

wings!

The Official Magazine of the BHGA

APRIL 1980



Vulcan

The ultimate glider for competition and cross-country work..

Hiway introduce the first glider ever to have gained its C of A before being released to the flying public.

Vulcan is the top performer in the Hiway range of hang gliders. High aspect ratio wedged to a low twist wing gives the penetration that the serious competition and cross-country pilot has always dreamed of. The cross boom is moved into the slower moving air closer to the sail and the leading edges are thus freed from this drag inducing structure. The absence of deflexors makes this the cleanest wing yet.

The hardware of the glider has been totally rethought in line with the demands of tomorrow's pilot. Vulcan is even quicker to rig than previous Hiway models. A sliding centre box leaves the cross booms permanently attached to the leading edges and the nose catch has been re-designed to give quicker and surer attachment. A removable king post boss prevents tangled top wires and a re-designed 'A' frame with straight uprights means they can be easily and cheaply replaced.

A whole new barrage of safety devices is incorporated including, improved tip strut mounting, anti-luffing wires and a fool-proof hang strap system.

Vulcan is not only streets ahead in performance but retains the legendary handling that Hiway is known and trusted for.



Hiway Hang Gliders Limited
Sirhowy Hill, Tredegar, Gwent NP2 4XP
telephone : Tredegar (049 525) 4521





Cover: Rob Stokes seated in Hiway's new Sky-Trike — see page 26

WINGS!

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4 Editorial

5 1980 AGM

6, 7, 8, 9, 27 News Extra

10, 11, 12, 13 First National League Competition by Brian Milton

14, 15 Flight Reports by Len Hull, Neil Edwards

16, 17 Roots by Jack Lambie, Lloyd Licher, Len Gabriels

18, 19 Brothers in Law by Paul Bridges

20 Sites by David Bedding

20 Personal Tribute to Reggie Spooner, Derek Evans & Jeannie Knight by Brian Milton

21 Best of Clubs

22, 23, 24 Lachens XC 1979 by Bob Martin

26 Skytrike by Paul Bennett

28 Letters edited by Stanley Pottinger

30, 31 Small Ads

WINGS! may be obtained regularly by joining the BHGA or on a subscription. For full details and information about the sport send a s.a.e. to BHGA, 167A Cheddon Road, Taunton, Somerset. Membership of BHGA includes Public Liability Insurance cover.

If members or subscribers change address or copies of *Wings!* do not arrive please contact the Membership Secretary at the Taunton Office. In all correspondence give your full name, address and membership number (if applicable).

If you, your club or any local hang gliding activity gets written up in a local paper, national paper or magazine please send a copy to the Taunton Office for the BHGA press cuttings collection. This applies to the UK only.

EDITORIAL

A couple of years ago in one of the major gliding magazines, *SAILPLANE AND GLIDING*, an article appeared with advice to gliding clubs on how to get rid of hang gliders which wanted to fly the same hill. The tone of the article was "We don't suggest doing this unless it's a last resort", and the author admitted that, if such tactics were used on *gliding* clubs they would outrage his readers. But the substance of the article outlined legal and public opinion weapons to drive hang gliders away.

Hang gliders and conventional gliders have had problems in at least four areas of the country. The relationship at club level between the two air disciplines at Dunsstable, Long Mynd, Sutton Bank and Frocester near Stroud, can only be described as dreadful.

At one time or another, gliding club personnel have informed the press we are a "death threat" to them; gliding clubs have held parties to sweet-talk local landowners and councils into banning us access to take-off sites; in extreme cases, as Paul Bridges describes in the article

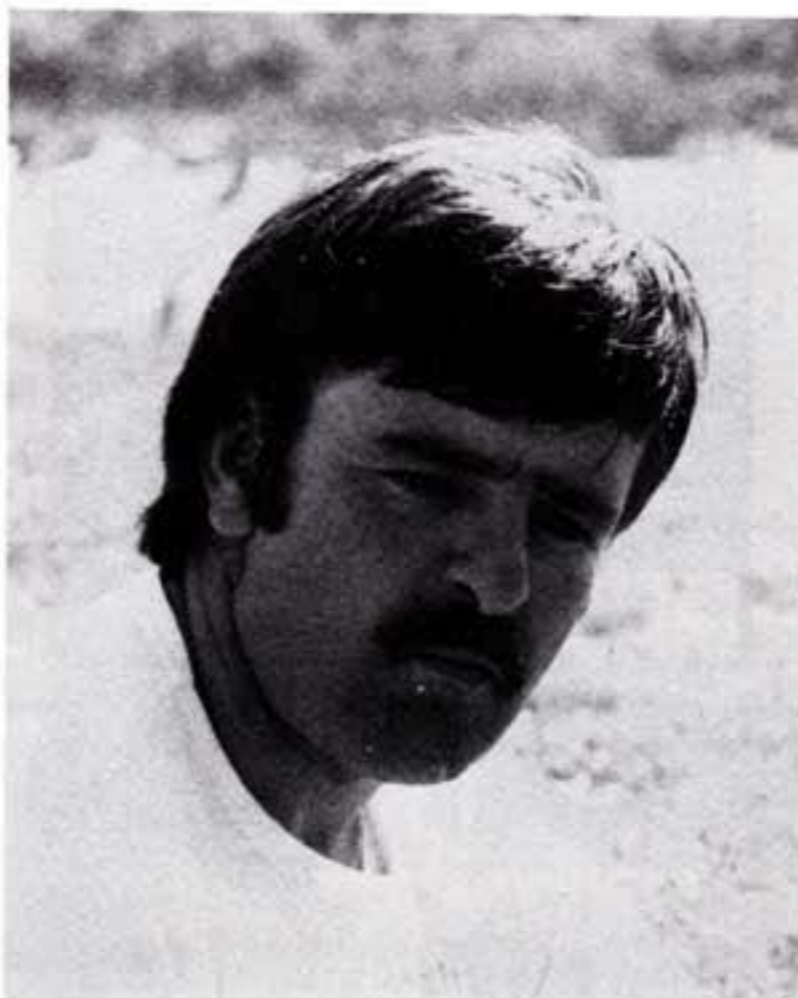


Photo John Fack

about the relations on the Long Mynd, and Gerry Stapleton confirms on Sutton Bank, glider pilots have "beat up" hang gliders *in the air* to try and scare them away. They have even called the police in the mistaken belief the police can ban us flying!

If there is any anti-hang gliding lobby, it exists at the professional club level in some gliding clubs. Not at the top of the BGA, nor among ordinary glider pilots, but at this specific level. Were I a glider pilot, I would be ashamed of the behaviour of some of my representatives, who appear to have forgotten that we, too, are flyers, that we too are the inheritors of Lilienthal and Pilcher and Chanute.

In future editions of *Wings!* I intend to carry articles from different parts of the country on the relationships between hang gliding clubs and gliding clubs who want to fly the same hill. There's good news, as well as bad, and the articles should be seen against a background of good relations at national level between the BGA and BHGA. But unless the so-called "Dinosaurs" — as one *glider* pilot described them — have their behaviour brought to public attention, we will continue to face evasions, half-truths and even outright lies about ATZs and "rules of the air" in the efforts of some people to keep us away from their hills, even if they have to destroy us as an air sport to do it.

INSURANCE

The following Personal Accident Insurances are placed at Lloyd's and are applicable to United Kingdom based BHGA Members. They are effective throughout Europe. Extensions beyond that can however be arranged.

PERSONAL ACCIDENT BENEFITS IN THE EVENT OF A HANG GLIDING ACCIDENT

CAPITAL SUM

IN THE EVENT OF DEATH, LOSS OF EYE/LIMB (OR USE THEREOF) OR PERMANENT TOTAL DISABILITY

Code	Capital Sum Benefit	Premium
A5	£ 5,000	£10.00
A6	£ 6,000	£12.00
A10	£10,000	£30.00
A15	£15,000	£60.00
A20	£20,000	£80.00

WEEKLY BENEFIT

PAID UP TO 104 WEEKS (EXCLUDING FIRST 14 DAYS) FOR SO LONG AS DOCTOR CERTIFIES YOU TOTALLY UNABLE TO FOLLOW NORMAL OCCUPATION

Code	Weekly Benefit	Premium
D20	£20 per week	£12.00
D30	£30 per week	£18.00
D40	£40 per week	£24.00
D50	£50 per week	£30.00
D60	£60 per week	£36.00

FOR COMPETITION PILOTS i.e. THOSE TAKING PART IN NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS OR THE LEAGUE — OR COMPETITIONS ABOVE CLUB LEVEL, UNDERWRITERS HAVE INSISTED ON THE ABOVE RATES PLUS 25%

FOR MANUFACTURERS, THEIR EMPLOYEES AND INSTRUCTORS PLEASE ADD 50% TO THE ABOVE PREMIUMS

No Proposal Form required, provided you are between 16 and 65, can warrant you are fit and declare any serious accidents or illnesses during past five years, we can normally give cover immediately we receive your NAME, ADDRESS, AGE, OCCUPATION, GLIDER DETAILS, BHGA OR CLUB MEMBERSHIP NUMBER AND CHEQUE.

GLIDER ALL RISKS (GROUND) COVER U.K. ONLY

Policy excludes Flight Accidents but covers every accidental ground risk that we have yet thought of, e.g. Theft, Damage resulting from Car Accident, etc. (Excluding first £5.00 each claim. But £10 when rigged for flight). Includes 30 days in Europe each year.

GLIDER VALUE £300	PREMIUM £8.00	GLIDER VALUE £400	PREMIUM £10.00
GLIDER VALUE £350	PREMIUM £9.00	GLIDER VALUE £450	PREMIUM £11.00

EACH ADDITIONAL £50 VALUE — ADD £1.00 PREMIUM. RATES FOR SYNDICATES CLUBS ETC., ON APPLICATION

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT AND HOUSE PURCHASE ASSURANCE

Do come to us first if you contemplate any form of Life, Endowment, Unit Linked House Purchase or other insurance.

THERE NEED BE NO PREMIUM LOADING TO COVER THE HANG GLIDING RISK.

We have arranged special terms for BHGA Members and we will gladly quote if you will write or telephone:

REGGIE SPOONER INSURANCE BROKER FOR THE BHGA, CLIFTON HOUSE, BATH ROAD, COWES, I.O.W. PO31 7RH. TELEPHONE: COWES (0983) 292305

POWERED HANG GLIDING AND TOWING QUOTATIONS GLADLY GIVEN ON REQUEST.

HOLIDAY COVER — including the Hang Gliding risk — readily arranged. Details on application.

NOTE: The BHGA Master Liability Policy provides £500,000 Third Party Liability cover for all Clubs, their Officers, Committee Members, Members, Wives, Girl Friends, Associate Members, Landowners concerned and above all, all BHGA Members. It has been designed to meet all notified National Trust, Landowner and Local Authority requirements. That cover extends throughout Europe.

TOWING and/or POWERED Hang Gliding is NOT COVERED by any of the above, except by previous written authority. If in doubt, ring REGGIE SPOONER on 0983-292305.

**1980 AGM, Warwick University
March 1st-2nd
Hosts: MHGC**

A personal report by Brian Milton

It was a watershed AGM, in that the restrictions the BHGA had been imposing on itself in previous annual meetings were largely lifted; in training, competition and *Wings!* The atmosphere was different, for a start. Last year there was general hostility to bringing in new members, with comments that sites were too overcrowded already. Why should we convince punters of hang gliding's attractions?

This year the question that was both put and answered was: either we expand, or contract. . . we can't stand still. The 1980 AGM opted for expansion, cautiously, a little worried about what could go wrong, and maybe next year there'll be second thoughts. Certainly, our hosts, the Mercian Club, were worried about the pace of change, and like the 1979 AGM, there was often a split on the voting between what the rest of us wanted, and how they felt. It was never a bitter split though.

Saturday was taken up with seminars on different subjects, chaired by neutral parties, on subjects like training, sites and airspace, air-worthiness, *Wings!* accidents, the future of the sport. I went personally to the air-worthiness discussion, because of the effect it had on *Wings!* and felt we got no further than Council got in the last year on the really difficult hassle of enforcing air-worthiness, and product liability insurance.

We were asked why should manufacturers *have* to pay a whacking insurance premium — after having got a glider through the air-worthiness tests — just to get BHGA approval?

We replied — why should BHGA open itself to possible ruin by approving a glider, without insurance against being sued if, following an accident, the glider had been at fault?

In the *Wings!* debate, most people wanted the magazine to go the way it was going, though there was some apprehension about proposals to put it on the public bookstand. One pilot felt strongly that we were into flying, not talking, and he wanted *Wings!* just to carry clubs' news. It wasn't a flag carrier, and could as easily be a roneod sheet as far as he was concerned. But most people went along with the magazine as something to be proud of, carrying the flag for hang gliding, and this majority carried over to the main debate next day.

There was a strong feeling from one group that wanted the membership to take the decision, by ballot, on whether to go public, though in the end the AGM decided BHGA Council should take the decision.

Outside the back of the meeting rooms manufacturers had set up gliders and other pieces of machinery, and every now and again we'd swarm out and look at the latest stuff. John Hudson was there with the unique Mainair stand, looking worried and concerned as ever as pilots rummaged through his Aladdin's Cave. Eurokites had an Eagle there, Hiway a Vulcan and their little skytrike, Ken Messenger his new Comanche, the Solar Wings boys — Mark, Cliff and Dave Raymond — their Storm. Ian Grayland put up a Sigma, Len Gabriels both a Silhouette and a Cutlas. All the *names* were there, though there was much talk of what was going on at the power meet at Wellsbourne down the road.

Resolutions Passed at the AGM

The member's subscriptions would be increased, with effect from May 1st, 1980, as follows:

	Old	New
Individual	£ 8.50	£12.00
Family	£11.50	£15.00

Non-flying membership would be re-introduced at £10 for individuals and £12 for family membership where both are non-fliers.

A.G.M

Wings!

The AGM agreed: that advertising restrictions on *Wings!* should be lifted subject to the proviso that hang glider advertisements bear the BHGA C of A APPROVAL stamp, or a warning that the hang glider in question doesn't have BHGA approval. Council should ensure that proper support continues for the air-worthiness scheme. Council should consider increasing advertising rates for non-approved hang gliders.

(BHGA Council, at its first meeting on March 16th, endorsed the editor's decision to charge 40% more for advertisements for hang gliders that don't have BHGA approval).

That *Wings!* should aim to go public.

That *Wings!* should be a flag carrier rather than only a club magazine.

That *Wings!* should aim to be self-sufficient so that it is not a drain on member's subscriptions.

The AGM agreed this course of action either by large majorities, or unanimously.

Competitions

The AGM agreed: that this AGM removes the mandatory requirement for hang gliders flying in competition to have received a British C of A.

Air-worthiness

The AGM agreed: that Council investigates with the BHGMF a system for paying for the indemnification of the Council officers certifying hang gliders, at point of sale.

That the BHGA enforce the provision of *written* rigging, de-rigging, care, maintenance and tuning information to the customer at the point of sale on new hang gliders.

General Resolutions

The AGM agreed: that delegates conference be held in October, attended by one delegate per club, plus one additional delegate for each additional 50 members over the initial 50.

That this AGM instructs the BHGA to provide for all members a suitable visible proof of membership, this to be worn at all times while flying.

Training

The AGM agreed: that PILOT ONE can be obtained on the signatures of at least two observers, and ratified by club committee.

BHGA CHAIRMAN ROY HILL

Roy Hill came into hang gliding from conventional gliding. His youngest son, Andrew, must have had something to do with it, because Roy went home one day when Andrew was eleven years old to find the kid leaping off the garage roof with a sheet-and-broomstick structure on to the assembled Hill bedding down below. He'd just seen Ken Messenger flying.

If he's going to do that, said Roy, he could kill himself so Andrew was properly taught. Roy flew Birdman gliders for a long time, was one of the organisers of the 1976 Mere British Open, and Chief Marshall of the National League since it began. He was team manager in Kossen, 1978, when Bob England and Mick Evans put Britain in the (silver) medals, and had the same job in Grenoble last year when Johnny Carr struck silver in the World Championships.

Roy, who's a very senior local government civil servant, has been on the competitions committee for more than three years. One of the 'elder' statesmen — he's 41 — he's stopped the wilder spirits running away with themselves. It's also true to say he's a

master of the wind-up himself, and takes a sort of impish delight at times in stirring things. That's no bad thing in a chairman though the size of his new job could make him a bit solemn for a while. He's a former Chairman of the Training Committee, and the Thames Valley HGC.

Andrew now flies a Bennett Lazor, and Roy — after a long spell on a Super Scorpion — has just bought a Solar Storm.

Wendy Hill, Roy's wife, gets wet, exasperated, bored, fascinated and loved, by, about, and in hang gliding. She's the source of those peanut-type cartoons that appear in *Wings!* occasionally, casting herself as Lucy. . . but I'm not sure who, (Roy or Andrew) as Snoopy and Charlie Brown.

BHGA COUNCIL 1980

There were six candidates, all elected, to six seats on the 8-place BHGA Council. Two serving Council members, John Hunter and Brian Milton, will be joined by the following:

Percy Moss — 43 years old, engineer, flying since 1974, owns a Cherokee, organised Clubman's Mere in 1979. One-time chairman of the Mercian Club, has been acting on Council during last year as liaison with clubs. Takes over Treasurer's job from Derek Evans.

Diane Hanlon — over 21, married, flying since 1976, pilot 2 holder, and Observer, secretary of North Wales HGC since 1977. Diane has been picking up the pieces after accidents, understudying John Hunter, and also has a big interest in site freedom.

David Bedding — 43 years old, member of South West Wales Club, National BHGA Sites Officer. David is a government scientist who lives and works in Buckinghamshire. He flies a Safari and a Midas C.

Clive Smith — member of the Dunstable Club, and a professional aeronautical engineer. Clive will supervise the air-worthiness system on BHGA Council.

John Ievers — 30 years old, one of two directors of Hiway Aviation, a well-known hang glider manufacturer in South Wales. John is chairman of the BHGMF, an excellent pilot, and one of the architects of the air-worthiness system.

Bob Mackay — ancient wise man from deepest Wales, once flew spitfires, marriage broker between the NHGA and BKSA in 1974, poet, bard, drinker of barley wine, and a pilot of 16½ stone who has progressed steadily to his first genuine, behind the ridge, blobby XC. Wants to run a public event at Mere this September.

Colin Lark — chairman of the Avon HGC, demon poker player, won place in 1980 National League. Flies Super Scorpion. Takes over chairmanship of training committee from Roy Hill.



NEWS

LUNACY

by Bob Calvert

It was January 31st, 9pm, and we were approaching the night spots of Burnley. Suddenly the car screeches to a halt and I leapt out. The sky was slowly getting covered in wave cloud, the wind had backed to north and the full moon looked very bright. Ian Hephher spun the car around and soon I was on my way to Winter Hill.

Hewitt was already half rigged as I arrived, and soon I was groping around putting my Cherrytree (Cherokee, for the elucidation of readers abroad - Ed) together before it totally froze up. I was pleased to find the air unusually bumpy. As telephones buzzed around the Pennines more flyers arrived and there was now three-up at a time in the dark.

Our shadows were bright against the snow and so it was easy to keep track of them. We also carried lights, shining up into the sail.

We never contacted any wave, although we were flying continuously over the small masts where it should have been. So in order to retain Pennine "world supremacy" I asked Geoff "Loony" Ball if he fancied flying dual. Malcolm Dean provided us with a launch and we showed our gratitude by knocking him over the edge.

As we raced along the hill Geoff suddenly took an active part in the flying after I had demonstrated some low speed flat spins. The novelty soon wore off and Geoff resorted to dazzling me with the torch and demonstrating "dambuster" low level flying techniques. In addition to this he insisted on telling hilarious jokes at the most critical times of the flight. Geoff's navigation was impeccable as he instructed me to turn left at the next cross-roads, etc., and we were a little disappointed at not getting the opportunity to go XC dual.

