

A Treatise on Tactics

Monty Cotton

Before the war, rowing was something which fascinated me because of the concentration upon teamwork. This became an important part of my leadership technique during and after the war. My Dad brought us up with lots of sayings containing ideals to grow up with such as:

"A champion team will always beat a team of champions."

"Nothing is impossible, but not if one body wants to get all the credit."

So I wrote this paper in the war years for my fighter squadron, to show that we did not want any 'Newspaper Aces' in our team who would try to hog all the limelight....

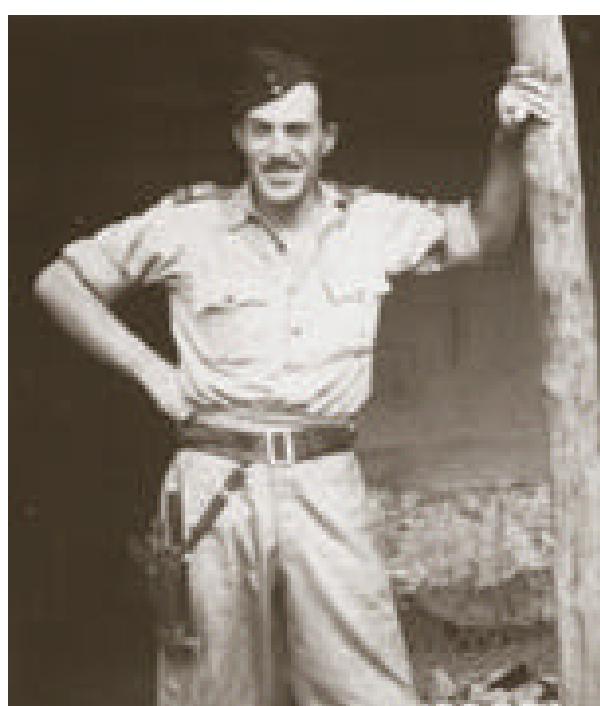
Now there was a small and penurious rowing club in the little, and equally penurious, settlement of Thriftville and, though they tried hard every year, they found that they could not compete with the rich and well-equipped clubs of Paunchtown and Bloatville, further up the river.

But while they struggled away, in their adversity and their humiliating defeats, there came to them one day a small and not very well nourished young man who owned the one and only bicycle shop in Thriftville.

His name was Bob Bond, and at a meeting of the club one night he said, "Gentlemen, for many years now the name of the Thriftville Rowing Club has been a stench in the nostrils of the fair citizens of Thriftville." (There were some very nifty fair ones too, at that ... but I digress). He went on to say, "However, I have been thinking very hard about this lately," raising his voice above the jeers and cat-calls he went on (for he was a man of some spirit), "and if you will elect me as the coach to your team, I shall promise you a glorious victory at the end of the season."

Since most of the members were browned-off at sitting in the boat-shed, and it was only ten minutes before the pub shut, they all said, "OK," or "Fair enough," or "He might as well fool about as anybody," and he was duly elected. They were all very dispirited and downcast in those days.

But Bob was a quiet, hard-worker and what he lacked in stature and looks – I forgot to say that he had a hare lip – he made up for in the priceless and rare combination of brains and guts. He went around to all the leading citizens of Thriftville and succeeded, by his earnest manner and eloquence, in the almost impossible task of extracting some of their money from them.



Monty Cotton, from 'Hurricanes Over Burma' by Monty Cotton

He then quietly went to work on each and every member of the club in turn and he talked them into a state of mind where they became as mad as hell at everybody, but in particular, against the rich and self-satisfied rowing clubs of Bloatville and Paunchtown. Then he began to direct that anger into the proper channels and before long each and every member – yes, the whole fifteen of them – was putting in quite a bit of his spare time down at the boat-shed, rehabilitating the old clinker-built eight, 'Pride of Thriftville'.

They scraped her bottom and they smoothed her copper rivets. They turned new brass wheels for the sliding seats in Bob's own primitive cycle workshop, and they renewed and strengthened the old-fashioned thole strings in the outriggers. They patched up her worn canvasses, both fore and aft, and they gave her a new coat of the very best carriage varnish. Bob put

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it to them in a nutshell, "She's old and she's weather-beaten and she's all we've got, but mark my words, there's many a good tune comes from an old fiddle."

Bob selected his crew. They worked both physically and mentally in such a way as to make a chance visitor from the Paunchtown club once remark, "No doubt the 'motley crew' which Shakespeare referred to, ha, ha," and he went away chuckling mightily at his sally and leaving black hatred in the hearts of the men of Thriftville. But one thing they **did** have in common was the will to win.

Every evening after their work-day had finished they came from the scenes of their labours to that unpainted and rather tumbledown boat-shed which even the river itself was trying to undermine.

They got their old boat out and settled down to a solid job of hard training. This is the way they worked: First they learned how to sit still and hold their oars correctly. Then they all concentrated on slowly, oh so slowly, coming forward until each slide hit the end of the runner with eight 'clicks', sounding as one.

