

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BHGA

Wings!

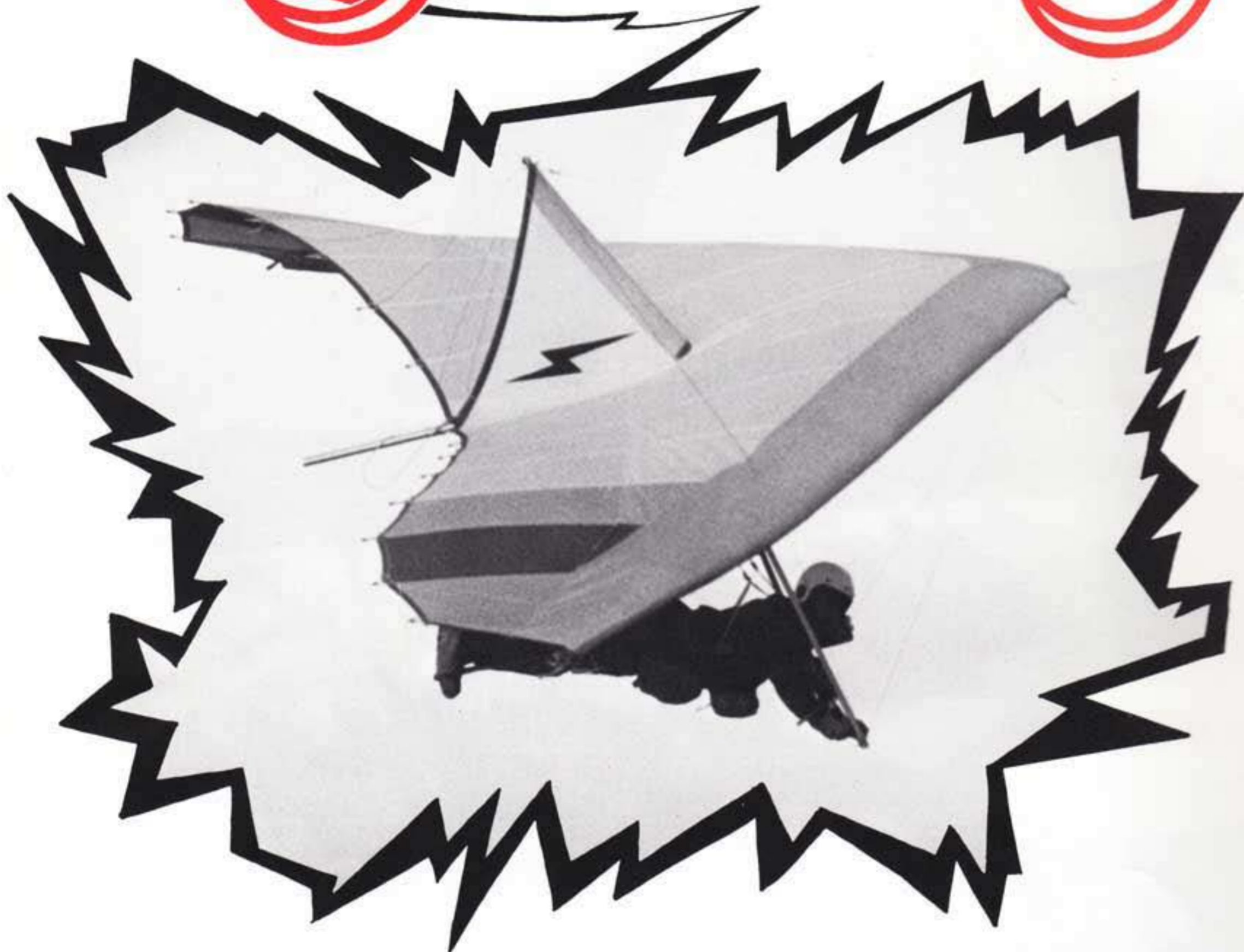
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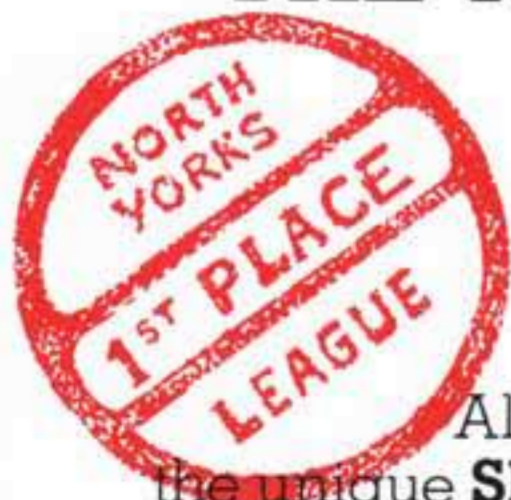