After 30 minutes we made a dummy landing run and after a quick circuit we achieved a perfect stand-up landing. Never let it be said ridge-soaring is boring!



FLEXI-DRAG

A test session was recently held for Flexi-Form's latest product — drogue parachutes for Drag Racing cars.

This is the first attempt by a British company to enter an American dominated market, and development is continuing to ensure that the product will meet the stringent requirements of the Drag Racing authorities.



"BLOWN 50 MILES OFF COURSE"

by Brian Milton

John Barrett, from Lewes in Sussex, flew 28 miles on Thursday, March 13th, taking off from Coombe Gibbet in Wiltshire, and landing at Eastleigh Airport in Southampton. Mr. Barrett, chairman of the Oxford University HGC — he's reading psychology at Queen's — made the flight on a New Zealand Lancer, and is said to have made a height gain of 4,100ft. If it had been a flight outside controlled air space, it would have counted for the XC League, and would have been the longest flight of the year so far in Britain. But Mr. Barrett claimed to TV and the press that — with a northerly wind blowing — he was trying to fly to Swindon, north west of the hill he took off from. Patently absurd. Instead, the media reported he'd been blown 50 miles off course, easily translated into a 50 miles flight. What's more, Mr. Barrett didn't know where he was and landed at an airport, and is reported to have said "I didn't see the big jets until I was coming in over the hangar." Instead of his flight being an occasion for jubilation and pride, BHGA has now formed a Disciplinary Committee — Bob Mackay, John Hunter, Barry Blore — whose first task will be to find some way of reprimanding Mr. John Barrett.

ALF WILLIAMSON FATALITY

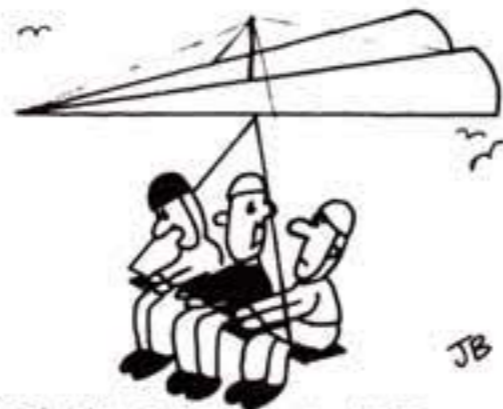
A report on the death of Alf Williamson, who crashed in the Pennines on January 19th of this year, is expected to say that Alf's Skyhook Sunspot was massively over-tuned, and that weather conditions at that time produced a white-out, along with extreme turbulence. Alf was said to be fairly new to prone flying, and suffering from a massive ear infection. The report is expected to say that, despite Alf being in front of the control bar, and facing the wrong direction, the Sunspot was recovering from the dive when it hit the ground.

PARACHUTE SAVE

Len Gabriels says he's had a report from Italy that the Skyhook parachute has saved its first life. Reports are sketchy, and based so far on hearsay, but a pilot was apparently flying from a big mountain, and close to the ground, and ran into extreme turbulence. It was flipped into a past 90 degree wing-over, and the nose dropped. The pilot is said to have immediately thrown out the chute, which deployed just before the glider struck, and the pilot escaped without injury.

PRESS CUTTINGS

If you, your Club or a local hang gliding accident gets written up in a local paper, national paper or magazine, please send a copy to the Taunton Office for the BHGA Press Cuttings Collection.



PADDY, YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT THEY MEAN BY PILOTS?



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE MIGRATING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

CARTOONS BY JENNY BELFORD

AVON CLUB NEWS — MERE

The White Sheet Hill Model Flying Club now require Mere to be free on April 20th, 1980, and NOT on the 13th April, as previously requested.

LIMERICK COMPETITION

The winner of the competition is JENNY BELFORD of 5, Fraser Close, Cowes, I.O.W., whose entry was accompanied by her own cartoon. It goes as follows:

Paddy and Mick thought they'd like
An airworthiness test on their kite,
But the car wouldn't start
So they thought they'd be smart
And towed it behind Paddy's bike!

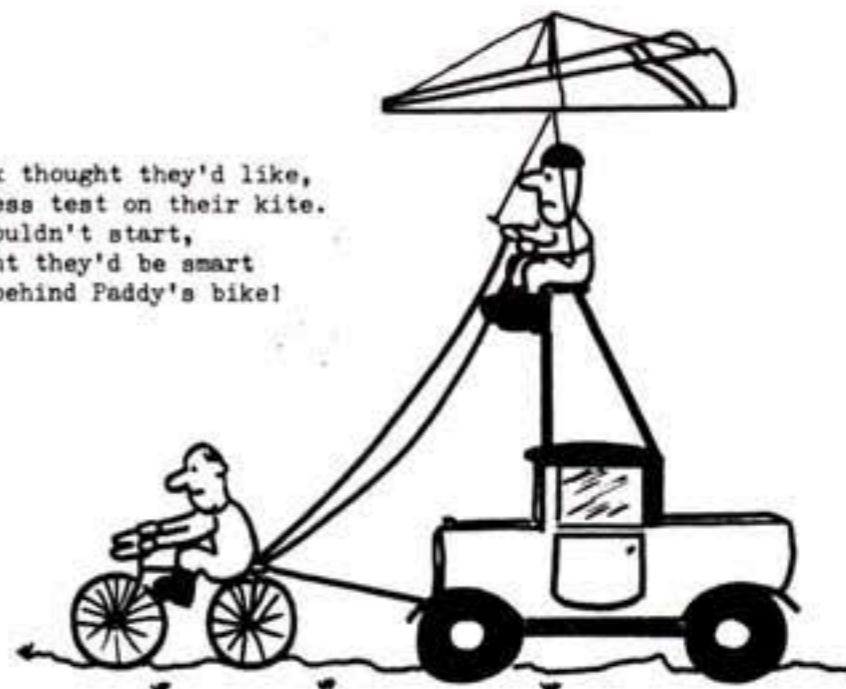
My thanks to all the other entrants. The competition continues, keep them coming, please.

STAN POTTINGER



Paddy and Mick thought they'd like,
An airworthiness test on their kite.
But the car wouldn't start,
So they thought they'd be smart
And towed it behind Paddy's bike!

Jenny Belford
I.W.H.G.C.



Treasurers Report

BRITISH HANG GLIDING ASSOCIATION BALANCE SHEET as at 7th DECEMBER 1979

1978	£	FIXED ASSETS	£
2584		Office Equipment, at cost	3,809.88
683		Less: Aggregate Depreciation to date	<u>1,635.92</u>
1901			2,173.96
CURRENT ASSETS			
2325		Stocks	2,575.60
1466		Sundry Debtors	1,771.00
		Less: Provision for Bad Debts	<u>670.00</u>
734		Payments in Advance	505.00
180		Electricity Board Deposit	180.00
3159		Cash at Bank — Current Accounts	810.33
5634		Deposit Accounts	5,551.15
		Comp. Accounts	2,535.59
		Fighting Fund Accounts	1,205.00
5404		Building Society Deposits	—
35		Petty Cash	<u>48.78</u>
18937			14,512.45
Less: CURRENT LIABILITIES:			
6412		Sundry Creditors and	2,661.74
122		Accrued Expenses	<u>270.05</u>
6534		Corporation Tax	—
			<u>2,931.79</u>
12403			11,580.66
14304		TOTAL NET ASSETS	<u>13,754.62</u>
Represented by:			
ACCUMULATED FUND			
11667		Surplus as at 8th December 1978	14,304.09
1843		Add: Surplus for the year to 8th December 1979	(549.47)
794		Sports Council Grant re. Taunton Office	—
14304			<u>13,754.62</u>

BRITISH HANG GLIDING ASSOCIATION INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the YEAR ENDED 7th DECEMBER 1979

1978	£	General Income:	£
28070		Members Subscriptions	28,236.03
1589		Members Entry Fees	1,256.00
3045		Sale of Badges, Log Books & Books	4,446.39
1789		Pilots' Certificates	2,288.80
422		Donations and Sundry Income	232.44
590		Schools and Clubs Registration Fees	834.85
619		Interest Receivable	777.59
371		Commission Receivable	<u>1,171.56</u>
36495			39,243.66
General Expenditure:			
18847		Administration Expenses (See Note 1)	31,331.93
(5000)		Less: Sports Council Grant for 1979	<u>8,990.00</u>
			22,341.93
11051		Wings Magazine — Cost of production (See Note 2)	14,433.63
3829		Members Expenses	2,365.04
117		Advertising	204.96
1060		Subscriptions	765.50
—		Donations	430.00
1047		Sundry Expenses	621.28
1512		Badges, Log Books and Books	<u>2,472.91</u>
32463			43,635.25
4032			(4,391.59)
Specific Income:			
555		Competitions Account (See Note 3)	2,118.06
—		Lottery Account	42.50
—		Sports Council—Balance of '78 Grant	3,500.00
—		Fighting Fund Receipts	1,205.00
24	579	Surplus on Sales of "T" Shirts	<u>145.15</u>
4611			7,390.71
Specific Expenditure:			
6157		Training Officer, Fees and Expenses	7,332.93
—		Development Officer, Salary and Expenses	<u>4,615.77</u>
6157			11,948.70
(4000)		Less: Sports Council Grant for 1979	<u>9,125.00</u>
509		Mere 1979 — Net Cost	261.90
—	2666	Airworthiness Scheme (Net cost)	<u>255.66</u>
			3,341.26
Surp	1945	Net Deficit before Taxation	342.14
	102	Taxation (See Note 4)	<u>207.33</u>
Surp	1843	Net Deficit for the Year	<u>(549.47)</u>

TREASURER'S REPORT TO A.G.M.

Derek Evans explained the make-up of various figures contained in the audited figures and brought attention to the deficit in cash flow over the year of only £549.00. This figure would have been far larger if the "one off" items for income from Competitions, Fighting Fund and 1978 Sports Council grant had

been absent. He said the balance sheet, showing a net worth position of £13,754 was relatively sound if our aims and projected schemes were modest. However, with inflation and expansion firmly established, we must do all we can to expand our "base" and to enlarge the hang gliding market as a whole. The hang gliding "flow chart" containing Schools, Clubs, Membership and Manufacturers illustrates our close

dependence on one another and the consequent need for co-operation and moving forward on a concerted front. Training, *Wings!*, Competitions must all be efficient flag carriers in our attempts to raise membership to an acceptable level and to broaden the financial base on which we all so much depend.



Chorus — "Now I would have pushed out 25ft. higher!"

NEWS EXTRA

NEW YEAR RAFFLE

The draw took place on Saturday, 1st March, at Warwick University over the AGM and Conference weekend. The winners of prizes were as follows:-

1st Prize - British Made Approved Hang Glider or £450 Debenham Voucher - Mrs. B. Barratt of Lewes, Sussex.

All other prizes were vouchers cashable at Debenhams or for Hang Gliding Equipment.

2nd Prize - £100 voucher - N. Richards, Coventry.

3rd Prize - £50 voucher - C. Smith, London, S.W.1.

4th Prize - £50 voucher - W. Lang, Kincardine.

5th Prize - £40 - M. Pennal, BFPO 23.

6th Prize - £30 voucher - H. Moroney, Coventry.

7th Prize - £20 voucher - J. Hewitt, Ilford.

8th Prize - £20 voucher - S. Abbott, Birkenhead.

9th Prize - £10 voucher - Tony Bird, Ickleton, Cambs.

10th Prize - £10 voucher - Les Ward, Mold, Clwyd.

For insertion, if necessary

5th Prize - £40 voucher - M. Pennal, BFPO 23.

1980 DIARY

April

25/27 (Fri/Sun), 3rd League, Lake District, organiser Trevor Birkbeck.

May

3/4 (Sat/Sun), Roses Competition - Yorkshire v. Lancs (1-on-1 or XC)

24/26 (Sat/Mon), 4th League, Dales, organiser Bob Harrison.

24/26 (Sat/Mon), Irish v. Welsh Celtic Cup, organiser Bob Mackay.

June

9/15, Lachens Mountain XC, South of France, Open XC organiser Mike de Glanville.

21/29, European Championships, Kossen, Austria. British team of 6+2+2, manager Roy Hill.

July

7/15, Owens Valley XC, Bishop, California, British team of 4.

18/21, Grouse Mountain World Invitational Championships, British team of 8+2, Vancouver, BC.

19/20, 26/27, Ulster XC, Prizes by Protec, £50 to winner, £100 if winner makes more than 10 miles.

August

3/11, Japan Dry Run for 1981 World Championships. Derek Evans, John Fack and possibly one other to go.

9/11, Fifth League, venue still undecided.

13/20, Understanding weather, Course at Met. Dept., Edinburgh University, £70.

16/24, Bleriot Cup, proposed dates still to be agreed, Anglo-French team XC, teams of 8.

September

12/14, League Final, venue still not decided.

October

Date? - American Cup team championships, Tennessee/Georgia, USA.

RECORD CLAIMS OR HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Over the last 10 months I have received a number of record claims. With the exception of one, I have not received any supporting documents. Very sad. I would like to make it clear that the responsibility for obtaining and raising the necessary paper-work is that of the pilot who is making the claim, and no one else. As far as I'm concerned, if any of you require help or advice I'm just a phone call or a letter away. In last year's June issue of *Wings!* I told you what you had to do. In the light of what has *not* happened I need to say it again, with a bit more detail.

If you happen to be planning an attempt on any record it's a *must* that you should be aware of the requirements you need to support the flight. The information can be found in your Pilots Handbook and it's always a good move to have a talk with your friendly Observer. His handbook has even more detail. It is his job to help and advise you, and that is all. I would like to point out some of the most important things that you have to take care of.

On the hill, you need a witness, an observer if possible. Declare what you intend to do. Certificate No. W/1 Launch and Start Cert. will cover this. After you have landed, you must get two witnesses to your landing, their names, addresses and signatures, also telephone numbers. You need to know the name of the place where you landed, and the Map Reference. Certificate No. W/2 will cover your landing.

Now you can go home and telephone me, this you must do within 48 hours of the flight. Now you should apply to your club or to the BHGA Taunton Office for the necessary forms to cover your record attempt. Having filled in your forms, send them to me by post. They are very valuable documents to you, so don't give them to a pal on the hill who knows a chap who has a friend who lives near to a BHGA council member — that's the way they get delayed or even lost. Post them to me, that's all you have to do.

Remember your claim is of no use if the documents are not there to support it and the documentation is your responsibility.

Just one more bit of advice, if by a stroke of good luck and expert flying you crack a world record, then you must move *very fast*. I have to inform the F.A.I. through the Royal Aero Club that I have a possible record and give brief details of the claim. All this has got to be completed within 48 hours. Now we have 3 months to submit a written application complete with the necessary supporting documents, your documents and they have got to be right. All errors take time to sort out and cost money, not to mention the irritation caused at both ends of the transaction. Please check through your paperwork before you send it off to me.

Best of luck to you all.

Rick Wilson, R&FAIACO



NOTIFICATION OF RECORD ATTEMPTS

Rick Wilson Records and F.A.I. Award Claims Officer.

144, Corwen Road, Tilehurst, Reading, Berks, RG3 4TA.

Telephone No: Reading 21099 (0734) - Home.

Telephone No: Burghfield Common 3431, Ext.348 - Work.

FEBRUARY 500 CLUB RESULTS

1st J. Stirk	£44.60
2nd J.A. Tapster	£22.30
3rd P.K. Shaw	£11.14
4th L.I. Hazlehurst	£6.70
5th K.E. Mathews	£5.57
6th D.J. Squires	£5.57
7th J.I. John	£4.46
8th R.E. Glanville	£4.46
9th P. Bowden	£3.35
10th E.J. Weaver	£3.35

BHGA received £111.50 as their share of the lottery proceeds.

Derek Evans

Treasurer (just!)

MID-AIR COLLISION

March 9th, 1980 - Devil's Dyke, Sussex

Two pilots are recovering from injuries after a mid-air collision on Sunday afternoon, March 9th, on the Devil's Dyke near Brighton. They are 28-year-old Chris Baker, from Gravesend, who flew a Wasp Falcon 4, and Paul Skeet, also 28, from Old Coulsdon in Surrey, again on a Falcon 4. A full official investigation of the incident is being conducted by John Hunter, who will report in due time. But as before, *Wings!* will carry as full a journalistically correct article as possible, to allay rumour.

It was said to be a perfect day on the Dyke. The wind was about 10-12, from the Northwest, and good thermals were forming. Keith Reynolds "went for it" over the back and made a 10-mile flight along the coast to Peacehaven. Every time a big UP came through, pilots would take off into it, and "stack" up to a thousand feet or more. When the lift went, all the gliders would come down and land.

At the time of the accident, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, about 25 gliders were in the air, just after a big UP had begun. Both the pilots involved in the collision were at about 120 feet, and no other gliders were reported at their level. The Dyke is a big bowl in a ridge running East-West, and Skeet was flying East at the same time as Baker was flying West. They were heading towards each other.

At a point just above the second stile on the fence dividing the main take-off field from a slope that's often used for training, Baker turned right, and Skeet — worried if *he* turned right that he would foul the take-off area — *turned left*. The gliders locked together, and there's evidence that one glider flipped over to lock upside down on the other. The descent, according to SHGC Chairman Tony Fuell, was very slow, "about 20-25 seconds, easily enough time if either pilot had a parachute to deploy it." Neither pilot had a parachute. The gliders were spinning when they hit the ground. Tony Fuell ran to Paul Skeet, who was unconscious, and applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and heart massage. After 20 minutes, Paul recovered consciousness. Three nurses on the hill looked after Chris Baker, who was deeply unconscious. For 36 hours he fought for his life on a respirator. He's now off the respirator, still dazed, but said to be recovering in hospital.

THE NORTH WALES HGC ANNUAL DINNER DANCE

This photo was taken after the Club's President, The Right Honourable Lord Mostyn, presented the trophies. A GOOD TIME HAD BY ALL.

Left-right: Alan Douglas, Don Royle, Rt.Hon. Lord Mostyn, Mick Pollard, Peter Leneord and Jan Ketelaar.



Manwing Comp. Trophy — 1st, Alan Douglas, 2nd, Peter Leneord. 3rd, Don Royle.

Manwing Club XC (has to take place by a member in North Wales). — Jan Ketelaar, 9 miles.

Manwing Open XC (may take place anywhere in the world by a club member). — Mick Pollard, USA, 25 miles.

pay out for the Health Service when you are irresponsibly taking risks and straining the service?" . . . or . . . "Surely it is reasonable to ask you to pay for the risks you take?"

The real target, and this campaign came up a few years ago, is the motorist and the motorcyclist. After all, about 1,300 people were killed riding motorcycles in a recent year. "Risk sports" were just a red herring, but as usual, it was yet another chance for those who don't take risks to ask daft questions of those who do. I followed up the question with the MPs I met — I'm a BBC reporter — and learned from one, deeply into the campaign against smoking and full of death statistics, that risk sports go wider than anyone thought. Would you, for example, have classed Rugby as a risk sport? Would you class it along with hang gliding? Generally, no. Yet this MP — LAURIE PAVITT — tells me that 21 schoolboys died last year as a result of injuries received in rugby games.

Talking to the junior Health Minister, Sir George Young, I learnt there was no chance of an extra premium for risk sports.

Finally, here's what Neil Thorne, a new Tory MP who followed the question up for us, has to say on the subject . . .

MARCH 500 CLUB RESULTS

1st J. Holton	£49.60
2nd D.L. Hadley	£24.80
3rd E.J. Weaver	£12.20
4th J.G. Roberts	£7.44
5th A.F. Bennett	£6.20
6th I. Hoad	£6.20
7th I. John	£4.96
8th J. Sempik	£4.96
9th P. Bennett	£3.72
10th C. Hudson	£3.72

£124 Prize Money and a like amount for BHGA Funds.

Percy Moss
Treasurer

DON'T BUY BEFORE YOU FLY!