They did this so slowly during the first few weeks that some of the crew became exasperated. "Come on Bob," they said. "Hot up the pace, we'll never get any muscle on at this rate." "And who said anything about muscle," answered our hero. "I want rhythm, teamwork, polished artfulness, not a bunch of ruddy bullocks."

And in a like manner he answered those who criticised him, because they mostly thought that seven strong men and true, or even size, could counterbalance a bit of weakness of some here and there.

But Bob knew better. His boat was as fast as the weakest man, and when you have a fourteen stone man rowing in the same boat as an eleven stone man, than unless they pull like the lesser man, the boat will tilt. It will tilt over and it will lose way, and even if it only loses 3 inches way in each stroke, that adds up to over three miles into many boat lengths and it also finishes up on defeat.

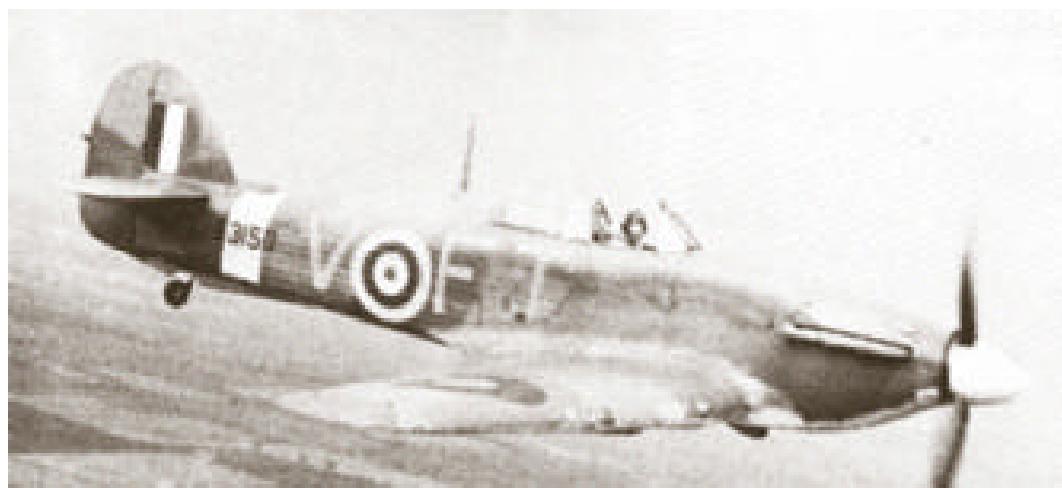
So they spent their evenings gradually getting their rhythm perfected and Bob had a bright idea of fixing a bicycle bell to the front of each sliding seat (runner) so that when each seat came fully forward it rang the bell.

If you stood close to a bend of the river under the tall blue gum trees in the cool evening, you could hear Bob coming up the river like this:

"All together now,
In.....Out.....and.....slowly.....forward.....brinnnnng!!
In.....Out.....and.....slowly.....forward.....brinnnnng!!"

It lulled them into a sense of the smooth rhythm and they all became one with the boat.

After many more weeks they all noticed that the pace was being gradually stepped up. Bob kept analysing each man's faults so minutely, and with such maddening persistence, that they all began to look upon him as a rather personal enemy. He was never satisfied, or very rarely so. No fault went unannounced and each man was constantly kept with his nose well down on the old grindstone. Then it became but one month to go before the Regatta.



Spitfire, formation flying, 43 Squadron. From 'Hurricanes Over Burma' by Monty Cotton

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Hurricane 2C with long-range tanks.
From 'Hurricanes Over Burma' by Monty Cotton

Now the pace began to really quicken. When they had finished their evening sprint they could hardly stand on their legs to lift the boat out of the water. "You know why (that is Bob speaking), it's because you are doing the work with your legs. They are just three times stronger than your arms and you must have the strength to handle the oar right up to the finish. That is why your legs are worn out, but your arms are not."

As I said once before, Bob used his brains.

Comes the DAY! The big Regatta is upon us. The long, green, clean lawns of Paunchtown slope gently

down to the edge of the river. The village maidens (and other lovelies) trip invitingly across them all decked out in their finery. The bands play, loud-speakers blare, the man in the refreshment tent is doing a roaring trade.

The Thriftville crew and their coxwain and coach lower old boat onto the turf and post a guard over it while they hie themselves to the Judge's enclosure. Here they are greeted with loud hoots of mirth from their rivals, "And how's the crew of the Tug Boat Annie today?" or, "My goodness are you really going to waste the entrance money?"

Our heroes stand solid and all say, "You wait you (blue pencil) twerps." It sounded like one man saying it!

The scene shifts from the animated crowd and we are 3 miles up river at the starting post. The 'Pride of Thriftville' has drawn the worst position, on the outside of the bend. The men in the boat are as white as sheets and nearly fainting with the nervous strain. They yawn to prevent it showing, eight mouths open and close in unison.

