VGC News

No. 71 December 1990





The Weihe which consistently gains first performance prize at our internationals, flown by Werner Tschorn. This was originally a French VMA 200 Milan (one of 30 built in 1950) which Werner rebuilt, using FW Weihe drawings. This year he flew two 300km triangles with it. *Photo by Chris Wills.*



"Cassius" Ewald, left and friend, who were timekeepers throughout the International Rally and hardly ever flew. Needless to say, the timekeeping was perfect. *Photo by Rainer Willeke.*

Cover Photo

Rainer Karch landing Ernst Walter's Mü13d–1 at Keiheuvel. This is the only pre-1943 style Mü13d airworthy at the moment, although another is being restored in Denmark and a third belonging to François Ragot is awaiting restoration. Note that the cockpit canopy is not original.

VGC News No. 71
December 1990

President:	**C. Wills**
Vice President:	Paul Serries
Vice President:	Willi Schwarzenbach
Vice President:	Hans Dijkstra
Hon. Secretary:	R. Traves
Hon. Treasurer:	W. Bishop
Rally Secretary:	G. Moore
Membership Secretary & Sales Manager:	P. Woodcock
Archivist:	Sally Shepard

International Rally Committee

Colin Street:	Britain
Didier Fulchiron:	France
Angus Munro:	Norway
Hans Dijkstra:	Holland
Firmin Henrard:	Belgium
Imre Mitter:	Hungary
Willi Schwarzenbach:	Switzerland
Rainer Karch:	Germany
Jan Scott:	USA
Franz Havlicek:	Austria
Hans Erik Magnussen or Stig Eldov:	Denmark

EDITORIAL

Following the editorial in the last VGC News concerning limiting the size of the International Rallies and only accepting the older types for them, we should point out that the number and types accepted for an international rally depend entirely on the rally organisers who may be able to include the newer types if their facilities permit. We should also point out that the Keiheuvel Rally's organisers at one time had 95 sailplanes scheduled to take part, but that finally only 65 did. As this means a reduction of 30 per cent, future rally organisers might do well to bear this in mind, as, if they try to run a restricted rally, they might end up with a very small rally indeed.

There has been some question about the weight of the cables on the new powerful winches exerting too great a load during the final stages of winch launches on vintage gliders which have their release hooks far forward. The new cables are apparently three times as heavy as the old cables. Because of this, the London Gliding Club's van Gelder winch has had a light cable fitted to one of its 6 drums and this may become a permanent fixture on this winch.

Because of the accident to two of our gliders in Belgium which has resulted in an insurance claim, we strongly urge our members to take extreme care in whom they allow to fly their gliders.

Historic Glider Association

Mike Beach has decided that the VGC should have a special section for prewar-designed gliders. C. Wills was asked to make a list of all prewar-designed sailplanes in Britain, their BGA numbers, and their owners' names, believing that this list would only consist of some 25 sailplanes, but after four days' work, it was found that the list had reached 85 sailplanes, of which 16 still needed restoration, but this list was still not complete.

Shelter for Vintage Glider Trailers in Winter.

Since the gales last winter, unsuccessful efforts have been made to find shelter in England. However, North of the Border, the **Royal Scottish Museum** has shown extreme hospitality. A number of gliders in their trailers can be accommodated free of charge (a small contribution to museum funds would be appreciated.) Contact telephone number is: **Bob Major on 062 088 308 at the museum, or: 0383 822 612 at home.** We thank Bob Major for his kind offer. However, we do understand that Edinburgh is a long way from the South.

In France, at the GPPA Angers, **Christian Ravel** might be able to help and also **Jürgen Etter** in Germany has expressed readiness to help. Although the BGA has been approached for help with finding shelter for us, it is believed that they have not found anywhere for us yet. The search for shelter will be continued.

Future Rally News

At Keiheuvel, the International Rally Committee met to decide on locations for future International Rallies.

It was decided to accept Willi Schwarzenbach's kind offer that the Schaffhausen Club should host the 1991 International Rally on their airfield at Schaffhausen in Switzerland. It was regretted that the airfield is so small that only a limited entry could be accepted (45–50 gliders). Willi has kindly said that he would be the Secretary for the 19th International Vintage Glider Rally to be held from **July 13th – 20th 1991.** Prospective entries for this rally should be sent to: **Willi Schwarzenbach, 52, Rte de Cossonoy, CH-1008 Prilly, Switzerland.**

There was also an offer from the Dutch to host the 1992 International Vintage Glider Rally at Terlet in Holland. This was accepted.

An offer was also received from Jan Scott that the 1993 International Rally should be held at Harris Hill, Elmira, New York State, USA, and the dates of this should connect with those of the OSHKOSH Meeting. This offer was also accepted providing cheap transport could be found to the USA for our gliders... and ourselves.

An offer was also received from Tim Wiltshire, who has never been to our International Rally Committee Meetings, that the Poles, who have also not yet attended our rallies, would be very agreeable to the idea of holding an International Vintage Glider Rally at their Zar hill-site, which is now dependent on receiving Western hard currency for its continued existence. While we very much hope that Poles will join because of their great gliding heritage, we must insist that some should attend our international rallies first before a firm decision is taken towards holding one of our international rallies in their country.

POSSIBLE RENDEZ-VOUS RALLY 1991

In the Black Forest (Schwarzwald), Jörg Ziller has found what he calls a perfect site for the Rendez-Vous Rally before the 1991 International Rally at Schaffhausen. His address is:- Brucknerstrasse 20, 7032 Sindelfingen, Germany.
Tel:- 01049 7031 85 468.

No news has yet been received from the French concerning the availability of the former National Centre , Pont Saint Vincent,with its huge hangar, for the Rendez-Vous Rally.

A hangar is always an important element for a vintage rally.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1990 CAMPHILL

The AGM was held at Camphill on Sunday 30th September and was attended by a similar number of members to that attending the meeting at Lasham earlier in the month.

The main item on the agenda dealt with the VGC response to the concerns expressed at Keiheuvel about the running of the Club, and followed the discussion at Lasham. Everyone present had the opportunity to express their ideas, and after more than an hour's discussion a motion was proposed and accepted virtually unanimously, that a small Steering Group be formed to begin work in drawing up a Draft Constitution for the Club, to report back after three months. The Draft Constitution could then be circulated to the members for their comments before being taken to an Extraordinary General Meeting for ratification.

The Steering Group consists of the following members:

Club Officers	
Chris Wills	President
Colin Street	International Rally Committee Member
Geoff Moore	Rally Secretary
Robin Traves	Secretary
Peter Woodcock	Membership & Sales Manager
Other Members	
Ian Dunkley	Derby & Lancs Club
Ted Hull	London G. C.
Tony Maufe	Yorkshire G. C.
David Shrimpton	Yeovilton R. N. G. C.

RALLY DATES 1991

The following dates for rallies are confirmed.

March 29 – April 1	Aston Down G. C., Near Cirencester, Glos.
May 3 – 6	Rufforth, Near York.
May 25 – June 1	National Rally, Lasham, Hants.
July 13 – 20	19th International Rally, Schaffhausen, Switzerland.
Aug 25 – 31	Slingsby Rally, Sutton Bank, Yorks.
Sept 1 – 15	Historic Sailplane Group, Dunstable. "Open House".

More details will follow in the next VGC News. In the meantime, if you have not already done so, please send the fullest possible details of your event to Geoff Moore. Write to:

Geoff Moore,
Arewa,
Shootersway Lane,
Berkhamsted,
Herts

Tel: 0442 873258

BRITISH NEWS

DFS Meise BGA 449. Rumour had it that this aircraft had severe glue failure. Ruth Phillips says that this is not true. Fuselage, tailplane and rudder are now rebuilt but the wings still need doing. Ribs and spars are OK but soldiers still need regluing in the wings. There is no intention to destroy the aircraft as its owners, Ruth and Pip Phillips have had too many happy hours flying it. BGA 449 was one of the six German sailplanes handed over by RAE Farnborough to the BGA in 1946 at Cranfield after the RAE had finished testing them. Other sailplanes handed over were two Grunau Baby 2B-2s which were allocated to the Bristol Gliding Club and the Derby & Lancs G.C.; the then incomplete Kranich 2B-2, BGA 494 to the Cambridge G.C.; the Weihe BGA 448 to the Surrey Gliding Club at Redhill; the Weihe BGA 433 to Philip Wills; and the Meise BGA 449 to the Newcastle Club where it was extensively rebuilt by Arthur Burningham amongst others. Andy Coulson of that club flew it until the early 1950s and then it was sold to Frank Foster at the London G.C. It was later owned by a syndicate at that club before being sold to owners at the Cornish Gliding Club at Perranporth.

There was another Meise at Farnborough but this was beyond repair. It is thought that it was allocated to Elliotts of Newbury for examination, where it was seen by C. Wills in 1953, who was working there. BGA 449 is, so far as we know, the last wartime-built German Meise that is likely to fly again. Wartime production of German Meises that we know about is: 601 Meises by Schmetz at Herzogenrath near Aachen, and 25 Meises by Schleichers. Others may have been built.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

Australian Gliding, June 1990, has announced that a third Hütter H.17a has recently flown in Australia. This was built in six years intermittently by Ron Meares of Sydney. His is the second new H.17a to have flown in recent years in Australia. The other was built by the late Harold Bradley of

Adelaide in 1985. Ron's aircraft, VH-HNR, was successfully test flown on the 25th of February at Camden. This means that Australia has three airworthy H.17s, the third being owned by Jenny and Dave Goldsmith whom we were happy to meet at Keiheuvel. (There are three H.17s airworthy in Britain.)

Ray Ash is making good restoration progress with the antique 1930 Dickson Primary.

Preparations are being made for a vintage regatta at Lochiel to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the first glider flight in South Australia. It will begin on Tuesday 26th December and will end on Sunday 1st January. The two gliding clubs that were established at the end of 1929 were among the first in Australia. The organiser of the 60th Anniversary Regatta, Catherine Conway, reports that 13 gliders have already registered as likely attenders.

CZECH NEWS

from Petr Hanocek.

Before the war, Czechoslovakia did have original glider designs as witnessed by the Tulak 37 (Vagabond) and Duha (Rainbow) which attended the 1937 International Contest on the Wasserkuppe. The VSB 35 was entered as well. However success was limited by lack of experience on the part of the pilots. One such pilot was the very young Prachar who gained his Silver C during the championships.

During the war, or just beforehand, Dr. Benes and Hajn worked for the firm AVIA, but when this firm started to design and build high performance military aircraft, Dr. Benes transferred to work with the engineer Mraz who had started a firm under his name 60 miles east of Prague in the little town of Chosen (pronounced in Czech as Hosen) which was known to the Germans as Chotzen, in Bohemia. (As the name plate of every Kranich 2b-2 that we have seen indicated that it was built by Ing. Mraz at Chotzen in Bohemia, we had wondered where this town was... CW.) The Mraz firm then mass-produced 1,630 of the improved 1935 Kranich 2b-1, the Kranich 2b-2, according to Radko Vasicek. The film recently released on German television concerning their Libya Expedition in 1939 (Flüge ins Ungewisse... Flights into the Unknown) indicates that this improved version of the 1935 Kranich 2b with speed limiting dive brakes and elevator trim etc was flying in 1939 and may well have been developed earlier that year by DFS as the standard high performance two-seater sailplane for the N.S.F.K.

We believe that Benes Mraz was the only firm to have mass-produced the Kranich 2b-2 but it is possible that the type was built in Yugoslavia as the Kranich 2b-2 was the standard high performance two-seater sailplane to be used in that country after the war. (However, as one Kranich 2b-2 imported into Germany recently from Yugoslavia was also a Mraz-built aircraft, one wonders if all the Kranich 2b-2s in Yugoslavia were also built by Mraz?). The type was also licence-built in Spain after, and perhaps before 1945. After the war, it is well possible that Czechs removed some of the gliders from the Reichssegelflugschule Grunau with permission of a Soviet officer. The RSS Grunau was so close to the Czech frontier that they would not have far to move them.

After 1945, there were so many German gliders in the former Reich Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia (part of NSFK Gruppe 17 which was all Austria... the Ostmark), that wings had to be sawn off to close hangar doors. Among those destroyed were five Minimoas, a Rheinland (OK-8232), Kranich 2b-2s (Jerab), Weihes (Vazka) and Grunau Babies. The firm of Petera (Peter) in Hohenelbe (Czech name Vrchlabi) built 830 and the firm Eger in Cheb (Eger) also built Grunau Babies before later converting to building parts for the He 219 "Uhu" nightfighter.



Lunak flown by Jozef Fecko, Poprad, Czechoslovakia, with the Tatra Mountains behind.

When the Communists came, they asked why old German gliders were kept, as they would give the glider pilots new and better types. Thus a mass burning of the German gliders took place at that time (1948?) in order to free hangar space for the new types. This happened also in France during the 1960s and 1970s, and in the RAF in Germany and Britain, and some of the finest, most beautiful, wooden aeronautical creations of all time were lost for ever.

In Czechoslovakia, these were replaced by Krajaneks, Lunaks, Sohajs, Kmotrs, Pionyrs, and finally Demants, Spartaks, Orliks, Blaniks etc. After 1945, the Communists said that Benes and Mraz had been capitalists and the name of the Mraz firm was changed to Orlican. This firm was building small refrigerated lorries and the VSO 10 club class sailplane.

The latest news from Aerokurier, January 1990 No.1 is that the firm of Orlican at Chosen is building the Discus CS (CS-Czechoslavakia) for the Schempp-Hirth firm under licence. It seems that Klaus Holighaus was not slow in realizing the sailplane building potential of this firm, which, having some German speaking workers, is seven hours by road from Kirchheim Teck. We wonder whether the Discus CS built in Czechoslovakia, which at present has wages paid to workers equivalent to those paid in Britain during the 1950s, will build Disci cheaper than those built at Kirchheim but we imagine that there may be ways of increasing the price? Thus, ORLICAN, ex-MRAZ, is still building sailplanes.

Jan Berka writes on 28th August... that since their return from Keiheuvel, they have not simply been sitting in their clubhouse drinking beer, talking about their experiences in Belgium.

They have succeeded in contacting some official institutions i.e. the Czech State Flying Organization – Amateur Flying Association. The first negotiations concerning vintage gliders concentrated mainly on the technical status of gliders older than about 25 years. They have now to submit proposals for their airworthiness inspections. They wish to prepare their proposal according to the procedures which are proven in other countries... Preferably those of the British Vintage Glider Club, (i.e. B. G. A.), and hope that they will be acceptable in Czechoslovakia.

They have now the possibility of obtaining for restoration one LF 107 Lunak belonging to their friend. They are also trying to obtain a Sohaj and the two-seater Pionyr from the Brno Technical Museum for restoration to airworthy condition. Also great efforts are being made to get permission to fly the first three prototypes of the Orlik which were built in the Medlanky workshops in 1960... but big problems concerning private ownership of gliders still remain.



Fauvels AV22 and AV36 lined up at Keiheuvel. The new clubhouse is in the background.

Photo by Ian Tunstall.

FRENCH NEWS

As most of our members will already know, fire destroyed a storage facility and restoration department of the Musée de l'Air at Le Bourget on the southern outskirts of Paris. The exhibition hangars were untouched. A unique collection of aeroplanes and some gliders were entirely destroyed. We have been so far unable to discover exactly which gliders have gone forever, but understand that among them were some Bréguet 906 Choucas. These are two-seater Fauvettes (Bréguet 905)

The fire, which has been described as the worst disaster to aviation's heritage since the destruction of the Berlin Museum by British bombs in 1941, is believed to have been started by some welding repairs to the roof. There was even a long delay in the fire engines getting to it as the airfield's fire engines could not be employed off the airfield.

There are other storage facilities for the Musée de l'Air near Paris and in Paris, such as Villacoublay and Chalais Meudon and so we hope that many other stored gliders (believed to number well over 50, among them being two Weihes and a Kranich 2b-2,) may have escaped destruction.

The **GPPA** at Angers have triumphantly finished restoration of their casein-glued JS Weihe, which was very evident at our international rally at Keiheuvel.

We imagine that their Morane 505 "Storch" must also be nearing completion. We believe that their next target for restoration will be the Fouga CM-8-13 aerobatic sailplane.

The aircraft have all been entrusted to the GPPA Angers for restoration and for flying afterwards, by the Musée de l'Air in Paris. Clearly, there is also great merit in not having all the aircraft in one place so that they can not all be lost together in a fire.

Christian Ravel mentioned the likelihood of them receiving more hangars (we believe three) for their regional Musée de l' Air on the airfield of Avrillé at Angers.

A.S.P.A.C. Paray le Monial.

Yves Soudit writes with pleasure of the second "first" flight of the SNCAC Castel 301s No. 1050, F-CRJM (ex. F-CRMQ) on the 9th of August from Paray le Monial airfield.

The flight went off without problems. It is now the only C.301s which is in flying condition. (What has happened to the C.301s of Maurice Renard which has often attended our Rallies? (CW). F-CRJM has received the original colours and decoration of French gliders in the 1950s, except that its registration was that of an SA 103 Emouchet! Since the 9th of August F-CRJM has flown 15 hours.

Now the above project has been realized, his group have started the restoration of the Caudron C. 800 F-CAPF (No. 181). The restoration of the "Pouplane" (Pou du Ciel – Flying Flea) glider, a photograph of which was revealed in a previous VGC News (No. 69), is going well. Its undercarriage is now being worked on, and it should fly during winter or spring of 1991.

ROMILLY 90... A Success.