The Peak District Flight Training School has facilities to enable you to test fly several different models before laying down the cash. All good breeds of glider can be supplied. Part exchange always possible. Second-hand gliders available.

AGENTS FOR HIWAY AND OTHER LEADING MAKES OF GLIDERS

Ring 053834 231 or 308 and speak to Alan Hetherington or Malcolm Hawksworth.



NASTY KITE FLYING

Early in JANUARY, 1980, the Government flew a kite to find out public reaction to the idea that people in "risk sports" — like mountaineering, pot-holing, hang gliding — should pay extra premiums to the National Health Service, because they were likely (in the words of the newspaper and radio reporters who followed the story up) to be a "drain on such a service". The stupid questions which one had to find a civil answer for went like this . . . "Why should we



NOW, isn't that nice. Having flown the kite and given the MUMPS a chance to whinge at sports like mountaineering and hang gliding, we find there was nothing in it after all.

Brian Milton

ARTICLES

I may be a professional journalist, but I have written too much of this Wings! By March 21st, I had received no articles on the 1st League, nearly four weeks earlier and only one article on the Wellsbourne power week. It's no use waiting around coyly for me to whisper I want something in your shell-like ear. Hang gliding history is being made every month these days not just in flight reports, but in new inventions, at AGMs, at the League. History, after all, is last week's news.

So send me WRITTEN NEWS NOW! — as it happens — not later.

I am getting a trifle overworked and it's making me crusty. OK?



First National League Competition 1980

By Brian Milton

Photographs by Mark Junak

It's always a wind-up, the first competition. We've all spent the winter wondering what kite to buy. Johnny Carr has what he calls NEW-KITE-ITIS and has ordered a Fledge 2. Bob Calvert called everyone to find out what devious ways were being used to take his championship title away from him. Rumours swept around the hills; Ian Grayland is producing something new, and the whole "rat-pack" was going to fly it; Graham Slater has been sitting in a hut at the bottom of the Devil's Dyke with a sewing machine and a measuring tape, working into the night; Murray Rose was playing mum about his 24 batten glider (which we still haven't seen); Len Gabriels was tuning either a Silhouette or a Cutlass for his hot young pilot Mark Sylvester; Andrew Hill was converting quickly from a Superscorpion to the only American glider in the League, a Lazor; Ken

Messenger had something new in the Comanche; four Solar Storms would be competing. The whole north, we heard down here — West of Watford — had converted, as one, to the French Atlas. What was the truth?

John Fack, the organiser, was flashing around with one arm in a sling while we all eyed Jeremy warily. Hassles with a site at the last moment, the Gloucester Gliding Club all smiles one minute and then assuring the local Council we were danger in the skies the next. Where could we put League-entry, blown out four times! Would 1-on-5 really work? How was I to feed 14 people in my house every morning and still get away by 8 o'clock? Would the radios arrive from Scotland? And work?

As I say, it's always a wind-up. Last year it was different problems, but the same wind-up.

DAY ONE — Saturday, February 23rd. Went around waking people sleeping all over floors and spare bedrooms, after listening to the 0655

weather forecast and getting the first batch of eggs in the pan. Johnny Carr, Mike Robertson and Graham Slater in one room, Roy, Wendy and Andrew Hill in another, Cliff Ingram and Tony Fuell and Keith Cockroft and Derek and Audrey Evans, Ian and Daniel Butcher, Mark Junak; sometimes during the weekend they were all there, stuffed full of ham and eggs and

bread and tea and then hustled out. We went to the Ship hotel in Alverton for rendezvous. It was a northwesterly, drawled the Facks as they bowled in for breakfast, while all the League and League-entry pilots were registered. Away we went for our first day's flying.

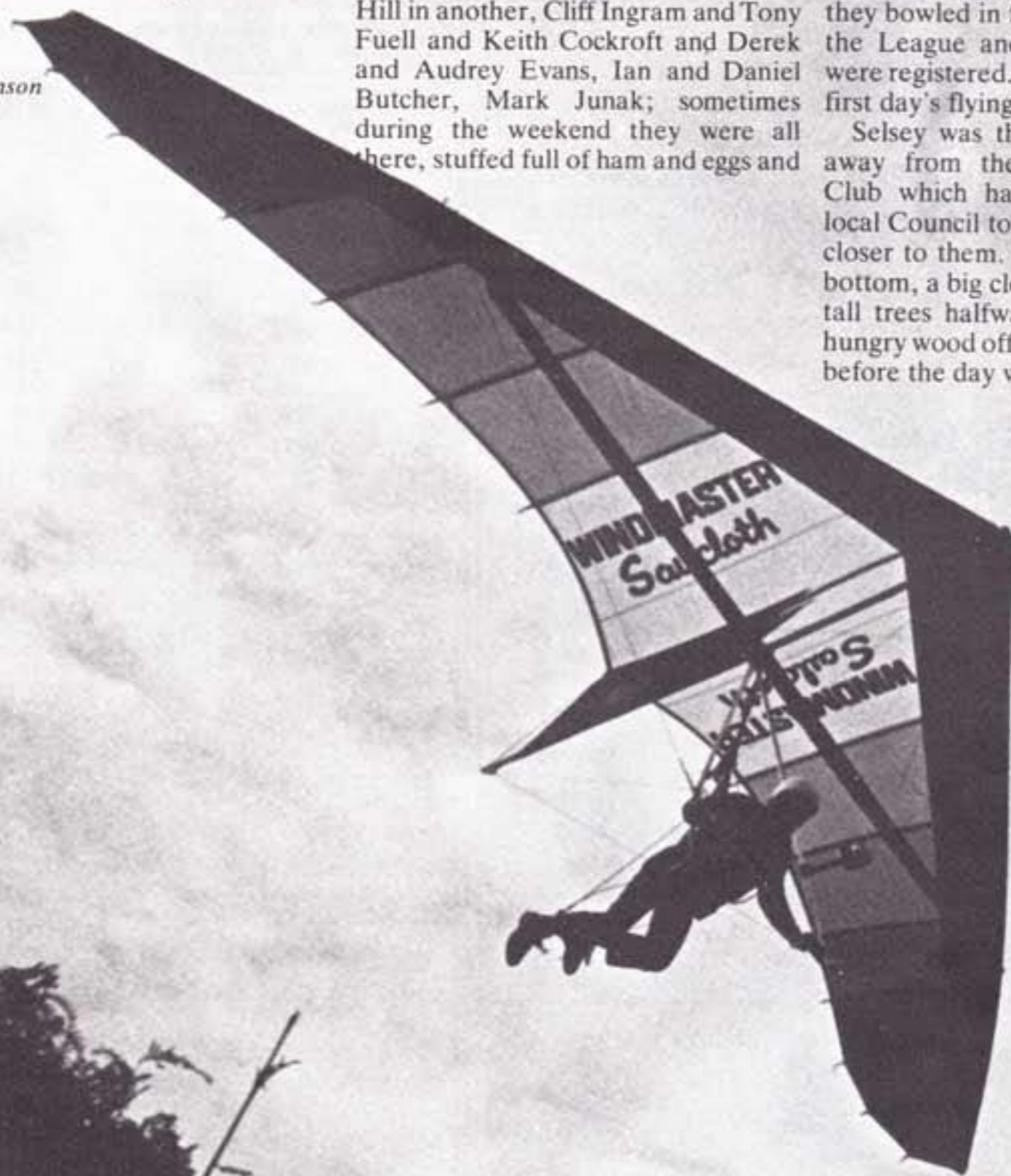
Selsey was the site, about 2 miles away from the Gloucester Gliding Club which had been lobbying the local Council to stop us flying at a site closer to them. It was 340 feet top to bottom, a big clean bowl with a line of tall trees halfway down, and a little hungry wood off to the left that was fed before the day was over.

Take-off was a quarter mile walk from easy parking, with a big rigging area. The task was a duration/spot, in a wind that ended up north east on a north west hill. If we hadn't gone 1-on-5 it would have been one of *those* days. As it was, the atmosphere was easy. Each group lined up and was given a 10-minute window. Anytime a pilot wanted to go, he said "one minute", at which time, he had priority. If he didn't go in the minute, he would have been disqualified. Later, in other tasks, the window will drop to 5 minutes, and the warning only 30 seconds, with a strict disqualification.

Lester Cruse was the first to fly, hooked into something small on the ridge with no one to push him out — as if he'd go! He's not said to have a glass eye for nothing. He made top score in his group for time in the air, and was closest to the spot. Other winners on the first task included Graham Hobson, Jo Binns, Graham Slater, Graeme Baird, Geof Ball and Sandy Fairgrieve, Andrew Hill, Keith Reynolds and Mike Atkinson. The spot landing proved a little more difficult, and there were only two maximum scores. But notice how many of those admitted to the League this year — FIVE — out of ten, got max scores on duration. It was an indication of what would happen in the rest of the competition.

It had been hoped to get a second task in, but poor Ian Curren — one of the 15 pilots competing for the 6 remaining League places — was eaten by a hungry group of trees after muffing his task. Despite three fire engines, two ambulances, two police cars and a number of reporters (thank God the three TV crews had gone to process their film), Ian was removed by his own efforts and those of other pilots, without injury, and his kite suffered a broken deflexor. It could have been worse.

Chris Johnson



DAY TWO — Sunday, February 24th. A day, like Jan Ketelaar's League in 1979, that will enter League legend. There was fog and low cloud everywhere, and we hung around the Ship hotel for a while. Then we thought the wind might go on the Blorange, about an hour away in South Wales, so we set up a rendezvous point and hared off by various routes to the Abergavenney car park. The top of the Blorange was clagged-in, but it seemed to be lifting. Another con-fab, shouldn't we be on the top waiting for a gap to go-go-GO? YES. Away we went up a small country road (what did the locals think?) to the top of a 1,600 foot lump, most of it by car, with a 3/4 mile walk at the end through fog to the top, where there was still a bit of snow. It was hilarious. There were groups travelling all over the Blorange trying to find the bowl we needed to take-off from (if the fog lifted). A group of hooligans, half of them members or former members of the BHGA Competitions Committee, cowed the rest of us by sudden snowball fights. Lester Cruse appeared, without his kite, after a two-mile stumble across the top of the Blorange and started praying to whatever Gods were listening for it not to lift, because he didn't want to go back and pick it up.

We remained in radio contact with the bottom of the hill, learning when clear periods were expected, but it never cleared on top. About 100 feet down one could see the bottom occasionally. At about 3.30 we called the League off for the day, and packed up for the walk down. Three hardy souls elected to fly down, waiting for a clear patch before launch, and all landed safely, though neither would care to repeat the experience.

DAY THREE — Monday, February 25th. Clear as a bell in Bristol, clagged in at the Ship, the Facks sauntering in for breakfast again, a certain air of desperation creeping in. Where could we fly? Weather forecast going on about ice on the roads, dense fog, no wind, low cloud. Again, we went to Abergavenney, but the Blorange — which towers over the town — was again clouded in. The Facks tried Pandy, an easterly ridge, 950 foot high, 8 miles down the road. We couldn't stand waiting, so by ones and twos, and then in a great crowd, we set off after them. There were access problems with Pandy, we were giving priority to getting League entry through — without new pilots the League will die — so a sort of make-shift double-up system was used to get pilots to the top. Nearly still air! (though Calvert, the animal, soared for a while). We could run two tasks.

First task that day was a speed run (worth 35 points), duration (45 points), spot (20 points). It was a long speed run, difficult to judge, with little height left at the end for duration. Graham Slater opted to fly very slow to get a bottom score of 7, but he ensured a top score of 45 on duration, for a total of 52 points. Alan Weeks, on the other hand, got top on speed — 35 points — and with just a fourth place

on duration he beat Slater, with 53 points. Slater, though, hit the spot, which in this competition was worth a lot of points.

Only one pilot — John Bridge — maxed out on this task, flying an Atlas, though Bob Martin, Bob Calvert,

Robert Bailey and Graham Hobson scored 80 or better. Mike Atkinson, on the large Storm, was doing all right when he tried one of his tree-trunk landings and broke both A-frame sides. The worst accident, though, was to Mick Evans, who misjudged his

height on the duration and was too low to make the landing field. He tried to convert over, or through some trees in an effort to get back and didn't make it. He broke his wrist in two places and was in agony for hours. It was the League's third accident, after three



John Fack — organiser



Lester Cruse — second position



Mick Evans — before breaking his wrist



Trevor Birkbeck — with the Comanche

continued on next page



Keith Reynolds — 'Busby'



Graham Hobson — first position

years; previously, Roger Black had cracked a couple of ribs trying a 360 too low, and Mick Evans — in another case of the goforits — had compressed two vertebrae last year on a speed manoeuvre task.

The second task that day was duration/spot, straight 80/20 points, but difficult to judge again because the gate to end duration wasn't the end of the task. Pilots had to cross a big field and round a pylon to get their marks, with a target as a further incentive. Flying it myself, I had far too much height in hand through being too careful, and got a bottom-score for duration. Tony Beresford and Bob Martin maxed the task, but there was another bizarre accident. Keith Reynolds, the 1978 League Champion, got a top score on duration in his Sigma, and had a lot of height around the pylon. He was concentrating so much on the target that, when he drifted over the road at the end of the field to lose height, he didn't see a small power line until about half a second before he hit it. Nothing broke, after a bit of bouncing around, Keith was left dangling about 9 feet above the road, very embarrassed. As he was hanging there, waiting for a car to stop under him so he could step down, his wife — no hysterics, no "poor darling, are you all right?" nothing like that. She just looked up at him and uttered a remark so classic — and unprintable — that you should ask someone who was there just what it was. I nearly fell over laughing.

No injury to Keith, no damage to the glider, and — Keith asked — no score either. The first competition of the year is always the bad one for incidents, with everyone so hungry and raw.

We ended the day with three tasks completed in the competition, enough to choose League-entry pilots. It was cold and wet, but there was a tremendous atmosphere, a sort of fierce *joie de vivre* that the League was off and running again. Scoring was done in the Llansanffraed Court, with a warm fire and beer. Graham Hobson was the winner, having beat Lester Cruse on a spot landing. Lester was second, and a new pilot, Bob Martin, who flies the Gilbey Cyclone, was third. Another newcomer, 18 year old Mark Sylvester, was in fifth place, in the first of his six personal competitions with the youngest pilot in the League, 17 year old Andrew Hill, back in 20th place on his new Lazor. Jo Binns, the third newcomer, was in 7th place, having failed on all his spot landings but done well in the flying. But the same old names are at the top, Bob Calvert in 4th — his best ever start — Johnny Carr making a real comeback in 6th place, Robert Bailey and Graham Slater in the top 10, along with one of last year's newcomers, Bob Harrison. Bob England had a bad competition; Keith Reynolds and Mike Atkinson should make a big jump in place when the first score is dropped after six tasks; in all, though, class showed. One casualty of the new system of scoring will be straight percentage hang gliding.

LEAGUE ENTRY

There were 15 League-entry pilots, none of whom had made 3XCs of 10KMs, but all of whom had made two or even one big XC, and who'd been accepted by Roy Hill for the entry competition. Two New Zealanders, Alan Gerrard and Rod Stuart, also entered the competition, and five pilots came over from Ireland for League experience — Noel Broderick, Des Ledwidge, Max McManus, Pat Molloy and Ian Kibblewhite. None of the guests had any effect on the scoring of the League-entry; Rod Stuart would have ended up in 26th place, and Alan Gerrard in 34th place. If Pat Molloy, from Ireland, flying an Atlas, had been a bone fide League-entry pilot, he would have made it into the League. I know the Irish want to try for real at the end of this year. Same requirement, 3 flights of 10 kms outside of ridge lift, details to me before August 1st.

The entry pilots flew amongst themselves, and their scores — as a result — are better than they would have been against full-League pilots. Peter Harvey, flying a Cyclone, ended on top score with 243 points. Second was Tony Hughes, Cherokee, 231 points. Third was John Fennell, Atlas, 224 points. Fourth Colin Lark, Superscorpion, 222 points. Fifth was Ron Freeman, Wills XC 185, 207 points. Sixth was Roy Richards, Cherokee, 191 points. My sympathies to the seventh pilot, Dave Jones, flying a Storm, who just failed to make the League on 182 points, and to the others as well; Chris Ashman, John Stirk (181), Jim Brown (180), Ian Trotter (177), Nick Goodyear (150), Paul Frain (150), Peter Hargreaves (150) and Ian Curren (74 + one tree). I hope you're all back again next year.

There is no certain way to fit the entry scores into genuine League scores. Taken raw, placing Peter Harvey in 4th place ahead of Bob Calvert and the others in League entry according to their raw score, would not be just. Moreover, having made their scores against non-League pilots, when consideration was given later in the summer to team selection, I know the committee would not give any weight to such scores. I have to get clearance for the following proposal from the competitions committee, but what I intend is to place Peter Harvey at the median score (183), and rank the other entry pilots accordingly. This puts the lowest entry pilot, Roy Richards, ahead of twelve original League pilots, but it's the best solution to a problem caused originally when four separate League-entry competitions were blown out.

NEW HANG GLIDERS

One reason for League flying is to test new hang gliders in rigorous competition. In any one year, League pilots swop around their hang gliders, looking for performance, or handling, or whatever. A lot of people follow the swopping around, and want to know why. I hope to carry comments from League pilots on why they're changing machines, and what they're looking for in new hang gliders, as a guide to other pilots.

1980 LEAGUE — Gliders Used, First Competition

Birdman Cherokee	11
Chargus Cyclone	8
La Mouette Atlas	7
Hiway Superscorpion	4
Solar Storm	4
Hiway Vulcan	3
Southdown Sailwings Sigma	3

One each of: Skyhook Silhouette, Birdman Comanche, Birdman Moonraker 78, Graham Slater's Zenith, Bennett Lazor, Waspair Gryphon 180, Wills XC 185, Bob England's Gannet.

Note: Richard Iddon (broken leg) and John Fack (broken arm) have yet to fly.



Len Gabriels — on his new hot ship, the Silhouette

SCORING

Other League competitions will only be covered on news value, aside from the final, but scores will be published periodically. For those who are interested, this is how the scoring works.

All tasks are 1-on-5, and each involves one single pilot from 5 tiers, grouping 1-10, 11-20, 21-30, 31-40, 41-50. These ranks come from previous League competitions, and a rank will last throughout one competition. For example, if I go in to one competition in 42nd place, and win three tasks on the first day, I will remain with number 42 until that 3-day competition is over, and then my League position will be adjusted.

Every sixth task, the bottom scoring task is automatically dropped. If a pilot misses a competition, his true score won't really show until the end of the year.

Every task is divided into tests. Each test has a weighting, say 35 points, divisible by 5. First pilot in the test scores 35, 2nd pilot 28 points, 3rd pilot 21 points, 4th pilot 14 points, 5th pilot 7 points. Another test, with a task could be worth 45 points, grading down as follows — 45, 36, 27, 18, 9.

In general, a free-take-off order will be allowed within a group of 5, with a 5-minute window, and a pilot must signify he's going to go by calling "30 seconds" . . . if he fails to go in that time, or the 5 minute window expires, he's disqualified.

The one exception to the 1-on-5 rule will be go-for-it cross countries. There are flying rules we're experimenting with this year, for safety, such as ordering all 360's within 1000 feet of the ridge to be made to the right, and limiting any one flight *on the ridge* to an hour. But on XCs, the old system of 200 points for 50 miles on a parabolic curve will continue to work, and should sort out the good XC pilots from the rest, while still leaving a chance to break records.

