

FINAL GLIDE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE OXFORD GLIDING CLUB

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Edited by Phil Hawkins

DOUBLE DIAMOND!

Both Graham Barrett and Tony Boyce made successful 500km flights for their diamond distance badges on Tuesday 28 July, flying from Bicester.

Their task took them to Worcester, Oakington (near Cambridge) and Keevil airfield.

Graham, flying his Libelle, said that the first leg was quite slow but there were no particular problems. The middle part of the day was really good and he thought he was achieving 80kph.

Midway along the third leg towards Keevil the sky began to fill up with high cloud approaching from the south. However, there were still small bits of cumulus cloud which encouraged him to continue.

He reached the vicinity of Keevil airfield somewhat low and in doubtful conditions, so he headed for Westbury chimney which he reached at 1500ft. This produced enough lift to keep him going, and he took the TP photograph on the way back to the high ground near Devizes.

Towards the end of this marathon 501.2km flight he gradually made his way towards Didcot, where the power station provided the last good climb

to final glide height. A task time of 8hr 56min earns him a total of 2101 ladder points with a handicap speed of 60.96kph.

Tony Boyce (DG-202/17) flew the same task, although starting and finishing later than Graham his elapsed time was exactly the same. He had two low points on the first leg towards the M5 junction at Worcester, but later the conditions improved. Both he and Graham were in some doubt about the second turning point at Oakington near Cambridge (a road bridge) but their photographs were later verified OK.

Tony lost time due to another low point north of Aylesbury on the third leg. Like Graham he was initially discouraged by the increasing amounts of upper cloud as they moved southwest, but towards the end of the flight was amazed to discover that he could keep going on the weak lift which extended well into the evening.

His last climb was also at Didcot power station, giving him a final glide into Bicester for a 7.20pm landing. His flight at a handicap speed of 51.93kph was worth 1553 ladder points.

BADGE FLIGHTS

Alison Randle made a 300km Gold distance flight in an Astir from Bicester on 22 May. Full story in the next issue.

Terry Cain became the first OGC pilot to visit the relatively new gliding club at Sackville, north of Bedford, when he made a Silver distance flight on 25 July. Terry and Simon Hogg have now bought the K6CR from the Club.

Mike O'Neill has done 5hrs from Hinton, flying a K-7.

IN ABINGDON SQUARE...

On Saturday 8 August a small group of members and helpers took the Astir to Abingdon town square. The morning was very humid in the good bits and very wet otherwise, but the weather dried out in the afternoon. Our display (which included S & G, maps, postcards, free raffle tickets etc) generated a lot more interest among local people than the similar exercise in Oxford last year. A few even left the display and went to the Club for a flight the same day.

The next day, twelve people turned up for flights, and we gained two new members, so it was well worth the effort. Many thanks to Colin and Betty Shepherd, Sue Whitthread, Chris Reynolds and Howard Stone.

INTER CLUB LEAGUE

We are once again in a leading position in the Inter Club League competition, with only the reserve weekend in August to come before the final.

The Stratford club suffered the embarrassment of their winch packing up on the first day of their meeting, but two good days at Bidford followed. Jack Miller was aghast at the 300km task in the novice class but did well to get as far as Bath. Martin Hastings and John Giddins both landed on the last leg of a 380km task. On the Bank Holiday (May 4th) Phil Hawkins was the only finisher on a patchy day of upper

cloud and weak cumulus.

On the OGC meeting (at Bidford), Saturday was no good but Sunday produced apparently good conditions which fired the OGC team with enthusiasm. Unfortunately a terrific thunderstorm descended on Bidford about an hour after they had left on their tasks! Steve "Tulip" Porat landed at Cheltenham, John Hanlon at Castle Morton (in the middle of the hippy festival) and Tom Lamb not far away at Ledbury, but all three scored maximum points.

On the following Bank Holiday, Norman Machin landed out at Moreton - in - Marsh whilst Graham

Barrett and Phil Hawkins had a good day racing around 240km and 280km triangles, although confusingly the railway bridge at Oswestry turned out to be a level crossing! Both Graham and Phil won their classes.

