

Baragwanath Barometer



Issue 8

August 2010



Editorial

The Soccer World Cup is over...the flags neatly packed away, the stadiums cleaned up and the tourists gone back to some semblance of a normal life, just like us.

For most of us, flying during this time was more bother than it was worth, but being at Baragee on the first Sunday after the World Cup, I could see that everyone was yearning to get back into the skies. I think that at one point I was number six on downwind!

We started off the new flying season with a get-together for the Baragee crowd on 11 July. We had a great turnout and the event is covered later on in these pages.

This edition of the Baragwanath Barometer is an exciting one as I have had some wonderful articles submitted by Peter Skellern and Anne Pickard.

As always, any articles are most welcome and please email your comments, photographs, or written musings to cwatson@stithian.com.

So, with that all said, I hope you enjoy the August edition.

Courtney Watson - Editor



Some Flying Wisdom

A PILOT: ONE OF THE TRUSTED ...
YOU ARE AT CRUISING ALTITUDE.
THE WESTERING SUN IS PINK ON THE DISC. YOUR EYES FLICK THE GAUGES.
THE ENGINES ARE CONTENTED. ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR.
YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL. THEY ARE VEINED AND HARD AND BROWN.
TONIGHT YOU NOTICE THEY LOOK A LITTLE OLD. AND, BY GEORGE, THEY ARE OLD.
BUT HOW CAN THIS BE?
ONLY YESTERDAY YOU WERE IN FLYING SCHOOL. TIME IS A THIEF! YOU HAVE BEEN ROBBED, AND WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?
A PILOT. FORTY YEARS A PILOT. A SENIOR PILOT. BUT WHAT OF IT? JUST A PILOT.
THE VOICE OF THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT BREAKS IN ON YOUR REVERIE.
THE FLIGHT IS RUNNING FULL. CAN THEY BEGIN SERVING DINNER TO THE PASSENGERS?
THE PASSENGERS, OH YES, THE PASSENGERS. YOU NOTICED THE LINE OF THEM COMING ABOARD; THE
BUSINESSMEN, THE YOUNG MOTHERS WITH THEIR CHILDREN IN TOW, THE OLD COUPLES, THE TWO
PRIESTS, THE FOUR DOGFACES.
A THOUSAND TIMES YOU HAVE WATCHED THEM FILE ABOARD, AND A THOUSAND TIMES DISEMBARK.
THEY ALWAYS SEEM A LITTLE HAPPIER AFTER THE LANDING THAN BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF.
BEYOND DOUBT, THEY ARE ALWAYS SOMEWHAT APPREHENSIVE ALOFT.
BUT WHY DO THEY KEEP COMING UP HERE IN THE DARK SKY DESPITE THEIR FEARS?
YOU HAVE OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THAT.
YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR HANDS AGAIN AND SUDDENLY IT COMES TO YOU.
THEY COME BECAUSE THEY TRUST YOU, YOU, THE PILOT.
THEY TURN OVER THEIR LIVES AND THEIR LOVED ONES AND THEIR HOPES AND THEIR DREAMS TO YOU
FOR SAFEKEEPING.
TO BE A PILOT MEANS TO BE ONE OF THE TRUSTED.
THEY PRAY IN THE STORM THAT YOU ARE SKILLFUL AND STRONG AND WISE.
TO BE A PILOT IS TO HOLD LIFE IN YOUR HANDS, TO BE WORTHY OF FAITH.
NO, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ROBBED. YOU AREN'T JUST A PILOT.
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS JUST A PILOT.
YOUR JOB IS A TRUST. THE YEARS HAVE BEEN A TRUST.

YOU HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE TRUSTED.
WHO COULD BE MORE?



De Havilland Gathering

Ltd is also recognised as one of the most innovative. From one of the most successful families of light aircraft in the inter-war years through to research into guided weapons systems in the 1960s, there are few nations in the world that haven't been influenced by de Havilland in the field of aeronautics.

Dear de Havilland Owner,

This year in September we celebrate the Centenary of the first successful flight of Geoffrey de Havilland's first aircraft which took place in September 1910.