Look for the scores in bold type below *Wings!*

NATIONAL LEAGUE RESULTS 1980

After one competition (3 tasks, all downers, 1-on-5, plagued by bad weather) John Fack's Competition, Bristol area in the SW of England, February 24/26, 1980

Name	Glider	Task One			Task Two			Task Three			Total	
		Duration/spot	(75)	(25)	Speed/Dur/Spot	(35)	(45)	(20)	Dur/Spot	(80)		(20)
1 Graham Hobson	Atlas	75	25	100	35	45	0	80	64	20	84	264
2 Lester Cruse	Cherokee	75	25	100	21	36	20	77	80	—	80	257
3 Bob Martin	Cyclone	45	15	60	35	36	20	91	80	20	100	251
4 Bob Calvert	Atlas	60	25	85	28	45	16	89	64	—	64	238
5 Mark Silvester	Silhouette	60	25	85	14	27	20	61	64	20	84	230
6 Johnny Carr	Cyclone	45	25	70	28	45	—	73	80	—	80	223
7 Jo Binns	Cyclone	75	—	75	14	45	—	59	80	—	80	214
8 Robert Bailey	Atlas	60	20	80	28	36	16	80	32	16	48	208
9 Bob Harrison	Cyclone	45	25	70	21	36	—	57	80	—	80	207
9 Graham Slater	Zenith	75	20	95	7	45	12	64	48	—	48	207
11 Graeme Baird	S/Scorp	75	—	75	14	36	—	50	80	—	80	205
12 Jeremy Fack	Vulcan	45	25	70	21	45	—	66	64	—	64	200
13 John Bridge	Atlas	60	—	60	35	45	20	100	32	—	32	192
14 Geof Ball	Vulcan	75	—	75	21	45	—	66	48	—	48	189
14 Sandy Fairgrieve	Cyclone	75	—	75	14	36	16	66	48	—	48	189
16 Dave Garrison	Superscorp	30	20	50	28	18	20	66	48	20	68	184
16 Richard Ware	Cyclone	30	—	30	35	27	12	74	80	—	80	184
18 Roger Black	Cherokee	60	—	60	21	18	20	59	60	—	60	183
19 Trevor Birkbeck	Comanche	60	10	70	28	27	8	63	32	16	48	181
20 Andrew Hill	Lazor	75	—	75	14	27	—	41	64	—	64	180
21 Mick Maher	Sigma	45	10	55	35	18	—	53	64	—	64	172
22 John North	Atlas	45	15	60	35	27	16	78	32	—	32	170
23 Keith Reynolds	Sigma	75	20	95	28	45	—	73	80	*	0	168
24 John Hudson	Cherokee	30	—	30	35	18	—	53	64	20	84	167
24 Dave Thomas	Cherokee	15	20	35	14	18	20	52	80	—	80	167
26 Mark Southall	Storm	45	—	45	21	36	16	73	48	—	48	166
27 Tony Beresford	Cherokee	45	0	45	0	0	16	16	80	20	100	161
28 Roger Wates	Cherokee	60	0	60	28	27	12	67	32	0	32	159
29 Mike Atkinson	Storm	75	0	75	14	36	*	0	80	0	80	155
30 Bob England	Gannet	60	0	60	35	9	0	44	48	0	48	152
31 Graham Leason	Cherokee	30	25	55	14	18	12	44	48	0	48	147
32 Chris Johnson	Vulcan	30	0	30	28	36	0	64	48	0	48	142
33 Ashley Doubtfire	Cherokee	30	15	45	14	18	16	48	32	16	48	141
34 Geof Snape	Gryphon 180	15	0	15	21	36	20	77	32	0	32	124
35 Richard Brown	Atlas	30	0	30	35	18	20	73	16	0	16	119
36 Alan Weeks	Cherokee	45	20	65	35	18	0	53	0	0	0	118
37 Brian Milton	Storm	15	0	15	35	27	0	62	16	20	36	113
38 Keith Cockcroft	S/Scorp	30	15	45	14	27	0	41	16	0	16	102
39 John Sharpe	Cyclone	60	†	0	7	27	0	34	48	0	48	82
40 Brian Edmeades	Storm	15	25	40	21	9	0	30	0	0	0	70
41 Mick Evans	Sigma	30	0	30	35	**	—	—	—	—	0	30
42 Peter Day	Moonraker 78	15	0	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15
43 Richard Iddon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
44 John Fack	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Guests												
Rod Stuart (NZ)		60	25	85	14	36	12	62	16	0	16	163
Alan Gerrard (NZ)		15	25	40	7	27	16	50	48	0	48	138

*Crashed

**Crashed, broke wrist

†Out landing

Flight Reports

MAM TOR — HALF A MILE HIGH by Len Hull

Sunday, 30th December — out of bed quickly, because the sky is clear blue, there's snow on the ground and it could just be a flying day. One hour later the doubts are creeping in — the wind is beginning to strengthen, bearing out the Mod. — Fresh North Westerly forecast. There's an anti-cyclone over S.E. England, so it looks as though today's conditions will persist for a few days — the speed of the swiftly forming, raggy clouds is impressive.

Optimism loads the safari on the car while pessimism mutters 'no chance'. Arrive Mam Nick 11.00 a.m., and as usual Sheffield club is there in force — all two of them come walking down the hill after checking the wind. "Well, gentlemen, what's it like?" "Twenty-two, twenty-four", says Ron. "It's evil — blowing over 30", says Super, simultaneously.

Being an average sort of flyer, I take the average and decide it must be worth the carry up.

On top, Mam Tor is trailing a spectacular streamer of cloud and Kinder writhes underneath a smouldering wrap of smog-like greyness. Fortunately it clings to the far side of the valley and doesn't look like coming our way. Everywhere is blinding white in the sun, and the wind at take-off is 22-24 N.W. and biting cold, so it's on with all available gear and rig quickly, to avoid freezing.

A look at conditions suggests a cold and fairly boring session soaring the ridge lift on Mam Nick, which will no doubt end when the cold gets too much. How wrong can one be!

Take-off is in 22, although it's not particularly pleasant and feels much stronger. The kite climbs steadily up from the ridge in strong lift, and I pull maximum speed because I feel uneasy on the ridge and want to be out in the valley. At 200ft. I am still climbing and having more difficulty in flying forward off the ridge. I pile on maximum speed and move out over the road, and suddenly find that I am progressing quite rapidly along Rushup Edge and still I'm gaining height. I reduce speed, knowing that I am flying out of wind. A check on the smoke from the chimney of the cement works still shows North West, but I am now facing due North and my groundspeed is nil; therefore I am in some kind of upper airstream that is due North. This seems to explain why I am still gaining height even though I am now on Rushup Edge and heading for Lord's Seat — a Northerly will obviously give lift along here. Mam Tor is a long way away now and 3-400ft. below. I turn out into the valley ready to lose height and fly back to Mam Nick, but it doesn't happen — the kite is still

flying steadily, and it seems I have to pull lots of speed to actually go anywhere.

I see Super take off and he gains height fast. I know he'll be pinned to the ridge for a while, because he's flying seated and has less penetration than me. Sure enough he is soon at a considerable height and is directly over Rushup Edge while I am flying over the top part of Edale village, trying to work out what's happening and why I'm not losing height, even though it's a mile back to the ridge. I work my way back gradually to Mam Nick with the intention of top landing, but as I 360 back towards the hill I spot Super, who is now at a colossal height (estimated 2,000ft.) over the valley, and appears to be heading out towards Kinder, evidently having no difficulty in penetrating any longer.

At last I realise — WAVE! — I forget about top landing and set off after Super — he is obviously the first one to connect with the wave proper, and I have been flying about on the edge and collecting all the strong ' nastiness ' that is associated with wave boundaries.

Super is now flying nonchalantly and having no trouble — winding it into 360s all over the sky. His altitude must be 1,600ft. above take-off and he gradually disappears along the valley towards Losehill at a constant height. I lock into something really constant and beautifully smooth — with both hands off, the kite never wavers from flying directly into wind and penetration is relatively easy. Altitude is gained simply by pointing into wind, pushing out and watching the ground fall away. Magical — no ability needed!

From 1,600ft. and 1½ miles away I watch Gary take-off. He gains a lot of height very quickly but seems to be over Lord's Seat and further back. No doubt he'll head out and join me. Meanwhile I see Super skimming

around over Mam Nick and trying to get down — after 20 minutes he's still trying! Suddenly Gary is no longer there — hell, he never told me he was going cross country! (Evidently he had lost the fight to get away from the ridge, and while still at a good height he decided to turn downwind and go with it as far away from Rushup as possible before landing. On his way he flew through the rotor — whether it was hill or wave rotor he couldn't tell, all he knew was that it was BAD. At one time he was standing bolt upright in his harness, straps tight, and the kite vertical behind him — not pleasant, since he was flying prone! The resultant recovery dive was something else, he said! Fortunately the landing, over a mile back from the ridge, was O.K.)

Super is now down in Frank Wilson's field, so I fly back to Mam Nick where Ron is still at take-off and the rest of the Sheffield club are still absent. Conditions now feel smoother altogether, so I decide to top land. Just like that. Will it come down? Will it hell!

3 x 360s make no difference, 'S' turns make no difference, 4 violent stalls make no difference, pulling max. speed makes no difference — I just finish up at the same height as before! Finally I fly out over Frank Wilson's (the main airstream is still North) then pull 6 violent 360s back towards the hill. I pull out when the 'G' forces get uncomfortable and I'm approximately 200ft. over the summit. Point into wind, apply full speed, kick out of prone to increase drag and shake cold feet furiously on approach to make sure the undercarriage is working. At last I land, to find the surface wind is North West and 16mph. Weirder and weirder!

Ron comes up and says the wind has dropped to 16, Gary's gone and Super is down. I tell him it's fantastic and that he ought to be up there, so

off he goes.

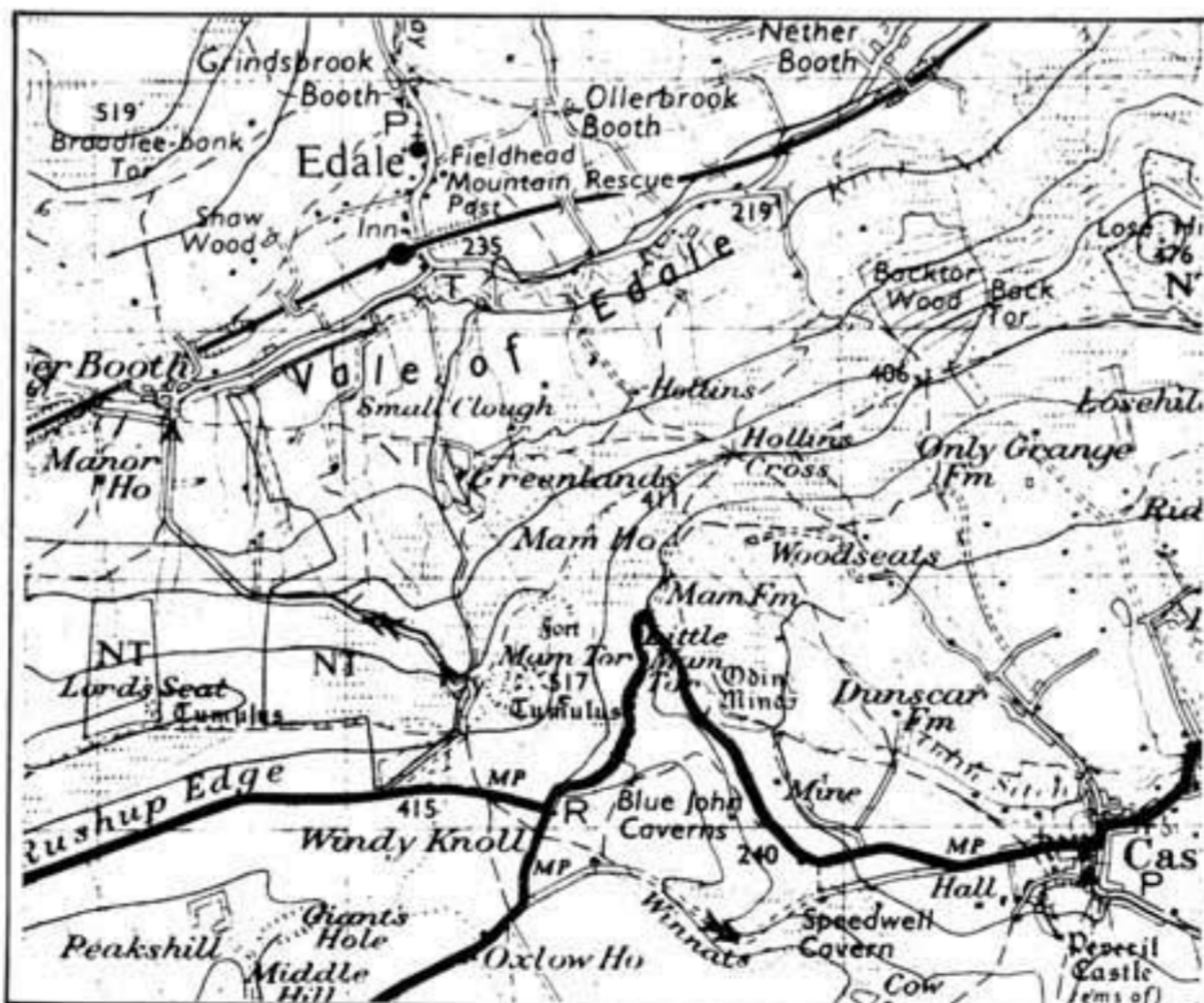
I stamp around, get my hands and feet back, pinch Gary's coffee (serve him right!) and take off.

My goodness, it is now super-smooth and the lift is much gentler and more pleasant. I fly along Rushup gaining height, and then suddenly, from nowhere, come the bumps. Wiser now, I turn directly into them, knowing that this is the edge of the wave. Sure enough, it's smooth as glass now and up I go — up and up. After 15-20 minutes I head back to Mam Nick. I am now at a ridiculous height — I cannot distinguish people on the ground any longer, and the cars look very tiny. Ron's white Safari appears to be scratching along the ridge although he must be a good 900ft. ATO. I feel for my 'chute' — just in case — and then get lost in the stupendous view. Ron has evidently connected with the wave and he's coming up fast. It is perfectly clear and the horizon seems to curve up all the way round like the rim of a giant saucer. It is like looking through a fisheye lens, and everything is super-sharp because of the snow-etched ridges. I can see clear over Kinder plateau — I am actually looking down on the Downfall — Greater Manchester seems very close and I spot an airliner on approach to Ringway at about my altitude. Winter Hill, Parlick Fell and Preston are near the horizon, and I can see Black Hill, Bleaklow, and all the Derwent Dams. Holme Moss and Hemley Moor T.V. masts are clearly visible, and also the hills on which they stand. Mam Tor and Lord's Seat are reduced to one great flat expanse — there is no longer any impression of hills and valleys; Stanage is plainly visible, seeming only to be half a mile or so distant.

I am higher than I have ever been before in a hang glider and it is difficult to absorb the experience. Oh for a camera! A light plane approaches below from Derwent, but turns East and keeps out of harm's way. After 2 hours fantastic flying, Ron and I land in the valley, thoroughly frozen and absolutely elated — what a mind-searing experience!

These classic conditions persisted for the next three days, although the wave lift was not so powerful as it had been on the Sunday. On 1st January I received a telephone call from a Doncaster Aero club member who enquired if anyone had flown Mam Tor on the Sunday. While flying North from Derwent at 2,500ft. he had seen an aircraft approaching at 500-700ft. above him, and was astonished to see that it was a hang glider! The air temperature at the time was minus 5°C, and one of his passengers was airsick during the flight due to wave turbulence. What a weekend.

Len Hull
(from Sheffield HGC Newsletter)



A TYPICAL DAY'S SOARING UNTIL. . .

NEIL EDWARDS Swansea

On Saturday, January 26th, I went with John Evans and Dave Wood, who often stay with me, for a drinking session, if nothing else, to our local South Easterly "Bryn Caws", renowned for its strange and turbulent conditions. We half-heartedly rigged due to the bitterly cold 16-18mph Easterly wind. John was first to fly in his Cherokee, and said it was bumpy. I took off shortly after on my EMU and made one or two beats quite a way out from the hill. I started to go up and up and up, in very smooth consistent lift. No matter where I flew I went up. After 20 minutes or so, the two kites seemed pretty small and I felt that my good fortune must surely end.

By now I was reaching cloud and was feeling sorry for John and Dave way below me. There still appeared to be no sign of them joining me. Having now passed cloudbase, which had been put at about 1,500ft.-plus by our local weatherman John Powell, I decided to burn off height, if only to see what was going on below, plus I was a bit scared! Despite repeated whip-stalls, dives, 360s and side slips I was maintaining height, or at least, losing very little.

Suddenly, through the cloud, I spotted Dave with his Cyclone, not so far below me and rising very fast. I felt a bit silly now and annoyed at myself for trying to lose height, so I decided to put up with the cold hands and feet and concentrate on getting higher, which I did, without effort.

John, who had been zapping around trying to get "bottom of the stack", eventually got stuck in there, mainly due to repeated outbursts by Ray Picton on the ground, himself a Cherokee addict, that John was letting the side down.



Soon we were all at about 2½-3,000ft.-plus. Dave came to within feet of me and screamed "CROSS COUNTRY!" I told him to look behind at the wall of cotton wool. He quickly shut up. So, we spent the next 1½ hours exploiting the potential of this obvious 'wave' lift. For most of the flight we were well above the cloud and despite some disorientation and the complete disappearance of the hill, we were treated to the most incredible view. It was so smooth, it made Rhossili seem bumpy. We flew a mile or more in every direction except downwind, due to the dense bank of cloud which didn't open. Half the time it was so mind-blowing that we didn't know what to do or where to go. Not that we cared, either, for it was like being on top of the world.

It took Dave forty-two 360s to get down, and he had lined up his landing on the hill in front, but still had height to make it back. Our landing approaches were all difficult because we had to fly through cloud at some stage or other.

To sum up, well . . . it's hard to find words. Should we have gone cross country? We spent all that night and all our money in the pub, discussing just that. It's all very well if you've been that height before, which we hadn't, so we were quite happy with our performance, in view of the fact that you don't expect to get that high at Bryn Caws, especially in January.

Anyway, we were all aware of the dangers associated with 'wave' in going over the back.

None of us had instruments, so a lot of the figures are pure guesswork, which will no doubt be disputed by some, but to us this was the flight of a lifetime.



Steve Hunt in low-level run at Wellesbourne in Hiway Ski-Trike

Roots of hang gliding are the same as those for conventional aviation: Otto Lilienthal, Percy Pilcher, Octave Chanute, these were the fathers of hang gliding before the Wright Brothers set off on the long road to Concorde. But it wasn't even ten years ago that the present boom in foot-launched flying began, and when Jack Lambie, in California, organised a meet in May, 1971, to celebrate the 122nd birthday of Otto Lilienthal, of the 15 "flying machines" there, only two were Rogallos. Indeed, a year later, writing in the roneo'd early editions of *Ground Skimmer*, Jack Lambie still felt there was no future for Rogallos . . . and believed we would all develop the copy he made of Chanute's early flying machine, called a *Hang Loose* . . .

"In the summer of 1970 the first "Hang Loose" floated down the slopes in graceful and apparently safe flight, much to the amazement of the many bystanders and myself. I had built it in my summer-school class as a project in our study of flight, for about \$25. It flew on the level playground using wing and tail runners to enable all students to get a ride, but I really didn't think it would carry me. The one I had built 17 years before had to be towed at 32 mph to get it to fly. My brother Mark had built a Miller Rogallo a month before and we had tried to fly it many times with consistent failure.

Aided by such hang gliding pioneers as Richard Miller and Bruce Carmichael as tip runners, my flights were exhilarating fun. The ship was in the air after only a few steps and landed equally slowly. The following weekend I flew the Rogallo with the jib sail built by Bruce and Richard. *The performance seemed just good enough to get it to fly down a very steep hill.* I was more than ever convinced that the biplane configuration was ideal for hang gliding. In summer school we had built models of many kinds of possible designs, tandem wing, canard, monoplane and flying wing, and decided the lightest, strongest and most stable ship would be a wire-braced biplane. This would give the large wing area needed and immense strength with very small and light individual pieces of wood.

