

## The Isle of Man

It looked as though we were finished before we had started. Some days earlier Gwyn had complained that a magneto was going down, and now the power checks revealed an unacceptable power drop. Quite properly, Steve was not prepared to Fly G-BASH and we returned to the stand. In a few minutes Doug and Ian appeared, and guessed that the problem was the lower right hand plugs. These were replaced the power checks repeated and all was well.

The GA apron at Newcastle



Steve Roberts on the climb out from Newcastle



The ramp at Carlisle

clearance while Steve preferred to remain VFR. Dave conceded that 600ft was right on IMC rating minimum's so they elected to duck under the low cloud and fly low level down the coast. They informed Scottish info that they would approach VFR but could accept an IFR approach if it didn't work out. With full fuel at Carlisle they had sufficient reserves to fly right back if necessary. The Bashers cautiously edged in towards the coast at 500ft and then paralleled it past Ramsey and Douglas and soon joined right base for runway 26. As they unpacked G-BASH it started to Rain.

Ian changes the plugs



With G-BASH booked for 2 days the brave

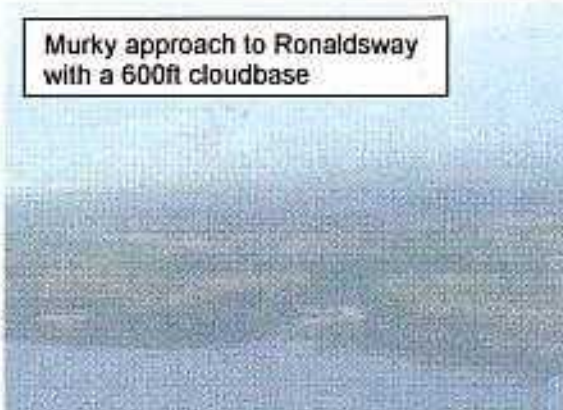
Bashers had decided to do a circuit of England and Ireland, but it was not to be. Things started swimmingly enough as they headed up the coast to Newcastle, passing by Scarborough, Whitby and Teeside. At Newcastle the Bashers received Radar vectors for the ILS. They parked with some RAF Tucanos on the GA apron and were expecting a horrendous landing fee, but £10.00 was all they were charged for use of these lavish facilities. Lunch was taken in the Art Deco style Newcastle Aero Club. Over lunch a route to Carlisle was plotted, but on enquiring it transpired that Hadrians Wall passes right through the Spadeadam range, which was active and very busy. The Bashers were disappointed but pressed on.

At Hexam the Bashers spotted the tiny village of Corbridge and dipped a wing in honour of Ian Todd's birthplace. In the distance they could make out the route of Hadrian's wall, and could clearly see Housteeds in the distance. They landed to at Carlisle finding it expensive, scruffy and not very friendly. Dave got his ears boxed for taxiing without a clearance, hardly able to believe that such a deserted dump had a real ATCO!

After a cup of machine coffee the Bashers headed out towards the DCS VOR en route to Ronaldsway and the Isle of Man. As they trudged along in excellent visibility they looked apprehensively at the cloud enshrouding the mountains of the Lake District on their left-hand side. Eventually they coasted out and seemed to have the sole attention Scottish information. "Golf Sierra Hotel Ronaldsway would like me to pass you the latest weather information, Ronaldsway 15.30 weather Visibility greater than 10Km cloud SCT 600ft BKN 800 ft cloud on the mountains". Now this was a shock since the Steve had obtained a met briefing from Ronaldsway only 20 minutes earlier just before take off. Either the met man hadn't looked out of the window recently or the weather changes very quickly in the Isle of Man!

Dave was keen to take an IFR

Murky approach to Ronaldsway with a 600ft cloudbase





Steve Roberts thrashes round the TT course in a Ford Fiesta

Keen to make the most of their stay the Bashers hired a car and headed off to explore the Island. Dave of course was in raptures over the railways and Steve enjoyed driving through the Mountains of following the Manx TT motorcycle race route. The lampposts were cocooned in straw bales

but there were still plenty of opportunities for sudden death to any unfortunate rider who fell off. At Laxey the Bashers stood in the rain and admired the water wheel, which to Dave's surprise and disappointment was undershot.

Throughout all of this the Bashers could not find a B & B. Eventually in Douglas they found a vacancy in what was little more than a doss house. They agreed that it was better than sleeping in the car and checked in. Dinner in a sleazy Diner was not much better, the greasy spoon, plate and table as it were!

It was with some relief that they departed next morning for Liverpool. They had decided that damp unstable air, mountains, thunderstorms and invalid IMC ratings in Irish airspace limited the options so they headed east to better weather. Arriving at the Seaforth VRP the Bashers were treated to a flight down the Mersey, joining right base over the "Ford Factory". Dave was then faced with the quite extortionate bill of £32.00 for landing, "was it a training flight?" asked the ops manager, "of course it was, didn't you see how rough his landing was?" answered Dave quick as a flash, saving them £10.00. Steve meanwhile took umbrage and insisted on seeing the video "it was all right!" he claimed "Think of the £10.00" said Dave. Half an hour later they took off with Steve still smarting and Dave got it all crossed up in the crosswind take off so honour was satisfied!



The Laxey wheel.

The Bashers routed to the pleasant airfield at Tatenhill and then back to Popham via Little Gransden where Steve was able to drool over the Yaks which are sold and serviced from there. He also obtained a quotation for flight in one, go on Steve splash out and then write it up for Bash News!



A cold wet ramp at Ronaldsway



Steve does his prep under the tower at Tatenhill