In honour of this momentous occasion, the Tiger Moth Club of South Africa and the Johannesburg Light Plane Club will be having a Saturday lunch at Baragwanath Airport on 12th September. All de Havilland Aircraft are welcome and it would be great to have a large turnout of these old aeroplanes.

Please RSVP to Courtney Watson if you intend to join us.

Arrivals from 10:00 – Joining procedures and further details to follow soon.

Blue Skies,

Courtney Watson

cwatson@stithian.com



I am in the process of putting together a celebration of 100 Years of de Havilland on 12th September 2010 (as you can see from the invitation). Other aircraft are welcome, but the focus is on de Havilland and therefore Tiger Moth, Chipmunks and the like will receive preferential parking. More details will follow, but you might enjoy the story of de Havilland in the interim, just to whet your appetite...

Arguably the most prolific of British aircraft manufacturers, the de Havilland Aircraft Company

The company's founder, Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, knighted for his services to British Aviation in 1944, was mechanically minded and a keen engineer in his youth. In 1910, Geoffrey constructed and flew his first successful airplane. Due to its merits, this machine was purchased by the War Office for £400 a year later.

Employment by the government run H.M. Balloon Factory at Farnborough, Hampshire, as designer/pilot soon followed, along with a number of innovative aircraft built for the military. After three years of inspiring work, the young engineer became Chief Designer with the Aircraft Manufacturing Company Ltd, or Airco in 1914, where he designed some of the most significant warplanes used by the Allies over the next four years. Successful designs included the outstanding D.H.4 light bomber and derivative, the D.H.9, both of which saw widespread use post-war as civilian transports. It was a converted D.H.4 that flew the world's first scheduled international passenger flight, between Hounslow, England and Le Bourget, France in 1919.

After the end of the war, de Havilland established his own manufacturing firm at Stag Lane, Edgware; by 1921 the de Havilland Aircraft Company Ltd operated its own airplane hire service and flying school. 1921 also saw employment of designer R. E. Bishop, a talented engineer responsible for several generations of fine de Havilland products.



By far the best-known de Havilland machines of the period were the 'Moth' family; the first to appear was the D.H.60 in 1925. With the founder of the firm being a keen lepidopterist, a generation of light planes was named after species of moths; by far the most recognized was the D.H.82A Tiger Moth primary trainer. By the end of the 1930s there were few places in the world that had not been overflowed by a de Havilland Moth of one type or another.

The DH.60 and its siblings were mostly powered by derivatives of the Gipsy in-line motor, renowned the world over for its reliability. Built by gifted engineer Frank Halford, formerly of the Aircraft Disposal Company (Airdisco), Halford's work for de Havilland saw him produce one of Britain's first gas turbine engines, the Halford H.1, renamed the de Havilland Goblin. This engine was the powerplant of Britain's second jet fighter, the D.H.100 Vampire.

However, when the rest of the world was turning to all metal aircraft structures in the early 1930s, de Havilland's innovative use of wood gained them respect. The 1934 MacRobertson England-to-Australia air race won acclaim for the American aircraft industry with the entry of two all-metal airliners; Col. Roscoe Turner's Boeing 247 and the KLM Royal Dutch Airlines DC-2 'Uiver'. The winner was a purpose built racing plane of wooden construction, the sleek de Havilland D.H.88 Comet

'Grosvenor House'. These impressive machines failed to sell in the commercial sector, but their wooden monocoque construction went into the controversial, but successful, D.H.98 Mosquito fighter-bomber.

Built in complete secrecy in 1940, the Mosquito was a maverick in concept, and the establishment was initially adamant about the machine's abilities. The 'high speed unarmed bomber' concept eventually won supporters and the Mosquito was in demand by all the air commands of the British armed forces. R. E. Bishop's 'Wooden Wonder' was eventually pressed into service carrying out virtually every task expected of aircraft in wartime.

By mid 1943, the high-pitched whine of gas turbine spools winding up was echoing through de Havilland test centers, as by the end of September that year, the Spider Crab jet fighter had flown for the first time. Renamed 'Vampire', the introduction of the little machine into service in 1946 meant de Havilland became a major supplier of military equipment to the world.



The construction of the Vampire and Venom relied on de Havilland's continuing use of wooden manufacturing techniques, the forward fuselage



ahead of the engine was made of the same materials as those used in the Mosquito.

