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THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE BHGA

SEPTEMBER 1980



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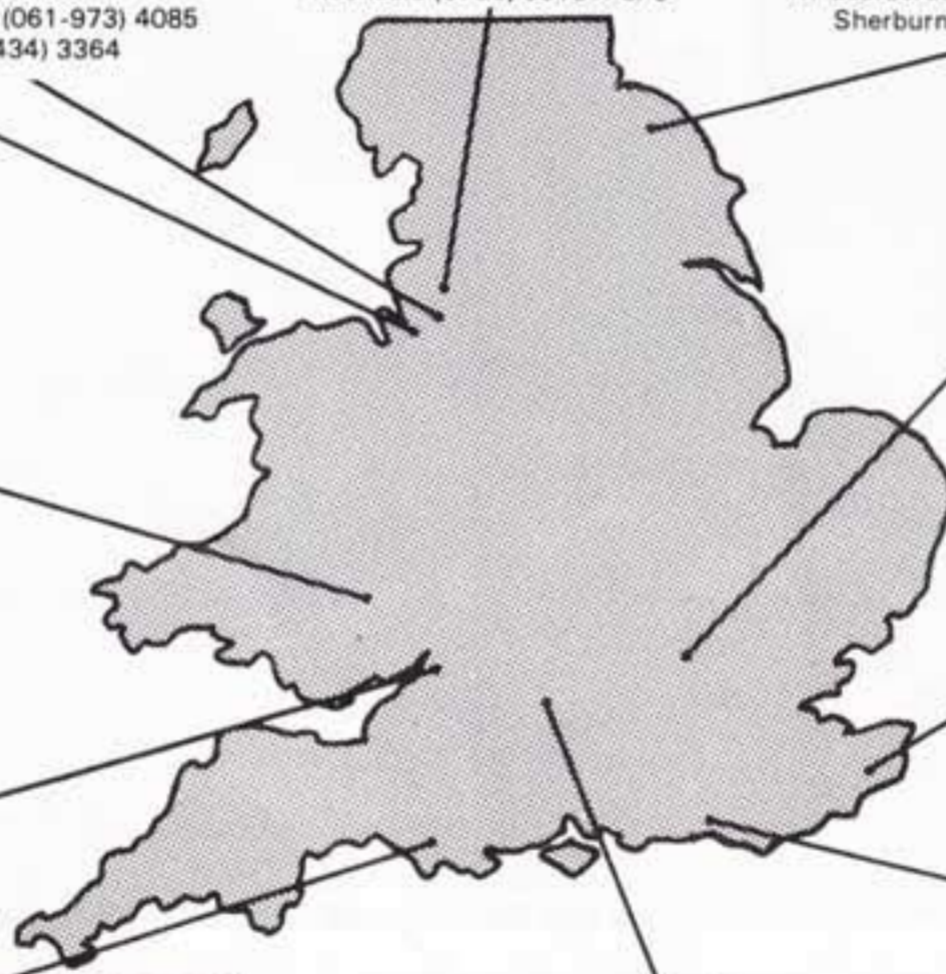
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FRONT COVER: *Jeremy Fack on launch with his Atlas at the 4th League. Marshalls are Mike Atkinson and John Duncker. Photo, Mark Junak.*

WINGS! may be obtained regularly by joining the BHGA, or on a subscription of £10 pa in the UK. *Wings!* is published by the British Hang Gliding Association. The views expressed in it are not necessarily those of the BHGA Council, its Officers, Members, or the Editor.

Contributions are welcome. Articles should be typewritten if possible. Photographs and cartoons should be accompanied by the appropriate captions, and any material which is to be returned should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Editor reserves the right to edit contributions where necessary.

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 (if applicable). If you, your club, or any local hang gliding activity get 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.

Guest

I want to express my very strong views about the involvement of BHGA members in events such as the recent 'Bognor Birdman' competition. I hope to cause members to reconsider the question of participation in such events, which I believe are very harmful to the sport of hang gliding in this country.

It is very noticeable that on the Continent, and in America, hang gliding is beginning to become publicly recognised for the exciting and beautiful thing that it is. Sponsors are starting to take it seriously, at last, and some real money is coming into the sport. And yet, in the most successful hang gliding country in the world, all the national press are interested in is a bunch of... well, lunatics is the only way to describe them... jumping off the end of Bognor Pier. Can they not see that there's a connection?

I am well aware that the Bognor event, and before it, the Selsey event are the inheritors of the grand old tradition of British eccentricity. They are a good laugh, they raise money for charity, and they give a large number of the British public and their kids a good day out.

They give a very small number of serious pilots a considerable technical challenge, and the chance at a considerable amount of prize money — (would that the British League could afford £3000 as a top prize) as well as giving them a day out in front of the TV cameras. But those pilots are participating in an event which is steadily rubbishing the rest of the sport in the UK, and which is, year by year, destroying our chances of ever being taken seriously by the media.

A more serious criticism is the obvious lack of appreciation of the organisers of the event of the dangers they are exposing the participants to. Quite apart from anything else, falling into the sea from a height of 10 metres or more while attached to a structure of large surface area could easily result in the pilot breaking his neck, or back. There is the ever-present danger of drowning following the sudden shock of immersion — although the provision of rescue boats and divers would minimise this to some extent. Just how justifiable IS it for a charity to raise money by giving large numbers of the population the opportunity to expose themselves to this sort of risk? Why is there no proper technical scrutiny of the airworthiness of the "serious" contenders? Allan James, delightful chap though he is, obviously didn't do his sums right on his canard machine — it broke up in mid-air as soon as he left the ramp!

My real point is, that the appearance of photographs in the daily press of this particular incident will continue to contribute to the image of hang gliding and hang gliders (the aircraft) as fragile, uncontrollable and dangerous things that should not be allowed within ten miles of proper aviation. Just what good is it for the BHGA to go rushing around encouraging its airworthiness scheme in the teeth of great difficulties, and against all the odds, if every August our legislators, civil servants, and local councillors are treated to the sight of hang-glider-like craft splashing into the sea in a million fragments? "Don't tell me that they aren't the same as those flying on our local hill — we'd better get rid of them before they do someone some harm!"

On the same day that this Roman spectacle was taking place in Bognor, 45 League pilots were battling it out in the Bristol area on an open XC task. It involved some of the finest, and most expert flying I have ever seen. It called for an unbelievable degree of grit and determination on the part of the pilots, and made extreme demands on both men and machines. How much of that got into the national press? Nothing. Not a thing. Zilch. They didn't want to know. All we saw were these idiots — I use the word after consideration — in Bognor.

I'd like to see the BHGA Council officially discourage members from taking part in the Bognor Birdman. I'd like to see them writing to the organisers about the dangers inherent in such an event. But most of all, I'd like to see serious pilots refusing to have anything to do with such puerile and stupid carryings-on in the future, and concentrate on real flying.



TONY FUELL



CALVERT DOES IT AT LAST

Bob Calvert has at last broken the British distance record with a flight on Sunday, August 24th, of 79.3 miles, (127 kms), beating the previous record set in May by Yorkshire's **Peter Hargreaves** by more than 10 miles (17 kms). Bob's record flight, from Pendle Hill, 5 miles north of Burnley, to Lincoln, also beats the 115 km mark set by the Australian ace **Steve Moyes** - the best in Europe - at the Lariano Trangle competition in July.

The general direction of Calvert's flight was south-easterly, but one astonishing factor about the distance is that there was no wind at the time. It was a calm day. Calvert took off from Pendle at 2.20, as always looking for a record, but not very hopeful. He stayed south of the Leeds/Bradford restricted airspace, and went under the 3,000 foot Halifax control area. The highest point on the flight was "only 4,700 feet ASL", and he said it was technically the hardest flight he'd ever done.

Calvert landed at 7 pm just to the north-west of Lincoln, and got back home after 1 o'clock the next morning, thanks to Hughie McGovern of Flexiform who went out to pick him up.

"If I'd taken off two hours earlier," said Calvert. "I'd have broken the world record."

Needless to say, a press release was phoned out on the new record, and as usual, the news was swamped by bigger items like disco-dancing old age pensioners.

Bob Calvert will be writing in detail about his flight for the next Wings!

BLERIOT CUP RESULT FRANCE WON

The 9 man British team which went to Lachens in the South of France (August 18/22) to fly in a team XC competition against a similar French team lost the competition for the **Bleriot Cup**, though the British won four of the five days of flying. Everyone who was at the competition said it was the most brilliant,

innovative XC flying they had ever done, in which every day was flyable, and distance flights over three valleys of 20 kms were normal. Technically, the British lost the competition on the first day because of a tactical blunder in reading the task, a dog-leg XC with a speed element. The British team went for the speed, with disastrous consequences, and the French went into a lead of 129 points. During the next four days, the British clawed back, in daily competition, 5 points, 43 points, 23 points and 1 point, not enough in the end to win.* The most outstanding pilot in the competition was the European Class 2 Champion, **Mike de Glanville**, flying a Fledge 2, whose home ground is Lachens, but whose flying was almost magical. Others in the French team, in particular **Jean-Pierre Collot** and **Yvon Bernard** were also excellent. Britain's best pilot was a newcomer to the 1980 League, **Sandy Fairgrieve**, closely followed by **Geoff Ball** and **John Bridge**... all three were flying **Flexiform Hilanders**. A full report on the competition, which took place from probably the best flying site in Europe, will appear in October Wings!

* Points were in the ratio 1½:1 per km on the first day, and thereafter 2:1.

TWO PREMATURE PARACHUTE DEPLOYMENTS

In a period of 5 days there have been two unintentional chute deployments, both of a similar nature. The first happened to me, the second to Phil Swift. Neither of us were injured but both cases could easily have been fatal because of the low altitude at the time of deployment.

The first happened to me whilst Atlas-flying at Rawtenstall, using an Advanced Air chute, packed in a Windhaven deployment bag attached to a Hiway prone harness. A pre-flight check showed no indications of being too low in the control frame. However, when coming out of a dive the chute fouled the bottom bar and deployed. Altitude at the time was about ten to fifteen feet above the top landing area, thus very little damage was sustained. The whole event took place in a couple of seconds.

The second happened at Winter Hill to Phil Swift, flying a Falcon IV. Again, it was a Windhaven chute attached to a Hiway prone harness. Conditions were turbulent, with a wind speed at take off 32-34mph. Whilst flying upwind at an altitude

of about 150ft towards the landing area his chute was seen to deploy. Completely stalled, the hang glider turned downwind and hit the side of the hill. During his descent, Phil in an extremely cool manner climbed on to the bottom bar and managed to flare out just before impact. This considerably lessened the damage sustained to the hang glider, and Phil walked away unharmed.

Both incidents were witnessed by several pilots, and after analysis certain conclusions were drawn which all agreed should be mentioned.

Firstly, the Hiway harness height adjustment tends to slip gradually downwards, reducing the clearance between the chute and bottom bar. By taping the slack webbing at the adjustment point this can virtually be eliminated, but as an additional precaution several of our pilots attach the slack to the Karabiner using a short length of cord. This in no way is used to carry load, but simply to prevent the excess webbing working its way through the adjustment buckle.

Always ensure that there is adequate clearance, at least 2ins between the chute and the bottom bar.

Secondly, the Windhaven chute and Clover Leaf deployment bag appear to work extremely well and quickly. However, the outer chute container needs a slight modification to design.

The plastic tube originally designed as a grab handle for deployment does not easily conform to the shape of the container, and has a tendency to separate the Velcro fastener. It is also the prime cause, when coming out of a dive, of fouling on the bottom bar.

I intend to replace the plastic tube with a thin aluminium batten, bent slightly at each end to the same shape as the chute. This will give the whole package a far slimmer profile.

Possibly it would be a good idea if the manufacturer reviewed the design of the container, to allow side opening as per the Bennett and Skyhook systems. This would eliminate inadvertent deployment by fouling the bottom bar.

To conclude, a chute deployment results in the hang glider completely stalling, and dropping like a stone until the bridle and gore lines are vertical. That's roughly 30ft of free fall... which is embarrassing when your chute deploys 29ft above the ground.

There's no way I would fly without a parachute, but it must only deploy by my action. Otherwise, it becomes another risk factor in flying.

**Alan Nuttall
PHGC**

SOUTH DOWNS CHAMPIONSHIP September 27/28th, 1980

Although based at Steyning Bowl, the South Downs Hang Gliding Championship will include other South Downs sites if wind speed and direction demand it.

The first championship, held last year, featured a classic Devil's Dyke to Truleigh run for advanced pilots. This year's event will take the same form with two sections for entries.

There will be Advanced (Pilot Two) and Intermediate (Pilot One) sections with trophies for all classes. In addition there is a trophy for the overall winner and other cups have been donated for specific tasks.

Organisers are Johnny Carr, Graham Slater and Jeannie Knight. Entry fee is £3 which should be sent s.a.e. to Jeannie Knight, 10 Spring Gardens, Washington, Pulborough, West Sussex. Cheques payable to Steyning Bowl Management Committee please.

A Johnny Carr disco and barbeque is to be held on the Saturday evening. Richard Viner, a southern flyer, has kindly offered the use of his indoor riding school at Badgers Wood Riding School, Clappers Lane, Pynings (just below Devil's Dyke) for the occasion. Please bring your own food to cook on the big charcoal fire. Richard says camping will be available in his grounds throughout the weekend. Please contact him. Disco tickets are £1 each, available from Jeannie Knight.

BRIFORGE PURITANS

... "I passed over Leteln at about 200ft. and saw a party in a garden below. They waved, shouted and indicated that I should come and land in *their* garden! However, discretion being the better part of hang gliding, I circled down to land beside the Weser, ½km from them. I de-rigged and carried my glider to the nearest Gasthof (Hotel), helped by one of the guys who had been at the garden party and had waved at me. He just happened to own the Gasthof(!) and whilst I sipped a mineral water, he phoned the Witikindsburgh for a pick-up." ... *This almost defies comment! The carefully cultivated image of hang glider pilots as gregarious free-loaders has been dealt a severe blow. To add insult to injury, the above was extracted from a BRIFORGE Newsletter which carried the heading "BRIFORGE Pioneers. OK?" The pilot was unnamed...*

ATLANTIC BIRDMAN GROUNDED

Eagle Sarmont abandoned his dream in Montreal on August 2nd of flying a motorised hang-glider from Canada to Paris after Canadian officials thrice denied him permission to take off.

Mr. Sarmont, who only hours before had expressed confidence that his plan would be approved if only officials got the facts right, was finally turned down by Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin, who had grounded him twice before.

"The RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) have told me that if I took it an inch off the ground under its own power they'd throw me in jail."

Mr. Sarmont, 28, said he now hopes to take his hang-glider — which is equipped with a small engine — home to Santa Cruz, California.

"The world is too civilised when bureaucrats can do things like this" he said. "It is not much different than sailing a sail boat in the South Pacific. Everybody has got dreams in life. Life would be a lot duller if we had no dreams."

Reuters

MEMBERSHIP STICKER

At the AGM a Proposal was carried that instructed Council to provide for all Members suitable visible proof of Membership, with a recommendation that this should be worn by members at all times when flying. Council has instructed me to investigate and make recommendations for the introduction of a system for doing this.

It seems to me that a helmet sticker is the answer and that one is issued with a flying member's Membership Card or joining or renewal of BHGA membership. This is how I think it would work — a member renewing in December '80 would have insurance and membership until 1/12/81 and the sticker would therefore indicate "BHGA membership to 12/81." We need designs for such a sticker so that we can have a batch of them produced each month showing membership expiry date. The idea is to help clubs establish who is or is not a BHGA member. A member preferring to display in a transparent pocket on a flying suit could do so. Other ideas welcome, but designs are particularly required to ensure that we produce and issue something that is attractive and easily visible. I can't promise that Council will vote funds for a huge prize, but will prevail to get Council to suitably recognise the producer of the winning design, plus fame and glory.

Chris Corston

HOW MANY FLY?

The piece that appeared in the August edition with this title was incorrect and I write to put the record straight. The figures that I collected from clubs showed that 1,946 FLYERS WERE MEMBERS OF CLUBS. (Not that 1,946 BHGA Members were "active flyers" as shown). This indicates that only approximately 1 out of every 2 BHGA Members belongs to a club.

In my Secretary's Report to Council for its Meeting of 12/7/80 I reported that since the introduction of Non-Flying BHGA Membership, on 1/5/80, 13 had joined in this category during May and 14 in June. Another 7 joined in July, so during 3 months there were 34. Multiply this by 4 and we can project that out of a total membership of approximately 4,000 we have 136 Non-Flying Members which is approximately 3½%

CENTRAL FIGHTING FUND AND SITES

On behalf of the Council I acknowledge donations from F. Davidson and J. Brown. The inflow of donations has reduced, but the BHGA now has a reserve for use to assist with legal fees in cases where sites are threatened by the introduction of bye-laws, etc. Council Member David Bedding is responsible for Sites and for establishing good relations with Government Departments and major landowning bodies. I am the only person within BHGA to receive copies of all David's correspondence and would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to him for the enormous amount of constructive work that he has done to protect our use of sites. He has established a very good relationship with the Home Office, Minister of Sport and many Establishment organisations. His positive and helpful attitude has, in most cases, been reciprocated. David's efforts should prevent most problems from turning into legal battles.

JULY MEMBERSHIP

It looks like BHGA is making a slow but steady recovery from the increase in membership fees at the last AGM. The number of members who didn't renew their membership is still higher than it's ever been, although those that did renew are rising, even though down on last year. One encouraging sign is that, despite our current Press image, there's a healthy turn to the number of new members. Disappointingly, the total membership is slightly down on the June figure.

