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# May Newsletter 2025

## Welcome

Welcome to the May newsletter.

In this month's newsletter...

We have the Popham debrief and AGM notes.

Lawrence has kindly allowed us to publish his pilot statement on his rollover incident in G-KTCH.

I take you on my two day journey up to Oban, then back down following the Great Glen Fault, and over the Grampian Mountains.

Clive Rose is back with his Rubber Side Down regular contribution. This month, following on from Lawrence's roll-over, he focusses on rotor management.

**Finally, we hope to see you all at Spamfield, 24th to the 26th May, at Sandown on the Isle Of Wight. This microlight fly-in is a gyro friendly event, with excellent camping facilities, and free landings / camping for BRA members. Come for the day, or stay overnight, you're sure to have a fun time.**

If you have any interesting gyro related stories, or photos, that you're happy for us to use in the newsletter, then please email them into me.

Chris Rose  
[ed@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk](mailto:ed@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk)

# Popham Debrief

By Chris Rose, Editor

The Microlight Trade Fair at Popham may have contracted in size over recent years, but it still manages to attract a fair number of gyros, and this year was no exception. In fact, I think there were more gyros there than any other type of aircraft, so thank you to everyone who turned up.



*Plenty of gyros in attendance. Photo credit: John Truman*

I didn't spend too much time wandering around the trade fair, but in my mission to find the German sausage food stall (I'm not referring to the Rotorsport stand here) I think I covered pretty much all of it. Sadly the German sausage stall could not be found!

Magni and Rotorsport were in attendance, along with UK newcomer, Gyro Technic, fronted by Francis Moyle, who wrote an article for the newsletter last month on his campaign to get the GT-VX single seater into the UK. Looking at the airframe of the GT-VX that was on display, I was stunned at the quality of the machining, and the attention to detail. Let's hope Francis is successful on getting this gyro approved for UK use.



*Gyro Technic GT-VX airframe*

Being a Calidus owner, I was drawn to the Rotax 916 powered Calidus on the Rotorsport stand, looking stunning in its metallic yellow paint scheme, glass cockpit, and night VFR options. By the time you're reading this, the 916 Calidus will have been approved for use in the UK, and with a VNE of 140mph, it's the fastest gyro you can get your hands on! It also comes with an MTOW of 560Kg, a larger 90+ litre fuel tank, Woodcomp prop, and a Garmin glass cockpit.



*The additional cooling vents, large exhaust muffler, and huge Woodcomp prop are the only obvious external visual differences between a standard Calidus and the Rotax 916 version.*

Popham has historically been the venue of the BRA's AGM, and I think next year we'll need a bigger marquee to fit everyone in - this year

there were people stood outside trying to listen in!

The full notes from the AGM can be found here:  
<https://britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2025/05/minutes.pdf>

Aside from the usual AGM stuff, there was discussion about the recent changes to the LAA permit scheme, LAA fees, the BRA award badges, the Wallis collection, and single seat gyros.

Please take a look at the notes as it shows you just how much goes on in the background at the BRA.

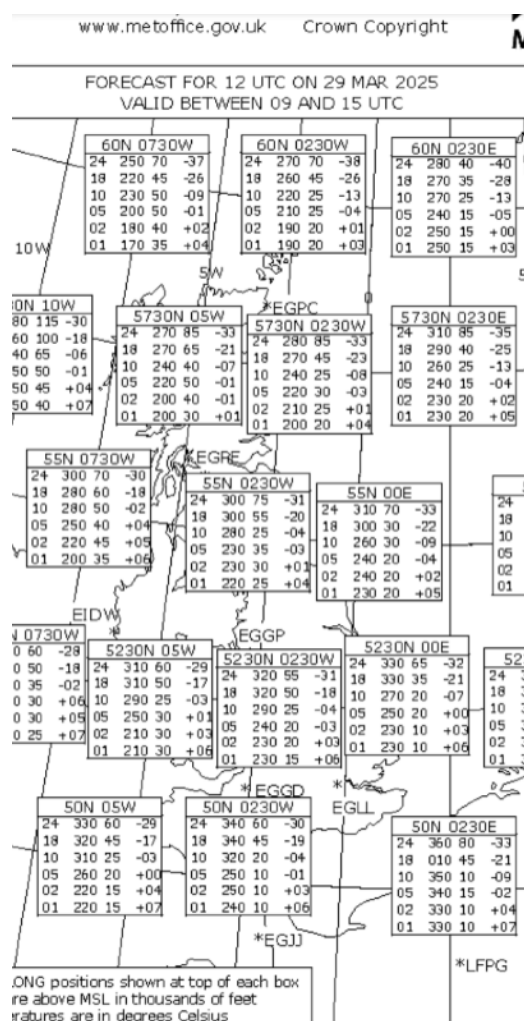
Thanks again to everyone who came along to the AGM, it's great to see so much support.