"Bang!" From the starter's gun and the race is on. It is a flurry of foam and wild welter of water for the first half mile. When our heroes settle down they find themselves about half-a-length behind the large, beefy crew of Paunchtown in their smooth and shiny, brand-new boat. They are a quarter of a length behind after a mile and a half has gone by and yet their rafting is still only 30 strokes to the minute. At the bend the Paunchtown cox swings out and tries to crowd our heroes way off-course. The coxswains fill the air with the purple phrases. In the space of a few seconds they tear each-other's ancestry into shreds.

The 'stroke' (first oarsman in the boat) of our heroes notices his oar kicking up the water between the blades of the Bow side No.2 and No.4 in the Paunchtown boat. "Get over you %\$#@ &^%\$# (*&%\$s," he roars at the top of his lungs, and their coxwain is so shaken by the invective that he gives way. The heroes pull away at about half the length of the three feet in every stroke. The Paunchtown boat catches their wash, they tilt, their rhythm goes and in a few seconds they are falling rapidly behind.

Our heroes draw level with the Bloatville's minions. Two and a quarter miles have gone and still they are only rating thirty to the minute. Bloatville are rating at about 34, they step it up ...35...36...37. But their No.3 is shooting his slide, their boat is starting to heave up and down in the water and not being rowed smoothly over the top like the Thriftville's craft. Bloatville are incensed, they strain and heave, but not in unison. They begin to drop back. Slowly, inexorably, our heroes are swinging out into the lead. They are rating 34 now. But they are like one man. Their minds are centred in the boat, the boat is them and they are the boat, heedless of the roaring, screaming crowd; they sit up and row their old craft across the line; two lengths ahead of the nearest rival.

Moral: when you look at it objectively you will find that there isn't really that much difference between a Fighter Squadron and a Rowing Team.

The Shuttleworth Collection

Peter Newcomb

On Sunday 2nd September last year I visited the Shuttleworth Museum at Old Warden, near Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, north of London, for their Autumn Air Show.

I stayed again with Ruth at her B&B at Clophill, another small village only a mile or two from Old Warden. Nearly all the historic aircraft in the Shuttleworth Collection are in airworthy condition and represent one of the best collections in the world of vintage aircraft dating from the start of flight to the end of World War II.



Type:	Lysander Mk I. Two seat tactical reconnaissance and army co-operation warplane
Crew:	2
Powerplant:	One 890hp Bristol Mercury XII nine cylinder single row radial engine
Performance:	Max. speed 230mph Service ceiling 26,000ft Climb to 10,000ft in 7 minutes Range 600 miles
Weights:	Empty 4,065 lb Maximum take-off 7,500 lb
Dimensions:	Span 50ft Length 30ft 6in Height 11ft
Armament:	Two 0.303 in fixed forward facing machine guns in the wheel fairings. One 0.303 in the rear of the cockpit. Ext. bomb load 500lb

The Lysander, manufactured by Westland, was used to transport SOE (Special Operations Executive) agents into and out of occupied France and also to fly out of France RAF crew from shot down aircraft who were being concealed from the Germans by the French underground. The Lysander was used for this purpose because it had an excellent view of the ground, a very quiet engine and propeller and required only a short strip (which could be rough) for landing and take-off, so could land in paddocks at night with only ten or so oil lamps to mark the 'runway'.

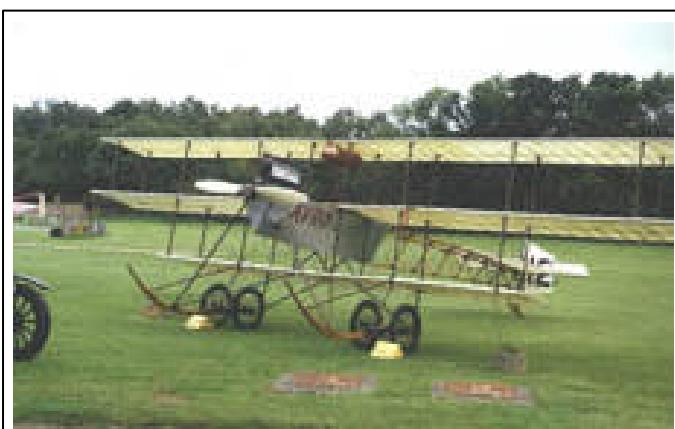
The Shuttleworth Collection (cont)

Most missions were flown on the darkest of nights, with little or no moonlight. Much of the flying would be at very low altitude so as to avoid detection by radar, anti-aircraft batteries or searchlights. Argument still goes on as to the navigational methods used by the Lysander pilots to locate these 'airstrips'.

In some cases, the person being collected had less than a minute to cross the field to the Lysander, climb the ladder and get into the aircraft before it was facing into wind and on its take-off run. In a few instances, the German soldiers were close enough to fire at the departing Lysander.

