



HIGHLIGHTS

Summer 2004

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

Those of you that have been down to the airfield recently would have noticed a few changes taking place, namely the paving of the concrete area between the clubhouse and JT's office. This has improved the look considerably, while there is still some work to do as I write, I hope that this will not take too long to complete.

I must thank all the volunteers that gave up their time over the weekend of 10th and 11th July to help lay the paving, without you it would not have happened in such a short space of time. There are too many people to thank individually here, but I would like to thank Dave Tasker especially for the expertise, tools and time that he gave. I for one went back to work on the Monday for rest!

The other major addition is the fire and rescue vehicle which I am sure many of you have seen. This is being kitted out with the necessary equipment to ensure, should the worst happen, we are prepared and can respond quickly. The fire fighting equipment has now arrived and will be installed shortly; a more up to date first aid kit is also on order. This purchase will go a long way in providing Rufforth with the necessary equipment as laid down in the CAA recommendations for Safety at Unlicensed Aerodromes (CAP 428).

Unfortunately the weather so far this summer has not been too kind us, so there hasn't been too many flyouts. We did manage to get to Sandown again this year, and spelt a good weekend on the Isle of Wight. Myself, and a couple of other club pilots, are to set off for Spain on 20th August. Calling in at the French microlight festival in Blois on the way back (4/5th September).

Finally I would just like to remind pilots and they should be blind calling on 129.825Mhz when in circuit. Don't expect any response from the ground radio, but it does help other pilot's in circuit. It's not a substitute for keeping a good look out, but good airmanship. Not to mention it gets you in practise for visiting other airfields. There have been a number of incidents recently that blind calling would have helped avoid. Please remember our circuit can be very busy, with fixed and flex wing aircraft using different runways, don't be caught out, look and listen.

On a slightly different note could I thank all of you that gave up your time to assist with the open day on Saturday. Both to the ground staff who showed people around, and to the Pilots who took people for a short spin. While we didn't have hordes of people, we did have a steady flow all day; I think we did about 20 trial

flights in total. Maybe next year with a little more planning and more time we can make it bigger and better with more activities.

Happy safe flying.

James Hardstaff

Chairman
York Flying Club

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York Flying Club Minutes

Meeting held on Saturday August 7th in the Clubhouse

Committee members present: James Hardstaff, Dave Smith, Arnold Parker, Diane Gordon, John Forrester, Dermot Boylan

Members present: 18

JH opened the meeting explaining his reasons for his resignation, he felt he had little support from other committee members and had spent considerable amounts of his own time and money carrying out repairs to the club facilities, the final straw was the outlay for the block paving that has been installed between the Portacabins. However, after receiving much support since, he announced that he had withdrawn his resignation and would like to continue as Chairman of the YFC.

AP asked what he (JH) would like to happen to make his job easier.

Dermott explained that JH should not use his own money for club purchases as he had experienced similar events when he was club chairman.

AP suggested JH should have his own cheque book and be able to write cheques for club purchases, nobody had any problems with this and DG agreed to make arrangements for this to happen.

DG explained she had recently been in hospital and apologised for the late issue of any cheques owing, would settle anything outstanding at the end of the meeting, a brief discussion took place about the club accounts and it was agreed that the high interest account would be shut down due to no interest benefits, DG to make arrangements.

JH talked about the recent installation of block paving and thanked all who had helped it was agreed a huge improvement had been made with minimal outlay. JH has sourced a supplier of recycled picnic benches and it was agreed to buy two further benches to compliment the existing one (These have now been ordered).

Club house electrics require updating, report had shown current system was inadequate, John Lynch has offered for his company to carry out the upgrade but requires the digging of a trench from sub station to the clubhouse, Barry T agreed to arrange for a mini digger to be made available for this purpose and dig the trench. Once complete the shower, cooker and water heater can be connected up and used at the same time (but not by same person !!)

DB told the meeting about broadband internet to be available via radio link from mid August in Rufforth village, explained what benefits this could bring to the club for a small monthly charge e.g. web cam and weather updates. DB to keep club updated.

It was suggested that it would be nice to tidy up and make a grass area for camping next to the clubhouse, John T to discuss with the farmer. (Rufforth village camping area only allowed 5 pitches at anytime). A fly in was planned for late September (confirmed 25/26th see later) on the lines of an all day curry bash

and barbecue for the evening, Posters have now been prepared and posted by Dermott.

Mark Brown gave details of the France/Spain trip and the plan to meet on the way back at the French equivalent of Popham in Blois on the 4th & 5th Sep with other club members.

The meeting concluded with JT thanking everyone personally who had helped with recent club improvements and he shared his anger, frustration and sadness at comments made by individuals that had contributed to bad feeling within the club.

