to work at the Club. Also like me it probably felt out of place in a field full of hot ships. But what a soaring machine!

(Hmm, well, it was only about a year since my first solo, and at least 15 years before mobile phones became commonplace. The Skylark 3 went through private syndicates at Enstone and the Long Mynd after the club sold it, and the last I heard it was at Perranporth, but the Cornish GC there has now sadly closed down so it could be anywhere now).

Martin Cooper

A 1st 50k is daunting for anyone, unless you are young and indestructible.

The thing is anyone can do it on a stonking day, like mine. 4-6 knots 30k visibility and a cloud base that ended at 5,500ft over Lasham.

However after a 1,300ft launch towards the bomb dumps a 45 minutes trying to get away is was touch and go for a while. However I crept along and made it and got height and duration to boot.

Whilst the k8 is not the most performant glider it is fun and very satisfying when you get around, although the CFI of Lasham thought I was disabled when I attempted to get my large frame out of it after over 5 hrs.

Also flying the K8 you have the added knowledge that it will land on a much smaller field

Only when I landed did I realise that the airway restriction over Lasham was flt level 5.5 :-0 and I had been at 5,500ft QFE Oxford :-0

I checked my altimeter and was amazed to see that QFE Oxford for that day was exactly 1013 :-)

A very satisfying day, and it is about time you did it! Especially as you are retired. Remember look at the forecast, high pressure building after a cold front, with a diminishing NW airflow, is always a good sign.

Arrive early and prepared and grab an instructor to let him know your plans.

Howard Stone

I also remember my 50k where I struggled to get away but arrived at a fairly quick time and since the weather was still good I thought I would try for my five hours as well so I tried to stay high. After a while pondering I couldn't remember if I switched on my Barograph. After many attempts to try and listen to the Barograph I convinced myself that it was not working so I worked my way back to Weston. After landing I jumped out and checked the Barograph and it was switched off, what a mistake. I then switched it on and did my 50k again but far too late to complete a 5 hours. Luckily for me Andy Butterfield also did his 50k and he was already there with a waiting cup of tea.

Dave Weekes

The flying fortnight 1989. Richard Hall had done my field landing checks three days before by making me land with an approach over the top of the big hangar (I've never done that again!).

Three days after, I went off in K8 CYZ towards Old Warden airfield - a standard 50 k with a westerly wind in those days. Back then there was little weekday flying activity at OW and they were quite welcoming to gliders arriving unexpectedly (I wouldn't try it now by the way!).

A big blue hole had gone through but it was otherwise a good soaring day with a strong tailwind so off I went. I unfortunately caught up with the big blue hole and like an idiot tried to fly across it. Experienced my first field landing in stubble at Great Brickhill (about 30 k) and then watched gliders effortlessly zooming overhead for the rest of the afternoon.

Next day tried again, same destination with about a 10 kt SW wind. Left WOTG at about 4300' but was down to about 1700 at Calvert brickworks and contemplating fields yet again (oh the potential embarrassment!) when I blundered into a big thermal which went to 4 grand. After a couple more climbs got to 5000 at Cranfield & then straight to OW (I went to college round there so could navigate by pub signs).

Unfortunately (not having checked before with OW) the airfield was covered in Moths - of the de Havilland variety - having a rally and I decided that I wouldn't be too welcome in a K8 in the middle of all that. I contemplated RAF Henlow and thought that they might not be over-welcoming so picked a nice big stubble field next to a farm near OW and flopped in. It turned out that the farmer's son had been to Shuttleworth Agricultural College around the same time as I'd been a student at Silsoe doing agricultural engineering so I was very welcome and given tea and buns.

Melvin (Bean Field) Green came to pick me up and we then spoiled my day by dropping a wing during derigging and taking a chunk off the corner of the aileron - so anyone finding that repair - it was me! I slightly salvaged the situation by whipping the aileron round to John Smoker to get repairs going and afterwards confessed the sin to Richard Hall. Since I'd done something about getting it fixed I was (sort of) forgiven.

And since I'd done my 50 k I could then fly the Astir!!

Claudia Hill

1999: It took me three attempts to do my 50km! I reckon that's because I had done a few xc flights with Phil in the Acro, which had given me the distorted view that if I could

Silver C Reminiscence (contd.)

do 200km with Phil in the Acro, 50km in the Ka8 on my own would be a piece of cake.

1st attempt: landed 24km from WOG, near Buckingham in a field adjacent to Horwood House. Gate-crashed a wedding and failed to find out how to get a trailer to the field instead of how to get to Horwood House. Slightly unhappy crew and quite an unhappy farmer "you're the fifth glider in a fortnight to land in my field" – well, it was a rather nice field.

2nd attempt: winch launch from Enstone (yes, there used to be a gliding club there), it looks extremely murky, Steve Evans says "yeah, go for it, why not!". I land 18km from Enstone at Little Rissington. Very friendly welcome, "I guess you'll need your glider towed to the hangar, then you'll need the loo, the phone and a cup of tea." It turned out that the bloke who looked after me knew the German regional examiner I had done my gliding licence flying test with, and the club where he flew.

3rd attempt, 26th June 1999: Off to Hus Bos. Only I didn't quite make it. I landed in a nice field just the other side of the M1, next to a farm house where an old bloke was painting his window frames. He was delighted, his wife had died the year before and he was just happy to have someone to talk to for the afternoon. He gave me the guided tour of the farm, let me use phone and toilet, fed me biscuits and tea, and when the retrieve crew hadn't arrived after a few hours I was offered whisky and dinner... but then the crew turned up. The farmer helped us derig the Ka8 and I think he thoroughly enjoyed himself. The distance? 51.36km. It did count. Honest.

Luckily all this took place just before the Acro crash, otherwise it would probably have taken me a bit longer to do it.

Tony Hoskins

Well mine was pretty straightforward, I went solo in 1998 so my 50km must have been 1999, I'm not sure the month but it was in the mighty Skylark 4! Let's see if I remember the rest correctly!

Simon Walker and I were both keen to get our Silver distance legs, for me it would complete the silver badge. It was a south easterly wind so the goal was Husbands Bosworth. We launched from the bomb dump and I caught a climb down wind of the M40 junction. Simon had already set off but was struggling just down the road in the K8 (HFW I think). Cris Emson had said don't set off below 3000ft and with that on the altimeter I set off. I set off towards bracelet and indeed struggled too, Simon and I thermals together near Hinton before we both got away and luckily the superior skylark performance allowed me to pull ahead. Really after Hinton it was a straight forward run. West if Silverstone, aim for the middle of three lakes, and arrive at Hus Bos! I seem to recall getting into the overhead about 4000, and unsure of the procedures I local soared the airfield for about an hour watching everyone else land. Simon was with me and we both landed about 3 or 4 minutes apart but instantly got a bollocking from somebody for landing in the wrong place, even though we'd landed exactly where numerous others had from at least the last hour!

A gentle stroll to the clubhouse where the office girl signed our landing forms and then I phoned my retrieve (Jon C??)