One of the most famous SOE agents was an Australian, Nancy Wake, known as the 'white mouse'. She travelled to France, fell in love with a local man who she married. After the fall of France, her husband was captured and killed by the Germans. Nancy joined the French underground and then the SOE. The 'white mouse' became one of the most wanted agents and the SS tried very hard but unsuccessfully to catch her.

The first Lysander prototypes flew in June 1936, but those used to transport agents were mostly Mk IIIA's made from 1941 onwards. The Lysander was designed as a battlefield reconnaissance and army co-operation aircraft to a specification set out in 1934.



Avro Boxkite



Gloster Gladiator



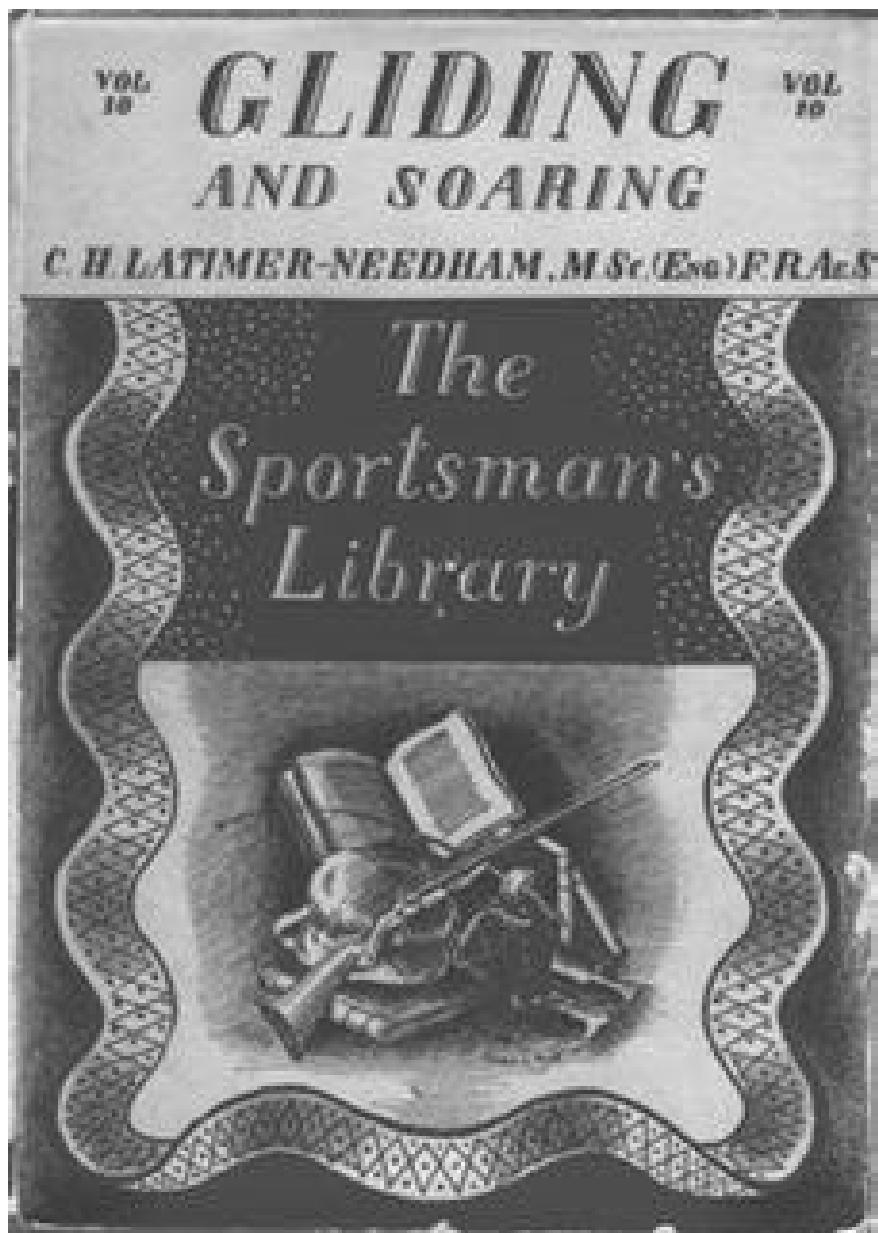
Hurricane



Spitfire

Blast from the Past

Sandra McLean



Sandra McLean has provided us with an old gliding book, discovered in an opportunity shop. It was first published in 1935 in London and written by the Vice President of the British Gliding Association, at the time. We have included some interesting and frightening exerts from the book in this edition of Thermal. Please don't try any of this at home or anywhere else, for that matter!

Training by Dual Instruction

A good deal of controversy has existed concerning the use of training by means of two-seater machines. Undoubtedly this method has considerable advantages, but it also suffers from certain defects, which to some extent detract from its value.

In dual instruction the instructor generally takes the back seat, with the pupil in front, so that the instructor can see exactly what his pupil is doing. The absence of noise enables conversation to be carried on easily, and the instructor is able to correct any faults on the pupil's part.