Why we love children J

A kindergarten pupil told his teacher he'd found a cat, but it was dead. "How do you know that the cat was dead?" she asked her pupil. "Because I pissed in its ear and it didn't move," answered the child innocently. You did WHAT?! ?" the teacher exclaimed in surprise. "You know," explained the boy, "I leaned over and went 'Pssst!' and it didn't move."

A small boy is sent to bed by his father. Five minutes later....."Da-ad...." "What?" "I'm thirsty. Can you bring drink of water?" "No, You had your chance. Lights out." Five minutes later: "Da-aaaad....." "WHAT?" "I'm THIRSTY. Can I have a drink of water??" I told you NO! If you ask again, I'll have to spank you!!" Five minutes later....."Daaaa-aaaad....." "WHAT!" "When you come in to spank me, can you bring a drink of water?"

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him "How do you expect to get into Heaven?" The boy thought it over and said, "Well, I'll run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, Dylan, come in or stay out!'"

One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her son into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, "Mummy, will you sleep with me tonight?" The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug. "I can't dear," she said. "I have to sleep in Daddy's room." A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: "The big sissy."

It was that time, during the Sunday morning service, for the children's sermon. All the children were invited to come forward. One little girl was wearing a particularly pretty dress and, as she sat down, the pastor leaned over and said, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter Dress?" The little girl replied, directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mum says it's a bitch to iron."

When I was six months pregnant with my third child, my three year old came into the room when I was just getting ready to get into the shower. She said, "Mummy, you are getting fat!" I replied, "Yes, dear, remember Mummy has a baby growing in her tummy." "I know," she replied, but what's growing in your butt?"

A little boy was doing his math homework. He said to himself, "Two plus five, that son of a bitch is Severn. Three plus six, that son of a bitch is nine...." His mother heard what he was saying and gasped, "What are you doing?" The little boy answered, "I'm doing my math homework, Mum." "And this is how your teacher taught you to do it?" the mother asked. "Yes," he answered. Infuriated, the mother asked the teacher the next day, "What are you teaching my son in math?" The teacher replied, "Right now, we are learning addition." The mother asked, "And are you teaching them to say two plus two, that son of a bitch is four?" After the teacher stopped laughing, she answered, "What I taught them was, two plus two, THE SUM OF WHICH, is four."

One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part of the story where Chicken Little tried to warn the farmer. She read, "... and so Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, "The sky is falling, the sky is falling!" The teacher paused then asked the class, "And what do you think that farmer said?" One little girl raised her hand and said, "I think he said: 'Holy Shit! A talking chicken!'" he teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.

A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Jane Sugarbrown." The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter?" She replied, "I thought I was, but mother says I'm not."

A little girl asked her mother, "Can I go outside and play with the boys?" Her mother replied, "No, you can't play with the boys, they're too rough." The little girl thought about it for a few moments and asked, "If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?"

A little girl goes to the barbers shop with her father. She stands next to the barber chair, while her dad gets his hair cut, eating a snack. The barber says to her, "Sweetheart, you're gonna get hair on your Twinkie." She says, "Yes, I know, and I'm gonna get boobs too."

Fly In – September 25/26th

This year we are to hold a Fly in event over the weekend of the 25th and 26th September. We intend to have a curry on the go throughout the weekend for visiting pilots and passengers. We are also going to hold an evening bash on the Saturday night, to which all club members and their families are invited.

Hopefully this will become an annual event and will be supported by the microlighting community. We will however need a considerable number of helpers over the weekend to assist with marshalling, collecting fees, serving food and drink, ferrying pilots to the garage for fuel etc. A notice will be put up on the club notice board. Please put your name down if you can assist. Our aim is to eventually make this event the best in the

microlighting calendar (after all we have the best airfield!!) and most of the other events are down South...

James Hardstaff

Long Way to Go For A Pastie - Part Two

While we were watching the weather and waiting, I busied myself with contingency planning. I copied details of all landing alternatives within 30 miles of our track and even rang a few to check on the Pooley information. And of course it was quite Pooley. Although we had copies of our route on easy to handle A3 laminates, the actual charts would still be going with us rolled up in the boot. Not so Pooley's Guide as this was not only heavy it was also next to useless which is of course only my opinion and not the views of anyone associated with this newsletter. (I hope that covers it!)

Andy- the navigator, trolley dolly, in-flight entertainment officer, photographer and terrain avoidance screamer – is, or should I say was, a mate of long standing, usually at the bar, who can put up with hell of a lot without the slightest flicker of expression. This was necessary, as I would then be left to have all the hysterics without someone else hogging the limelight. Although Andy had flown with me several times, he admitted that he was not quite the skilled navigator needed and could probably do with a little instruction. We wisely decided to have a sit down session at what used to be my dinning table rather than at the bar, which, would be left as a venue to summarise the training. We followed the route in exact detail noting every landmark on the route and entering the info into the spreadsheet on the laptop. It took us at least a couple of hours to “fly” to Cornwall and still we had to get back. Using my skills as a trainer I left Andy to do the route back as a) this would be good training for him b) I was getting tired and most importantly c) I could blame him if we got it wrong getting back home. After the four hours we were confident of the navigation and chosen route and had more info than was reasonably needed.