It was in the airline industry that de Havilland was generating publicity, however. In 1949, the D.H.106 Comet heralded in the jet age as the first jet powered passenger aircraft, thus securing the British industry as world leaders. But disaster struck with a series of crashes of British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC) Comet 1s, from which the Comet and the British civil aircraft industry never recovered. The effects of metal fatigue from high pressurization rates in the fuselages of these pioneering airliners were literally blowing them apart. In spite of the negative effect on the company and the industry, the Comet crashes brought new levels of crash investigation and flight safety testing into the aircraft industry.

Behind closed doors, the de Havilland Propellers division was carrying out research into rocketry and guided missiles, which included building the first effective British infra-red, heat seeking, air-to-air missile the Fire Streak and the Blue Streak. Although cancelled in 1960 as a weapon, the technology went into providing Europe with an unsuccessful indigenous satellite launcher. The Blue Streak, first stage of the Europa rocket, performed flawlessly with every flight and bears the distinction of being the only rocket to

have a 100% success rate in test firing.

With a realization that the British airspace industry fielded too many independent companies for its needs, the government instigated a merger of these firms and formed the British Aircraft Corporation and Hawker Siddeley in 1960, the latter incorporating de Havilland. Current de Havilland products came under the Hawker Siddeley banner and the famous 'DH' disappeared from the British aircraft manufacturing industry forever.

Due to a worldwide interest in vintage and classic aircraft, the de Havilland name still flies proudly in many countries today. Hosts of better-than-new D.H. Fox, Gipsy, Hornet, Leopard and Tiger Moths are pampered by their owners and can be seen at fly-ins and air events across the globe, evoking nostalgia from when 'DH' ruled over the world of aviation.



Local Flying Destinations – Part 1

Sun City

Well, Saturday morning, 26th June 2010, dawned bright and clear, at least from my side of town on the East Rand. Travelling further west towards Barragee and Peter's side of town, the smog and haze got progressively worse. The clearances had all been done (and what a pleasure dealing with the SAAF and ATNS!)

As an aside - congratulations must definitely go to the SAAF and ATNS for the way in which they processed our various applications for flights – local flights around the cabbage patch to FAVV, FASI and FAHB, and this one for a flight to Pilanesburg International Airport routing via Klerksdorp and Rustenburg. They even accommodated last minutes changes without any problems – one flight to FAVV to do circuit training was authorised – and



we decided we wanted to extend it to the Vaal Dam – no problem – we phoned the SAAF, they approved it and ATNS were happy to accept the change. For those who curtailed their flying during the period of the SWC because they did not want to do the necessary paperwork – well what a pity. Each time we went to Barragee to fly there was not a soul in sight or an aeroplane out flying. ZU-EIJ has the airfield and airspace all to herself and she was very lonely! At least she was out flying – the other poor aeroplanes were

was once we were airborne. We couldn't reach Johannesburg Information from the holding point, so took off and called them once we were airborne. We asked to change our routing direct to FAPN because of the extremely poor visibility and it was granted with no problem whatsoever. We entered our Squawk Code and set the GPS for FAPN. The viz was shocking, but still safe as we could see about 10nm around us – we had phoned FAPN Tower before getting airborne and they had told us the viz was CAVOK. We flew at F L065 and it was so unbelievably smooth, which was wonderful. Johannesburg Information handed us over to FAPN and we called them at TOD, requested their joining and landing and were given rwy 23. We also requested transport to be available for us when we landed. We joined on a left hand downwind for 23 and on turning finals, we had this incredible, long, wide runway stretching way ahead of us – 2240m x 21m. We could almost have landed sideways! Little ZU-EIJ couldn't believe her "eyes" – this was so different to landing and taking off at Barragee. The controller asked us to vacate at Bravo right and contact ground control on another frequency. (Little ZU-EIJ felt like a Jumbo and so important!), which we did, then followed the yellow line towards the man with the yellow bats, who directed us to our parking spot. We parked spinner to spinner with a Jabiru from Tedderfield. These were the only two aircraft parked on that huge



Short Finals at FAPN Runway 23



Parking – the 'Complains' (Come Planes) Department!

earthbound in their hangars and very sad to hear us depart without them!