The following information has been extracted from an article in the Vol à Voile magazine No. 37, May and June 1990.

This was the 6th French National Meeting for vintage gliders which was held from the 28th April until the 1st May 1990, under the auspices of Dédale, expertly organized by Maurice



Fauvel AV36 flying wing at over 4000ft over Belgium.

Photo by Ian Tunstall.

Renard aided by the new Aero Club of Romilly sur Seine. The sun and eleven old gliders, surrounded by the ever more numerous fanatics and admirers, attended the Rendez-Vous.

The result was 44 hours of flying from 78 aerotows (with 18 hours 5 mins from 12 aerotows on the best day, the 28th of April. This averages out at 1 hour 30 mins per flight). This was not bad for the 11 old gliders, only 10 of which flew, and the weather, which on the first of May was rather better for attracting sunstroke than thermals. The regional press, represented by RF3 Champagne-Ardennes were not wrong to attend this national meeting.

Our friends from Lorraine arrived in force from the Aéro Club de l'Est with two machines, a Wassmer 21 "Javelot 2" No. 49, F-CCKN immaculately painted white in fibreglass style, and the AIR 102 No. 39, F-CAYU... that which was recently restored by a happy team of four pensioners who came to see their fine machine at Romilly. Their leader Jean-Claude Neglais also possesses a Bréguet 901 and an AV 36, which he hopes to power with a three cylinder König... but that is another story. It was his mustard coloured Air 102 which took the eye, and is one of the rare examples of the AIR 100/102 which are fitted with an original canopy. It was interesting to notice that both the WA 21 and the AIR 102 are club gliders and are now flying at Malzeville which recently lost a great number of fibreglass gliders in a fire.

The AIR 100 No. 13 F-CBHD and AV. 36 owned by the Bocciarelli brothers arrived from Pont Saint Vincent, where the Aéro Club Albert Mangeot (the prewar Chef du Centre), under the encouragement of Christian Mathieu and Dominique Haguenauer, are interested in restoring old gliders. The AV 36 No. 138, F-CBSM, constructed by Wassmer Aviation painted in orange and cream, and which made its first appearance at Budapest, has kept its original double release system which has not caused too much aggravation among its operators.

There was also the Arsenal 4-111 No.2 F-CAAH with its 19.2 metre span, brought by Hugues Béslier and Marc Waibel which further augmented the large number of machines produced by Arsenal represented at Romilly.

In contrast. there was the Nord 1300 No. 197, F-CRFU of Maurice Renard which replaced this year the traditional N.1300 of Didier Fulchiron, who came this year with a Jodel 112.

Other gliders were the C. 25S No. 115, F-CRML of Jean Paul Robin, The Caudron C. 800 No. 325 F-CBAN of Marc Bourdon and Dominique Gatard, and the Bréguet 900 No. 1, F-CABY of Claude Visse, and the C. 800 No. 231, F-CBYV of the Ailes Florentinoises (Saint Florentin in l'Yonne.) This remained in the hangar, apparently being offered for sale at what was felt to be an unrealistic price.

The best has been left to the end. As the only representative of the GPPA Angers, Christian Ravel brought the Weihe, No.3, F-CRMX. This machine once held records flown by both Nessler AND Gassnier. This was unquestionably the Vedette of the show and caused comments bordering on eulogy. One typical one by Claude Visse was "God, how well it flies".

After the meeting, Dédale held its AGM. It was mentioned how vintage machines had flown 450 hours in 1989 and this was thought to be very encouraging considering their age. The Fédération Français de Vol à Voile proposed aid to Dédale, which although not having an aerodrome base, suggested how vintage gliders might be integrated on an airfield, and then, for good measure, the assembly decided to renew its membership to the FFAC (Fédération Française des Aéronefs de Collection). We should not forget that Dédale encompassed 30 airworthy machines and 100 more that are preserved and are potentially flyable.

It was proposed that next year the 7th French National Vintage Meeting, always held on or around 1st May should take place at Pont Saint Vincent and that in 1992 it should take place at Bailleau. The great champion François Louis Henry has shown that he loves vintage gliders in that he has restored an Emouchet. He was once heard to say that "if God had meant gliders to be of fibreglass, he would not have created trees... therefore do something "!. François Louis Henry is at Bailleau.

NORWEGIAN NEWS.
Our Norwegian member, Per Lauritzen, has announced that he now has a Meise but that he is keeping it in Germany.

GERMAN NEWS.
Very little news has been received from the Oldtimer Club Wasserkuppe. Not even their newsletter OSC-AKTUELL has come in. They did not take part in our last international rally in Belgium. We have heard that they have sold the beginnings of a second DFS Habicht that they started to build. However, we have heard that their new Klemm 25 towplane has been finished.

We have also heard that at the end of June a 14-day bungee launch course with two SG. 38s was organised by 64 year old Sepp Kunz (the motor of the OSC) and the instructor, 75-year-old Karl Kess. In the 14 days, 340 launches were achieved from ground slides to the "B" Certificate. It also happened that in enough wind, 2-minute-long flights along the Weltensegler slope were carried out and landings from these were made on the Kleine Eupe.

There were many among the participants who had not flown an SG for 50 years, while other young keen performance pilots experienced the slipstream for the first time on their downy cheeks. After five starts, many of them, including two instructors, could enter experience in bungee launching in their PPL Log Books.

There was a general wish that the OSC should repeat the performance next year. No mention is made about who were the Startkommandos.

A Horten? Christian Kroll mentioned in Belgium that he had welded up the metal fittings for a powered Horten which was being built in Eschweiler. We can only imagine that this is a Horten 1C?

A Spatz Meeting. From the 14th to the 17th June, there took place in Eisernhardt in the Siegerland the 7th International Spatz Meeting. The aircraft were of different ages but the oldest was built in 1954. Towplanes for them were a PA 18 and an FW 44 Stieglitz from 1941. It seems that on the Saturday, a small triangle of 113 km was set with turn points Attendorn and Hirzenhain airfield.

The Meise Treffen. This was held on the well-known Farkashegy BIA airfield near Budapest. Only Jörg Ziller and his Meise took part. Thoby Fisher from England tried to take part but his Meise trailer ran a wheel bearing before it got to Dover and his progress towards Hungary stopped at that point.

So it could be said that the Meise Treffen was a non-event this year.

We have heard that the General in charge of the **Uetersen Luftwaffen Museum** near Hamburg will lend the museum's gliders out for restoration and flying, as the Musée de l'Air in Paris has done. As far as we know, these include a Goevier 3 and two Grunau Babies.

Peter Ocker seems to be a member of a group restoring gliders at **Oberschleißheim** for the Deutsches Museum. The ancient 1912 Bavarian airfield is itself to be restored. On it, is a cold, damp hangar which is the storage facility for the Deutsches Museum in Munich. In this hangar are almost 60 gliders. Among them are the wings (with wooden tips) of the 4th prototype Horten 4a (LA-AD).

Peter mentions restoration of a Grunau Baby 2b and says that a year ago, the history of this aircraft was discovered. It had some strange modifications... ie. the fin and rudder similar to that of a Gö 1 "Wolf"! He has found the man who rebuilt the Baby after the war. It was originally built in 1942. After 1945, it was damaged by US forces. It was then stolen by a Herr Hock, who transported it on two bicycles to his home 8 km away. He then repaired it in secret! He also showed Peter and his colleagues photos of the Baby before and after it was rebuilt. Currently discussion is continuing concerning its future colours and how it should be displayed in the Deutsches Museum.

Lately, Peter has been talking to Norbert Burckardt. He began building a Hi 1 on the Hornberg, as well as Grunau Babies etc. He worked with Wolf Hirth on all his aircraft. He also worked with Hütter as well as on the Reihers.

He also told Peter that the Weihe, stolen from the Americans together with two Grunau Babies and a Habicht, as mentioned in our VGC News, from Kirchheim, was not the one of Hans Meyer. It belonged to Willi Rostan. After



Austrian MG19a owned and flown by Mario Sells of the Munich Oldtimer Club on the ground at Keiheuvel. Photo by Ian Tunstall.

the war, Willi flew it at Aalen-Elchingen up to the late 1970s. Since his death, the Weihe has been owned by his son!

Werner Tschorn does it again, and again!

On 26th May, Werner and Weihe, in the company of a LS1c and Open Cirrus, flew yet another 300km triangle. The wind was northerly 25–30k/h. The first leg was rather slow, but the Weihe kept up well. Only over the final 40km or so did the superior glide angle of the glass machines make a difference, and Werner came in 15 minutes behind. Not bad after 300km!

On the 28th, flying alone, Werner averaged 55k/h over a further 300km triangle. Difficulties with restricted airspace and launching facilities notwithstanding, Werner considers that there is still more performance to come from the Weihe. Long may he continue to prove it.



Ernst Walter's Mü13d-1 at Keiheuvel.

The now very capitalist nose of the 1944 prototype Futar, seen at Keiheuvel. the glider is now owned by the Aeroclub Miskolc.

Photos by Ian Tunstall.



THE INTERNATIONAL VINTAGE GLIDER RALLY
Keiheuvel Airfield, Belgium. 16th – 27th July 1990

This was a tremendously successful event with the weather improving all the time. A high pressure system over England assured fine weather over the whole of Europe. The rally's excellent organisation was assured by Johan Kieckens, his wife Ingrid, Firmin Henrard and members of the Keiheuvel Aero Club who had experience in running gliding contests. Originally 95 gliders were entered but 65 turned up. Our Aachen member Cassius Ewald not only attended every pre-rally organisation meeting at Keiheuvel but during the rally he was the main timekeeper and created perfect paperwork. Our thanks go to them all.

Among the gliders not seen before at our rallies was the casein-glued JS Weihe which has been restored by the Groupement Préservation Patrimoine Aéronautique at Angers, which, led by the airline pilot Christian Ravel, has had aeroplanes and gliders entrusted to it for restoration to airworthy condition by the National Musée de l'Air at Le Bourget in Paris. The Weihe F-CRMX is now in original form but is painted as it was when Eric Nessler broke the French Out & Return record of over 200 km with it in 1945. This aircraft received 3rd Restoration Prize. 2nd Restoration Prize was awarded to the American, Al Uster's superb 1943–built Moswey 3 which was a masterpiece of restoration brought about by members of the Oldtimer Club Münster. The First Restoration Prize, the Grand Prize of the Musée de L'Air, a magnificent creation around a goblet, was awarded to Frank Konsek's Grunau Baby 2b. We understand that this was originally a very old Grunau Baby but it had been immaculately restored in varnish and clear fabric. It was indeed perfection with each glue line an exact width between the joints in the plywood skins. After taking the difficult decision to award it the first prize, we were horrified to learn that it had just been badly damaged by an SG 38 (Eon Eton) arriving amid the take-off line during a very low last turn, while not being flown by its owner. Our heartfelt sympathies go to the owners of the SG. 38 and Grunau Baby. We can now gladly report that both aircraft will be repaired to fly again.

With us for the first time officially was a very youthful team from Czechoslovakia with a 15m span Orlik sailplane which had been built in 1962. A second Czechoslovak team had tried to come but its Lunak had not been allowed to leave Czechoslovakia. However, the team had come on without aircraft but for some reason had been prevented from entering Belgium. Finally, one family, that of Josef Fecko had been allowed to enter Belgium for five hours and were able to briefly visit Keiheuvel. Thus, we were denied by officialdom from having our dear friend Josef and his delightful family and the Lunak with us, except for a few minutes. We were also glad to welcome at least two teams from the DDR who were allowed for the first time to be officially with us. Old gliders will be hard to find in the DDR but we know that at least one SG. 38 has been restored at Laucha and we believe that it is possible that other vintage gliders may be found hidden away and that they will be restored. We hope that next year teams from the eastern part of the new united Germany will be with us with gliders, as certainly the enthusiasm is there. This year, all entry fees and some take-off tickets were given free to our members from the East. We were very pleased to be able to welcome our first Italian glider entry, an Uribel, brought by Carlo Antonio Zorzoli from Calcinato del Pesce, the home of the Orsis.

On every day, the flying was superb with a 4,500ft height limit due to controlled airspace, which is particularly extensive over Belgium. Due to this, cross-country flying was limited to towards, and into Holland, always respecting Eindhoven's Control Zone.

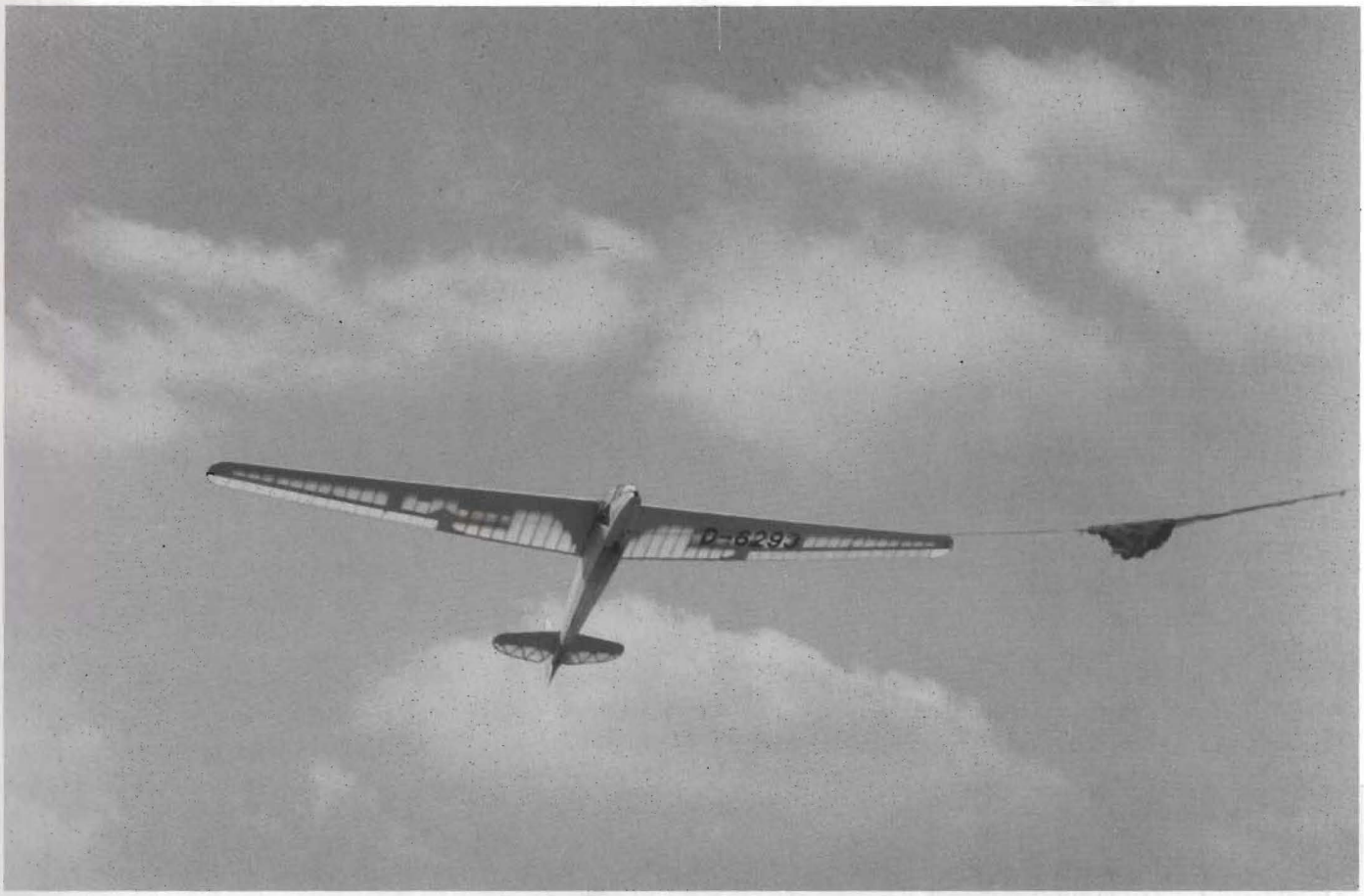
Many times when low over Holland, we wondered if there really were wires across Dutch fields and whether the next thermal would work to get us back to the Autobahn from Antwerp to Eindhoven from where, with sufficient height, it might just be possible to see the thin shining line of water representing the Prince Albert Canal, which would lead us home. We believe that although no tasks were set, there were out & return flights of at least 100 km in to Holland. There was only one out landing. This was by Werner Tschorn in his Weihe, 20 km away.

Statistics for the rally were a record. There were 920 flights representing 870 hours 18 minutes of flying time. This averages out at over 56 minutes per flight, which includes the many winch, bungee and autogyro launches. There were 621 aerotows, 261 winch launches, 10 bungee launches and 16 towed autogyro launches.

First Prize of the Rally (created by Imre Mitter of Hungary and awarded annually) was presented to Werner Tschorn for the second year in succession for a 6 hour 53 minute flight in his Weihe and for his cross-countries in the machine. He never flew it for less than five hours at a time. Jan Vermeer (Holland) flew his Prefect for 6 hours 30 minutes from a winch launch. David Kahn (Britain) flew his Weihe 50 on a 6 hour 18 minute duration flight and George Slot (Holland) flew the French restored JS Weihe for 6 hours 03 minutes. As these were the longest duration flights of the rally, this must reflect that the Weihe is one of the more comfortable vintage gliders to fly for long periods, but should not detract from the excellence of their pilots. The Belgian Specht made the most flights.