## G-KTCH rollover incident - pilot's statement

By Lawrence Spiller, BRA Membership Secretary

### G-KTCH Accident at Popham Airfield 29 March 2025

I took-off, on my own from Firs Farm, which is my home strip, at 13:45Z on Saturday 29<sup>th</sup> March 2024 heading for Popham for lunch. Runway in use was 23L with a strong headwind without any cross component. The F215 had indicated between 10 and 15 knots with much stronger winds to the North. At Popham, as shown by the Sky Demon track, I was caught by a gust from the left in the final stage of landing on 26R. I was able to correct for this and touched down without any drift and minimal ground travel.





Popham airfield was photographing every movement that day and as shown in this picture the weather was otherwise good for my landing.



After the accident recorded as 14:16Z, the Tower reported the wind as w/v 260/10. However I did notice on the ground there were some very strong persistent gusts not on the runway direction.

After landing I brought the gyroplane to a complete stop and looked back over my right shoulder to see where the taxiway was and if I had room to turn. I decided turning would be the quickest way to exit the runway. As I started to turn, still looking over my right shoulder, the stick was not held fully to the left as it should have been. Another gust got under the Rotor, which was still spinning fast and still had coning angle from the landing, the rotor accelerated and the whole gyroplane lifted about a foot off the ground. The Tower and Clubhouse were in front of me and there were bystanders so I could not safely add power and had to wait for the gyroplane to settle, which it did after a few seconds. Then the left wheel started to lift, I held on again for it to settle but instead heard the rotor hit the ground behind me. The gyroplane continued falling to the right and I heard the propeller strike the ground and the plane settled rather below the horizontal with the engine stopped. I released my seat belt and climbed out. A bystander came to my assistance and noted fuel was pouring out of the petrol tank filler cap. I reached back in to

the cockpit and turned the Master electrics off, but then decided the safest action was to right the gyroplane which, with the aid of the bystander, I was able to do. We then pushed the aircraft away from the fuel spill and off the runway. I shall never know if I had moved the stick to the left after the gyro started to lean right that I could have prevented the rollover. I wish I had tried.

These photos show the broken Rotor and Propeller but also that the mast is bent and rotorhead damaged. Not so visible is the damage to the right tail fin and right wheel spat. I received bruises to my legs from the stick-stap but unexplained, is the switch toggle for the main fuel pump was snapped off.







This gyroplane is famous. It is in the 2021 Guinness Book of Records for flying around the world in 2019 for charity. Flown by James Ketchell, the then owner, there were major sponsors as seen by the aircraft decals. I am keen to reinstate the aircraft due to its historical significance but would also be happy to see it in the Helicopter Museum.

## Oban, Great Glen Fault, and Grampian Mountains trip

By Chris Rose, Editor

For some time now I've wanted to fly the Great Glen Fault, this is the valley that runs across Scotland between Oban and Inverness. A previous attempt several years ago was abandoned due to a broken pre-rotator that saw me stranded at Glen Forsa on the Isle Of Mull, eventually having my gyro

unceremoniously trailered back down south. That was an expensive experience!

I'm based near Luton, so any expedition like this needs at least a couple of days of good weather for much of the country, a rare thing indeed! At the start of May, there seemed to be a weather window opening up, with clear skies and little to no wind. So, over the proceeding weekend, I starting planning and anxiously watching the weather updates.

A quick call to fellow gyro buddies left me facing the journey on my own - either work or broken gyros meant they couldn't join me. This made planning easier as I only had myself to worry about, and the route and timings all my choice. The downside; there wasn't going to be the camaraderie or encouragement and support of flying as a group.

The weather window was from Tuesday to Thursday, but Thursday was threatening a band of low cloud that would cut me off around the Scottish boarder for the journey home, so my plan was as follows:

Tuesday: fly to Oban and stay overnight, stopping at Sherburn In Elmet and Carlisle for fuel on the way up north.

Wednesday: fly from Oban to Inverness up the Great Glen Fault, stopping at Inverness for fuel. Then south over the Grampian Mountains stopping at Perth/Scone for fuel. And finally homeward via Eshott and Sherburn In Elmet for fuel.

Each leg would be about 90 minutes at most, with a total flying time of 12 hours spread over the two days. The frequent stops as much for bladder limitations as fuel and rest breaks. It also gave me the option having enough fuel to divert or go back to where I departed should the need arise. The Calidus has at least 4+ hours range on a full tank and one on board,

and it was comforting to know that I had this range if I needed it.