I wrote an article for *SOARING* magazine, illustrated by pictures Don Dwiggin had taken, and Don subsequently made up a cover story for *Sport Planes* magazine, Spring 1971 issue. Meanwhile my brother Mark and I had been working on the plans which many had requested. I had thought of silk-screening about 40 "poster" type plans suitable for wall mounting by aviation buffs, not really thinking very many people would actually be interested in building from them. I had all the drawings done for the posters but the expense was too great to print up such a limited number. In keeping with the casual and joyous nature of hang gliding, we decided to use the whimsical, lighthearted approach to our drawings and text. How much to charge for plans? Most people will spend \$3.00 to go to a movie so why not \$3.00? The time and effort that went into the simple plans seemed very high for the low price of \$3 at that time. I have never spent a penny to advertise.

When I came back from the "Orville and Wilbur" filming, the couple downstairs who had collected my mail presented me with two full shopping bags full of orders for "Hang Loose". I couldn't believe it! Apparently the romantic idea of flying with your own wings and leaving the ground from self-launch has a tremendous appeal. Often the letters ordering plans were many pages long, recounting the writer's flying career and deep and sincere desire to hang glide. Kids, airline captains, other teachers, service pilots and potential organizers of hang gliding clubs wrote. I would guess about 3,500 sets of plans have now been sent out. Letters, often with pictures and clippings from the local newspapers, attest to many

good flights and I have never received a complaint or heard of any injuries."

In 1972, at around the time Geoff McBroom in Bristol, and Len Gabriels in Oldham, were hurtling down hills with crude copies of rogollos, there was this classic account by a subsequent president of the USHGA, Lloyd Licher, of the Second Annual Lilienthal Meet, in which the obvious merits of Rogallos shine through, even if Taras Kiceniuk Jr cops most of the coverage . . .

"The Wings of Rogallo pilots repeated and exceeded their exploits of the previous day, flying their many Rogallos from the top of the big hill, which is really second nature to them. Their feminine member, Donnita Holland, made it look easy, and nearly outdid the men, coming in second for distance with a landing in the far lot. A number of them were obviously flying through thermal up-currents which extended their flight times to well over one minute. Best duration for the day was 1:53 by John Lamon, who also had the longest distance of 1,774 feet and a perfect spot landing to win the Class 3 trophy with a perfect cumulative place score of 3. WR pilots copped the first three places in that class and one tied Taras for 4th. Taras had a flight of 1:45 off the top of the big hill but manoeuvred around to land where the markers were, so placed 12th in distance. His landing was just after a dip and at a road bank, which caused him to stumble and nose in, slowly, with slight damage to only one tube. His only other flight was a try for distance off the lower knoll. It was proceeding routinely when an unexpected wind gust caused a bank to the right. This would not have been of any concern, ordinarily, but the only obstruction, remnants of an old corral and loading chute to which a wind sock had been attached, was then right in his path. Full left drag rudder for corrective action became effective just in time as the yaw and dihedral banked the right wing very nicely over the wind sock. There wasn't much left after that, though, and he landed ignominiously nearby as officials and spectators hurried to clear the area for him (scattered like mad). Again, no damage but Taras deemed it wisest not to tempt the fickle winds of the day again."

Jack Lambie was later very bitter that hang gliding, to which he had contributed so much in the early days, shot off in the direction it did and left him behind. Who can blame him? Haven't we all day-dreamed of what we would have done if we'd lived when the Wright Brothers were alive? Haven't we all regretted that we missed the great pioneering days? Or . . . are they still with us?

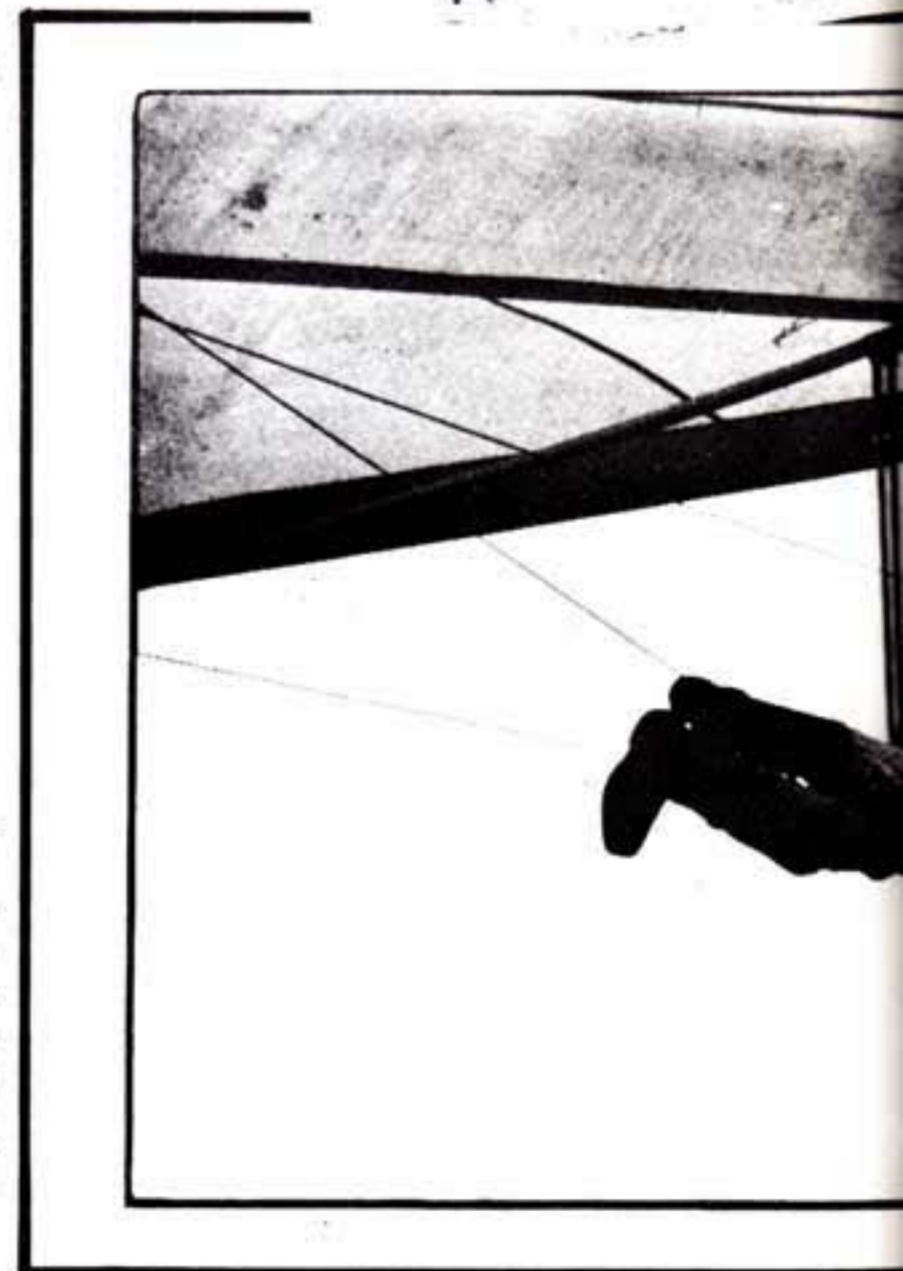
An interesting photo from the past. John James, founder of the NHGA soaring in his kite-note the size of the A'frame. John used to have a small seat which he clipped to the A'frame and rested his chest on. His prone harness had no stirrup knee hanger or shoulder hangers—it was more or less a seated harness adapted. Steerage was by means of tweaking the wing wires with his feet. This picture is dated circa April 1974—before many people even thought of flying.

RO

Introduce

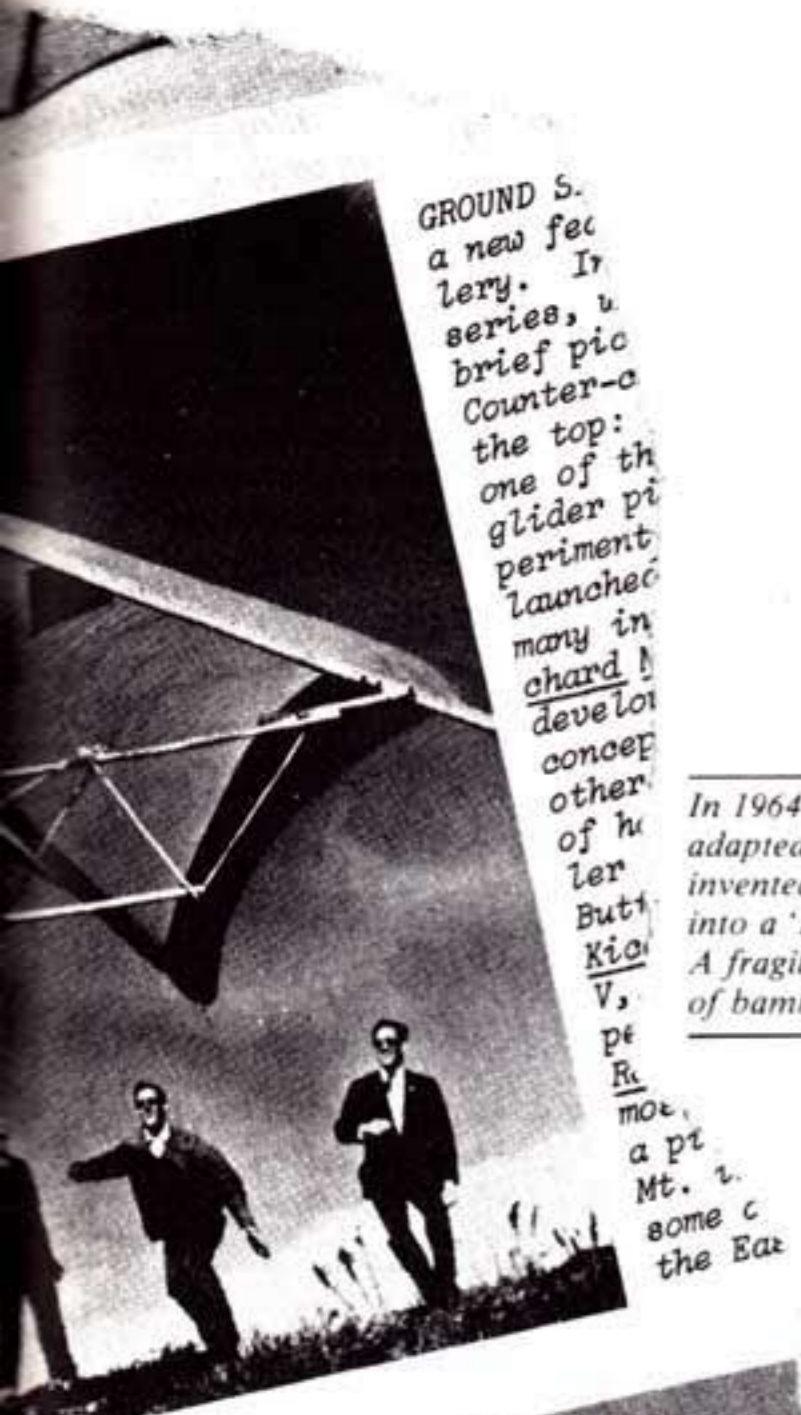


George Uvegee



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by Brian Milton



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Once upon a time, back in 1973, the British Endurance record was held by Geoff McBroom. It stood at a massive 8 minutes. Len Gabriels, who makes Skyhooks, went out and broke that record, and wrote about it in *Flypaper* No. 2 in December, 1973 . . .

In January, 1974, New Year's Day, according to Len, Ken Messenger smashed Len's record with a flight of an hour. By October, 1974, Brian Wood had taken the record to 8½ hours.

It was a small four-line account of Brian's record that caused me to interview him, promise a programme if he threw me off a hill, and introduced me to the sport.

PERSONAL PRIZE: £5 for the best story, in under 200 words, of how and why you got into hang gliding. If it's amusing, great, all the better, but best also means unusual. The best three stories will go into print. Put your address and telephone number on your letters.

Brian Milton

In 1964 an American Richard Miller adapted the flexible kite invented by Francis Rogallo into a 'Bamboo Butterfly'. A fragile contraption made of bamboo and polythene sheet.



Len Gabriels in 1980



From *Flypaper* No. 2 December 1973

BRITISH ENDURANCE RECORD

Pendle Hill, near Clitheroe in Lancs, is the place where on Sunday afternoon, November 11th, I soared for 25 minutes 46 seconds for (I believe) a British sailing record.

The details of that flight will probably be of interest to others who are hoping to do something similar (who isn't?) and would like to know what it takes.

The main ingredients obviously are a suitable hill, a good glider, the right weather conditions and a willing band of helpers, plus the luck to get it all

together at the same time on whichever day of the week you usually fly.

This Sunday, everything was right. We arrived at 1 o'clock and whilst debating where on the hill to go, we suddenly saw another flier, Mick Hurst of Keighley, airborne off the North West face, so we decided we would go to the same spot.

We settled on an area which was about 50 feet lower than the top of the hill, as I have learned to expect turbulence behind the edge of a steep hill, usually in the form of a "rotor" in the air.

Anyway the wing was assembled, wind checked (15-20 mph) and off I went. I turned to the right and flew close along the ridge for about 400 yards and then slowly outwards, and finally left to come back towards my take-off point. As I did, I saw that I had gained about 100 feet in height, and continued to fly back towards the take-off point which I then passed and went on towards the end of the ridge.

When I turned right to go back again, I found to my dismay that I was now well below the take-off point. Despite efforts to regain the lost height by keeping as close to the hill as I dared, I was unable to do so and finished up at the bottom after a flight of about 4½ minutes.

45 minutes later and we were back at the top ready for another go. After some slight alteration to the rigging to provide just a little bit more lift at the rear, I went off again. This time as before I flew to the right for a few hundred yards and gained height, again turning slowly at the end so as to avoid flying inefficiently. On the way back I was again some height over the take-off point, but this time decided not to go beyond this point but to turn round as I drew level with the crowd (about 30).

After several passes back and forth like this I knew that if I wanted to, I could stay up for as long as the wind blew. However, I began to find out that it was a lot colder just hanging there than when climbing the hill.

Also I found that the rigging still wasn't quite right so that I still had to pull on the control-bar to counteract a small nose-up tendency. Not a lot, but like dripping water wears away stone, after about 15 minutes my arms began to ache a little and the thought nagged at me, what would happen if my fingers lost their grip and I let go? At times I would let my arms go to full stretch trying to feel a stall coming on, but it never happened. I found that the kite would fly very slowly like this, much more quietly and with the rear of the sail filled out tightly. It also climbed a little more easily.

About mid-flight I wanted to know how long I had been airborne, and flew about 50 feet over the crowd and shouted to ask "how long?" The skid lid (always wear one) prevented me from hearing their replies so eventually they were holding up their fingers to indicate about 15 minutes (at least I think they were telling me the time!)

After a further few minutes, my fingers were really painful with the cold and the pleasure had gone out of the flight, so I started to think about landing. I flew very low over the crowd and they scattered in all directions as I shouted that I intended to land. I was promptly told to try and land it as near to the car as possible. As they set off walking along the hill, I passed a few more minutes by going backwards and forwards along the ridge. I wanted to be sure that they could see the landing when it came, in order to clock me off properly. Eventually I judged that my time-keepers were in position so I turned off the end of the ridge, flew over a gully about 400 feet deep to turn into wind at the other side, and finally landed light as a feather about 200 yards, from the cars.

About half an hour later the crowd arrived off the hill, by which time I had thawed out and began to regret that I hadn't stayed up a bit longer. Still there is always another day. Finally the time was checked, witnesses' names and addresses were taken and off we went, homewards, everybody very happy.

L. Gabriels

Brothers In Law

By Paul Bridges

Paul Bridges, Chairman of the Long Mynd Hang Gliding Club, has been a pilot for 5 years. He and his wife Lesley moved from Shrewsbury to Wentnor, in sight of the Long Mynd ridge, and bought a plot of land to build a house near the Club's prime site. He doesn't fly as much as he should, because of the house building, but he has carried out a spirited campaign to discover just what rights gliding clubs have — as against what they claim to have — in the efforts of some of them to get hang gliding banned. He describes the experiences of the Long Mynd Hang Gliding Club and the Midland Gliding Club . . .

The Longmynd is our Club's prime site. It faces west to north west and is about 3 miles long.

We started flying from it as a Club in early 1975 or, our sturdy standards. One flying site was near the south end of the hill, and the other 200 yards north of the Midland Gliding Club (M.G.C.). Our early flying was tremendous fun, and we had all heard of someone who knew someone else who had actually soared above the hill! None of us had heard of the Air Navigation Order of 1974 (A.N.O.).

The M.G.C. informed us of the A.N.O. in a letter on 4th August, 1975. We were told that our hang gliding operations were dangerous to them and violated their air space, as defined in the A.N.O. 1974. They regretted, therefore, that our hang gliding operations at the Longmynd must cease immediately. No one in our Club doubted the legality of the M.G.C.'s information. But what we did find intensely annoying was the arrogant tone of the letter, and the fact that no attempt at all was made by the M.G.C. to suggest a workable solution, or a meeting to find such a solution. It was just, 'sod off'.

AGREEMENT THE KEY

Alvin Russell, our club chairman then, decided that without the Mynd our Club may as well not exist. But with the mushroom growth of hang gliding at that

time, our fear was that if we didn't fly and attempt to control hang gliders on the Mynd, things would get out of hand, and this would help no one.

Investigations were made and the C.A.A. was contacted. "They can't do it" Graham Driscoll was told by a stern sounding official on the other end of a phone, somewhere in the corridors of power.

Our own reading and interpretation of the A.N.O., and further contacts with the C.A.A., made us realise that the law was not as clear cut as the M.G.C. would have us believe. Alvin Russell was told that if the M.G.C. had an A.T.Z. this did not entitle them to ban other air space users, such as us.

Agreement was the key to the issue.

I think that Alvin's thinly veiled threat of uncontrolled hang gliding on the Mynd was the real force behind our agreement with the M.G.C. that we soared only the south end of the hill. Eddie Bowen, a local farmer who owned the land we took off from next to the gliding clubhouse, was (and is) our club's president. Top to bottom flights from Eddie Bowen's land near the gliding club were *outside their A.T.Z.*, since we were flying below the surface level of their gliding field. The M.G.C. also told us not to use the track along the top of the hill through their gliding field to the south end of the hill. But since we had acquired an Austin Champ for transport purposes,

we could easily get up a very steep rough track up the face of the hill.

SUPERKITES ARRIVE ANOTHER BAN

During the spring of '76 some of us shed our standards and started to fly the new super hang gliders of the day. We could now soar in much lighter (and higher) wind speeds, and previously unheard-of height gains were common. Our soaring was still kept to the southern end of the hill, well away from the M.G.C. airfield. On 28th August we received another ban from the M.G.C.

In this letter the M.G.C. told us that since we were now soaring to well in excess of 1,000 feet above the hill, and thus well into their normal operating heights, they considered it dangerous for us to mix. Therefore, they wrote, in the interests of safety their concession to us to enter 'their airspace' was withdrawn. Again this letter did not offer to discuss the problem with us, or suggest any solution. After much effort we eventually had a meeting with the M.G.C. in their Club House on 24th October (two months later), and attempted to educate them as to the true nature of hang gliders. We left the M.G.C. to discuss the matter amongst themselves. *Not until 23rd January '77* were we able to arrange another meeting which ended in an agreement to fly again, under virtually the same rules

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as we had before. For 5 months no hang gliders had soared the Mynd when the M.G.C. was operating. That says a lot for the responsible attitude of hang glider pilots, but was this delay, or even the ban, really necessary? I think not.

In the meantime we were still trying to discover the full legal position vis-a-vis glider launching sites and air traffic zones. Anyway, we were flying again, but there was a lot of bitterness over the lost flying time. Our only consolation was that we had behaved responsibly, but we were determined not to be pushed around so much in future.