We were once again very happy and honoured to have with us the legendary Horten flying wing test pilot Heinz Scheidhauer. He flew the French Fauvel AV. 22 flying wing to 4,500ft and this gave him great pleasure. Also with us were David and Jenny Goldsmith and their family from Australia. They are important members of the Vintage Gliding Assn. (VGA) of Australia and have carried out many good flights which include cross-countries, in their Ka 6 and Hütter H. 17A in Australia. David has been working in Holland for the past year. We congratulate Camilla van Beugen for going solo in her late father's Goevier 3.

During the closing ceremony with the band playing and all the food and drink free, it was quite clear that this had been a tremendous rally and one of the best that we have ever had. Although some of our regular most important members were not with us this year, we hope that as this year's rally was such a success that next year they may be with us again for the 19th International Vintage Glider Rally at Schaffhausen in Switzerland.



Mü13d-1 winch launch, Keiheuvel. This is one of the oldest vintage gliders in Germany. *Photo by Ian Tunstall.*

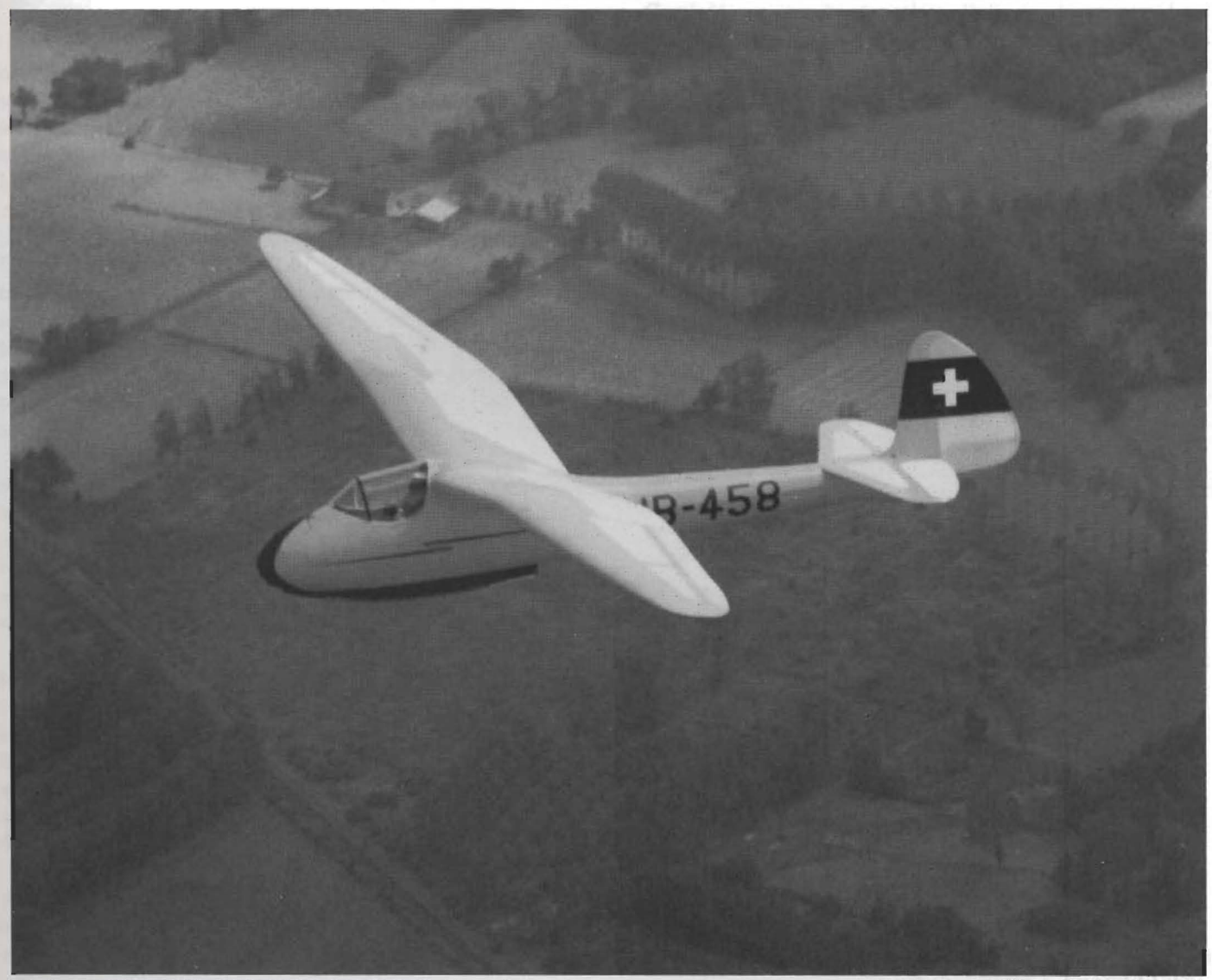


The Hungarian Rubik R22 1944 prototype Futar at Keiheuvel. For modellers, the rudder is red (top) white and green, all registration lettering in red, Phoenix on fin is dark blue, " High Technology Components IBO" is black, "Aeroclub Miskolc" is blue, and "Futar" on nose is red. *Photo by Ian Tunstall.*

List of entrants for the 18th International VGC Rally held at Keiheuvel, Belgium.

Austria		
OE-0362	L-Spatz	Franz Havlicek
Belgium		
OO-ZCN	Scheibe Specht	Roland d'Huart
OO-ZVO	Rhönbussard	Firmin Henrard
OO-ZMG	A-Spatz	Johan Hoebamx
OO-ZCW	B-Spatz	Gerard Maes
OO-DAC	Schweizer 2.22	Désiré Quaeyhagens
OO-ZMQ	T-31	Marcel Scheuremans
Czechoslovakia		
OK-2433	VF 16 Orlik	Ales Vladic
France		
F-CCFN	Bréguet 904	Pierre Plane
F-CCFR	Bréguet 904	Hugues Béslier
F-CARZ	Nord 2000	Jean-Maurice Keller
F-CRGN	Nord 1300	Didier Fulchiron
F-CRML	Castel 25 S	Jean-Paul Robin
F-CRMX	Weihe	Daniel Clément
F-CCGK	Fauvel AV 22	Christian Ravel
F-CBSM	Fauvel AV 36	Dominique Haguenauer
Germany		
D-1163	Minimoa	Paul Serries
D-5457	Grunau Baby 2	Frank Konsek
D-1080	Gö-4	Gisela Dreskornfeld
D-9026	Gö-1 Wolf	Otto Grau
D-9083	Doppelraab	Jürgen Etter
D-1078	Mg-19a	Mario Sells
D-1420	Meise	Jörg Ziller
D-6293	Mü-13 D1	Ernst Walter
D-6059	Cumulus 3f	Christian Kroll
D-4249	Grunau Baby 3	Christian Kroll
D-7080	Weihe 50	Werner Tschorn
Britain		
BGA 1736	T-31	Colin Anson
BGA 1412	T-31	David Shrimpton
BGA 2080	Meise 51	Thoby Fisher
BGA 3214	Eon Primary	Geoff Moore
BGA 310	Kirby Kite 1	Michael Maufe
D-8538	Condor 4	Mike Birch
BGA 2602	Weihe 50	Dave Kahn
BGA 442	Tutor	Michael Hodgson
BGA 2474	Moswey 3	Max Bacon
BGA 1030	T-21c	Ron Tarling
BGA 2277	Moswey 4a	Ted Hull
BGA 3229	T-31	Ian Smith
BGA 337	Rhönbussard	Chris Wills
Italy		
I-RORI	Uribel	Carlo Zorzoli
Holland		
PH-206	Gö-4	Camilla van Beugen
PH-213	Grunau Baby 2b	Evert Fekkes
PH-801	Grunau Baby 2b	Peter Deege

PH-885	T-38 Grasshopper	Henk Fennebeumer
PH-257	Benson B-8	Toine Schoenmakers
PH-207	Gö-4	Martin Louwinger
PH-167	Grunau Baby 2b	Rob Frishert
PH-118	Fokker ESG	Toon Frishert
PH-247	Rhönlerche 2	George Slot
PH-192	Prefect	Evert Vermeer
PH-214	Grunau Baby 2b	Neelco Osinga
G-FDQ	T-31	Jan Förster
Hungary		
HA-4059	R-22 Futar	Sandor Petö
Switzerland		
HB-744	T-31	Kurt Herzog
HB-732	L-Spatz 55	Jürg Wälty
HB-575	L-Spatz 55	Max Räz
HB-369	Spyr 5	Hugo Roth
HB-510	Spalinger S-18 3	Daniel Steffen
HB-411	Spalinger S-18 2	Willi Schwarzenbach
HB-690	Bergfalke 2 55	Fritz Fahrni
HB-458	Spalinger S-18 3	Peter Egger
USA		
N379HB	Moswey 3	Albert Uster



Spalinger S 18-3 of Peter Egger flying near Keiheuvel. *Photo by Ian Tunstall.*



Bob Neill and Bill Bedford, Chairman and Vice-chairman of the Midland Gliding Club, Long Mynd, who opened the National Rally.

Photo by Chris Wills.

VGC BRITISH NATIONAL RALLY.

This was held at the Midland Gliding Club on the Long Mynd from May 26th – June 3rd.

The weather for this was not ideal with the wind hardly ever on the slope. Whereas at a previous Long Mynd rally, almost all launches were by human power, this year we only managed to achieve one bungee launch and this ended after a valiant attempt at hill soaring, with the glider having to be landed in the field below. Otherwise, all launching was by winch, often cross-wind.

Entries were:

Kite 1	BGA 251	Bob Boyd.
Kite 1	BGA 310	Michael and Tony Maufe.
Kite 1	BGA 394	Ted Hull.
Grunau Baby 2A	BGA 277	John Smoker.
Ka-3	BGA?	John Smoker.
Cumulus	BGA?	Earl Duffin.
Falcon 1	BGA?	Mike Russell.
Tutor	BGA 442	Susy Blair-Mooring.
T. 21B	BGA?	David Cole and partners.
T. 21B	BGA 711	Blackpool & Fylde syndicate.
Eon Olympia	BGA 962	Michael Gagg.
Eon Olympia	BGA?	Midland Gliding Club syndicate.
Kranich 2B-1	BGA 964	C. Wills.
Moswey 4	BGA 2277	David Slobom.
Gobe	BGA?	Louis Rotter.
Skylark 4	BGA 988	K. Chichester.

(competition No. 190, ex Army Club, Lasham)

The VGC National Rally was opened on Sunday May 27th by Chris Gill, Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury, Bob Neill, the Midland Club's President and Bill Bedford, the Midland Club's Vice President, former tutor for the Empire Test Pilots' School at RAE Farnborough, Hawker Test Pilot and once holder of the British National and Height records in an Eon Olympia. In his speech, Bill Bedford reminisced about his distance record from Farnborough to near Newcastle. His records were: 257 miles (over 430km; Absolute Height: 21,340ft; Gain of Height: 19,120ft; from which he flew 193 miles (310km) in 230 minutes. The 257 miles were flown in 1951 but the latter height and speed records were flown on August 24th 1950, from which he won a Gold C and at least one Diamond. All this was in a standard Eon Olympia. He later became known as the Hawker Chief Test Pilot who tested the Harrier Jump Jet, which was years ahead of its time.

Chris Gill, on being approached by C. Wills, said that he would do all he could to find winter storage accommodation for vintage gliders in their trailers in his constituency, where he is particularly responsible for agriculture. Both Bill Bedford and Chris Gill had flights in a T. 21b and the latter became extremely enthusiastic about gliding. Bob Neill also made a speech to launch our rally.

During the first weekend, there was a south-easterly wind which brought cold air and thermals to 7,000ft. There were some extremely long and high flights by John Smoker in his GB 2A and by Ken Chichester in his Skylark 3. The wind turned westerly during the middle of the week but was not strong enough to allow successful hill soaring from bungee launches. (Although a good attempt was made by Bob Boyd.)

During the final weekend, a cold front came through which brought a very strong west wind after rain. By now, most of our members had gone home although the wind was a little strong for vintage gliders.

Chris Wills's Rhönbussard could not be brought due to C of A work. He therefore resolved to bring his Kranich 2B-1. This ran into trouble while attempting to ascend the Mynd. He therefore had to spend the first half of the week repairing the trailer, through the floor of which the glider descended (possibly due to a cattle grid), and the second half of the week working on glue failed ribs (possibly due to its trailer blowing over on the 25th of January), which were not evident until the glider was rigged. He would like to thank the Midland GC for lending him their workshop, Mike Russell for repairing the trailer, and Earl Duffin, who repaired the wing. To get the Kranich off the Mynd was victory enough and it received a C of A during the next week.

Earl Duffin and Chris, by their efforts on the Long Mynd, had saved an apparently glue-failed glider and had thus turned defeat into victory. Their morale was improved considerably when it was heard in the darkness of the workshop, that the Tutor from Husbands Bosworth, which had so cruelly been denied the first prize in last year's BGA Club Ladder decentralized contest, (by a change of the rules after it had won) had been landed in North Wales, from Bosworth. That its pilot was trying yet again to win, in spite of the changed rules, gave us courage to continue the struggle for the Kranich. Actually, it was not Norman James flying the Tutor this time (he had emigrated to France), but another member of that heroic band of Bosworth flyers, Keith Nurcombe.

Another machine that had especially long duration flights was the Ka-2, flown by Pete and Jill Harmer from Farnborough. However, the longest distance flight, we believe, was achieved during the good thermal conditions of the first weekend, by Michael Gagg in his Eon Olympia, which was flown over a large area of England and Wales around the Mynd. We thought therefore, that he deserved the Rodi Morgan Plate for the best flight in the VGC Annual Rally.



Geoff Moore our hard-working Rally Secretary and Jane Ballard during the second Lasham rally in excellent weather on 8th–9th September.

Photo by Chris Wills.

Mike Gagg with his EoN Olympia at the Dunstable meeting on September 22nd.

Photo by Chris Wills.



HISTORIC SAILPLANE GROUP

The first Meeting of the **"The Historic Sailplane Group at Dunstable"** was held at the London Gliding Club from the 22nd – 24th of September 1990.

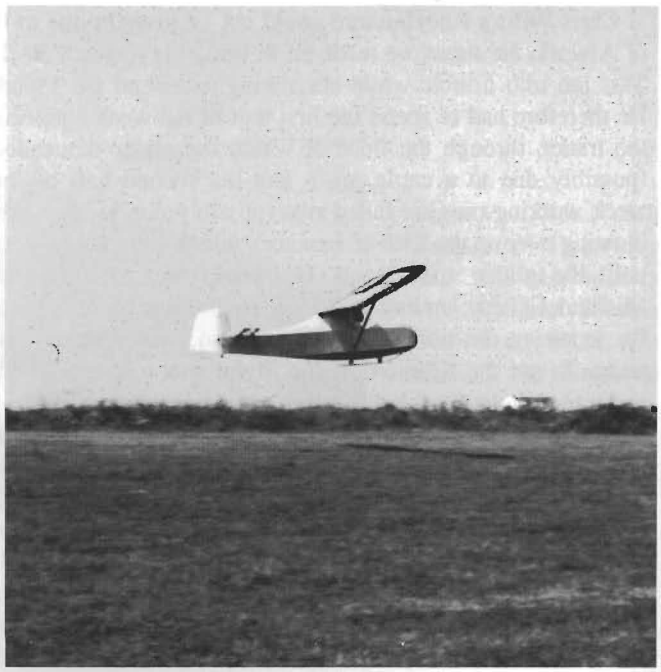
Mike Beach has instigated this group as there are now well over 40 prewar-designed gliders based at Dunstable and still more are coming. The Group was formed for the following reasons.

1. As a safeguard for the London Gliding Club. The aim was to ensure increased security for the future.
2. To collect together the maximum knowledge in the operation, maintenance and flying of historic sailplanes.
3. To gain credibility in the operation of early gliders working towards a possible airshow involvement.
4. To ensure Dunstable is given full recognition and its background recognised.

The opinion they have formed is that they want to emphasise prewar (1939) designed gliders as they feel that this would be most productive to their aims. They would possibly consider a few types of prewar style/design that were flown just after the war but a firm line is to be taken on this- as the VGC also exists to cater for the postwar enthusiasts. The H.S.G. exists to help Dunstable and earlier designs...

Mike Beach.

(Actually, the VGC was formed exactly to preserve those prewar designs, and postwar copies of them, as described above... CW)



Hütter H17a BGA 3661. It has now been flown for many hours by John Lee and its owner Will Stoney. At a mere 170lb it is the lightest of the three airworthy H17s in Britain.

Photo by Chris Wills

Mike Beach's immaculate Hols der Teufel "Anfänger" seen at Dunstable on September 22nd. Mike is seated in it. Behind is the H17a, also new.

Photo by Chris Wills.



In the above rally from the 22nd–24th September, the following sailplanes and their owners took part.: -

Kite 1	BGA 394	Ted Hull.
T. 31	BGA 3229	Ian Smith.
Eon Olympia	BGA 795	Sue Blair Mooring and Ken Maynard.
T. 31	BGA 3487	Richard Abrahams.
T. 31	BGA 3487	Mike Beach.
Hols der Teufel (Anfanger)	BGA?	Mike Beach.
Hütter H. 17	BGA 3661	John Lee and Will Stoney.
Rhönsperber	BGA 260	Francis Russell.
Eon Olympia 2b	BGA 962	Mike Gagg.
Kite 1	BGA 400	Dick Hadlow and Peter Underwood.

(This aircraft was rigged in the hangar but had no fabric covering.)