My crew was in a field so no chance of a retrieve, everyone else was still soaring at OGC so what to do? A few questions to the tug pilots later and a young chap hours building offered to tow us both back by aerotow and would cost share! Simon went first and I waited at the launch point. Bargain price for a 4000 ft tow to north of Hinton, but it was uncomfortably fast and skylark 4s get even heavier in roll when fast! Needless to say when I released from the chipmunk I was knackered, but it was a wonderfully still evening and I sat at min sink all the way back to Weston arriving overhead at about 2000ft as the winch packed up. Lark away into the bar and I waited for dad to turn up (I still wasn't old enough to drive!).

Incidentally that was the last day I saw Tony Gaster, the delightful old chap who had worked for Enfield during the war, I think he died a few days later

Stewart Otterburn

Uneventful flight, but I landed short of target in one of the 2 maggot farms that serve the UK fishing industry! Natives were friendly and gave me tea and Hob nobs before the bloke announced that he was an aviation enthusiast and asked if he could have his pic taken in the glider! I duly obliged and was given a packed luck which fed me + retrieve crew! Lesson - be nice to natives..... they will often surprise you ;)

Memorable day..... ;)

Mike Randle

I did mine in an Olympia 2b from Long Mynd to RAF Honiley where the crash crew tried to drag me forcibly out of the cockpit in case I caught fire.

Paul Smith

So what has happened to all this great weather since I started gliding in 2005? Global warming?

The highest I'm been in thermals was 7,600 above WOG, with both me and Jeanfre getting our silver heights within few minutes of each other in the K8 on the same barograph trace. That was 2 July 2006 and I have never seen another day like it. Were the good old days always that good?

I flew my 50k to Sackville Farm. Once I worked out the compass didn't work in the K8 and Brackley wasn't in fact Milton Keynes I was on my way aided by a friendly DG-101 helping me realise my mistake. All was good as far as Bedford Airfield where I hung around below 1500ft for ages trying to find Sackville maintaining height but not climbing above the cart track (before there was an ATZ there). Eventually I spotted it in the trees and scrapped straight in with nothing to spare. It might have been a good day, I can't remember, but at that time in my gliding career I wouldn't have been able to tell anyway, more blind luck than skill. Sackville is very hard to spot even when you know where it is, especially if you are low because it is hidden by trees, tip is to follow the line of the short runway from Bedford north, it points straight at it. I do remember being very nervous venturing beyond gliding range, but having done so realised what a great experience and challenge flying cross country really is. I strongly encourage those yet to try to just give it a go.

Silver duration came a lot harder with several attempts in the 4 hours 45-55 minutes category (4 or 5 I think!). A whole year later I eventually got it flying cross country from Bicester (to Bidford) with Haste who at around 4 hours I could hear landing out at Hinton due to rain (and

Silver C Reminiscence (contd.)

lightning I think) while I was sitting under a huge cloud at Upper Heyford with the air brakes open to stop getting sucked in. It was heavy rain everywhere and after achieving 5.25 hours I had to land in pouring rain on a deserted airfield. In hindsight probably not the best decision, but after so many other attempts I had to do it.

Paul Wilford

Autumn (I think) 1997. K8 (R45) from Halton to Gransden Lodge. Light tail wind, flight there was fairly easy really. Set off at cloud base quite early on, and throughout the flight the bases kept going up until I thought my silver height might be on too. So I got to Gransden, and then climbed up to base. It was going to be tight, but I hoped I had it.

Spun down to about 2500' and then landed. My Dad came with the trailer.

Three things stick in my memory: 1) The K8 had been repainted in a completely different colour scheme about 2 weeks before I went. When I got to Gransden, someone came up to me and said he had a model of R45 in the exact same colour scheme! I remain sceptical, but could be a strange coincidence. 2) I got my silver height, barograph was an EW and the height gain was exactly 1000m! Thankfully the calibration chart was available and all was accepted. 3) The barman at Gransden ID'd me! I was 17 - bugger, could've done with a beer. It's the one and only time I've been ID'd in a gliding club bar!

All a bit uneventful really.

- Correction, must have been early-mid 1997, as I flew the Juniors at Bidford that year!

Now the next cross country I did was a failed 100k triangle in K6cr and that landout was altogether more eventful. It involved farmers, a helicopter and what seemed like half of Buckinghamshire's emergency services :-)

John Hanlon

Well I found out my 1st log book and my first recorded flight was with Gordon Craig on 21st August 1983...so it will be 30 years for me at OGC come this August!

I was sent solo by Mike Randle on my 60th flight on 22nd April 1984.

My silver distance was completed on my second attempt and I did from Enstone on a Wednesday 29th May 1985...this came about because whilst doing the usual Tuesday night maintenance at the club Richard, Haste and Graham were talking about how good the next day was going to be.....I pleaded with them to de-rig a K8 for me so I could also go to Enstone as they had planned to do!

Richard said which one do you want...I said "Sierra Delta" (DSD) he said trust you to want the one at the back of the hangar!

Anyway DSD was de-rigged and put on the trailer for me for the next day...We all convened at Weston, collected trailer's and headed off to Enstone where the late Dave Roberts was waiting with his Auster (I think) tug.

We all rigged and when I was ready, I aerotowed to 2000' and released, found a nice 4 knots that took me to cloud base...I did a couple of more turns than I should have done and got quickly sucked into cloud...when I came out,, I could no longer see Enstone(not being used to flying over

that area) so I thought I may just as well set off...I think one of the hardest things to do is to turn your back on the airfield to set off on your 1st cross country. So in a way I cheated because I couldn't see it anymore!

Wind was south easterly which helped drift me away from Brize zone and I spotted various airfields on the route... Moreton-in-Marsh, Chedworth and spotted the lakes at South Cerney glinting in the distance to the south.

I kept heading west every time I straightened up from each climb but was not sure of my exact position! eventually I found I was over Gloucester and spotted the river seven...realising I was too far north, I flew south and found Nympsfield with K13's and K 7's in the circuit, It took a while to spot as it was in cloud shadow, in fact I spotted the glider's first and watched them intently to see where they were going to land and eventually spotted the airfield.

My retrieve was carried out by my wife Christine and Phil Hawkins!

Also funny how names keep repeating!... I was signed off Bronze checks by Martin Brown on 30th September 1984!

My first ever flight at Talgarth was on 31st December 1984 with Glenn Bailes.....

So good luck to all our budding silver distance pilots...hopefully this year will be „YOUR" year!

Richard Hall

May 19th 1974. Took off at about 11am as I was hoping to do 5 hours as well as 50k. Target was Twinwood Farm which is where the RAE kept their wind tunnels, near Bedford. It was also the airfield from which Glen Miller took off during the war and was never seen again. It has now gone. I was flying the club Skylark 3, 168. I could just as well have been flying a barn door as the whole sky was going up.