The pupil gains a certain confidence because he knows that when, after several flights, he is allowed to take complete control, the instructor must be satisfied that he is quite safe, whereas in the absence of dual training an instructor might send his pupils off from a considerable height, whether they are proficient or not, without knowing what their reactions to such a height may be.

The chief disadvantages of this method of instruction are that one of the claims of gliding, that the pupil is in sole charge on all flights, becomes lost; the instructor also is harder worked; and the pupil does not pilot the machine during the whole time it is in the air.

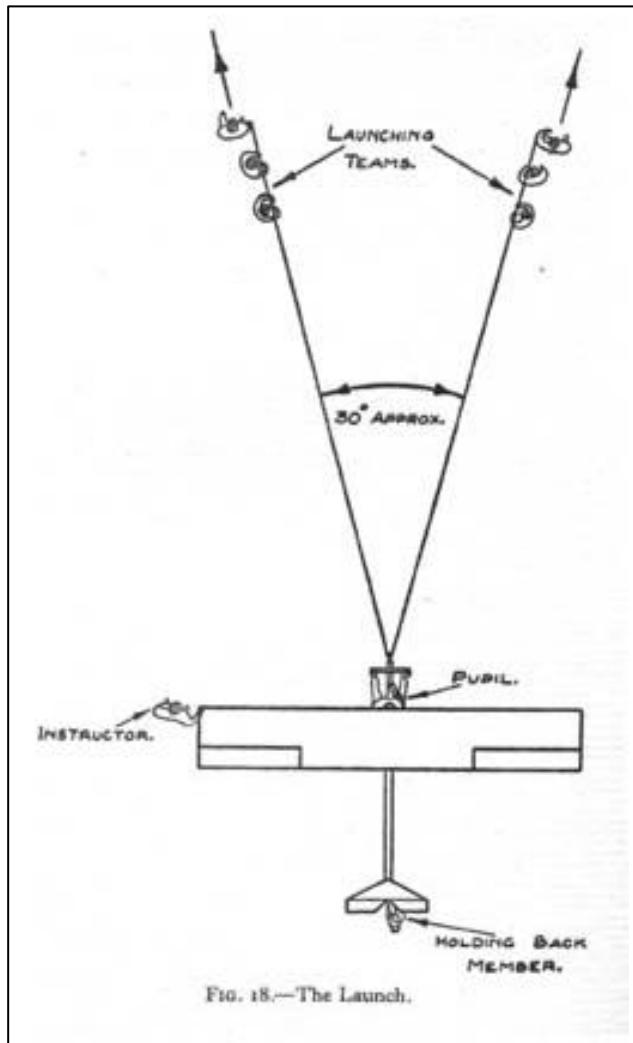
In summing up it may be said that if a dual control machine is available, then it is a definite aid to instruction, but it need not be looked upon as an essential part of the equipment.

First flights:

The glider is faced into the wind on a level piece of ground, or sloping slightly in the direction of flight, and the pupil straps himself in.

One member of the team is stationed at the tail for holding back, two members on each length of shock-cord, and the instructor may steady the wing tip. Teams of three may be used on the elastic, instead of two, as this makes the work easier, but in this case the instructor must carefully judge the release so as not to utilize the full force available.

The shock-cord is stretched out at an angle of roughly 30 degrees, with the team as near to the ends as conveniently possible, and each end man should look ahead at some well marked object so that if the line of elastic were continued it would strike the object. This ensures that the direction of pull shall remain constant throughout the launch.



The teams stand on the outside of the shock-cord, to avoid being knocked down when it falls clear of the glider hook, and hold the cord at waist height

feet. He should be warned that if it feels to him that he is 40 or 50 feet high he should take no notice as actually it will only be 4 or 5 feet. He is told that the machine will take-off, fly, and land itself and that the less he moves the controls, the better will the flight be.

The 'C' Soaring Certificate

The soaring certificate is awarded for a flight of at least five minutes above the starting point, completed with a normal landing.

The pilot is advised to fly backwards and forwards along the chosen stretch of ridge.

It is a good plan for the instructor to stand midway between the end marks where he can give signals with a white pocket handkerchief. If he wishes the pilot to keep further away from the hill he stretches his arm out in that direction, and similarly he points towards the hill when the pupil gets too far out. Other advice can be given by shouting, but the pupil is generally too occupied with the controls to take much notice.

Landing

Having decided to land, the tendency with most inexperienced pilots is to get down by the quickest possible manner. Down goes the nose with a consequent rapid increase both in speed and in the sensitiveness of the controls.

Unused to the excessive speed, the pilot usually descends in a series of swoops, sideslips and frightening dives. When at last he flattens out, the pilot finds the speed is still uncomfortably high, and possibly he is faced with obstacles, hedges, trees or hangars, which are far too near for his liking.

The teams stand on the outside of the shock-cord, to avoid being knocked down when it falls clear of the glider hook, and hold the cord at waist height (see diagram on page 12).