The end of the third week in March was the first slot and began to look quite promising on the Monday and then deteriorated until it was complete crap. The next weekend was the second and last possibility and things again started looking good on the Monday. A slow moving front, tracking south easterly was due to clear the midlands by Thursday so we could get off and have three to four days of high pressure. Ideal and totally against the odds so, on the Wednesday evening, a last minute planning meeting was held in the pub with cries of yarhoo and “lets do it” echoing around the Timothy Taylor's. I would do a last minute weather check in the morning and call Andy at 6.00 ready to take off at 8.30 ish. Of course the next morning the reality of weather forecasting hit, this was as reliable and believable as Pooley's. The front had not moved as predicted and would still be sat over the Peak district at noon leaving no time to follow it south and get to Cornwall before sunset. So to keep our spirits up we took CBMB up for a ride for an hour and decided that a two-hour stretch would not be at all bad. Naturally we avoided thinking

of how three, two-hour stretches in a row would feel. JT took the time to show me how the alarm worked so that we could get off as early as we wished the next day. What a pity for JT that I did not listen as closely as I should have done on how the alarm worked. But then again, he did mention that word adventurous.

I must mention at this point that Steve had just completed an oil change and check over on CBMB ready for our little jaunt, and whatever else went wrong, it had nothing to do with the aircraft, not a beat missed, starting before the button was even pushed - just perfect. Thanks Steve.

The planning continued that night in the pub with the certainty that the next day would be fine and we would have the window needed to get there and back before work on the Monday. The original plan was to go on Thursday and return on the Saturday with Sunday left for contingencies. This spare day had now gone and we were going on Friday and committed to get back on the Monday. I could feel the start of a little bit of pressure.

Unbelievably the next morning looked good. Met Office wind charts indicated a following 10 to 15kt wind with scattered cloud all the way to Cornwall. The weekend was forecast for a high pressure sat over the southwest with light winds until Sunday when a light south-westerly would blow us all the way back to Rufforth. How unbelievable lucky and in hindsight, how sick (Pooley) was I to believe it.

Off we went. Andy had the in-flight sustenance, laminated charts, the freshly printed spreadsheet with up to the minute distances, time and fuel usage and probably the sickest grin he has ever come up with. I was outwardly cool calm and collected and not at all under pressure which is obviously why I set the alarm off and woke JT. Still, he did call me adventurous! Sorry John.

The obligatory photo was taken with two sick grins in front of CBMB and with fuel to the top we were ready to start. CBMB started at the first touch of the button, which was to become the norm for the whole week. We had enough fuel to get all the way down to Cornwall but with little reserve so I had spoken to Roger at Weston Zoyland and had requested 20 l to be available. I had also spoke to S at Davidstow Moor the day before to tell him we were not arriving on Thursday but would be on Friday. The little s said ok and to ring him as we left the Bristol so the little s could update on winds etc.

With a light north easterly we took off on 06 and somewhat sedately turned back to head towards the A1 avoiding the Fenton MATZ, before turning south to Wooley Services which is where the new territory began. First radio call. Consulting my list of frequencies I contacted Leeds Approach for FIS and waited for the reply. This was my first flight using radio for which I had just received my licence. I probably should have practiced on an earlier flight, as I got no response. I tried Leeds Radio for LARS information service with the same deathly quiet response. I tried all other local frequencies with not a murmur. I should have practiced earlier, I should have checked the radio before taking off, I should have returned to Rufforth to get it sorted but that little bit of pressure was building and I decided to carry on non-radio. Maybe I did not want to face JT

with sleep in his eyes or maybe I was being a little too adventurous but at the time it seemed an ok decision. I would just have to take extreme care to keep a good lookout and avoid the military low fly heights, which I had planned to do anyway. So to be safe as Leeds would be quite busy at that time of day we tracked south of Wakefield to pick up the M1 and Wooley Services which we hit spot on. From this point on the first leg was perfection. We picked up all of the early reference points, kept to the planned heights and enjoyed the view. Ladybower Reservoir appeared as expected and was subjected to much cooing and camera clicking and we were so relaxed we missed Jodrell Bank. I personally think someone has nicked it as we could not find it on the way back either! However we knew we were well on track as Stoke and Stafford appeared and to ease the exercise we cut across to the M6 to follow it down to Otherton, which also appeared as, expected and I checked with my previously acquired diagram to plan the circuit for our first away landing. After 90 minutes flying we were still relatively heavy with 45l of fuel, which helped to make the landing relatively firm and being on, grass quite bumpy. There was no aerial activity yet but a friendly chappie went out of his way to make us a coffee while suggesting that they should maybe mention in their circuit notes that one could expect sink on finals to 34. Did I notice any? No I replied the aircraft was just a bit heavy wasn't it. Gordon, who runs the field came to say hello wish us luck and invited us back anytime. The first leg took the 90 minutes as planned but the wind had changed from NE to NW, still only 10 kt. ish and the cloud base way above us so we had no problems. 45 l of fuel left and we needed 24 to get to Weston flying at 60mph.