July	1977	1978	1979	1980
New	116	137	79	116
Renewed	108	152	228	183
Didn't renew	136	72	61	152
Total Membership	3317	3487	3669	4035

RADIO COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

John Westcott did a great deal of work for the BHGA in this capacity but is now no longer an active flyer or a BHGA Member. Before he resigned he was responsible for representing BHGA to the radio sections of the Home Office, CAA and NATS. Amongst other things he obtained permission for the use of 129.9 MHz for use for hang gliding purposes, advised on suitable equipment and licencing procedure. We are looking for a volunteer to take over from John. The use of radio is very important in basic training. Registered Schools use it and increasingly clubs do so for continuation training. The job is not likely to consume huge amounts of time, and the individual concerned will be able to work independently or with the technical set-up run by BHGA Council Member Clive Smith. Will volunteers please contact the Secretary.

STEVE HUNT TO LEAVE HIWAY

Steve Hunt, one of the two partners of Britain's biggest hang gliding company, Hiway Aviation, is to part company after nearly seven years with the company's other founder, John Ievers. Steve is said to have been unhappy ever since Hiway moved from Brighton down to South Wales, and to have suffered some criticism over his design work since the great Hiway success story, the Superscorpion, still a big seller. Chairman of the BMAA. Steve wants to concentrate on microlites, and could become a freelance designer giving Hiway first crack at what he produces. The word is Steve still has to come to an amicable arrangement with Hiway on a financial settlement, with perhaps £10,000 as an immediate down payment, plus a hefty salary for the next couple of years. John Ievers and the company management are thought to be content to see Steve go.

HANG GLIDING SCHOOLS REGISTERED WITH BHGA AS AT 22/7/80

By registering, the proprietors of these Schools agreed to observe the training requirements set out by the BHGA, and are subject to inspection by the BHGA Training Officer.

HANG GLIDING SCHOOLS REGISTERED WITH BHGA AS AT 22/7/80

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IRELAND

Airports Hang Gliding School: 60 Hillcourt Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. Tel: Dublin 852856.

Before I recount the amazing flight from Land's End to John O' Groats I would like to congratulate all concerned, especially Gerry Breen, who flew an incredible last two legs just to stay in front, and to my ground crew, without whom the whole thing would have been impossible.

I will have to write in diary form as like most pilots, I am totally illiterate. (Boo, moan, etc.).

Friday 8/8/80

Found ourselves (Nick Wrigley, Helen Rogers and myself) at Solar Wings factory in Marlborough. We had been trying to get sponsors to help us with the expenses but to no avail. Suddenly contact was made with Good Year and things started moving. Dave, Cliff and Mark made all the beefing up alterations which were necessary for powering the Storm with a U.A.S. buggy. We went to a local site to test it, got everything rigged and ready to go, then catastrophe number 1 happened. The recoil starter broke. We had brought quite a few spares but, as you can guess, nothing like a starter.

I phoned Steve Barbier, a work mate, who was good enough to drive to Anglesey, pick up the spares and meet us on the motorway at Cannock. We then drove all the way down to Plymouth that evening and slept in the caravanette.

Saturday 9/8/80

Went to Nick's aunties for breakfast and a wash (magic). Drove to Bodmin Moor airfield to test kite, found that we had left the bottom A frame bar and B bar underneath the camper on Plymouth Hoe.

Had a good day's flying, very helpful people. The machine performs beautifully. Drove down to Land's End.

Sunday 10/8/80

Met up with Paul and Ian and their ground crews. Went to Penzance to do some shopping then back to St. Just airport to prepare for tomorrow. We had some problems with the exhausts on the buggy which were fixed fairly easily. The weather was really bad and no flying was possible.

Paul and Ian were rushing to put extra fuel tanks on not realising that everybody else was carrying at least twice as much as them. They ended up with quite a good system. (Well done their ground crew).

Went to Land's End Hotel for briefing and met up with all the pilots and ground crews.

Monday 11/8/80

Early start, final preparations, breakfast

The Great Trike Race

at St. Just airport. Weather bad again so the race was postponed and the press went home. All the big wind-up was for nothing. Sky cleared in the afternoon but the press couldn't come back so the race was still off until Tuesday.

Did a fair bit of flying in the afternoon — everything looks and feels great.

Tuesday 12/8/80

Take-off set for 8.30 a.m., weather fine, quite a stiff breeze. The atmosphere at the start was electric. All seven Kites lined up revving merrily. A quick thumbs up to the starter to let him know we were ready, the flag dropped and we were away. It was fantastic, just like the start of a Grand Prix.

I was first to turn downwind back over the airport closely followed by Gerry. Everything went really well until I got to St. Austell, then tragedy struck.

It ran out of petrol. I couldn't believe it. One tank had an airlock and would not empty, but the other tanks were bone dry after only one hour flying. I landed in a field on top of a hill above St. Austell and realised what had happened. There was a fuel leak which I fixed. Got a lift down to the local garage, fueled up and went to take-off. I climbed to about 50 feet and then hit the most enormous turbulence which cartwheeled the whole thing and smashed it into the ground. I was lucky to get away with nothing more than a sore wrist and leg. But the poor Buggy was totally written off. All four main tubes were broken, the propeller had cut through the rear wires and smashed to pieces. Luckily, Reg, the chap who had given me a lift to the garage, owned a shop called Charlestown Divers and we took all the gear back to his place and stripped it down. I made contact with Helen and Nick, who were, by this time, somewhere near Exeter. They came dashing back and stood open-mouthed surveying the wreckage. For the next part Nick deserves more than full marks. By 1.30 a.m. the next morning we had a prototype buggy built which we towed up to the same take-off field. We got to bed at about 2.30 a.m.

Wednesday 13/8/80

By 5.30 a.m. we were rigged and ready to fly. Took off, did a few hoolies to check kite then shot off towards Plymouth. By this time Gerry was near Scarborough.

I was forced to land in a place called Gunnislake due to thick fog and cloud. I met a man who took me home to use the phone and had tea and toast (Thanks). Met ground crew in Gunnislake and had more breakfast waiting for fog to clear. Then came the embarrassing part. I lost the kite. We all searched for about two hours. We had to go back to the man's house and ask his daughter to show us where it was.

The take-off there was quite hairy as it was a downhill, downwind run with trees and power lines everywhere. The rest of the day went really well, apart from a plug lead falling off and having to ditch it in Red Rum's training field. Took-off again and met up with Ashley at Wellesbourne Airfield.

Thursday 14/8/80

This is one days flying I shall never forget. I took off from Wellesbourne at 7.00 a.m. and everything went really smoothly. I had got used to refueling myself. I was at Scampston near Scarborough at 12.00. There I met Ian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hoad, who pampered, fed and watered me, and even garaged my kite. (I'm sure they were going to lock it up until Ian arrived). Took-off at 2.00 p.m. refueled at a golf course in Co. Durham. The last hour of this flight was in a horrific storm, but as I was flying on the lee-side of some high mountains (who picked this route), I thought it was safer to carry on than to try to land. Finally I saw the airfield at Dunbar. It was such a relief I just slumped back in the seat, then, wouldn't you know it, I ran out of petrol. No landing fields, still raining, would it glide to the airstrip? It seemed to take an eternity. I remembered putting it into a dive at the perimeter fence which, after pushing out, I cleared by about 5 feet, then touched down on a footpath downwind, and shot across the runway into a barley field. Terra firma at last, thank goodness.

That day I covered nearly 350 miles. The race was still on, Gerry was only 30 miles ahead at this time.

Friday 15/8/80

Up at 5 a.m. a horrible morning. Sat until 2.30 p.m. waiting for the rain and mist to clear. I flew towards Edinburgh and held just outside the control zone while my ground crew phoned for permission to cross the Firth of Forth near the bridge. Permission was given but I had to keep below 500 feet. The rest of the flight went fairly smoothly to Avimore.

Gerry had arrived at John O'Groats. (Damn and Blast).

NEWS EXTRA

XC LEAGUE

There has been little change this month in the XC League Table. It would suffice to say that John Stirk moves up into 8th place with an average of 16.8 miles. Mr. L. Hill (Sheffield HGC) comes in at equal 12th with only 2 out of 3 flights that count.

It has been decided to change the rules a little; *You must send in your entries within one month of each flight.* This is to get people to send in each flight, rather than wait until they accumulate three good ones, then enter at the end of the year. The whole concept of the XC League is to create competition among XC pilots. Each must therefore know what the others are doing. So don't delay, send in your entries!

The New Rule will commence from 12th October 1980. This will give you chance to send in any qualifying XC's to date. Flight details required are listed in *March Wings!*, but please send them to:

Dave Harrison
3 St. Johns Road, Leeds 3.

BRIEF COMPETITION NEWS

Mike de Glanville organised the Lachens Mountain XC a couple of weeks before Kossen, and an official British team was sent out to get experience. It's felt that this site in the South of France will support hang gliding competition similar to that in Bishop, California. In the event, only two real tasks were held. **Sandy Fairgrieve**, from Southampton, made one of the longest flights, but injured his elbow after going into a valley known as JAWS ONE. Highest placed Britons were **Keith Cockcroft** and **Jeremy Fack**, both placed joint 3rd, after French pilots on a Fledge and a Superscorpion, which won the competition. According to the British team captain, **Bob Harrison** most of the competing pilots learnt a lot from the conditions . . .

At the Lariano Triangle Competition on Lake Como in Italy, the British team achieved middle order placings, 12th 14th, 16th and 23rd, in what was six days of still-air thermalling, featured in last month's *Wings* in **MARK'S ITALY**. Best British

pilot was **Mick Maher**, flying a Sigma. **Richard Brown**, flying a Storm, as were the other two members **Mark Southall** and **Richard Iddon**, said the conditions were a complete contrast to Britain, in that you could circle for an hour in a thermal and go nowhere. Like marching on the spot. **Steve Moyes** won the competition, with a brilliant flight of 117 kms, a new European record, beating **Peter Hargreaves** by about 7 kms, but much of it was done under a Cu Nim with the bar around his knees murmuring "Mummy". Second in the competition was **Gerard Thevenot** who did a flight of more than 70 kms, said to be inside that same Cu Nim. The local community set up the competition to see if hang gliding could be a tourist attraction . . . it can be . . .

*Top left: Sandy Fairgrieve
Top right: Jeremy Fack
2nd right: Mark Southall
3rd right: Geoff Ball
Bottom right: Mick Maher
Bottom left: Keith Cockcroft
All photos, Mark Junak*



Saturday 16/8/80

Woke up to mist and all sorts of clag. Decided to take-off at 9.30 a.m. Shot up through a hole in the clouds and went across the Cairngorms with just the peaks sticking up through the clouds. (Epic).

Arrived at John O'Groats at 2 p.m. after flying across the most desolate area of moorland you could imagine. Gerry flew out to meet me and we had a good afternoon taking pictures and flying.

Summing up the flight. EPIC!!! Even better next year.

Les Ward

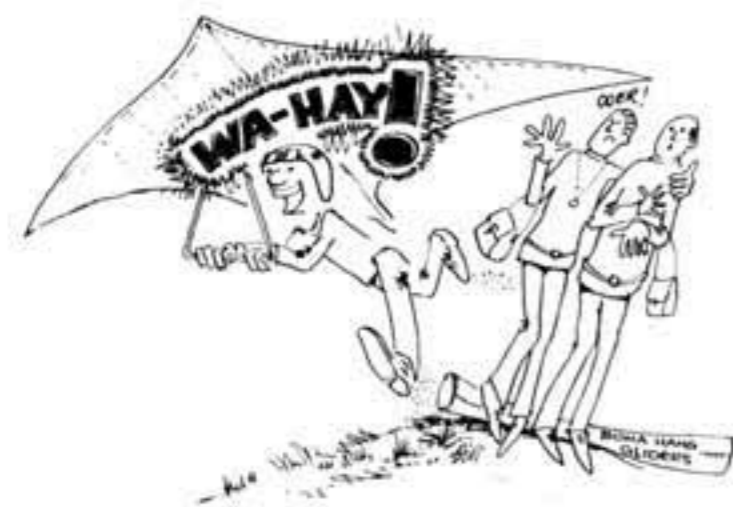
Glossary of terms. Part two

— BY ROD BIRD —

The **M**ET OFFICE, as everybody knows, is full of men poring over charts and statistics, men who, from the briefest glance at a wet-bulb hygrometer can give you 12-month predictions of precipitation, lapse rate, etc. — but men who refuse to look outside and see what the weather's really doing. Also, they have some extraordinary ideas about what a day's hang gliding involves, like when you ask them for a strength and direction the chap at the airport says "Hang gliding, eh? Well now, at twenty thousand feet it's northerly. . ."

Funny how people from all walks of life fly hang gliders, doctors, lawyers, policemen, criminals — but have you ever heard of a hang gliding Met man? Of course not, he'd only turn up at the right hill about once a year.

NIL-WIND take-offs seem to worry a lot of flyers, generally poofs who can't take having their front teeth shattered by violent contact with the ground, their eyes slammed full of warm, still-steaming cow-dung, their dentures stoved in, their flying suits soaked by slithering along the ground, yellow-livered nancy boys who get upset when they see a bit of blood on the sail or a few tooth-marks on the uprights, limp-wristed hilltop queens who baulk at the idea of running flat out down steep hills, and pretty-boy fair-weather posers with Gucci kite bags who turn to jelly when they get that toppling, sinking, this-could-hurt feeling which all true flyers love. After a few NTOs, taking off in a decent wind is about as interesting as watching someone rig a Vortex.



If you should come across a conceited young man, leaning with practised nonchalance against a bar, drink in one hand, pilot task form in the other,

he is probably an **O**BSERVER. If he's openly accepting drinks in exchange for signatures, he's definitely one. For the beginner, trying to get some tasks signed up, the main thing to realise is that every Observer has his price. A good approach, although a bit obvious, is something along the lines of "My, why are these Observers so handsome? Oh, talking of which, could you sign my. . . etc." This is worth at least three X top landings with most Observers, and you'll get used to crawling to people in no time once you get into hang gliding. In any case, the more you crawl, the sooner YOU get to be an Observer and the sooner you get people forcing booze on you. . .

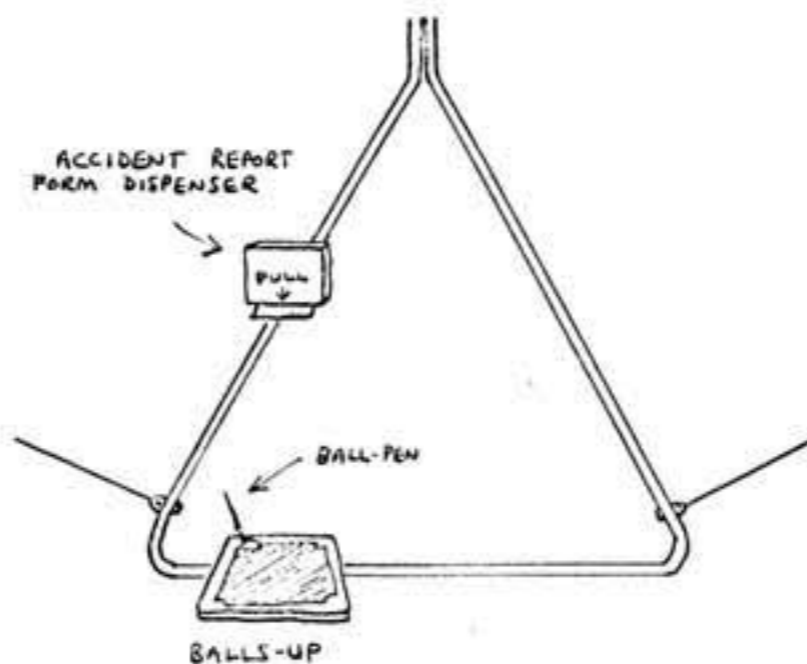
POWERED kites have a few uses:

- (1) Being noisy and dangerous, they are especially potent at frightening away spectators.
- (2) They use up petrol and blow exhaust fumes everywhere, thereby destroying our claim that we neither pollute nor destroy our environment.
- (3) They give Sue Lawley something to talk about when Nationwide's a bit thin on news: "What's on tonight, Bob?" "Not a lot, Sue." "OK, I'll nip out and get someone to crash a powered hang glider."
- (4) If the buses, roads, taxis, trains, hovercraft and airlines are on strike, you can get from London to Paris on one.



QUEUES. On crowded days you sometimes find queues of kites waiting to take off. Your best bet, as a beginner, is to ignore these. Rig up in a nice clear area — like the one the flyers are using to land in — then carry your glider to the front of the queue, crying "Out of my way, you nonks!" Nonk is a hang gliding word that means 'expert'.

The importance of Accident **R**EPORTING cannot be overstressed. The trouble is, after any decent crash the last thing you'll want to do is fuss around filling in forms. You'll have plenty to do, compensating the farmer(s) for damage, telling your mates all about it, and ordering new A-frame sides, etc. So lots of pilots are now getting around the problem by investing in a Bird Accident Located Logging System (B.A.L.L.S.)



The real beauty of the BALLS unit is that by using the Utility Pad option (BALLS-UP), you can record your accident *before* it happens, while you're still fresh and alert. So next time you find yourself heading downwind into a council housing estate, or otherwise restricted landing area, think BALLS! . . . and reach for your BALLpen.

SPONSORS. As soon as you've got your PI signed up you'll naturally start looking round for a sponsor. Now sponsorship is a delicate and intricate subject, and many's the page could be set thereon, but an appreciation of the basic rules will help get you off to a good start:

- (1) Don't worry too much about what your sponsor's pushing. Choose the one with the fattest wallet. If he doesn't know what a hang glider is, so much the better.
- (2) But be reasonable about it. I mean, do you really want to see yourself, drifting gracefully and skilfully along the ridge, under the golden rays of a setting sun — and a thirty foot Durex ad?
- (3) See his money before touching your kite. Many's the glider that's been given a magnificent paint job — only to have the sponsor back out. If this happens use your imagination, and get your own back wherever possible. Few ex-sponsors can stomach a flying proclamation such as "ESSO IS CRAP". The ruder the better, naturally.