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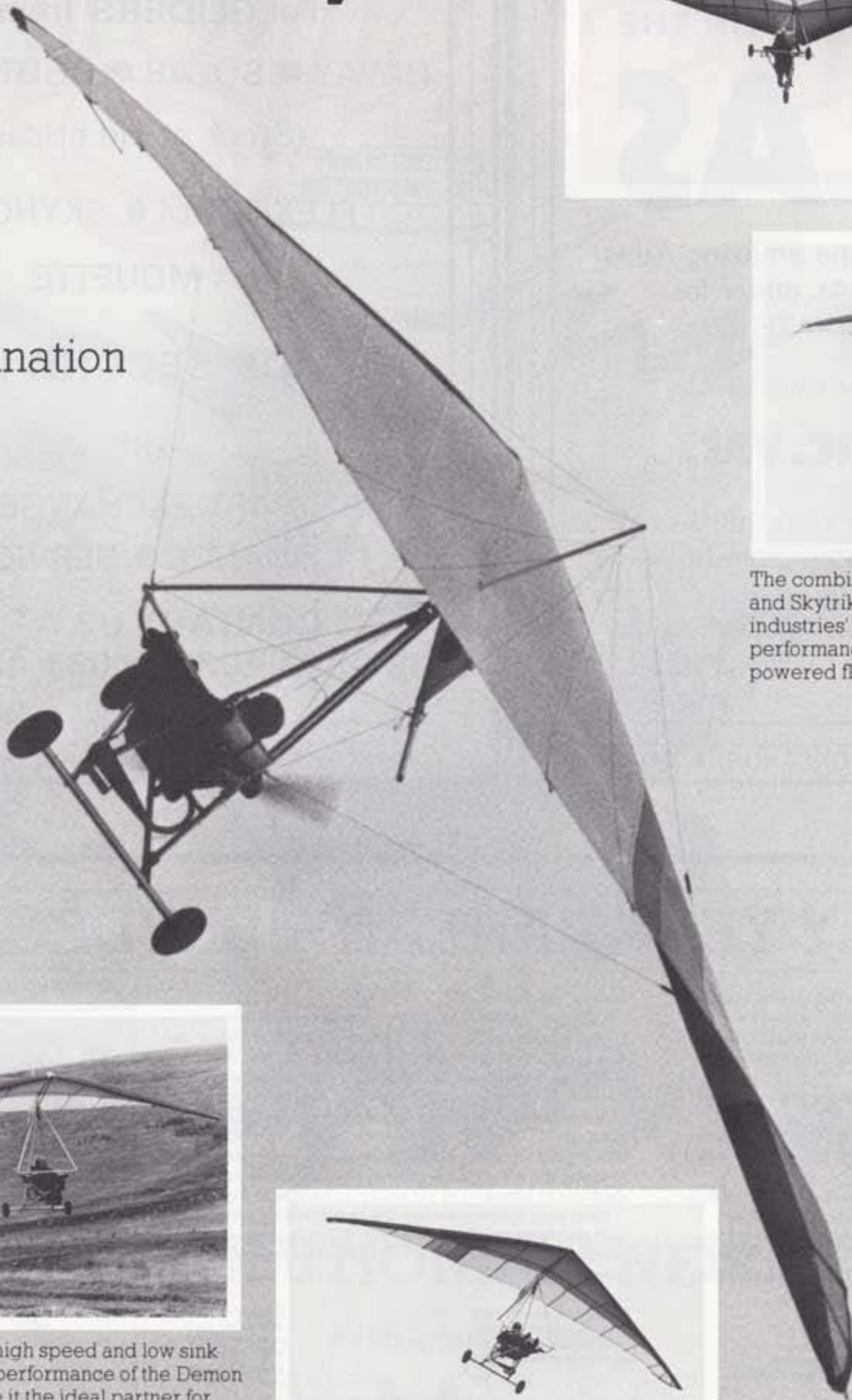
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COVER: Jean Michel Dufrenoy launches his Fledge from Nappa Scar during the Bleriot Cup competition. Photo Mark Junak