When all is ready the instructor calls to the pupil, in a voice sufficiently loud to warn the start crews, "Ready!" This is followed by the command "Walk!", when each team commences to walk forward, each leader moving directly towards his picked mark.

The instructor should count the steps, and, after about six, will yell "Run!", and, almost immediately after, "Release!", whereupon the tail crew let go and the glider moves forward while the starting crews continue to pull.

All commands should be loud, clear and short.

Under the conditions given, the glider will most likely have failed to leave the ground, to the disappointment of the occupant; but patience is necessary and will be well rewarded when the pupil first finds himself airborne.

At least two such ground slides should be given, and unless the site is extremely small, the second attempt can start where the first finished.

The pupil is now told that he will leave the ground, but only for a few

BSC Charges

At the June 2000 Committee meeting we agreed the charges to be applicable from the 1st July 2000. We have already decided that our charges will be GST inclusive (so that Duty pilots will not have to calculate and add 10% to the current charges). When Paul receives the weekend's flight sheets, to determine the GST liability, he will only have to take 1/11th of the total receipts.

Flying charges effective 1st November, 2001 (GST inclusive)

Glider Hire												Tug Towing	
ASK13, IS28B2, Puchacz, Junior, Blanik (std gliders)												Launches = \$12.00 + \$0.60 per 100ft to 6200 QNH	
Libelle												above 6200ft a cost of 60c per 100ft applies	
DG300												based on altimeter setting of 2200ft QNH at Piper s	
Min.	Standard	Libelle	DG300	Min.	Standard	Libelle	DG300	Min.	Standard	Libelle	DG300	Altitude \$	Altitude \$
1	\$0.50	\$0.35	\$0.60	21	\$10.50	\$7.35	\$12.60	41	\$20.50	\$14.35	\$24.60	2300	\$12.60
2	\$1.00	\$0.70	\$1.20	22	\$11.00	\$7.70	\$13.20	42	\$21.00	\$14.70	\$25.20	2400	\$13.20
3	\$1.50	\$1.05	\$1.80	23	\$11.50	\$8.05	\$13.80	43	\$21.50	\$15.05	\$25.80	2500	\$13.80
4	\$2.00	\$1.40	\$2.40	24	\$12.00	\$8.40	\$14.40	44	\$22.00	\$15.40	\$26.40	2600	\$14.40
5	\$2.50	\$1.75	\$3.00	25	\$12.50	\$8.75	\$15.00	45	\$22.50	\$15.75	\$27.00	2700	\$15.00
6	\$3.00	\$2.10	\$3.60	26	\$13.00	\$9.10	\$15.60	46	\$23.00	\$16.10	\$27.60	2800	\$15.60
7	\$3.50	\$2.45	\$4.20	27	\$13.50	\$9.45	\$16.20	47	\$23.50	\$16.45	\$28.20	2900	\$16.20
8	\$4.00	\$2.80	\$4.80	28	\$14.00	\$9.80	\$16.80	48	\$24.00	\$16.80	\$28.80	3000	\$16.80
9	\$4.50	\$3.15	\$5.40	29	\$14.50	\$10.15	\$17.40	49	\$24.50	\$17.15	\$29.40	3100	\$17.40
10	\$5.00	\$3.50	\$6.00	30	\$15.00	\$10.50	\$18.00	50	\$25.00	\$17.50	\$30.00	3200	\$18.00
11	\$5.50	\$3.85	\$6.60	31	\$15.50	\$10.85	\$18.60	51	\$25.50	\$17.85	\$30.60	3300	\$18.60
12	\$6.00	\$4.20	\$7.20	32	\$16.00	\$11.20	\$19.20	52	\$26.00	\$18.20	\$31.20	3400	\$19.20
13	\$6.50	\$4.55	\$7.80	33	\$16.50	\$11.55	\$19.80	53	\$26.50	\$18.55	\$31.80	3500	\$19.80
14	\$7.00	\$4.90	\$8.40	34	\$17.00	\$11.90	\$20.40	54	\$27.00	\$18.90	\$32.40	3600	\$20.40
15	\$7.50	\$5.25	\$9.00	35	\$17.50	\$12.25	\$21.00	55	\$27.50	\$19.25	\$33.00	3700	\$21.00
16	\$8.00	\$5.60	\$9.60	36	\$18.00	\$12.60	\$21.60	56	\$28.00	\$19.60	\$33.60	3800	\$21.60
17	\$8.50	\$5.95	\$10.20	37	\$18.50	\$12.95	\$22.20	57	\$28.50	\$19.95	\$34.20	3900	\$22.20
18	\$9.00	\$6.30	\$10.80	38	\$19.00	\$13.30	\$22.80	58	\$29.00	\$20.30	\$34.80	4000	\$22.80
19	\$9.50	\$6.65	\$11.40	39	\$19.50	\$13.65	\$23.40	59	\$29.50	\$20.65	\$35.40	4100	\$23.40
20	\$10.00	\$7.00	\$12.00	40	\$20.00	\$14.00	\$24.00	60	\$30.00	\$21.00	\$36.00	4200	\$24.00