We deliberated whether to delay taking off once we had done all the necessary pre-flight checks and refuelling, but decided to depart and see how the viz

expanse of apron – at least they could keep each other company. As we were shutting down, we were descended upon by about ten members of the SAP, who wanted to inspect our licenses and documents. They were very polite and friendly and clearly knew what they were looking for. We showed them our licenses and medicals as requested, as well as ZU-EIJ's Authority to Fly, for which they asked and they were happy.

We made our way to the terminal building, waited for the transport, which duly arrived and transported us and the Jabiru Father and sons to Sun City. We were dropped off at the Gary Player Golf Club, from where it is



wonderful to walk – around the gardens, through the aviary, around the golf course and lakes and ponds. The weather was absolutely amazing – so warm considering it was mid-winter. We had a delicious lunch at the Gary Player Golf Club – with non-alcoholic cocktails of course, before ordering our transport back to the airport and flying home to Barragee. All we had to sign on leaving the airport was a register with our license numbers and names. We paid the landing fees, pre-flighted and called the tower for start and taxi – we had a slight delay because although the controller had our flight plan, Radar couldn't find it, but things were soon sorted out and we had a lovely smooth flight home – though still in smog and haze.

Unfortunately the others we had invited to come with us were unable to accompany us but it was still a wonderful few hours and so cheap. Apart from the costs of the aeroplane of course – and we went in a Sportstar X303, all we paid was R77.00 landing fees and the cost of our lunch. No parking fees, no passenger taxes as we were both crew, no transport costs to and from Sun City, or even entry into Sun City!!!

Just one warning, coming back we had a very scary time approaching Orient – I won't go into details here, suffice to say, that when we called from about 10nm out that we were passing overhead, and were asked to route to the west of the field because of three gliders in the area – only one glider replied and there were a couple of others not talking either who the ground controller was not even aware of!!!

For those of you who would like to join us on another excursion to Sun City – let either me or Peter know and we will arrange another wonderful day out for as many of you as would like to join us. If you have any other suggestions – we would love to hear them. After all, this is your club too!



Aircraft Documents Being Scrutinised by the very efficient SAPS during the SWC at FAPN.



The View from the Terrace of the Gary Player Golf Club, where we enjoyed a delicious lunch.

Until next time, safe flying.

By Peter Skellern, ZU-EIJ & Anne Pickard

Local Flying Destinations – Part 2

Kwa Maritane

We were blessed with a wonderful day to go flying – it was Saturday 17th July and not even too cold, so pre-flighting and refueling was relatively painless. Peter was only told the destination once we were taxiing – I just told him the flying time and how much fuel we would need! Thank goodness the SWC was now over so there was no need to do any of the previous paperwork required and therefore time was not so pressured. By the time we had done all the necessary, we started taxiing and set the GPS for FAPN direct. We used Runway 13 for a change – it usually seems to be 31 at FASY! We turned out left and set sail for Pilanesburg International Airport (Again!) This time it took us a bit longer – about an hour, as we didn't have a tail wind, but the air was still lovely and smooth and we



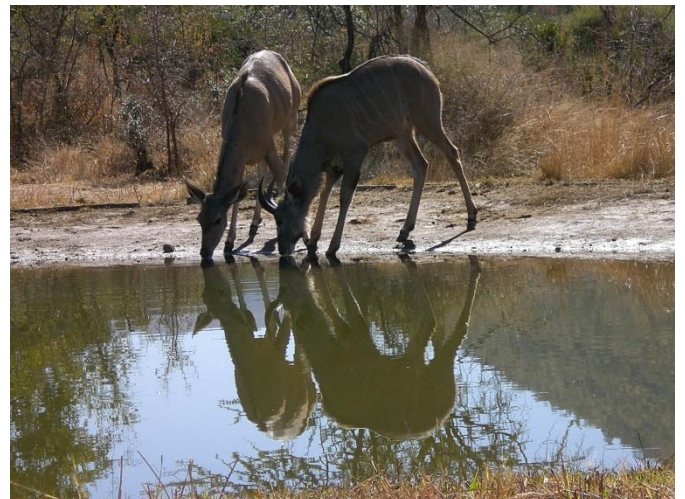
climbed to FL075. We had lovely clear views of the airfields passed which we flew – Krugersdorp and Orient, but stayed well clear of them. When 10nm out from FAPN, we called the tower and were told to report when established on a right base for runway 05, the reciprocal of the one on which we had previously landed. We reached the main Sun City – Brits road which makes a really good marker, and then turned west towards the airfield and turned out slightly south to establish a good right base and enough space for a good final approach. We called when established on the right base for 05, then were told to report when established on finals, which we did.