WINGS! may be obtained regularly by joining the BHGA, or on a subscription of £10pa in the UK. Those outside the UK are requested to send Sterling International Money Orders — £12 (surface mail) or £22 (airmail) for an annual subscription. Details of membership will be sent on request. IN ALL CASES WRITE TO TAUNTON. *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 NUMBER (if applicable). Please give five weeks notice for changes of address if possible. If you, your club, or any local hang gliding activity gets written up in a local paper, national paper, or magazine, please send a copy to the Taunton Office for the BHGA Press Cuttings collection. This applies to the UK only.

Editorial

THE SPOONER REPORT

At the last BHGA Council meeting (31st May) Reggie Spooner submitted his report after completing an official enquiry into the Milton/Newton Aycliffe affair. Council has now made a decision, based on this report, concerning Brian's future within the BHGA, and notified him to that effect. A copy of the report was also sent to him.

The actual report will *not* be published in *Wings!* unless *both* the BHGA Council and Brian Milton specifically request it, I personally have not seen the report or Council's statement to him.

Brian Milton *would* like to see the report and his right of reply appear in *Wings!* Roy Hill would not comment on the contents of the report, but says he has *no objection* to it being printed in this magazine.

Now that the enquiry is completed the membership should be informed of Brian Milton's future in British Hang Gliding.

The burning question, being asked on the hill is — will Milton be reinstated as Chariman of the Competitions Committee? The answer could be of a major significance to the future of British Hang Gliding competition involvement, both here and abroad.

ZAP!

The Hang Gliding world has been shattered by the news of a 170 mile cross-country flight by a virtually unknown pilot — Jim Lee. (see News page).

Although an unofficial record, the fact that it is 50 miles further than anyone else has ever flown on a hang glider is truly remarkable.

XC pilots in Britain are looking to break the 100 mile barrier in this country this year and this news has absolutely knocked them sideways.

Even so, the official record of 112 miles is still there to be broken and British pilots are determined to do it (spurred on by John Stirk's flight), here IN BRITIAN!

SHOW YOUR COLOURS

The period between P1 and say 10 hours soaring is probably the most dangerous phase of a hang glider pilot's learning cycle. It is also the time when he learns most of his skills. That will surprise a few recent P1's but all you seasoned X-C pilots will remember how very, very basic a P1 is. Even the skills required to thermal do not represent the ultimate in hang gliding: in fact, they are probably less than those required to get out of a stall with a dropped wing near the hill, and *that* situation is particularly the one which a novice or intermediate pilot can find himself in, possibly for the last time.

The transition from simple take-offs and landings to the full awareness of the air, weather systems and the instinctive in-flight responses of a seasoned pilot is an enormous one and at present (other than the unstructured Pilot handbook) there is almost no guidance available to pilots in the middle of this process. The only people who are able to advise on the pitfalls of this learning process are those who have gone through it themselves. They must make contact, on the hill, with the novices and intermediate pilots who need to know. With a scheme for displaying experience levels, these people could, at last, recognise each other.

