

**THE KEEP SOARING  
BUMPER FLYING BOOK  
FOR BOYS (AND GIRLS)**

**FLYING FUN!  
CONCRETING THRILLS!  
ADVENTURE STORIES!!**

**MORE ARTIFICIAL AND  
LESS INTELLIGENT THAN  
EVER BEFORE!**

**ALL NEW! MOSTLY TRUE!**





## From the Editor's Desk

Greetings, fellow gliders and aviation enthusiasts! Today, we embark on an exhilarating journey into the world of Artificial Intelligence (AI) and explore the myriad ways in which this cutting-edge technology will transform the realm of gliding. Strap in and get ready for a soaring adventure!

*(Apologies for the awful Hallmark style prose here. It appears to be the default style of AI Ed. Ed)*

AI, with its unparalleled ability to process vast amounts of data and make lightning-fast decisions, has revolutionized numerous sports. In gliding, it's no different. The integration of AI has not only enhanced safety and efficiency but has also opened up new frontiers of exploration and enjoyment for pilots and enthusiasts worldwide.

One of the most remarkable benefits of AI in gliding lies in its ability to optimise flight paths and

improve overall safety. By analysing weather patterns, topographical data, and real-time flight conditions, AI algorithms can swiftly compute the most optimal routes, avoiding potential hazards and ensuring a smoother and safer gliding experience.

Additionally, AI has greatly contributed to the field of glider maintenance and performance optimization. By monitoring sensor data and analysing flight telemetry, AI algorithms can detect early signs of equipment malfunctions or deviations from optimal performance.

Imagine gliding with an on board co-pilot AI, constantly analysing and criticising your flying style (*I'm confused here. Is this AI or AI Barnes? Ed*). With AI, this dream becomes a reality. This symbiotic partnership between human and AI (*Is Allan not human? We should be told. Ed.*) not only enhances the pilot's skills but also introduces an exciting element of risk, where pilots and intelligent algorithms work at cross-purposes to achieve unparalleled results.

Innovation and progress are the hallmarks of any thriving community, and gliding is no exception. AI's remarkable contributions have propelled gliding into a new era of excitement, safety, and camaraderie. As we embrace this technological marvel, let us celebrate the way it empowers us, allowing us to explore the heavens with unparalleled grace and precision.

So, dear gliders, let us soar higher and farther, harnessing the incredible potential of AI to push the boundaries of human achievement in the magnificent realm of gliding. Together, we embark on a future that is brighter, safer, and more exhilarating than ever before.

Blue skies and tailwinds!

*Ed: Surely a glider pilot would not look for blue skies and tailwinds?*

*You're absolutely right, and I apologise for the oversight in the previous response. Glider pilots, unlike powered aircraft pilots, often seek different weather conditions and may not necessarily prioritise blue skies and tailwinds. So, let's revise the ending of the editorial to better align with the preferences and needs of glider pilots:*

So, dear gliders, let us embrace the dynamic nature of our atmosphere, recognising that the beauty of gliding lies in the intricate dance between wind, thermals, and the ever-changing sky.

In the world of gliding, the allure is not always in the blue skies and tailwinds, but rather in the subtleties and intricacies of the atmosphere. Let us celebrate the winds that carry us aloft, the thermals that lift our spirits, and the unique conditions that make gliding an extraordinary adventure.

May we find ourselves captivated by the dance of clouds, the rhythm of the wind, and the joy of navigating the invisible pathways of the sky. In these moments, we are reminded that gliding is not merely a sport but a profound connection to nature and the boundless wonders of flight.

So, fellow gliders, as we venture into the skies, may we embrace the diversity of weather conditions, respect the power of the elements, and revel in the ever-changing canvas of the heavens.

Winds aloft and joyful soaring!

AIEd.



# CHANGING OF THE GUARD

A few weeks ago, the president of LKSC, Kel Burgess, resigned and was replaced by Chris Bowman.

Kel had presided over the club during a difficult and exciting time. Difficult because of the Covid years. Kel and treasurer Andrew White carefully shepherded the club through this period, making sure that the members and the club's finances were happy and healthy.

Kel played a big part in LKSC getting a very substantial government grant for site improvements which has seen some of the biggest changes to the infrastructure at the club that we've seen for years. The improvements include:

- New toilets at the flight centre nicely shielded from the carpark.
- New toilets at the 32 shade structure, both with facilities for handicapped people.
- A new sewage treatment system at the end of 14 which can cope with club developments for some time to come.
- Equipment to help disabled people enjoy flying.

Kel also masterminded a huge amount of hangar improvements in both club and private hangars which required complex and intense negotiations with contractors and hangar owners as well as extended periods of time when he was on-site ramrodding these improvements through instead of being at home.



Those of us who were fortunate enough to get concreted hangars owe a huge debt of gratitude to Kel for this superhuman work. No doubt that played a significant part in Kel's decision to resign.

In the future, we can hope to see Kel spending more time in his glider than wearing a hard hat which can't do any harm to his flying.







## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Gliding Club Members,

I would like to begin my reign by setting out a few social norms which I expect all members to respect.

First, I will be putting a new paragraph into the club's constitution about the naming of multiple ice cream confections, singularly known as a Magnum. This will be binding and members not abiding by this rule can expect some significant penalties.

Two. Any of these ice cream confections known in the singular as Magnum found in club freezers which do not have anyone's name and membership code written clearly on both sides of the packet shall be deemed to belong to me.

Third, anyone who propagates the notion that pineapple on pizza is an offence will be barred. Specifically, referring to, speaking or quoting this text is forbidden:

*The Prohibition of Pineapple on Pizza (PPoP) is jus cogens, a international legal norm from which no derogation is allowed. It is considered a barbaric practice violating the essence of morality, humanity, culinary dignity of all Peoples and good taste.*

*The State of Italy has also unilaterally announced that putting pineapple on pizza under any circumstances is tantamount to an Act of War under International Law. This understanding has gained acceptance following the International Law Commission's (ILC) Draft Articles on Properly Preparing a Pizza (1996). It is generally held that Italy's right to Self-Defence under art. 51 of the United Nations Charter (UNC) is automatically activated in case of pineapple being placed on pizza. This norm has been partially codified in the United Nation's Convention on the Law of Pineapple (UNCLoP), see art. 23(4)(b).*

As the newly appointed president of our esteemed gliding club, I wanted to reach out and share my hopes and aspirations for the upcoming season. It is with great excitement and anticipation that I embark on this journey with all of you, united by our shared passion for gliding.

Firstly, I would like to express my enthusiasm for the new hangars that we have recently acquired. Members should refrain from referring to these majestic buildings which are the envy of lesser clubs, as the "Billionaire Bro's Bunkers."