CBMB started again at the first touch and we departed at 11.00 am for Bristol and the Severn Estuary. The track took us southwest to avoid Cosford and Wolverhampton until we could turn onto 180 all the way down to Bristol. Keeping a good lookout we both followed the charts - I had duplicated the photocopy and laminates so we both had a set - and settled in to the flight. On hindsight, if we had looked ahead a little more we would have seen that it would have been easier to just head towards the Malvern's sticking up at 1400 ft and then aim at the Severn estuary which was visible some 30 miles away. The more experienced of you will know that that is the difference between flying with half and quarter mil charts. I still think a quarter mil is more interesting but can see the appeal of larger scale for longer journeys. With the Severn in sight we made a conscious decision to stick to the plan and follow our track exactly, taking us directly over the Welsh hills to near Chepstow. One of our reference points was to have been a power station on the banks of the Severn, which I had decided to have a look at when "through business I happened to be in the area". I had even taken the digital camera so that we could see in advance what we would be looking for. What planning! Unfortunately this power station was a Magnavox Nuclear unit and when I drove up I had the good sense not to start looking at aviation charts and taking photographs of it. In actual fact, it was that bloody big, with power cables running to it from all directions, that Blind Bart could have seen it.

Flying down the north bank of the Severn Estuary was excellent. Sadly a little hazy (Eds note see comment at end), so the photos were not too good but the scenery with the two bridges, Bristol to the left and Cardiff to the right was magnificent. We had a target height of 2,000 to cross the river, which we did over the Old Severn Bridge as that was the shortest distance over water and then maintained that level as we by-passed the car storage areas around Avonmouth. My previous concern about this stretch became unfounded as there must have been a rush on Fiats and there were large parts of these car parks empty, which we could have used in an emergency. Passing Avonmouth we descended to 1200 ft to pass under the Bristol CTA and followed the M5 down towards Bridgewater staying at the same height as we passed under an Area of Intense Military Activity for the nutcases from Yeovilton. I will explain that comment shortly. This was one part of the trip where a working radio would have helped the nervous smell in the cockpit! However we got through ok and 5 miles east of Bridgewater was our second stop at Weston Zoyland where Roger was going to have our 20 l of fuel available. I had spoken to Roger from our first stop that morning giving him our ETA, which incidentally was spot on, and Roger gave me circuit details over the phone explaining that a curved approach to 30 was required to avoid a sensitive farmhouse. We could see the pattern quite easily and joined downwind as suggested turning finals just above 200 ft and looking at quite a short runway with the clubhouse at the end of it. I remember thinking that it would be quite interesting not to be in that portakabin if anyone came in high and fast just as I touched down. There was plenty of grass to the right of the clubhouse to use if required and no activity at all as we rolled up and parked away from the buildings. Jumping out, and that is an absolute lie with an AX200, we sauntered over to the control to meet Roger and have a lunch break. There was only one person about and he was not Roger who had gone off somewhere – probably I later realised, to the nearest petrol station after seeing us in the circuit jogged his memory. Anyway this little chappie made us a cup of coffee while suggesting that the circuit briefing should probably mention that landings are always on the grass to avoid the clubhouse and he thought our approach and landing run was adventurous. Bastard I thought and I wish JT had never used that word adventurous.

Roger appeared after half an hour or so when we were getting anxious to get going – not because of weather or timings but just that we wanted to get there and relax. We were now running behind schedule for the first time and did not want to be late getting into Davidstow. I remembered to ring that little S but got no reply so I left the message on the answer phone confirming ETA. Roger finally arrived with the fuel and request for £4 landing fee, which I thought was a bit steep after the excitement we had given his little chappie and we prepared to go. When all was ready I called in to say thanks and got ignored big style, not the friendly attitude we had received elsewhere. I suppose you get like that when you are a CFI with a name like Roger. Must be hell on the RT course. At this point I said a cursory see you on Sunday to Roger's little chappie who said, "No you won't, we can't fly on Sundays due to

some religious restriction". I tried to explain that he had got it wrong because Pooley's had not mentioned it and nor had Roger who I had told we were returning on Sunday and I would ring ahead with the fuel required. What would have happened if I had not heard that off chance remark I don't know? Roger must have been Pooley.