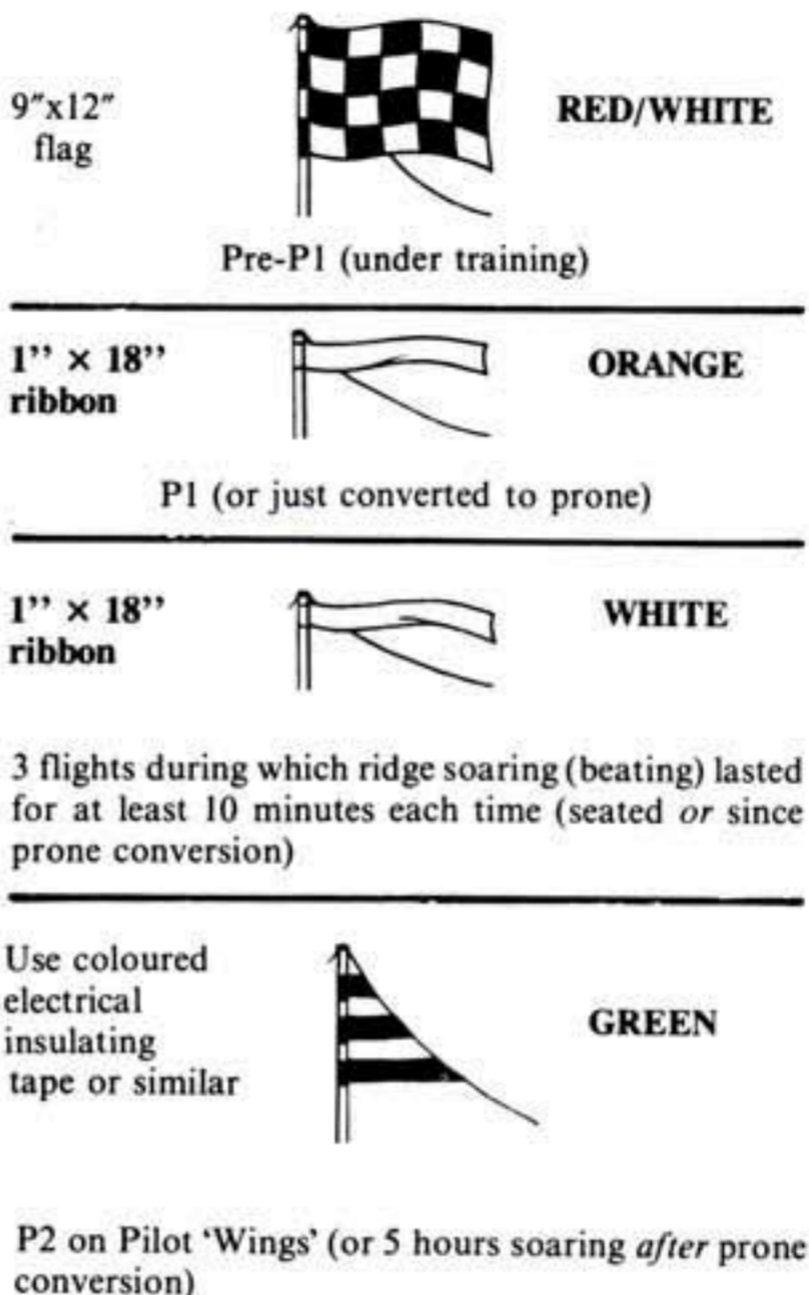
Council have recently looked at the proposals put forward within the Thames Valley Club for a colour code scheme to supplement the two 'club flyer' experience levels presently offered by the P1 and P2 grades. The scheme (described below) was thought to be a significant step forward and they recommended that:

a) every individual BHGA member should be urged

to label his glider according to his experience level, so that other pilots can take into account that experience whether flying with him or just talking on the hill.

- b) that schools should adopt this policy.
- c) that clubs should encourage and publicise the scheme to ensure that new members know of it and adopt it.