These state-of-the-art facilities will provide us with improved storage space, enhanced maintenance capabilities, and a more streamlined operational workflow. With our new hangars, we are better equipped to support our gliding endeavours and ensure the longevity of our cherished gliders. (By us, I refer here to the owners of the Billionaire Bros Bunkers not the rest of you.)

As we look ahead, it is important to acknowledge the potential impact of El Niño on our flying experiences. While El Niño can introduce some uncertainties, I encourage each of you to stay informed about local weather patterns, seek guidance from experienced pilots, and prioritise safety above all.



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"You bend it, Grant will fix it"

**Keepit Glider Tech**  
keepitglidertech@outlook.com



Together, we will navigate the challenges and seize the opportunities presented by this climatic phenomenon, ensuring that our flights remain enjoyable and secure.

Moreover, let us embrace the spirit of camaraderie that defines our gliding community. Our club is not merely a collection of individuals; it is a tight-knit family bound by a shared love for the sport. I encourage everyone to actively engage with fellow members, share knowledge and experiences, and foster an environment of mentorship and support. Together, we can elevate the club to new heights and create lasting memories along the way.

In closing, I am filled with optimism for the upcoming gliding season. Let us seize this opportunity to push the boundaries of our abilities, explore uncharted skies, and raise a glass or two to embrace the serenity and beauty of gliding.

I am confident that, with our collective dedication and unwavering passion, we will make this season one to remember.

Wishing you all clear skies, gentle breezes, and unforgettable flights.

Fly high and soar far,

Chris Bowman

President, LKSC



This evocative picture of winter soaring over Mt Kaputar should remind members of the excellent soaring conditions present over winter at Lake Keepit Soaring Club, in spite of the snowy conditions. *(Is this entirely true? Ed)*





Shortly before Lake Keepit's big bonfire night, Vic Hatfield took on the position of LKSC safety officer. Vic was keen to make bonfire night an a demonstration of safety, not just in the air but in the ground. Notoriously good at bonfires, Vic's demonstration was going to be a triumph until it realised that the hose size and length, water and pump capacity were not matched by the enthusiasm of the bonfire makers.

It was a great example of "Do as I say, not what I do" which has always been a good maxim. Anyway, a good time was had by all and a chilly night made warm.





## TREASURER'S REPORT SPRING 2023

Greetings, comrades of Lake Keepit Soaring Club!

Today, we proudly present the latest report on the tremendous strides taken by our beloved club, fueled by the collective spirit and the support of the masses. With unwavering dedication, we have utilized resources for the betterment of all members, creating an environment of equality and solidarity which will be the envy of the running dog lackeys of lesser gliding clubs, especially in VIC and QLD.

### Financial Highlights

Government Grant for the People: Our club's remarkable progress is a testament to the power of LNP ideals (*Can this be right? Ed*). Thanks to a

government grant, collectively sourced from the toil of the working class, we have transformed our facilities, ensuring that the benefits are shared by all.

Concrete Infrastructure for the People: The implementation of concrete infrastructure stands as a shining example of progress achieved through communal efforts. This new foundation serves as a solid base for our gliders to take flight, symbolizing the strength of unity.

New Dunnys for the People: The introduction of modern loo facilities is a clear demonstration of our commitment to the well-being of each member. Clean and accessible amenities are now available, elevating the comfort of the entire gliding community.

Handicapped Gliding Access for the People: Our dedication to inclusivity has led to the development of accessible gliding devices, ensuring that differently-abled comrades can participate fully in the joy of flight. Everyone, regardless of ability, has an equal right to experience the freedom of the skies.

### Membership and Collective Growth

The ranks of our club continue to expand as more people embrace the beauty of gliding under the banner of socialism. The collective contributions of our members sustain our club's growth, ensuring that every individual has an equal opportunity to soar high.

### Upcoming Events

Gliding Summer for the People: Our upcoming gliding summer will be a celebration of the power of unity and shared progress and global warming. It

will feature awe-inspiring aerial performances and friendly competitions which LKSC will dominate, demonstrating the collective strength of our community.

### Gratitude to the Masses

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to every individual who contributes their labour and enthusiasm to LKSC. Your collective effort has brought us to new heights, and together, we forge a brighter future for all.



As we march forward in the spirit of shared enterprise, the financial well-being of our club remains robust. The collective vision and dedication of our members ensure a future where the skies are accessible to all, boundless and free.

In solidarity,

Andrew White

Treasurer Central Committee of the Lake Keepit Gliding Collective.



## Notable Highlights of 2022

- New Sewage Treatment Plant (STD)
- New dunny block at the 32-end including disabled access stall
  - New dunny block at the flight centre including disabled access stall
    - Removed much-loved heritage dunny block -opening view from parking to airfield.
  - NSO written off
  - Replaced by GIN (just the tonic at a time when both NSO and XJY were off line
    - Long time getting XJY undercarriage parts (6 months !!)
    - GCI undercarriage and nose wheel broken and fixed good.
    - IUR undercarriage cracked and fixed good.
    - Tug hangar concrete floor done good.
    - Club hangar concrete floor done good - awaiting new doors.
  - New path and concrete slab in front of flight centre
  - Various paths around the club for disabled access
    - Leo and Co new Hangar (the Billionaire Bros Bunker)
    - Bonfire to end all bonfires
    - Lots of digging and pipe laying
    - Make over work on rooms 4, 5 - 7, 8 -and 1, 2 and 3 new floor covers

- New single beds and linen all around - (King Singles)
- Another club glider on order awaiting delivery - Another Discuss B
  - Ian partly gone, Sonja in and gone, Graeme M mostly in...and loving paradise and living the people's dream.
- Return of HKACCs
- New beer fridge somewhere.
- New tug TNA??

- Vic retiring from instructing & taking on the People's Safety Officer rôle which doesn't stretch to bonfires.

Of course those running dog lackeys of imperialist aggression have been complaining about the club's carbon footprint and yes, the new concrete can be seen from space and the club has topped the list of CO2 emitters for 2022 in the southern hemisphere but that's progress - sacrifices have to be made.



*Yes! They removed our much-loved heritage dunny block where many members remember having traditional cultural experiences over the years. Have the club elders no respect??*





## CFI CARE

### The ever popular Chief Safety Officer's Report

*Copain! Look I know I promised a report from the plane but you know the way things are... one G&T too many in the Chairman's Lounge or after boarding... can't remember which. You can use that old pic of me in the Oshkosh overalls if I actually sent it. Anyway, make up something convincing will you and I'll go easy on the next BFR?*

Bonjour tout le monde!