I had thought it would be a good idea to fly IFR (I Follow Railways) but it seems I took the wrong one out of Bicester. Having made Aylesbury look like Milton Keynes, I was a bit surprised to see a big white lion on the side of a hill!! They must have moved it from Whipsnade Zoo! Well, I got the navigation sorted out and then quite easily found Twinwood. Local soared it for the five hours and landed. It was still booming and could have flown home had I been cleared for aero tow. Now, gold height the following year was a bit more interesting. We used to be able to fly at WOG on Wednesday afternoons as it was sports afternoon for the services. This was 1975 and the summer was dry. There were only three of us there. Mick Moxon was a martyr and said he would drive the winch so he and I launched Mike Randle and then, with a wing propped on a tyre and a closing of the brakes to signal all out, Mick launched me in my Skylark. (don't try this at home!!!) Cloud base was 8,200 and I pushed out west to get some clear air and then popped into what looked like quite a small cloud. I came out at 14,700 and amid whoops of joy hammered back to WOG quite quickly. A little later Mike landed and announced that he had been to 20,000 for a diamond. We both got into trouble with the CFI of the Chilterns club (RAFGSA) who was nominally in charge of all gliding at WOG as we had both gone above the 12000 foot limit without oxygen which the GSA imposed. It seemed to us like some VERY sour grapes for being two up on them!!

(Mike Randle says: Richard's memory is wrong in one detail. On the memorable day when we got our gold and diamond heights we were the only two there to begin with.

Silver C Reminiscence (contd.)

Seeing altocu castellanus I told him "smoke a barograph!" We launched me by pulling the Phoebus back until the attached cable was taut, propping the wing on a trestle, then with me in and ready, he went and drove the winch. There was no need for a signal, if I had changed my mind for any reason I only had to release. Mick afterwards arrived and did the same for Richard. My climb was over Cheltenham. I was in a large Cu which only became Cb after I left it. The cloud base was 8,000 and the lift so strong that I was only above 12,000 for 7 minutes. With the height reached I flew at 100 kts to Aylesbury and back to WOG. For going to over 20,000 ft without oxygen I was both grounded by the GSA and awarded a trophy by OGC for one and the same flight! The BGA in those days did not disqualify for absence of oxygen, arguing that the FAI requirements don't mention it. I subsequently did my 500k from WOG in a Kestrel. Those were the days!

Steve Evans

Being something a recluse these days I have not contributed to this group before but you have tempted me with your stories of first Silver distances.

Mine was somewhat unusual so may be of interest if only in a cautionary way.

It was the 3rd of March 1974 and still very much winter. The morning overcast had just started to develop some darker spots and it looked soarable to me so I approached Mike Randle, the then CFI, about trying for a Silver distance. He pointed out that it was really too early in the year and there would be plenty of time later but I persisted and eventually he agreed that I could go as long as there was at least a 2000 foot cloud base. I think this was a ploy on his part as the cloud base looked considerably lower than that. It was still winter after all.

I declared Lasham (77K) and quickly rigged the Oly 463, put in the barograph, and lined up for a launch. Dave Roberts was ahead of me in the queue with his 463 and after he launched, he headed downwind (south) for what looked like a possible thermal. My launch was not as good as his, so when I reached the top he seemed a long way away. He did appear to be climbing though so I headed off in that direction and eventually slid in under him at about 700 feet.

The thermal was not that good but we both climbed at about 2 knots while slowly drifting south. We finally reached about 1800 feet with the airfield looking a long way away and Dave straightened up and headed back. I turned on my Turn and slip and carried on, entering cloud at exactly 2000 feet (honest Mike).

As soon as I entered cloud the thermal improved considerably until I was climbing at 6 knots plus and watched the altimeter increasing rapidly. When I reached 8000 feet it became very turbulent so I straightened up on a compass heading for Lasham. I should point out that I had spent the previous summer teaching myself to cloud fly, which is what happened in those days, while waiting to be cleared for cross-country.

At one point I flew through a 'crack' in the cloud with vertical walls stretching all the way down and I could just make out large buildings 7000 feet below. This was so spectacular that it almost broke my lock on the

instruments. Something they don't warn you of when you are taught instrument flying! After perhaps 20 seconds I flew back into the wall of cloud and continued blind.

When I reached 5000 feet I began to worry about my position as I knew that RED1 airway was between me and Lasham which I had to cross (in those days) in VMC. Just as I was considering descending with airbrakes, I suddenly flew out of cloud into clear air leaving the cloud wall behind me. I located my position as just north of RED1 and crossed it in perfect VMC whilst descending in steady sink towards Newbury.

By the time I was abeam Newbury I was below 2000 feet and looking for a field. I found a smallish pasture field into wind and started my circuit. Just as I was turning onto base leg I flew into sudden lift, the first for many miles, and tried a turn keeping my field in sight. The lift was strong and narrow but after a lot of persevering I reached 3000 feet which my McCready told me, put Lasham on final glide.

I just had height for a short circuit and landed on the runway at Lasham. There was only one K13 operating and a small figure sprinted over to me from it as soon as I landed. The small figure was Derek Piggott who exclaimed "where on earth have you come from". When I explained he insisted on taking me to the clubhouse to fill in my Silver C forms then and there. I agree with Mike. Those were the days.

(and Mike says: I have been thinking about one aspect of this ever since I read this. Memory for things so long ago is error prone, but to defend my instructing reputation, I have to say that I think Steve must have misremembered the minimum height I stipulated. I can't imagine I would have sanctioned a first cross-country with a cloud base of only 2000'. I tried to encourage enterprise, but not to that extent. After all, he should have been selecting fields by 2000'. (and surely it was GREEN 1 ??))

And finally... Paul Smith again:



I've had 2 x police motorcycles, 3 x police cars, one police van and a plethora of policemen and women turn up to a perfectly reasonable field landing before. I even had to give a formal statement!

LILIENTHALER

Claudia Hill

Eckhard Peter wrote an article for their regional aero club magazine about Fliegerclub Schönhagen's twinning with Oxford GC, and sent me a few copies of the magazine.

In brief: He describes his and Matthias' visit to OGC in 2010, explains how gliding is regulated in the UK and how stuff is done on the airfield.

He mentions Jon's trip to Schönhagen in the following year, and finally talks about Brian's (and John's) visit this summer (see photo on the second page).

How about a club expedition to Schönhagen next summer?

If you can't read the text you can at least look at the photos... (thanks Janet for the reminder to add it to FG):



OXFORD gliding club und FLIEGERCLUB SCHÖNHAGEN

Eine Partnerschaft, Erfahrungsaustausch und Englischtraining



Foto: Matthias Klein

Seit 2010 besteht zwischen dem Fliegerclub Schönhagen eine Partnerschaft zu einem in der Struktur und der Flotte ähnlichem Fliegerclub in England, dem Oxford Gliding Club. Diese Partnerschaft wurde ins Leben gerufen, um Clubmitgliedern die Möglichkeit zu geben, Erfahrungen mit anderen Fliegerfreunden auszutauschen und dabei gleichzeitig die englische Sprache zu trainieren. Viele Vereinsmitglieder, besonders jugendliche Flugschüler, haben oft nicht die finanziellen Möglichkeiten, einfach mal nach England zu reisen. Warum sollte man also nicht Gleichgesinnte suchen, die dasselbe Hobby haben und gegenseitige Besuche ermöglichen.