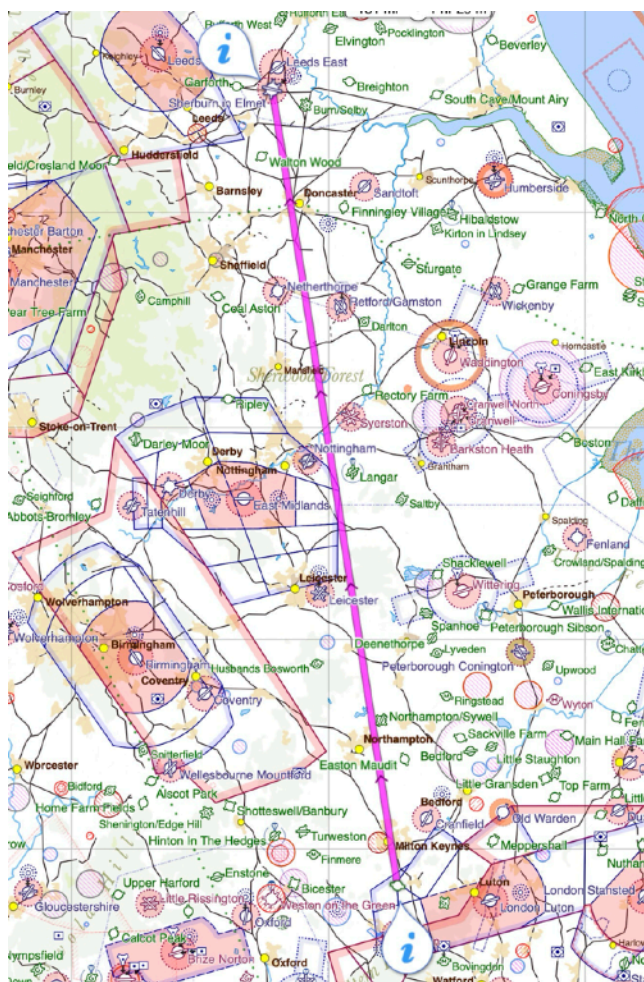
Monday I phoned all the airfields in question to make sure they had fuel, and that there was nothing to stop me getting PPR on the Tuesday and Wednesday. Giving the fickleness of the British weather, I intended to do PPR along the way, only making the call once I was sure I was going to be able to do the next leg. I also know from experience that fuel isn't always available, even if the plate says it is!

The only fly in the ointment was Inverness: I had already been warned that the landing fees and handling costs were pretty high there. My phone call to them was answered by a very abrupt person who told me I needed to send an email with my questions, so I duly did this. I hadn't had a reply by the time I left Tuesday morning so I had pretty much decided give them a miss. This meant the Wednesday flight would start with a long one from Oban to Perth with a flying time of nearly 3 hours. I was comfortable with the hour fuel reserve this left, although my bladder might be less comfortable! I could always stop at one of the smaller airfields by Inverness if needed, although none of them had fuel.

Tuesday I packed my gyro with enough snacks and water bottles to keep me going over the next couple of days, and I also took my tent and sleeping bag just incase I got stranded somewhere. Not every airfield had a cafe, and I was hoping I'd be able to find a hotel at Oban where I could at least get a proper meal and a good night's rest.

With my PPR to Sherburn In Elmet sorted, I got got airborne.





The Calidus is a fabulous aircraft for long journeys and offers a good compromise between the excitement and all round view of an open air cockpit, and the sociable side by side seating of a bigger enclosed. Being enclosed you're not being buffeted by the elements making for a more relaxed journey, and your view isn't hampered by the door pillars you find in the side-by-side gyros. I tend to cruise at 90mph, and one-up I get this at about 4,800rpm and a fuel burn of about 17 litres an hour. My only gripe with the Calidus can be the seating position which can get a little uncomfortable on longer stints. We'll come back to that gripe later.

The flight to Sherburn In Elmet was uneventful. Sherburn can be quite busy with circuit traffic from the flying school based there, and an overhead join is preferred, and you need to be conscious of the Leeds East overhead that butts up against it. Today though, it was all pretty

quiet. On landing I was shocked to see the amount of "bugs" I'd picked up on the nose and mast of the gyro! I'd never seen them as bad as this before!



Sherburn In Elmet is a favourite stop-off for me when I travel up north: it has UL91 fuel available 24 hours a day from a self serve pump, and an excellent cafe.

I did my PPR for Carlisle and confirmed they still had fuel. With the fuel tank filled, and a quick clean of the rotors, canopy, and prop, I took to the air again. I got a Basic Service from London Information and set off towards the Pennines.





Crossing the Pennines is both awe inspiring and a little unnerving with it's high baron landscape. With the light winds, there wasn't much in the way of turbulence from the undulating landscape, but I was still glad to see the wide valley that leads down to Carlisle after crossing them. Signing off from London Information I switched over to Carlisle and got an amazingly friendly reply who said I could join left base for 24.