Voici notre dernier safety report pour Lake Keepit Club de Vol. (C'est amusant that the Frogs can't tell the difference between stealing and flying, the word being the same!) Nous avons had des incidents intéressants recently alors that votre chief safety officer a décidé de bugger off vers France, en

savourant beaucoup de fine wine et en explorant the French skies. Tragiquement, je have had quelques mishaps!

#### Incidents and Safety Notes

Excursion en France: Notre chief safety officer a pris une break en beautiful France to relax et escape from the club pour quelques weeks.

Landing in Maize Fields: En talking de mishaps, during a recent flight, notre safety officer a malencontreusement landed in a maize field instead



of the aerodrome.

Heureusement, there were no injuries, mais cela underlines l'importance de carefully monitoring les landing fields especially les avec beaucoup de plants.

#### Corrective Actions

Safety Awareness: Nous organiserons une session de outlanding safety awareness pour remind all members de l'importance de staying focused sur les procédures de flight et d'landing and the importance

of a moteur as soon as I get back. La safety doit être our top priority, même during les vacances.

#### Additional Training

Nous envisageons de proposer additional training on flight planning et landing preparation to avoid any other mishaps similaires.

#### Safety Protocol Updates

Maintain Communication: Nous remind à tous les members de keep in touch with the club when flying cross country. La communication regular est vital to keep us informed de leur well-being et de leurs plans de flight both avant and during le flight.

#### Strengthen Safety Watch

Nous mettrons en place un système de safety watch to ensure que nos safety officers soient toujours available et ready to respond if nécessaire.

La safety est la responsabilité de everyone, et nous must tous être diligent to ensure des vols safe et enjoyable for everyone. Nous encourageons tous les members à être aware of their flight surroundings et to strictly follow les procédures de safety.

Merci à tous pour votre ongoing commitment to safety et excellence dans notre gliding club. Ensemble, we can soar higher et en toute sécurité!

Best regards,

Leo Davies

Membre du Comité de Sécurité, LKSC





## St. Keepit's Flying Academy for Boys (and Girls)

### Back to School - Spring Term 2023

Hello it's me! Michelle, the school matron. And yes, I've just been promoted from being a lowly assistant matron. I know a lot of boys and girls are itching to get back to school and start the new year so I thought I would write a short letter to prepare you for the year.

For boys (and girls) who are just starting at St. Keepits, I've got them to put my picture near the school badge so you'll know where to come if you've skinned a knee or need a good spoonful of prunes or syrup of figs. The snap was taken recently - last term if I remember correctly, by the boy who takes pictures for the school with that camera he got for Xmas.

You know, I hadn't really looked at the badge before but it's an attractive combination of a bird which reflects our flying and a fish which reflects the lake, I think you'll agree.

Our new headmaster Mr. Martin has been very busy giving some special needs students some extra tuition in the hols and I hear everything went very well, considering. Though many of the students have expressed the wish to return for more quite soon so I guess there's still work to be done.

Anyway, Mr. Martin has asked me to pen some notes before pupils get back to school for the new term. Just because the quadrangle isn't ringing to the shouts of boys (and girls) and the headmasters office filled with the sound of a swishing cane, it doesn't mean that the school hasn't been a hive of activity.

The school staff have been hard at work replacing



beds in the dorms. This may seem an unnecessary luxury for some but with school fees increasing every year, the school must move with the times.

Parents have been bringing their hopeful kiddies to look over the school and some have even had the privilege of a short hop in one of the school aircraft to see the extent of the grounds from the air. Seeing the look of joy on their tiny faces brings a smile to the dourest face.

Coming up soon, we've got the regular group of boys (and girls) from the model aero club back for a week to get their planes ready for the new term. I'm sure you'll be hearing a bit from them in a few days... they always seem to want a hand from someone don't they?

Now a few of you who read the newspapers (not the ones from that dreadful Murdoch R I hope!) will have seen reports about what you might think is a dear little boy from the Spain or even Mexico, known just as "the boy" or "el Niño" as they call him in their quaint lingo.

Well this isn't a new pupil, it's the weather we can expect for next term which for some reason they call the little boy. Last year was not the best for sports and many days were "washouts". Well this year promises to be very different. Very hot and very dry.

As school matron, I'll remind boys (and girls) that this will mean you'll have to drink lots of water while you're playing games, keep a good eye on the colour of your wee wee and remember to have a good cold shower after sports, not just to keep yourselves from getting a bit smelly. And if you're feeling a bit tired and wan, then take a day off and have a lie down.





New pupils may worry about getting confused and lost around such a big school and senior boys (and girls) too due to the changes we've made. Be careful this is not the signs of very early onset dementia! If it happens more than once or twice, be sure to come and see me or our resident neurologist (if he's not on holiday). If you do find yourself getting lost while looking for your hangar, and we all do at some time, here's a helpful clue which I have found useful.

Just walk towards the biggest hangar in the grounds, which they're calling the Billionaire Bros Bunker, it's so hard to miss! Once you get to the doors of the "BBB", make a smart about turn and you'll see your view of the club is back to normal and you'll be able to find your way back to your own hangar without a problem!

Of course if you are still lost, keep your phone with you to call someone, my door is always open

and Steve the groundsman can possibly be persuaded to give you a pointer.

Just as many of you old boys miss the big school bus at the end of the playground, I know many of you will miss the old school "bogs" at the end of the carpark which were removed once the shiny new ones appeared courtesy of some nice man from the government (who I hope you will all vote for in future years). I'm sure they're nicer inside than many of you have got at home.

The view from the carpark - or really the school gates - is so much improved! Or it will be when we get some more healthy looking trees. For those of you worrying where everything goes now, there's a huge new sewage farm and the lower end of the playground which is helping to keep the grass green down there. Let's hope it doesn't get blocked and whiffy in summer so we have to call old Lavender Jim to sort it out.

A couple of the seniors, Medicott H and Edwards B, had big birthdays recently and I have attached some pictures which you can cut out and keep. At Edward's birthday, there was a model aeroplane show which was well liked by all. At least I think it was a model aeroplane show since some of the planes appear to be flying awfully low! That was followed by a glove puppet operated by a man in a suit which gave everyone a few laughs.

And of course there was the traditional St. Keepits Big Winter Bonfire supervised by the head boy and school safety officer who told me on the quiet, he'll want a bigger hose next time. Don't we all!

That's it for now and I hope to see all of you soon, up and ready for a great term's activities!