PERIOD OF GOODWILL

There then followed a period of goodwill between us, and increased contact between flyers from each club did much to improve relations. In the meantime, we had had to get rid of our Austin Champ and resorted to climbing up to our soaring site. We were also learning from local knowledge, and were told we could *as of right* use the track through the M.G.C. gliding field to get to our southern flying site. The land agent for the landowner of the south end assured us that we had rights to access, so did other local farmers, and members of the parish council. Armed with this backing we started to assert our rights, and were met with confused reaction. Then eureka! the C.A.A. laid down a clarified ruling which stated that *A.T.Z.'s of airfields* (other than military or those controlled by the C.A.A., or having A.T.C. or AFIS units) *could be entered without permission*.

Did we soar the gliding club hangar roof or do beat ups of their bungee point? No. After brief discussion and almost unanimous agreement we decided to continue flying as before, provided we could get to the south end of the Mynd unhindered. Soaring would not take place at our northern site by the M.G.C. without their approval. It appeared that now we were making concessions to *them*, and not them to us.

DELIBERATE NEAR MISS ALLEGED

However, as time passed it became clear that the M.G.C. were getting increasingly unhappy with us driving through their side — we disagreed on the scale of this inconvenience. The M.G.C. don't like people to disagree with them and there were a number of stupid beating up flights by sailplanes. Their respect for air law seemed to be cracking!

In December, 1978, the M.G.C. told us they would not allow any vehicles connected with hang gliding to cross their airfield. Our reply to their letter was that we did not accept their right to prevent us access to the south end of the Mynd, nor that the scale of inconvenience to them was as great as they suggested. All previous agreements between us were now at an end, and we reserved the right now to fly the whole hill. Also, what about the near miss incident on 17th September? Such incidents made a nonsense of their fine words about safety and 'spirit of the agreement'.

On 4th March, 1979, the gliding club blocked the track "to make a point" according to the M.G.C. chairman. This was the Salop County Council tell us, an illegal act. Again, so much for the M.G.C. respect for the law when the boot is on the other foot. On 8th March we received a request for a meeting the following weekend. The M.G.C. can move fast it seems if it is in their interest to do so. Unfortunately, we could not meet that date.

The next good soaring day was on 31st March and we "made a point" by soaring at our northern flying site by the gliding club. We were now ready for another meeting with the M.G.C.

M.G.C. ULTIMATUM

At that meeting the access problem was discussed, and we were left in no doubt that the M.G.C. had gone into the legal aspect very thoroughly and the land agent's backing of us was very wrong. Despite all this, temporary permission was given to use the track, but we were careful not to state we would not soar the north end of the long Mynd by the M.G.C.

It took a high powered meeting between our respective clubs, and the B.H.G.A. and B.G.A., to get us to agree not to soar near their club house, while protracted investigations into an alternative access continued. These investigations proved fruitless, and a M.G.C. letter gave a deadline for termination of permission to pass through to the south end. We went back to soaring near their club again.

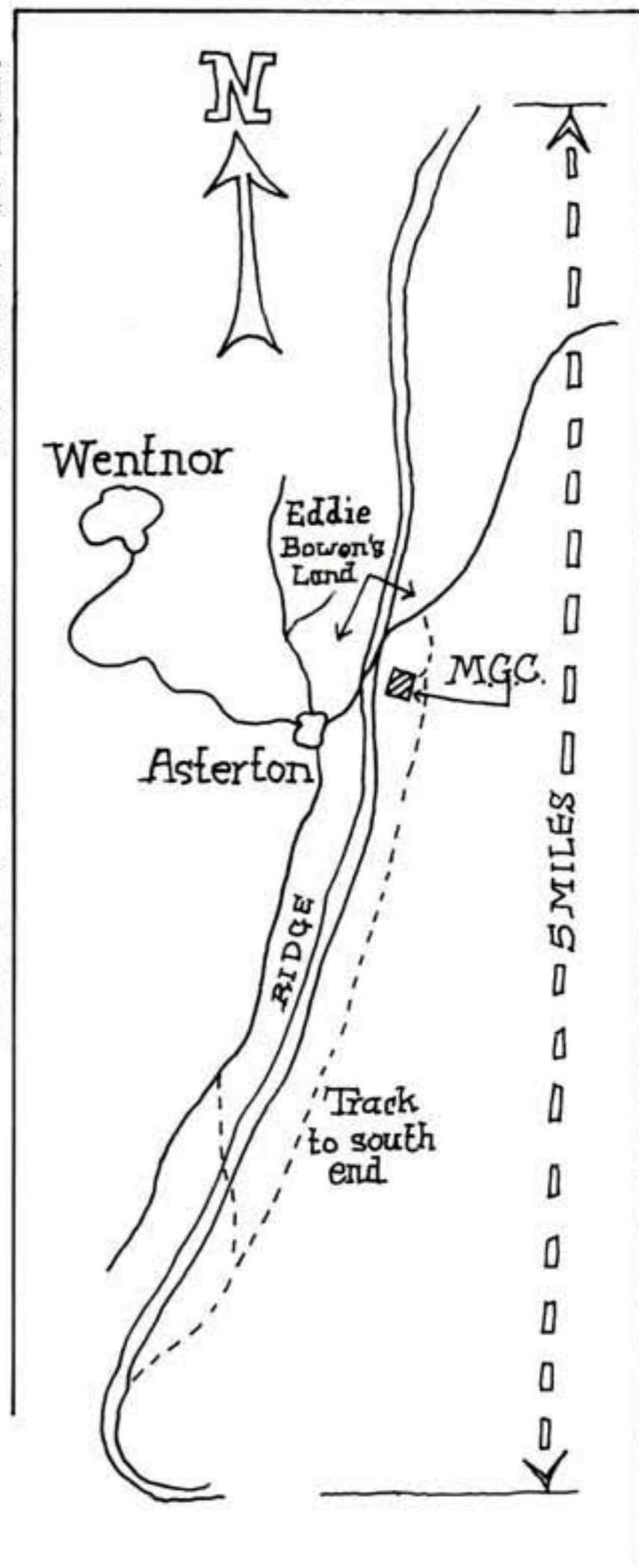
TRAGIC

It seems tragic that the M.G.C. couldn't let the old soaring agreement stand, and allow us to go quietly through at the beginning and end of those days we needed access. As it is our solicitor has been briefed and I have no doubt that in the fullness of time our right of access will be proved. If that day dawns, as I believe it will, the M.G.C. will get the same sympathy from us as we got from them. It will be no use their pleading it was all an unfortunate mistake.

Another significant point concerns their insistence that we must not fly anywhere near their circuit pattern. This argument sounds very good, but the C.A.A. in their letter of 30th March, 1979, to both the B.H.G.A. and B.G.A. state that opinion is that *hang gliding sites are also aerodromes and also therefore have A.T.Z.'s*. The M.G.C. don't respect our take off and landing areas in the way they expect us to respect theirs.

They are not afraid to fight us. We must not be afraid to fight back. In my opinion, reluctance to do so will be traded upon.

Paul Bridges,
Chairman,
Longmynd Hang Gliding Club.



Sites

By David Bedding

BHGA NATIONAL SITES OFFICER

1. Discuss problems and personalities with Club responsible. Assess value of site and potential threat to other sites.

2. Urge Club to adopt a calm and persuasive manner, even if the threat is apparently unjust and with no consultation. If they sail straight into a battle then it is a battle and can be lost quite easily and quickly. Argument often does not prevail in such circumstances. The local manager becomes the enemy. Even if the battle is won the enmity may continue and other better researched reasons may be found for restrictions at a later stage.

3. Urge the Club to collect evidence from third parties who do not object to activities. There is often a plentiful supply of this, but it does not emerge without effort on the ground. If possible statements should be positive rather than merely 'do not object', although both are valuable.

4. Urge the Club to make friendly contact with initiator of the letter that threatens activities. An attempt should be made to persuade him that decisions should not be taken without a full and balanced appreciation of all the facts, and a meeting should be arranged to achieve this. Any information that can be extracted about the nature of the objection can be very useful, as this is often not comprehensively detailed in the original letter. At the same time it is best not to reveal too many BHGA arguments and evidence at an early stage, as this can be considered and counter arguments researched.

5. If the local opposition is firm, urge the Club not to give up and turn it into a battle as few local managers have time to devote a lot of meetings and effort to restricting our activities. It is much better if they either concede or refuse to discuss the matter further as we are then in a much better position to take matter up at a National level if this proves necessary. Local managers are also less ready to attempt to restrict our activities in the future, as they will know it takes a lot of time and effort.

6. When all attempts to reach agreement locally have failed, consider whether it is worthwhile to take the matter further Nationally. Too much national effort can devalue our representatives. Much will depend on your relationship with the body at a national level, the importance of the problem, and whether the principle involved could threaten sites elsewhere.

7. All this involves a lot of work, particularly in the short term. We need to establish a responsible image at both Club and National level. We are responsible, but the image has not yet established itself and will always need some effort to maintain.

STRATEGY WHERE A SITE PROBLEM INVOLVES A NUMBER OF CLUBS

1. This sort of problem has usually been tackled by BHGA Officers or Council members, although negotiations have been at the local level. This has been logical in the past but in my view should be reviewed.

2. The owner/manager of a site needs to be assured that negotiations and monitoring of agreements are with responsible BHGA members. Inter-Club disagreements should not be apparent to site owners. We must be united, at least on the surface, when we negotiate on site matters or we are unlikely to project a responsible image and be successful in our efforts.

3. Clubs should be persuaded to get together and agree a Working Party to tackle problems of this nature. If necessary two negotiators from this Working Party can be appointed as BHGA Officers responsible for a particular site. Their local knowledge plus relevant advice from any of us involved at a national level with the site 'owners' should provide maximum effectiveness. Clubs are probably better at respecting agreements that they have actively negotiated for, than those reached at a more remote level.

4. BHGA Council will need to resolve any inter-club problems if they cannot reach agreement themselves.

National Organisations

The following have been identified as important to us at present. You may be able to suggest others. Some are not solely a sites interest but cannot be separated from general sports, recreation and airspace responsibilities.

National Trust; Countryside Commission; National Farmers' Union; Duchy of Cornwall; Forestry Commission; Country Landowners' Association; Timber Growers' Organisation; National Association of Local Councils; Association of County Councils; Association of District Councils; Association of Metropolitan Authorities; Central Council for Physical Recreation (and members); Coal Board; Central Electricity Generating Board; G.P.O. (Aerials); H.M. Coastguards; Home Office — Police and Bylaws in England; Welsh Office — Bylaws in Wales; Scottish Office — Bylaws in Scotland; Ministry of Defence; Nature Conservancy Council (Roy Hill and John Hunter have very useful experience); Council for National Parks — Membership will probably be valuable.

PERSONAL TRIBUTE by Brian Milton

Three people who have had a great effect on hang gliding nationally stood down from BHGA Council at the AGM. They were the chairman, Reggie Spooner, the Treasurer, Derek Evans, and Council member Jeannie Knight, who had served three years.

Reggie Spooner — Served two years as BHGA Chairman, and has been on the governing committee of hang gliding since the foundation of the BHGA in late 1974. Probably the world's foremost expert on hang gliding insurance, and we've been very lucky to have him. My experience has been that Reggie talks with his head, and votes with his heart, and that's said as a compliment. There have been times when he was close to exhaustion because of his total involvement in getting hang gliding accepted. Reggie was instrumental in guiding us into the establishment, on to the Royal Aero Club, to the Sports Council and Sports Aid Foundation.

What I will remember most about him as chairman is that, when we really *needed* him, he was there. At the Atlas Express Final day, losing Roy Hill as Chief Marshall, Derek Evans loaded with work; TV, pilots, the sponsors and Princess Margueretha to cope with, in sailed Reggie serenely and was the perfect host. *That* was being a chairman. And later, when the American Cup team staggered off the aircraft into Heathrow, there to meet us with a couple of bottles of champagne and that unique crinkly smile was Reggie Spooner. We really did need him then, as the flatness after victory began to sink in and we didn't believe what we'd done, and he was there.

Reggie is just taking a rest, I understand, and he's pitching for us at the moment on the problems of shared air-space with gliders.

Derek Evans — I remember Alvin Russell hustling around the 1976 AGM, when I was trying to get elected to Council, saying "you must vote for Derek Evans as treasurer". He won by about 376 votes to 0. . . no-one else wanted the job. Our budget then was about £20,000 a year. When he left, four years later, we were into £80,000 and heading for the £100,000 mark.

As I've written elsewhere, Derek Evans *liberated* us in a crucial period in the growth of hang gliding. Treasurers of sporting associations often see their job as being responsible for saving pennies, rather than putting out money for a return. Derek always knew when to warn us we were going off the rails, but he also put our case into the Sports Council in such a way that our financial matters became a model with the Council by which to compare other sports.

Derek was also fascinated by competition — the only way hang gliding is a *sport* — and he's going to carry on treasuring for the competitions committee which has a bigger projected budget than the entire BHGA had when he took over. That means we'll continue to have the delightful pleasure of watching Judith and Louise grow up into young women, and that lovely smile of Audrey's. They're family.

Jeannie Knight — Jeannie was a tough and conscientious Council member, lasting the full three years of her term. It's no secret that, at the drop of a hat, Jeannie and I would be stripping off jackets and heading around the corner for a barney. Reggie hurled me out of three Council meetings because we'd get a trifle noisy and emotional. But Jeannie was prepared to fight for what she believed in, as strongly as anyone, and when we united — as we did on air-worthiness, for example — we'd both have a good grin about previous fights. If we felt differently about *Wings!* it wasn't for lack of work and time and trouble on Jeannie's part. There's no doubt that Council meetings are different now she's not there, and at the last one I looked around uneasily at times to see if she was haunting me. I'm sure she'll be back one day.

Best of the Club Magazines

An Alcohol Barometer -

By John Storrey

(with apologies to R. James)

SHEFFIELD HGC
NEWSLETTER

AND WE AIN'T GONNA FLY NO MORE
NO MOOOOORRRE



.. Female disappears under table ..
BEAUFORT SCALE '0'

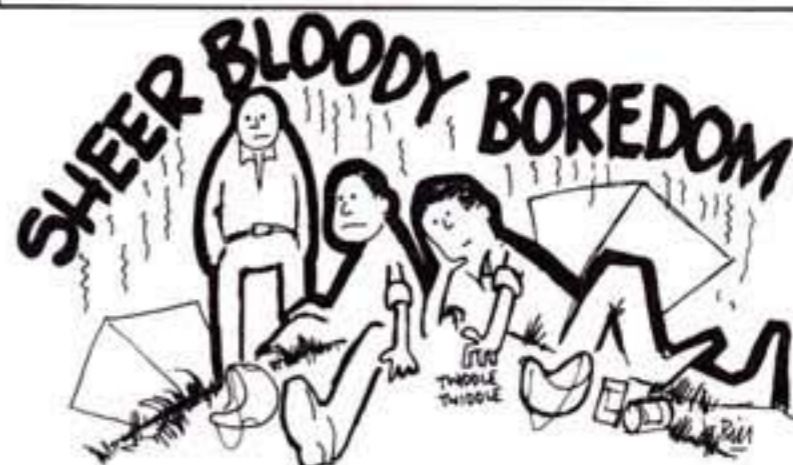
Beaufort Scale	Descriptive Term	Alcoholic Criteria
0	Calm	Pilots need liquid refreshment
1	Light Air	Pilots recall last wave over Lord's Seat
2	Light Breeze	Beers are kept cool
3	Gentle Breeze	Cigarette ash and dust settles on Lager
4	Moderate Breeze	Froth blows off beer
5	Fresh Breeze	Windows of pub are closed



.. Froth blows off Beer ..

OR THE COMPLETE WEATHER FORECASTER

6	Strong Breeze	Pub sign begins to swing
7	Near Gale	All Pilots blown into pub
8	Gale	Regulars swept aside in stampede to bar. Shouts of "Ten pints over here please"
9	Strong Gale	Female glass collector disappears under table. Screams drowned by 24th Chorus of "... and he ain't gonna fly no more"
10	Storm	Bar awash with spilled beer and soggy crisps Landlord says "No glasses — No beer". Female glass collector rescued, smiling and glassy-eyed.



.. Pilots need liquid refreshment ..
BEAUFORT SCALE '9'

DONT EXPECT SYMPATHY

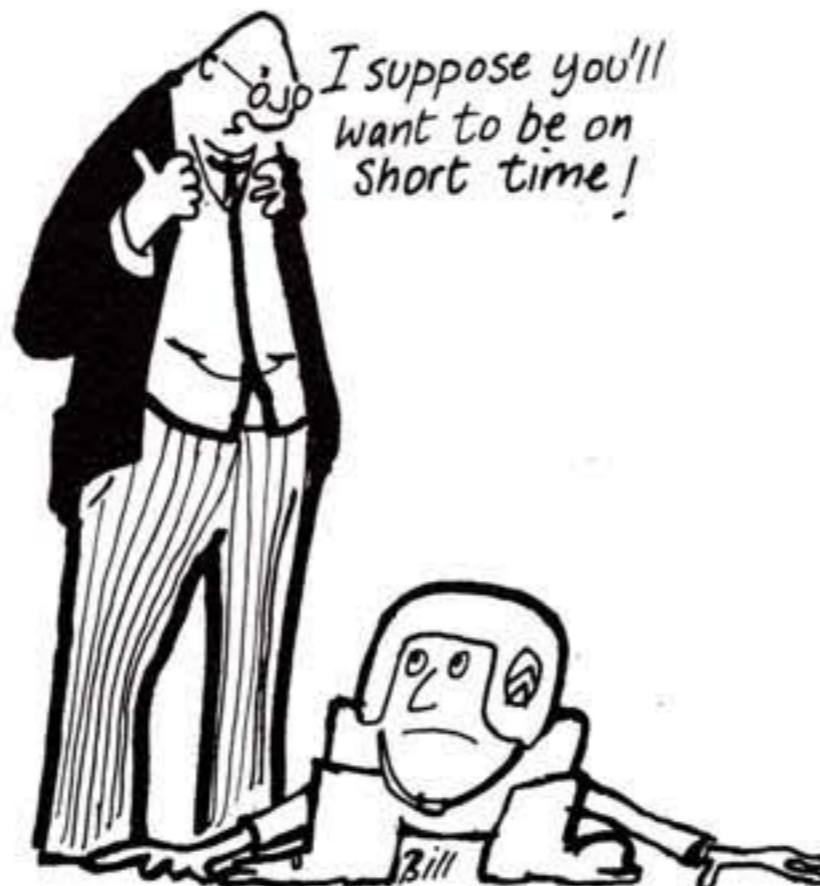
Having sustained a minor fracture recently, the following reactions might be of interest.

Hospital — Yes dear? Oh, I can see it's broken, is it painful? I'm not surprised. How did you do it? Hugh! (end of sympathetic tone). Stand in the queue behind those footballers. You'll be attended to when it's your turn.

Consultant — What a superb fracture! Look (to his students), note how the lateral displacement is almost 100%. Notice the realignment and the angle change, how this has slipped down past this (Yes, yes, don't bother us now, we'll put it right in a few minutes). Now, how are we going to treat this? (Yes, you must not get so impatient). How much residual disability can we expect? Now, consider this point here . . .

Tea Lady — Slipped on the ice, dear? No, not really! You? You're joking! Someone told me but I didn't believe them . . . Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee (for five minutes).

Boss — Now look here, this sort of thing can't go on. I class that as a self-inflicted wound. How long till you can use it again? Shocking! You want *how* long off to go for further treatment? In my day we went in our own time.



Kite Manufacturer — Yes, I'll put those spares in the post. How did you bend it? Oh dear, did many people see? You'll tell them it's last year's model, won't you? The current one should be much better, you see the new fixed tips . . .