exited the runway there, and followed the yellow line to our parking marshal. There were two or three more aircraft parked on the apron than previously, and a lot less security and no SAP to check our paperwork. This time we were requested to pay our landing and parking fees when we arrived – still so cheap – R44.00 for landing and R33.00 for parking for the day. I rushed out to check that our transport had arrived – I had phoned Kwa Maritane from home earlier in the morning to arrange the transport to the Lodge. Daniel from Kwa Maritane was awaiting us outside the main entrance to the terminal building and greeted me with a big smile – he had got there earlier than arranged! I went back to the flight office to tell Peter our bus was already there and it was only when he saw the logo on the bus door that he knew where we were going. It was only a 10 minute drive to Kwa Maritane and when we arrived we reported to reception to pay for the transport – only R50.00 each for a return ticket to the airport.

We were then free to wander around the lodge grounds and game view. Once again the weather was lovely and warm and light summer tops were all that were needed. We started off by walking along the camp perimeter and saw a small herd of six wildebeest, a family of four warthogs and two waterbuck. By this time we needed something to drink, so went and sat upstairs on the beautiful thatched wooden deck, in the sun, overlooking the plains, a waterhole and a beautiful rocky koppie. We had a snack of coffee and a scone each to keep us going. Two zebra came very close to drink at the waterhole and numerous birds, including grey loeries, crested barbets, and various types of pigeons flew around us. We then made our way to the hide, which is reached by a long underground tunnel, and sat there for



ZU-EIJ & Peter at Pilanesberg Intl. Airport.



Young Kudu at the Waterhole, from the Hide

We landed and as there was a microlight taxiing to the Alpha turnoff, we continued on to the Bravo taxiway and

ages, watching the animals and birds which came to visit the waterhole. These included a lone brindled gnu, four young kudu, a large family of skittish warthogs and a mongoose. A pied kingfisher spent ages fishing for his lunch, which was very interesting to watch.



We didn't have a lot of time before we had to make our way back to the airport, so had one quick drink in the sun near the swimming pool, before catching the shuttle back to the airport; completed the register, put my handbag through the security scanner (as if we were going to have a security problem with Peter's own aircraft!) and went back out to the apron to pre-flight and depart. There was no answer when we called the tower for start and taxi and after calling twice we were told it was unmanned. We then heard another aircraft calling inbound, so I called him and gave him the runway in use and told him we were taxiing and backtracking on runway 23 as the wind had changed. We back-tracked and waited at the run-up area while doing our final checks, until he landed and 'touched-and-went' and turned out for Rustenburg. We entered runway 23, once again, little ZU-EIJ taking off down this enormous long runway. By the time we were passing the airport building, we were already about 300' AGL.

We turned out east towards FASY and headed home at FL070. We had a very clear view of FARG over to our right and then FAOI ahead of us. Once again, we called

Orient 10nm out, and the only reply we got was that there were gliders in the vicinity. We passed to the east of the field, calling again when abeam the field. Only two gliders called, but neither mentioning their call signs – both calling on short finals. We spotted a third glider to the west of the field and which made no radio call at all! The gliders in the Orient vicinity are clearly a danger to other traffic passing!

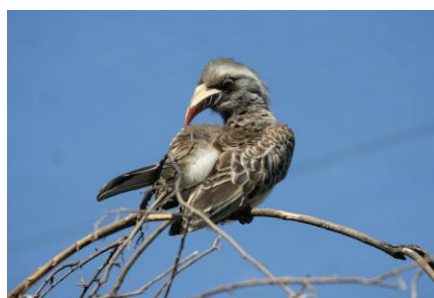
It took us an hour to get back to FASY, and we landed back on runway 31 after a stunning flying day out. Unfortunately, once again, no-one we asked was able to accompany us – but maybe next time. There are so many stunning and inexpensive destinations within an hour or less flight from FASY. For those of you who would like to join us on another excursion to Kwa Maritane – let either me or Peter know and we will arrange another wonderful day out for as many of you as would like to join us. If you have any other suggestions – let us know!