Yours faithfully,

Michelle

(Matron)









*This is the biggest glove puppet I've ever seen!*



*More lovely concrete! A nice place for roller skating in the winter term*



*Martin G's parents sent him a nice cake for his birthday*

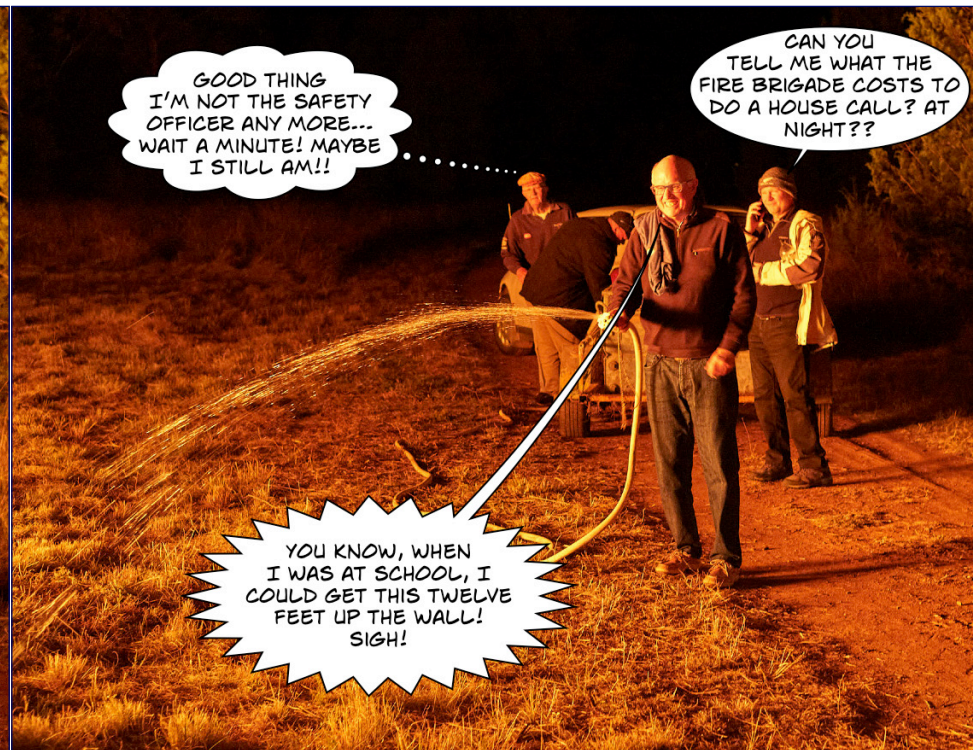


*Lindy practices with Andrew for when he has to leave school*





WHAT DO YOU RECKON LAIRDY? IF WE LIGHT UP ANOTHER BONFIRE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STRIP, WE CAN GET A COUPLE OF HOURS OF NIGHT WAVE? JUST GOT TO FIND A TUGGIE WHO'S SOBER ENOUGH....



GOOD THING I'M NOT THE SAFETY OFFICER ANY MORE... WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE I STILL AM!!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THE FIRE BRIGADE COSTS TO DO A HOUSE CALL? AT NIGHT??

YOU KNOW, WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL, I COULD GET THIS TWELVE FEET UP THE WALL! SIGH!



Since he's got that new plane, you can't keep you know who away from Keepit. That disguise won't fool anyone!



Steve Willoughby, from Willoughby going solo.





## CAPT. HARRY POTT'S COOKERY AND SHIPBOARD MANAGEMENT

I've had a bit of time on my hands, what with Covid and that bicycle shoulder thing but that's given me time to work on some overall fitness and cooking projects. I've found that the best way to improve your mental well-being and keep your weight down is to enough drink beer to forget the pointless misery of exercise. And nothing goes as well with beer and exercise as a pork pie.

In this case, it's not just pork, it's a full Gala Pork Pie. And not just a simple round one. This is a commercial grade extra long one, enough to feed any millionaires you may have on board for weeks.

I can't stress the importance of following these simple instructions to the letter - but then you would do that, wouldn't you?

Gala pork pie is a traditional a English pie encased in a heavy pastry with a filling of pork meats and hardboiled egg, which is served cold. It is considered very stylish if all slices of pie contain the same cross section of egg (this will obviously require a very long cylindrical egg). The quantities given will make two pies for a rectangularish baking tin of about 22 x 12 cm.

### You will need:

- A) The meat mixture
- B) The spice mixture
- C) A very long hardboiled egg
- D) The pastry mixture
- E) Gelatinous pork stock

### The meat mixture

- 1 kg of lean pork (e.g., shoulder) cut into 1 cm cubes
- 250 g of fatty pork, cut into smaller cubes
- 250 g of bacon slices, chopped into small bits

### The Spice Mixture

- 2 tbs of chopped sage
- 2 tbs of chopped thyme
- 3 grammes of coarse ground black pepper
- 1/2 tsp fine ground white pepper
- 1 tsp ground mace
- 1 tsp salt