There were no tasks set at the Avon club meeting, but on the afternoon of Sunday 31 May John Gordon made excellent use of the clouds (see *How it happened to me*).

Strong winds meant no task setting at the Enstone meeting either, but the Sunday afternoon was incredibly clear. From 4,000ft at Cheltenham your editor could see as far as Cardiff (60+ miles).



EDITORIAL

When I first started gliding, I felt that I was very much at the small end of the Club. Virtually everyone else was better than I was, and it took some time to realise that I could actually criticise other pilots, when the occasion demanded it. Of course, this is part of a normal learning process, and the same can be said of many other human activities such as driving, swimming, playing bar billiards, compiling weather forecasts, etc.

It is well to be clear, however, whether you are criticising **what** or **how**. In a TV weather bulletin, for example, the facts upon which it is based may be bang up to date, beyond criticism. Yet when the forecast reaches the screen, the hi-tech presentation graphics are in danger of obscuring the important stuff. The medium has somehow become more prominent than the **message**.

Conversely, if we see gliders flying through the parachute DZ, we may not be able to fault **how** the gliders are being flown, it is **what** the pilots are doing which causes aggravation to ourselves and the Club in general.

Thus with writing, and other writers. Sometimes I don't like **how** they write, and sometimes I don't like **what** they say.

Take, for example, *Soaring Across Country* by Bill Scull, most of which is excellent material. However, in Chapter 1 he discusses the problems faced by ab initio pilots who are trained on winch or autotow only:

The initial problem with this is the lack of time in the air to develop a really good handling skill; matters are made worse by instructors who ... push their students into attempting things rather too soon, that is before they can fly the glider properly.

The eventual end product is a pilot who is very good at doing launches, flying circuits and landing, but good at little else. The opportunity to soar may have been limited due to a lack of launch height and time in the air to search for thermals, so the pilot has to teach himself to soar.

Such a pilot needs to move to a different club or site to improve his chances of soaring...

Do you agree with that? I don't. Do you think it applies to our Club? Me neither.

And yet, all is not lost. Barely three pages later in the same book, we now read about cockpit workload and its effects on the pilot, particularly when circling very low away from base with a field landing imminent:

...concentration may be predominantly on the variometer, to the detriment of flying accuracy or the relative position of the glider to the chosen field (critical in strong winds)... a balance must be struck between climbing and safety; what may be a comfortable circling speed at 1500ft is not necessarily so at 800ft. Even if an extra 5 knots on the speed is detrimental to the climb performance, it is better than spinning in.

Music to the ears, eh? As for the way in which Bill Scull writes, it does seem a bit flowery and verbose from time to time but generally speaking OK.

Make up your own mind. There are increasing numbers of gliding books around, a large proportion of which claim to provide essential guidance for ab initio and early solo pilots. But you won't get a balanced view by concentrating grimly on one book, and you can't judge the contents of a book by its glossy cover or by the famous name on the front.

They do it
Properly

The Corn Bunting, in the words of one reference book, "achieves distinction by an almost complete lack of any unusual features". This may be true as regards its appearance, but the sound of its call tinkling across the airfield is a welcome indication of high summer.

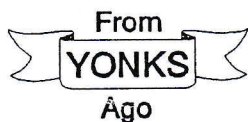
In size midway between a sparrow and a thrush, it is uniformly brown with various streaks and spots. It has no white markings, wing bars or crest. The sexes are similar and have a somewhat bulky, heavy look. It has a thick beak and the curious habit of flying with its legs dangling.

The Corn Bunting is a bird of open country, and its call is always delivered from an isolated perch such as the top of a fence post, the topmost twig in a bush, or sometimes from telephone wires. The call is a very high-pitched *pip pip pip jingle*, the final sound being somewhat drawn out, and closely resembling the noise made by jingling a small bunch of keys.

A REAL PUNDIT VISITS OGC

World Championships pilot Justin Wills visited the Club on Sunday 31st May. Flying an LS-6 with his usual number 1 on the tail, he flew two laps around a 130km task with TPs at Cranfield and Daventry, but your ace reporter failed to get his times. The second lap was much faster than the first, however. John Giddins did one lap round the task in the DG-202.