Until next time, safe flying.

By Peter Skellern, ZU-EIJ & Anne Pickard



Bill Harops Balloons at the Pilansburg Nature Reserve





Flying and Fishing *– A Story* *Part 1*

There are moments when flying is intensely personal, when you rediscover a part of yourself just because you have spent some time wafting in the air above your real life on the ground. And when you fly away somewhere, that sense of rediscovery becomes even more tangible.

It had been a long week, and on a whim, I decided to get away from it all, from work, from responsibilities and from the stress that seemed to erupt from all of that. I had started up the old Tiger Moth on my own, clambered into the cockpit, fastened the four point harness, and as I trundled down the taxiway, I felt all of those pressures begin to strip away from me, like a second skin being shed. When I was airborne, everything had faded away almost completely and I felt lighter, more buoyant.

It was one of those Highveld winters without a breath of wind and the sort of sunlight that isn't blinding, but just sort of softens everything. I spiralled upwards above the airfield, watching the light play tricks on the wings, and enjoying the feel of my

sheepskin jacket warming my chest and the long silk scarf whip in the slipstream behind me. I know I'm buying into the cliché of open-cockpit pilots by wearing all of this paraphernalia which probably isn't all that necessary, but I have always felt that part of flying revolves around imagination, and on that winter afternoon I felt like an old barnstormer, trail-blazing across the sky.



Some weaker thermals helped my climb, and after I was happy with my map and headings, I turned south towards the mountains a few hours away. I held the map in my right hand along with the stick, and tried to keep it away from the occasional waft of air that curled its pages into an unreadable flapping. I tracked the pencil mark that I had made into an imaginary line on the ground, following huge grain silos and rows of golden crops that were waiting from summer. Roads snaked across my path, shimmering with cars heading home from work and I followed a formation



of twenty sacred ibis that pulsed off my wingtip. A vortex from a veld fire was eating through a dry field and the air was singed with a dusty burnt smell.

Soon the ground rose up to meet me as if invisible hands had forced it upwards. The feet of these hills would quickly grow into huge mountains at my destination. Their folds reminded me of a silk dress being pressed up to reveal part of a woman's thigh.

Larger rivers ran between the valleys, with little streams darting off from their source. Huge peaks that were lined with God-knows-how-old- rock, faced the Tiger Moth and I eased back on the stick and cranked open the throttle a bit more to give myself some space to fly over them.

On the other side was one flat valley that stretched for about five or six miles until the mountains regained their mouldings to the sky. It had a dirt road, long-since forgotten that used to be the access to the tree plantations that grew there years before. Since then the trees had stopped being forested and while some stood like the muscled legs of Herculean giants, others had been cut down by fire and lay in dishevelled clearings. In the middle of

that forest, I knew that there was a small stream, so isolated that it was a well-kept secret that only a few people knew about.

There were trout there that had never seen a person or a feathered fly before; fish that grew thick and strong with colours that seemed to be painted on them.

As I turned for downwind for the dirt track, I thought about how I had heard about that stream. Being privy to a secret always makes you feel like one of an elite few, a sort of secret society. You feel that you have responsibilities to uphold that secrecy lest the stream is discovered by the masses and becomes one of those stocked, commercial properties with the fashionable fisherman in designer waders and more lines thrashing the waters than the fish that are brought out of them.



I was in one of those typical airfield pubs – the kind with an upside-down model aeroplane in the ceiling, and the main spar from some wrecked Cessna above the bar counter, cluttered with caps from airshows past. I was enjoying a beer and admiring a black-and-white framed picture of a Curtis Jenny collecting a handkerchief from someone on the ground, when I heard the conversation next to me turn from flying to flyfishing. Being an avid fisherman myself, I turned my chair to face the only other two people in the bar and introduced myself.