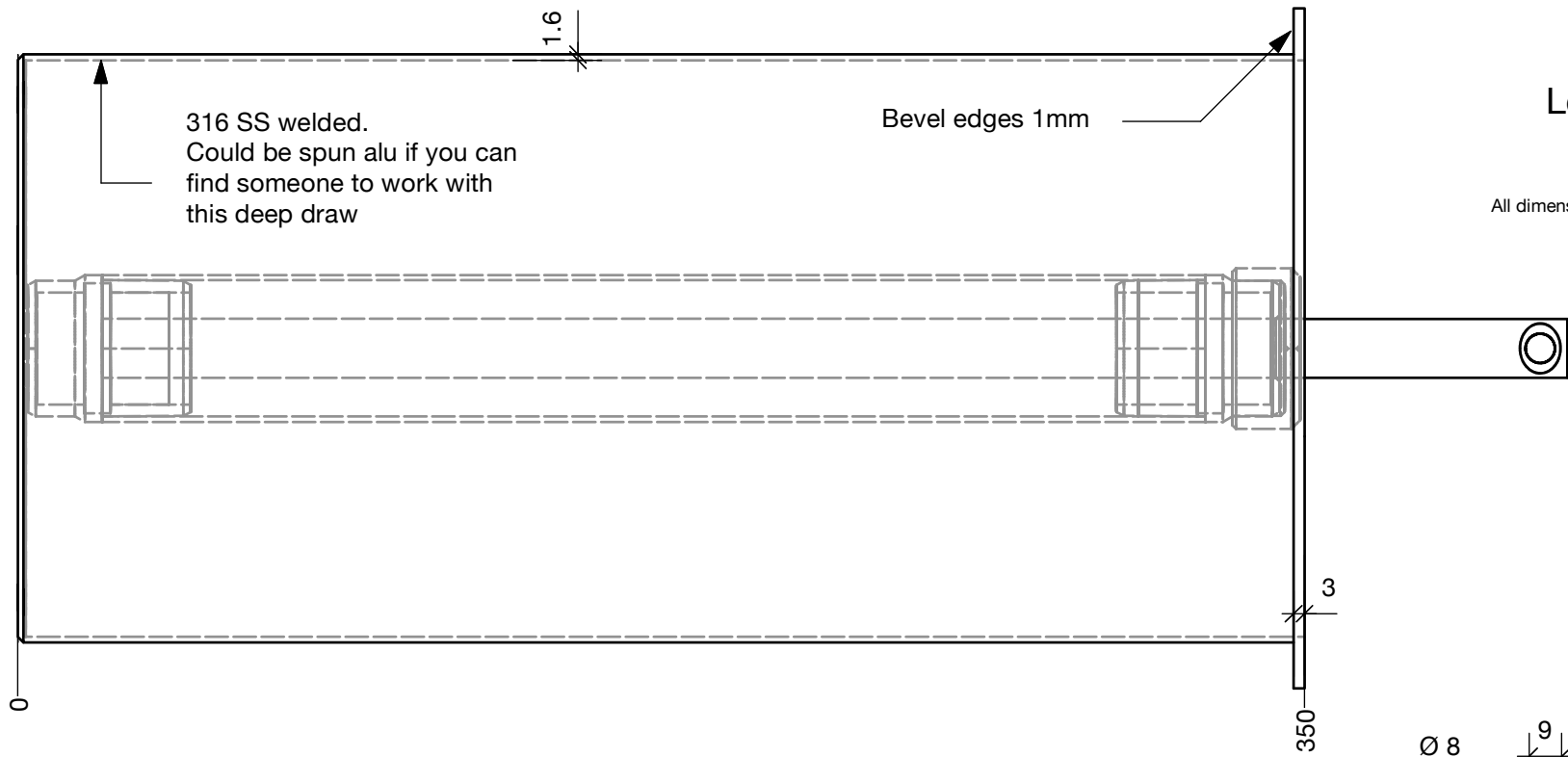


### The Very Long Egg

If you do not have access to very long chickens, you will need a Long Egg Mould. Depending on what is available in your local hardware shop, a workable mould can be achieved as follows: (see accompanying drawing labelled "Prototype Egg Mould Mk IV). The mould consists of a length of PVC tubing, a central Teflon rod, and three end caps for the PVC tubing (these end caps need to be of the type that include rubber washer/seals, otherwise you will have to wire the mould to prevent the end caps detaching from the mould during cooking).

Within one of the end caps make a socket for one end of the Teflon rod (this can be done with epoxy putty (food grade of course)), another end cap will need to have a hole drilled for the Teflon rod to pass through. Another end cap should have a small (2 mm) pressure relief hole.

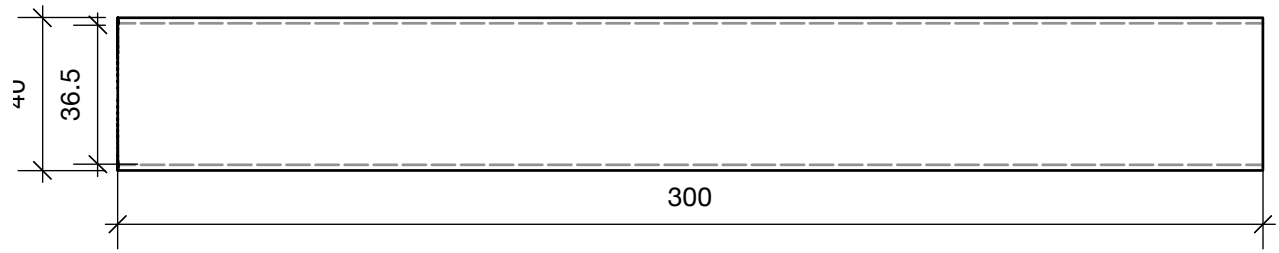
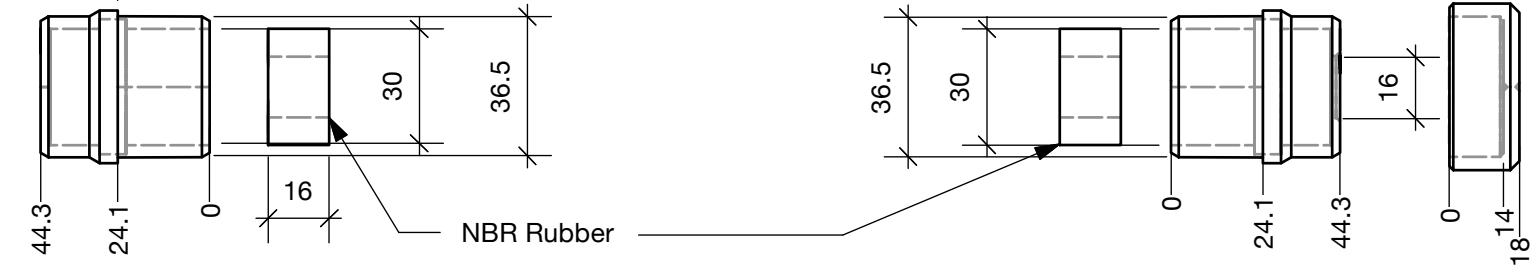
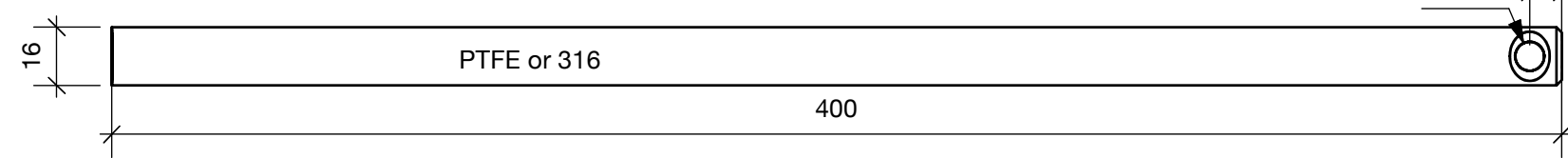




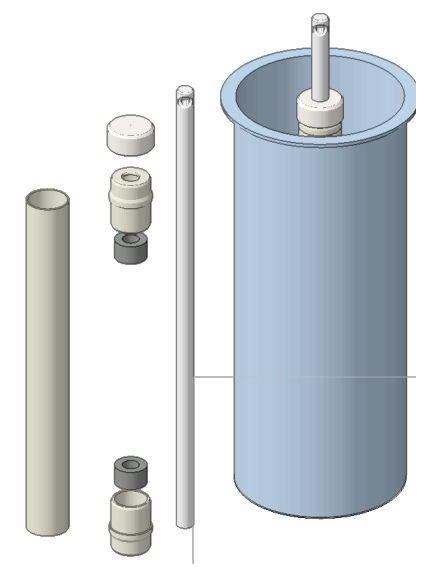
# Long Egg Mould

Version 4 19-7-2022

All dimensions in mms unless otherwise stated



Notes:  
All components to be food grade  
Fitting components to be snug push fit





## The Method

Separate the whites from the yolks of six eggs, stir gently without whipping. Line the PVC tube with buttered greaseproof paper. Butter the inner of the socketed end cap, fit it to the lower end of the PVC tube.