Es war nicht einfach, einen passenden Club zu finden, doch das Internet half dabei, so dass wir auf die Webseiten der British Gliding Association stießen. So kam es zum ersten Kontakt mit dem Oxford Gliding Club, der ohne komplizierte Regelungen und großen finanziellen Aufwand stattfinden sollte. Zwei Mitglieder des Fliegerclubs Schönhagen, unser Schatzmeister und ich, machten uns auf den Weg. Aus Wettergründen nicht mit einer TB9, wie

ursprünglich geplant, sondern mit Easy Jet zuerst nach London Luton und dann weiter mit dem Bus nach Oxford. Dort wurden wir sehr herzlich empfangen und mit großer Gastfreundschaft aufgenommen. Mit solch einem Empfang hatten wir nicht gerechnet. Zu unserer Überraschung waren an jedem der uns zur Verfügung gestellten Wohnwagen eine deutsche und eine Brandenburger Fahne gehisst.

Alle Mitglieder des Oxford Gliding Club hatten großes Interesse zu erfahren, was uns auf diese Idee gebracht hatte und natürlich wie in unserem Club der Flugbetrieb von statten geht.

Schon am ersten Tag unseres Besuchs durften wir den Oldtimer T21 Slingsby (Spitzname Daisy) besteigen und mehrere Gastflüge machen, was uns durch die offene Kabine und die etwas andere Landschaft besonders beeindruckte. Zum Abschluss des ersten Tages fand am Abend ein leckeres Barbecue, wieder unter englischer und deutscher Fahne, statt.

Zwei interessante und anregende Tage verbrachten wir so auf dem Flugplatz, die ihren Abschluss in einem real English Pub mit inzwischen guten englischen Fliegerfreunden fanden. In Gesprächen erfuhren wir, dass es tatsächlich noch möglich ist, auch ohne Funksprecherlaubnis und nur mit einem



Foto: Matthias Klein

DER LILIENTHALER 3/2013



Foto: Matthias Klein

Medical vom Hausarzt fliegen zu können, was zurzeit bei uns in Deutschland völlig undenkbar ist. Aber wie man sehen kann, geht das auch so, einfach, gut und sicher.

Im Jahr darauf besuchte uns der stellvertretende Clubchef von OGC in Schönhagen. Jetzt konnten wir ihm unseren Club zeigen, zwei F-Schleppstarts und einen Rundflug über Berlin machen und abends in gemütlicher Atmosphäre unsere deutsche Küche anbieten.

In diesem Jahr besuchte uns anlässlich unseres jährlichen Fliegerlagers für mehrere Tage Brian Evans, langjähriges Mitglied von Oxford Gliding Club und Gold-C Pilot mit einem Diamanten aus Aberdeen, Scotland. Trotz der Hitzewelle der letzten Julitage hatten wir einige schöne Flüge inklusive Thermikflug über Luckenwalde. Auch für unsere Flugschüler war die Begegnung mit Brian nicht nur in fliegerischer Hinsicht lehrreich. Viele meinten auf der Abschlussfeier: „Unser Englisch ist doch besser als wir dachten. Die Sprachkenntnisse wurden aufgefrischt und die Unterhaltungen waren sehr interessant.“ Auch Brian fühlte sich wohl und konnte erleben, wie es in einem Brandenburger Fliegerclub zugeht. Besonders gefiel ihm die kameradschaftliche Atmosphäre im Club. Sein Kommentar war: „Das ist ähnlich wie bei uns in Oxford“.

Eine Einladung nach Oxford zum 75. Jubiläum des OGC zum 17.08.2013 bestätigt die gute Idee einer Partnerschaft. Leider war es aus Urlaubs- oder finanziellen Gründen keinem Mitglied von Schönhagen möglich, daran teilzunehmen. Wir übermitteln aber hiermit allen Mitgliedern vom Oxford Gliding Club nochmals nachträglich unsere Gratulation und die besten Wünsche für weiter gute Fliegerjahre und unsere Partnerschaft.

Was haben wir von OGC gelernt:

Der Flugbetrieb kann auch ganz anders ablaufen als bei uns. In OGC ist die Organisation auf breite Schultern verteilt. So wird z. B. auch im Winter geflogen, freitags werden bei Bedarf Gästeflüge ab 18 Uhr mit kleinen Gruppen von Firmen der Umgebung mit anschließendem Barbecue durchgeführt. Jeden Dienstagabend findet Baubetrieb am Flugplatz statt. Die Funktionen, verantwortlicher Fluglehrer oder Startleiter etc. werden im Laufe des Flugbetriebstages nach Einsatzplan gewechselt. Alle Flugbetriebsteilnehmer werden auf einer Tafel am Startwagen mit konkreten Aufgaben aufgelistet.

Im Internet sind die Vorausplanungen ersichtlich. Weston on The Green, so der Ortsname des Flugplatzes, hat den größten Rasenflugplatz in England. Bei der Größe des Flugplatzes wird die Möglichkeit genutzt, von beiden Seiten des Startwagens zu starten. Die Landungen enden ebenfalls rechts und links vom Startwagen sogar ohne Landezeichen, so dass sich der Aufsetzpunkt weit vor der Startstelle befindet und somit lange Rückholwege entfallen. Vor dem Einkuppeln des Seiles wird dem Piloten die Sollbruchstelle gezeigt. Der seileinkuppelnde Helfer hält auch die Tragfläche beim Start. Der verantwortliche Pilot sagt dem anderen Piloten im Doppelsitzer klar und deutlich, wer fliegt, also die Kontrolle hat. Der Fluglehrer sagt: „You have control“, Flugschüler oder Lizenzpilot antworten

„I have control“. Während des Startvorganges gibt ein Piep-Signal am Startwagen allen anderen Flugbetriebsteilnehmern akustisch bekannt, dass jetzt ein Start erfolgt. Die Organisation des Flugbetriebes ist vorbildlich, nicht zuletzt deshalb, weil ein größeres Potential an erfahrenen Piloten mittleren Alters zur Verfügung steht. Das lässt sich natürlich nur bewältigen, wenn der Verein ausreichend Mitglieder zählt.

Das Lizenzwesen und die Erlaubnisse sind in einer völlig anderen Struktur gestaltet. Ohne in Details zu gehen gibt es in England eine aufbauende Erlaubnisstruktur, wie beispielsweise die Eingruppierung der Fluglehrer in drei Kategorien mit unterschiedlichen Rechten. (Assistent FI, Junior FI, Senior FI, CFI Chef Flight Instructor = Ausbildungsleiter) Ebenso teilen sich die Fluglizenzen, für die es kein extra Dokument gibt. Der Eintrag aller Berechtigungen im Flugbuch reicht völlig aus. Es werden dabei auch Unterschiede, wie Alleinflug mit P1 (Pilot in Command) oder P2 (Doppelsitzer Flug mit Fluglehrer) dokumentiert.