Grunau Baby 2b-2	BGA 578	Mike Challinor.
FW Weihe 50	BGA 2602	David Kahn and Francis Russell.
Mu 13d-3	BGA 2267	Geoff Moore.

Amongst the visitors to the rally were Edward Mole, John Sproule, Frank Costain, Martin and Jeane Simons, with Ulli Seegers and Rainer Willeke from Germany.

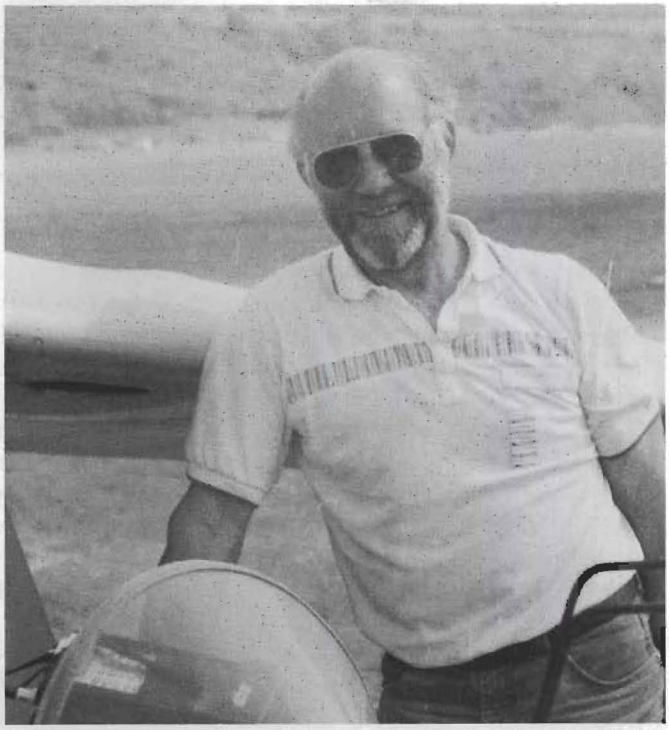
The hangar was (almost) cleared for vintage gliders as 30 of the regular club gliders were at Aboyne. A very interesting exhibition of historical photographs was set up by Ted Hull in the clubhouse restaurant, and a tea was laid on after the rally was over.

A fine exhibition certificate in period style signed by Edward Mole and by John Sproule and with the Historic Sailplane Group's sticker was presented as a souvenir to all participants. Even a light 30lb winch cable was installed on the 6th drum of the van Gelder winch, as it was felt that the 100lb cables now used on the new winches for modern gliders might through their weight exert too much of a down-pull on the forward nose hooks installed on some vintage gliders. As there are so many vintage gliders at Dunstable, this light cable may be a permanent installation.

Only the weather did not play its part, with cold damp air which sometimes provided rainstorms and even thunderstorms, with lightning. However, the rain did hold off for most of the time and a very light wind was on the hill. This allowed some hill soaring for limited duration but very little thermal soaring was possible.

Of particular interest were the first winch launches of Mike Beach's Hols der Teufel. It could not be soared because of the weather conditions. It has no instruments installed yet. Mike Beach commented favourably on its flight handling. Judging by the batteries of cameras, it caused a tremendously good impression, as a period piece, not seen at Dunstable since the early 1930 s.

It is a masterpiece of recreation and it was possible to take photographs of it and the H. 17 with the Dunstable hill in the background, both with their varnished plywood and clear doped fabric, which should have all the atmosphere of the early 1930s. Yesterday had indeed returned. The H. 17 revealed a hill soaring capability rather better than that of a solo flown T. 31, but, of course, the Mu 13d-3 was highest of them all. The Historic Sailplane Group at Dunstable has got off to a good start and we hope that it will go a long way.



Last year's hero, Norman James who astounded us with his magnificent flights in the Tutor. here seen after arrival at Dunstable, having flown in from Husbands Bosworth.
Photo by Chris Wills.

The Vintage Glider Club

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DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

These Club Jubilee events were not VGC organised events but our aircraft and their owners were invited to be present to give historical atmosphere.

The **London Gliding Club's 60th Anniversary Rally** on Saturday the 30th of June.

A strong wind from the south west with rainstorms greeted this event with the wind blowing along the Dunstable slope. Although good cumuli with lift were coming through, the 30 knot wind deemed it unwise to launch any but the newest and fastest vintage gliders.

The day opened with Francis Russell patrolling the skies in his Glasflügel 604 on breakfast patrol to stop gliders from other clubs getting through for a free breakfast. Apparently two did? Guests arrived at midday in a rainstorm to be greeted by a forest of ribbon designed to contain thousands of cars. The only problem was how to get a glider onto the field for rigging.

Because of the rain, everyone congregated in the new aeroplane hangar where the situation was saved by Ted Hull who, with full VGC archival support and much else, had produced a magnificent photograph, film and continuous slide show revealing the London Club before the war. However, while everyone was in there, at least one designer/pilot from before the war arrived to find no-one he knew and turned round to go home making a journey of at least 200 miles to no avail.

At 1300 hours the rain stopped and it was announced that flying would start. This produced a rush to the grid or a panic rig. At last all aircraft were lined up on the grid to await 2+ hours of winch launching, simple circuits, before a landing in front of seated guests. All thought of soaring was forbidden. It had been intended to reveal a pageant of gliders through the ages, seen at the London Club during its long history from SG. 38 to the ASH 25 (although no SG 38 was ever at the LGC before the war). The only two sailplanes present which had been at the LGC before the war were the Rhönbussard, BGA 337, which belonged to Joan Price, and had come 6th in the 1938 National Contests there, and the Rhönsperber, BGA 260, which, arriving at the LGC in 1936, had won, in the hands of its owner, Kit Nicholson, the 1938 National Contest at Dunstable.

Because of the strong wind, both of the first two take-off waves were stood down. Of the old gliders, only the Olympia 460 (Ian Smith), the SKY (Brian Middleton), the SKY (Richard Moyse), the Weihe 50 (Francis Russell), T. 31 (Francis Russell), and Moswey 4 (Ted Hull), were allowed to fly. All other vintage gliders present... Prefect (Adam Downey), Rhönbussard (C. Wills), Rhönsperber (Richard Brown), Kite I (Michael and Tony Maufe), Eon Olympia (Sue Blair-Mooring and Ken Maynard), Grunau Baby 2b-2 (Mike Challinor) did not fly.

There followed in the evening a dinner in the hangar accompanied with live music from a Glen Miller type band. We gather that flying was attempted again on the next day but that the weather was no better.



Hütter H17a BGA 3661 and Kranich 2B-1 BGA 964 taking part in the Southdown Club's 60th Jubilee on 13th September at Parham. Ted Hull's Kite 1 BGA 394 can be seen in the background. *Photo by Chris Wills.*



President: Chris Wills
Wings
The Street
Ewelme
Oxford OX9 6HQ

Secretary: Robin Traves
Rose View
Marden Road
Staplehurst
Kent TN12 0JG

The Club arose from the wish of the vintage glider owners at the very successful first International Vintage Glider Rally at Husbands Bosworth in 1973 to encourage the preservation of worthy gliders of the past, particularly by the ownership and active flying of these machines.

Associate membership is available to those who wish to support the activities of the club, and Associate members are very welcome at Rallies.

Rallies are organised in conjunction with local groups several times each year, and International Rallies are held annually in sequence. Cross country flying on suitable tasks is arranged.

A quarterly magazine is issued to members, and there are occasional technical articles about gliders of historic interest.

The club endeavours to keep subscriptions as low as possible but those that can afford it are encouraged to make donations towards the running costs of the club.

☐ **Membership No.**

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM (1991)

I wish to renew/apply for Owner/Associate membership of the club, and enclose remittance for:

		£	
Initial Membership fee	☐	3.00	
Annual subscription	☐	10.00	(Great Britain)
Annual subscription	☐	11.00	(Europe)
Annual subscription	☐	15.00	(Rest of the world to cover airmail postage)
Donation	☐	_____	
Total		_____	

Overseas members are requested to pay by Girocheque, Eurocheque or banker's order. Cheques drawn on foreign bank accounts ***cannot be accepted.***

For all members (block capitals or typewritten please)

Your name _____

Tel. no _____

Address _____

Gliding or soaring club (or other aero club) _____

Your gliding and/or PPL qualification _____

Trade or profession _____

please turn over

PLEASE NOTE:

a) **Membership is individual (not by syndicate).**

b) Owner membership is either sole ownership or ownership in a syndicate.

c) Club owned aircraft are accepted as though the club were a single owner.

d) Unless b) or c) apply, associate membership is applicable.

e) The club reserves the right through the committee to accept or decline any particular glider for owner membership.

The club would be pleased to have fuller details of your glider(s) on a separate sheet, enclosed with this form

---

For owner members (block capitals or typewritten please)

Type of glider _____

Maker and date _____

Registration _____

Other numbers _____

Colour scheme _____

Where normally flown _____

Other owner(s) _____

Condition (airworthy/under repair/refurbishing/museum exhibit) *(delete where applicable)*

Note:
The club records are on computer file. So that we keep within the British Law (Data Protection Act 1984) please sign opposite:

I have no objection to my VGC membership record being held on a computer file:

Signed _____

Please post with your remittance to:
Peter Woodcock, Membership Secretary, 61 Matlock Road, Sheffield S6 3RQ.

ORDER FORM

	no req	£
Adhesive badges @ £0.40 each. Blue motif on silver 3" dia. Four types: Front glued for sticking inside windscreen		
1 'Vintage Glider Club'	☐	____
2 'Vintage Glider Club Member'	☐	____
Back glued for sticking on glider etc.		
3 'Vintage Glider Club'	☐	____
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Cloth badges @ £1.20 each. Blue motif on silver-grey. 2.75" dia.	☐	____
Metal lapel badges @ £1.50 each. Silver-coloured motif on blue enamel. 0.625" dia.	☐	____
Brooches @ £2.00 each. Blue and white enamel. 1.125" dia.	☐	____
Key rings @ £3.00 each. As Brooch on black leather fob.	☐	____
Key cases @ £3.50 each. As above on black leather case.	☐	____
Paperweights @ £4.50 each. Design as brooch, mounted on white Carrara marble. 2" square.	☐	____
Tankards @ £21.00 each Heavy gauge pewter with glass base and motif as brooch. One pint.	☐	____
½ pint tankards, pewter, motif as brooch. £15.00 each.	☐	____
Large Postcards (4 designs). £0.25 each.	☐	____
Pom-pom knitted hats in different colours. £3.50 each.	☐	____
Pencils @ £0.15 each. Dark blue with silver motif and 'Vintage Glider Club'.	☐	____
Ball points @ £0.75 each. Light blue, printed as pencils, retractable.	☐	____
'Pentel Sharplet' automatic pencils @ £0.75 each. 0.7 mm leads. Light blue, printed as above	☐	____
'Pentel Rollerball' pens @ £0.75 each.	☐	____
Sub-total		____

	no req	£
Sub-total b/f		____
Ties @ £4.50 each. White motif woven in coloured tie. Green (vert, grün)	☐	____
Maroon (marron, rotbraun)	☐	____
Navy (bleu foncé, dunkelblau)	☐	____
Tee-shirts, white with blue motif 8.5" dia. Child's size £3.25 each: Chest 32" 80cm	☐	____
Adult sizes £4.00 each: S 34-36" 85-90cm	☐	____
M 38" 95cm	☐	____
L 40" 100cm	☐	____
XL 42" 105cm+	☐	____
XXL £4.50	☐	____
Crew-necked sweat shirts @ £9.00 each. Grey with blue motif and piping at shoulder seam. S	☐	____
M	☐	____
L	☐	____
XL	☐	____
XXL £10.00	☐	____
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Each sweat-shirt or tankard 75p (£1.40)		____
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Small quantity adhesive and cloth badges 25p (50p)		____
Small quantity other small items 35p (70p)		____
Total		____

Cheques should be payable to 'Vintage Glider Club' in sterling, drawn on a British bank, or Eurocheques payable in sterling.

I enclose the sum of _____

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Please send to:
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All orders should include postage.

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Cheques should be payable to 'Vintage Glider Club' in sterling, drawn on a British bank, or Eurocheques payable in sterling.

From the Secretary:

Robin Traves
Rose View
Marden Road
STAPLEHURST
Kent
TN12 0JG

60th Jubilee of the Southdown Club.
This was celebrated at Parham Airfield on Thursday the 13th of September.

It was in Sussex that some of the earliest glider flying in Britain took place. Jose Weiss built his gliders nearby and the 16-year-old Eric Gordon England flew one of them for 58 seconds from the hill above Amberley for the world's first soaring flight in 1909. Then, there was the legendary Itford Hill International Contest of 1922, the first gliding meeting ever held in Britain, when the world's duration record of over 3 hours 41 minutes was set, and the contest won, by the Frenchman Maneyrol. So much history, and now the club is almost entirely surrounded by controlled airspace. The great day was celebrated by a magnificent lunch which went on for some hours, to which some very important people had been invited to stress how vitally important it was for the club to exist and to have more airspace. Guests included John Simpson, President of the Royal Aero Club of the UK, Tom Zeally, vice-President of the Aero Club, (Both had been Chairmen and Presidents of the BGA), Peter Yarranton, the Chairman of the Sports Council, the Lady Mayoress, and the owner of the land from which the Club flies. The lunch was held in a large tent. All had been organised by Joan Cloke MBE, the Southdown Club's Chairman. The VGC was invited to furnish three vintage sailplanes for the line-up. These were the new Hütter H. 17A (John Lee), the Kite 1 (Ted Hull) and the Kranich 2B-1 (Chris Wills).

The weather was extremely fine but only the Hütter H. 17a was able to fly, but alas, too late to find lift. We understand that the Kite 1 did have some flying on the day before, and the Hütter flew for over an hour on the day afterwards. The Thursday was a day for the guests. They were flown and we were on static display. We hope for the Southdown Club that the day was a political success and that much goodwill come to the club from it.

Josée Moseley Williams, the daughter of Jose Weiss, who herself is a glider pilot and VGC member, was one of the guests.

LASHAM VGC CENTRE WEEKEND RALLY
8th – 9th September 1990.

This was held during a weekend of splendid weather marred only slightly by it being the final weekend of the Farnborough Air Show. This prevented any flying to the north and to the east of the site and no flying above 2,900ft over the site. Nevertheless all launches to a point south of Lasham always seemed to contact lift. A light south-east wind then drifted gliders to the south-west but this did not matter as the lift was very strong to 4,500ft. This allowed pilots to get back into wind from as far away as Winchester. It is an ill wind that brings no-one any good. Because of the Farnborough Air Display, we were able witness some superb formation aerobatics which included "mirror flight" by two German flown vintage LO 100 sailplanes. The pair of LO 100s were based at Lasham and were towed behind one CAP 10 to give their displays at Farnborough every day. It was on their return that they gave us the finest aerobatic displays that we have ever seen. For this weekend, Lasham seemed to sparkle and left us in no doubt that it would be an excellent site with its superb thermals, for national and international vintage rallies, although it does not have a hill.

The pair of LO 100s did much to add sparkle to this brilliant weekend. Their pilots were Ludwig Fuss and Benno Weiss and their team is known as the Synchron Flyers from Munich University. Both aircraft were towed in one closed trailer from Munich.

The Lasham VGC Centre has been created with much hard work by our Lasham VGC members, who were naturally hoping for a good turn-out. Apart from being well attended by our Lasham members and their machines, only a few members with their gliders attended from outside Lasham. So it could be said that the rally was not well subscribed. However, John Lee with his sensational Hütter H. 17A appeared and joined Lasham and us on the spot.



H17a and Hols der Teufel "Anfänger" at Dunstable, September 22nd.
Photo by Chris Wills.

Gliders attending the rally were:

Prefect	BGA 701	Graham Saw and Mike Birch.
Kirby Kite 1	BGA 394	Ted Hull.
Kranich 2b-1	BGA 964	C. Wills.
Swallow	BGA 3469	David Shrimpton and Margaret James.
SKY	BGA 685 (First prototype)	Richard Moyse.
Olympia 465	BGA 1288	Keith Green, Mark Wills. (This machine was flown by Tony Dean-Drummond in the South Cerney World Championships.)
T. 31	BGA 3229	Lasham Syndicate.
Hütter H. 17A	BGA 3661	John Lee. (This aircraft has only just been built, and another may follow it.)
T. 21C	BGA 1030	John Light and syndicate.
Olympia 463	BGA 1373	Ian Smith, Ray Whitaker, Vic Marshall.
Skylark 3F	BGA 920	Ron Hendry.
Jaskolka	BGA 2512	Peter Brown. This is one of three examples of this famous Polish record breaker in Britain. Others are at Ringmer and Keevil. It is believed that this is the last airworthy one in Britain but the others may not be in bad condition. The one at Ringmer was blown over in its trailer for the second time in two years on January 25th but there was every intention of repairing it. None of the type still exist in Poland. (Unless they are at the Krakow Museum). BGA 2512 was unexpectedly flown into Lasham on an into wind cross-country from Lee on Solent which is an RN gliding club.

Also the Jaskolka made an unscheduled arrival by air on the Sunday. We hope that all this and Chris Wills spending a (comfortable) night on the floor of the VGC centre will have made our Lasham members think that their effort was worthwhile. Certainly the barbecue on Saturday night complete with apple crumble (by Jane Ballard) was really something! We are all looking forward to our week-long annual VGC National Rally at Lasham next year. We are sure that it will be a tremendous success.