Checks done, and starting up like a little sewing machine we taxied to the end of the runway and departed without fuss and slightly bemused. Our return trip would have to be re-planned but luckily I had plenty of alternatives that I had copied out of Pooley's. Joke!!

Setting course for Cornwall we settled down for what was most likely the least interesting leg of the trip. There were very few features of distinction for reference points but with very little wind we were happy just to check our track now and again. Flying at 2,000 to be away from low-level military nutcases we tootled along at 60 mph. towards Tiverton in Devon. All was quite serene until a black Hawk overtook us at something like 250 kts a quarter of a mile to our right. Shit said Andy and as I said "look out there are normally two of them", No 2 passed by on my side at the same speed and distance. They had obviously acquired us pottering along at 60 and thought it would be a good idea to pass by to let us know they were there. This we really appreciated and as the smell in the cockpit got bad again we climbed up to 3,500 to get further away from the low level prats and to be more visible. We also got appreciably colder but less odorous. Apart from that little incident things went exactly to plan and we were overhead Davidstow on the revised ETA. The plan was to fly to my sister's house to take some photo's and give them time to get to Davidstow to pick us up. This was also the plan given to little s at Davidstow the day before. Flying down the Camel river and out over Padstow and Rock was fantastic. The sun was out, the sea was shinning and back down to a lower level we were warming slightly but ready to get out and relax so off we went back to Davidstow Moor and that massive mile long concrete runway. When we got there we joined downwind and were surprised to find no activity in the air OR on the ground. The place was deserted apart from hundreds of sheep – thankfully not grazing on the runway, which as we approached turned out to be asphalt not concrete, and with so many potholes and craters that it made Wombleton look more like Wimbledon!!

A less wrecked part was found and after a safe landing we taxied like a Luna Lander to what looked like the clubhouse. I was getting very concerned at this point that no one was around except our lift to Padstow. I tried the little s's mobile and the club numbers only to get an answer phone on which I left quite polite but beseeching messages to contact me urgently so I could make the aircraft secure. In the meantime we parked it out of site behind the clubhouse, tied it down and made it as secure as possible by chaining and padlocking a large tarpaulin over the engine. Taking out all of the moveable items we then had no choice but to leave it. I tried ringing the little S all that evening with no result and after a drive back to check up decided to call it a day.

The next day things were seriously bad. The day did not dawn; it just sort of greyed out. Cloud was so low the only horizon I could see was my own left foot, which was also drizzly, wet. A sea mist had descended upon us over night and this high pressure with isobars miles apart meant that things were not going to change very rapidly. What a depressing day! What made it worse was that I could not get hold of the little s even on his home number, which I got out of the phone book. I think the little s had decided that there would be no flying that week-end and had slung his hook, forgetting he had arranged to hangar CBMB, or deciding that he could not be bothered. Anyway, I rang another local field at Bodmin who were very considerate and would hangar the aircraft if I could get it there. Plenty of people were around but in the bar as no one was flying. All of that miserable day passed with constant examination of the sky until about 4.00 when it became less dark and a Sea King SAR was seen to fly over but only just out of the mist. Another trip to the moor was made, about the fifth for the day and CBMB unchained and uncovered for a quick trip to Bodmin and safe haven. The D.I. was extremely careful, not just because it had been left out all night but also because the hundreds of sheep must have been so excited about having CBMB for company overnight that they had dumped all around it! CBMB started again at the first hint of a push on the button and we staggered over and under the potholes to a usable part of the runway and started takeoff at the very same instant that the bloody mist decided to return. After the quickest circuit ever it was back to the sheep shit for the night. Visibility was very poor and the horizon unthinkable and although we probably could have got off the moor I would not have been happy getting into Bodmin. So, locking CBMB up in chains for the night we retired to the pub for a few pints of HSD – the locals call this High Speed Death. With nothing else constructive to do I got even more depressed watching England lose to France and had an early night. I hate sulking in public.

The next day being Sunday was our last chance to get back home before work on the Monday. We had made contingency plans to catch the last train out of Cornwall at 1.00 pm which would then take ten hours to get to Wakefield. Not a trip I could contemplate in a sober condition. This meant we had until noon to get airborne. As BST had started that very day we would have enough daylight to get back. The day dawned not at all. The same crap as the previous day and the train from Bodmin seemed to be the only alternative. Breakfast, after another trip to check on CBMB was hard to digest. My brother-in-law came up with a good one. As he had been living in the area for donkeys years and was a bit of a sailor, I suppose I should have given it some credence but when he said “if its going to clear it will clear by ten” I thought he was referring to his eyesight which after a night on his homebrew was unlikely to clear at all. But, low and behold, there was a lightening of the dark and we could see across the estuary towards a misty horizon. I got on the phone to check the weather at our first stop which was going to be at Dunkeswell, a GA field 14 miles north of Exeter with a 650m asphalt strip and Avgas. Being at 850ft and with 800ft circuits I thought that if we could get in there we had cracked it.