THERMALS. Herein lies one of the greatest myths ever to corrupt man's understanding in the field of aviation. If you think thermals are bubbles of warm, rising air, you're halfway to realising their significance to the hang glider pilot. However, if you further believe that the club pilot goes around looking for them, you've either never met anyone who's flown into one, or else you're tripping on intravenous George Worthington articles.

For, my friend, thermals run 747s a close second as just about the most unpleasant things you can clash with in the sky. Not only will they bump you around a fair bit, but you could end up with a lot of unwanted height. If it's height you want, there are pastimes like mountaineering and pole-vaulting specially designed for perverts like you. Hang gliding is about talking and posing, and frankly talk about height gains just spoils it for everybody else

U-BOLTS. Well, OK, I admit there aren't any of these on a kite, but there are lots of other things with names like shackles, swage-buckles, turnbottles, eye-rings, D-bolts, etc., all named

specifically so no-one can tell what they are or where they go. As a beginner you'll be staggered at the number of times some grizzled veteran will come hobbling up while you're rigging, and start shuffling about your glider emitting a series of tuts and mumbles. Eventually you'll hear a sharp intake of breath, and the stupid old fossil will come out with some inanity such as "Have you checked those clevis-plates?"

Restrain yourself from wittily rejoinding, "Naff off, you geriatric berk." You can easily out-smart him by telling him they're made from HT-80, or polypropylacetate, i.e. make him feel behind the times. He'll be deeply insulted, and disappear. If you really want to rub salt in the old coot's Boer War wounds — and it *is* fun — follow him over to his kite, and proceed to ruffle him with observations like "I see they've had some nasties in the States using those old SWG-8s, then."



VENTIMETERS are marvellous things. They tell you how strong the wind is. Except sometimes small boys blow in the hole and the perspex steams up and the disc gets spit all over it and jams at sixty. Other times it's blowing so hard you can hardly stand, never mind fly, branches ripped off trees, sparrows groundlooping, and it says five. You give it a tap, five, a real clout. . . stamp on it, bite the end off. . . five. You put it back in its cardboard tube and it zonks up to thirty. Ventis disprove the laws of statistics because you could have fifty on the hill and you wouldn't find two saying the same.

Just as you're about to take off some clown will go and stand in your way, holding a Venti above his head like it was the Olympic flame, and begin shouting fifteen-fourteen-eighteen, etc., which as we all know has got nothing to do with the wind-speed. The best trick with these twits is to keep asking him to call the speed louder, and more often. Eventually your "assistant" won't dare move his eyes from the scale (especially if he thinks you're somebody important like a league pilot) and you can sneak off and enjoy watching him pass out, through hyperventilation.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
BILL LEHAN AND P



Your kite, when you get it, will be held together by

WIRES. Theoretically, at least. Yet having unzipped the bag and poured out a bewildering bundle of cables and tubing, nothing could seem less likely. More than one flyer has given up at this juncture, gone home, and taken up golf.

General procedure for undoing tangles depends on the severity of the knot. A minor one, like a twisted top-rigging wire, might be remedied by simply rotating the kingpost a few times. More serious tangles will necessitate varying degrees of disassembly, for instance taking the heart-bolt out (a right bitch of a job on top of Hay Bluff in the snow, when the only tools you've got are a pen-knife and a box of Swan Vestas).

In really bad cases you have to send the kit back to the factory to have it sorted out, and in fact, in some corner of each manufacturer's premises you'll find a small pile of gliders, labelled 'Irretrievably Knotted', kites so hopelessly tangled they'll have to be melted down and started again.



X-RAYS are occasionally encountered by the discerning aviator. Now it's common knowledge that if you walked into Casualty with your finger jammed in a Carabiner, and just happened to mention the words 'hang gliding', next day the papers would be full of "BIRDMAN'S HORROR PLUMMET ON TO KILLER PEAK SHOCK" stories. So something along the following lines usually takes place:

A Doctor: What's the trouble?

A Flyer: (Wearing flying suit, helmet, prone harness, etc.): It's my arm.

Doctor: How did you do it?

Flyer: I was, er. . . playing football, doc.

Doctor (casually): So what's the helmet for?

Flyer: Um, er. American football.

Doctor (prodding):. . . bruises. . . swollen. . . what's BHGA stand for?

Flyer (getting flustered, starting to sweat): Er, British, er. Hot Gas Association.

Doctor: I see, Hot Gas. Hmm. Very interesting. Let me see the other arm. Hot gas eh? Not Hang Gliding, then?

Flyer: Hang Gliding? Phew, you wouldn't get me up in one of those.

(Door opens. Another man enters).

New man: I've stuck yer kite on my car, Dave. What's up, doc? See you don't get plaster on his harness. Affects the glide angle, see.

YANKS. From what you read, you'd think it was different for Yanks. "Huslin' the Quadratrak through the dust devils on Agony Heights, up to the T/O ramp at Death Valley. "Ah saw only jes' a coupla flyers skyin' out there, jes' Jon Boy Zupchenko, Dwight X. Sneerbaum, and a girl flyer Tits Petrocelli on the Seagull 30 meter. Climbin' up to 109,000ft. over Skeleton Desert there, it was real good fun ter git a meaningful L/D comparison fer the Mitchell Wing over the other ships. M'old Mitchell came out pretty good, with Tits losin' out on accoun' of her higher drag. Over Gopher Canyon (11,000ft. ASL) there's sink can whup a ship down 10,000ft. in five seconds 'n leave a guy facin' a three day hike out. Coupla days back a flyer landed down there, din' have no food or water, had to eat his vario. . . etc. . ."

Somehow, you get the feeling nobody's ever done a top-to-bottom over there, or ground-looped, or landed in a cow-pat, or. . .

Next time you go out on the hill, take a good look around. Notice something? Right! Nothing begins

with **Z. ZZZZZZZZ**

GROUSE MOUNTAIN

R.E.D. Bailey

We arrive — Wardair, super airline, mid afternoon Friday, July 19th, 1980. Beautiful sunny day after leaving grey England.

Grouse Mountain lies off in the distance as a backcloth to the skyscrapers of Vancouver. The North shore stretching out into the Pacific bejewelled with fabulous terraced homes.

The first morning — woke up early — keen to practise, but its a grey day which gives us chance to fix the hire car, sign in at the Grouse office and meet all the old friends, the Blackmores, Don Whitmore etc.

The competition is to be much as 1978 when we were last here, with some alterations. 3,250 points for a win in a 'one on one' duration competition, held over 4 days. The pairing are to be picked at random with 50 minutes maximum time, and 10 minutes to get down in.

The winner to get 3,250 points. The second place worked out as a fraction of 3,000. The bulls-eye is worth 800 points, with 500,300 and 150 rings. 20% landing score is lost if the pilot lands touching a batten, or a tip, or a keel. 50% is lost for a control bar, or nose touching and 90% is lost if it is deemed an unsafe landing — a crash. Landing outside the field scores a zero.

Sunday, we awoke to clear blue sky — this is the Vancouver I remember! Up to Grouse mountain as quick as we can. They have a new ramp — higher this time and steeper 45° approximately.

The rigging area is very tight on Grouse. We are rigging amongst the logs, which is not very easy. It is used as a ski slope in winter.

The team consists of Rob Bailey — team captain, Bob Calvert, Bob England and Mark Sylvester. John Fennel and Golly Robertson have come along, paying their own way to make up the teams 6.

We all had good flights the first day and got the feel of some super Grouse soaring with big thermals in the trees, stronger where the rock is showing through the thickly wooded slopes. We all managed long flights and got in the very tiny landing field — it's a football pitch. At the top end there's a bank dropping away from the field 30ft. or 40ft. which the wind blows up, and then it's shelved at right angles almost like a cliff edge. So sending rotors across the landing field. They are light winds but just enough to make landing awkward. We all had good landings in practise.

We practised 'one on ones' because different tactics are needed. The flying of the team seems to be impressing a lot of people, Calvy 'skying out' on the Atlas. Mark whipping it round in tight bullet like thermals banking it up 50/60°.

I've got myself a job and a half. Rushing round as captain, manager, chief waker-upper and driver — as well as the drag racing at night! The final day of practise and it's really booming. We're able to fly 2 to 4 miles out from the ridge. It's a magnificent view, which I never get tired of. Lions Gate bridge spanning North Vancouver to 1,000 acre Stanley Park Capalano Lake, serving Vancouver with half of its drinking water. And to the right folks — if we look we have the twin peaks of the Lions after which the soccer team is named. And if you look to the left we have Point Grey. On North Vancouver we have the British properties. The whole view is fabulous. I can see right across Vancouver Bay to Vancouver Island, 45 miles away. It does not look that far from this height.

Take-off, when we get to the top of the cable car is 4,000 feet a.s.l. 3,300ft. above the landing field. Mt. Baker in the background is white-over and there is still skiing on it. That's 60 miles away.

We decided on the last day that we needed more air time to get the feel of the hill, I try for a 5 hour flight — which 5 hours later I had done and is a new Grouse record. Something to get the opposition thinking!

The two Blackmore brothers are not going to stand any nonsense. They want a good clean competition. Their word goes! Although they are happy to have us here and listen to our points of view. They realise we have come a long way for this competition, and they are pushing for a more international field with the French and Germans there next year.

At this competition there are the Australians, New Zealanders, about 40 Americans as well as the top Canadians.

We are up early at 6.30 — tactic talks, yellow T-shirts. My 1st round is a one on one with Bruce Case-Raven. There are lots of Ravens in this competition. It's a big floaty glider. Very easy to handle, which comes in when you're scraping in and out of trees. He's 1st to take-off and I have to follow within 30 seconds. He's gone. Start marshal counting me down . . . 5, 4, 3, 2 off the ramp at 2 which gives me 28 seconds. I can keep my eye on him — he's lower and scratching. This is the game in a 'one on one'. Never lose your opponent. You probably will not win by much, but if you don't let him go he can't beat you! If he's below you — sit on him. He's over on the front face now. Grouse being a 3,000ft. face, the top plateau with the amusements on, Rock concert, Bavarian Gardens, playgrounds and restaurants, and then the peak that comes at the back of the plateau another 350ft. up, we're taking-off on this, so he's flown round the plateau onto the front face working weak thermals as it's early morning.

Even a straight flight down in these conditions would last 20 minutes. There's been a dozen pairs before us and they're all in the sky, over the lakes and tennis courts. I've got 500ft. on him now and there's 6 in the thermal — not for the faint-hearted — wing-tip to wing-tip, there's a couple of girls in here as well. Good fliers these US girls! We're holding it in 0 to 1 down. Bruce lands I've got him by over a minute now — I've got my win, land in the landing area. Shake hands. I should get 3,250 for that, Bruce will get 2,800 points. Calvert is in the sky now with Jean Blythe on the new Comet. The Comet is doing well — its got Calvert on the hill. He's sat on him, Calvy won't be liking this, but on the flat Bob is gradually gaining. Yes, Bob won his heat.



Mark Sylvester — photo, Mark Junak

Back to the cable car which takes 100 people up. As I'm going up in the cable car Bob England has just taken off. I can see the very distinctive style of Bob — very smooth circles, creaming it round, making use of the area Bob Calvert got his lift at. That makes all three of us have a win. Mark has got a tough one but wins through. All wins — a good start.

Lunch is hotdogs and coke. We are absolutely wet with sweat and the mosquitoes are digging in well. I'm covered in bites.

Lots of lovely girls everywhere. Holiday paradise — they help you load your glider onto the cable cars then fetch you food and drink. It all adds to the pleasure of Grouse.

Some interesting flying in the afternoon. It's more buoyant now. The sun is really strong.

I max out against Lloyd Matthews. I have to get him low on the trees — flew out towards the landing area, pick one up 500ft. and go back to 1,500ft. It's 'real fun' flying, although it is only duration and spot there's no two durations alike. The lift varies from time of day, the sun comes up the left side of the mountain, the east side works and then the sun comes round the north side works, the ski slope at the front starts working later on and often by 3 o'clock the whole mountain becomes fairly easily soarable with pockets of air coming up the gullies in different places.

Never ridge soaring but getting that way. At the end of the day we are all doing well and nobody has lost, we are right in there.



Bob Calvert practising his spots at 11th League — photo, Mark Junak.

Second day dawns, 6.30 a.m., shout the boys up, white T-shirts lad, quick shower, down to the White spot for breakfast in the Plymouth Wagon. Blue sky looks like it will start working in the afternoon.

We've got some reasonable draws. Mark has got Dave Rodroques, I've got Jean Blythe on new Comet. Take-off, as again, 5 mph up the slope — what a place this is for a competition! Calvert wins, Mark wins, Bob England wins, I win — things are going good.

The landing field is proving tricky though. We are not getting decent scores on landing. The wind keeps switching. It's blowing from SW to SE. We can sometimes come in with a very light tail wind. No problem to land with but just enough to make you overshoot.

Kells is looking good. He is out there in the lead and he gets 500 points on landing! It's been a good day and were all up there including Golly and Fennel, this proves the depth of British Hang



Robert Bailey on take-off — photo, Mark Junak



Robert Bailey on landing — photo, Mark Junak

Gliding. John Fennell new into the league, and Golly not a league member. Quite a few people are surprised to hear there are 60 in the league and Golly is just a club flier. Makes them think a bit.

Day 3 dawns, it's blues again — we deserve this after Kossen. Load up the Plymouth, down to cafe, bacon, hash-browns, eggs, sunnyside up, cornflakes, as much coffee as you can drink, open the old eyelids and up the mountain. It's getting a bit inverted now. It's like a mist hanging up to around 1,000ft. We're up above it all in clear blues. We have all got tough opponents today. Mark's got the toughest with Bob Kells. Mark can do it! He's getting more confidence and he's with a bunch of pals who are giving him his 'beans'. He's really maturing fast. That's a wind up for the Yanks when we tell them he's been flying since he was 9. It's an absolute ding-dong with Kells. Everyone has their eyes on those two at take-off. Right round to the corner of the plateau. It's about a 10 minute flight, and then they disappear out of sight, round the corner, in front of the mountain.

I've got a tough one, Larry Croombe, Canadian 'hot-shot'. Calvert tells me to watch him because he flies a bit close. I don't mind that at all — I fly close as well! We all swap notes on each others fliers. A good understanding is building up. It's a good team spirit.

I've got Larry just after take-off. He's off round the front of the mountain. I'm holding it, just skimming round in circles in front of the launch. I've found a small weak thermal. I can hear shrieks going up, because Larry's lying in 2nd place at the moment. They're all on my side, I'm lying down in 12th place — although I'm well pleased with 12th at this time. It's a hard battle, and then I make an error. I go to a spot that has given me a thermal every day. Larry's scratching in the trees and below me, so I head for this thermal that is usually generating from a dirt patch — NOTHING. Larry's going straight down and sinking, but not sinking as fast as ME! oh dear, come on, come on — nothing, got to landing area, and it's lifting I'm able to get about 6 metres at tree height over the landing area which stretches my flight — but Larry's got me by a couple of minutes — BLAST . . . just what I didn't need. So I'm pipped there. Oh well.

Calvert's wiped his man, Mark had a blinder, just got pipped by Kells and Bob England has won again. Golly and Fennell get beat. There's no weak links at Grouse this year.

The girls have been put into a separate category which they got up a petition about, but I didn't sign it. I think they should be separate. The person who wins this competition is really going to have to fight and fly good to win. At the end of this day it's the cut. Bob Calvert at 6th, Mark 14th, I'm 12th, Bob England 9th. We are all through. Cut down to 20 for the final day. One on one in the morning and an open window in the afternoon. That will be the crunch.

Bob has Kells, both get 50 minutes maximum, both get 3,200 points. Kells gets a pretty good spot. Mark gets pipped and Bob England has a good win.

So into the final task — open window. We all pick a ticket and take an order with a chance to catch Kells. Landing was for 4pm, but I push for a later landing time which is gone along with. They seem to have built up quite a respect for the English boys and I'm the spokesman on the job.

What we have to do here is stretch ourselves. We've got to go for it. My briefing is to the gang — we're here to win — not for 2nd place. Nobody remembers 2nd.

So let's get off early and go for that win. We chew it through and decide that I get my name on the list to go 1st. It's looking good. When your name comes up, you're on the ramp and you have a minute. If you don't go your name goes back on the

list at the end and you have to wait your turn.

6 people have now taken off before my turn comes up and they've all sunk out fast. A mass of ocean air has obviously moved in and made it unsoarable. My turn comes — I decide to pull out quickly followed by Mark and Bob. Bob England decides to gamble as he is lying 15th and it is a do or die situation. It is not quite soarable and he is down in the landing field. Kells (USA) takes off in his 230 square foot Raven, he appears to be losing it as he moves round to the front of the mountains out of sight of take-off.

We have got to be off soon! Mark, Bob then myself follow off in close succession as it appears to be coming soarable. As we round the side of the mountain Kells is there! He has held on, there follows a really exciting afternoons flying with 10 of us having 2½ hour flights to max out to the 5 o'clock deadline. At times there would be 8 of us screeching round in tight circles on each others tails 50 feet above the spruce trees.

Pete Brown, Australia who was lying 2nd and was doing well, decides to go looking elsewhere for his own patch of lift — loses it and goes down.

Mike Meir, USA loses the lift but manages to scratch out until 4.55 pm down low. Mark, Bob and myself all work it easily till 5 pm then head out for the landing field knowing we did all we could and given a bit of luck any one of use could have won.

The atmosphere is fantastic in the landing field, with the television cameras and the crowds thronging round as each pilot lands, to cheers and loud applause.

The scores are calculated and prize-giving is on the Mountain top in the Bavarian Garden. The result are:

- 1st Kells (USA), Raven
- 2nd Mier (USA), Raven
- 3rd Greblo (USA), Mega
- 4th Rouck (Canada), Floater
- 5th Calvert (Great Britain), Atlas
- 6th Grigsby (USA), Comet
- 7th Brown (Australia), Mega
- 8th Sylvester (Great Britain), Silhouette
- 9th Kupchanko (Canada), Mega
- 10th Bailey (Great Britain), Atlas

It has been the best meet I have ever been to. The organisation and flying has been tremendous. Thanks to the hard work of the Grouse mountain flying team. Especially Harvey and Richard Blackmore who efficiently ran the 'meet' — that should see me right for a place next year!