Passenger Flights

Walk-in passengers: \$66.00 + \$5.00 temporary GFA membership = **\$71.00**

Friends of members IN ATTENDANCE at Pipers: Club rates + Airfield Levy

Movement Charge: \$2.50 per takeoff for ALL gliders except Club 2 seaters

Piper s Airfield Levy \$2.20 per person per day/\$4.40 per family per day,

EVERYBODY at the field must pay to support clubhouse amenities

Glider Hire: \$500 deposit required

DG300: \$100 per day weekends, \$77 per day weekdays
Other Gliders: \$77 per day weekends, \$60 per day weekdays

Full Membership: joining fee \$165, annual subs \$165 plus \$157.30 GFA subs

Family Membership: joining fee \$0, annual subs \$82.50 plus \$126.50 GFA subs

Student Membership: joining fee \$0, annual subs \$82.50 + \$99.95 GFA subs

Family Student Member: joining fee \$0, annual subs \$82.50 + \$66.28 GFA subs

Trial Membership: 3 months + 5 flights + Logbook - \$275.00

Log books: in bar \$5

Basic Gliding Knowledge: \$25 contact Peter Bowring

Tug Pilot Training: per Peter Hanneman: \$600 per course

Unrestricted Tug rating training: \$180 per hour

Booked X-Country Flights: No glider charge over 4 hours

Tug Outside Hire: Dry hire: \$143 per hr tacho time, ferry and onsite
Air Training Corps/Air League: \$115.50 per hr dry

Aerotow Retrieves of Outlandings: Tacho time @ \$165 per hr plus
\$9.00 landing fees at Raglan, Spring Hill & other aerodromes

Duty Pilots' Roster

The Duty Pilot Operations enable all members to enjoy well organised flying activities. By sharing the load we all get to benefit and contribute to the club. It depends on reliable voluntary support – a couple of weekends per year and following some simple procedures. It is regarded as a condition of club membership unless service is provided in other recognised ways.

Whenever you find you need to swap a date:

- > Arrange to swap your rostered day with another member. Use the members list to find the contact details. The roster and the list are also on the Club's Web site. Do not expect us to find you a substitute. It is **your responsibility**.
- > Phone the clubhouse on any weekend (02-6337-1180) and ask someone from the club to write the changes on the Duty Pilot Roster, located on the noticeboard above the phone.
- > Phone and notify the changed schedules to the Senior Duty Pilots of the weekends concerned and also to Leigh Youdale – e-mail LYoudale@compuserve.com, or phone 0417 210 437.
- > If you don't arrange to swap, or don't turn up, or don't advise the changes, you can expect a 'please explain'.

June	Senior Duty Pilot	Assistant	Assistant
1 & 2 8,9 &10 QB 15 & 16 22 & 23 29 & 30	Robert Cooke Graham Horsnell John Murray Richard Sproge John Leonard	Dawn Cooke Stan Hickson Paul Turner Peter Fielder Phil Raymond	Colin Turner John Simpson Klaas Kaminga John Rappell Andrew Leonard
July	Senior Duty Pilot	Assistant	Assistant
6 & 7 13 & 14 20 & 21 27 & 28	Ed Marel George Marbot Peter Williamson Neville Page	Sean Young Ralph Millett Vikki Kammainga Jeff Maguire	Gianni Catalinotto Jenny Friedman Owen Sutton Chris Manchester
August	Senior Duty Pilot	Assistant	Assistant
3 & 4 10 & 11 17 & 18 24 & 25	Nigel Gray Bob Carr Geoff Bott Robert Tims	Milan Youngman Mark Kammainga John Simpson Stephen Bennett	Peter Bissel Anthony Cooke Russell Branks Kirsty Bennett
31 Aug & 1 Sep Ridge Camp – Bendick Murrell – No flying at Piper's			
September	Senior Duty Pilot	Assistant	Assistant
7 & 8 14 & 15 21 & 22 28 & 29	Michael Mainguard Bhup Mistry Mike Morris Dode Bakic	Chris Pappas Andrew McBurnie Alison Forward Steve Stanic	Ian Richards Catherine Webb Victoria Hilsdon Ray Phan

BSC Soaring Calendar

Date	Aircraft	Pilot / Contact	Event
Jun 15 and 16			Instructors' weekend at Piper's
Aug 30 to Sep 2	All	Bill Tugnett	Ridge camp at Bendick Murrell
November 23 to 30		Bob McDonald	Narromine Cup Week & BSC xctry camp
Dec ??		Bob Edwards	xctry camp at Lake Keepit
Dec 26 to Jan 1		Armin Kruger	BSC Christmas camp at Piper's
Jan 2 to 11, 2003		Bill Tugnett	BSC cross-country camp at Temora
Jan 12 to 25, 2003			National club and sports class competition at Temora