On the first phone call there was a cloud base of “just above my head”. Second call half an hour later was 300ft then 500ft and then just before 12.00 it was 800ft. This was the deadline. If we could not get off in the next half hour it would have to be the train. We scuttled over to Sheep-shit Moor, woke CBMB up with 20l of fuel and pre-checked ready to get going. Family arrived at this point for a photo call. They had all been expecting to have an aerial experience the day before and I think they only came over to make sure that we left the county as quickly as possible. After rudely speedy good-byes we taxied out and had a really good look at it. The mist had risen to the point where we could see cloud. The horizon was there and although not bright it was clear so off we went.

We climbed up to circuit height and then continued upwards until at 800ft it became misty. We set course for Launceston, which was the most direct route off the moor and on the west coast mainline, which by the nature of railways did not go over mountains and hills. Yes I know they sometimes go through them but I had checked the charts and between Bodmin and Exeter it was all low level. Cloud base was dropping all the time as we found the A38 and followed that towards Okehampton which being at 700ft and on the edge of Dartmoor I wanted to keep well to the North of. We had Okehampton in sight and as the cloud became lower and lower so did we until the point where I was looking for a suitable field for a precautionary as behind us was worse than in front. Just as I was deciding that discretion should take over we saw the slightest glimmer in the haze right in front of us and five minutes later we saw it again and the worst was over. Very very gradually the sky got lighter and higher and we almost started to enjoy ourselves. Exeter and the Exe estuary were plainly visible to our right as we picked up the M5, which would take us to Dunkeswell. Mr. Pooley excelled himself once more by failing to mention a microlight field on one side of the field which would have saved us a few miles of taxiing, but we enjoyed the roll-up to the pumps situated right in front of the restaurant where devonish sort of people were having Sunday lunch and watching all sorts of light and not so light aircraft. We had 15l on board and to be sure of getting to Rufforth in one hop if needed filled the tanks to the top and went off to sign in and pay. Nonchalantly strolling back to where we had thoughtfully parked CBMB right in front of the panoramic windows of the restaurant I request that Andy, who was busy kicking the tyres and knocking sheep-shit around, quit the strutting and get in while I completed the most exhaustive walk-round checks you will ever see. What comes before a fall?? We were parked on the grass, well chocked due to a slight incline and obviously facing into wind. Restaurant full of punters waiting to see CBMB take off between a pair of twins. I proudly thought – yes, but these so and so’s weren’t flying earlier when the weather was crap. I proudly thought this as I got in, eased on the straps and sat back. CBMB also sat back. Very gently, possibly with a hint of a snigger, the little bastard sat back on its tailskid leaving Andy and I looking up at the sky like a pair of Prats. With extreme coolness, I looked around called out clear prop and pushed the button. Faultlessly CBMB started straight away and we very daintily tip

toed onto the nose wheel and taxied away. Looking back it was funny. At the time it was more than slightly embarrassing especially as we both simultaneously jerked forward in our seats forgetting we had just strapped in. Complete prats.

The weather was still not good, overcast with clumps of low bits and very poor viz. We took off into the clag, taking ages to get to the cloudbase of 1000 ft as we were obviously heavy with fuel and there was very little wind to move the grey bits around. The plan was to head north to pick up the M5 and then head off on our calculated heading to the south of Bristol. As it happened, our required track was very close to the M5 and with the weather only improving very slowly I thought it prudent to stick with the motorway as far as possible. This turned out to be the easy option as there were several squalls about and the visibility kept coming and going.

As we neared Bristol we could clearly see the Severn Estuary and with a lightening sky we could even pick out the two Severn crossings. The same route was followed around Bristol as in the outward flight and with confidence oozing I followed the river for quite a distance until the Malvern's appeared well ahead as our next aiming point.

After that it was an easy leg due north to the West of Wolverhampton and soon we could see the M6 to our right and the welcoming sight of Otherton. By this time it was mid afternoon and the field was very busy with visiting aircraft so we only stopped long enough for a P and T break before setting off for Rufforth.

Complacency is a nasty creature that creeps up on you so gradually that you don't realise that you have been caught. The last two hours flying from Bristol had been so easy that we did not really need to consult the maps. Setting course from Otherton to home would be just as easy as, on the way down, we had already seen the features and landmarks such as Ladybower and Emley Moor Mast, so going back would be a doddle. What I had not done was to check the winds and there were plenty of airheads at Otherton to ask. We had left Cornwall in virtually still air and the forecast for later in the day was for light South Westerlies which was ideal – or should I say would have been. I first noticed something not quite right when the way points all seemed to be a bit off to the left and Ladybower did not even appear. Obviously the wind was moving round to the west and we were drifting off east of track- so far in fact that the big village we were trying to identify on Andy's side turned out to be Sheffield. Not professionally done but with Emley Moor mast in sight as soon as we passed Stoke we were not really going to get lost.