A number of beers later, when everything we said seemed to take on tinges of hilarity, the man on my left beckoned me closer, as if to speak in confidence, something that seemed earnestly out of place in the conversation we had been having. He said, "If you want to know where you



can find trout that are as long as your leg, chat to Donald. He owns a huge farm in the mountains, part of which is an old disused forestry. Nobody goes there anymore but you can land on the dirt road and the fishing is out of this world". The old man must have been in his sixties, but by the shock of brown hair that still covered his head and the tiny spark that seemed to dance in his eyes when he spoke, he seemed as enthusiastic as a teenager. I drew my own conclusions that flying (or fishing) must be what had kept him feeling so young.

He flipped over a bar coaster and wrote from memory the co-ordinates, saying "Don't tell anyone."

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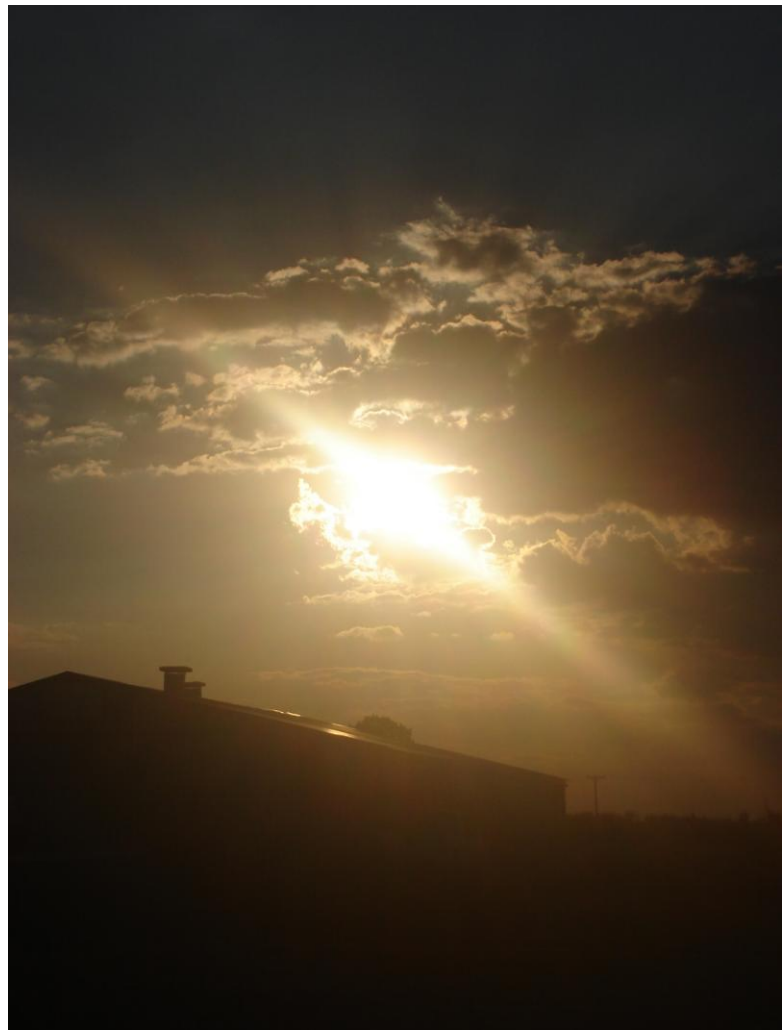
I checked the wind, being torn from my daydream by the mechanics of landing the Tiger.

I stuffed the map between the canvas and the exposed tubing of the fuselage and turned left onto base and then finals. The road was just wider than the track of the Tiger Moth but it was surprisingly flat and smooth, despite my tyres being the only ones to touch down in what looked like months. On final approach I cut the throttle, and listened to the sporadic

beat of the engine as it whipped the propeller around in front of me. I was a bit high, so I kicked some right rudder and side-slipped in, feeling the wash of frigid air assault me from the side of the cockpit. Then it was a simple kick to straighten the aircraft and ease back on the stick until I heard the protesting grumble of dirt beneath me. There were dust-devils in my wake as I touched down, the propeller ticking over, its idle the only sound breaking the silence.