Eine EASA Lizenz wird nur auf persönlichen Antrag ausgestellt, wenn man im Ausland allein fliegen will. Wie hieraus ersichtlich wird, geht der uns bekannten EU-Angleichung der Lizenzen noch mit ein gutes Stück Arbeit voraus, um eine Vergleichbarkeit zu erreichen. Das gegenseitige Kennenlernen erleichtert dabei das Verständnis.

Alles in allem, die Partnerschaft bringt uns gegenseitig näher und weiter in unserer eigenen Entwicklung. Das wird von unseren Mitgliedern einhellig bestätigt.

Eckhard Peter



Foto: Eckhard Peter

75TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Neil Swinton. Photos: Claudia Hill

I know just when in August Peter Boulton finally relaxed - it was about 12.30am on the night of the 17th!

Two or three of us were sitting the marque, the band was packing up, there were paper streamers draped around, some odd wine bottles and even a few visitors were strewn over the tables. In the workshop/servery was the aftermath of what looked like an explosion in a chicken pie and cake factory - and the bar was filled with people - well - 'enjoying themselves'

"Well - I think we got away with that" he observed.

"Yeah - It was OK" I said, having another sip of beer.

Roll back 9 months:-

Although the actual year for the 75th was a bit uncertain, the committee felt that 2013 was the most suitable candidate for the club to celebrate 75 years since its formation. However it was difficult to come up with a plan for an event that would be sufficiently different from the regular Friday evening BBQ's, and yet fit in with the RAF site owners, and the restrictions of not having guaranteed use of the airfield when we wanted it. We also had the British summer weather to consider, and finally the treasurer was worried that the club's finances were already starting to look in a worrying state and we had a very limited budget to spend.

Lots of ideas were considered, but the only thing certain was the date - the middle of the flying weeks - the same as our Interclub Day - and that it would be at Weston - not at some posh hotel somewhere.

Peter Boulton now went off and spent the early summer pulling plans together for a sit- down meal at Weston for the 60-70 people we thought would be interested. We could have used the hangar for the meal, but we did want something a little special, so a various marque companies were assessed and quotes achieved. Peter also wanted professional entertainment during the evening which would not come in cheap.

Setting the budget for the event was tricky - he didn't want to price people out of the evening, and he also felt that charging £20-25 per head might lead people to expect a sit-down meal with waiter service! Yet setting it too low would mean asking the club to fund the event more which could be unpopular if the year proved to be financially poor as predicted.

We felt it would be good to mark the event with something tangible, so Richie organised some OGC75 polo shirts and hoodies, and the committee purchased some OGC water bottles, one of which was given to every current club member. Claudia

was also given a number of the bottles to give away to competitors at the women's world's in France shortly before the event, so our fame, and news of our 75 birthday was spread worldwide.

We started to publicise the event - firstly we tried to get current club members enthused with posters and Emails, and then started to contact previous members of the club where we had Email and telephone numbers. A PayPal web site was setup to allow for payment to be taken, we set up Email addresses for bookings, and then we sat back and

waited for the rush of bookings to arrive. After three days we had two bookings, one of which was mine. I stepped up the publicity by doing a mailshot to every Email address the club had, and also warned people that the tickets were limited. That had the effect, and soon I was advising Peter that we were going to reach the limit of 80 people that we had. This limit was forced on us by the size of



Presents from Team GB to competitors at the Women's Worlds

the tent, any more people would need a bigger tent, and that was going to cost more money which we didn't really have. Peter thought about it, and arranged to give some free glider flights to the tent people, in exchange for another twenty seats in the tent. He then managed a final push up to 110 people, but that sadly was that. As it was, the seating was 'snug' in places, so there was really no way we could increase the capacity.

The plan for the afternoon now consisted of tea-coffee-and-cake - a sort of hybrid mixture between an English garden fete tea tent and a continental coffee-and-cake afternoon. "Claudia's cake team" were given a budget, a loose plan, and not much else, and soon came up with helpers, a rota, tea urns and cups from a local church hall, napkins, and a fine mixture of home-made cakes. An impressive number of OGC members offered cakes, including some people (like Janet) who sent along a cake even if they could not make the evening. Kayleigh impressed everyone by arriving with a multi-tier 75 birthday cake, complete with an icing glider, which she had just 'knocked up' the night before.

Some the planning did fall apart about a week before - the 'facilities man' (Jon C) had a bit of a moment when he realised how many watt-Amps we would need to run tea-urns and coffee pots and food

75th Anniversary Party (contd.)

warmers in the tent, so he strongly suggested that this would need to be done indoors in the workshop.

However Jon did manage to supply light and power to the tent for the evening and moving the cake servery to the workshop worked out extremely well.

A gazebo was acquired and used to bridge the gap between the hangar and the marquee 'just in case it rained'. Good move by someone unknown.

A trial run of coffee brewing and cake-nibbling on the Friday night went well - we were set!

The Day:

The day started with a bit of club flying, but soon the clouds lowered, and a light rain started which ended the flying and the rain then set in for most of the day.

We prepared the tent, put table cloths, plates, napkins out. Then sat back and waited nervously. Suppose no-one came?

We needn't have worried.

Quite a number of ex-members who did not fancy the evening event came along for the afternoon - the tent itself had been prepared with exhibits of club history on a series of big A3 posters - we had some old 'Final Glide' on display and Liisi, Paula and Rosalie sold so many raffle tickets they had to go and buy some more.

By mid-afternoon the tent was buzzing, loads of people were chatting, tea coffee and cake was being consumed in great volumes, and the fact that it was now raining quite hard didn't seem quite so important. Then we had rather a highlight - remember it was also going to be day-one of the interclub league on the Saturday, and just to throw another well-judged spanner at us, we were informed about a week earlier of a Jet display at Weston Manor which would ground us for 45-60 minutes during the early afternoon. While most of us thought that would bring the end of the Interclub for the day, the chairman did see the opportunity being presented to us, and went off and contacted the Gnat display pilot. As a result we were given a couple of very low flypasts, and wing-waggles, directly over the tent and airfield. As he said later in his speech - the very first OGC fast Jet airshow!

Di's little team were now starting to prepare vegetables for the evening meal. We began arranging plates and serving dishes and then, just in

the nick of time, when everyone was beginning to get worried, Peter arrived with a car full of cooked chickens, fishes, pans and pinnies, and the preparations stepped up a gear. Mark was cooking vast vats of potatoes over a gas ring in the BBQ area, chickens were chopped and kept hot in food warmers, and - following a sudden panic - more vegetables were bought from the local supermarket.

Following a second session of cakes, the afternoon people had started to drift away, and evening people started arriving. Susan (the S&G Editor) who was invited as a star guest - spent the time clearing and laying tables for the evening meal. Folk turned up smartly dressed and splendid. I was running around like an idiot in the meantime making sure everyone had paid, and that not too many people were turning up expecting food without booking - and as I had sold exactly 110 seats in a tent that could only seat exactly 110 people, that was a significant risk. As people were seating for the meal, one of the other highlights of the day started to perform, this was a 'close up' magician, who certainly proved to me that

magic does exist. He performed at almost all the tables I believe. And was a great hit. I especially enjoyed the one where he hid Simon's twenty quid note inside a lime as Simon got slowly more anxious.