Late afternoon and the wind was strengthening and moving round to the north west and things started to get a little slow. Knowing where we were and ploughing slowly into a stiffish wind I must admit the last hour dragged a little. With clearing skies we staggered around the Fenton MATZ and with the field in sight we exchanged thoughts on our forthcoming raptous welcome. With extreme foresight and devilish cunning we had phoned our wives from Otherton with an ETA and request for sponge and buckets, as CBMB was a

little scruffy around the edges. Scruffy? – we had half of sheepshit moor on our boots!

And the raptous applause and welcome?

Not a sole in sight apart from our slightly conned cleaning crew – what a let down. Anyway, a safe landing with 15 l of fuel after 7 hours flying time and straight off to the pub with I must admit a tremendous amount of satisfaction and pride.

Reflections:

- You cannot plan enough.
- Do not trust the guides – that is all they are.
- Believe in yourself and your licence.
- Do NOT use Sheepshit Moor (Davidstow) – the little s never did return my urgent pleas for assistance.
- Listen to people and ask questions but check the answers.
- Go out and do it but mostly:-

Be Adventurous

Keith Crawley

(Editors note: if you have digital photos and image enhancement software you can easily improve hazy flat shots. Contact me if you need help. John F.)

Letter No 1

Dear all,

The recent debate on the relative merits of past and present club Chairmen/Committees has prompted me to put in my two pennorth.

I think it is fair to say that all incumbents have done their best according to their beliefs and ability in a job that really nobody wants. What is true is that we are all a damned sight better off in terms of what we have now, than if they had they not done what they did. So I would like to suggest, as I have done on many occasions, that we look forwards, not back, and think about what we leave to budding aviators of the future.

We have the best site in the North. We have a supportive and deeply pragmatic landlord. Against that, we live in a country with a growing NIMBY culture, with local councils about as supportive of aviation as fox hunting, and we operate from a building site of almost unimaginable value. Do not underestimate the problem. Airfields are being closed around the country at an alarming rate and it is almost impossible to start up new ones.

I am trying to tell you that we must concentrate our efforts on justifying and securing our future, not bickering about who did what in the past.

The recent Open Day in conjunction with the glider club was my first attempt at rallying the support of our neighbours. Without them on our side, we will lose this site. Thanks to all who helped out. It was a humble beginning but did a bit of good if the feedback we have received is to be believed. Next year we must make it better. Any ideas gratefully received.

In the meantime, there is plenty to do in terms of physically preserving what we have. The runways need urgent maintenance before winter to prevent further deterioration. James will outline a plan of work. Please support your airfield by doing what you can to help your chairman and committee. If we all do a bit, we can achieve a lot.

Safe flying,

John Teesdale,

Director, York Microlight Centre.

Letter No 2

Please let's get one thing absolutely clear : the recent discussion was NOT about comparing the relative merits of present or past administrations.

As these things usually are, it was a simple issue blown out of all proportion.

One member upset several others, including me, with some ill-chosen words. Such things happen, and once pointed out, it could have been diffused very quickly with a simple apology. It was instead met with scorn and derision.

This was a matter of simple respect and plain, gentlemanly conduct between members. Things we MUST have to carry the club forward.

As the current chair, James has already joined the ranks of those who have earned the lasting respect of members : let's all make sure he gets it.

Dermot Boylan

(This topic is now CLOSED !!! – Ed)

Runway Improvements – Help Needed on 18th September weekend!

The runway is in need of some urgent repairs before winter, to ensure the surface does not deteriorate any further. This will involve filling the cracks in the tarmac with bitumen. JT has arranged for the tar burner and compressor washer to be available on **the weekend of the 18th September**. We do therefore require assistance to complete these works.

Before we can proceed however there are a considerable number of weeds within the cracks and on the edges that need to be removed before hand. Frank Clough has been doing a sterling job of trying to remove all these, but it does require a working party with barrows etc to complete. Therefore in order to tackle both jobs on the same weekend we really do need people to assist. The more that help the quicker it can all be done.

Please bring a spade with you on the 18th and we can ensure we maintain our tarmac runway in the most cost effective way. Plus it will look its best for the flyin the week after. I suggest a start time of 9.30.