Bob England — photo, Mark Junak

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Dear Sir,
As a relative newcomer to our sport, it is with some trepidation that I put pen to paper on the subject of safety. However, I hope that the suggestion may be of some use.

While reading *Wings!* account of foam filled booms for ditching, I began to wonder if it might be possible to use a type of lifejacket developed over the last couple of years for the scuba diver and known as the Assisted Buoyancy Life Jacket or ABLJ for short. Its primary purpose for the diver is accurate adjustment of buoyancy while on the bottom and to this end the single shot CO2 cartridge has been replaced by a larger bottle (capable of fully inflating the jacket several times on the surface) which is operated by a hand operated valve. Also, at the top end of the collar is a dump valve to allow release of gas — hence buoyancy. However, the most significant part of the jacket from our point of view is that the gas used for inflation is not CO2 but compressed air. This may be breathed from the jacket, thus giving the trapped pilot time to prevent panic and complete a calm and controlled release and escape from under the sail.

Firms for the manufacture of this type of jacket: Fenzy, Spartan, Nemrod and La Spirotechnique and the cost I imagine to be in the region of £60-£70. Being only a seated pilot myself, I know that it would not interfere with a seated harness and I should think that with a little ingenuity could be adapted to sit to a prone.

Perhaps we could approach the above firms or even RFO with the object of developing something along the same lines but more suitable for hang glider pilots. I would be more than pleased to hear comments from anyone interested (sensible ones, please!). Perhaps we might be able to arrange a static test in a swimming pool to see if it does actually work.

H.N. Craven
Cuckfield, Sussex

VICIOUS ATTACKS ON MEMBERS

Dear Sir,
For the months of May, June and July in the past two years the flying at my local westerly site has been disturbed by the presence of nesting buzzards. Although they offer no resistance to the attacks of crows or seagulls (indeed, they behave in a

quite cowardly fashion), they mob hang gliders unmercifully. They attack individually, or sometimes in groups of up to three, taking it in turns to screech and dive at the outer leading edge. The impact is quite hard; there is a loud bang and all the wires vibrate. It can also turn the unsuspecting pilot off course, as well as giving him a bloody good fright! The sail of a colleague's glider has been torn in one of these attacks.

Everything has been tried to discourage these birds; the measures taken grow more desperate as time wears on. Shouts of abuse failed; then streamers attached to the kites (to distract them); poisoned meat left on the hill was ignored; lime twigs not perched on. We finally managed to shoot one (difficult with a .410) and hung it in a tree as a warning, but it has not discouraged the others. In fact, they seem to have bred successfully.

Can any reader come up with a solution?

John Lewis
Ammanford, Dyfed

NOT GUILTY

Dear Sir,
subject; fatal accident to Ernest Warne published in July *Wings!* We consider it essential that the FACTS are obtained before biased opinion becomes printed.

FACT 1. My colleague and I are not training officers and were not even giving instruction on the day in question. Therefore this accident cannot be associated with any training programme.

FACT 2. The BHGA Secretary is well aware that my colleague and I are not committee members of the Northampton HGC.

Surely those responsible for *Wings!* should have contacted the two eye-witnesses and ascertained the facts before setting themselves up as Judge and Jury?

P. Fathers
T. Yeomans

KAMI-KAZE LEAGUE

Dear Sir,
I usually read the League reports with enthusiasm but all good things come to an end and so it is with League competition it seems.

It's a far cry from the old days all those years ago when it started. Let's see, that would be going back at least, well . . . countless years, wouldn't it? Then, if you remember, the competitors flew for the fun of it and enjoyed the outcome, no matter what. The organisers kept things simple and well within the limits of

safety. But THIS year, a bemused outsider would probably be correct in thinking that the country's best (?) fliers are currently lusting after a genuine piece of Italian marble. And which one of you brave souls will unintentionally be the first to lie supine beneath it? It's going to happen as sure as the coming crop of motorised gliders will put the kaibosch on present motorised freedom. Until a death occurs in the League, I can't see the organisers giving a damn about sending off flyers crosswind in a gale or allowing them forty strong to career about in scratchy lift on a quarter-mile beat and all for a pathetic tin cup.

The best flyers are now flying regularly into telegraph poles, trees and electricity cables. Well, you can stuff the League if that's what it's degenerated into. Now that the *News of the World* have had a sniff at the meaty sensationalism of competitive hang gliding as we have now been forced to accept it, then as far as I am concerned the usefulness of the League as a flag carrier has ended. Recent antics will lead to the public thinking you're all just a bloody amateur shower of idiots. Is that fair on the rest of us who fly for flying's sake?

Richard Gibbs
TVHGC

. . . Gibbs doesn't take the trouble to know when the League started, having been a BHGA member himself since only January, 1979, with no record of Pilot One or Pilot Two. It started, Gibbs, in 1977, and one wonders what you would know about it in using the phrase "a far cry from the old days". What do you know about the old days? League rules, as any League pilot will tell you, state that sole responsibility for a decision to fly any task rests with the pilot. One wonders, as one has never seen you at a League, how you can use the phrase "I can't see the organisers giving a damn . . . etc" without curling at the edges. There have been four incidents this year so far of pilots hitting electricity cables, two of them in League competition, neither causing injury. I suppose it takes an expert in degeneracy to use the phrase you use about the League, as if it were responsible. One is not interested in whether, Gibbs, you think anything of the League as a flag carrier; suffice to say it has, and will, do a million times more for hang gliding than you. I can quite understand now why you originally wished to remain anonymous in sending in the above letter . . . you have a lot to be anonymous about . . .

Brian Milton

FREE AS AIR?

Dear Sir,
In one of the many idle moments inflicted on us in this area because of bad weather being misdirected towards us, I did a little arithmetic and arrived at some surprising figures for the price of "free flying".

Newcomers to hang gliding may want to have some idea of what it could cost them, and these numbers might help to do that. My assumptions are:

25 outings in a season —	
average 2 flights per trip	
Fuel cost over year	
(2,500 miles)	£100
Car depreciation	
(at 10p/mile)	250
Glider depreciation	100
Spare parts costs	50
Annual Total	£500

There is also the cost of buying your own equipment, which adds up something like this:

Hang glider	£500
Flying harness	50
Parachute	200
Instruments	150
Helmet and clothing	50
Car roof rack	25
Total	£975

Most new pilots will not get round to all of this in their first season, but they are likely to spend about £75 on instruction, to get them going.

Considering only the annual costs, the sums come out showing that for 50 flights —

Cost per flight = £10

Assuming the time in the air amounts to 20 hours —

"free" flying costs £25 per hour!

You may not agree with the figures, but even if you do the sums using your own estimates, I am sure you will be surprised to see the cost of free air. But don't let it put you off flying!

Robin Smith
Aberdeen



ICARUS ALL SORTS

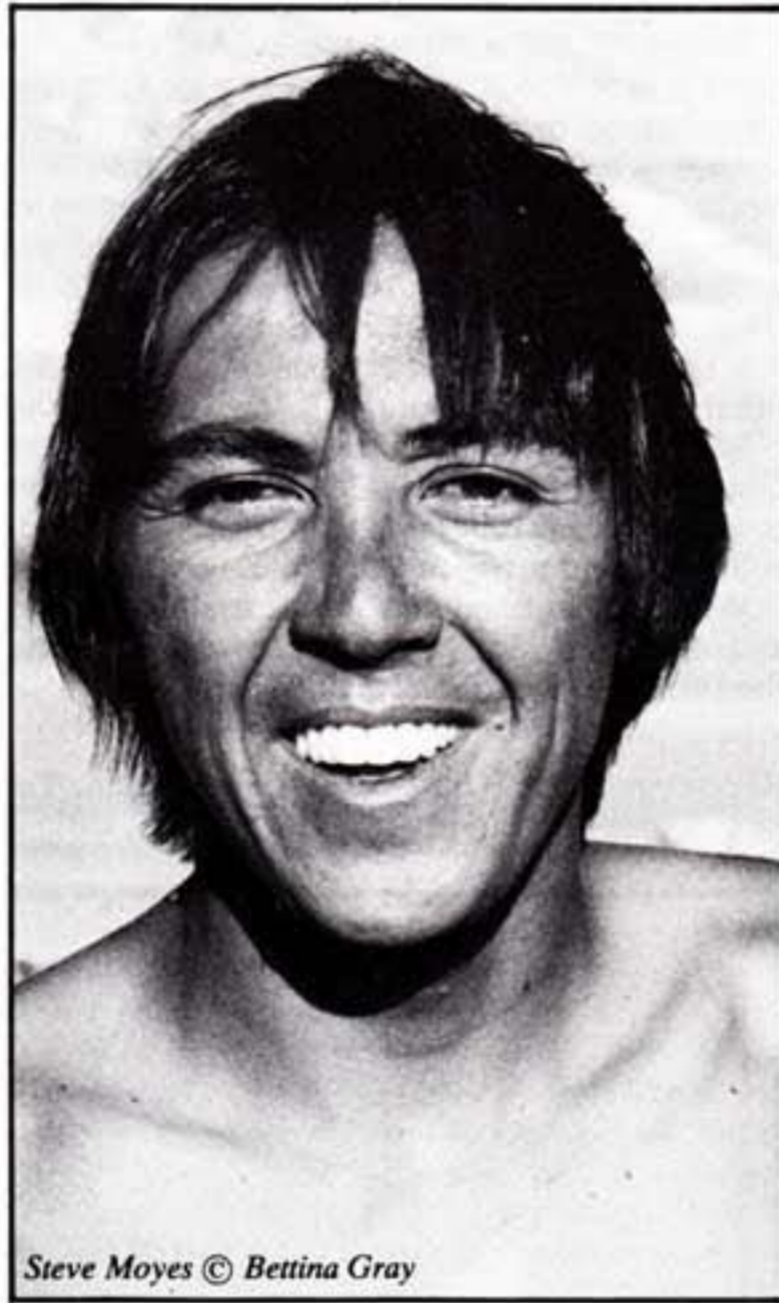
... BHGA Chairman **Roy Hill** is in a pensive mood these days, which may have something to do with his 17-year-old son **Andrew**, who is having problems with his Bennett **Lazor**. Andrew was delighted with the kite when it first arrived and he swapped over from a Superscorpion on which he'd made numerous XCs. But as this year's League has progressed, there's been an obvious deterioration in Andrew's flying, all the more painful because his prospects were seen so brightly at the end of 1979. But Andrew, sponsored by Bill Bennett, is reluctant to make the change, even though he's not done an XC for months and it's beginning to get to him. Roy, meanwhile, always so sensitive to his flying son, exhibits the same sympathetic symptoms as an expectant father, and the less Andrew wants to fly, the less his Dad does too. C'mon, you two! You know what's wrong. Make the change and go XC again. Tell 'em, Wendy ...

... while the BHGA Competitions committee hasn't put aside funds this year for the US Masters Competition, there's still to be a British entry, **Robert Bailey**, from Leeds in Yorkshire, who's looking for funds to get him out to the Carolinas. Robert is said to feel very strongly that this is the sort of competition British pilots must enter, rather than the team competitions like Bleriot and the American Cup. **Johnny Carr**, who went to last year's Masters, got in less than half an hour's flying for his traumatic journey, and missed the League Final as well. There are 19 top US pilots, and 8 foreigners, including last year's champion **Steve Moyes**, and the competition takes place from September 2nd to 7th. Wish Robert luck, and cross fingers he can stay the extra time it usually takes to finish this competition ...

... our pensioners are in good company. The *Sunday Express* reports (July 20, 1980) that film star and non-presidential candidate **Glenn Ford** normally cast as a cowboy, has taken up hang gliding. Roderick Mann quotes Ford as saying his third wife, 20 years his junior, is always dragging him out to the beach to go swimming and picnicking. Last year, he said, because of her he took up hang gliding at the age of 64. Who does it at that age, he asks? ... obviously not a *Wings* reader, and poorer for it no doubt. Still, good luck to him for doing it ...

... big fashion change in the Southern HGC in the last three months. Everyone wants to "go for it" now, whereas last year, under fashion leaders **Ray Sigrist** and **Ian Grayland**, you could tell a SHGC pilot by his marvellous sink-rate and nowt else. One great day recently, seven pilots made it from Mill Hill to the Devil's Dyke, a long-ago dream now realised. The pilots included **Johnny Carr**, one of the first to make it the other way, **Dave Bluett**, **Mick Maher**, **Keith Reynolds** and (nearly) **Steve Goad**. Steve, in fact, left with former BHGA moneybags **Derek Evans**, both in the same thermal, chatting to each other, but as it was Derek's first trip "over the back" Steve thought he was working too hard. He shouted across for Derek to relax. Either Steve needs diction lessons, or naughty Derek hadn't washed his ears that day, but Derek thought Steve said "go back" ... which he dutifully did. Imagine his chagrin at looking back to see Steve coring a blob, while he had to land, XC-less. Steve made it to a few fields short of the Dyke ...

... the last edition of *Soar Point*, magazine of the **Mercian Club** goes all thoughtful on why its members haven't gone XC like the rest of the country. The club is famous at BHGA AGMs for its robust views and the strength of its block vote, and also as efficient hosts. But the editor, **Rex Grogan**, reading about the Roses Competition, worries away at why this most clubbable of clubs doesn't get its cross country act together. The reasons, he muses, are two-fold; poxy sites, and an abhorrence of competition. Whatever the club decides, it can take comfort in the fact that the Mercian has the two best wits in the country, **Rod Bird** and **Rex** himself. Rod's glossary is worth a tenth read and always raises a laugh, while an upcoming sexist guide to hang gliding by Rex has Bill Lehan burning the midnight oil. Hope Rod Bird gets over his accident soon and, if he has motivation problems, he should have a word with others who've been where he's painfully trying to get away from ...



Steve Moyes © Bettina Gray

... word from the USA is that the Australian whiz-kid **Steve Moyes**, fresh from 117 kms in Italy, most of it with the bar around his knickers, has established a new World record at Cyprus Gardens. Stevie is said to have tow-launched in Florida and flown 50 miles along a State highway. The organisers, a trifle worried at the disappearance of their star, learned where he was when two highway patrolmen phoned in and asked if they'd lost a hang glider pilot. Whatever happened to towing in Britain, by the way? ...

... legal costs alone of the Mill Hill enquiry in Sussex, the SHGC's prime SW site, are at least £3,000, not including the cost of Council officers. The so-called Liberal council has voted overwhelmingly to continue its fight to control hang gliding by law, rather than co-operation with the local club. The absurd Adur Council are to intro-

duce a clause to their daft bye-law setting the minimum height at which an aircraft can fly over their hill at 350ft. It will be instructive to see how they enforce this, and what measure they take to measure the exact height above a hill flown by hang gliders and other aircraft. Meanwhile, the cost of first erecting a fence to stop hang gliders taking off has been put at £800, while the cost of moving it after local residents complained it was an obstruction and an eye-sore, is almost £700. The SHGC is vigorously chasing an exact figure for the ratepayer cost of Adur Council's grim march to 1984 ...

... top pilot and freelance designer, **Bob England**, from Bristol has joined Hiway until after Christmas to add his design expertise to that of **Steve Hunt**. Bob, who was the 1978 European silver medallist, and a member of both winning American Cup teams, was said to have been severely ripped off by Waspair before that company departed for US shores. Challenging **Robin Haynes**, Waspair supremo, who showed his face at Kossen, Bob received the dusty reply "I think that chapter has now closed" to his request for an estimated £3,000 in royalties for the design of the so-called Super-Gryphon. Bob will face no such difficulties at Hiway, but his plans to go to the USA next year will be slightly dented by other Icarus news ...

... **Bettina Gray** phoned from California with the news that one of the original manufacturers, Seagull Aircraft, has been bought by a Canadian, who plans to change the company's name. Seagull, started by Mike Riggs back in 1972, and later taken over by **Don Whitemore**, is said to have been under-capitalised. The word is that it owed about \$3,400 to Hang Gliding magazine, and was not able to pay on demand. Sad to see the demise of a great hang gliding name. Bob England had hoped to go there in 1981 as a designer, after talking to Seagull ace **Tom Peghiny**, responsible for the company's design. What will Tom do now? ...

... bad news about **Keith Nichols**, the USHGA competitions chief and once US National Champion. Keith, who visited the 3rd League this year in the Lake District, sporting a badly broken arm which he'd injured in South Africa, is still said to be poorly four months later. Keith has been working to raise finance to make sure his national team does well in Tennessee in October, but he hasn't been able to get out to California to take up his new job with **Bill Bennett**, after having been laid off by Electra Flyer's **Larry Newman**. He has treatment three times a week in New York, and is said to have hardly any movement in his right hand, with some nerve damage. Felicitations, and I hope he gets well soon ...

... other hot American news is that **Hang Gliding** is to have a new editor. The present incumbent, **Gil Dodgem**, has been in the post for more than two years, but as predicted in Icarus earlier this year, there's now to be change. The whisper is that it will take two months to make the change-over, with no hot favourite. One candidate is sure to be **W.A. Roecker**, known as "Pork", who wrote that brilliant account for *Wings!* in July of the 1979 XC Classic. Trying to cope with all the vested interests in the USHGA could be a problem, though, before the final choice is made ...

Wings! has to go to press before final news of who won the great TRIKE race between Lands End and John O'Groats. Last heard that Gerry Breen was in the lead, having swallowed his disappointment at not being the first to make such a trip. That pleasure belongs, as Icarus Allsorts reported last month, to Dave Garrison and John Leigh-Pemberton, who set off on July 22nd, and arrived on the 25th. Dave Garrison wrote an account of the flight. . .

