

Treborough Fly-In Sun, 1st August

by Mike Mold

Mark Weatherlake bases his Piper Seneca at Dunkeswell but also he owns a relatively un-used strip on Exmoor that has been the venue for occasional summer fly-ins by the Devon School of Flying. This year we tried to organise a joint fly-in with the flying school but, for one reason or another, it turned into just a strut event. Nevertheless, the last minute circulation of information attracted 42 visitors to this delightful moorland location, situated to the north of and equi-distant from Wimbleball & Clatworthy Reservoirs.



Max Robinson's Luscombe G-LUSI at the end of the line

Without Derek Boyce (away in foreign climes) to record the movements, we don't have a full visitors log but suffice it to say that most of the southwest's airfields were represented with fly-in regulars coming from Branscombe, Exeter, Watchford, Dunkeswell, Halwell, Eggesford, Plymouth, Bodmin, Bellevue and Roche. Visitors from further afield included a Rotax-powered Falke motorglider and a Smaragd, both from Halesland on the Mendips, Martin and Jan Day in their Cessna 170 and Max Robinson in his Luscombe from Bourne Park in Hampshire and, probably the most long distance arrival to any of our events, Stuart Groot, in his Technam Echo from Holland (via Halwell).



Martin & Jan Day's Cessna 170



Daryl Mansbridge's Smaragd (ne Emeraude)



Ian Mitchell's' Fournier RF4D



Stuart Groot's Technam Echo from Holland

Many thanks to Mark, Sarah and their family for being such hospitable hosts for the day. We hope they will accept the return invitation to come to Watchford on 12th Sept. (but regrettably, not in the Seneca!)

(P.S. In keeping with what is now becoming a tradition, a small contingent returned to their respective bases via Eggesford for another cup of tea!)

Postscript 1

Dear Christopher,

Many thanks for inviting Luscombe G-LUSI to the first Treborough fly-in. I thought the set up at Treborough was great and enjoyed meeting some new flyers and catching up with some 'old ones'.

That's two excellent events (Branscombe & Treborough) you have been kind enough to invite G-LUSI to attend, perhaps it's time I joined your Devon Strut (that's if you'll have a man from Bourne Park, Hampshire!). If you e-mail me an address I will forward you a cheque or set up a direct debit if you prefer. Thanks again for the invite and please pass on my thanks to Mark and Sarah Weatherlake for allowing the use of such a lovely place.

Kind regards

Max Robinson

Postscript 2

Christopher,

Thank you very much for forwarding the details for Treborough on Sunday. I had one of the most enjoyable flights for a very long time. We flew from Bourne Park to Dunkeswell for fuel and then set off for a sortie across Exmoor and along the coast past

Lynton/Lynmouth before heading in for

Treborough. It was a really good event and I am very grateful Mark and Sarah Weatherlake for their efforts.

Martin and Jan Day (Cessna 170B G-MDAY)

Roserrow, 7th August

by Mike Mold

With the met. forecast for our planned fly-in at Roserrow on Sunday 8th August being so dire, the Watchford trio of Messrs Dray, Reed & Mold set off a day early in warm, wall-to-wall sunshine on the 70 mile flight to a strip none of us had previously visited. Being the slowest in the D9, I was given a charitable 15 minute head start and tracked over Cullompton and Crediton before passing the strut's recent venues of Taw Mill and Manstage near Okehampton, and on to Launceston and over the wind farms near Davidstow. I was eventually overtaken by Trevor in the Jungmann (bounced again!) as we passed Roadford Reservoir and was caught by Les in his Condor as we arrived overhead Roserrow, after an hour and ten minutes. There had been a steady south-easterly with occasional turbulence as we passed Dartmoor & Bodmin Moor but these tell-tale signs had not prepared us for the vicious cross-wind that awaited us at Roserrow.

Trevor, being the first to arrive, had the privilege of the first approach whilst I circled overhead to watch the entertainment. He radioed to say that there was no sign of a windsock but an approach from the seaside looked best! Even his newly installed u/c springs couldn't disguise the touch-down! I watched with some trepidation as those Jungmann wings rocked like hell and the strengthening and gusty x/w taxed his co-

ordination! Les had a close look and went around before I crabbed-in, poling the stick round the extremities of the cockpit before magically finding some smoother air in the lee of the bushes that line the south side of the threshold! Les was equally exercised on his approach! The ground handling was something else and we knew we'd have a challenge when the time eventually came for departure.

A short walk along a footpath that crosses the golf course brought us to the smart club house and busy restaurant. Pints of iced fruit juice and three lunches were ordered – 2 bowls of pasta with herbed salmon and a cheeseburger with added bacon and chips. I'll leave you guess who ate what! The comfortable and relaxed atmosphere of the clubhouse was conducive to the usual session of putting the world – and the PFA in particular- to rights, but we all had the wind on our minds (I believe Les has since seen a specialist!) and after a couple of hours we reluctantly set off, back to the strip. Whilst Roserrow's runway is 800 m long it is also about 60m wide, which from the air, can give the misleading impression of it being shorter than it is. Its width was now going to be useful. I knew that taxiing the D9 with any downwind component in what was by now a gusting 20-25kts was going to be a no-no so decided to walk the a/c to the downwind side of the runway and to use as much in-to-wind component of the runway's width as I could. It must have sounded like a good idea as all 3 a/c, after much huffing and puffing, were transferred to the opposite side of the runway, before being subjected to the second episode of the roller-coaster ride! The return trip was marginally more bone-shaking than a glider decent I made through rotor in the Brecon Beacons some years ago. There were the same tell-tale lenticulars marking the high points of the lee wave whilst we rode the serpent's tail below. This was the roughest flight I've ever experienced in the D9, and whilst probably tired from a heavy week in work and a little dehydrated, it left me surprised at feeling so exhausted. The day had been thoroughly enjoyable, in that we had made the decision to go west suitably ahead of a clearly deteriorating weather pattern but the learning point was about anticipating the consequences of the conditions and ensuring you're fit to cope with them!

And the wind-sock? It was there but only a foot long and shredded!