THE SCHEME



For these last two grades tape on the Kingpost only is an alternative option



3x100ft thermal height gains (i.e. accomplished thermal pilot although not necessarily X-C experienced)

The streamer or flag should be flown from the top of the Kingpost so that everyone knows where to look for it, especially, in the air.

The differing methods of displaying the colours enable rapid airborne identification of approximate experience level and allow for the fact that advanced pilots require a minimum drag method.

The streamers on de-rigged gliders make excellent wind indicators.

If you want to put your colour on your helmet (or anywhere else) use 3 strips of colour.

WHEN YOU CONVERT TO PRONE YOU GO BACK TO ORANGE AND WORK THROUGH THE FULL SCHEME AGAIN. This reflects your ability to control the glider, not your knowledge. If you have a P2 you could keep the green flashes, but fly the appropriate ribbon as well.

If you are a novice, invite others to share their knowledge and experience with you; if you are an expert, then approach the novices, but most important of all — **show your colours**, otherwise it cannot happen.

BOB HARRISON/BOB FISHER
BHGA TVHGC
Training Officer Training Officer

BHGA RECOMMENDED

THE SHAPE OF WINGS! TO COME

A few months ago — before the great Aycliffe sponsorship row really hit the fan — I heard Brian Milton planned to quit as *Wings!* Editor. Presuming he must be resigning over the Aycliffe fiasco, I wrote urging him to think again, simply because I thought he was the best guy for the job.

What's happened to Brian since will in due course become hang gliding political history. While I've ended up with a job I remember telling a lot of people I didn't want. I'll be glad to do it half as well as Brian.

For those who'd never even heard of me before reading — or not reading — last month's *Wings!*, I'll come to that after stating briefly my plans for the magazine.

No.1 priority will be to take up where Brian left off and make *Wings!* a NEWS magazine — let's hope it enjoys a better fate than that other news magazine with an explanation mark in the title! But then Jimmy Goldsmith had his head in the clouds metaphorically when he launched *Now!* We may have our heads in the clouds — literally — but our feet are firmly on the ground metaphorically!

As secretaries will already know, I'm setting up a network of *Wings!* correspondents in every club to expand "home" coverage, while extending international editorial by arrangement with magazines in the States and elsewhere.

As *Wings!* becomes, hopefully, less of a BHGA "house" magazine, I hope members will also become more publicity-conscious and ready to share local experience with the hang gliding world at large. I'll be bringing in a number of design

changes which I hope will improve the presentation and readability of our magazine — but you'll have to wait for the August issue to see them.

There will be strict copy deadlines for *Wings!* contributions based on a weekly schedule, so please get in touch if you're planning to exercise your creative genius rather than just letting the postman bring me a nice surprise.

Final deadline each month will be the Sunday night of publication week or, where this coincides with League meetings, the Monday night. Readers should have their magazine by the end of the week.

Among features I want to run before the end of this tenth anniversary year is one or more on the early days of hang gliding in Britain. Anyone who reckons they were in at the start of things and feels they've a tale to tell — especially if they've got pictures to back it up — please drop me a line NOW.

Turning to why I've taken on the apparently thankless task of editing *Wings!* against the background of calls for cost-cutting. . . I don't claim to be a brilliant or super brave flyer. I may never be better than average but I am a successful journalist who has tried to use his skill and influence to promote a better public understanding of our sport. Taking on *Wings!* seems a logical progression. I am 28 years old and Deputy Editor of the Bradford Star newspaper — my work is writing, editing and designing newspapers.

My hang gliding career began with Robert Bailey's school in the Autumn of 1979 and the weather finally let me get P1 early in 1980. I am a

full member of the North Yorkshire Sailwing Club — for which I am Press Officer — and of the Dales club. I am a Pennine Club associate member.

More from me next month. Until then, thanks to Mike Hibbit for stepping into his caretaker editor's role at such short notice and particularly for carrying on with the June and July issues to give me an even break with my first issue.