We thank our Lasham members for giving us such hospitality, a super barbecue on Saturday night which was attended by the two German aerobatic Lo 100 pilots (who refrained from eating anything in order to guard their weights) and for allowing us to hold a sort of regional AGM where it was fairly definitely agreed that after 17 years, we ought to have a Chairman, Committee and a Constitution.



The only Moswey 4A ever built, though a reduced-span Moswey 4 was recently returned to Switzerland from South Africa. Here we see Ted Hull flying his machine during the International Rally in Belgium.

Photo by Ian Tunstall.

SLINGSBY RALLY

This was held by courtesy of the Yorkshire Gliding Club on Sutton Bank during the week 25th August – 2nd September 1990. It was the third Slingsby Rally, the previous two having been held during the preceding two years. The rally was open to all Slingsby designed sailplanes but other vintage sailplanes were also allowed to take part. Unfortunately Mrs Slingsby was for the first time not able to be present through having been ill. We all missed her very much.

There were so many Slingsby designed sailplanes present that it may not be possible to list them all as many left, or were not flown, at different times during the week.

The weather started warm and misty with only weak lift. This changed with the arrival of a cold front with thunderstorms on Tuesday night when there was a similar drop in temperature of some 30 degrees F to that which we experienced at Rufforth. Incidentally this was the first rain some of us from the south of Britain had experienced for months. Wednesday was probably the best day with hill lift, thermals and possibly weak wave lift to cloudbase at about 3,000ft above site. Probably the longest duration flight was by David Stabler in the Dart 15, BGA 1268, which was once owned and flown in the National Contests by Gerry Burgess. On this day it was flown for over seven hours.

Gliders taking part were:

Glider	Registration	Owner	Slingsby Type	
Replica Falcon 1	BGA?	Mike Russell	Type 1	1931
Kite 1	BGA 251	Bob Boyd	Type 6	1935
Kite 1	BGA 310	Michael and Tony Maufe		
Tutor	BGA 904	David Chaplin	Type 8	1937
Gull I	BGA 378	Tony Smallwood	Type 12	1938
T. 21b	BGA 1081	Keith Nurcombe	Type 21	1944
T. 21b	BGA 711	Blackpool & Fylde Syndicate		
T. 21b	BGA 886	Norfolk GC syndicate		
T. 21b	BGA 945	Yorkshire Club Syndicate		
T. 31	BGA 3229	Ian Smith and syndicate	Type 31	1949
T. 31	BGA 3487	Richard Abrahams		
SKY	BGA 698	Brian Middleton	Type 34	1950
SKY	BGA 686	Peter Teagle		
Skylark 2	BGA 872	John Gamage	Type 41	1953
Skylark 3	BGA 988	K. Chichester and partner	Type 43	1955
Swallow	BGA 1165	Roger Smalley	Type 45	1957
Skylark 4	BGA 1050	R. Graham	Type 50	1961
Skylark 4	BGA 1103	Rex Garland		
Skylark 4	BGA 1210	Arthur Jones		
Dart 15	BGA 1248	David Stabler	Type 51	1963
Dart 15	BGA 1207	J. Moore		
Dart 17R	BGA 1356	Allen Ely		1964
Kestrel	BGA 2047	Trevor Moss	Type 59	1970
Vega	BGA 2467	M. Carter	Type 65	

Apart from the above Slingsby designed sailplanes, also taking part were the following foreign designed sailplanes:

Rhönbussard	BGA 337	C. Wills
Moswey 4A	BGA 2277	Ted Hull
Bréguet 905 Fauvette	BGA 2844	Peter Woodcock and Robin Traves
Mü 13d-3	BGA 2267	Geoff Moore
M 100 S	BGA 3150	John Edwards
Grunau Baby 2A	BGA 277	Ken Harris, Bob Collison, Trevor Moss
Grunau Baby 2b-2	BGA 578	Mike Challinor

As can be noticed, the entry was very considerable and is an example of what might happen to the entry of an international rally should we decrease our age limit. There was no formal organisation and the Slingsby designs all had a week of relaxed flying over the idyllic North Yorkshire countryside which has to be experienced to be believed. This was the second Slingsby Rally and was such a success that it looks as if the event is here to stay at Sutton Bank, which is so close to where the Slingsby designs were created. These were the designs that gave British Gliding all the gliders it needed from its creation in 1930 and during the 25 years after the war. They were good, strong, durable sailplanes which suited the conditions in Britain where the weather was often wet and windy and there are almost no hangars for gliders. So British Gliding owes Fred Slingsby much and its looks as if his gliders will last for still many years to come.

The weather during the 1990 Slingsby week was not outstandingly good. Nevertheless, hill soaring on most days was possible (even the White Horse slope was soared over). There were thermals to about 3,000ft but waves did not quite make themselves evident. We hope for better luck with the waves next year.

We thank the Yorkshire Gliding Club for providing the event, and for its warm hospitality. Our thanks go particularly to its Chairman, David Chaplin, who has always made us very welcome.

VGC WEEKEND RALLY AT WYCOMBE AIR PARK,
11th – 12th August 1990.

This was organised in conjunction with a Vintage Lagonda Car Rally in good gliding weather by Graham Saw with full support by Mike Birch.

The following vintage gliders attended:

Rhönbussard	BGA 337.	Steve White and C. Wills.
Mg 19A	BGA 2903	John Pressland and C. Wills
Condor 4	BGA 2292	Mike Birch and Graham Saw
Ka-2	BGA 2147	Peter and Jill Harmer
King Kite	BGA 2769	David Jones
Prefect	BGA 701	Booker GC.
T. 21B	BGA 2903	Booker GC.
Gull 1*	BGA 378	

*This was flown in by its owner Tony Smallwood and then flown out again by Tim Harrison. So it only attended the rally for a brief period on the Sunday. Nevertheless, it was good to see a vintage machine actually in the process of a cross-country.

On Saturday, 5 Lagondas visited, and on Sunday, 4 Lagondas visited. The weather was good during the two days and allowed prolonged soaring flights over the beautiful Chiltern Hills as far as Wallingford and Henley on Thames. All gliders spent many hours in the air. Mike Birch's camper-van was a centre for all members, where they were supplied with many cups of tea (and tins of beer). We have never seen so many people lifting one Condor wing and the table laid with white cloth for a banquet in the sun. All this will bring back memories of a splendid vintage glider rally. We were put only a little in the shade by an ASH 25 doing an over 700 km out & return to Cornwall from Wycombe Air Park.



Mike Birch's Condor 4 on 11th August at the Wycombe Air Park Rally in good weather. The proud owner is seen on the left. The Mg19a is behind.

Photo by Chris Wills.

Our thanks go to Graham Saw and Mike Birch and to WAP for giving such a fine weekend. Our thanks must also go to the Red Baron Restaurant for giving us a barbecue on Saturday night.

CAMPHILL WEEKEND

The Derby & Lancashire Gliding Club very kindly took on the task of hosting our Annual Dinner and Prize Giving on Saturday the 29th of September 1990 on the instigation of Peter Woodcock, our Membership Secretary and Sales Manager, and Sally Shepard, our Archivist. We thank the Derby & Lancs Club for having us and Peter and Sally for organizing the event. Our particular thanks go to Sylvia McKenzie for giving us such an excellent meal and to Bernard Thomas, one of the last two surviving founder members of the club (founded in late 1935) for being our Guest of Honour. The occasion was also very much enhanced by the presence of Camilla van Beugen and Ton and Jan Förster from Holland, and by Jarka and Petr Hanackovi from Czechoslovakia.

During the Prize Giving, it was possible to present a bottle of wine and a necklace from Hungary to Sylvia McKenzie, bottles of wine and flowers to Camilla, Ton and Jan, and chocolates to Jarka and Petr, and bottle of wine to Peter and Sally (flowers to the latter) and the Alice Anson Windsock Trophy to our Guest of Honour.

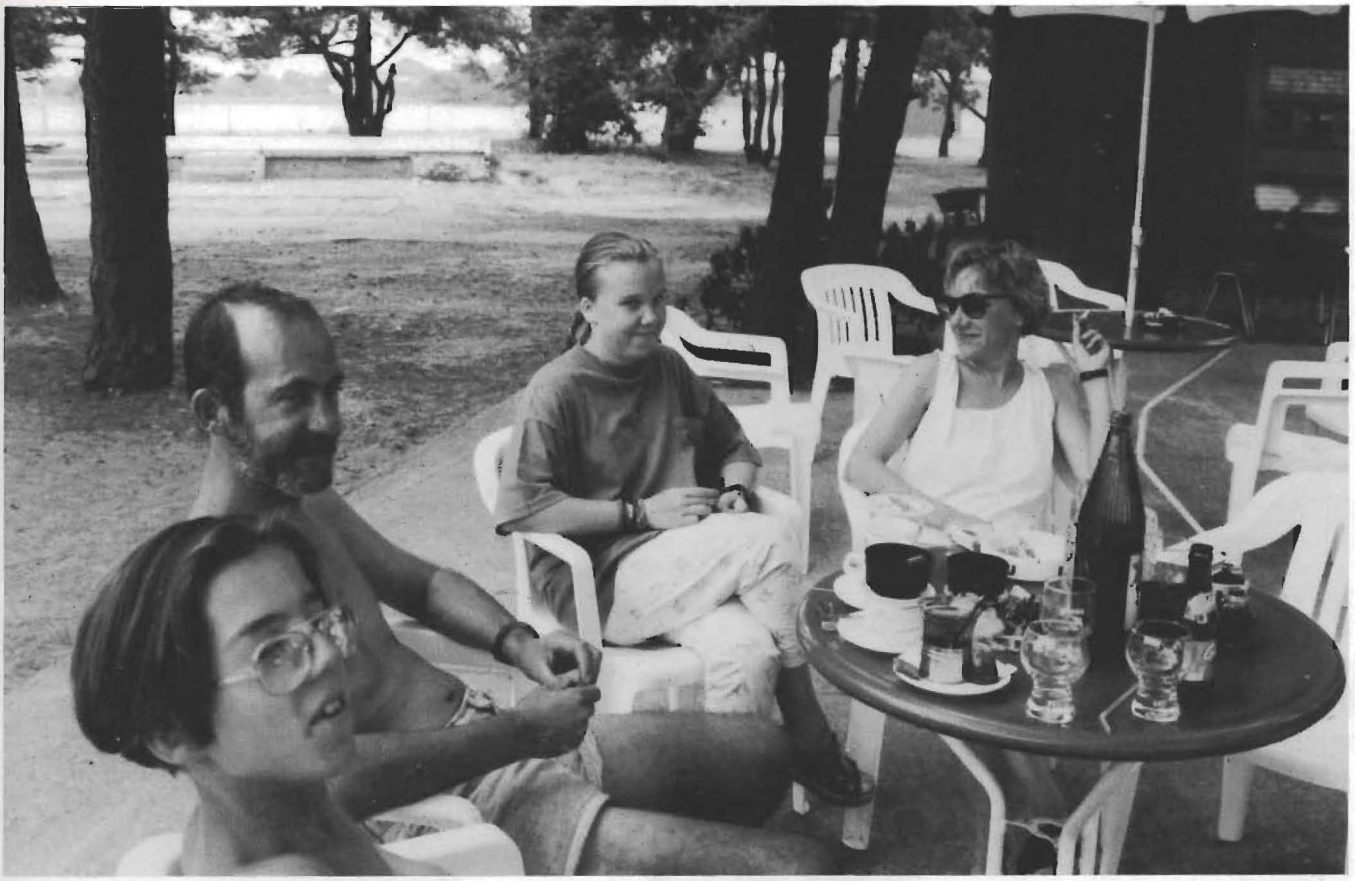
The Prizes awarded to our members for their fantastic achievements in restoration and building again of old gliders, and for their performances flying them, during 1990 are described elsewhere in the editorial of this VGC News. No less than 70 of our members, and others, attended the dinner.

Unfortunately the weather did not match the occasion, there being grey skies and some rain... although a light wind was on the West Slope. Nevertheless, the Camphill Club's well-known hospitality and spirit were there.

The following vintage gliders were brought by their owners.

The Harbinger	BGA 1041	Austen Wood and Bob Sharman.
JS Weihe (Swedish 1943)	BGA 1021	Don Beech and Barry Briggs.
DFS Kranich 2b-1 (Swedish 1944)	BGA 964	C. Wills, Jarka and Petr Hanackovi.
Eon Olympia	BGA 1417	Garry Moden and Brian Roberts.
Slingsby SKY	BGA 686	Peter Teagle.

Only the SKY and the Harbinger were flown on extended winch circuits. We gather that the Harbinger had been flown at Camphill during the preceding week.



Johan Kieckens, his wife Ingrid and children. His organisation of the International Rally was magnificent. We thank him and all his helpers. *Photo by Chris Wills.*



On the right, Patrick Govers, an instructor from the Aero Club Keiheuvel, who ran the Rally and take-off point. we thank him for his hard work and will never forget his kindness and diplomacy. *Photo by Chris Wills.*



A Dutch Goevier 3 with a new "original" canopy. (C.Wills has drawings for this.) Behind is the 1944 prototype Futar and the fin and rudder of the Spyr 5. *Photo by Chris Wills.*

KEIHEUVEL 1990 by Susy Mooring

Flying, as one famous and oft-qoted bard puts it, is bloody dangerous. I have discovered that its spin-off activities can be equally perilous: in this case I refer to the occupation of half-baked amateur journalism, which I practise periodically in the London G. C. Gazette.

The previous year's international rally report on Hungary was pirated by the VGC magazine and subsequently pounced upon and ground into tiny little bits by the President (may his turnbuckles slacken and his pins be lost in the grass), and so I have decided to begin this year's article with a disclaimer:

NOTHING I AM ABOUT TO WRITE IS TRUE

Or I could put it more simply:

DON'T SHOW THIS ARTICLE TO CHRIS WILLS

There! Now are you sitting comfortably?

I have never particularly wished to visit Belgium before, merely regarding it as the long bit before you get to Germany. Apart from vague quivers of anticipation as to the beer, and a mild curiosity to see whether the paté mountains were soarable in a south-westerly, I had no idea what to expect.

For glider-minded tourists, therefore, here is a brief guide to Belgium:

1. The beer is terrific in all its awesome variety. I know. I have tested it to destruction. One hears that the quality owes much to the monastic traditions of brewing, in which case religion wasn't a complete waste of time after all!

2. There are no paté mountains, in fact, no mountains at all. There are plenty of lakes and canals, but whether they are filled with water or EEC surplus wine I couldn't say.

3. The Belgians build all their airfields aligned SW/NE, which in the prevailing northwesterly makes them 100 yards long and 880 yards wide.

4. Chips with mayonnaise are perfectly nice.

5. There are no out-landable fields.



Carlo Zorzoli and his Uribel at Keiheuvel. The first Italian glider and pilot to enter an International Vintage Glider Rally.

Photo by Chris Wills.

And now, while the Belgian Tourist Board scratch their heads and contemplate all the paper they could have saved if they'd asked me first, let's get on with the rally.

It was every bit as good as Hungary. The atmosphere was wonderful: Europe without squabbles! It seems remarkably easy. Our hosts had done their bit towards camaraderie and fellow feeling by setting up a dashingly bi-sexual bathroom facility. The ladies had to walk through the gent's showers to reach their sanctum. This was good fun, and I wished I had brought a measuring tape. There were, of course, shower curtains, but one hoped for introductions by braille. The loos were even more spectacularly chummy: one's matutinal contemplations were much enhanced by wondering who was in Trap 2, and whether it was Mr. Handsome whom one had been chatting up the night before, in which case that 8-knotter one had just let go wasn't going to do the image a lot of good...

Another pleasant idea was moving the international evening to the beginning of the rally instead of keeping it to the end. The principle was that everyone should loosen up and meet one another first. I'm not sure that my biting a Belgian policeman on the bottom was quite what they had in mind, but I was told he joined the VGC the following morning, so it must have had a good effect. I blame the Hungarian Schnapps – and hope to have the opportunity to blame it for more outrages on future occasions.

However, there's more to the Belgians than a talent for frolicsome sewerage and administering grog. Their management of the airfield was very professional; their briefings coherent and useful; and their observation of sporadic transgressions unnervingly accurate. Aerotow speeds were spot-on and communications with the winch were brisk. This, coupled with very thermic conditions, made for most enjoyable flying.



Two of our older members, Bjarne Reier (L) from Norway and Heinz Scheidhauer, (R) the Horten flying wing test pilot, at Keiheuvel.

Photo by Ian Tunstall.



Chris Wills with Frank Konsek, whose pre-war Espenlaub-built Grunau Baby 2B took first restoration prize.

Photo by Fried Wevers.

The Weihes swept the board for flight durations. There were three primaries to administer the short sharp shock, and some very exotic two-seaters, all of which seemed to perform very well.

Mike Birch from Booker brought his recently-acquired Condor 4. Unfortunately one night, the name, painted on the side of the nose was adulterated by altering the "r" to an "m". This was thought to be the work of a family of disgruntled pigmy shrews callously evicted by Mike Hodgson from his tent where they had set up home. Pygmy shrews are obviously tough customers, not to be tangled with by the unwary. Mr. Hodgson will have to look sharp if he is to move into the property management business.