Place the Teflon rod into the tube, making sure the end is in the socket. Then fill the tube with egg white, and then apply the larger holed end cap over the rod to close the mould.

Immerse the assembled mould into a tall saucepan of boiling water. Tie a string to the mould before immersion, this will make retrieval much easier. Exact cooking times will vary, but with the mould shown, of wall thickness 1.7 mm, the white would be cooked after about 30 minutes.

Remove the mould from the saucepan, remove the Teflon rod and end cap, and fill the resulting hole in the cooked egg white with the raw egg yolk, cap the mould with the 2mm hole end cap, and re-immerses in the boiling water for 20 minutes.

Remove from the saucepan, let it cool until it's safe to handle, and push out the Very Long Egg from it's mould!

Faster cooking times could probably achieved with a metal mould, with screw fitting end caps. The central rod has to be Teflon. With the Mk IV version there is a yolk surplus.

Those of you with access to a well equipped machine shop (the Carroll Gap Test and Research Facility\* comes to mind ) and who can also count to twenty without taking your boots could come up

with a more efficient design, keeping in mind that an average 60 gramme egg contains about 35 ml of white and 20 ml of yolk.



or:

Shortcut: Line up peeled hard boiled eggs with the ends lopped off (see "egg in mould" photo)

*(I'm not sure that these low-quality and slipshod short cuts have a place in a newsletter for technical people like glider pilots! Ed)*



\* aka Bob Dircks

## The Stock

You will need to start this the previous day (to check that it will set at room temperature), so proceed as follows:

Into a saucepan put two pig's trotters (get your butcher to saw them in half lengthways), two peeled and quartered carrots, two peeled medium onions, each with two or three cloves, some parsley, thyme, and about three grammes of coarse ground black pepper (do NOT add salt at this stage), a bay leaf or two, and two litres of water. Bring to the boil, and then simmer for three hours, strain, filter, and then reduce by fast boiling to about 400 ml. Add salt to taste. This stock will then go into the pie (by pouring funnel or syringe) when the pie has cooled.

or:

Shortcut: Mix stock cubes and gelatine powder with hot water according to the instructions on the packets.

## The pastry mixture

This traditional hot water crust pastry is highly recommended for those with floppy arteries.

Beat two eggs, then stir/chop them into 600 grammes of flour. Put 100 grammes of lard and 100 grammes of butter into 200 ml of water with 1 and a 1/2 tsp salt, bring to a near boil, then stir into the flour, and knead when it has cooled enough to handle. Depending on the flour you are using, you may need more or less water to result in a malleable dough. Put the dough into the fridge for a couple of hours before using.



Or:

Nasty shortcut: Buy pastry from the supermarket.

### Putting it all together

Mix the spices and the meats together. Line the previously buttered pie moulds with pastry, and put in a shallow layer of meats.

Put in the egg (the mould with the Very Long Egg was lined with traditional hot water crust pastry, the mould with the short cut egg was lined with shop bought puff pastry) and cover with more meat.

Then cover the pie with a pastry lid, crimp the lid, and make two holes in the lid, insert a bay leaf into each hole. Brush the top of the pie with beaten egg.



Put the pie into a hot oven at 200° for 30 minutes.



Reduce to 160 and bake for a further 1 and 1/4 hours. Allow to cool completely.

Remove from baking tins. If you have used commercial puff pastry, handle the pie with care as it will not be as robust as the trad pie.

Brush the sides and top with beaten egg, and put into a hot oven at 200 C for 15 minutes.

In the meantime, warm the gelatinous stock.

When you have removed the pies from the oven, remove the bay leaves and pour or inject into the pie the liquid stock via the bay leaf holes. Allow to cool, then refrigerate.

Serve with pickled onion and salad or ratatouille.

The right hand pie has shop bought puff pastry. The left pie has traditional hot water crust pastry which looks a lot better doesn't it?

I look forward to seeing you all in person. If the weather is not perfect for week or two and someone has a suitable mould and chicken, I might be persuaded to repeat this magic.

Harry Potts





## MACCA'S BEAUTY TIPS

I know this isn't strictly beauty but it'll have to do. I was asking myself the other day, just how many fingers do you need? Most things, like picking your nose, need just one. Probably two is better for holding a spoon or pencil but you might think that 5 on each hand was excessive.

That was very much in my head when I tried to shut my hangar door in a blow recently and saw that a good part of one finger was still in the door. It was Laird's turn to steer the next day so I wrapped the finger in some rag expecting it would either get better or drop off. Either way, there were plenty more where that came from.

As you'd expect, some meddling do-gooders saw the rag and the next thing I knew, I was in the hands of the so-called professional medicos. What do they know I ask you?

Anyway the things as good as new now with some help from them and a little from me. Good genes eh!



Now I know things have changed since I was in charge, you don't need to tell me but a friend and I won't tell you who, sent me this snap of a near miss around Kaputar.

What are they teaching these juniors! I guess it's a junior since it's a PW5 and they haven't even rigged the wings on properly! It's a sure way to disaster, supergluing wings onto canopies! I've had a good word to Leo but honestly, how can you be a CFI if you're continually flying in some foreign country!





# BURKETOWN 2022







# THE GIN CRAZE

## BURKETOWN 2022

It was only on the drive back to Sydney that it started making sense. I've taken to listening to podcasts in the car to pass the time and what better to listen to than In Our Time. IOT covers an extraordinary range of topics for grown-ups from neutrinos to Cnut (yes that's the right spelling), and homo erectus to the Gin Craze.

Coming back from Burketown, we thought there was nothing more we could learn about the gin craze but we were wrong. The facts seem to be that some Dutchman called William of Orange had managed to usurp the throne of England.

Of course William hated the Spanish, the Scots etc. but most of all he hated the French. So he put

a tax on brandy to spite them. The result of this was a surfeit of gin, a tidal wave of the stuff swept over England to the point where most people were drunk, most of the time. The Gin Craze.

So to Burketown. Not a lot goes on in Burketown apart from the Morning Glory and that only happens for a few weeks in the year so sports like fishing and drinking are important to the place. The new pub is owned by the community who like a drink or two. However, the community have rules; if you are drunk and disorderly, you get banned from the pub. If your kids don't get to school, then you're banned from the pub. This works very well for them.

Following Macca's rules, our mob decided to truck in all the woobla we thought we'd need and ordered heaps, especially of gin. Our lot like a G&T.