Copy for August *Wings!* and beyond to Stan Abbott, 8 Burchett Place, Leeds LS6 2LN. Phone Leeds 448303, or Bradford 308511 (Office Hours).

NB. Watch out for my pending change of address — everything always has to happen at once!

XC WITH A DIFFERENCE

By Bob Calvert

Friday 15th May was overcast and the wind was a light southerly so. I went to Parlick Fell only to find very calm conditions. I decided to drive home with the intention of flying my Skytrike; for no reason at all I had this stupid idea of flying to the Yorkshire Dales, as the Bleriot Cup started that weekend.

Unable to resist any challenge or adventure I was soon in the fields behind home rigging my Typhoon and being annoyed by a punter who asked if I had permission to fly and did I know how dangerous it was! It was 6.15pm before I had loaded up my last quantity of luggage, a toothbrush and a pint of two stroke oil, and by this time some aeromodelling hang gliding friends had arrived. Pre flight checks completed I took off, turning north on the climb out, passing over the Clogg and Billycock Pub and heading back towards Parlick. The wind was still south, the sky ahead good, and the Fuji Robin running perfectly.

At Longridge I saw Dick Clegg rigging his Skytrike but I chose to carry on and conserve fuel. On arrival at Parlick I was 3000' ASL and, although there were hang gliders at take off, no one was soaring. I decided to fly inland instead of following the M6, in the hope of eventually intersecting the Sedbergh-Hawes valley and hence completing the flight in as near a straight line as possible. The flight as far as Kirkby Longsdale was uneventful, apart from the seat sliding down, but I was becoming concerned that the sky over the Dales looked stormy. The previous four nights there had been thunderstorms, so I dedicated a lot of attention to keeping my track clear of the hills and storms.

At this stage the first problem occurred. A light northerly was apparent at ground level so I descended to 1500' ASL and circum navigated a rather large cloud. All the time I was looking for the Sedbergh range of hills and once I was sure I could see them, I turned north-east and could see Sedbergh.

The Sedbergh-Hawes Valley looked very black and I decided to land at Sedbergh to refuel.

The wind was freshening from the east and stopped all progress towards Hawes.

The next leg looked difficult if not impossible. Landing in a long field next to the road I was welcomed by about 100 people and thinking this was likely to be as far as I would go I chatted merrily hinting that I might need a bed for the night!

Suddenly a squall soon had us all under the glider and it was then that I noticed the carburettor bracket had fractured. It proved to be no problem though, as I was presented with a ball of string to fix it!

I optimistically refuelled and waited for the wind to stop. My luck began to change when I discovered I was in the wrong Valley (Hawes-Kirby Stephen) and I was given directions to Hawes just as the weather improved. Choosing to at least land in the right valley I started up again, took off, and turned right.

The wind was still strong and progress was only 0-10 mph but I don't give up easily and I could see that the valley changed direction after only a couple of miles. 20 minutes into the valley I glanced back at the engine to see the fuel tank strap had come loose

and was very near the propeller. I instinctively grabbed it and continued to fly with one hand whilst I wrapped it around the throttle cable. Minutes later checking that the strap was still secure I saw specks of black on the engine (fortunately it was only rubber from the fuel tank mountings and not oil). After only another twenty minutes I escaped from the valley enabling me to fly over the moors directly towards Hawes.

The last 5 miles was unbelievably pleasant. I was in light winds, smooth air and as I made my final descent into Hawes, Colin Lark (one of the English team members) who was walking towards the Pub (of course) glanced up and waved. Needless to say I landed next to the Crown Pub to be greeted by the French Team.

After chatting with the Farmer I derigged and put my gear in a garage. I then went into the Pub and proceeded to consume alcohol in the company of the English and French Teams plus several girls from Bolton. There remained one more hazard to overcome, and that was the drive to a B & B on the bonnet of Tony Hughes Renault 5!

The following day almost all the team went XC in the practice for the Bleriot Cup cumulating in another late night. The Sunday was again Southerly, which left me with the problem of getting home, but thats another story.