And then the 'Main Event' - Peter and Di's team sprang into action and started serving a meal of chicken or Fish, gravy, potatoes and vegetable selection.

Once everyone had been finally served, the evening continued with a fine

speech from our Chairman - then puddings, cake cutting, followed by a raffle and then the band. OK, it was little slow serving everyone, we ran out of fish, I think we forgot the cheese course, and we didn't offer post meal coffee, but I think people went 'with the flow' and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The front tables were then cleared away and the music stepped up a gear, which seemed to go down well with the young people.

And suddenly there we were, with Peter, sat in the tent, with a beer, in the calm, as the bar stepped up a gear at about 12.30am.

"Yeah - it was OK" I agreed.

- So many people helped on the day to make it a success that it is simply impossible to name them, so thanks to all of you.



75th ANNIVERSARY IMPRESSIONS

Photos by Krzysztof Kreis, Peter Boulton, John Freymuth, Claudia Hill



75th Anniversary Impressions (contd.)



75th Anniversary Impressions (contd.)





THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Paul Morrison

Ladies & Gentlemen,

Can I have your attention for a few minutes please....

Before we get onto the serious stuff of eating and drinking I'd like to take this opportunity on behalf of Oxford Gliding Club, to thank you for attending and to welcome you to this, the celebration of Oxford Gliding Club's 75th year of operation in traditional OGC commemorative weather!

If you look back into the Club's history and in particular think about the first general meeting which was held in Christchurch College in December 1937, I'm sure that the Club's founders such as the late Capt R S Rattray and his colleagues could never in their wildest dreams, have ever contemplated that we would be here tonight, some 75 years later celebrating the anniversary of what I earnestly believe is one of if not the, best gliding clubs in the UK. The fact that this has occurred on my watch as Chairman is a great privilege and honour and I hope on behalf of the Committee and members, that we have done it justice.

It is clear that the Club's past history has been far from plain sailing or should I say soaring. As is explained in the excellent article by Lawrie Wingfield written for the opening of the Club's hangar in 1986 in similar monsoon conditions, a few copies of which are scattered around and which I'd commend to you to read, the first challenge that Captain Rattray needed to overcome was to have the University statutes changed to permit aviation to take place. Apparently it had been banned up to this point on the grounds of risk. Even then our lords and masters were seemingly risk adverse and this was years before EASA was ever contemplated!

Earlier this year I had the pleasure of attending a dinner where the guest speaker was Air Chief Marshall Sir John Cheshire. John gave a highly entertaining after dinner speech full of witty anecdotes about his long and varied flying career – far more amusing than this one is going to be I'm afraid so I'm setting your expectations now.

However one thing he did say which I think is relevant given the anniversary that we are here to celebrate is that he remembered that when he started flying, **it was the flying that was dangerous and the sex that was safe!**

Moving swiftly on, sadly two of the Club's invited guests cannot be with us this evening and whilst unfortunately I can't now, like the Oscar's, cut to a live video link from them, I do have a message that they have asked me to share with you.

The first is from the Club's President, Sir Paul Nurse – or Paul as he prefers to be called, who is currently on holiday in the Arctic and we do have a note from him to excuse his absence.

“Dear Club Members

A 75 year anniversary for a gliding club is a great milestone and I only wish I was with you to celebrate the event. Unfortunately I am in the Arctic hopefully encountering polar bears, although not too close, and looking at the midnight sun. Do have a great party and let's all hope that the next 75 years will be as equally successful as the first. I very much hope that I will be able to come out and visit you again and fly soon.

Best wishes.

Paul”

The second message is from Eckhard, the Chairman of Fliegerclub Schoenhagen, OGC's twinned club whom many of you will have met when Eckhard and his wife Carmen visited the Club last year which I will read verbatim:-

Dear Members of Oxford Gliding Club,

Thank you very much indeed for your kind invitation to the 75. Anniversary of OGC.

I am very sorry that I am not able to participate in your celebration on 17. August 2013.

So, I would like to congratulate in this manner the club and all his members on this wonderful jubilee and wish all the best for the next 75 years, beautiful thermals, good and safe flights as well.

Especially greetings to all members whom I have got to know personally last years.

Also best regards from all of our club members.

Eckhard



Photo: Krzysztof Kreis

The Chairman's Speech (contd.)

It is a great shame that they can't be with us, but I have passed on our thanks and best wishes and I look forward to welcoming them both here again in the future.

Before I wrap this up you will appreciate that events like this don't just happen, they take an awful lot of work behind the scenes. I'd therefore like to thank Di, Cloudy, Peter, Neil and Jon and all those other Club Members who have turned the idea that 'they' ought to do something to mark this occasion, into a reality. I'd also like to thank Susan from S&G and the Vintage Gliding Club for their generous donation of raffle prizes. Can I therefore now ask you to please show your appreciation in the traditional manner.

-PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE -

As a souvenir of this anniversary the Club has commissioned a limited number of collapsible water bottles to take with you on those cross country flights, or even with you to bed if you prefer. Numbers are limited, so can I ask that you collect one each from John Mart & Neil after the meal is over.

In concluding this I return once more to the history of Oxford GC where I note that even in 1939, alcohol featured heavily in the Club's history with the initial location of the Club's location seemingly being decided over a pint or two in the Lambert Arms!

Thinking about the Club, what it means to us all and how we ended up being here, I'm reminded of the little boy who having been enthralled by an aerobatic display he'd just seen, turned to his Dad with wonder and pride in his eyes and said:-

"Daddy, when I grow up I'm going to be a pilot!"

His Dad looked at him and with that look that only Fathers can have, replied

"You'll have to make your mind up son, you can't do both!"

On that note, it's time to get the party started, so can I ask you all now to join me in raising a glass.

The toast is "Oxford Gliding Club – the next 75 years!"

Thank you.



Photo: Peter Boulton

FLYING IN OZ

Matt Gage (who learned to fly at OGC, then moved to Australia)

It's been just over 10 years since we moved to Australia.