End to End

by Dave Garrison

We had discussed flying Pterodactyls from Land's End to John O'Groats many times over the past six months, but had never actually done any serious planning. At about 9.30 on Monday morning the phone rang at Wellesbourne. It was John Leigh-Pemberton, one of our Pterodactyl customers.

"I've just been talking to Heathrow Met and they say we'll be getting South-west-southerly winds for the next two or three days. How about it?"

We made an instant decision to go — followed by frantic preparation.

Paul Baker and I spent the rest of the day fitting the machines with extra tanks, getting the support

vehicle and equipment together and loading up.

Meanwhile John was arranging St. Just airfield as a starting point and buying the £56 worth of charts necessary for the trip.

Myself and support crew, Mick Clay and Mick Hennessey, finally left at midnight and drove straight down to Penzance. Paul was staying at Wellesbourne to man the phone and keep everybody in touch.

Tuesday

8.00 a.m.

Collect John from Paddington-Penzance night sleeper and head for the airfield.

It's a beautiful morning and the wind is South-west as promised. While we're rigging the machines, a local Beeb cameraman arrives and hustles everybody breakfast at the airfield cafe.

Paul rings and has arranged with Rolls Royce to use Filton as our first stopping point. We mark up the charts on the cafe floor and decide to fly around Land's End and return to St. Just as check flight.

Everything seems fine, although the climb rate is definitely reduced with an extra four gallons of fuel.

12.45 p.m.

Take off, climb to just under cloud-base at 2,000ft. and head for Bristol.

12.55 p.m.

I turn round to check on John. No John! Crank several tight 360's looking up, down and behind. Nothing. I remember Jack McCornack's story of turning back to look for a companion who was hidden above his sail and losing him for two days. Two more 360's to check again. Still no John.

I turn back, thinking "Marvellous, lost each other in the first ten minutes!"

Within a minute I see John down in a small field, Circle down and he waves me to land. The problem is the rubber primer bulb in his fuel line. It's collapsing and restricting the flow.

We've just finished a makeshift repair with pliers and wire when, for the first of several occasions, the two Micks appear from nowhere.

1.15 p.m.

Replacement bulb fitted, we're away again. The next couple of hours are pleasant cruising, looking

at the scenery. I discover it's very difficult eating chocolate biscuits with a full-face helmet.

After a while it becomes obvious the wind has gone more Southerly. We're going a lot slower than expected and I start watching my fuel quite closely.

Crossing the Mendips I look at Weston-super-Mare airfield, take another glance at my tanks and signal to John that I have to land.

John telephones Paul who's a little upset as he's arranged press and T.V. at Filton.

5.15 p.m.

Support car arrives, refuel and take-off at 5.45. Following the approach instructions we've been given, we land at Filton at 6.30.

John and I decide to fly another leg to Tilstock near Whitchurch tonight. We rush around talking to the BBC, sorting our charts and topping up tanks.

7.30 p.m.

Take off and fly North over the Severn Bridge and along the Wye valley at 3,000ft. The late evening sun on the haze makes spotting landmarks quite difficult, but the air is smooth as silk — not a bump.

We detour around the MATZ at Shawbury and fly in low to land at Tilstock at 9.25 p.m. As we are tying the machines down, Simon, whose house we are staying at, arrives and whisks us off to the pub. The ground crew arrive at 10.30 and we head for a bath and a meal.

After dinner John goes to collect the charts from the car and returns with bad news. We've left them at Filton. Disaster! An army officer friend of Simon's calls all the local army bases and turns up a military low-level chart, which is a help but not really detailed enough.

Wednesday

I run up Simon's phone bill for an hour trying to locate charts at flying clubs with no success. Fortunately the last one we were using will take us through the Manchester non-radio route, so we'll press on for Lancaster and hope the ground crew have better luck.

At this point I decide to change to my own engine as the borrowed one I've been using is consuming fuel much faster than John's.

A casual landing approach in Pterodactyl.



12.45 p.m.

Leave Tilstock. Cloudbase is fairly low and as we pass Warrington it starts to drizzle. Reaching Junction 33 on the M6, the rain gets heavier and cloudbase is down to about 700ft. We pick a suitable field and land at 2.15.

A very friendly farmer supplies tea and biscuits and doesn't seem to mind his phone being monopolised for the next hour. The ground crew arrive at 3.30, having driven at breakneck speed to Chester to pick up our charts which Rolls Royce have flown up from Filton. Thank you Rolls Royce!

4.15 p.m.

In our expert opinion the front is going through, so we take off. Five minutes later the cloud is 300ft. AGL and we are dodging power lines looking for a landing field! Down again at 4.25.

Twenty minutes later, Mick Clay appears, panting. He has seen us circling under the cloud, stopped the car, and run across the motorway and a mile of fields to check that we're OK. Reassured, he heads off to the next service area to wait for us.

6.00 p.m.

We can see blue sky and feel sure it's clearing, so take off again. This time we manage ten minutes before we start looking for another field.

6.15 p.m.

Land in school playing field at Carnforth. My turn to look for a phone box. A large crowd gathers and one little girl brings us a flask of tea and sandwiches. She's almost too shy to speak to us. We feel a bit like visitors from space.

The two Micks, getting bored with motorway coffee, have checked with Paul and arrive at 7.00.

7.30 p.m.

Take off for a last attempt this evening. Another twenty minutes sees us back on the ground near Crooklands. There's no chance of crossing the Lake District tonight. The landing field obviously had cows in it recently. Scraping the worst off, I hope the take-off is cleaner.

A very frustrating day. Only 95 miles flown.

Thursday

Glasgow Met raise our spirits with a good forecast for the day.

9.30 a.m.

Take off avoiding cow-pats. Cloudbase is 4,000ft., so no problem crossing the hills. North of Carlisle we spot the car on the A74, circle and land next to the road. Hear our first Scottish accent. This is more like it!

12.00 p.m.

Cross mountains at 3,000ft., then down to 1,500ft. to pass under Scottish Terminal Area. Stop beautiful landing field next to M9 near Stirling and touchdown at 1.50. We are relaxing in the sun when the car arrives, closely followed by an irate farmer who starts shouting about crop damage. He's plainly just looking for an argument as the field has just been mown and the hay is sitting there in bales. Seeing Mick starting to get angry I hastily intervene, give the farmer a card and tell him to send us the bill. Slightly mollified he drives off muttering.

2.15 p.m.

Taking off, we climb to 4,000ft. We've decided not to follow the road, but to take a direct line to Fort Augustus and then along Loch Ness to Inverness. Over the mountains we encounter quite strong turbulence and climb to 5,000ft. where everything feels a bit smoother. Definite feeling of apprehension looking down on the terrain below. Flying along Loch Triage we see two Jet Provosts going the other way about 2,000ft. below.

Just after Fort Augustus, heading up Loch Ness, my engine misses a beat — closely followed by my heart missing several! There's nowhere to land for miles. After five minutes with no further misfires I relax and admire the view, which is magnificent. This has got to be the way to see the country. From this height every small boat wake looks like a possible Nessie!

Arriving at Inverness, there seems to be a shortage of grass fields. We finally pick a playing field next to a circus and using the flags for wind direction, land at 5.30.

Dave Garrison in "gear" fiddling with a hand throttle and looking a trifle anxiously at the camera.

Friday

9.35 a.m.

A strong wind gives us both interesting take-offs and as we reach 2,000ft. we can see we're going to have a fairly rapid trip. Skirting around Lossiemouth ASR we follow the coast North-East. Low cloud starts forming along the coast in a band about two miles wide. Climbing to 4,000ft. we can see enough to cruise above it. Near Helmsdale two Hunters pass about a quarter of a mile away. Wonder if they saw us?

At one stage I turn into wind to let John catch up and drift slowly backwards. The wind must be 40 mph up here.

11.05 a.m.

Reaching Duncanby Head, John makes a very wide turn out over the sea and for a while looks as though he might end up in the Orkneys. Opening the throttle and leaning right forward, he creeps slowly back over the cliffs. Picking the only field without animals, we descend vertically and roll about a foot on landing.

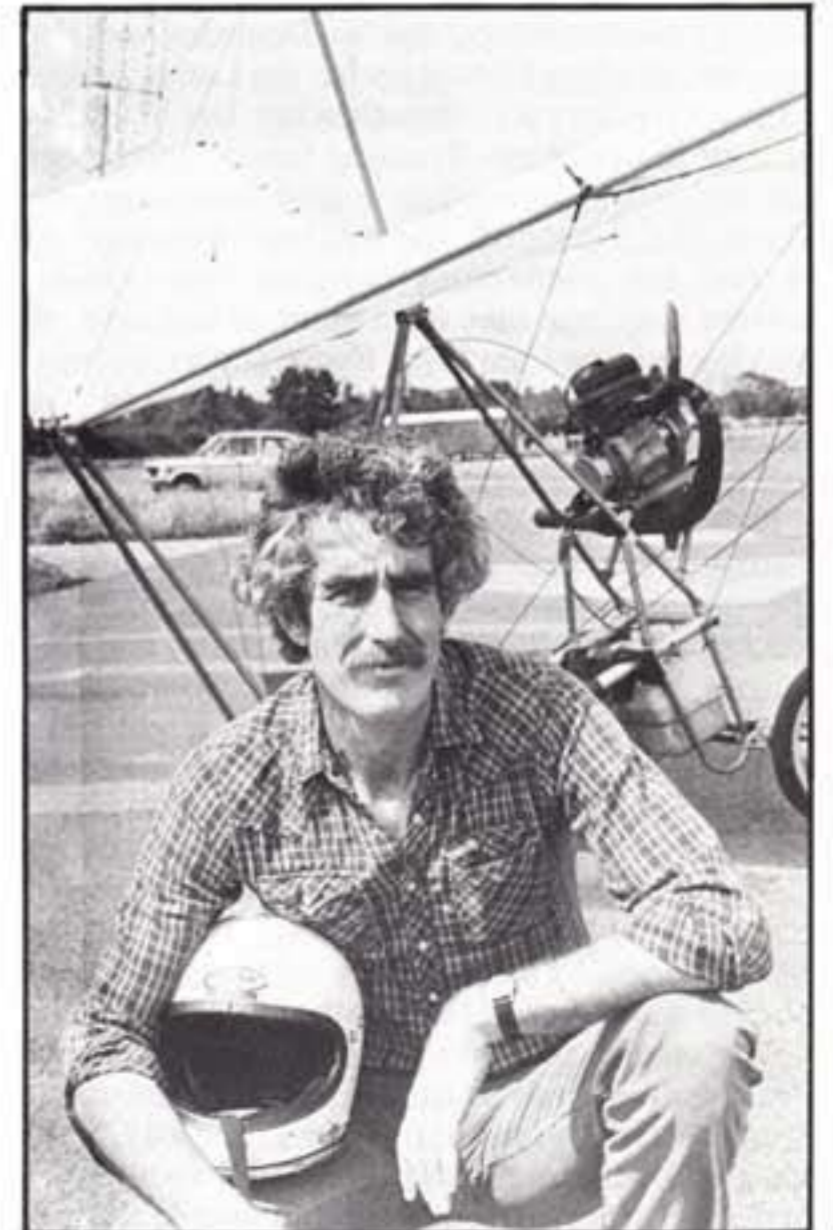
I rush off and phone Paul Baker with the good tidings. By the time I get back the wind has picked up to almost gale force and there are three people hanging on to each machine.

Once they are tied down we relax and the farmer who owns the field (a gentleman called Robbie Cowe whose hospitality was overwhelming) take us to the hotel for "a wee one".

The total flying time for the 730 mile trip was 17 hours 5 minutes. Apart from John's primer bulb and a cracked exhaust bracket we had no mechanical trouble, and by and large the weather was good to us.

A good support crew is essential on a trip like this and ours was superb. I'm sure John would agree that he and I had the easy part of the job. I know both of us would like to do it again. Or how about London-Cape Town?

Dave Garrison, 34 years old, instructor with the High School at Wellesbourne Airfield in Warwickshire. Member British teams in the 1979 World Championships in Grenoble, the '79 Bleriot Cup, the '79 American Cup, and the British team in Guatemala. One of the most experienced of British hang glider tow pilots, with 500 launches. Ambitions include making an 80 mile flight from a tow launch, looping a Pterodactyl, and drawing a pension.



Colin Lark's League

(the 5th)
August 9/11, Bristol/Stroud Area

by Brian Milton

Colin Lark completed a hectic couple of months, not only winning the Scottish Open Championship, holding down the jobs of Avon HGC Chairman, and BHGA Training Committee Chairman, but he also cultivated his busy-bee image by organising the 5th National League. There were three outstanding features of his competition; first, the National League returned to the cradle of British hang gliding competition, Cam Long Down, scene of Johnny Carr's great triumphs in 1974, though it's not thought we'll be in a hurry to return again; second, the XC task on the second day from Crook Peak was the first in this country where pilots had to make a mandatory dog-leg; and third, after years in second place, Johnny Carr has at last made a first.

Only 38 of the League's 50 pilots turned up to the fifth League, and we were missing Appeals Chairman Derek Evans, as well as Jeremy Fack, who were away in Japan on a recce for the 1981 World Championships. Ashley Doubtfire was also missing, winding himself up for the Lands End — John O'Groats race, though when last heard the boss of the Birdman Training School had landed out with engine trouble in a Bird Sanctuary... like to like, I call that. The first task of the day was to find the rendezvous campsite from Colin's sketchy map, and then from there, to find a decent parking spot on Cam Long Down and avoid being drowned in waves of nostalgia as the old 'uns amongst us dwelt on how far their bog standards had flown all those (6 years) ago.

Neither of the two tasks on the opening day was distinguished, one a duration/spot, the other a speed/range plus spot, though the best pilots did tend to score well, except Robert Bailey and Bob Martin, who had disasterous days. Some of the take-offs were... one word might be "delightful"... they certainly kept the adrenalin going, though there were no accidents. In all, as Johnny ("that's where I flew my CB then") Carr said, "Okay mate, I've had enough nostalgia now let's get back to a flying site." To be fair, we were plagued by a switching wind that never quite obeyed the orders of the weather forecast.

The second day saw a 40 mile journey to Crook Peak, half an hour south of Bristol, for moderate Southwesterly winds and, later in the day, quite spectacular thermal activity. The hill, about 300ft. high, and Mecca of model aircraft people, is three



Johnny Carr — photo: Mark Junak

miles from the sea, and flown by only four or five of us at Avon Club, including the Fack Brothers and Bob England. Colin and John Fack called for an XC task in which it wasn't possible to go straight over the top because, 6 miles down wind, there was Bristol Airport. The task was to jump on to a ridge half a mile behind, along left to a gap for the A38, jump the gap, then 2 more miles to Cheddar Gorge where John was waiting in a garage with an air horn. When you'd gone around him, if you had any height, you went over the back and to the East of a couple of lakes, and then on northwards between Bristol and Bath. No one got that far.

What distinguished the task was the tremendous "go-for-it" spirit of the pilots, the skill in exploring for the first time an unknown range, and the wonderful conditions that day. It was spoilt somewhat by one pilot leaving the first ridge early, getting rotored, and choosing a field with two horses to land in, quite spooking the animals, and resulting later in a ban on flying after 2.30 p.m.

Best distances were made by Bob Calvert, who's been lying 6th after the first day, and by Johnny Carr, who had led with Lester Cruse after two tasks. Graham Slater couldn't bear to leave his blob at 2,000ft. and put the lakes on his left, so he flew between them, getting a zero for his score, but breaking no air space. We may have been over-cautious in our worry about scaring pilots out of air space.

I made the flight later in the day than Calvert, but ahead of Johnny and Graham. Getting over the back was simple and exhilarating, but the second

ridge, well-rounded, needed to be flown from well out in front, and when I moved back too far I had either to land or jump to a third evil ridge next to the A38. I could see some kites on the ground just over the road, set off after them, was severely rotored, turned back and landed on the side of the hill. I watched Johnny and Graham, and later Graham Leason who's full of the go-for-its on XC, go over that whole patch carefully and survive until they reached the next ridge for more lift.

Local people were very turned on by the spectacle, and almost all the roads were jammed with cars, which in any other country would be great news, but in Britain often precedes a ban. A nice bit of news was that, in the middle of the horse-scare hassle, a well-spoken lady approached our new Chief Marshall elect, Terry Flower, and offered us the use of a previously-banned site, because of the self-discipline and cheeriness of the League.

The third day was a wash-out, and the presentation was made in the club house of the Bristol Gliding Club. Obviously the tomahawk is buried between sailplane and hang glider in that part of the country, at least temporarily. Graham Hobson made 3rd place in the competition, and Bob Calvert 2nd place, clinching this year's National Championships for the second time in a row, no matter what happens in the League Final. His moment of glory is in next months *Wings!*. This month it's worth raising your glass and toasting Johnny Carr.

JOHNNY CARR

Everyone has a story about Johnny Carr. More than half the pilots at the World Championships in Grenoble crowded into the British chalets last year to celebrate Johnny's birthday, and there are not many pilots in the World that could happen to. In the case of most pilots birthdays, who would know? Johnny made second place then, having tasted the sweets of victory on the final day, with one more flight in the balance until the last minute, and Johnny leading, only for the great Josef Guggenmoss to snatch it from him. Second again, as he had been three times in one year in the first League in 1977, and second overall to Brian Wood. Why could he never come first?

There are two stories I know about Johnny that, to me, are keys to his character. When I first heard of him, he used to drive an 'E' type Jag. Brian Wood joked about Johnny tripping over his wallet as he took off. Johnny works as a freelance aerial contractor, in Burgess Hill in Sussex, and to look at, it must be the good life. But when he was at school, and the memory can't be all that pleasant, people used to whistle Steptoe and Son when he came into class, he was that poor. It's also said that

when his class divided to be two football teams and kids were picked for one side or the other, Johnny was always the last man picked. Given both these stories, it's easy to see what hang gliding means to him. It's all boys own stuff.