Carlisle is... possibly the friendliest, most welcoming "large" airfield I've ever been to. It has a huge 1,800m tarmac runway and a large concrete apron in front of a new terminal building that was built in the hopes of it becoming a regional airport. The ground floor of the terminal, in what used to be the departure lounge, is now a very welcoming pilots lounge, with free tea / coffee, biscuits, and very comfy sofas. There's free WiFi too! And should you want to play games, there's football and pool tables. They are, allegedly, getting a cafe soon. I'd previously used Kirkbride as a stopping point, but I think from now on I'll be using Carlisle. Nothing against Kirkbride, it's just the facilities are better here.

On the radio I had requested fuel, and I was told that once I'd parked up, the fuel bowser would make its way over to me. They only have AVGAS, and as I'd only been in the air for just over an hour, it seemed funny only taking about 20 litres from the huge bowser lorry.

Given it was now pushing 14:30 I decided to eat the sandwich I'd brought with me in the relative comfort of the sofas, but first I called Oban for my PPR...

"What's your ETA?", they asked.

"16:30", I replied.

"You know we shut at 16:00?"

Some quick mental calculation on my part, and I realised I needed to go, now!

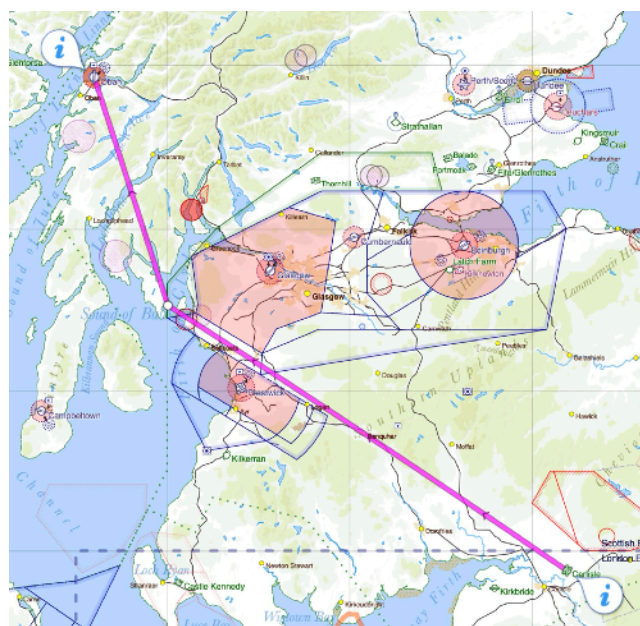
"Ok, I'll be there at 16:00", replied.

"We'll see you at 16:00 then".

I grabbed my sandwich and hopped back into the gyro. Lunch in the air it was going to be.

Airborne again, I berated myself for making such a stupid error of not checking then time Oban closed when I'd called the day before. It was only luck that I'd called them for PPR before eating my sandwich or I'd not been able to land there.

I got a service from Scottish Information and detailed my route to them: direct track from Carlisle to go up the gap between Prestwick and Glasgow airspace, then direct track north to Oban.



During the journey up to Oban, over the spectacular hills south of Glasgow, I considered that if I ran out of time I'd divert to Glen Forsa, hopefully they wouldn't mind me dropping in unexpectedly. I also have a brother who lives near Strathaven, so that was also an option. But both of those options would mean landing without PPR - not a clever move I was keen on.

SkyDemon was saying my ETA Oban was 16:00. So I nudged the throttle open further, upping my cursing speed to 100mph, and with a relief

watched my ETA drop to 15:45 as the journey progressed. Hopefully there would be no unexpected delays.

The only issue I had for the rest of the journey was Scottish Information asking me to report at... well, I couldn't make out the name of what they said, and after a "say again" and still not understanding their reply, I said I had Logan and Sanquhar that I could see on the map. I was told to report passing Logan and reminded to remain outside controlled airspace.

At the north end of the gap between Prestwick and Glasgow airspace there a restricted zone up to 2,000 ft over the Hunterston nuclear power station. Up to now, the highest I'd been over the ground was 1,000ft AGL. I'd basically been following the terrain, my altitude fluctuating as I did, but always keeping my height at around at about 1,000ft AGL. It was funny that surrounded by all the hills, I was now at the highest above the ground I was going to be for the day.

Now turning north towards Oban, I initially clung the east coast of island of Bute to minimise the time I was over water. Flying over water is my nemesis - more on this later. The scenery here is breathtaking, and a little intimidating, with steep valley sides diving down to meet the lochs below.

It's interesting to note that the British submarine fleet use these waters on the journey into and out of their base at Faslane just to the east. So they must be deep! The Americans also used to have a floating submarine service facility in the lochs around here. There was a collision between an American and Russian sub back in 1974 in these waters as the American sub was departing the service facility. The incident was only made public some 40 years later.