Justin now lives in South Island, New Zealand where he farms merino sheep. He visits the UK for three months each year. He says of the OGC: *"The great thing about this Club was that the members always did the work, on C of A's and building winches and such like."* We told him things haven't changed.



Most winches seem to be designed and built by members and their efforts meet with varying degrees of success. I was responsible for the maintenance of our existing petrol driven winch, which was beginning to give trouble. It was decided I should investigate building a Tost 04 winch.

Andy Gough at Bicester was most helpful. His club uses Tost mechanisms and we were invited to examine them. Judging from a works catalogue and price list, it seemed that we might be able to build a winch for rather less than one built and delivered by the manufacturers.

About 25 members worked on the project with one member, Neville Eve, outstanding in his efforts. The parts were ordered from Germany and delivered in October 1971. Work had started on the steel frame in September, and by April 1972 we had our machine at such a stage that it was transported to the Club with only the cab still to build.

The Tost 04 winch is a double drum system, the drums of cast aluminium alloy being carried on a modified Mercedes back axle. Each drum is driven independently through a gearbox of the dog clutch type. It is powered by a 5.7 litre six cylinder diesel motor through a five-speed gearbox which has a highest ratio of 0.82:1. There is a matching speedometer fitted to the instrument panel and we can pull the cables in at a speed of about 55 knots.

Tost suggest a chassis constructed from steel tube, but to obtain a strong welded joint it is necessary to have a good physical joint. We therefore changed the tubing system for one of rectangular section to avoid grinding etc. The winch is a towable unit with axles of eight feet.

The first few launches were, to say the least, unusual, but once I began to get the feel of the new monster, things began to settle down nicely. There have been no real fumble factors and the life expectancy of the cable has trebled. I should think the new machine will be with us for many years. The total cost was about £1,500 with a lot of thanks to those who made it possible.

Joe Grace (1973)

ASTON DOWN TASK WEEK 1992

Sunday: The OGC teams made various trips to Aston Down to ferry trailers and caravans. Tom Lamb and Phil Hawkins took the Mini-Nimbus and a caravan, while Martin "Haste" Hastings and John Gordon took their Cirrus, the Club Astir and another caravan.

Monday: Crisp, clear day with a strong crosswind on the Aston Down runway which made some launches interesting. A list of about 10 turning points was given at briefing. These could be turned as many times as we liked in any order, the only rule being that we could not do out-and-returns between two points. Speed was irrelevant, it was merely a distance task with a 25pt bonus for each turning point and a 50pt bonus for getting back to Aston Down at the end of the day. Haste (Astir), John (Cirrus) and Tom (Mini-Nimbus) all did 5 turning points and a total of around 200km. Phil did a 100km triangle in a K-21 with Jane Randle. Magic! Evening meal at the Bell in Sapperton.

Tuesday: At neighbouring Nympsfield there was a rash of 500km fever and even one 750km declaration, but Paul Gentil the Aston Down task setter was unmoved. A modest 320km to Lasham and Rugby. Phil (Mini-Nimbus) finished in 3hr 58min and John (Astir) also got round. Haste (Cirrus) decided to ignore the task and set his own 500km, but he abandoned after about 320km. *Nul points* as they say in *Jeux sans Frontieres*. Evening meal at the pub which does 2-in-1 pies. Half steak and kidney, half cauliflower cheese.

Wednesday: The weather was still good, although the visibility was noticeably poorer and it was mostly blue. Another multiple TP task to be scored on distance only. Tom (Mini-Nimbus) visited eight of the ten TPs, total 288km. John (Cirrus) visited four different TPs several times. Haste landed the Astir in rape stubble at Aston-le-Walls near Chipping Warden. This is now a black cross on Haste's map since *the village has no pub!*

Somewhat belatedly the OGC team set off to rescue him. When they arrived at the field, no sign of Haste, other than a notice which said *Gone to the Griffin pub in Chipping Warden*. The team de-rigged the Astir and set

off to find the pilot. "Hi, lads. Did you get the hatch?"

"What hatch?"