Bob Calvert

Below: The briefing room at the Crown sets the scene for the Bleriot Cup. Photo Mark Junak.



BLERIOT CUP-'81

BY MIKE HIBBIT

PHOTOS MARK JUNAK



Rob Bailey takes off after the goggle



The British Team, left to right standing: Dick Brown, Graham Hobson, Bob Harrison (reserve), Jim Brown, Sandy Fairgreave, Robert Bailey. Front row: Keith Reynolds, Michel Carnet (reserve), Johnny Carr, Colin Lark, Tony Hughes.

In the briefing room, above the Crown Public House, all eyes were focused on the weather chart as the met. man outlined the predicted pattern for wind, cloud cover, formation and lapse rate. The forecast looked excellent for cross-country flight. Medium strength thermals with cloud base between 6 to 8000 feet by mid afternoon. An excited buzz filled the room as team pilots turned their attention towards the maps. One entire wall was covered with Ordnance Survey charts for the whole of northern England — from Sheffield in the south to the Scottish border in the north, from the Isle of Man in the west to Skegness on the east coast; and bang in the centre was Hawes, surrounded by hills facing all directions; base camp for a week of intense XC competition flying between France and Great Britain.

OPEN DISTANCE

Yes Hawes, not Lachens! For the first time the Bleriot Cup was flown over English countryside — the glorious Yorkshire Dales. Familiar ground for British Team captain Robert Bailey and two other members of the side Dick and Jim Brown (not related by-the-way), but a completely new aerial arena for all the members of the French squad. Mike de Glanville, the French team captain, and his wife Caroline had flown in Yorkshire before, but several years ago (remember Pickering '76 you veterans?) and then not in the Dales.

Unlike last years comp., this 4th Annual Bleriot Cup was straight open distance on every flyable day.

A window (a set period of time during which pilots could chose when to 'go for it') was opened early in the day and set to close during late afternoon, depending on the weather conditions for each day. During that period a pilot could fly two XC's if he so wished with the longest one *only* qualifying for points. Many pilots did, in fact, come back to the site for a second 'bite of the cherry', especially on Monday and Friday (the two poorest flying days out of the competition days flown). But to the best of my knowledge nobody improved upon their first flight of the day.

THE TEAMS

The French team arrived en masse a few days before the start of the event. The British boys trickled in in groups of two or three on various days during the preceding week.

The day before the competition started saw all members of the two nine-men (one lady in the case of the French) teams on the hill and flying. Unfortunately one of the French pilots injured himself at take-off and was unable to fly in the comp. This practise day gave the English a psychological advantage with both British reserve members Bob Harrison (competition organiser) and Michel Carnet (born in France but resident in the U.K.) clocking up 50 miles apiece. They both had to land when the thunder and lightning got too close for comfort! Only one French team member got away that day, landing 10 miles down wind.

THE WEATHER

In a word, the weather was unsettled throughout the entire week. Usually starting off very promising with clear skies and moderate winds, but frontal troughs

would appear by early or mid afternoon and heavy rain and fresh winds would persist until the evening. Even so, pilots would get away early usually in gaggles of 8-12 gliders rising up to the relatively low cloud base two or two and a half thousand feet above take-off and then drifting in slow circular patterns beneath the cloud, until disappearing from view.

Sunday 17th May was to have been the first day of the competition but was completely blown out. Wednesday and Saturday, the final day, were also blown out although free flying did take place late in the day and some interesting soaring was experienced by a limited number of flyers patient enough to wait for winds and rain to abate.

There were only two changes in the French team line-up from last year. Klaus Kohmstedt (Demon) and Jean Louis Darlet (Demon) replaced Renaud Guy and Hubert Aupetit, editor of Vol Libre (leading French hang gliding magazine). Aupetit was in fact in Britain, Scotland to be precise, at the time but did not make an appearance at the comp. Michel Carnet was covering the story for Vol Libre.

DAY ONE

Blown out! Wet and windy.