The last time Johnny won anything, as an individual pilot, was at the British Nationals in 1976 in Pickering. He came first in Class 2, but his competition wasn't up to very much, and there were only two flights anyway. He made 4th place in the European Championships in 1978, 2nd in Grenoble 1979, 2nd in the European Championships this year in Kossen, though he was on the gold medal winning British teams at the 1979 American Cup, and the Kossen Team. He's the most consistent British pilot in international competitions, though British wins have eluded him. But just a week ahead of the 5th League, he won first place on his Fledgling 2 at the Steyning Bowl Championships, and that on a sink rate/slalom/spot task against flexwings from low hill. It was just the tonic he needed. A week later to win, at last, a League competition. . . he still can't believe it. Good on yer, mate. Glad yer did it. Now just hang on in and win the 1981 World Championships, OK?



Colin Lark — photo, Mark Junak

Pos	Name	Glider	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Total	WAS
1	B. Calvert	Atlas	85	89	64	65	66	72	97	85	158	56	96	70	127	85	99	80	74	100	1,383	1
2	R. Bailey	Atlas	80	80	48	57	91	59	94	80	177	65	67	100	48	94	71	50	60	55	1,230	2
3	J. Carr	Fledge 2	70	73	80	83	95	56	45	82	10	82	70	100	36	77	80	75	85	98	1,206	5
4	G. Hobson	Atlas	100	80	84	66	93	72	83	60	93	62	55	85	52	65	53	75	80	87	1,185	6
5	G. Slater	Atlas	95	64	48	78	82	95	80	80	0	54	77	80	93	75	75	62	80	0	1,1170	3
6	B. England	Atlas	60	44	48	62	64	82	70	90	144	74	83	65	38	84	80	91	65	35	1,164	4
7	G. Ball	Hilander	75	66	48	59	64	68	56	82	129	58	60	65	122	65	54	20	80	29	1,103	7
8	M. Silvester	Cutlass	85	61	84	82	50	57	66	66	18	68	84	100	51	55	75	77	34	55	1,066	9
9	P. Harvey	Hilander	64	47	72	67	16	0	75	90	168	65	47	35	38	70	50	65	91	47	1,056	10=
10	L. Cruse	G. Wings	100	77	80	58	64	87	66	95	0	85	0	40	35	53	45	80	80	42	1,052	12
11	B. Martin	Cyclone	60	91	100	62	90	80	45	73	0	71	61	60	29	96	48	0	45	23	1,011	8
12	K. Reynolds	Sigma	95	73	0	87	49	62	67	65	138	59	40	20	47	61	45	35	50	42	980	10=
13	T. Hughes	Cherokee II	49	65	60	80	96	56	35	0	0	37	55	100	37	91	5	62	90	54	967	20
14	J. Bridge	Hilander	60	100	32	77	83	62	30	50	0	71	40	35	40	69	74	65	75	51	952	16
15	T. Birkbeck	Storm	70	63	48	71	96	51	80	35	0	65	30	100	36	39	15	20	92	49	940	15
16	J. Binns	Cyclone	75	59	80	82	80	79	52	79	0	61	40	0	47	59	88	20	20	30	931	13
17	R. Brown	Storm	30	73	16	49	79	69	35	47	0	71	79	45	37	87	45	55	77	82	930	23
18	G. Baird	Atlas	75	50	80	43	0	48	80	52	0	50	55	55	36	79	68	77	60	47	919	18
19	S. Fairgrieve	Hilander	75	66	48	0	80	48	65	0	128	62	55	45	36	45	5	35	70	55	913	21
20	B. Harrison	Cyclone	70	57	80	75	64	64	50	32	0	0	55	80	42	49	54	65	20	42	879	17
21	J. Fennell	Atlas	75	33	60	39	55	64	89	90	0	55	40	50	42	35	75	47	35	47	863	19
22	J. Hudson	S. Scorp	30	53	84	57	48	64	50	76	0	62	15	45	52	94	40	30	57	47	859	22
23	T. Beresford	Cherokee	45	16	100	60	44	24	80	50	0	66	97	30	38	45	39	68	49	42	853	25
24	R. Richards	Sigma	49	35	60	64	26	0	77	50	0	81	38	35	20	75	73	97	30	45	835	29
25	J. Fack	Atlas	70	66	64	42	62	56	60	60	0	71	84	65	32	40	60	—	—	—	832	14
26=	J. North	Atlas	60	78	32	62	48	64	45	30	0	0	43	80	30	60	67	35	46	50	800	27
27=	M. Southall	Storm	45	73	48	46	69	89	35	80	0	59	31	50	46	53	35	30	41	30	800	24
28	A. Hill	Lazor	75	41	64	55	34	4	80	80	0	47	95	35	30	15	45	65	35	0	796	28
29	M. Maher	Sigma	55	53	64	46	45	48	80	50	0	0	0	65	32	65	75	20	65	30	793	30
30	R. Black	Cherokee	60	59	60	50	0	75	20	35	0	68	70	50	23	65	77	43	20	30	785	26
31	M. Atkinson	Storm	75	0	80	34	64	72	0	50	10	47	39	65	28	45	0	60	56	28	743	35
32	G. Leason	Storm	55	44	48	42	32	59	57	65	0	24	15	50	31	20	56	75	35	67	740	37
33	P. Day	Sigma	15	—	—	44	87	0	15	15	0	45	49	80	36	75	80	96	50	42	729	40
34	C. Johnson	Vulcan	30	64	48	88	80	48	50	80	0	68	—	—	—	—	—	46	95	20	717	39
35	G. Snape	Atlas	15	77	32	45	64	32	0	49	0	68	23	55	41	20	38	80	45	30	699	38
36	C. Clark	Vulcan	75	47	45	47	0	56	0	35	0	0	54	15	36	45	63	65	50	55	688	42
37	R. Freeman	Wills XC	72	60	24	63	48	83	35	20	0	56	35	50	23	40	65	—	—	—	674	31
38	B. Edmeades	Storm	40	30	0	46	16	32	60	50	0	0	25	60	39	45	35	90	35	55	658	43
39	A. Doubtfire	Comanche	45	48	48	78	0	53	52	35	0	67	18	85	34	35	38	—	—	—	636	32
40	R. Ware	Sigma	30	74	80	50	74	73	45	60	0	0	40	0	30	45	15	—	—	—	616	33
41	A. Weeks	Comanche	65	53	0	53	58	32	50	54	0	72	30	60	20	31	30	—	—	—	608	34
42	K. Cockroft	Vulcan	45	41	16	—	—	—	—	15	155	61	81	65	0	51	60	—	—	—	590	36
43	B. Milton	Storm	15	62	36	44	0	48	20	48	0	44	25	5	19	96	30	35	35	23	580	44
44	D. Jones	Storm	56	32	48	53	16	0	65	50	0	57	0	35	0	45	75	—	—	—	532	41
45	D. Garrison	S. Scorp	50	66	68	46	56	56	65	50	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	451	45
46	R. Iddon	Storm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	85	25	60	60	45	50	31	441	47
47	R. Wates	Cherokee	60	67	32	73	32	56	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	320	46
48	D. Thomas	Storm	35	52	80	—	—	—	0	45	0	51	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	263	48
49	J. Sharpe	Cyclone	0	34	48	60	16	72	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	230	49
50	J. Fack		Has not flown because of injuries																			50

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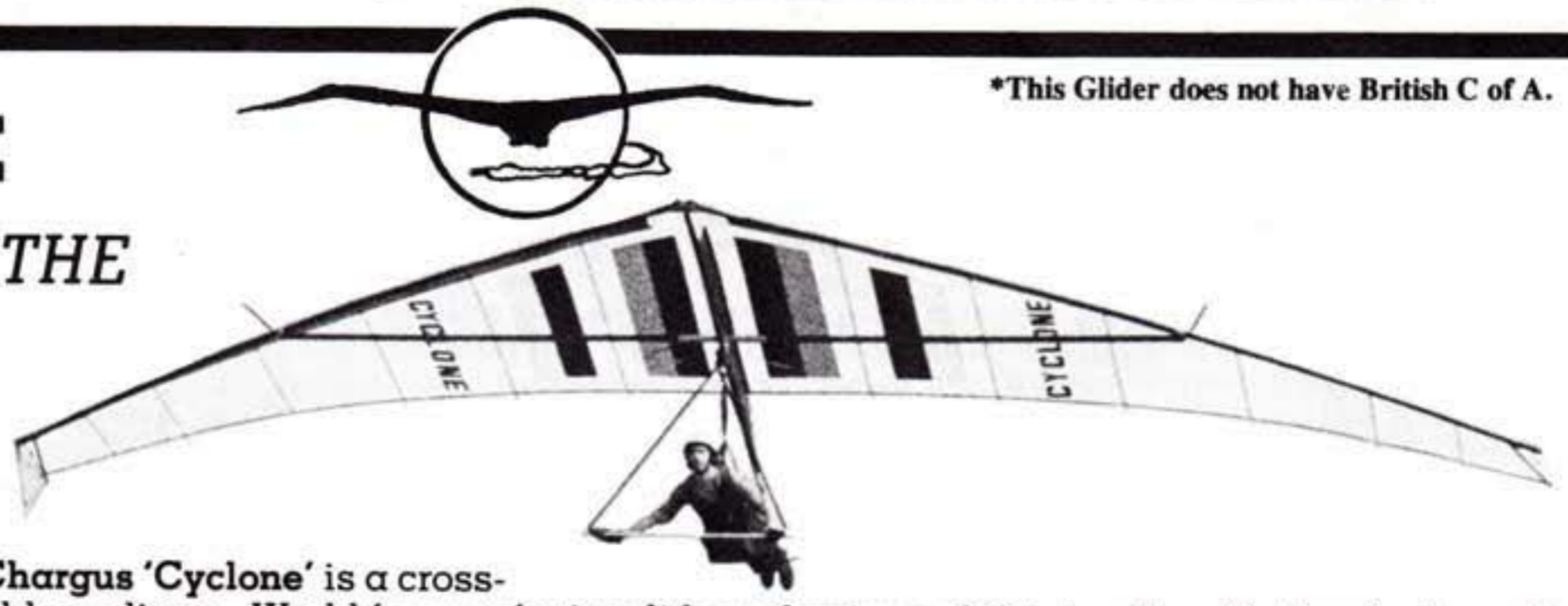


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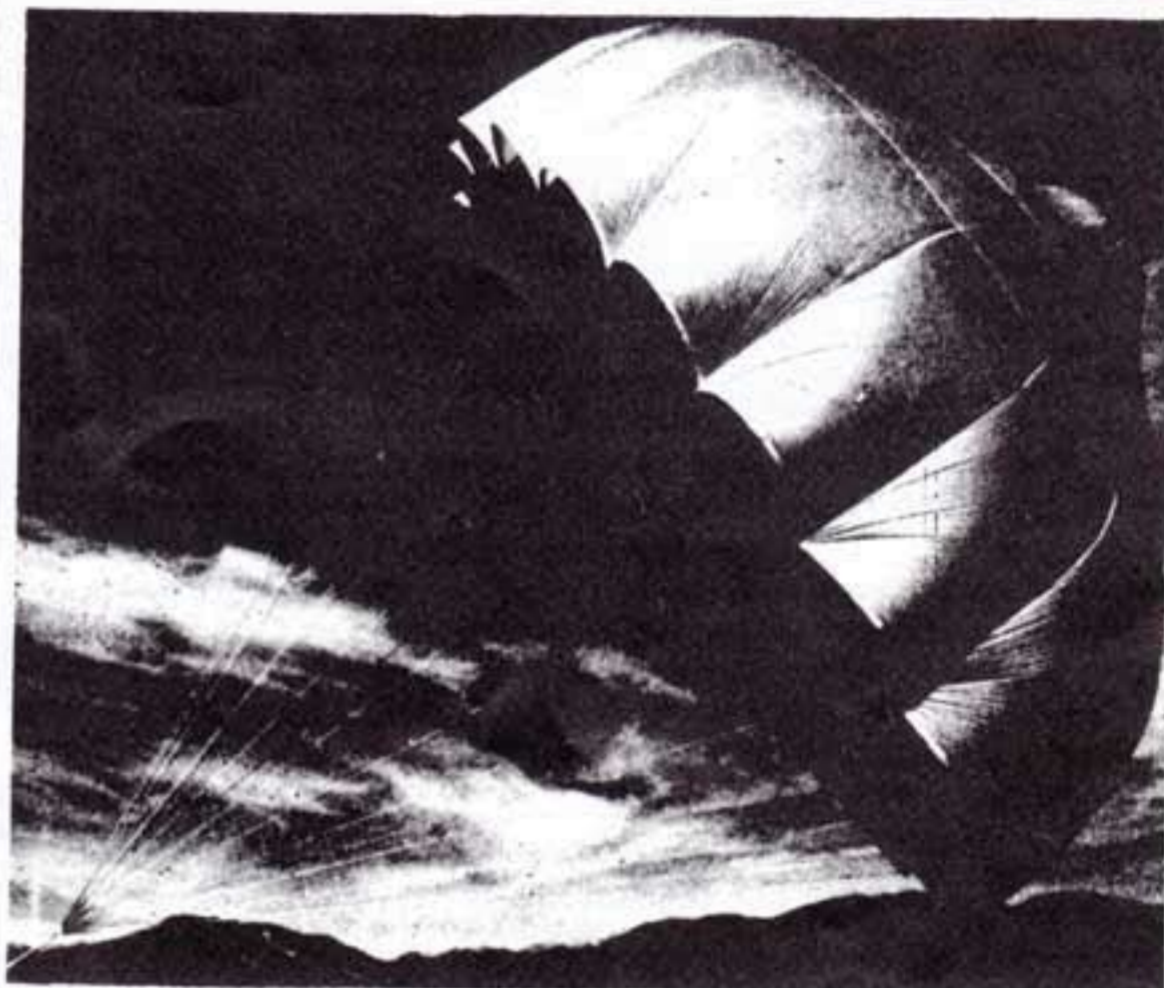
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The Ferguson flight again

by Ernie Patterson

Each year our Club, the Ulster Hang Gliding Club, puts on a demonstration at Newcastle, one of our biggest seaside resorts. The town is remembered in the song, "Where the Mountains of Mourne Sweep down to the Sea". Slieve Donard, the highest peak, is 2,796 feet ASL and provides a beautiful backdrop. The climb to the top is a blood sweat and tears job. Vehicles have to be left at the 700 foot level, just above the tree line and pilots coax their gliders up the other 2000 feet. The flight from the top, however, is a thrilling experience, arriving over the town at 2000 feet with lots of time and space to enjoy. On landing on the beach last year, Bill Martin, Chairman of the Town Committee approached me, camera clicking. He told me of his plans for the 1980 Festival. It would be known as the Ferguson Festival after Harry Ferguson, Ireland's first aviator.

Harry Ferguson began building aircraft in 1909. His first successful hop was on 31/12/1909 at Hillsborough Park. He built several versions but crashed frequently, eventually writing them all off. The Newcastle Town Committee of the day offered a prize of £100 for the first person to fly a distance of three miles and Harry Ferguson was the only con-

tender. He made his first attempt to fly along the three mile stretch of sand from Dundrum Bay at Newcastle on the 23rd July 1910. He was unsuccessful at first — hindered by mechanical problems, adverse weather conditions and several crashes. But success came on the 8th August 1910 — he won the prize and found a place in the record books.

He gave up flying in 1912 after a bad crash but went on to even greater fame by inventing the hydraulic three point linkage system for tractors, which is fitted to most tractors on the market today. He began building tractors and moved to America where he became Henry Ford's only partner. The name Ferguson is still seen on tractors today (Massey-Ferguson). The Ferguson-Formula four wheel drive system for cars was another of Ferguson's inventions.

Re-inactment

The Ferguson Festival was planned to commemorate the historic three mile flight, and the other achievements of the County Down farmer's son. Bill Martin had hopes of involving the farmers, the vintage tractor enthusiasts, the local flying Club and the Ulster hang gliding club. I had already been at work building a microlite

aircraft, a powered Quicksilver, which in some ways resembled the 1910 craft. Could I re-enact the prize winning flight of 1910 by flying the microlite over the same course? Seemed fascinating! I contacted my sponsors, Ross Cochran (who produce mineral waters) and they were interested. All I had to do was finish the microlite. The undercarriage was no problem but I built five different engine units using a Mac 101B with different drive systems and layouts before arriving at a good power unit. The final result is an underslung shaft-driven job. The engine hangs right above my head making starting, adjustments, etc., from the seat, easy to do.

Would it fly?

When the time came to commence aviation we loaded the wing and undercarriage onto the roof of the Daihatsu jeep and crammed engine, tools and spares inside. The site was Tyrella Beach, chosen because at low tide there are miles of flat obstacle-free runway. I was hoping to pop off a few feet and hold it there as I flew the length of the beach to see how she handled. It rained. The already damp sand became a slurry. The front wheel spewed sand and water directly into my face and the Quicksilver wasn't pulling herself up out of it. Enough of this sand-yachting. We packed up and went home in the rain. At the next attempt we arrived at the beach, assembled the machine and sure enough the rain came on. However, the microlite was now sporting a large mud-guard on the nose wheel. At least I would see where I was going. After several attempts, Chris 'Bodger' Simmons, our Safety Officer, who had been following me on each run in the jeep, checking speed and making observations, decided that we should raise the nose to increase the angle of attack. This we proceeded to do, one degree at a time, by shortening the lower undercarriage cables. When we ran out of adjustment on these, Chris invented an 'auxiliary tensioning device' — using some rope. The Quicksilver would fly off smoothly at 28 mph. Sweet success. Elation.

The Wright Brothers must have felt this way. It was a beautiful feeling, flying along in the rain with the sand passing slowly underneath. I landed about a mile down the beach. There was no wind so we just turned around and flew back, and turned around and . . . Darkness began to fall. We stood under the wing, sheltering from the rain, discussing



the flights. The dream had come true.