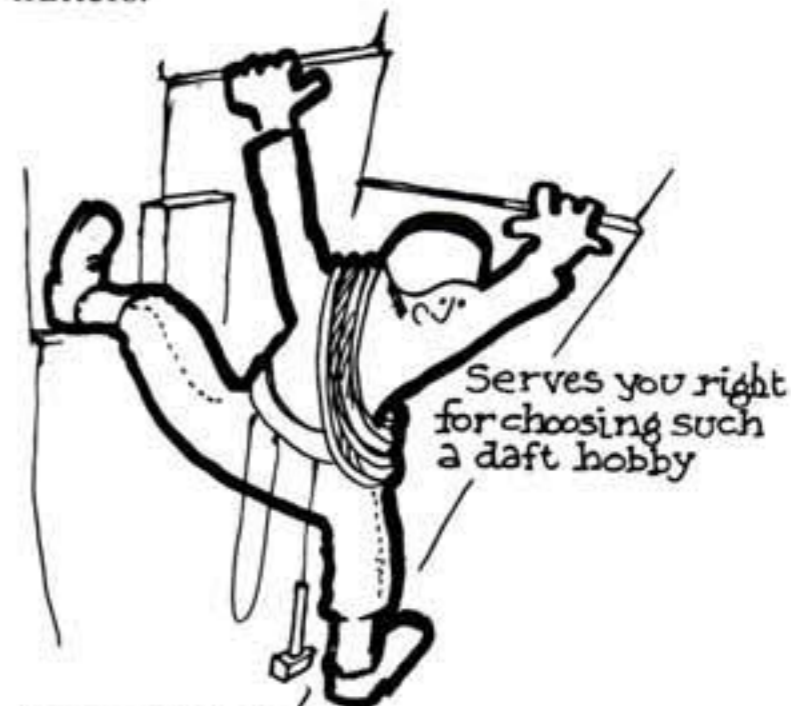
Safety Officer — I've got a form for you to fill in. Well I'll fill it in then. Yes, of course it's got to be sent in (proudly) — you're a *statistic* now.

First Aid Officer — Can I have the sling back?

Fellow Flier — Were you here last week when that pratt broke his . . . Erhum, don't think it'll rain, d'you?

Anonymous Telephone Call — Sorry to hear about your accident. Do you want to sell your kite?

Colleague at Work — See you've had a good weekend. Only a matter of time of course. Serves you right for choosing such a daft hobby. What are you going to take up now? What? You're never going to do that again are you? Well, I always thought you were all nutters.



drawings: Bill Lehan

Soar Point — Mercian HGC March 1980



Lachens 1979

By Bob Martin

This year, Mike de Glanville is running his LACHENS XC competition on June 9/15, just before the European Championships. Last year, Bob Martin flew Lachens in his first major competition. He's now a NATIONAL LEAGUE 1980 pilot (placed 3rd in his first competition, ahead of Bob Calvert!), but for a description of what it's like to fly against the legendary BLACK DEATH and other top pilots, Bob's account can't be beaten. If any of you are going to LACHENS this year, this article is a MUST.

'Cross-Country' over La Roque (Gilbey Cyclone)

Bob Martin





Competitors compare 'Bends of the Day'

MONDAY, 13th AUGUST

We wake shrouded in cloud. No worries of flying though. Today we move South, with an air of expectation. Having heard the stories, we know the potential; now a few hours ahead we have the experience, the Lachens experience. Our party — Jo Binns (Cyclone), Paul van Dyck (Maxi), Peter Brown - "The Black Death" (Maxi) and myself (Gilbey Cyclone) will fly Mike de Glanville's XC meet.

Grenoble some five hours behind, the sun long gone, our tired Volks cruises the last few Ks on a magic carpet of time. All around us ridges and peaks rise from the darkness of the night; we are overwhelmed by a strange spaciness. I know the feeling well and know that we have arrived at Lachens. At the end of this week I will be a different person.

A sleeping La Roque greets us. This typical small French village lies in a valley at a focal point of the Lachens complex. We arrive unnoticed, parking the wagon outside the Chapel, which is to be our base for the week.

Peter van Dyck and I take an exploratory stroll, while Jo crashes out, and the Black Death lunges himself across the front seats. In the quiet of the night we discover much of the wealth of the village.

All is still except at the Boule Park where the Mayor is entertaining a party of friends. Shortly after midnight the village lighting switches out. Unperturbed the Mayor whacks another couple of francs in the meter,

the village lights up, and they play on into the night while his shining limo waits. At 1.00 a.m. the lights dim a final time and I drift spiralling into thermals of another dimension. The Black Death sleeps.

TUESDAY, 14th AUGUST

Tuesday finds us eager to fly at the South take-off with a light wind and the landing field 4 Ks off the West. The Black Death, van Dyck and Jo plummet off in quick succession, disappearing into the bowels of the valley. No man's land as far as landings are concerned. I think better of it and drive the wagon down. Amazingly, they have all managed to get down in one piece. I shudder at the surrounding terrain, trees and slopes, craggy gullies, small paddocks fringed with trees, or wires, or both.

Late afternoon we all fly the South face again. Jo has another sled ride, van Dyck tries and dislikes an Atlas, and the Black Death is gone. I take off into the smooth air and traverse West to the end of the ridge. As I round the corner I am surprised to see the Black Death circling in light thermal. I join him for about 15 minutes before drifting out over the village, and winding the Gilbey Cyclone down to land in a new, unfinished tennis court next to the swimming pool, where some French guys have already landed. The tennis court, luckily, turns out to be three, end on end. I dive in over a set of telephone wires to discover one metre drops between each court. As I reach the last court, I put in a keel slide before going out of play. There's a moral there somewhere!

WEDNESDAY, 15th AUGUST

The first day of the competition. Mike arrives late, to give us a briefing. It's short and sweet. The most Ks wins, more or less. About forty kites are set up in the huge bowl behind the South take-off.

A waiting game, I decide, is the name of this game. I study the distant clouds and watch the wind, trying to work out what's happening up there. What's that noise? Sounds like a tube train coming along a tunnel! I'm to witness my first dust devil. One second my kite is flat on the ground, the next about two metres up; luckily I snatched hold of the nose just in time. Jo is less lucky. The 'Yellow Peril' loops, damaging a deflexor. Phew, so that's what a dust devil is! I prowl about the bowl, listening for more dust devils and any snippets of useful information I can catch. Tricky stuff, this French!

Jo has gone down, we think, van Dyck also, and where the Black Death is no-one knows. Somebody saw him coming in for a top landing. But now he is nowhere to be seen. I feel now is the time. Yes, Mike de G. is about to take-off, Caroline is speedily setting up.

But I've blown it; by the time I get into the air everyone who's going anywhere has gone.

I decide to go for it anyway and head off across the gap, to the Brouis. But I'm in headwind and half-way

down, looking for a place to land, when I reach the ridge. No way up. Where to land? There, a field, a huge strip of cut corn; I pull on speed, hop some trees, ground effect and I'm down, all a bit too quickly. I reflect on my 5 Ks, justifying myself on reaching the right conclusions about the conditions, but a bit too late. Jo and Paul van Dyck have 8 Ks. Mike de G. and several French guys are into 20 Ks. But where is the Black Death? Not a word, till hours later during dinner we learn he has made 35 Ks. That was no 'top landing' approach. He was going for it over the back, proceeded to get drilled to 200ft. above the valley floor. His chosen landing field went by. The next 15 Ks, over more or less flat ground, was crossed with less than 300ft. altitude, hopping thermals, till the next workable ridge. What a ripper! Jo and I slept on the top at take-off that night, contemplating!

THURSDAY, 16th AUGUST

The weather is good again. Wind slightly off to the West, at the South take-off. Mike sets an out-and-return task, turning at the trig-point on the far end of the Brouis.

I take off full of confidence. The sky is very crowded, kites everywhere, not a lot of room. Eventually I hook a boomer. I spiral away from the pack. No altimeter, but I estimate 1,200ft. above take-off. I drift further back with the thermal. Time to go. Looking to the Brouis I spot Mike de G. on his new Fledge. He is much lower and half-way across the gap. I pull on speed and leave my thermal to give chase. Half-way, and I've lost at least 500ft. Have I made a big error? Meanwhile, the Fledge is trucking

along the Brouis, looking very low, about 1½ Ks ahead.

I circle in zero up for a while before reaching the Brouis, about 300ft. above the top. No ridge lift. I chase after the Fledge, I see him turn at the point, still low; a few minutes later our paths cross, I have 100ft. on the Fledge. I give Mike a wave, then hit the sink he has just left, rounding the trig point with about 50ft. Sink everywhere, I'm soon below the top. I get in as close as I dare and head back along the ridge, hoping to find something. Down, down, down. This could be the end. No sign of the Fledge. Some clearer areas to land further along, weaving round outcrops of rock and trees. I'm on automatic now. Convert some speed over a big tree that looms up. Yes, there she is, my own private landing strip. I'm home, feeling secure as I skim in over the golden stubble.

Feet firmly on the ground, I see the Fledge above; he's made it back to the end of the Brouis, and is working some light lift. Another kite joins him. A shadow passes — it's the Black Death with Jo hot on his tail. They fly on to the distant trig point. By the time I've folded up my kite, both are up there with the Fledge. I watch as the Maxi and 'Yellow Peril' commit "hara kiri". Crossing back over the gap proves to be too much for everyone.

I didn't see the Fledge go, but I learn later that Mike, and some others, trucked off for 20 Ks plus. These French guys are really hot!

Later that evening, after a few beers, having seen where Jo and Company had landed, I declared the cornfield as my goal for the week.



'Go for it Country'

Jo Binns departs on the 'Yellow Peril'



•Peter (Black Death) Brown

FRIDAY, 17th AUGUST

Conditions look good. A northerly wind settles in. Mike sets a goal task from the North take-off. Jo goes first and disappears down. The lift improves and a thermal cycle seems to be working. I wait my time — and I am one of the last to go. A whole bunch of guys are 200ft. above as I take off neatly into a good thermal and push out from the ridge in steady lift.

Everyone else has gone back in the thermal; I see them sitting over the ridge, several kites heading off East towards the goal.

I decide to go it alone, into the headwind across the valley and pick up on the Bauroux ridge off to the North-East. I'm over the razorback with 300ft., the North face is covered in trees, while the South is sheer cliff with the sun on it. The wind direction seems strange as I cruise along the line of the cliff. I'm approaching the highest point of the cliff, having covered a lot of distance, when I feel lift under my right wing. I turn and

circle in the lift, but drop out the side, failing to locate the thermal again.

I have drifted out in front of the cliff, which now towers 60ft. above me. The wind is West, I'm nearing the end of the ridge, so turn downwind. In the valley below, a Kiwi has landed out, he waves and shouts something unintelligible — I wave back.

Rounding the last section of ridge, I expect a glide to the goal. But, I find myself flying 200ft. over the main street of Caille — a small village, 3 Ks short of the goal. I break left from the houses, still downwind, towards a huge landing strip, hop a road and flick the Gilbey Cyclone into wind as I flare.

Yet another task blown, but what an excellent landing place I've found. Must mark it on the map. Not exactly a cornfield, but who cares — look at the size of it! Room for a Jumbo Jet! I try not to notice that the whole valley is cooking now, and guys are arriving at the goal with so much height, it's a joke. At 4.00 p.m. the limit for the goal, Mike de G., was a speck, disappearing on the horizon.

SATURDAY, 18th AUGUST

Very strong all night, looks like being blown out. No task set for the day.

In the afternoon the wind settles and we have a great fly. Both Cyclones top out for a couple of hours in the beautifully smooth lift.

SUNDAY, 19th AUGUST

A case of the morning after the night before! Feeling good, till everyone said how bad I looked. Conditions looked promising at the South take-off. Getting my head into gear, I decide a waiting game is a must for this last day.

Meanwhile, the Black Death departs East; Jo, van Dyck and others North-East.

I'm still waiting when Jo gets back from 8 Ks. Conditions have deteriorated quickly and look bad now, but time is moving on so we both get into the air.

It's crowded, and evil, one second 50ft. below, the next 200ft. above, getting very rough now. This is no fun.

I'm out in front, just above, looking back I see Jo in something good back over the ridge. He is a couple of hundred feet above me as I turn towards him. I enter a 360 as my vario comes alive. Half-way round and suddenly the bar is almost torn from my grasp. Instinctively I hang on, weightless, I'm over at 90° going up like a rocket. This is the strongest thermal I've ever hit. Time has stopped, I'm in another dimension. I'm hanging on for my life, wondering how strong the kite is and why have I still not got a parachute?

Four 360s at full bank and Jo is disappearing quickly below me. The thermal eases and I level out, I can't feel my arms, then bang I'm right in the hot spot again. But now I'm living it, 360 after 360, I've gained 2,000ft.-plus in a time I wouldn't have thought possible. I'm alone except for the sailplane that followed in my thermal.

Turbulence is severe; several times my battens clap against the cross tube as the sail tries to deflate. I see the sailplane's wings buffeting under the strain. I have a new confidence in my Cyclone now, but my arms have had it. Jo, way below, heads off to the West, the sailplane disappears as quiet as he came. Everyone else landed when the first bad turbulence had hit.

Still being chucked about, I have a strong desire to get down. Oh, for my cornfield!

I move West following Jo, I'm in

extreme sink, but the air becomes very smooth. I relax a little, aware of my heart thumping away. Jo goes West along the Brouis for a while then turns back to the East.

I circle in some zero out in front of the Brouis, then move in over the top and West to the trig-point. I don't like the look of things to the West though, and decide to follow Jo, who is soaring the bowl at the far end of the ridge. I have had sink all the way back. I'm half-way down, must make the next section, then it's the bowl. I see the tip of the 'Yellow Peril' over the brow of the ridge as I hit wind sheer and exit downward. I turn away from the rocks, hunting out a landing space. Trees, trees, there a gap, I can just make it.

Pull on speed, skimming the trees. I'm on automatic once again. A funny feeling of deja-vu creeps in — I'm approaching my beloved cornfield once again.

I maintain speed to ground effect up the slope of the far end. Hellow, there's something moving, someone's there. Would you believe it, there, next to the trees, at the end of my landing strip three Frenchies are playing the dreaded boule. They get everywhere it seems.

My concentration broken, I suddenly become aware of the terrific airspeed that I still have, the boule players are in my way and, what's more, they are so completely absorbed in their game that they are unaware of my approach.

Wait till they hear my Vortex generators whistle. Too late! I scream to them. They duck. Ah, now a tree! Memories of Jo's tree on Thursday flash before me.

A keel slide saves the day, but both deflexors bend on the branches. I try to lift the tips and keel clear, but stuck, I struggle to lift the kite. What's wrong? I can't move. Then I realise that the bewildered boule players have jumped into action and are holding me down as though the Cyclone was some large, winged insect about to fly off with me!

I shout to them, but they find it hard to believe that I'm controlling the beast. Eventually, with caution, they let me up and immediately get stuck into their boule game again as though nothing had happened.

While I pack up, Jo leaves the bowl for the West end of the ridge and, on glide, 8 Ks. I had flown 7 Ks out and 3 back to get into my faithful cornfield. Who wants to fly off into the unknown when there are such good landings to be had?

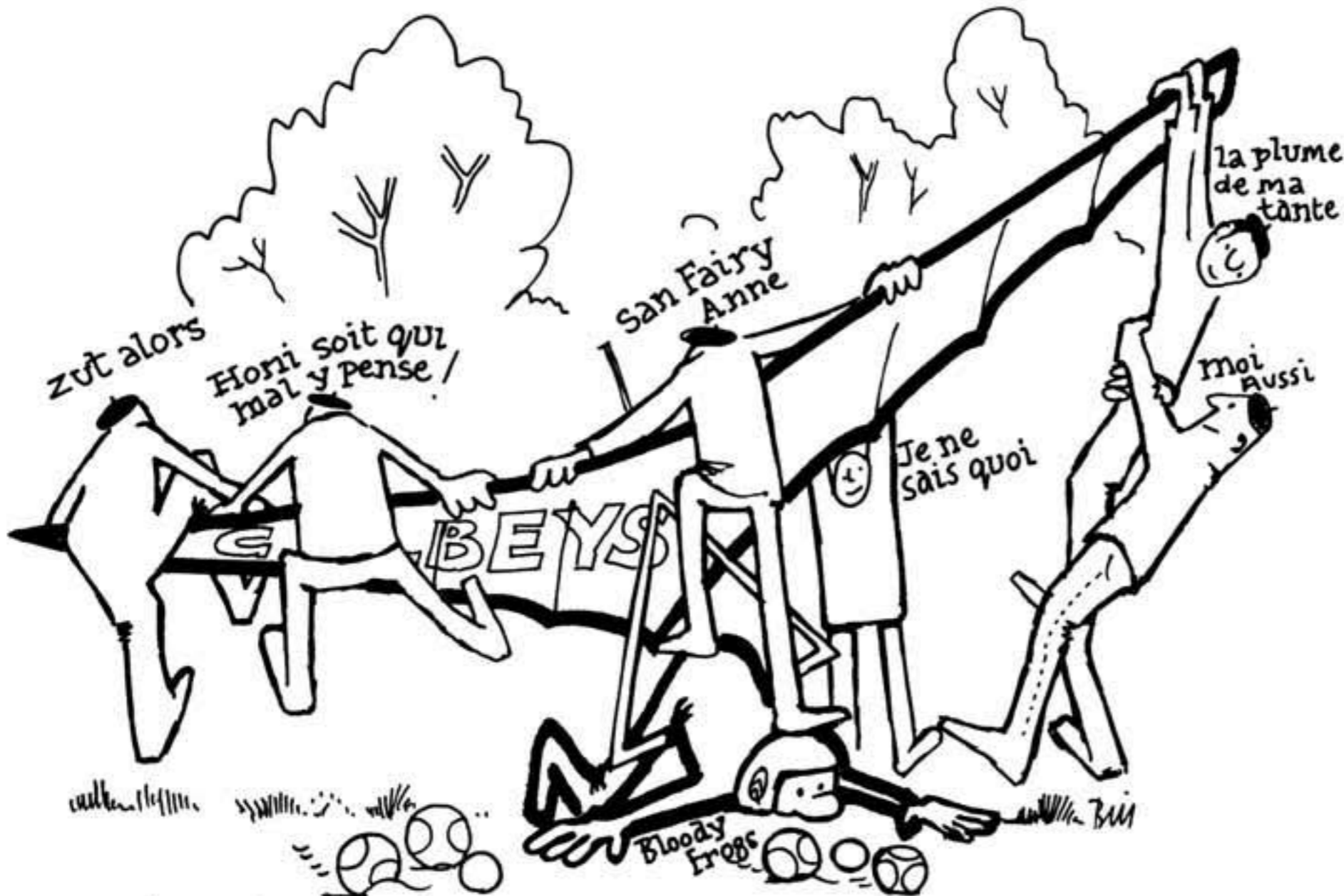
MONDAY, 20th AUGUST

I'm now the proud owner of a dependable back-up system. The competition is over. A truly memorable week, I will never be quite the same again!

Thanks to Mike and Caroline de Glanville for a great bit of organising.

“THE BLACK DEATH DEPARTE” (cry of the week), with his well earned prize.

BOB MARTIN



... the bewildered boule players jumped into action ...

WINGS

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Name

Address

The Sky-Trike

By Paul Bennett

Account of a pilot's first powered hang glider flight at Wellesbourne Airfield, Saturday, March 1st, 1980.

Steve Hunt told me he was going to be demonstrating his prototype powered Superscorpion — called a Sky Trike — at Wellesbourne Airfield in a British Minimum Aircraft Association meeting. The "Trike" looks like a cross between a hang glider and a gyrocopter. I had just changed an order from a Soarmaster unit to the Hiway Trike, on Gerry Breen's recommendation, so I thought I had better go and see what I was getting.