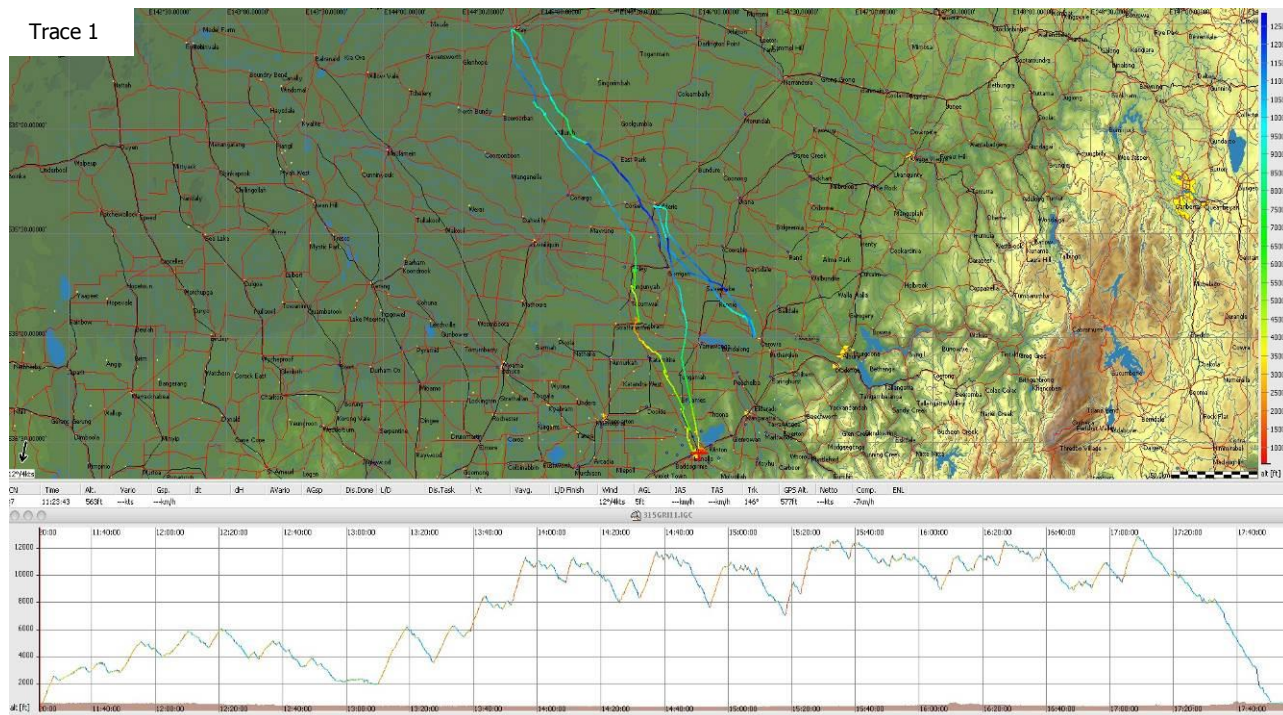
Since then, I've flown from a number of locations, but not really flown as much as I would have liked.

Until 3 months ago, we were living in Balmain (very close to the centre of Sydney) and flying at Bathurst, a 3 hour drive

inland through the mountains. This resulted in not flying very often and then over terrain that is not encouraging to cross country flights early or late in the day - about 35km of just about unlandable terrain between the field and the area we need to use for longer distances.

We have now moved to Benalla, home to the world championships in 1987 and will be again in 2017 for the flapped classes. This is a huge airfield right on the edge of town.

Trace 1

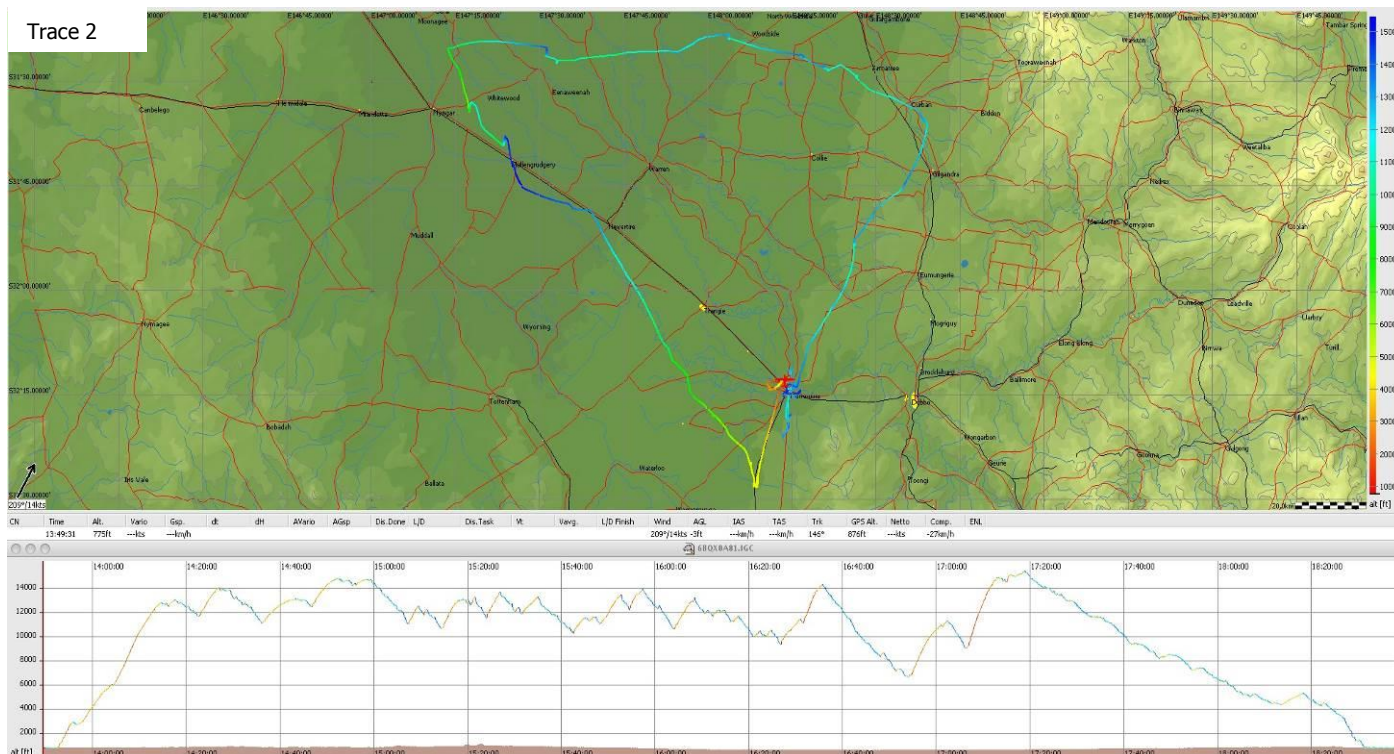


closer to Albury, a city on the border of Victoria and New South Wales about 100km away.

The result is almost no restriction on what is possible, except on very good days when 12,500' isn't enough.

Conditions are generally blue with 5-10 knot thermals to between 7,000' and 10,000'. If we get a trough line up just to the west (usually north-south alignment), then we will see Cu with bases potentially up to 18,000' to the north, streeting and very strong climbs - I've seen a thermal

Trace 2



There is generally flat country to the north and west and mountains to the south and east. Airspace is at 12,500' overhead improving to 24,500' about 40km north, with an area of 8,500' 20km to the north east reducing as you get

average of 16 knots, but typically 8-12 knots.

We also regularly see shear wave, and it isn't unusual to see gliders at the base of airspace before a start with a cloud base 4,000' below.

In terms of landing out, on the flat country, the only issues really are wires (they string single wires between trees in places) and the distance to a road or house - if it's 45 degrees and you have a long walk, you might have a problem !