I taxied off the track, frightening a family of mongooses back underground and I cautiously looked for any holes that might bog me down and leave me stranded in the middle of nowhere. Between two towering fern trees I did my shut down checks. There was a patch of grass beneath the wing that I hoped would be soft enough for me to have a comfortable night. With the engine off, I heard the noises of the forest slowly begin to resurface again. Birds began to reassure each other and slowly the mongooses popped their head out of their holes, unsure of this visitor who had so rudely interrupted their Friday afternoon.

Courtney Watson





*Peter Finally Gets
to Realise his
Dream of Flying in
an Open-Cockpit
Aircraft!*

At the end of May Peter had an opportunity to fly in a Tiger Moth DH82A for the first time in his life!

It had been a life-time dream of his to fly in an open-cockpit aircraft and he had never before had the opportunity. Finally his

dream came true and Gavin Brown, who is based at FASI, took Peter up one very chilly Saturday morning in his Tiger Moth ZS-JVZ. They did not do any aerobatics because of the Tiger Moth being a vintage aeroplane, but none-the-less, they had the most amazing flight and returned safely to Springs Airfield, somewhat chilly but exhilarated at having had this wonderful opportunity to fly in an aircraft in which so many pilots learnt to fly. Thank you to Gavin for realising Peter's dream!



Peter Skellern Enjoying his very first ever, Tiger Moth Flight



ZS-JVZ owned by Gavin Brown



*Report Back on
Barragee's
Members' Club Day
Sunday 18th July 2010*

The new Barragee Events Committee, headed by Mike Gill, and supported by Dave Gill, Peter Skellern and Anne Pickard, decided at their first meeting, that it would be a good idea to have a regular monthly Barragee Club Day. This will become a regular event to which members could come with their families and friends to enjoy a social get together and get to know one another better. Hopefully this initiative will introduce more members to our Club as well.

The second Sunday of each month will usually be the chosen day (from 10:00 onwards) and will usually consist of either a breakfast or lunch.

The weather played along this Sunday, the beautiful sunny day allowing us to sit outside. Despite only a week's notice being given to members, we had a wonderful turn out of fifty plus members, with their families and guests. Lunch was provided at no charge, with a cash bar available, and it was difficult to keep up with the demand for the delicious hamburgers.

Several club members took turns at the braai, cutting salads and buttering rolls – thanks to everyone who assisted and especially to Michelle and Peet for setting things up in the Club House.

The children had great fun playing on the Harvard, and whether people flew in or drove in, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

Don't forget to diarize our next Barragee Club Day – look out for the email giving further information for the August Club Day and bring your families and friends. Whether you fly in or drive in, don't miss out.



The Events Committee – Mike, Dave, Anne and Peter

What follows are some pictures courtesy of Mike Gill and Kelly McAuley...our resident professional photographers...





Martiens Steyn who flew in from Krugersdorp



A Lancair and Glassair who flew in to join us

Hangar Talk...





Classifieds

Advertising is open to JLPC members – please email the editor with anything you would like featured in this newsletter.

Aircraft Covers



For those of you who do not have any covers for your aircraft, Michelle is able to make the most wonderful covers. This is an example – and the covers she has made for ZU-EIJ. The covers are light and washable and very easy to put on and remove. For further information, speak to Michelle or Peet at the Barragee Clubhouse, or contact Peter Skellern.

For Sale – Sorrell Hiperlight



Unfortunately, due to funds needed for a Tiger Moth trip that is planned for 2011 across Botswana, we will be selling ZU-CMF, our Sorrell Hiperlight. This aircraft is ideal for cheap recreational flying and can be viewed at Baragwanath. Contact Patrick on 083 335 5498 for details.

Watsonwheels



History disappears unless it is written down. Preserve your motoring and aviation hobbies through a personalised coffee table book. For pricing and details, email cwatson@stithian.com.



Parting Shot



I know that this is yet another photograph of the Watson's family aircraft, but I just thought it was such a stunning shot! Thanks to Kelly for this one!

And here ends the August Edition of the Baragwanath Barometer. We hope that you enjoyed it! For comments, articles, photographs, or musings, please don't hesitate to contact me. The next edition is 'hitting news stands' in November, so until then, blue skies and happy landings.