*Over the island of Bute looking north*

Scottish Information asked me to report at 15 miles to Oban. I was still making good time so I relaxed a bit and enjoyed the scenery, and quickly enough I was calling Scottish Information to transfer over to Oban.

Oban gave me runway 01, pretty much a straight in for me, so I asked if I could join long final if there was no other inbound traffic.



*Long final to runway 01 at Oban*

I touched down at Oban at 15:45, relieved I'd made it on time. Given that I wanted to be away relatively early the next day, I decided to refuel straight away from the self-serve AVGAS pump they have there. The credit card payment point is some distance from the pump, and this can

leave you dashing back to the pump to dispense the fuel before the system times out!

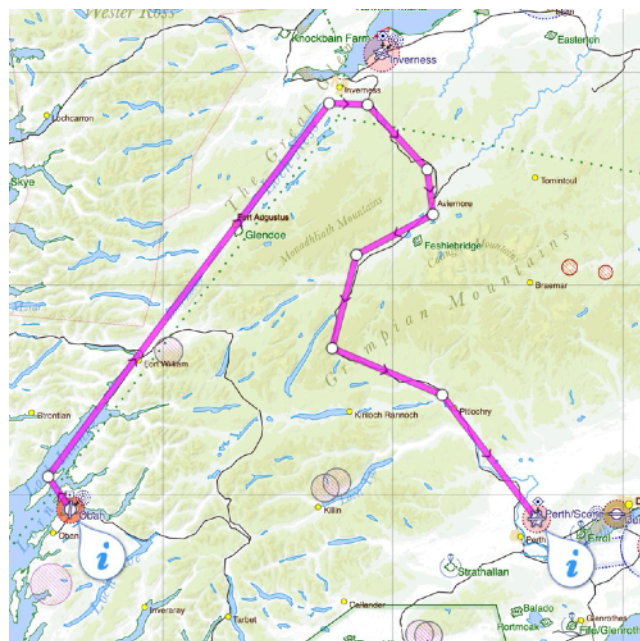
I parked up the Calidus for the night in the stand number I was given, and headed into the reception area to pay my landing fee. Somewhat ominously, I was told they wouldn't take payment until the next day once I was sure I was able to leave, given that it was common for aircraft to be stranded there as the weather can close in pretty quickly. With those words echoing in my head, I got a recommendation for a local hotel in Connel, a 30 minute walk away, and set off on foot.

I woke up in the morning, anxious about the weather and the trip I was about to do, but pulling the curtains back, I was relieved to see bright blue skies. Checking the weather at Inveness showed CAVOK, and the same at Perth, the weather gods had smiled on me!

After a relaxed breakfast, talking to a gun dealer from Essex (a character straight out of a Guy Ritchie movie), I headed back to Oban airport.

I paid my landing fee, did my pre-flight, and took to the skies once more. My flight was to take me up the Great Glen Fault: Loch Linne - Loch Lochy - Loch Ness, then to turn south to follow the A9 across the Grampians to Perth/ Scone. It was going going to be a long one at about two and half hours.

Once north of Oban I signed off from Oban and tried to call Scottish Information and didn't get a reply. The route I was to fly is on the boundary of two Scottish Information radio frequencies and I couldn't get a reply from either. As I knew my radio was working I assumed I was in a dead zone for reception.



As I rounded the corner to head up Loch Linnhe I was greeted with an amazing sight of the valley of the Great Glenn Fault opening up and stretching out into the distance. The photos below don't do the views any justice! I picked an altitude of 1,000ft AGL for the journey, and without any real wind forecast I didn't anticipate any turbulence. The width of the Great Glen Fault valley is pretty narrow in places, and I suspect that doing it in a fixed wing would pose some issues if you had to turn around, but in a gyro of course, with it's small turning circle, there's not such a worry. Seeing the sides of the valley stretch above me on either side was quite a view!



Loch Linnhe





*At the end of Loch Linnhe looking ahead to Loch Lochy*



*Loch Lochy*



*Crossing Fort Augustus about to enter Loch Ness*

Despite trying both Scottish Information frequencies as I made my way up the Great Glen Fault, I was unable to get any response, nor could I hear any other aircraft. It was slightly unnerving, but also quite nice not to have any

radio chatter to disturb the experience. And that was how it was until I reached the Dores VRP at the top of Loch Ness when I finally got hold of someone. I guess I could have flown higher up above the tops of the valley to get a radio service, but that would have defeated the object of seeing the amazing views down low. At no point did I feel unsafe as there are roads along side the lochs, and I kept close to the edges, knowing if I ran into trouble I could put down close to one of these. Although admittedly it might have been a bit of a wet landing in places.

Having now got a basic service from Scottish Information I turned south to follow the A9 over the Grampians. It was this leg of the journey that worried most: it was going to get high and narrow in places, and there was still the worry of turbulence if the wind picked up.