In the hilly country, options are bad - usually limited to a small number of fields that probably have livestock in them, or if lucky the farmer will have a strip. However, you have the advantage of elevation to glide out in most cases, or you can usually find some means of staying up - slopes facing the sun are the first bet, no matter what the wind is doing - north or west will give ridge and thermal together, southerly winds are usually maritime air and kill thermals, in which case, the lee slope, which faces the sun will work if anything does.

Much of my flying has been at competitions, which has seen my results improve each time. This resulted in being asked to fly against a selected Kiwi in New Zealand in 2008 within their Nationals - they selected PW5s for the event, I expect hoping that I would be hindered by the low performance and weak conditions of the North Island - my time at OGC really helped here, with the PW5 essentially being a plastic K8 and conditions being typical for the UK - needless to say, I did well !

Since then, I've replaced the Cirrus with a LS8, having hired a Discus for one nationals in between and switched to flying Standard Class instead of Club.

Nationals here are held over 2 weeks, mostly because of the travel time - unless you do it, you don't realise just how far places are away. A "short" distance will take 7 hours driving. October's nationals in Kingaroy (Queensland) took 20 hours total and a night in a motel on the way. Retrieves can be just as big. In January, someone

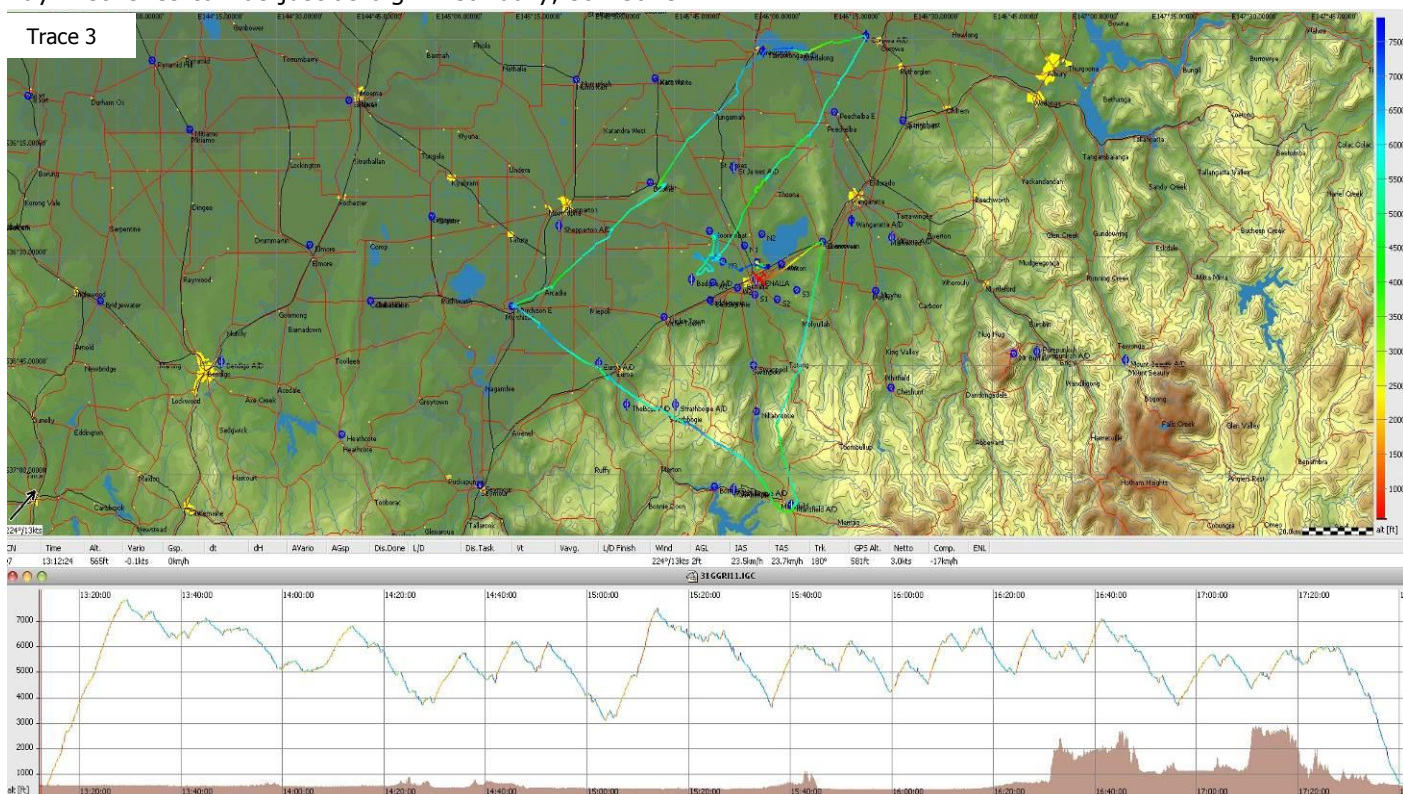
next worlds were) - take 50% of your % of the winners score for last year and 60% for this year and add them together. The best 2 pilots with a score over 90% are selected, moving down to the next eligible pilot if anyone declines to go. I just happen to be the top ranked pilot willing to travel to Finland.

To give a taste of what the conditions can be like, here are a few flight traces of mine:

Trace 1: This is from January 5th this year, and is a free distance flight of 700km from Benalla. The trough was to the north east and it took a while to get to it - about 45kph for the first 100km. It then got good ! With a task speed of 112kph, the last 600km was at over 140kph.

Trace 2: This flight was from Narromine during a state comp - flown in the Cirrus with no ballast. It was an AAT that I completed at 120kph - it was actually quicker, but I was under time. The final 160km was flown at best L/D starting at about 16,000' as there was just about no prospect of further lift - it takes a long time and was very cold as my back was to the sun. I had to use the canopy cover to try and keep warm. Temperature on the ground that day was 42 degrees. This is still the best conditions I have seen, and is what any Juniors heading for the Worlds in 2 years' time might experience !

Trace 3: This example was a blue day, and we hit the sea breeze (with no obvious soarable front) as we ran in to the southernmost turn point. A large badly behaved gaggle formed near the turn of myself and another LS8, 4 18m gliders and a couple of Nimbus 4's. The climb wasn't good compared to what we had used earlier, but it got us back



called up having landed, and the retrieve set off at about 6pm. They arrived back midday the following day.

In January, I placed 6th, but close in points to those above, then in October, at the next nationals, I managed 2nd. Until mid-way through the event, I was unaware of the worlds selection criteria (or even when or where the

to the ridges where we got a couple of good climbs in the lee of the wind. Following just in the lee of the hills, we had a great run home, pulling up from 2,000' below glide and spending the last 30km at over 130 knots. The most important feature of this day was that although it was totally blue, we didn't fly direct point to point, but read the ground looking for the likely better conditions.

OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED AT OGC THIS YEAR

(Most photos: Claudia Hill – not sure who photographed Tigger and friend)



January 2013:
Women's Development Initiative
winter meeting

February 2013:
Women's and Juniors' team meeting



Tigger seems to have joined OGC





OGC 75
Fashion shoot



Rob and Name just after
Rob's proposal in Daisy