"The Astir rigging hatch. I hung it on a tree to show you the way."

Back to the field to retrieve the hatch. Eventually, evening meal at the Griffin.

Thursday: 223km task to Chipping Norton, Ledbury and Stratford. Laid-back on the grid under hazy blue skies which looked somewhat stable, when the first cumulus appeared. Mad rush for the launch queue then, but those at the front went too early and flopped back. The stubble fires were awesome today. Zero visibility on the final leg towards the sun. Phil (Mini-Nimbus) got round in 3hrs, Haste (Cirrus) in 3hr 43min. John landed the Astir near Winchcombe, and was retrieved by former OGC member Brian Evans and his wife Lorraine, who were staying near Bibury this week. Another communal evening meal at the Bell.

Friday: 161km task to Newbury, Blenheim Palace. Visibility still terrible. Tom (Mini-Nimbus) got round in 2hr 5min, which was the fastest time but he lost out on handicap. John (Cirrus) got round in 2hr 24min. Haste landed the Astir back at Weston-on-the-Green after an epic scratch. He got away from about 300ft while on a field landing circuit. If you haven't seen his barograph trace, ask him. It's grim. The teams retired home for a civilised evening of baths and home cooking.

Saturday: Confused cloud patterns and increasing wind with an occluded front heading in from the west. We visited Nympsfield, promptly got wet, and were somewhat disappointed to find that Justin Wills only managed 99.5kph for that 500km task on Tuesday. Back to Aston Down via the Cotswold ice cream shop near Minchinhampton. The end of the day was clearer and very windy but common sense prevailed and the OGC teams didn't fly.

Final result: Tom and Phil won the cup. John and Haste were scored separately since they alternated their aircraft. John was overall second.

The verdict: A good cheap holiday at a friendly club. The reverse pulley launches with the LPG-powered Ford F250 trucks are fast and powerful. Join us at Aston Down in 1993!

HOW IT HAPPENED TO ME

John G.

My gliding career has been stretched comparatively thinly over the twelve years since I was hooked by five minutes in a T21 at Haddenham. In that time, many of the high spots have come at Bidford (*née* Bickmarsh), home of the Avon Soaring Centre, where a good time is generally guaranteed for all.

I remember that first racing finish there in the Astir – good job the wings don't bend on the thing! Then there was that marginal glide in an Inter-Club League final, when I had to decide whether to go over or under the 11kV wires about a mile out from the airfield:

"Avon base, 361, did you see me land for a finish?"

"361, Avon base, everyone on the field has just watched you finish."

Or go back a few years earlier, to the open class drinking competition between Bidford (Ralph Jones, Nimbus 3 and pewter tankard) and Oxford (Haste and John G, Oly and K8, straight glasses). Not only did the great man have to retire to bed first, but the Oxford team were able to confound the injunction not to return to the bar, by limbo dancing past the window and up to the beer taps. Happy days....

The 31st May was one of the many Inter-Club League days held at Bidford this year. 278 was on site, but my services as Most Experienced Novice were not needed, as we never have a problem raising a team these days. I took a launch anyway, and tried to get some clouds to take an interest in me, but to no avail, and I was soon back. The competition was scrubbed soon after as the thermals were too weak for cross country progress.

But there were good looking clouds above the uninspiring lower level stuff. Should I blow the cost of another aerotow?

"What do you think, Graham? Shall I have another go and declare a gold height?"

"Yeah, take a launch."

Why is Graham Barrett so keen for me to spend my money? Let's wriggle out:

"Will you be around to help me de-rig?"

"Yes, I'll be here until 6.30 – go on."

Ah, I know how I can avoid it:

"The barograph hasn't been smoked. There's no point in going without that."

"Don't worry, John, you can take mine. It's all sealed and ready."

All right, I'll go.

Things seemed much as they were earlier. The cloudbase was ill-defined and the thermals below weak. They carried me just into cloud at about 3,500ft but then seemed to give up and hold me just inside the bottom, the ground appearing and disappearing from view as I circled.

Let's try that one over Honeybourne. Same again. Up to 4,000ft this time, but still no feeling that those big towers above want to sweep me up. Andy Barnes calls to see whether it's worth taking a launch. I report my progress so far.