As the opening day of the Ferguson Festival (5th July) drew near, there were interviews for newspapers and radio and photos to be taken. Ross's employed a PR man to maximise publicity. Newcastle Town Committee organised a Press Conference on the 4th at the Slieve Donard Hotel. The Committee had commissioned a local boat-builder to build a full size replica of the Ferguson aircraft, and this was on display along with the Quicksilver. The replica was a beautiful machine, superbly finished. Many people commented on the Quicksilver and the 1910 machine. Both were cable braced structures using a king post. They had a similar wing span. The major difference was weight. Total weight of the Quicksilver, 112 lbs., was less than half the weight of the engine fitted to the replica (J.A.P. engine V8, 36 hp, 320 lbs, thrust). The Quicksilver has one bottlescrew — the replica has fifty bottlescrews. The Quicksilver is covered with Dacron — the replica has best Irish linen. The atmosphere was 1910 vintage.

One spectator

I slept like a log that night. The weather forecast for the next day indicated that it would be unflyable at least in the early part of the day. I was scheduled to fly at 12.30, the first event of the day. Next morning was as predicted — 25 mph, NW — all wrong. We went through the motions, however, just in case things would improve in time. On arriving in Newcastle, I met Bill Martin on the beach and told him that the weather was not favourable for the flight. We drove leisurely down to Dundrum Bay in the jeep and assembled the Quicksilver right at the water's edge. Still just going through the motions. The wind was coming off the land over the dunes which are 50-75 feet high. This meant a crosswind plus turbulence. Impossible. While we finished preparations, Bertie Kennedy, our club coach and technical officer was standing on the front of the jeep giving a continuous commentary on wind speed and variations thereof. Martin (Bionic) Bates (in our early towing days he performed the function of quick release and automatic line tensioner better than any mechanical device) stood on the nose wheel of the microlite to prevent her flying. Martin Green (club comedian) was helping too. Our one and only spectator commented, "I wouldn't like to be going up there in that thing." Says Martin, "I wouldn't like to be up there without it!"

The Bertimeter was giving us 10-12-14-12-14. Sounds reasonable. But of course we were in the shadow of the dunes. Nevertheless, the wind was decreasing. The engine was warmed up and ready



to fly so I pulled on the white overalls (as worn by Harry Ferguson) and climbed into the seat. I was planning to do a short hop to see how bumpy it was. Take off was smooth, but sure enough there was turbulence around. Hoping to climb above it, I flew on. The turbulence was roller-coaster variety but the Quicksilver was controllable and reassuring. I pointed her towards Newcastle. The sun was shining, for a change, and the sea was blue with white ribbons. I wished I had more time to take in the view. I didn't even notice the statue of Lord Erskine on the beach, gazing intently skyward through his 10 x 50s. I did see the jeep bouncing along underneath trying to keep up. When I set course for Newcastle, the ground crew had scrambled aboard in a hurry, my wife Phyllis driving, the two Martins hanging on the back and Bertie in the front holding on to the grab rail, weight shifting in sympathy with me. Newcastle appeared. I flew along to Central Promenade, I was supposed to land on the beach there. A crowd had gathered. I closed the throttle at 100 feet and glided down, touching the sand as gently as sliding into bed. Taxiing towards the spectators I thought, what now? I had prepared thoroughly for the flight, but hadn't given much thought as to what was to happen afterwards. The loudspeakers seemed like a central point so I headed there, cut the engine, and rolled to a halt. As the crowd applauded, Bill Martin appeared with Harry Ferguson's daughter (who now lives on the Isle of Wight). She had come over to Newcastle for the Festival. Her comment was "That was the most exciting thing I have seen

in a long time!" and she presented me with a cheque for £100 just as her father was, seventy years before. Five light aircraft flew in and landed on the beach. A Tiger Moth gave a superb aerobatic display and then they all flew off as the tide began to encroach on their runway.

Ancient dream

The Quicksilver was mounted on a lorry, provided and decorated by Ross's for the Festival Parade. The Ferguson Replica led the Parade through the streets of Newcastle with wings outstretched over the thousands of spectators lining the route. The Quicksilver followed behind. The Ross's girls and I threw balloons to the crowd almost causing a riot as people clamoured to get a souvenir.

Soon it was all over. As we dismantled the float and de-rigged the microlite, people came to look, to ask questions and to wonder. The ancient dream of flying stirred the imaginations of many, just as it has been doing for centuries. But at last the day of the lightweight, low cost, personal aircraft has come. Dreams do come true!

Above: Harry Ferguson's daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, presents cheque to Ernie Patterson.

Opposite top: Ernie coming in to land in the Ross's Quicksilver at Newcastle, Northern Ireland.

Below: Just down.

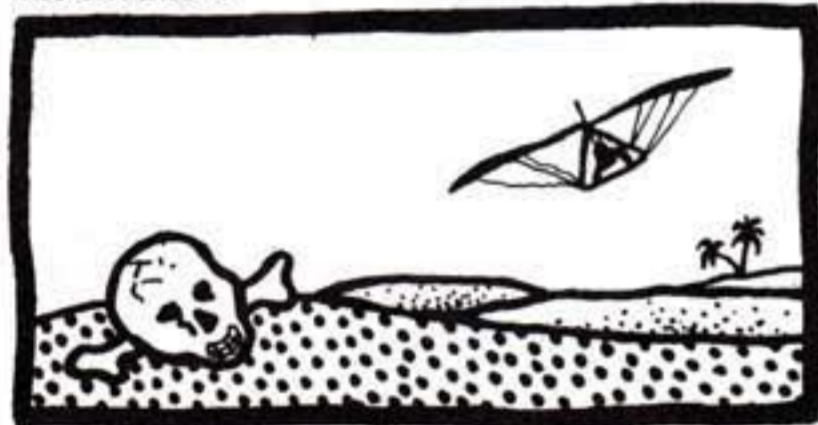
Opposite below: Ross's Quicksilver on float for festival parade.



British pilots are flying all over the world, in conditions they don't often encounter at home. *Wings* has carried reports from Bishop, Lachens, Japan, Grouse Mountain, Hungary, Russia, and really far-flung places like the Lake District and Glenshee and the Dales. Peter Hargreaves took 17 hours to get back to his car after flying 68 miles across country . . . what if he'd landed in a totally remote place? The BHGA Medical Advisor, Dr. Dunstan Hadley, has been getting very concerned about pilots surviving after landing out . . .

by Dr. Dunstan Hadley
BHGA Medical Advisor

It is not unlikely that a hang glider pilot, flying cross country, will land in a remote place. Even a pilot not flying cross country may be flying in a remote place. Either pilot may be stranded, and possibly injured, far from a road, and at night fall. It may be that no one else knows where he is, or even if they do, they may be unable to reach him. Anybody who does any kind of flying will realise that it is quite possible to be both lost and stranded in circumstances which may be only inconvenient, but frequently threaten life. It has happened too often for anyone to be taken by surprise. And yet many people are surprised, and unprepared, when it does. By taking a little thought, the chances of survival can be enormously improved. Common sense and initiative are required to make the best of the situation.



After you have landed, miles from anywhere, and the fact has really sunk in that you are alone, a number of factors will determine whether you will survive.

1. *The will to survive* Many people have survived apparently unsurvivable conditions, simply by enormous determination never to give in.
2. Knowing what to do.
3. Protection from the elements.
4. How quickly you are likely to be found, and helped, by search and rescue organisations.
5. The availability of water and food.



Equipment The equipment you have will be whatever you have brought, plus your glider. If you have a parachute this can be used as a sleeping bag. It may be impractical to carry the glider with you, if you decide to travel, but it does make a very good shelter. With a spanner you can always remove the sail and carry that. It would be quite easy to fix a tin of barley sugar or an emergency ration pack somewhere on a glider, and in some climates water as well. Most likely you will have a compass. Other items which are useful are a whistle, a knife, some waterproof matches or a lighter, and a large piece of plastic about 4ft. square. A knife of course must not be carried anywhere near the compass.

SURVIVAL



Camping Allow plenty of time to make a camp before dark. It is important to have a comfortable rest when you can. In the tropics it may be preferable to rest in the day time. When deciding where to build a shelter:

1. Avoid low damp ground, which usually attracts mosquitos.
2. It is unwise to camp under a tree. It will probably shed insects. Some trees like Elms, Beeches or in the tropics Gum trees, shed whole branches. Trees also are frequently struck by lightning.
3. A dry river or creek bed may be subject to flash flood.
4. If there are ants about, surrounding the site with ash is said to discourage them.
5. It helps to have a site not too far from a land mark or a "continuous base line" like a stream or a ridge. It is then easier to find if you get lost looking for fuel or food.

Fire You should know how to make a fire. Start small, with dry paper, twigs or grass. In a dry location clear a space first, or you may start a bush fire. In addition to cooking, and sterilizing polluted water by boiling it, you may need a fire for warmth and drying wet clothes. Smoke is also one of the best ways of signalling your position to searchers. It can be seen for miles and is easy to make with green vegetation or a piece of clothing.



Signalling In addition to smoke, the sail of the glider spread out makes a good ground signal in open country. If you are hurt try to make SOS in some contrasting material on the ground. There is also an international emergency code, which you can use if you carry a copy of it with you.



Cold Climates

1. Your clothing will probably be adequate, but dark glasses may be needed to prevent snow blindness. A piece of card with slits in can be use in emergency.
2. For sleeping, make a shelter or dig a hole in the snow. Put insulation under your body as well as on top.



3. Keep active, but remove some clothes to work, so that sweat does not form inside them when you get hot. Replace clothing when you stop working.
4. Care of your feet is most important. Remove boots and socks from time to time, and rub your feet gently for 5 or 10 minutes to stimulate the circulation, and prevent frostbite. If any part of the body does become frostbitten, warm it gently on another part of the body, or in warm water if you have any. Dry your socks in the evening, and remove your boots and keep them in bed with you at night to prevent them freezing.
5. Make the location of your position as easy as possible for searchers to find. Put out signals and have a fire ready to light if you see or hear aircraft or searchers. If you leave your camp, take some means of signalling with you such as smoke making equipment. Sun reflections from a polished metal lid are sometimes spotted.

WATER!

6. Water can be obtained from ice or snow.
7. Make hot meals when you can.
8. If you decide to travel, remember that it may reduce your chances of being found if somebody knows roughly where you are. You may on the other hand be able to reach a place where you are more likely to be found. In any case do not go too far in one day, avoid sweating into your clothes, or becoming too tired and allow plenty of time to camp before nightfall.



Temperate Climates.

1. Immediate protection from the elements is less necessary, which gives more time for making signals and landmarks.
2. There is usually plenty of water about and often food. You can save your emergency rations.
3. Travel is easier but whether or not you travel will depend on circumstances.
4. High ground produces cold weather conditions.



Desert Conditions

1. Water is the single most important item, especially in hot deserts. Take some with you.
2. Shelter from the sun and protect your eyes from glare. Shelter during dust or sand storms. Do not work in the heat of the day.
3. Make the best of your facilities to signal your position.
4. If you decide to travel do it at night.



Water You can die in 24 hours without water if you exert yourself in the sun.

1. Ration it. By staying in the shade, and keeping cool to minimise loss, it can be made to go further.
2. If you only have one pint of water drink none for the first 24 hours. Half a pint the next day in 6 portions. Split the last half pint over 2 days. If you find more water try to drink not less than a third of a pint a day.
3. Catch rain water when possible, this is one use for the glider sail or the plastic sheet.
4. In coastal areas or near dried desert lakes try digging in the first depression behind the first sand dune. If the sand feels damp water will collect in the hole.



5. In other places dig a wide hole. Put a tin in the centre. Surround it with vegetation, if any. Put the plastic sheet over the hole, held down at the edges with stones. Put a small stone over the tin. Water will condense on the underside of the plastic and drip into the tin.
6. You may find dew in the early morning on the sail or elsewhere.

Jungle or Forest

1. The main difficulty here is being seen. It is advisable to move to a clear area if possible. Smoke will rise above trees however, and may be the only way to attract attention if you are injured, and cannot travel.
2. Travelling may be very difficult in thick jungle. The easiest way is to follow a stream if you can find one. If you follow animal trails the going is easier but you may meet the animals.



3. Insects, ticks and leeches should be kept away by close fitting clothing. If ticks and leeches attach themselves to you, remove them by touching with a hot ember. Leeches rapidly weaken a person if not removed.
4. Cuts and abrasions easily become infected in these conditions. Wash regularly both body and clothes.
5. Water can also be obtained from vines. Cut near the ground and put a container under the cut, then cut higher up to allow water to drain by releasing vacuum.
6. **Food** Plants with milky sap are usually poisonous. Reddish fruit may also be poisonous. Watch and see what the birds and animals eat. Try only a little to begin with.
7. If a stream is large enough you may be able to make a raft. You may also be able to catch fish.

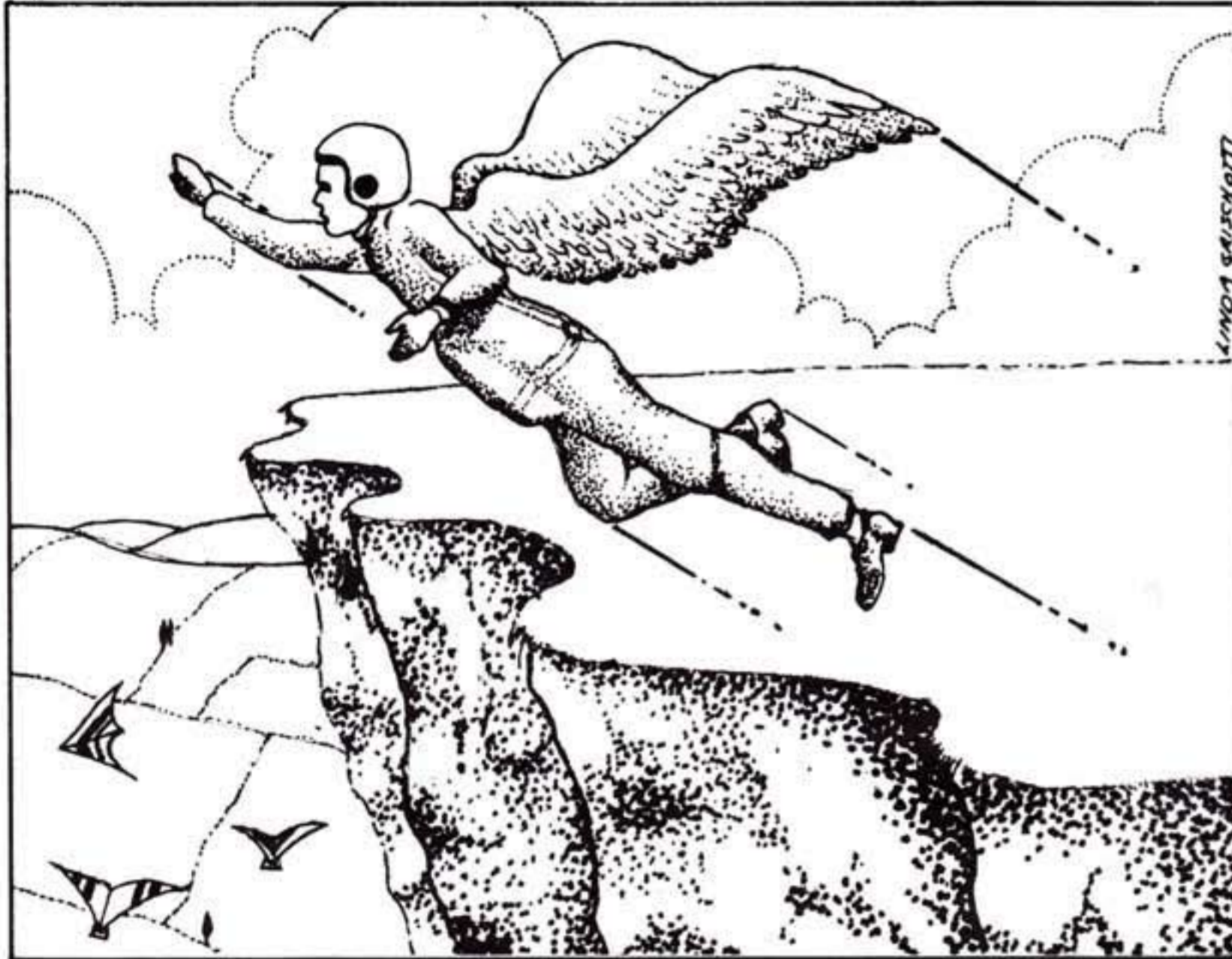
Salt In hot climates, both jungle or desert, the body loses a lot of salt in the sweat. If you carry salt tablets use them only if you have a plentiful supply of water, say 6-8 pints a day to go with them.

Before flying over remote places, have a good look at the map, and make enquiries about the land. Make sure you have the equipment you need to survive, but do not carry more than you are likely to need.

Determination and common sense are your principle pieces of equipment.

Pilot one to Pilot two

by John Duncker



John Duncker, all 17½ stone of him, wrote about learning to fly prone *ab initio* back in January *Wings!* He'd reached the stage of intermediate pilot, and was pretty depressed by Mike Lingard's piece on Joe Soap in the following *Wings!* John made it through to Pilot 2, and has now applied for League entry, something less than a year after learning how to fly . . . that's the measure of progress being made by some pilots these days. It's worth going into detail on how one gets to P2, and how, particularly, the "new" 30 flight system works . . .

John Duncker began on March 3rd, 1979, at Dunstable, learning prone from day one. By the 6th of May, two months later, he was Pilot 1. Six days later, on the recommendation of his instructor, he bought a large secondhand Spirit, getting the instructor to check it over and fly it before taking off himself.

. . . he soared it for a few minutes and pronounced it OK. I spent the rest of the day doing top to bottoms.