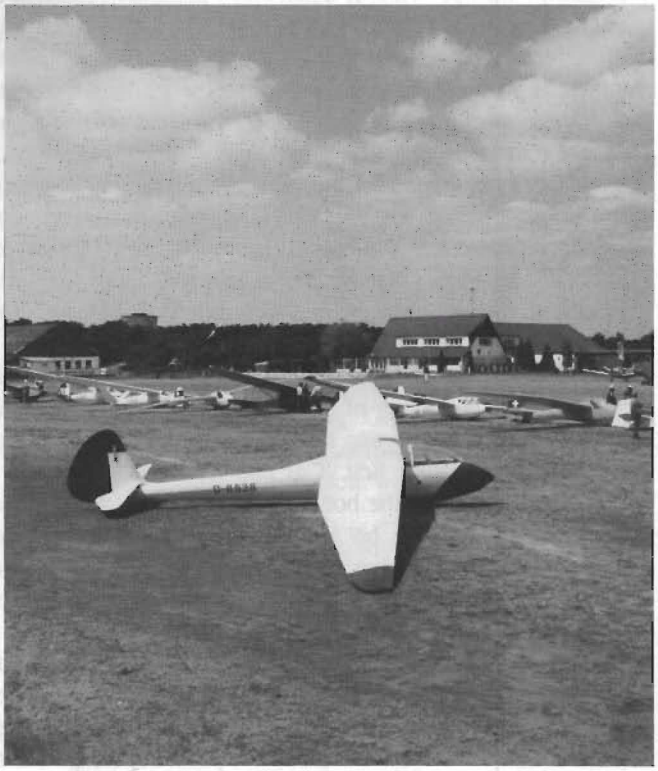
Airspace was fairly restricted, owing not least to the presence of an active military airfield to the north-east, but relations between them and the club were good, and they ceased overflying the airfield once gliding had started. We were treated one morning to a fantastically low beat-up by an F-16, flown apparently by a Keiheuvel club member. Anywhere other than an airfield would have seethed with people shaking their fists and expressing rage: glider pilots of all ages here jumped up and down and made appreciative noises.

We should have witnessed a flypast of 16 of these jets on the open day held by the airfield. However, one Ka-7 pilot from Holland had not read his NOTAMS and the whole lot had to divert while he pursued his cross-country flight. The jets did fly overhead but were unable to cut quite the dash we were hoping for. The Ka-7 landed at Keiheuvel and a jeep shot across the airfield to him, reminding one uncannily of a certain red Daimler we all know so well at Dunstable. No doubt every airfield has one vehicle whose purposeful approach fills every pilot with terror.

The F-16s weren't the only dynamic shapes to be seen. Chris Wills sported a straw hat that defies description, and Lofty Russell's green jumper was given a thorough refurbishment in many colours. He looked like a new man, and positively swashbuckled, until later in the evening, when he merely buckled. As the weather became hotter, flesh appeared in increasingly express and admirable forms. What a piece of work is a Vintage Glider Pilot!

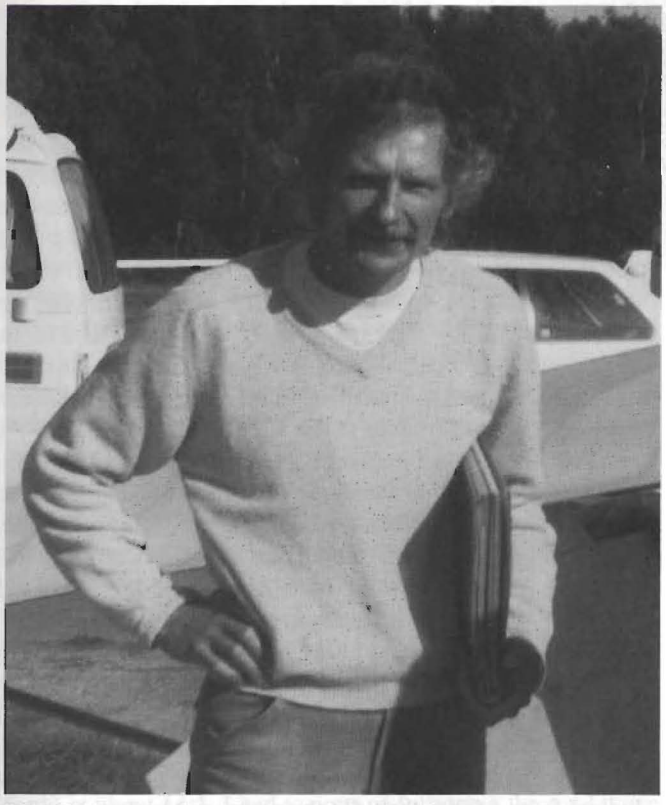
Unfortunately naked flesh often gives rise to a feverish desire for creation. It raged through a fiery enthusiast who tried to create a biplane by introducing Geoff Moore's primary to a Grunau Baby. I wasn't there to witness the moment of conception but we all hope the gliders recover and are recovered soon.

So there you have it. Yet again we have run through he whole gamut of human destiny in one rally: conception, rebirth, nemesis and a sore policeman. Those who just drive through Belgium on the way to somewhere else are missing some hot stuff.



Mike Birch's Condor 4. Behind is the take-off line, and in the background the Aero Club Keiheuvel's new clubhouse which was not quite finished.

Photo by Ian Tunstall.



HUTTER – design phenomenon H. 17A
Replica 1990 by J. Lee.

Since my first indulgence in "proper" gliding in 1974, I have sustained a belief that there are two important features to each day spent on the field. Firstly, that there might be something that stays in the mind for at least the rest of the week (like a tendency to circle in the night); and secondly, that there should remain in the mind for an equal time, a damn good reason for coming down at the end of a flight.

During the building of the Hütter, I wondered whether this machine could perhaps have these two essential features "designed" into it, for without them, gliding seems rather an amorphous and inadequately defined method of "rapidly going through funds". Anyway, it failed to bother me too much, as building a Hütter is a fairly comprehensive use of one's time in itself – my eleven-hour days continued unabated for seven months on this one, and I have another half-complete.

As it turns out, the Hütter, from both points of view, is THE definitive gliding experience. With less than 32ft span and a wing area of 90 sq. feet, you have an electrifying flight from start to finish and no protection from the wind at cruise of 33 knots.

Well*, I hooked onto the Supercub at Lasham, on the mid-afternoon of the 9th of September, and slithered through the dust and chippings into the dazzling blue through my ski glasses. With these tiny wings, the tug's turbulence bouncing off the grass fairly sends you dancing, and switches you quickly into the type of responses necessary for good Hütter-ing. Keeping a couple of thou above the tug is advisable (thou. of an inch, that is), for the switch rate at this speed is dramatic. However, after these few seconds, things settle into the easiest aerotow imaginable, though the line droops suddenly according to lift encountered. Pulling off at 2,000ft nowhere in particular, one is in need of a thermal, and Bang! there it is straight away as the vario is switched on... flick up the wing, and haul her round good and tight, all the while noting variations in the wail beneath the cockpit lid, kicking out as the wail rises and hauling instantly back as she groans upward like an express elevator as you ease off the speed still trailing down after the aerotow. The string in front slackens and flips a couple of times, and the vario wails even louder. Peering down into the instruments, one sees the altimeter needle sweeping round, and that's three thousand or is it four? You peer closer while it goes rapidly past three and on toward four. Oh well, that's the hard part done.

* Wil Stoney had already flown it for 1+ hours.

Keeping to the best speed always sounds as if it is supposed to be difficult, but after a draughty but effortless aerotow, it at first seems to be strange to be wafting upward and consciously slowing down to nearly half the speed. Like most early machines, the H. 17a is really a one-speed glider with very light stick loads. In spite of the very short fuselage (13ft), it shows no tendency toward phugoid oscillation. The thing soon obvious to avoid is slowing up too much when circling in turbulent air – the rate of this type of speed change keeps you awake, just as the steadily colder airstream. For each thousand feet gained, another finger goes numb on the stick, so that at 8,000ft it might be time to come down. But before that, you will be sinking very rapidly toward the next thermal, an experience to send the most sluggish adrenalin pumping. This design feature warms your extremities and can even make you forget them altogether. Not so strangely, you were never so glad of a fast sink rate, and soon you can make accurate judgements of height according to the coldness of the blast – and really, its blasted cold by now.

Well, the air is warm, but where did the range go? There are all kinds of things on the ground below which you hadn't planned to study, so a thermal is once again required. Not to worry, the vario needle has nearly shot off the end of its travel, and in half a turn the altimeter is back in motion. One full turn and the range is back as the temperature noticeably drops again. One of the fingers had started partially to thaw out, but whilst darting round and round there is no demand to study such trivia.

Today is made awkward by a temporary ceiling of 2,900ft over Lasham for the Farnborough Week, so I have ventured beyond Alton hoping for a substantial gain, but I am too late in the day. The wonderful whiff of a garden bonfire teases up a juddery thermal, and pieces of straw dash past above 3,000ft. Mostly, I seem to teeter around maximum acceptable range, which becomes tiresome added to the possible onslaught of additional drift. Eventually, I commit myself to a direct drive towards Lasham, knowing that sink will be dramatic once away from Alton. It is. But I find another jolting thermal which drives me back into the cold only a mile from the airfield. But I've had enough, so after a chilling cruise past the airfield at 2,000ft, I come down quickly through a series of stalls and tight turns, welcoming the rush of ever warmer air. Crossing the threshold at 400ft, I expect to reach the trailer at the other end of the field, but fail again. The Hütter slithers to a stop after a very long 105 minutes in the air. Surely this is another lifetime and another planet, the entire varnished glider is laced with spiders' webs. I can hardly move for several days. Both gliding ideals have been well satisfied.

INTO WALES.
by K. J. Nurcombe

Thursday May 24th, before Husbands Bosworth Task Week 90, was a good looking day viewed from my Birmingham Works. Friday was even better, and I am quite certain that I was not the only one waiting with bated breath to see what the weekend would bring.

At Saturday Briefing, the two-seaters were set HB- Headington Roundabout (Oxford) – Southam Chimney – HB. Claude had set Free Distance for the blunt nails, but as I had found out that I could keep up with, or even overtake, Bocians that were not being driven very hard, I elected to attempt the Headington-Southam Triangle (174km, I think). Sitting on the grid, it began to look as if the day would not be as good as the previous two. At 11am, Cu were forming away to the west, but the south-east wind was freshening and the South was staying stubbornly blue. As it happened, thermals were working just as well in the blue. (The dewpoint that day at HB went down to –1°C) and the wind stayed quite light but I began to feel that I had made the wrong decision. Now, I had an alternative task up my sleeve for such a day but I had not expected it to be the first day of the task week. Those readers with long memories may remember a Swallow called Penguin that, flying a Dunstable Regionals' Task from Dunstable in 1963 – Distance along a line through Holyhead – succeeded in almost reaching its goal in Anglesey. A vivid description of the flight by Stuart Waller (S&G Oct. 1963 p325) painted a glorious picture of flying over the Welsh mountains, culminating in soaring the west face of Snowdon in anabatic lift before gliding out into the land of Glendowr. It had for some time seemed to me to be a fitting task to emulate in either the T. 21 or Tutor, and so I scrubbed Oxford and chose the Menai Strait (North end of the bridge). Peter Davis who said that he hadn't been to Anglesey for years, valiantly agreed to fetch me back, and set off almost immediately.

Now occured two fumbles which probably cost me the goal before I really got going. I accepted a tow behind a Supercub flown by a stranger to Tutors (if you are reading this my friend, I accept the blame. I should have briefed you better about the horrendous position error). The speed steadily increased to reach 80 knots by 300ft. Tutor VNE is 69 knots, and as I was by this time thoroughly frightened, I pulled off and turned for home. By the time I got launched again, 20 minutes or more had passed, and it was starting to get a bit late for a long distance flight

The second more serious fumble arose after climbing quickly off tow to 4,000ft and setting off in high spirits only to find not a murmur until down to 1000ft five miles along track. I succeeded in thermalling down to 700ft before finding more green ball than red. It was a long slow climb to 2,700ft by which I had had enough of that one and set off again for the clouds, tantalisingly still some miles downwind, this time in very low spirits. It was clear that I would have to do a lot better than I had been doing if I was to reach even the border country, and yet I still had no luck approaching Hinckley. Damn it, nearly an hour after leaving and I could still see HB. I roared down so fast approaching Hinckley that I had to go round it rather than over, where I felt I must be missing a storming thermal. However, I and my trusty steed staggered on and finally reached the first of the clouds at Atherstone. Now these clouds were not just any old clouds. They were as beautifully formed and as evenly spaced Cu that I had ever seen, and my expectations were met immediately I flew into the welcome embrace of the first one.

This one immediately gave me 10ft/sec. and then improved, hurling me up to the base of the Airway at FL45. Every succeeding cloud gave me a copy of the first, and from now on the flight became just like one of those Philip Wills downwind dashes under a Rabelaisian sky that he so vividly describes. For the next three hours, I simply climbed from 3,000ft back to 4,000 or 5,000ft at 22 knots and raced for the next cloud at 45 knots. Visibility was magnificent, the cloud-dappled countryside spread out like a map and as clear to read as a deserted highway. The air was like wine, and I was in heaven. I shared a corner of the Birmingham TMA with a 737 over Lichfield and then struck out over Cannock Chase. The M6 passed underneath with a dull roar, followed silently by Aqualate Mere, then Ternhill. As I passed over Sleap with its queue of gliders waiting for a launch, the Mere, that collection of lakelets at Ellesmere, was already in view, and I was within reach of my primary goal.

Despite the anticipation, it came as something of a shock when I first saw the mountains beyond Oswestry. The midland plain laps against them rather like a sea against a rocky shore. I was immediately impressed by how much closer they looked from 4,000ft than did the plain, and by how small the fields were, and by how steep the slopes looked. Oh well, I daren't think of turning back, so press on (gulp). Thankfully, cloudbase stepped up another thousand feet to follow the terrain (6,500ft a.s.l.) and I began to feel quite safe. Even so, the day was getting on. The sun was now well into the West and visibility up-sun was beginning to deteriorate. I was off the end of my quarter million map and I was compelled to use the half million as best as I could. I was very pleased with myself for having fitted a Halford's Motoring Compass... and very well it worked too. Concentrating on the navigation, I forgot to look at the scenery for a while. Lake Bala was visible ahead and while gliding out to the north of it, I suddenly realised that I could see nothing but mountains in every direction. Oh Mother! In my naivete I had visualized the Welsh mountains as a couple of small ranges to be hopped over before reaching the coast. I was becoming very impressed by the size of Wales and by the ruggedness of its landscape.

Past Bala, the visibility up-sun had deteriorated to turn the view into contrasts of light and shade, and, not quite lost, but definitely unsure of my exact whereabouts, I slipped over the edge of an escarpment just a few hundred feet above its edge, to find another good thermal out in the valley. This thermal took me back to 6,000ft and, setting off again into a black and grey contrast of jumbled hills, I saw far below and ahead a few puffs of cloud just like ack-ack (German = Flak) bursts. As I approached, these odd clouds grew in size and number and then started to form around me as well. Then it became obvious that I was in strong lift and was again passing 6,500ft with cloud forming all around. Almost like a forming storm cloud, but no Cu-Nimb. was in sight. Surely not a sea breeze, for the sky was unchanged. Now I had no immediate explanation for this, but, with not so much as a pair of spoilers (and with cloud flying banned and no parachute either) I was getting seriously worried about developments. I decided to make haste to the South, and

downwards. Thankfully, I fairly quickly flew out of this strange formation, and still have no rational explanation other than supposing that I was in a lump of sea air that perhaps came up the seaward valleys and mixed with the prevailing southeasterly. (When I mentioned this episode to the Mountain Rescue team leader I encountered after landing, the explanation was " Ah, you're in the mountains now" – end of story).

Suddenly, there it was! Snowdon and the Llanberis Pass (to our foreign readers who might not know, Snowdon is the highest mountain in Wales and the second highest in Britain) silhouetted against the late afternoon sky about five miles ahead. Heading up into the highest parts of Snowdonia, it had been apparent for some time that the ground was rising to meet me. The high peaks around me were rather close for comfort, and I was keeping a close eye on the landable areas in the valleys below. I noted a modest village alongside a railway with a few prospects, but, at 4,000ft, it is not easy to assess a particular field. A few minutes later, Snowdon was clearly going to get in my way, and despite a sky which still looked superb, the hoped for thermal had not materialized. I crossed a col into the next valley, which ran back eastwards towards Betwys y Coed, but it looked as if the only way ahead was down the Llanberis Pass. I haven't driven down it for many years, but I remembered it as a very narrow, rocky pass with a lake that begins before the fields do. With a glide angle of about 14:1, I had visions of following the road down at about the same angle, arriving in the lake rather unceremoniously. The door back over the col was closing rapidly, and rather than press on down the unsurveyed valley to the east, I elected to return to my previously observed haven. With no sign of lift, and the day past 5.30, I had little hope of more progress. At 3,000ft, the peaks around me were hemming me in, and I headed back to that settlement about 4 miles to the east. Approaching the village at 1,200ft over a side valley facing the light east wind, I received a kick in the pants, and found myself in a good 5ft/sec. thermal that I shared with a large hawk. Hopes arose, but it was not to be. It petered out at about 1,500ft, but I was able to return repeatedly to the cliff edge for another boost, and, by the time thermal activity finally died, I had had half an hour of local soaring and felt thoroughly at home with the place.

A series of "S" turns between the narrow walls of the valley, with a sideslip approach over a house built on the top of a glacial moraine saw my arrival into a lovely cow pasture alongside the river.

As I climbed out, stiff but not too saddle-sore, six hours from that distant launch, the thought crossed my mind that I could not have chosen to have come to a more charming place: Dolwyddellen, in the heart of Snowdonia.