Nothing more here. How about that lot between Evesham and Bidford? Something here? No – it's still too weak. Push on, flying amongst, rather than below, the scraggy cloudbases. Try again. Once more the ground gradually disappears at about 3,500ft.

Concentrating on maintaining some semblance of an orderly turn, I didn't notice at first that I was starting to gain some useful height this time. To be truthful, I can't claim to remember all the details of the subsequent climb. I do recall that I was ejected from the cloud at one point, and went back in for more. The excitement built up as I battled to keep the angle of bank down. With the total energy dumped, the vario sounded like a

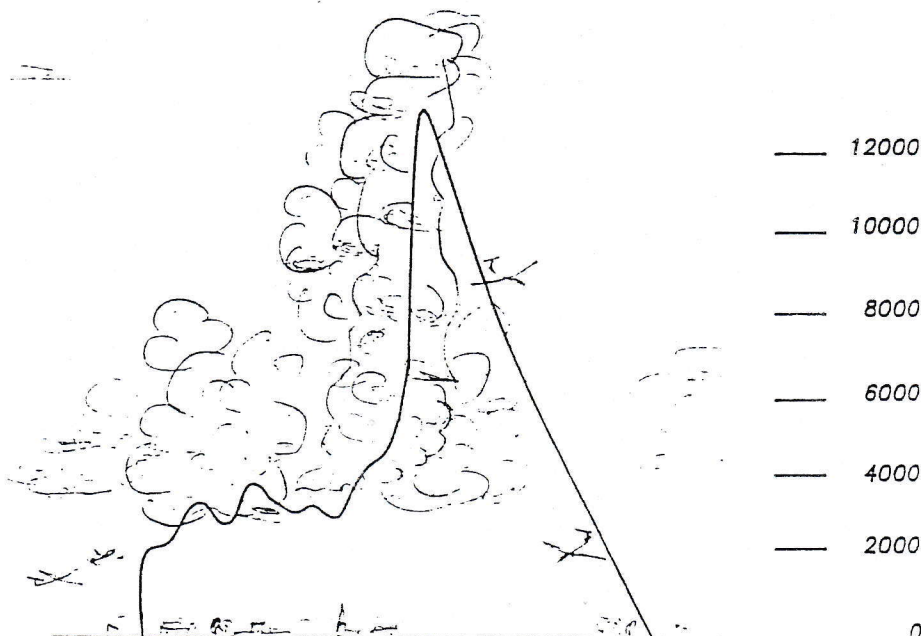
siren as I went from stall to dive stall to dive....

Now. How high am I? The little hand is on the ... no, hang on, that's the very little hand. So that must be 11,000 and something – no, it's going up over 12,000. Guess it's time to retire. Get some brake out and try to level up. A few more swoops and dives, then ... WHAM! We're out. The cloud reaches perhaps another 2,000ft above me. There is ice on the wings but the canopy is nearly clear. And way down there ... let's put those brakes away – I'm going to enjoy this.

The following twenty minutes were one of those times that make all the waiting, all the aggravation, worthwhile. I wound my way around the mountain of cloud that I had just climbed inside, diving through the valleys and passes, skimming past the shifting cliffs. Eventually Bidford airfield came into view from underneath a low cloud and I chandelled my way down, through a light rain, to land up by the trailer.

So thanks, Graham, for talking me into it. Sorry Andy – it was good up there after all. Phil calibrated the trace to show a gain of 10,700ft with a high point of 12,800ft agl.

I suppose I could say now that all first 300s should be done in wood, and all gold heights in cloud. The following week I flopped unspectacularly into a rough field 50km upwind from Weston, though, so I think I'll keep quiet, and remember a marvellous flight.



NOTES FROM COMMITTEE MEETINGS

The K6CR was re-advertised in the June/July *Sailplane & Gliding* by mistake. Two enquiries were received, and the situation explained to the persons concerned. However, it has now been sold within the Club. A second K8 has been obtained at a cost of £4250 including importing costs. This needs non-metric basic instruments, a radio and a belly hook (since it was only used for aerotowing previously). It will be made flyable as soon as possible.