18/5/79 — **Dunstable**, peachy conditions, and I dream about soaring. I have a couple of flights consisting of one beat along the ridge before turning out and going down. Watching others flying, and talking to people on the hill, I realised that soaring on such a small site requires very precise tight turns close to the hill.

20/5/79 — **High Edge** in the Peak District. I fly again after watching other people soaring the site, and realise that it's not for me yet . . .

At this point John felt a little depressed. After all, he wanted to fly like a bird, and seemed instead to spend hours slogging up hills for a very few airborne minutes. He also felt he was learning very little, as he was never able to relax and take stock while flying. But he had heard of a site in Wales

called Rhossili, a Shangri-la for hang glider pilots. It was described as being about ¾ of a mile long, having a lift band 200 yards wide, glassy smooth and having very safe top and bottom landings. He went off for a long weekend there . . .

26/5/79 — **Rhossili**. The wind was smack-on and around 20mph. After discussing the conditions and possibility of soaring and even top landing with the other more experienced pilots present, I took off from the Pimple (a secondary summit providing an easy take off) and for the first time, I went UP, not DOWN! One of the biggest moments of my life! After three or four minutes I was above the main ridge and was able to find the stirrup and get comfortable. For half an hour I flew up and down the ridge, very high, well out from the hill. I felt safe and was able to experiment with control inputs and really get to know my glider. On the advice of another instructor, I deliberately stalled it two or three times, and then flew it around on the edge of the stall for a few minutes. By doing this I became aware of what my glider felt like when close to stalling, so as to know when to pull on a bit if required. I put in a couple of 360s in both directions and then thought about landing. Before take off I had made two flight plans, one to top land and the second to land on the beach if I felt at all uncomfortable. I had also talked to just about everybody on the hill, and as I shaped up to make my approach, quite a few flyers moved into the landing area to catch me. My first approach was made with plenty of height, too much, in fact, and I sailed out over the front again. As I went I could hear shouts from below saying *lower*, and *further back*. On the third approach I realised that this was it; remembering all the book said about wind gradient I pulled on speed and, keeping into wind, landed back on top. My friends say that I didn't stop grinning for a week!

At all times during that flight I had felt safe, with time to think about what I was going to do. As a result I learned a tremendous amount from this one flight. After a month off for exams I returned to Rhossili for some more flying . . .

24/6/79 — **Rhossili**. Three flights, 1¾ hours air time. During this visit the persistent right turn that I had been unable to cure was finally fixed. It took several close inspections with experienced pilots, including Bob Calvert, before a discrepancy in the angle of dangle of the down deflexors was noticed. One quick bend and the turn was cured.

30/6/79 — **Rhossili** again. The wind was NW, and again I had a lot of discussion with other pilots, including Bob Mackay, before soaring the main ridge and the cliffs. On the third flight, while attempting my first Pimple landing, I blew it. I think I was overconfident, and after a reasonable approach I tried to move sideways at about 10ft of altitude, side-slipped in on to a wing tip and pole-vaulted over, bending the kite considerably and my pride even more. This was on Saturday evening. Sunday morning found me at the Hiway factory where Steve Hunt — a great guy — made up new tubes for my kite and helped me re-rig it. Monday and I was back in the air again over Rhossili . . .

At this point, John took stock of his progress, and set out to get all the tasks on the P2 form signed off. This gave him, as was intended, distinct goals to aim at, instead of flying around aimlessly waiting for something to happen. He says that his experience from flying models was that MTBI, or Mean Time Between Incidents, was much greater when practising compulsory manoeuvres for competitions than when free flying.

He spent the rest of that summer flying sites in the Peaks, North Yorks Moors and Fife, always looking for BHGA Observers, always trying for another task. Some days, he says, were special . . .

26/8/79 — **North Yorks Moors**. Model Ridge, Cringle, Busby Moor, Hasty Bank. This set of four ridges, more or less all in a line, were working really well and as I arrived at the foot I could see kites skying out. Spurred on, I rigged, sussed out the local rules — which included a £5 fine for going down — and then lobbed off for 20 minutes. On my next flight I set out to fly down the ridges, aiming for my Delta Bronze task. This was easily accomplished, and full of confidence I took off again to join those stacked up over Cringle. My borrowed vario helped me to make the best use of the lift, and after a period of scraping around very low, buoyed up by the threat of that £5 fine, I popped up over the top and entered good smooth lift. As I reached the top of the lift band I started to look for thermals, watching for clouds drifting by overhead, and listening to the cheerful beeps of my vario as it indicated extra height. Thinking "UP" hard, I worked every blob, and was rewarded by the bleeping increasing . . . and increasing! "This is the stuff" I said to myself, "I'm top of the stack." But as the bleeping continued I was suddenly aware of wisps of cloud forming around me. I immediately pulled on all possible speed to get away but, within seconds, I couldn't see the ground. All the horror stories I had heard about cloud rushed into my mind. However, two fully-side slipping 360s brought me out of the bottom and I scooted back to the landing area and terra firma. Boy, was I

glad to get down! I was also lucky. It certainly brought home to me the dangers of getting sucked into cloud, and I'm very careful about high vario readings now.

30/8/79 — **The Bishop**, Fife, Scotland. I arrived at the take off area overlooking Loch Leven, after a hard climb up, to find no one there. I rigged and waited. Eventually, ignoring the fact that I was on my own, I decided to fly. I had a good flight but ticked myself off mentally as I launched, because I knew I was breaking a fundamental safety rule. It would only have needed a minor take off or landing incident to condemn me to a night out on the hill (it was quite late when I flew).

3/9/79 — **Bishop**. After a good day's flying in steadily increasing winds, three of us took off to fly back down the ridge to the bottom landing field and the cars. The change in conditions was dramatic; it was very rough indeed, and although the wind speed was 30mph or so, lift seemed very poor. Drawing level with the landing field I started to penetrate out from the hill. As I left the usual lift band things went smooth and I started going up. With the bar at my knees I continued to go up. After holding this position for a few minutes I was both high, and tired. The Spirit is very pitch positive, and the bar pressure needed was therefore quite high. Thinking hard I decided against going over the back of the hill, as I didn't

know what was there. I carried on trying to penetrate forward and out of the lift band. This turned out to have been a wise decision. The wave on that hill is famous, and I would have encountered severe down-draughts over the back. Eventually I managed to 360 down to the field and land. Talking to the safety officer of the local gliding club the following morning, it turned out that one of their pilots who had been ridge soaring with us all day had taken advantage of the wave to make 15,000ft at the same time we were struggling to get down.

8/9/79 — **Hole of Horcum**. This was the first scratchy little site I managed to soar successfully, and I was very glad I didn't have to learn how to soar there.

22/9/79 — **North Wales**. The Great Orm Peninsula, perfect conditions, but I decided not to fly as there was no one else there, and I couldn't see where to bottom land.

23/9/79 — **Moel Y Fean**. This was the most difficult site I had flown, and the lift was very patchy and turbulent. The only thing that kept me in the air was the presence of other gliders showing that it could be done. I learnt a lot about kite control that day, but found it very tiring . . .

Shortly after this, John completed his P2 task form, sat his written exam, and sent it all off. He says he was over the moon when he heard he'd passed.

This is what he says he's learnt about the plight, or otherwise, of the Intermediate Pilot . . .

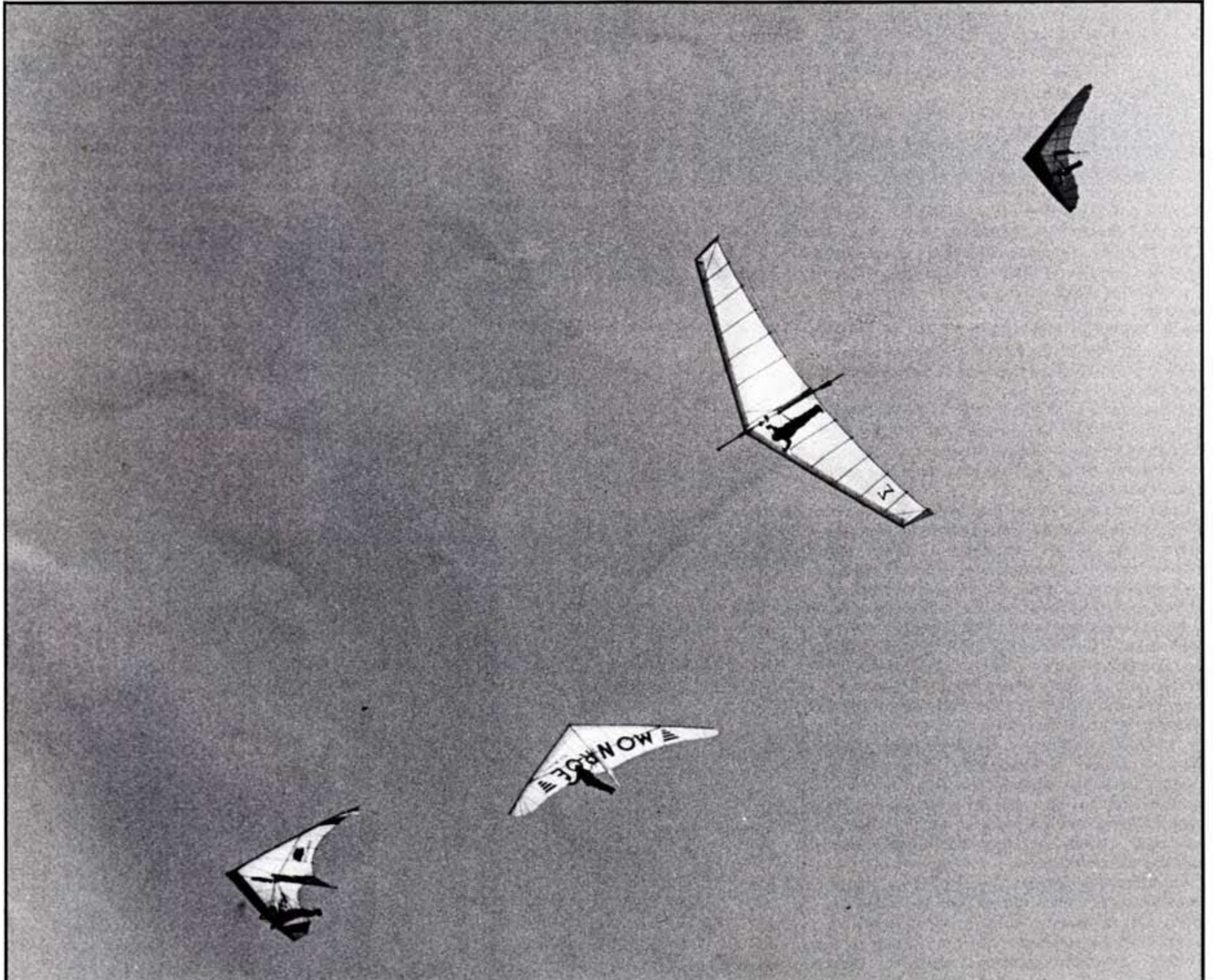
— top to bottom landings teach you to take off and land. They teach you very little about flying the kite, unless the site is big enough to give a ride down of 5 minutes or better.

— soaring is difficult on small inland sites. Soaring can be easy on big sites, especially if they are coastal. The ones I know as suitable are Rhossili, Hay Bluff, Penole Hill, Lords Seat and the Bishop.

— I felt that I learned a lot from watching other people fly and LAND. Watch the landing approach patterns of the good guys and copy them if it seems safe and easy.

— talk to other people on the hill and listen to what they have to say. Do not accept everything as gospel, but in most cases you will get good help and advice, especially if you emphasise that you are a novice.

Finally, I'd like to extend thanks to all those who helped while I was a nonk, especially Howard Edwards and Bob Harrison, who taught me to fly; Steve Hunt, who fixed my kite on a Sunday; and Bill Hopkins, who hooked me on to the North Yorks sites, and Diane Hanlon who held my hand at Moel Y Fean.



Club Chairman's Conference

by Barbara Bedding

The weather forecast for Sunday, 13th July was poor, with rain expected — a good day to hold the BHGA Club Chairman's Conference! Cars with gliders on began to turn up at the Bear Hotel near Stroud. There must be no one more optimistic than a hang glider pilot on a wet day. However, hotel chairs as opposed to prone harnesses were on the agenda and the meeting got under way with BHGA Chairman Roy Hill outlining some of the work that Council Officers do, both nationally and internationally, on behalf of the members.

The list was long; liaison and meetings with Government departments — the Home Office, Civil Aviation Authority, the Minister for Sport, the Sports Council, Central Council for Physical Recreation, Federation Aeronautique International (FAI), the international body for Sporting Recreation and its hang gliding committee, CIVL. In addition, work within the BHGA was concerned with training, airworthiness, registration, competitions, sites, accident reporting and investigation and almost anything else that anyone could think of. Roy explained that not only did BHGA need to carry out these functions to protect its own interests but also needed to be seen to be organising hang gliding in this country to avoid others stepping in to take over. In many European countries hang gliding was covered by law.

The main means of communication to members was through *Wings!* and the purpose of the meeting was to find out whether clubs and members thought the BHGA was pursuing the right policies, whether members felt they were sufficiently aware of those policies and to get a general feedback of what the "members on the hill" were thinking.

The first mayor item discussed was *Wings!* Roy explained that Brian Milton was looking for *Wings!* to provide an income to the BHGA rather than be a cost on the budget. Delegates felt that *Wings!* is better than it has ever been but were afraid that going public would ruin both the magazine and the BHGA. Roy explained that a decision had not yet been taken and would not be taken until Council was sure that it would be viable. The initial stage being undertaken at present was to increase circulation amongst the flying fraternity to provide money which can be put back into the magazine to make it even better.

Items members would like to see covered in *Wings!* included more training-type articles; the turnover in BHGA membership means that articles on basic techniques of take-off, flying, landing, pre-flight checks etc., need to be repeated for newcomers to the sport. On something of the same theme was a plea for articles on HOW people fly 68 miles — their thinking and technique, rather than how much fun they had doing it! Obviously, there's nothing like learning from other people's experiences. Finally, a request for authoritative advice in reply to letters and comment, but to make the technical information understandable to the layman, please. Unfortunately, Brian Milton couldn't be at the meeting, but Roy, in Brian's absence, pointed out that to some extent the material going into *Wings!* was in members hands, and they should be providing articles and information for inclusion.

An interesting discussion took place on the responsibilities of clubs, club officials and individual pilots. Do pilots have total freedom to fly, or should they be stopped if they are drunk (how drunk?), or their glider is obviously (how obviously?) not airworthy? Should clubs be

carrying out training? Are clubs capable at present of looking after and bringing on a Pilot One holder, straight out of a school? The overall opinion coming out at the end was that initial training should be carried out in schools or by those clubs which wish to do initial training. BHGA should provide facilities for such clubs. The provision of a course for training club instructors was welcomed; the clubs should nominate candidates for the course. Concern was expressed over the time and expense which can be incurred by students at schools before they obtain their P1. Those clubs which undertake initial training felt that students can progress more quickly under the club scheme, compared to professional schools. Those clubs not considering initial training still welcomed a club instructors scheme for bringing on P1 holders.

On sites, it was felt that local problems are often caused by a few pilots who break the rules or are offensive to landowners or land managers. The proposal that some form of visible proof of membership of the BHGA should be introduced was welcomed, although the difficulties of implementing this — apart from tattooing pilots — was recognised. There was even a proposal that it should be suggested to the CAA that they require

the BHGA to issue licences to hang glider pilots, thereby enforcing BHGA membership. Apart from the insurance aspects, the clubs felt that BHGA identification would enable them and landowners to identify those breaking site agreements.

The present UK system of air worthiness testing comprises positive and negative static loading, stress analysis, and flight testing. The test rig currently being commissioned by the Accident Investigation Board (AIB), funded by the CAA and AIB, if made available to BHGA, would allow pitch curve analyses to be carried out. The air worthiness programme was seen as being of benefit to members and therefore worth promoting.

Delegates present thought that members would pay £10/£15 more for a glider with a C of A.

All in all, a good day's discussion with strong points of view being expressed on all sides. Those people who came from clubs (let's have more of you next time), thought it was very worthwhile and hoped it was an event which would be repeated. Council members present welcomed the opportunity to spend time exchanging views and ideas with club officers.

Roy Hill, BHGA Chairman — photo, Mark Junak



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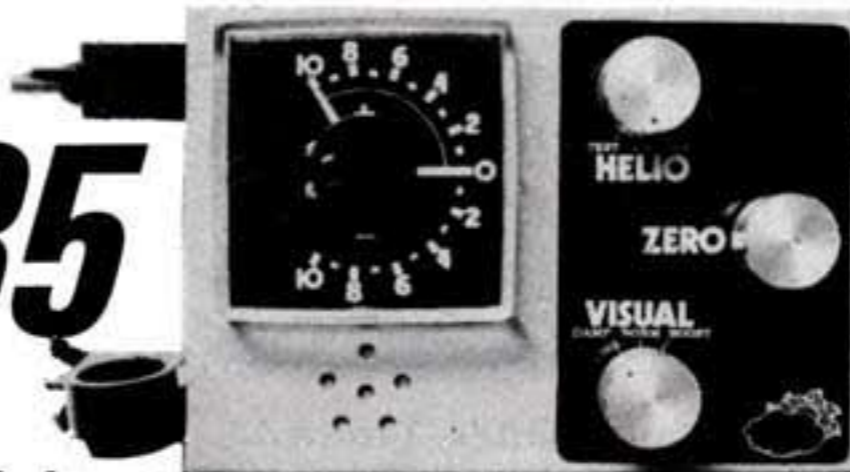
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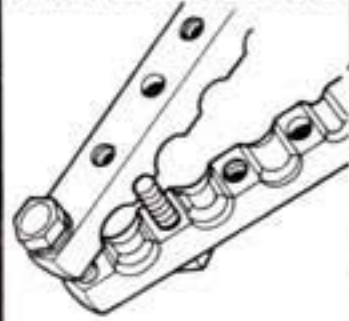
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