The A9 initially is in a pretty wide valley, but ahead you can see the high hills and mountains you're going to cross in the distance.



*Picking up the A9 heading towards Grampian mountains*

The area around Aviemore felt more like I was flying in Austria, a wide green plateau, with forest covering lots of it, and small dwellings clinging to the hill sides. Keeping to my 1,000ft AGL it didn't even feel like I was climbing particularly high, but a glance at the altimeter showed I was pushing 2,500 feet altitude in places. The mountains and hills rose even higher either side of me.



*Aviemore*

Past Aviemore, the valley began to narrow on the climb up to the highest point as I headed toward Blair Atholl. At one point the A9 disappeared around a corner and this made me feel a little uncomfortable. It was about this time that I some turbulence, or was it just my imagination, either way I would be glad to get this bit of the route done.

Once past this corner, the valley opened up again on the approach to Blair Atholl, and it finally gave way to the open lowlands around Perth/Scone.



*Valley narrowing ahead and the A9 disappearing in the distance around a corner*

It was about 12:30 when I touched down at Perth/Scone having been in the air about two and half hours since leaving Oban. Although I was relieved to be down again, and still

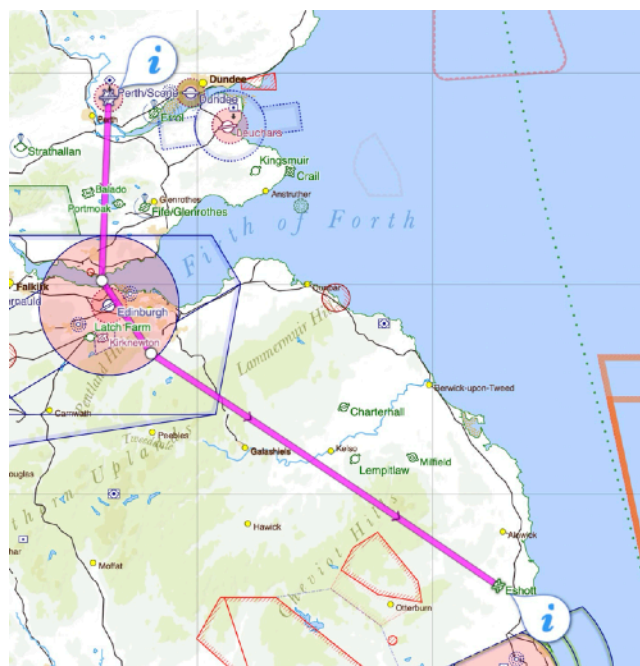
somewhat in awe of the scenery I'd just flown over, I knew I still had a long way to go. And there was still more hills to cross as I made my way back south.

I filled up the fuel tank again with about 35 litres of UL91.

My route onwards from here would take me through the overhead of Edinburgh airport, and I asked a local pilot how easy that transit would be? Reassuringly they said it was pretty straight forward if you stuck to the VRPs, and that Edinburgh were pretty used to pilots asking for a transit.

I chose my VRPs to take me over the Forth bridges, through the Edinburgh overhead, and out southbound at Penicuik.

I got my PPR from Eshott, and with my route plotted, I got airborne again.



I switched away from Perth and called up Edinburgh straight away, relieved to hear that there wasn't much traffic. I gave them my VRPs and intended route, and as I was asked to report at M90 Junction 4 (Kelty). With all that done, it was time to relax and finish the last of

the snacks I'd brought with me before making the crossing of the Edinburgh overhead.

At Kelty I was given my initial clearance to the Forth bridges and told to switch to the tower frequency. Tower asked me to report at the bridges, and when I did so I was told to hold south of the field. There was an inbound A320 so I was asked to do an orbit to the left, after which I could cross above and behind the traffic. I then needed report north of the field.

Once north of the field I was handed back to the radar frequency, and from there I called Scottish Information again. It was all pretty simple and straight forward.

There was some high ground to go over just south of Edinburgh before the landscape levelled out again



*Abeam the Forth bridges VRP*

The last bit of high ground I had to cross was the Cheviot Hills, and I would need to be over 2,500 feet to do this. As I started my climb I heard an aircraft calling Scottish Information with a rough running engine somewhere up over the highlands of Scotland, a sober reminder that even if the weather was perfect, your aircraft might still throw a spanner in the works. This made crossing the baron heights of the Cheviots a little more tense, and I began to wonder if I should have maybe skirted these to the east on the more costal route. I breathed a

sigh of relief when I finally crossed safely and headed towards the overhead of Eshott.