Notes

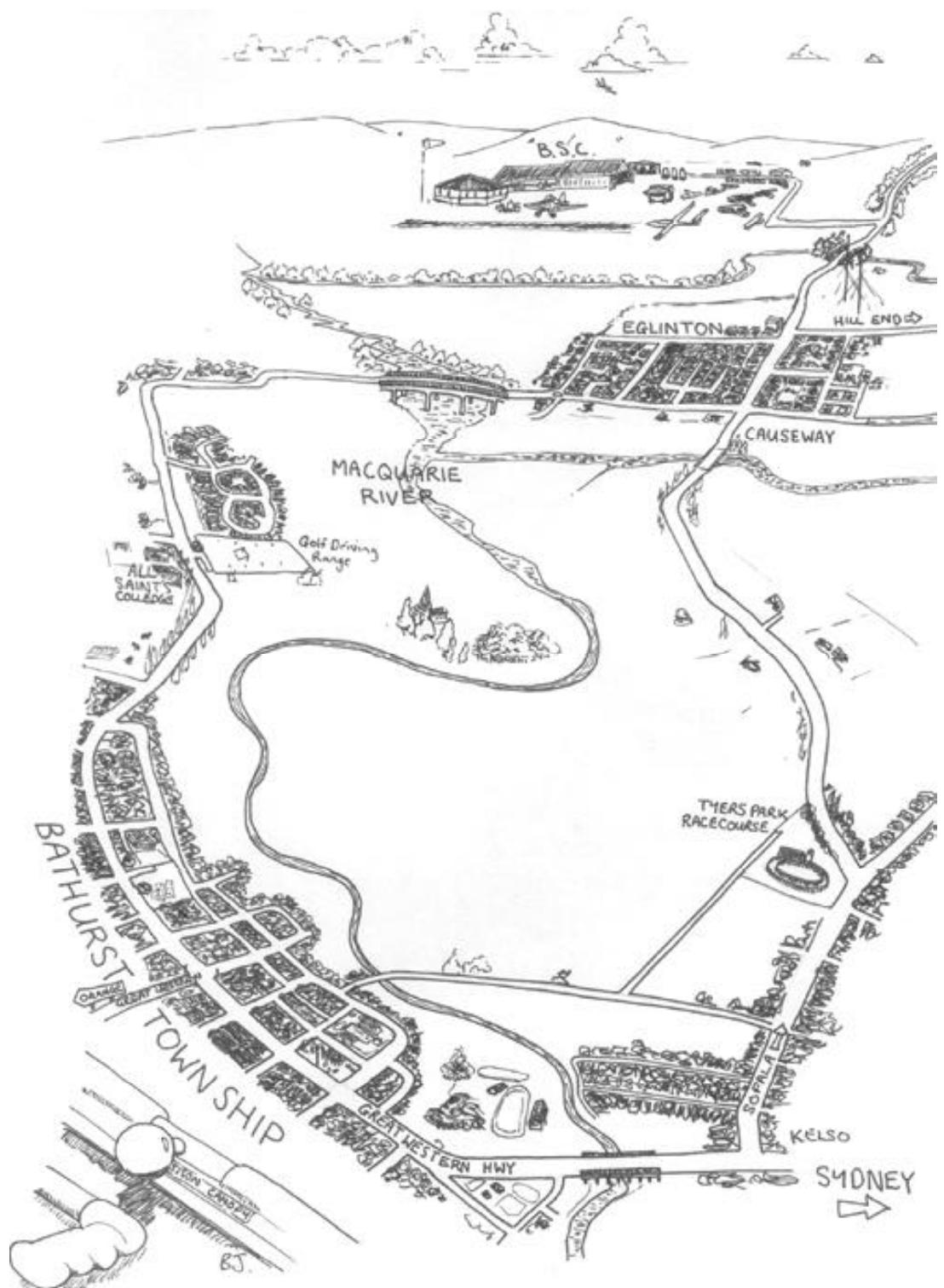
1. This soaring calendar is created and regularly updated to provide members the opportunity to plan ahead and take part in club events at Piper's or elsewhere. It also serves as a good tool for our maintenance crew, allowing them to do all they can to have club aircraft ready when needed. Ample notice of aircraft requirements will assist with availability.
2. AirTC courses at Raglan will have access to our aircraft on weekends when not required for club use. This will be monitored and controlled by the duty pilots and instructors to ensure the most efficient use of our equipment.
3. Independent operator's days are for pilots holding independent operator's ratings. These pilots can operate without the supervision of an instructor. The instructor panel issues this rating, and the Silver 'C' is the minimum requirement.

Updated: 31 March 2002



Map

Piper's Airfield
Freemantle Road
Eglinton (via Bathurst)
NSW 2795
Telephone: +61 2 6337 1180
www.bathurstsoaring.org.au



Map drawn by Bjorn Rudgley (BJ)