The turning point book, complete with map sections and based on the BGA list, has now been prepared by Norman Machin. The Club pundits are requested to fill it up with photographs!

A new BGA leaflet entitled *Working for You* has appeared, presumably to answer criticisms that the average Club member doesn't know what the BGA does for him/her. This is available from the clubroom, and will be included in new member starter packs.

The Land Rover has suffered a number of breakdowns this summer. Some of these could have been avoided by simple Daily Inspection procedures such as checking fluid levels. The ground equipment DI should be an essential part of daily preparations for flying. New checklists are being drawn up.

The approach road to the hangar was repaired with roadstone chips. The fuel tanks have been moved to a new position at the side of the hangar. This is intended to make them more accessible and to release space at the rear of the hangar for the covered barbecue project. A design and budget for the barbecue has now been approved, based on the one at Bidford. This will be progressed.

The improvements to the upstairs briefing room are going well, and the costs are within budget, but we are in need of more volunteers to complete the work, and also to do a drastic tidy-up in the hangar.

The CFI reported that the new instructor rota system appeared to be working satisfactorily. A new list of approved winch instructors is also being compiled.

Cris Emson has become a Full Cat. Instructor after his examination by Chris Pullen. The latter also gave a BGA safety presentation to the Club in April, which was attended by about 70 members from the Club and from Oxford Sportflying. Andy Barnes and Andy Butterfield are to attend AEI courses later in the year.

A new BGA Pupil Progress card has been introduced. The CFI intends to implement this at some point in the near future. It may slow down progress to solo standard for new members, but this is due to the high standards required.

The next Committee meeting will be held on Wednesday 14th October.

CFI'S TURN...

Hello it's me again here to depress you, not that you need it this year!

Earlier this season two pilots were killed following a mid-air collision. It happened at around 1700ft on a very difficult scratchy day. Both pilots were fairly experienced and current in the machines they were flying so I think a genuine lesson can be learnt here.

I believe the fundamental causes of mid-air collision in gliders are ignorance and over-confident or aggressive flying. Both of these can be corrected. Let's tackle ignorance first. Firstly don't feel at all comforted by the thought of using your parachute. While they have indeed saved lives consider the fact that recent statistics in Germany have shown that the lowest successful bale out occurred at 1800ft and in general you only have a 60% chance of surviving. Few people realise how quickly a collision situation can arise. Here are a few do's and don'ts.

1. When entering a thermal with other gliders, start with a shallow angle of bank outside the radius of

their turn and in the direction they are turning. When you are sure they have seen you, tighten the turn to match their radius.

2. I'm sure you all LOOK BEFORE YOU TURN but remember to KEEP LOOKING DURING TURNING. Don't get fixed on the vario, ASI, radio, map or anything else in the cockpit. Use other gliders as your vario and keep your eyes on them with only occasional glances at the ASI and vario.

3. Don't get fixed on one glider at the expense of others, know where they all are. If you can't manage to keep mental track of all the gliders in your thermal leave it and find another less crowded one.

4. Don't fly immediately above or below another glider within 300 feet. If you are below and he dives it is very difficult to avoid him. Most people don't realise that in this situation diving your glider actually increases the chances of hitting him.

5. Be considerate in thermals. If the other glider is being flown too fast or too wide, don't be tempted to turn

inside him. It may work 99% of the time but the other 1% will kill you (and him).

6. Never stay in another glider's blind spot (above and behind) unless you are sure that he knows you are there.

7. And finally, don't assume that because a thermal has a lot of gliders it is the best or only one around. Often there is a better one nearby that you can use on your own. Bear in mind that everyone's rate of climb is lower in a crowded thermal where effort is used avoiding other people.

Don't be over-confident, think of what you are risking. Is it worth it? A danger sign is not seeing another glider until half way up a thermal and thinking *how long has he been there?* You should know how long he has been there!

And for those of you who thermal aggressively (dangerously), I will be watching.

Happy soaring.