Next World Cup J

*Fast forward to 2006 - it is just before Scotland v Brazil at the next World Cup Group game. Ronaldo goes into the Brazilian changing room to find all his team mates looking a bit glum. "What's up?" he asks. "Well, we're having trouble getting motivated for this game. We know it's important but it's only Scotland. They're sh*tte and we can't be bothered". Ronaldo looks at them and says "Well, I reckon I can beat these by myself, you lads go down the pub." So Ronaldo goes out to play Scotland by himself and the rest of the Brazilian team go off for a few pints. After a few jars they wonder how the game is going, so they get the landlord to put the teletext on.*

Big cheer goes up as the screen reads "Brazil 1 - Scotland 0 (Ronaldo 10minutes)". He is beating Scotland all by himself! Anyway, a few more pints later and the game is forgotten until someone remembers "It must be full time now, let's see how he got on". They put the teletext on. "Result from the Stadium "Brazil 1 (Ronaldo 10 minutes) - Scotland 1 (Angus McFee 89 minutes)". They can't believe it, he has single handedly got a draw against Scotland!! They rush back to the Stadium to congratulate him. They find him in the dressing room, still in his gear, sat with his head in his hands.

He refuses to look at them. "I've let you down, I've let you down." "Don't be daft, you got a draw against Scotland, all by yourself. And they only scored at the very very end!" "No, No, I have, I've let you down..... I got sent off after 12 minutes"

New Aeronautical Charts

1/4 Mil England East Edition 5 issued 10 June 04

In stock now at York Microlight Centre price £14.00.

Pilots are reminded of their legal duty to fly with a current chart.

John Teesdale, CFI

HIGHLIGHTS by e-mail

Just a reminder that HIGHLIGHTS is available by e-mail.

Only around 17 members are receiving HIGHLIGHTS at present. Just think of the advantages!

- save the club a few quid,
- make distribution MUCH easier
- you get colour photos in the e-mail version !

Just send your e-mail address to Dermot at
BoylanEmail@aol.com

Funeral J

A FUNERAL service is being held for a woman who has just passed away. At the end of the service the pallbearers are carrying the coffin but when they accidentally bump into a wall, jarring the coffin. They hear a faint moan.

They open the casket and find that the woman is actually alive. She lives for ten more years and then dies peacefully. A ceremony is again held at the same place and at the end of the ceremony the pallbearers are again carrying out the coffin.

As they are walking, the husband cries out, "Watch the bloody wall!"

Web Site of the Month

LIVE* monitoring of one of the busiest air traffic control corridors in the world: the northeast Atlanta Macey Arrival.

Designed to help educate the public more about en route air traffic control centers, ATCMonitor.com is a resource for the curious public, travel enthusiasts, pilots, flight simmers, student air traffic controllers, or anyone with an interest in what goes on in en route air traffic control centers.

ATCMonitor.com is first site in the world to ever stream audio AND video of an en route air traffic control frequency online.

(it's actually "live" to the extent that it is delayed by 5 minutes because of US security issues)

This is a great site if only to hear American pilots lapsing into less than correct radio procedure! It's a relief to hear the Heathrow – Atlanta Speedbird and hear a posh Brit doing it properly! You see a great radar screen showing all the storms, which makes for interesting listening as the pilots request a new course around the weather. You need the latest Windows Media Player and probably broadband.

www.atcmonitor.com

John Forrester

Blonde Joke J

(apologies to all blond readers who may feel this is not PC!)

This blonde decides one day that she is sick and tired of all these blonde jokes and how all blondes are perceived as stupid, so she decides to show her husband that blondes really are smart. While her husband is off at work, she decides that she is going to paint a couple of rooms in the house. The next day, right after her husband leaves for work, she gets down to the task at hand.

Her husband arrives home at 5:30 and smells the distinctive smell of paint. He walks into the living room and finds his wife lying on the floor in a pool of sweat. He notices that she is wearing a ski jacket and a fur coat at the same time.

He goes over and asks her if she is OK. She replies "Yes."

He asks what she is doing. She replies that she wanted to prove to him that not all blonde women are dumb and she wanted to do it by painting the house.

He then asks her why she has a ski jacket over her fur coat.

She replies that she was reading the directions on the paint can and they said....

**FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
PUT ON TWO COATS**

Rufforth Giant Model Show

...or the day when a B52 had a close encounter with a microlight!!!

Did anyone get to see those amazing jet model aircraft the other weekend, and more especially the B52 bomber display?

I was stood next to the 2nd pilot (they have a backup in case the first one throws a wobbly) when the aircraft suffered "control difficulties" It then proceeded to have a close encounter with a landing flexwing, before setting off towards Rufforth East (much to the amusement of some of the other modellers it has to be said)

See the Photo Page to see this amazing model.

Photo Page



Clubhouse – grotty patio



“Near Miss”



Clubhouse – new patio being closely inspected by Oliver!



Navigation Test – Where is this? ?



£25K B52!