I resolved to do more downwind dashes.

Some of us are a little worried to risk our rare vintage sailplanes on cross-countries. Perhaps the strong little Tutors, built with aerolite glue, might be the best ships for this?

It almost seems that Keith had to do battle with Owen Glendwr himself and that the spirit of the ancient hero came forth to engulf the Englishman and his Tutor near Snowdon.

In truth his flights have been worthy successors to those carried out in a Tutor by Norman James last year and we look forward to hearing of what happens when they are both at it together next year. (CW)

THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT

They shuffled slowly to the head of the queue. The small lad, smartly dressed with enquiring eyes impatiently eager to see and explore. The old man, his grandfather, once tall, still slight of frame, but now a little hunched at the shoulders. His long sensitive fingers sliding along the handrail pushing his stick before him. Joe looked up at his grandfather extracting a smile from the old man. How different from his own father who rarely had time to spend with him, making him appear distant and unapproachable and sometimes inclined to be short tempered. How different this old man, cool grey eyes set deep in his craggy, wrinkly lined face. His hair once curly, dark and unruly was now thin and silver, combed neatly. A nose, Greek rather than Roman in shape of generous proportions covered thin lips, lips ready to smile. His sense of humour keen, especially against himself, the first to see his own comical failings. His teeth carefully looked after although one or two now missing, added a warmth to his smile. His clothes were neat. His grey trousers, pressed with creases that ran straight, brogue leather shoes highly polished, due more to old habits dying hard than their newness. His jacket was of good quality tweed, but the patches of leather at the cuffs and elbows, sewn on as the cloth had worn thin told of its age. And his voice, clear, strong but at the same time gentle, but most of all warm. From his hip pocket he pulled out an old leather wallet, the edges bent, darker than the rest through years of use. He thumbed open the press stud that held it closed, removed a note and pushed it under the grimy glass screen.

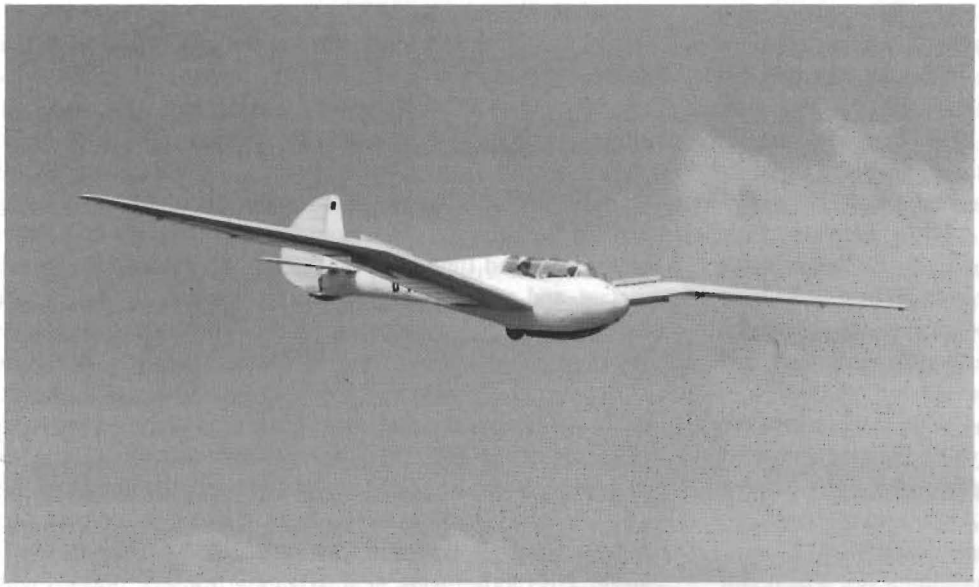
"One pensioner, one child please" the old man said.

He picked up his change, dropped it into his jacket pocket, turned and removed his stick from the rail where he had hung it. Leaning heavily on his stick his left hand patted the pocket with the change in.

"Where to first Grandad?" The voice of his grandson echoed back and around the entrance hall from walls covered in a thin veneer of polished natural stone, which at one time must have looked very palatial but now, with posters old and torn, some bent double or hanging from one corner, advertising coming events, stuck to the walls with bits of sticky tape, the marks of those removed still showing. The doors to the lifts and other rooms also showed on their once beautiful, polished surfaces a general grubbiness that had been left too long. Schoolchildren ran and slid on the marble floor, their strident voices pierced his ears as their shoes, mixed with dust, cut into the surface.

"We'll go straight upstairs" he replied as they made their way towards the lifts. They stood together, the old man's hand upon the lad's shoulder for support. The dirt-stained doors closed and the lift rattled its way up. Two floors up it stopped sharply, taking the old man by surprise. He stumbled a little, gripping the lad's shoulder, hard enough to make him turn. "Alright Grandad?" He smiled back. The doors opened onto a mezzanine floor. They left the lift and walked towards the metal rail surrounding it.

The museum they had come to see had for years collected artefacts of aviation and connected memorabilia. From this floor they looked down on some stands. Old engines that had once pulled fragile airframes aloft now stood silent. Their crankcases opened as if by surgical knife revealed their now useless insides. Bits of aircraft labelled with grubby type-



Mg 19a of Mario Sells approaching to land at Keiheuvel.
Photo by Ian Tunstall.

written information cards, instruments laid out on boards, some with broken glasses, with hands that were never to move again in answer to a pressure from the moving air or a running engine. Clothes worn by men of an age that would not return, now shown rotting and falling to pieces, hung up in cases covered with greasy finger marks. Propellers in rows on the walls, too high up to be of any interest to the kids running between the exhibits, kicking an empty drinks can as they ran.

The old man raised his eyes to where the boy was looking. Hanging on thin wire ropes from the ceiling was what they had really come to see.

"Was that your aeroplane, Grandad?"

"Glider Joe, glider" the old man corrected proudly.

"What's a glider? What did it do?" the boy asked. "What sort of engine? Was it a jet? I can't see where the wheels went. "

"No, they didn't have an engine and it only had one wheel. Can you see, at the end of the skid?"

The tyre now empty of air, the valve missing, hung loosely on its rim exposing a glimpse of the red inner tube obviously perished. It would never again hold the weight of a glider after it had cleaved the grass, that second or two before touch-down, communicating that whispering sound up to the cockpit.

"Why are the wings so long? Why are they bent in the middle?" He looked at the old man for an answer.

"They called them gull wings years ago Joe." He did not want to confuse the boy, did not go into the theories and reasons that decided the builders to make these wings with curved cranks in them.

These great wings had carried him effortlessly in warm air currents above fields and towns, valleys and hills, tucked in tight to those hills, flying on the wind that blows up their grass and flowered faces. Waiting for a thermal to break free to rush up the slope and carry them higher. That had sheltered him from the sun as he lay beneath them on the grass laughing, joking, recounting flights with his friends while waiting for his turn to fly again. They had done the same in the rain, and in strange fields, this time waiting for the friends with the trailer and a welcome beer, cursing them as they tried to twist from their grasp after they had been removed to be loaded with great care into that cavernous trailer.

He looked at them now, the covering slack and dusty. The ailerons both hanging down, disconnected. His eyes followed the cables that held them, down to the steel eyehooks that now went through the great main spars to the patches under them where the fabric had been cut away to accommodate the nuts that squeezed the spar in a death grip. How many times had he looked out from the cockpit along those great wings whilst they held him aloft? Watching the inside wing in a thermal apparently moving backwards. The aileron answering to the slightest movement of the stick, wishing he could see the air as it passed around the wings and what it was doing as it worked, how they answered to the rising air, drawing him upwards. In the cockpit, the little green ball dancing, trying to fly also in its confining tube but never daring to until its greedy red partner had tired and slept at the bottom of its own adjacent stage. Never again would someone cup his hand out of that small open window to scoop cool, sweet air into the hot cockpit. No one would hear again the sighing of the airframe as it took the strain of flight.

"Were they hard to make, Grandad?"

He remembered without answering the hours and hours he and his friends had worked on the fuselage. Replacing longerons and plywood, the glue that stuck to their fingers, that took days to pick off, that stuck to their clothes, that defied all efforts to remove the last tacking strips. The staples that pierced their fingers, the sanding of plywood that left their hands and forearms ingrained with the smell of wood. The covering and the smell of dope that permeated everything, the overpowering effect of the intoxicating fumes demanding a door is opened. The first flight after the rebuild.

"Yes, many hours of devoted men's time went to build them", he now answered. "I'll show you some drawings when we get home. " The boy nodded.

"If they didn't have engines how did they get off the ground, Grandad?"

"Do you see the hole in the front right at the point of the nose? That took a ring attached to a rope. The rope went to a plane with an engine and the plane pulled you up. " His mind drifted again.

"Spoilers closed and flush!"

A friend holding a rope.

"Open." The ring enters the hook.

"Close! All clear above and behind. "

The glider levels as the wing is raised. He shuffles his behind to the middle of the seat. The ball in the turn and slip returns to the centre. He looks to the left and holds up one finger. The man at the tip waves his arm below the waist. The

tug moves slowly forward pulling the rope tight, moving the glider slightly. He holds up two fingers and nods to the man on the tip who now waves his hand above his head. The tug engine coughs a little, sending back a small puff of blue smoke as it clears its lungs ready for the effort of towing its burden skywards.

As the revs increase and the prop begins to bite, the tug moves forward. The rope stretches slightly before the glider moves. The man on the tip begins to run, releasing it when he can run no faster. Catching his toe in the grass he trips, his arms outstretched, sliding, rolling in the short grass, his hands and knees stained green, laughing between gulps of air as he stands up. The tug and glider gather speed with little corrections on the rudder to keep straight and on the ailerons to keep the wings level. The glider's wings begin to take the weight, the tips rising a little, beginning to take their share almost imperceptibly. The wheel itself is lifted clear of the clinging earth. In the cockpit the wheel still revolving and the rising winds are the only sounds. He keeps the glider low, skimming the grass, easing the stick forward a little to control the lift. The undercarriage of the tug lengthens as its wings in their turn relieve it of weight, one wheel momentarily lifts only to contact the ground again over the next bump. The pilot pushes his shoulders into the straps that hold him, urging his mount forward.

One hand keeping the throttle fully open, the other on the stick feeling the elevator movements as the tug bounds across the bumpy ground. The engine on full song now, its propeller fighting for grip, fighting the pull that holds it back, winning, slowly easing the wheels free of the grass. The engine vibrates, making instruments difficult to read, their hands dancing somewhere between the stops, glasses that protect them join in with their own rattling song. Loose rivets that once held the plastic coaming over them tight, now revolving slowly in their oversize holes. Over the hedge the tug tows its companion, their speed stabilising. The glider that bucks and kicks as they pass through the turbulence thrown up by the trees, settles down now for the climb into the live, blue sky above.

The old man's brain was not as sharp as it was. He often forgot things. Left the house without money in his pocket, having to return empty handed after shopping. But he stood looking at his old glider hanging forlorn, out of its element in this place that no longer allowed the wind to pass over its fabric. This place where nobody understood, where nobody had flown in a glider and felt the air lift. His mind now sharp and clear, the faces of his friends, gliding friends, passed before him, most of them long gone now, their voices laughing, instantly recalled.

His eyes left the now dead hulk, turning away slowly, the lump in his throat making speech difficult. He could look at it no longer. It hurt deep inside him.

"Let's go," he croaked.

"Oh Grandad, " protested the boy.

He could not explain to the lad, the words wouldn't come. After a minute or two he spoke again, his voice hoarse and requesting no argument.

"Come on son, let's go."

They left via the scruffy hall, his hand upon the boy's shoulder again. An attendant standing with his arms folded caught the old man's eye. Making his way over he asked about the glider.

"Oh, that old thing. Coming down soon, too big for this place. no one to look after it. "

"What will happen to it then?" he enquired.

"Don't know. Can't get rid of it. No one wants to know. "

"Another museum?" he offered the suggestion.

"No, they just don't want the thing. Takes up too much room. Anyway it's falling to pieces. The tail thing at the back fell off last year, lucky it didn't kill someone. Be glad when it's gone myself. "

The old man felt his anger rising and knowing further answers would inflame him, he ceased his questions. He turned, regretting deeply his stupidity. Remembering the assurances made to him regarding its upkeep. Cursing his damaged leg that had made it impossible for him to enter the cockpit. The money he had taken that had lasted but a short while. They passed through the main door. The old man pulling a handkerchief from his top pocket. They stopped, he wiped his eyes.

"What's up, Grandad?" the boy asked.

"Just something in my eye. "

He wiped his eyes, but the lump in his throat needed time, time to disappear with his memories.

He had always slept well but now he often woke early, his mind full of thoughts of the museum and how, on his meagre savings, he could save the old glider, getting it re-built, back into flying condition. The look in Joe's eyes seeing it fly with the sun shining through the clear fabric. Looking after it and flying it himself as he grew older. But the realization, every time the realization, that it would be impossible.

A week or two later a letter came. He didn't get many letters, he opened it expectantly, a typewritten note on the museum's headed paper. He read, they had found his address in an old file, the museum was being cleared, closed down, getting rid of all exhibits. Not enough money to continue, selling off anything of value. His heart lifted, there was a chance. He read on.

After clearing the ground floor the big doors at one end had been opened to clear the dust. The wind, although not strong, had swept in, blowing papers and dry leaves about in small eddies on the empty floor. The only thing left was the old glider, hanging lifeless, fifty feet up. It swung gently from its cables. The tailplane that had been fitted after its accident, askew, badly fixed, now tilted slowly and slid earthwards, crashing to the floor, splintering. Relieved of the tail the fuselage slowly reared up, pointing the nose down. It hung swinging, all the weight now on the two front cables, and, unable to take the the strain any longer, first one eyebolt and then the other ripped free of the spar. The old glider hit the floor, crushing the nose and canopy. The wings snapped where the bolts had been, the rear of the fuselage landed among the debris. When the dust had settled they pulled it out in pieces.

Round the back in a pile, of no apparent use, someone had applied a match to the wreckage. The once polished paint blistered into bubbles and burst, revealing the dry plywood beneath which burnt quickly, like tinder. The fabric flared, giving off tremendous heat. Metal fittings, red-hot and buckled, dropped to the ashes at the bottom of the inferno. The heat rose, taking with it sparks and pieces of charred fabric in their last smoky thermal, hanging about the building for a short while before dispersing.

It was over. They thought he would like to know. He read the words through tear-filled eyes. He didn't. He crushed the note in his hand and it too fell to the floor.

M.H.B.

OBITUARIES

Peter Davis

Peter Davis died in May this year, and so passed away one of the quiet unsung heroes of the gliding movement. Peter was born in 1927 and came into gliding when he first flew with the Portsmouth Gliding Club at the age of sixteen. He was a gentle man possessed of a quiet confidence and capability to do most things to perfection, yet very unassuming. His most endearing feature was the way he would unselfishly give his time to help all and sundry.

He started gliding in earnest at Portsmouth in 1947. In those days ground slides were the order of the day, using the Kassel 20 and the nacelled Dagling. Some forty slides and hops later Peter made his first circuit to gain his "B" Certificate. In the meantime he had started to learn to fly powered aircraft, and with the credit of 172 slides, hops and circuits which had earned him a total gliding time of 4 hours 50 minutes, he was promoted to the club Grunau Baby. In fact Peter made 250 flights before he recorded his first P2 in his logbook, How different things are today!

Peter was a great craftsman: he did not cut wood to fit, it was always fashioned to shape, and it was with these skills that at an early age he built his first primary. In 1950 while working in the design office of Folland Aircraft, he teamed up with Frank Costain to design and build the "Condor" which was the first two-seater glider to be privately designed and built after the war.

It took three years to build the "Condor", the work being done in an old ex-Army Nissen hut near the airfield, and when it finally flew at Portsmouth in October 1953, the local paper of the time said "The designers were amazed at the performance, as it had surpassed their greatest hopes".

I do remember Peter telling me that it cost him £150 to build. A lot of money in those days which left him short of money for some time to come.

The Portsmouth Gliding Club tried a variety of sites at Friston, Old Winchester Hill and Portsdown Hill, but slowly the club for a variety of reasons ceased to exist. Peter moved to Chilbolton in 1960 where he rebuilt the "Condor" with a larger nose and made other detail changes, operating out of Chilbolton and Fawley Down near Winchester, until the "Condor" was lost in a tragic accident a year later.

Peter then moved to, and settled finally at Lasham in 1963, where most of us came to know him well. He served as an instructor, tug pilot and BGA inspector, denying no-one his willing help and advice. His caravan door was always open to those in need, even to providing a bed, or the odd meal which, dependent on the larder state could be highly original or downright experimental.

Holidays away with his syndicate attending International VGC Rallies gave Peter the break he richly deserved. Flying at new sites often with dramatic scenery provided new experiences and the occasional fright.

During the 1978 Rally at Brienne le Chateau we were equipped with two Slingsby Prefects, which we had managed to squeeze into one trailer, and an offer from the organisers were two bottles of Champagne for the longest flight of the day.

The weather was superb but despite the heat, Peter and I donned maximum clothing to fly our open cockpit Prefects, and took the challenge on. Pair flying the Prefects in these conditions was magic, but, after three hours the cold soak set in, and it became a feat of physical endurance. We adopted the ploy of flying slowly southwards into sun to warm ourselves up, then dashing back to the airfield down-sun huddled behind the windshield.