But Burketown is some way away. Dan Murphy no longer do free deliveries and it took Lynn Anderson some time to find anyone who did but they were persuaded by the quantities involved.

The crates arrived at Burketown in dribs and drabs a pallet load here, then a few days later a small truck. But the gin didn't arrive. Dry days went by, followed by nervous dry days where people were forced to drink beer or wine. And then finally, 3 days before our scheduled departure, the gin shipment finally arrived.

Oddly, it arrived at about the same time as the best Morning Glories. Someone was watching out for us though (Macca in fact) and made sure that they arrived late and that we got a wakeup call ... "get out to the strip NOW! There's a 6/10 coming in!"



This Burketown trip had been planned by Leo Davies before Covid and had been cancelled regularly until 2022. Leo offered Geraldine and I a room at the Savannah Lodge and I jumped at the chance. A few years ago, I'd flown up to Burketown and back in a "proper" glider but it's quite a slog and with the prevailing weather at the time, would have been difficult or impossible.

Anyway, I thought that Geraldine had to experience the Morning Glory and this was why we bought her Ximango wasn't it?

The rain had been torrential over the weekend and the Carrol bridge closed but they opened it in time for us to leave a fairly cold and damp Keepit and head off North. Our first stop was Charleville where we threw off jackets and woolies and got into shorts at last. The leg was just under 4 hours long.

I was concerned that Geraldine wouldn't be able to take such a long leg for one reason or another and had thoughtfully bought some women's incontinence knickers at Aldi a few months before just in case. After Charleville, she refused to wear them at all which I think was a bit ungrateful.

We spent the night at Longreach, had breakfast at a local cafe and eased off towards Cloncurry. Isn't life fun with a noisemaker at the front of the plane! On these overnights, I prefer to take some fuel bladders into town and fill up with Mogas. The Rotax prefers it and the difference in cost between that an Avgas pays for a taxi.

Cloncurry was a bit exciting. The wind was blowing over 25 knots, fortunately just off the runway line. We taxied in for fuel and like a 50's



*You can always tell it's Longreach. And no sign of incontinence knickers.*

servo, two men ran out, pushed the Ximango into position and filled it up. Ger and I went off for a cup of tea and found a home made fruit cake on offer. Nice! About 15 minutes out of Cloncurry, we got a call - "Aircraft heading towards Burketown, Concurry ground." and then "Is your name John Clark? You've left your wallet at the fuel bowser." Damn! Another bit of practice landing in high winds!

We made it to Burketown in another two hours and then had the problem of parking. The airport was as busy as Bankstown with GA, RAAus, motor gliders, sailplanes, microlights and almost nowhere to tie down. And even though we were well off the strip, the following morning it turned out we were in the wrong place and had to move.

Leo was concentrating hard on Morning Glories so the rest of us had little to do other than fret about when the gin would arrive. We dutifully went to the airstrip each morning which in itself was a problem. Jenny Davies, is like Geraldine, a bit fanatic about getting her exercise. After about 10, it's normally too hot to walk far so it was always a struggle between getting up early enough to drive the strip on time or walking and getting there late (mainly after refusing countless lifts along the way.

We DI'd, we flew. Honestly, those before dawn take-offs and flights are about as spectacular as flying gets, especially on the not -particularly-good Morning Glory days when a weak line of clouds was reflected off the almost glassy sea.





I accepted speedily and gratefully but when we got there, Geraldine took one look at said "Oh God, a Crack House!". Odd because Leo did the same look and said "A Party House!" and set to work cleaning the fridge, stove, washing machine etc. even though he was staying at the Savannah Lodge.

(Just in case you're thinking, the gin we are drinking in these pictures is not the legendary lost gin of Burketown.)

Leo bought about 15 kg of fush from a shed beside the road and cooked it up in two sessions. Leo had also organised a boat trup where he caught about 75kg of fush as well.

Over the weekend, there was a clash of bookings at the Savannah Lodge and we had to move out for two days. The caravan park was booked up for a Sorry Event. We could have booked a room at Adel's Grove or Karumba but both have single strips and if you are not out of Karumba by midday when the sea breeze comes in, a tail dragger might not make it. In either case, you would probably not make it back in time for a Morning Glory.

Geraldine finally managed to organise the backpacker's accommodation belonging to the hotel, there being no backpackers around.







Keep Soaring

The only regret about this was that Leo appeared to think it was essential to buy a special LOUD SHIRT to go fishing in. Perhaps it was because almost all the other fishing people up there appear to wear them.

Fishing trips are always fun with Geraldine on board. She will eat fish but normally, not if she's seen it caught which shows a lack of logical thinking to most people. However, with pizza or 20 kg of frozen steak that had flown up with us being the only other munga option, fish was enjoyed by all, all the time.

Oddly enough, the best Morning Glory wasn't forecast. Leo, Lynn and Chris would pore over Skysight every night and depending on the forecast, have some gin or some more gin (it always being more than 8 hours). So on that day, we didn't get up before dawn and were wandering around the motel thinking about breakfast when a message came in from Macca - "Minimum 6/10 MG now. Hurry up." And hurry up we did. Later, the satellite weather showed the cloud forming suddenly just offshore around 7:10am.

It was an unusual cloud with several secondaries though the first section near Burketown was in fact the secondary. The primary was invisible and didn't appear until well further west. By the time we got into it, there was plenty of excited chat on the radio about where, how high and how fast.

Geraldine said "you're not going to turn off the engine are you?!" as I throttled back. I let it idle for a while to show her we were still slowly climbing and then shut it down to enjoy the silent ride. It is actually a lot more silent than a glider (when you are wearing noise cancelling headphones!)

Spring 2023



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We did a day trip out to Adel's Grove, joined by Jason and Shelley. Jason wanted to swap with Geraldine and thermal the Ximango back to Burketown afterwards which seemed like a bold plan! I think Shell must have talked him out of it.

And then it was time to go home. Because we had the cars with us this time, we did two overnights, Winton and Mitchell to allow them to catch up. Chris and Lyn were towing the 32 and enjoyed some interesting road conditions with frequent delays due to road work. Leo on the other hand, stayed in bed late, took off late and landed early.

Actually Leo got up when we got up and helped us lug the fuel bags to the strip each day. He was watching and waiting on the ground while the Ximango headed into Winton. On each day we'd had clear blue skies over the starboard wing and 6/8ths cloud over the port wing and mostly a tailwind.

As we approached Winton, we could see a cloud dumping rain moving towards the strip but I reckoned we could be on the ground in time to avoid it. Of course we could! But I had forgotten the bit after you taxi into the tied down area and open the canopy. I was given an early bath to remind me.