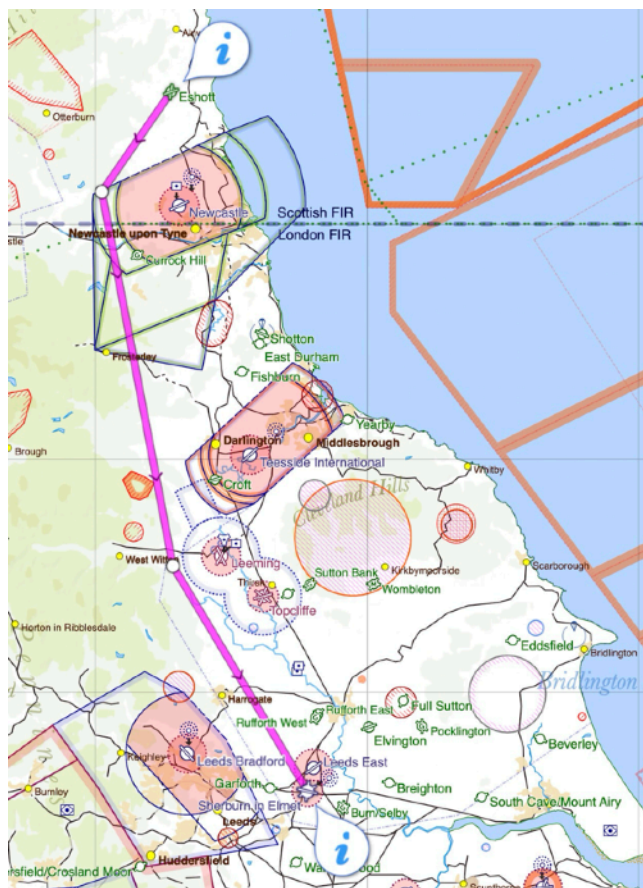
As I approached Eshott I called them up on the radio but I didn't get a reply, so I joined overhead so I could see the flag to get an idea of the wind direction. What little wind there was seemed to be favouring 07, so I called joining downwind righthand for 07. Just as I was about to turn right base the radio burst into life with a voice that said that 01/19 was the preferred runway. I checked the flag again and it still favoured 07, so I called again to say I was sticking to 07 as that was into wind.

After I landed, I backtracked the two grass runways to park up next to the club house. I went in and apologised if I had got it wrong, but I was told it didn't matter, it's just that they have a Chipmunk based there that could only use 01/19. Whilst getting fuel I noticed the Chipmunk was in fact using both 01 and 19: taking off on one, and landing back the opposite direction on the other, so I thought I'd use 01 when I departed.

I did my PPR for Sherburn In Elmet and set off again. I had to wait to lineup as there was an aircraft late downwind in the circuit to land on 01. The poor pilot left his finger on the transmit button after calling final (we've all done it I'm sure) and we all got to hear him swear and berate himself off for doing such a poor landing.

My next leg was to take me from Eshott back to Sherburn In Elmet, keeping to the east of the Pennines, and passing Newcastle on a listening squawk.





I switched to Leeming Zone for a Basic Service as I passed to the west of them before finally calling Sherburn In Elmet when I was about 10 miles to the north of them. There was no reply but the circuit sounded pretty busy.

With 5 miles left to run I called again, and this time I got a reply from another aircraft in the circuit that they were using runway 10. So I joined via the overhead, and got into a suitable downwind gap between an aircraft on the climb-out and one on final. I was aware of another aircraft calling downwind a short time later, and became alarmed when just after I called final, it called final! I was doing about 100mph on the downwind so it must have been moving to catch up with me! I craned my neck round as far as I could to look back over my right shoulder and caught site of something pretty big not too far behind. I radioed and asked if the other aircraft on final could see me, and I was relieved to hear they had me in sight and that they were going around. It turned out to be a Yak which explained the speed and it

had joined via the overhead a short time after me.

With only one leg left to do - the direct route back to Holmbeck - I relaxed and had a proper break, getting some food from the cafe which was thankfully still open. It was about 17:00 and I still had another 90 minutes flight time to do. By now, I was suffering from some serious Calidus-arse, an affliction well know to Calidus pilots where your bum goes numb, and any amount of reshuffling only brings temporary release.

The last flight of the day, back home to Holmbeck, seemed to drag on forever, with much shuffling in my seat. It was pretty uneventful, and I touched down outside my hangar at 19:00. I had done just over 12 hours flying in two days and swore I wasn't going to do any more long journeys for a while...

...oh wait, a couple of days later I went down to Cornwall with some gyro buddies, and last week I repeated the Scottish trip again! This time I had the company of another gyro and went determined to get to Barra, I didn't! I chickened out at the thought of going over 30 miles of water to get there, and instead did the same route I had done at the beginning of May. I really need to overcome my dislike of water! It's not the fear of ditching, it's like something happens in my head when my familiar horizon disappears and I'm left out over a flat featureless plane. I've crossed the channel twice going to and from France in my gyro, but it takes all my mental will power to do it, and push down the rising sense of panic I get. Barra will have to wait whilst I figure out someway of getting accustomed to the sensation / visuals.