As the day wore on, the forays into sun got longer, until we crossed a very large lake, not perhaps the wisest thing to do, but with so much lift on the way across, we were not unduly concerned. However, on the way back, having been successfully duped we hit the sink that was waiting for us, and arrived very low at the lake edge with two choices: in the lake... or in the forest which stretched ahead as far as the eye could see in the direction of Brienne le Chateau aerodrome.

In the forest lay a tiny circular clearing where a wood chopper was working. A thin lazy trail of blue smoke rose vertically from the wood he was burning. It was reachable but only just. Peter got there first and at what seemed like treetop height started our steeply banked turns, round and round we went like two wall of death riders, within the confines of the clearing. I watched the planform of Peter's Prefect against the blur of the trees rise slowly but ever so slowly away from the clutching hands of the treetops, and away into the most prayed for and beautiful thermal of our lives, and yes, rather soberly collected the champagne.

Peter did not really drink. Those who knew him recall that he was more of a "sipper". and as such, was rather vulnerable to our VGC friends on the Continent. Paul Serries, Vice-President of the VGC kindly invited us to his home in Münster, where Peter for the first time was initiated into that quaint German custom of drinking Schnapps. Peter bravely stood the course and when he said farewell rather late to our hosts, marched, albeit rather stiffly to our car for the return to our base tent at Telgte Airfield. It was in the car that Peter found he could not speak.

The Dutch did not treat Peter any better with his initiation into Bols at Terlet. This time it was the rather late short walk home through crushing brushwood. On retracing our steps we found Peter stretched out, feet up, with a benign smile on his face. We put him to bed this time.

It might sound providential on reading the foregoing, that Tessa came into Peter's life about this time, and to our great pleasure they were happily married. Tessa entered into the spirit of gliding, and attended many VGC Rallies. Her log book shows over 100 flights with Peter.

It was therefore a cruel stroke of fate that we should lose Peter just when he was about to retire. Our deepest sympathies go to Tessa and his family. We all have a feeling of guilt that this kind and gentle man did so much for us all, and now we are unable to repay him.

Colin D. Street

Mrs Fred N. Slingsby

The death of Fluff Slingsby at the age of 95 on 11th October was a great shock, as I had come to think of her as immortal. I have known her since the 1930s – her sense of fun carried you away and her laughter was infectious. Florrie became "Fluff" at a very early stage. No wonder Fred Slingsby fell in love with her – he always called her his " little bit of fluff". His brother Reuben first saw a picture of her and said, "That's just the girl for our Fred – can he write to her? He

did. She was always the great romantic. They met and married in 1919. She was 23, and with Fred's emergence into gliding became part and parcel of that world. Fluff was the woman always at Fred's side. She lived a very full life. A great lady who became a legend to all those whose love for the Slingsby sailplane unites as one.

Her friends are world-wide, and many gliding club members will be greatly saddened to hear of her death – she was very outgoing and plucky. Her first flight was in the early thirties, when she was bungey launched in a Dagling from a field near Thornton-le-Dale, North Yorkshire, and Fred told her, "Push the stick forward gently and put on right rudder to miss the cows!"

After the war she worked tirelessly for the British Red Cross at Northallerton and Kirkbymoorside, and will be remembered with love and affection.

Although latterly through illness she was away from home for long periods she always talked of returning to Kirkbymoorside – she never gave up that thought – I am sure it gave her much strength of will.

She was with Fred in 1934 when he found the site at Sutton Bank which became the home of the Yorkshire Gliding club. After the death of Fred in 1973 she often visited the club – her memory was phenomenal – her joy on meeting old friends was unsurpassed, and she would recount the many exciting events in her life with great accuracy. I remember with much pleasure being with her during Slingsby Week in 1989 when she was photographed with 19 Slingsby sailplanes together with their pilots. She said afterwards it was one of the happiest days of her life. Indeed it is one of my most treasured memories of "Fluff".

We have lost one of the gliding world's great characters.

Moyra Johnson

Mrs. Hugh Bergel

During August, we were also very sad to hear of "Fish" Bergel's death. She had been Hugh Bergel's wife. Hugh was a most important member of British Gliding before the war, when he was one of the best glider pilots in Britain. Our sympathies go to Derek and Richard, his two sons.

Professor Dr. Ulrich Hütter.

So soon after the death of his brother Wolfgang, we very sadly have to report the death of Ulrich Hütter, who died in Kirchheim Teck on the 12th of August when he was 79 years old.

He was born on the 18th December 1910 in what was then Austrian Pilsen. Having studied in the Humanities Gymnasium in Salzburg, he quickly showed an interest in aircraft, when he and his brother Wolfgang, who died in April in Göppingen, designed in 1934 the diminutive H. 17 sailplane, of which 200 have been built, and are still being built today all over the world. Nobody else had designed a sailplane that could fly a pilot of its own weight.

A year later, the brothers carried out experiments with human muscle powered propellers.

A year later in 1936, Wolf Hirth attracted him to his newly founded firm at Göppingen, and two years later he gained his Diploma in Aircraft Construction in Stuttgart. Two years later, he took up a position in Weimar as lecturer on subjects to do with aircraft. These were: aircraft construction, aircraft statics, mechanics of flight, kinematics, engineering and higher mathematics. In 1940, he became technical adviser, builder, development engineer for wind powered generators.

After the war, he developed at Kirchheim Teck a 1.2kW machine with an 8 metre airscrew diameter which interested Erwin Allgeier and so Ulrich Hütter took up employment at the Allgaier-Werk at Uhingen. After a test period, the machines went in to production and were set up in SW Africa, Ethiopia, and Germany. Concerning his W.10 installation, he received invitations from all over the world from international organisations especially in the USA, India, and Brazil, which together with the Bundesrepublik developed the wind power installation DEBRA-25 (DEutsch-BRAsilianisch).

In August 1953, Ulrich took up employment at the Technische Hochschule Stuttgart as Lecturer in Air Technical Subjects. He did this until 1965. Then followed his position as Ordinarius in the Air and Space Travel Faculty and his becoming Director of the Institute for Aircraft Construction. In September 1957 a Hütter 100 kW installation was built at Schnittlingen but the testing of it was prevented because at that time there was no politically planned energy scheme. After the oil crisis in 1972, there began the search for alternative energies. Hütter's work again took on the highest importance. In 1979, the test site at Schnittlingen was officially opened by the State Minister for Experimentation Volker Hauff and, four years ago, it was officially named after Ulrich Hütter.

His Requiem took place at St Ulrich's church at Kirchheim unter Teck on Friday the 17th of August, his funeral having taken place on Thursday the 16th of August. He was laid to rest in the Forest Cemetery in Kirchheim unter Teck.

Translated by C. Wills from "Mittwoch" 15th August 1990.

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REQUEST FOR HELP

Frank Smith, one of our Australian members, has asked for help regarding photographs of the Kirby Kite 1 in camouflage finish. We understand that BGA 285 at Middle Wallop has been given this treatment, and possibly also BGA 400. If anyone has prints of these aircraft, or of Kite 1s in "civil" markings : G–ALPH, G–ALTL, etc., and would like to send them to Frank, he will be only too pleased to reimburse the costs.

Send to Frank Smith, 1/57 Highstreet Rd, Ashwood, Victoria, Australia 3147.

FOR SALE.

Olympia Meise 51 with metal closed trailer. Offers to: Thoby Fisher, 36 Worrall Road, Bristol BS8 2UE. Tel: 0789-472606.

Hütter H. 17A with if necessary a closed trailer. The machine – half-built and awaiting an owner so that it can be finished.

Offers to: John Lee, 68 Timberleys, Littlehampton, West Sussex. 6QB BN17. Tel: 0903 722578.

John Lee has finished his first H.17A and it has flown very successfully and has had already many long flights. It is moreover sold. It weighed only 170lbs empty. The H.17 has outstanding flight handling and climb characteristics and three are airworthy in Britain. (Another three are flying in Australia)

Slingsby Swallow BGA 2950: C. of A. July 1991, early solo machine, great little soaring glider. Re-covered and completely refurbished. Contact: David or Margaret 0225 (Bath) 315082 or 472253 (day)

Slingsby T31b Tandem Tutor, ex-Air Cadets, just resprayed white and red, new C. of A., ready to fly. (No trailer, but could deliver.) Contact: Terry McRae Tel: 0860 550462 (work) or 0323 898319 (late evenings).

Ka-4 Rhönlerche. Recently done up with new fabric, canopy and skid etc. Offers around £2,000 to: Mark Rudd, 13 Cornmoor Crescent, East Huntspill, Highbridge, Somerset, T09 3NY. Tel: 0278 788380.

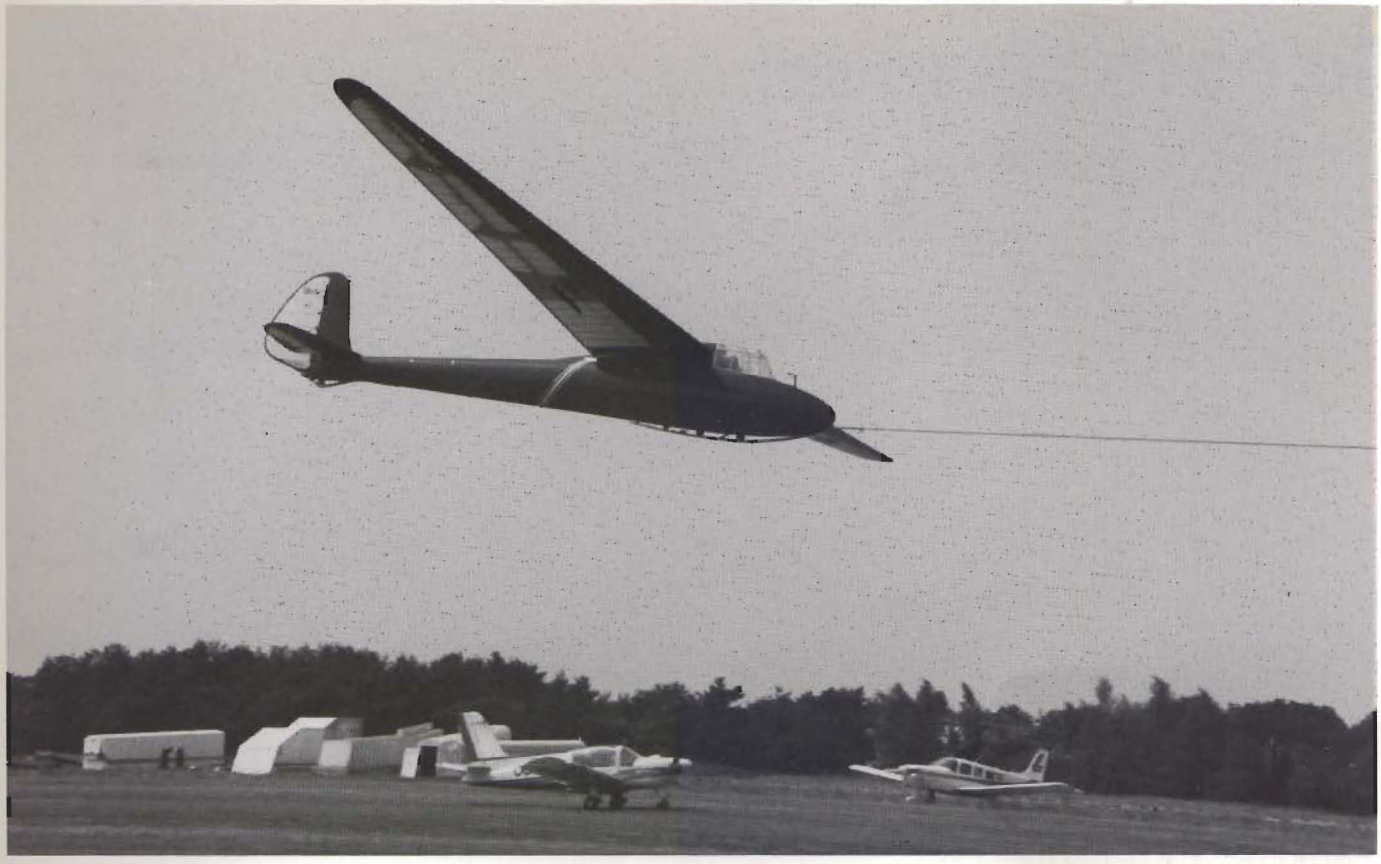
Reason for Sale – No hangarage and owner already has a Skylark 2.

Fauvette. Basic instruments, Belly Hook. C. of A., full Aluminium trailer. £4,500 o.n.o. Contact: John Turney, 3 Grovner Crescent, Louth, Lincolnshire NN11 0BD. Tel: 0507 606995.



"Münster Mafia" Minimoa, excellently restored by Rainer Willeke.

Photo by Chris Wills.



The last airworthy JS Weihe in France. Recently restored by GPPA at Angers. This very aircraft set French national O & R and distance records after the war and gained 3rd prize for the Concours d'Elegance during the International Rally at Keiheuvel.

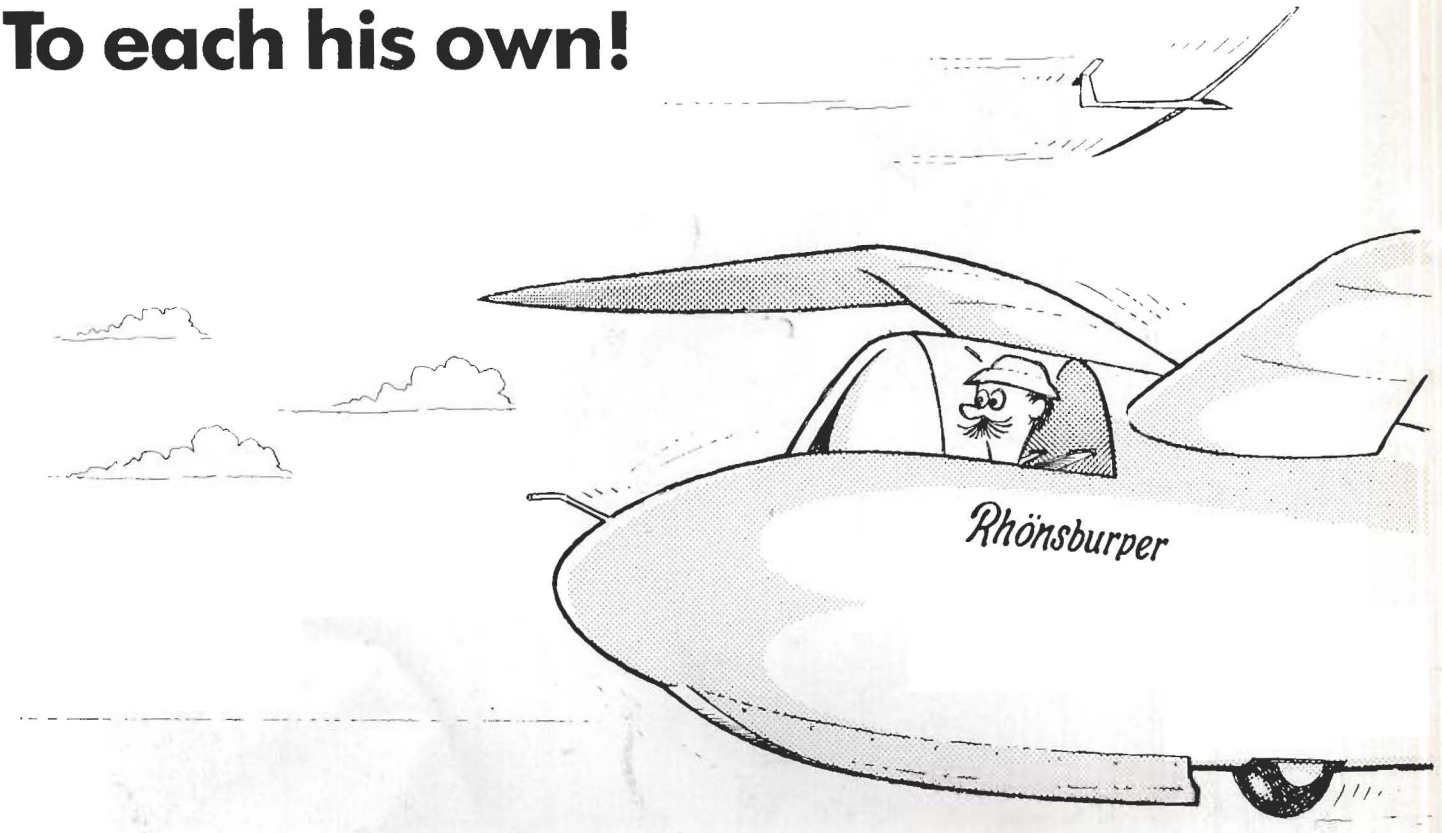
Photo by Ian Tunstall.



Another French restoration, the Castel C.301 at Paray le Monial. The first prototypes flew in 1941 as the C.30

Photo by ASPAC

To each his own!



Many pilots think the ultimate in flying is streaking around the sky at 100 plus, while reclining in a cockpit crammed with electronic gadgetry.

Others however, derive just as much pleasure from scratching about in something that smells of wood and fabric dope, sitting upright with their eyes glued to the little red and green balls jiggling up and down!

If you happen to fall into the second category, but your insurance company thinks 'vintage glider' means something built around 1970, maybe it's time to talk to Mowbray Vale. Since we insure about 90% of all vintage gliders in the UK — why not join the club?

Of course, should you want to talk about any other insurance problems at the same time — such as your car, house, boat etc. (Vintage or otherwise!), we will be happy to give an equally competitive quote.

Contact Carol Taylor or Stephen Hill on
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