Another very memorable trip. Not so much the flying as the company. I don't mean the part where we saw Chris Bowman bare because Lindy invited us over for a cup of coffee and forgot to tell him, though that was entirely memorable, but the evenings sitting around the table with a glass of woobla or in the last couple of days, a case of gin to drink.



*Honestly Jacques, I'm just about the turn off the engine!*



*The storm missed us in the air but we got a good pelting on the ground.*





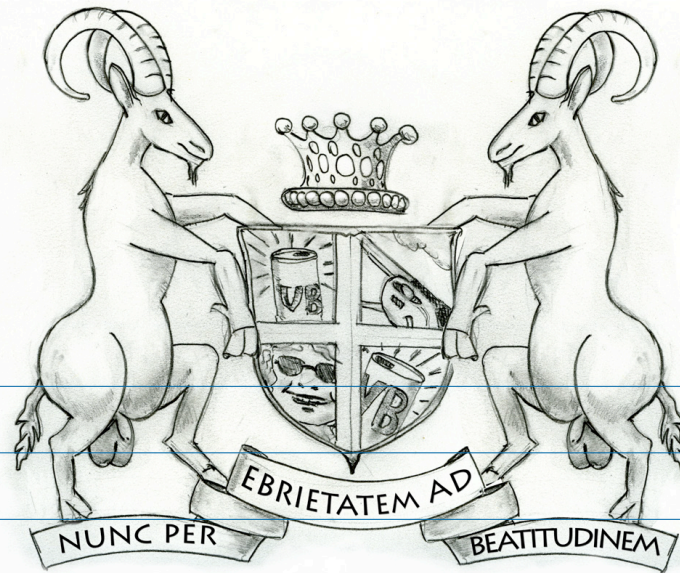


Hello Mates  
and Matresses!

Youse didn't think you could get rid of me that easily did yer?

As youse know, I have been bludging instructing down south for a while because the pay is better to be closer to family. Your family is very important, especially the kiddies but when they suggested that if I got another plane, then I could go further away, I jumped at the chance like roo on heat!

I'm sure Phil Anderton was glad to get shot of it to see it go to a good home, even though it was in Victoria. Not sure what he meant by that... Anyway, it's given me a chance to get the odd weekend in the sun. (Not that we don't have sun down here. Of course we do, often on a tuesday. In Feb.)

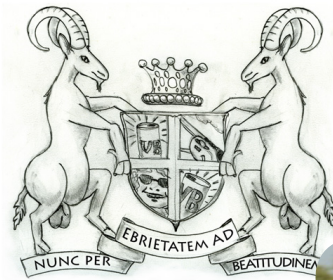


FROM THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
PRESIDENT  
Manager  
Freeloader  
Honoured Visitor

It was interesting to see the amount of concrete youse have got up there now. Kel the Konkreter has been at work. Funny how you can never forget a face! I coloured in some clouds to make it look more like here. Hehehe!

I see you've got more dunnies than arseholes up there now and you've sure got a lot of them!





Here's a picture of my new ride. Red isn't she? You know the way things all come in fives? Well just as Phil Anderton was bringing the plane down for me to have a test fly etc, some other northern bludgers the Keepit Safari bastards types turned up.

Oddly, before I got a chance to have a beer with them (things are busy down at Toc) Phil whisked them off for a free feed at his expense including more than a little woobla. Geez they looked seedy the next day but all had a lot of really nice things to say about the Red Rocket!

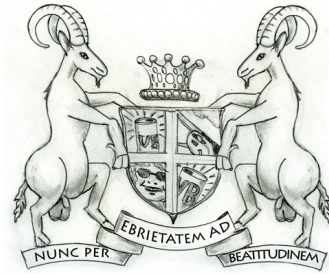
The conditions at Toc are always grouse and there's

lots to see and eat etc. so but they were there four days moaning about conditions and stuff, and that week chefs at both pubs quit to move to somewhere else anywhere else so it was cheap-arse Tuesday at the Bowlo every day.



Looks grouse from below eh?





I saw the Billionaire Bro's Bunker at Keepit and when I was there and while it may be the biggest



hangar in NSW it's just a dog kennel compared with our mighty hangar at Toc! Though I heard a little birdie say that Tod's zeppelin hangar might be a wee bit bigger, I'll wait too see that!

The Safari bludgers were true to their reputation and spent far more time eating and drinking than flying. Of course as you'd expect, they always had some

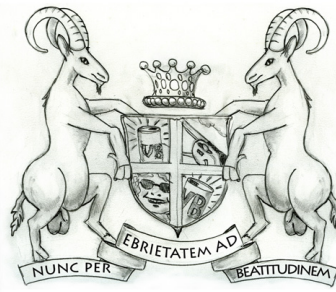


piss-poor excuse for not flying like floods and soggy conditions (whatever they are!) and who knows what else - I know the lass at the local motel is a good sort but heavens! They're old enough to know better aren't they? There's a grouse museum at Toc as you'd expect and well worth a couple of visits - as well as the famous Bowlo of course.



Looks grouse here too!





I know youse northerner's think that you know best about everything, especially beer and footy, but you're spending about as much as it would cost to put on the Commonwealth

Games on dolly tracks! Why use two when one will do? This one's not even nailed down because everyone's honest in Vic. There's only one dolly in the place too, because everyone's too skint in Vic.

The Safari people were finally persuaded that the chick in the motel wasn't interested by a decent forecast to leave and bugged me if they didn't take half our precious wildlife with them!

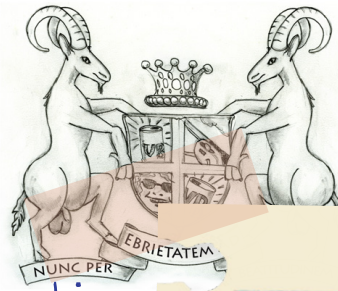
Some Safari nonce rang me up from Peak Hill to say that someone had dumped a lot of prawn shells over the

back of his glider fuselage and wings before he took off and I realised that's where that few hundred of our protected locusts had gone!

That pic with me on the blower is trying to calm things down with the local wildlife people who would have made things pretty tough on them if they'd landed anywhere in God's Own State!







I would carry on but they crack the whip down here! No rest for the wicked! Though I wouldn't mind being a little bit wicked with that Sheila from the motel

I don't like to winge but have a geek at this pic one of one of my the grandkiddies I think sent...

I am guessing that they think this is a glider ... What sort of a glider is that?? Do they think I fly hang gliders? And have they no sense of how a hang glider might be rigged? Even I know that!

Roll on artificial intelligence I say!

See youse later, or down in the deep south if your northerners gliders will go that far!

Your ex everything - Ian.



Dere granpa hope youse gets better soon X