Myself and a friend arrived at the airfield at 10 o'clock in the morning to be greeted by the sight of a Superscorpion/Trike, Pterodactyl, and an Electra Flyer Eagle buzzing around. There was a fair assortment of people buzzing around too, including Ashley Doubtfire, Murray Rose (Chargus), Len Gabriels (Skyhook), Gerry Breen and others.

First, let's take a look at the machines there.

THE PTERODACTYL was really working well, good rate of climb, superb performance, interesting to see what happened when stalled. Anyway, not the machine for me.

THE EAGLE was very interesting, good safety margins, unbeatable stall characteristics, slow rate of climb, seemed to vary a lot according to pilot weight. It looked rather like a pregnant duck although I imagine it has good thermal and glide possibilities. The main problem with the Eagle for me is price.

THE HIWAY SUPER SCORP/TRIKE. Again climb depended upon pilot weight (Steve Hunt is presently working on more power/thrust). Definitely a safer way of powering a flexwing than for example a soarmaster unit due to the lower thrust line. And a more comfortable way of flying being seated/supine. Obviously you cannot wing the craft about as you could normally on a hang glider. The disadvantages of the trike compared with the soarmaster is as the trike set up is larger and heavier it creates more drag and your glide angle is degraded proportionately. Not a thermal machine. One main advantage though is the relatively low price for what is a microlite aircraft.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO FLY?

Tentatively I asked Steve Hunt if I could have a go. A few questions later the answer was yes! At the mere thought my adrenalin started to flow. I mouched about, both excited and nervous, awaiting my turn. Powered flight had been on my mind for about 9 months. It had to be a serious consideration as I live in the heart of the Midlands, the nearest hill being 50 miles away. At one time I always dismissed power as a dirty thought, but as Denis Pagen once said, 'Even birds flap occasionally'.

It was my turn! I go over and sit in the trike. The throttle set-up is explained to me.

'Foot throttle there, okay?' For take off use the hand override throttle which is here. Don't oversteer the front wheel on take off or landing'!

A voice from the back shouted 'Don't stall it either!'

Steve pulled the starter cord, PHUT, nothing. He tried again, then again, and yet again, nothing! My nervous system couldn't take much more of this. I got out of the machine. Several people made suggestions (which I won't mention here). Spark plugs went in and out. I got back in again. Steve pulled the starter cord, PHUT, nothing. I realised then that I was in a state of total calm, or what is sometimes termed as SHOCK! Steve tried again.

BROOOOM. Christ! it was working.



TAKE-OFF

I moved the override hand throttle to about half, taxied up the centre of the runway then pushed it forward to full. 60 feet later I eased out the bar a little and I was airborne. At about 100ft I initiated a slow turn, then I pushed down on the foot throttle and released the override. Speed (according to the ventimeter attached) was 20-22mph. Most of the flight was at an altitude of 200-300ft. It was smooth and uneventful and I hardly noticed the engine noise. It was a change to go where you wanted without thinking about ridge lift or thermals. Also I hadn't flown in a seated position for a long time, that was nice too.

LANDING

I made my final turn at about 100ft, then started to reduce power and at the same time pull the bar in a bit. As I approached the landing strip I looked at the vent. It was reading 26-28mph (there's nothing like keeping a bit of speed on!). As the ground loomed up I started to ease the bar out a little. The back wheels touched first and then the front one (making sure the front steerable one was straight first). I taxied to a stop at almost the same spot I had started from.

How did I feel about it?

Terrific!

The most exciting flight I've had for a long time.

I have to say though that I hope powered flexwings can be kept, at least as things stand now, to Pilot 2 level and above. They are not as forgiving as normal hang gliders and for the protection of powered flyers, and manufacturers, we must try to avoid any incidents, as surely something happening at this stage could affect our future.

NEWS EXTRA

GLIDER PILOT TO BIRDMAN

Ron Perry, from Stockwood in Bristol, is a full category sailplane instructor with the British Gliding Association. He obtained his Silver C in May '79, and BHGA Pilot One in October '79.

He normally instructs in sailplanes on Saturdays at Dunkeswell Airfield in Devon, and flies his syndicate Cherokee in the Marlborough area on Sundays.

As a sailplane pilot new to hang gliding, the following thoughts may be of interest.

I never wanted to hang glide. My standard reply was, "That's one thing I will never do, along with parachuting and selling my motor bike". One day however, I noticed an advertisement for hang gliding tuition in *Sailplane and Gliding* — the sailplane equivalent of *Wings!*

Fellow sailplane pilot Stuart Pearson and I, decided to give this new sport a try. I think the image of hang gliding I and most other sailplane pilots have is of brave loonies throwing themselves off cliffs on non-airworthy machines, giving ordinary gliding a bad name when accidents occurred.

The school brochure arrived and — surprise, surprise — we were both impressed. These people actually seemed to know something about aerodynamics and meteorology. We booked a four day course — with the idea of 'dropping out' if things looked too hairy!

I thought the first day's theoretical instruction and ground handling excellent. This was followed by tethered training, and solos on a gentle slope by the end of the second day. Due to bad weather we came back for a follow-up weekend, and completed our EPCs with flights from Merthyr Common.

One amusing incident was when a 'rival' school who were doing static tether, lost a pupil. . . off the top when he overflowed the tether lines — it was his first time in a hang glider, and blowing 25mph plus. He landed downwind, luckily without injury to himself — shame about the glider.

In October '79 we bought a new Cherokee between us, converted to prone, and now have a one hour (plus) flight and a 6½ mile cross-country to our credit. Not much you may think, but not bad for beginners.

As a glider pilot I would like to put forward the following points:

1. Sailplane and hang glider pilots should pool their knowledge as each has something to offer the other. Perhaps get in touch with your local sailplane club to arrange an evening's flying. Offer sailplane pilots some dual soaring — I'm not sure of the response you would get, but it must improve relations.

2. Should more pilots participate regularly in both sports?

3. A merging of the official observer status may be useful — especially as a Silver C may now be obtained on a hang glider (see *March Wings!*).

4. Do we need a dictionary! The phrase, 'Skying out in a blob' draws some puzzled looks from sailplane pilots.

5. Why are there not more syndicate hang gliders? Are you all affluent loners?

Ed. You'll find out when it goes all blobby and you want to fly and it's his turn.

DEVON AND SOMERSET CONDORS

For the third successive year the Devon and Somerset Condors are offering a temporary membership scheme to pilots visiting the area on holiday. A six month membership term will cost £3.50, which gives the right to fly any of the club's sites, all but one of which are free to members. Also included in the deal is a comprehensive Flying and Sites Information pack, which details the rules and characteristics of twenty sites within forty miles of Taunton. Sixteen of these sites are soarable, eleven easily so in good conditions.

The site packs are available to non-members at £1.00 each, including postage. For either of these services please send your cheques to Simon Murphy, Turfhouse, Luppitt, Honiton, Devon.

The new Secretary of the Devon and Somerset Condors is Geoff Bryant, 2 Park Lane, Cannington, Somerset.

POWERED HANG GLIDING

The first magazine of the British Minimum Aircraft Association — called *Flight Line* — has just been published. Members of the BMAA get six issues for a year's subscription, still £5. The mag is only 12 pages at the moment, with 2¼ pages of advertising. Its editor is Dave Thomas, 80 St. George's Road, Aldershot, Hants. The most interesting item in the magazine is a chart on the state of the game in the UK, reproduced below:

Minimum Aircraft Type	Weight (Kg)	Approx No. actively used	Approx. No. nearing completion or not active
Powered footlaunch flexwing	35-45	12	15
Powered wheel-launched flexwing	45-55	3	5-10
Catto CA 15 wheel-launch	48-55	2	4
Skycraft Scout	56	—	—
Powered Manta Fledge (low power)	50-60	1	2
Powered VJ 23 foot-launch	59	1	1
Powered Mitchell Wing	62	—	4-12
Quicksilver derivative	62	1	—
Electra Flyer Eagle	63	2	10
Pterodactyl Pledge	68	2	8
Weedhopper	78	—	4
Hummer	82	—	1
Hiway Special	92	—	1

Flight Line estimates that the number of Minimum Aircraft flying in the UK at the end of 1980 will be 100-150, and at the end of 1981, 500!

TA MUCH

Dear Sir, To the British Pilots: I'm thrilled — the 1893 silver case is a beauty! What a wonderful gift and I thank you with all my heart. As a group and as individuals, you typify all I hold dear; excellence in sport plus a great degree of quality.

Bettina Gray
RANCHO SANTA FE
California

HANG GLIDER METEOROLOGY

Ivor John, who works at the moment in Saudi Arabia, is writing a book on meteorology for hang glider pilots. Ivor has done at least three excellent articles for *Wings!* on cloud formations and weather, and his book could pull it all together as a met. handbook. Obviously, in Saudi, he's not going to be able to photograph the sort of clouds he wants to write about, and he wants help from photographers to get a record of different types of cloud. Bob Calvert, who swears there are clouds that come by with his name written on them, could do Ivor a favour and photograph those clouds so all can see what they look like. Ivor's address is "British Aircraft Corporation, P.O. Box 3843, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia". If you are looking for photographic immortality, write to Ivor John.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES

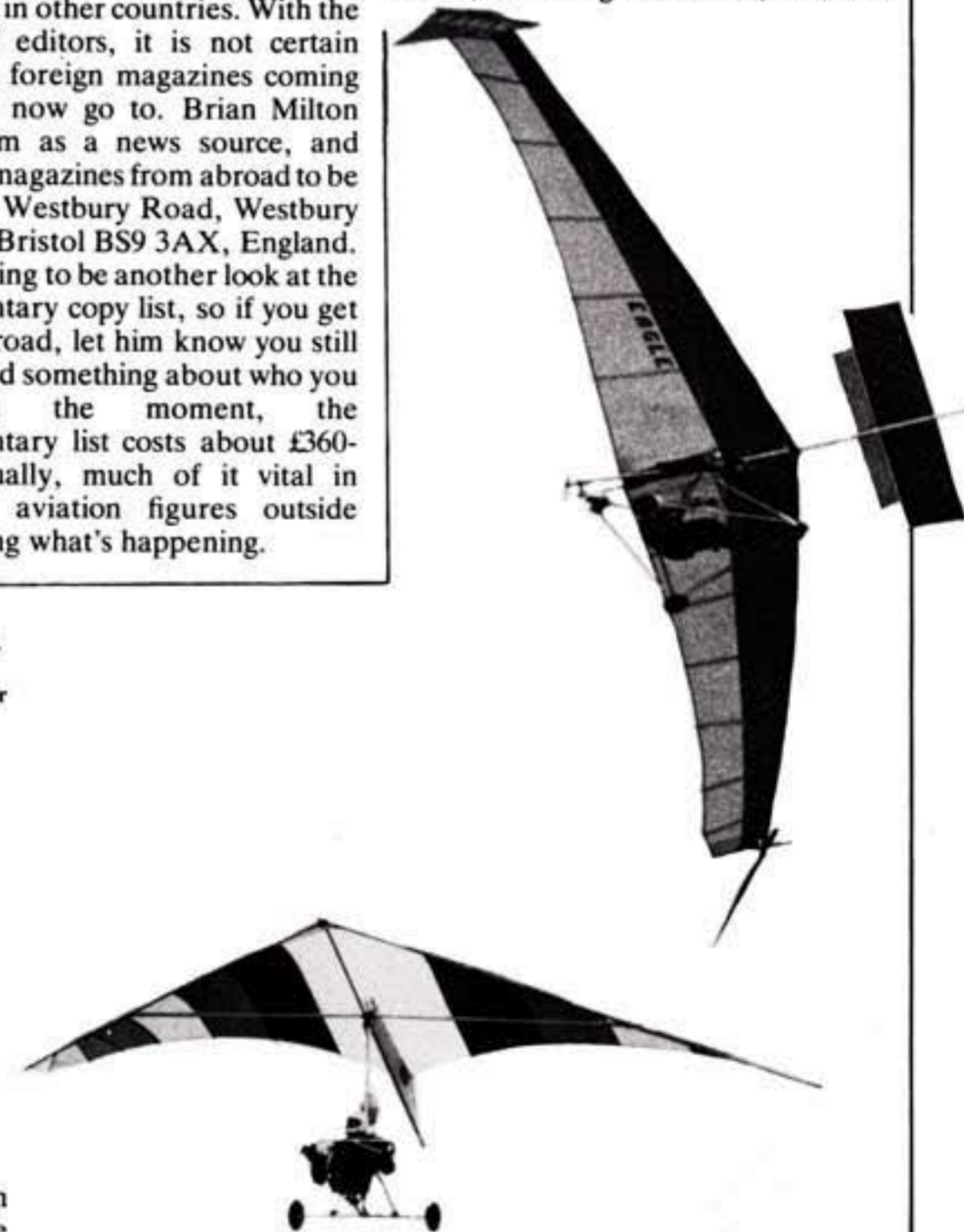
BHGA sends out about 60 complimentary copies of *Wings!* each month, many of them to editors of magazines in other countries. With the change of editors, it is not certain where the foreign magazines coming to Britain now go to. Brian Milton needs them as a news source, and wants the magazines from abroad to be sent to 31 Westbury Road, Westbury on Trym, Bristol BS9 3AX, England. There's going to be another look at the complimentary copy list, so if you get *Wings!* abroad, let him know you still want it, and something about who you are. At the moment, the complimentary list costs about £360-£400 annually, much of it vital in informing aviation figures outside hang gliding what's happening.

DAVID MURCHISON DEATH

Dave Murchison was one of the lynchpins of the American Cup in Tennessee, both in 1978 and 1979. Tracy Knauss organised the promotion, but Dave was in charge of all the flying, having experience in sailing as well as hang gliding. It wouldn't be true to say his relationship with Brian Milton was an easy one, because of fundamental differences of opinion about what competition tested but there was no personal animosity between Dave and any of the British team. Dave lived in a wooden cottage about three miles north of the take-off point on top of Look-Out Mountain. He apparently suffered bouts of depression, and would retire for days on end, not seeing anyone. At the end of February, it's thought on a Tuesday, he put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. His body was discovered four days later.

UNDERSTANDING WEATHER

The University of Edinburgh runs a course once a year on weather, how and why it works. This year, it's at the Malham Tarn Field Centre, from August 13th-20th. The cost of the course, which includes full-board for the week, is just £70, and you don't need a scientific background to go on such a course. Details from Dr K.J. Weston, Department of Meteorology, The University, James Clerk Maxwell Building, King's Buildings, Mayfield Road, Edinburgh EH9 3JZ, Scotland.



WYTCHCRAFT/

Dear Sir, It is my view that anything that contributes to safety and reducing fatigue should be made as widely known as possible. I have just completed trials of two items that really work!

Firstly, I've suffered from shoulder pressure, numbness, etc. from long duration prone flying and have virtually eliminated this problem as follows. I have used some 1/2 in. x .075 aluminium tube to take the compressive load off my shoulder strap and another at the hip on the main suspension web, one each side, slightly curved over the shoulder blades and outside the chest support web. They are fixed in with a self-tapper screw through an eyelet in the pocket so they can move about when putting on the harness but not fall out. I flew for 1 hour, 25 minutes and was as relaxed on landing as on take-off. I normally have to come up out of prone every 10 minutes for 1 minute to stay bearable and I do fly every week! The principle is sound but do refer to your harness maker before fitting it yourself. I've done some drop tests in my harness — over a couple of mattresses — and all the rods do is bend away from you and you are back to shoulder pressure.

Secondly, I've been flying with Flexiforms cross spar fairings (SEE FRONT COVER NOVEMBER WINGS!) for three months now and studying my log book data, before and after, I'm getting consistently better results with them, particularly at speed. Since c/spar fairings in fabric are in the early stages of development, they will, I'm sure, add considerably to performance. Apart from acting as fairings, they seem to act also as lifting surfaces and smooth out the air flow under the sail. They must be very tight though. On landing with a good push-out, they also help stop the glider so the gains outweigh any drag they may produce in all stages of flight. This experience is quite unsolicited and is made entirely on my own observations on my Cherokee 200. Since they are braced parallel to the keel, at normal angles of attack, they are acting as lifting planes and thus help with the L/D problem.

The shoulder battens are flattened down and rounded at each end to suit the lay of the webbing. You may need a small spreader bar if your shoulder webs are held by a single support to the hang point. This fits into the same little pocket over the shoulder and is stitched in place. So more comfort = more airtime safely.

Ted Frater
WYTCH
Dorset

NONK KNOTS

Dear Sir, I'm a newcomer to HG plus also rather isolated here in the south of Spain. Therefore, after reading Harry

Unsworth's incident report in the February edition of *Wings!*, I've been wondering if there are any pitfalls in the method I use to take off using a prone stirrup harness. I first saw this method used by an advanced pilot on holiday here last April. It simply involves using a fairly thin elasticated cord of which one end is tied to the stirrup and the other is tied to the end of the keel. Upon take-off, the stirrup is held back well out of the way of the legs for running and upon lift-off it's a simple matter of bending the knees and gently kicking back to locate the stirrup.

During the flight, there is no resistance to manoeuvring whatsoever and upon landing the reverse procedure applies, i.e. pulling the feet away from stirrup and lowering the legs for a stand-up landing safe in the knowledge that there's nothing down there to trip you up. Is this a NONK RUBBER? Any comments would be appreciated.

Ian Gribler
MALAGA
Spain

PROTOTYPE POGO-GLIDER?

Dear Sir, Some time ago I read in *Wings!* that someone had referred to powered hang gliders as possibly becoming the bicycle of the future. I would say moped as there is an engine involved.

Has anybody ever seriously researched the possibility of the pilot contributing something in the way of power to the flight of his hang glider, after all, once airborne, he expends very little

energy indeed. Some exercise would help keep him warm. I have given some thought to this but not being an engineer I have no idea whether or not my theories could work but the answer seems to me to lie in either the use of compressed air or, more crudely, a bloody great spring as either is capable of storing energy.

The theory goes as follows: a rigid harness equipped with pedals which could be braced against the shoulders, the pedals could drive a compressor or wind up the spring, the energy stored could then be released to drive a propeller to be used as and when required either to gain extra height or to hop from one thermal to the next. Let's have some comments from the experts, rude or otherwise.

David R. Hawkins
WINFRITH
Dorset

DEAR MR. GLANVILL

Dear Sir, Re: Tora! Tora! Tora! (*Wings!* March 1980) — Although I sympathise with the shortage of flying sites, I can't sympathise at all with your attitude to the landowner. You asked permission to fly, rightly so, but because the answer was 'No', you can't accept it. It is his land, and he doesn't have to give a reason. If you attempt to fly there uninvited you will be a very unwelcome guest and will jeopardize future negotiations.

If you were a landowner, your attitude would take a complete about-face. I am Warden of a Conference Centre and its grounds, which makes me a nominal landowner. We have a

fine avenue of young horse chestnut trees (a living war memorial), and as everybody knows, kids and conkers have been together longer than hang gliders and hills.

All my feelings say let the children in to have the conkers, so I've explained to them patiently, individually and in groups, that they are welcome to all the conkers on the ground, but they must use the gates, not climb the trees, and not throw wood into the trees. I am aware that this is emasculated conkering, but it is the best I can offer. But it's not good enough for them!

We now have deliberately broken branches, fences trodden down — right down — lumps of wood in the field to jam the contractor's mower, coke tins, broken bottles to cut the sheep's mouths, crisp bags and sweet wrappers. An examination of the tree trunks reveals the hitherto unknown existence of a nascent circus knife-thrower, the tastefully incised information that David loves Sue, and Punk Rules, O.K.

Next autumn I will patrol with my Doberman and be a rotten bastard — a landowner, in fact.

Be it ever so large, a man's land is still an extension of his garden. How would you feel if I turned up with my wife and children, a few aunts and uncles and a couple of mates, and we spread ourselves out among the plastic gnomes and had a picnic on your front lawn? I don't think you would be out there offering us biscuits to go with our tea!

Kind regards,
Bill Lehan



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