Steve Evans

Final Guide



Once upon a time, there was an OGC member who hadn't quite grasped the basic facts about cross-country flying, i.e. you do it mainly in the summer and during the hours of daylight. He did his on a November evening at dusk....

Late one November afternoon, light fading fast, came the question "Hangar fly the Eight, Alf?" – so, in I climb and launched to about 1400ft, sat there admiring the view. All the street lights shining in the dusk.

What's that (the controls went light) – LIFT? Head down on the vario, turn, head up, where the heck am I? That MUST be the main road, but no, I don't recognise that bit... maybe it's... but no... well, it could be... NO!

OXFORD BASE, K8, CAN ANYONE SEE ME? No-one could. The CFI then instructed me to "put the row of orange lamps on your right". WILCO.

Five long minutes later, it seemed (probably 45 secs) WHAT'S YOUR HEIGHT, ALF? 850 FT ... OK, PICK A FIELD!

Well, that one looks good, it's bigger than most... diagonally into wind, roads on two sides... here goes... low

over the trees... round out... that hedge is getting close, touch down... WOW! – it's stopped in its own length.

OXFORD BASE, K8, LANDED – ALL OK.

Out I stepped and found out why it had stopped so quickly – thick heavy mud. Well, that looks the nearest house to phone from. But no-one home, so it's back past the glider to the other side of the field, to the next nearest.

OXFORD GLIDING CLUB, I'M AT MIDDLETON STONEY – YOU CAN USE MY CAR.

THE TRAILER IS ALREADY ATTACHED came the reply.

AT THE CROSSROADS TURN LEFT, I'M 200 YARDS ON! THE RIGHT.

Because of the surface, we had to de-rig and carry the pieces to the

road. Oh well, the drinks were on me, and early to the airfield the next day, to clean and rig the glider.

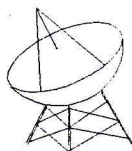
Right, that's the story, so what can we ALL learn from it? Well, I am now sure that if I had thought of the compass, and gone onto my launch heading as soon as I lifted my head, I would shortly have seen the largest green airfield in the country, and found the hangar I was supposed to land at. This is borne out by the fact that my landing was two and a half miles downwind of the airfield. Time of flight, ten very long minutes.

Anyway, no damage was done and I had the pleasure of the winged brick on my desk for a year!

Alf Barnes

(Alf now lives at Much Wenlock – phone him on 0952 727184 – and flies a SIE-3 at the Long Mynd).

Listen Ear



"Er, 146, I'm going down now. I don't know if they're winding me up but apparently my mother has just locked herself out of the house."

"Did you see my undercarriage door fluttering down as I launched just then?"

"I should never have sold you that." (Said by former K-6 owner as current owner outclimbed him).

"Ermintrude base, this is Ermintrude. I think we've connected the vario and the ASI the wrong way round!"

"No, I'm trying to contact the Nympsfield director. I want to pass a scoring wind."

"I've got three on the averager but it's better than that."

ENSTONE RUNWAY

When gliders from other sites amble through the DZ above Weston-on-the-Green, you know what happens. We get the complaints from the sport parachutists. You may think this is unfair but that's the way it is.

A similar situation exists at Enstone airfield where, as reported in the previous issue of *Final Glide*, the Enstone Eagles Club no longer have the use of the major portion of the main runway except of course in the case of a genuine emergency. This **does not** include a routine landing on the runway when there is space available on the grass strip right next to it. The exception is at the eastern end of the main runway, where the first 400 metres or so are under different ownership, and the Enstone Club retain shared use of this.

All cross-country pilots should therefore be aware of these new requirements. We cannot expect visiting gliders to adhere to our local rules whilst at the same time ignoring those of other Clubs.

Letters



Dear Gliding Club,

Many thanks for your kind letter. It was good of you to write. Yes, indeed it was an exciting victory for all of us. But not much time in future for gliding!

Douglas Hurd
House of Commons
London SW1

GOODBYE EF111s

The last of the radar-jamming EF111s left Upper Heyford on 10th July. They had been stationed there for 10 years. The remaining F111s are due to retire next year.

Q: Which English county has the lowest percentage of woodland?

A: Cambridgeshire (2%).