## Rubber side down

By Clive Rose, BRA Safety And Training

I'm gutted for my lovely mate, Lawrence, and his rotor/ground interface incident at Popham. While his account of the incident suggests it happened in slow motion, I'm sure it was all over in a couple of seconds and it was adrenaline that pressed the slo-mo button.

What can we learn from Lawrence's valuable insight? And what can we do to mitigate the risk of following his example?

The gust of wind Lawrence caught moments before touch-down was a warning of heightened risk. As the aircraft stops on the runway, stick forward, take a breath, and give the rotors time to settle. Ignore any noise in your headset and concentrate on what you can do with the controls to tell the rotors they've finished flying. If there is any crosswind component, ease the stick into wind and give the rotor energy a few more seconds to dissipate.

To my knowledge, the first gyro to fall over at Popham did so as the stick was brought back to stop the aircraft on landing from a first solo. A couple of years later, the now-qualified PPL(G) had a similar incident but corrected the stick position and saved his blushes. He'd brought the stick back and to the right, to avoid his stomach, exposing the underside of the disc to the wind. He came into the office, looking ashen, but reasoned that the same thing had caused his rollover at Popham.

Lawrence wasn't avoiding his stomach after landing but he may have inadvertently moved the stick right as he looked over his shoulder. Before you start your flight, the airfield plate will inform you of runway headings and the number and position of taxiways. A PPR call, whether required or not, will give you the current weather conditions and runway

heading at your destination. Form a mental picture, before arriving, of where you want to land. On Final get this mental picture aligned with what's ahead of you and adjust your approach to land, preferably, just a few metres before one of the exit points.

I landed with a qualified PPL(G) at Oxford a few years ago. They have taxiways at each end of their main runway. The taxiway closest to the threshold is where aircraft line-up; the taxiway at the far end is where they (should) vacate. On the upside, a 1500m (!) tarmac runway does enable a fast taxi. But a fast taxi in a gyro still means a slow exit when aircraft are waiting to line-up... Not so at Popham, where several taxiways provide exit points and, importantly, your rotors continue to slow as you trundle along the grass.

It is impolite to hog the runway for longer than necessary but your safety trumps all other considerations. If you find yourself out of position on landing, take your time. Really - take your time! Slow the rotors, taxi to an exit point and park up. Only when brakes are applied, prop and rotors have stopped, and you've exited the aircraft, should you consider how you might have done anything differently.

Consider your landing before you even take off. Stick forward and into wind whenever you are not flying.

Take your time.

That's one recipe for keeping it Rubber Side Down.

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## Upcoming events:

You can find the BRA calendar which details all our events, and many others you might be interested on our website. You can find in in the [Events](#) section of our website. Click on the Events Calendar button.

If you have any events you'd like added to our calendar, then please feel free to send an email to: [events@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk](mailto:events@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk)

Keep checking back as we'll soon be adding new official BRA events for 2025!

### Spamfield, Sandown Isle Of Wight

**May 24 - 26**

One of the GA's most popular events held annually at Sandown Airport on the Isle of Wight. On the last Bank Holiday Weekend in May this really is an unmissable opportunity to Fly, Eat, Drink and be Merry. Camping, Showers, Great Food and Drink and only a short taxi ride to some of the best beaches in the South.

Free landing and camping for BRA members.



### Kirkbride Fly-in

**May 24**

An open invitation to all to experience the beautiful Cumbrian location that is Kirkbride. The Airfield host this event annually and each year more things to see, do and experience are added. Chris Jones Gyroplanes is based there and I'm sure he would love to see on the day.

Free landing for BRA members.



More events on next page



## Mass Gyro Fly-in, Sherburn in Elmet

**July 11 - 13**

The BRA are excited about at the opportunity of hosting an event further north. This Mass Gyro Fly-in is more accessible to members than any event we have ever held. Sherburn in Elmet are really looking forward to hopefully smashing the official gyro record of 71. This as many of you will know was set in 2022 at Old Warden in Bedfordshire, we are though well aware that that is far too far south for many of you to come.

Landing and Camping will be free to BRA paid up members so if you haven't joined us yet please do. We look forward to seeing you and enjoying North Yorkshires beautiful scenery and great hospitality.

Arrive Friday onwards. Event dates 11th - 13th July 2025



## For Sale:

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Got a gyro to sell? Or maybe a gyro related item? Please contact:

[events@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk](mailto:events@britishrotorcraftassociation.co.uk)

They will put your items on the BRA website For Sale area until you tell us it's sold. It will also appear in this newsletter for one issue.

**Advertise your gyro for sale here - free!**