DAY TWO

Fresh South-easterly winds with thunderstorms by mid afternoon was the forecast for this day so pilots made an early start for Semer Water — the take-off site used by John Stirke for his record breaking flight earlier this year. The forecast was spot on but most pilots managed to get away before the storms arrived though the French were not happy with the conditions. Not a day for big distances this one, with three of the French team members failing to score and the British boys only making 11 and 12 miles maximum. Jean Pierre Collot, flying a Thevenot X Ray, made the best flight of the day with 15.5 miles, but the final tally of points gave Britain a narrow lead.

DAY THREE

After an overcast start to the day, skys cleared quickly and good thermic conditions were welcomed by the two teams as they made their way up the long walk to Great Whemside, a west-south westerly site a few miles from Hawes.

Pilots were keen to get away and maximise on lift available, but there were plenty of blue holes between the thermals and many disappointed flyers were drilled out of the sky between 17 and 20 miles from take-off.

Mike de Glanville, flying a Demon, scooped the day with a magnificent flight of 44 miles landing at Wingate, County Durham just after 4 o'clock in the warm afternoon sunshine. This proved to be the longest flight during the competition but was not quite enough to put the French into the lead, although it did wonders for the team's morale.

Mike was the man the British team feared most. Currently the French and European Champion he is a master of tactics and can be relied upon to 'bring something out of the bag' as he demonstrated on this day. Robert Bailey had given instructions to his team members to keep an eye on him — that the closest man to him, when he made his break away from the hill was to stick to him like glue. But he



Klaus Kohmstedt gets a helping hand up the hill



The French Team, left to right: Klaus Kohmstedt, Jean Luc Mansuy?, Jean Roussot?, Jean Michel Dufreney, Jean Louis Darlet, Jean Pierre Collot?, Caroline de Glanville, Mike de Glanville.

shook everybody and flew twice as far as his nearest rivals that day.

DAY FOUR

Back to Semer Water. The forecast suggested the likelihood of storm clouds reaching the area by mid afternoon with, of course, increasing wind strength, but good XC weather *would* be available ahead of the front.

The timing was, unfortunately, not correct and by the time both teams had assembled on the top of the hill a wind speed approaching 40 miles an hour was evident with rotor clouds blowing spitefully over the top of the spine backed ridge. Even so, Bailey assembled his men together for a plan of action should the wind abate. It didn't and by 3 p.m. with the dark outline of the approaching storm clearly visible up wind of Semerwater Lake the window was shut tight and pilots either de-rigged, flew down or left their machines firmly anchored in the hope of better, clearer weather to come.

When the 'bad stuff' came through there were only a few pilots left on the hill. Instruments, harnesses and hang gliding paraphenalia safely tucked away under their wings, they also crept under the sails to join their flying aids and ride-out the inevitable down-pour.

After it had passed over, I was still on the hill in the company of Mike de Glanville and three of the French team members. We lifted off in a 15 m.p.h. wind with light rain falling, shot up to 1000' above T/O and spent a very pleasant three-quarters of an hour flying over the top of pure white orographic cloud forming below us.

DAY FIVE

Nappa Scar, a craggy bluff 5 miles east of Hawes, was to be the rendezvous point on this day and early birds (pilots) could be seen 'skying out' as the last team members made their way along the path to the top. A promise of good flying was clearly evident as Nick Stansfield, instructor at Bob Baileys School, set off down wind with the two visiting lady flyers Jenny Ganderton and Natalie Wilson close behind. Jenny, incidentally, landed over 18 miles from take-off on her first XC, flying further than five of the French flyers and three of the British team members that day. But I digress. Back to the comp. — this was to be Bailey's Day with the second best distance during the competition week, 38.5 miles! Interesting

to note that Robert leapt ahead of the rest of the field on this day (second best flight of the day 22.5) much the same as Mike de Glanville did on the Tuesday.

I watched the British captain preparing to fly on this day. He was meticulous as he pre-flight checked his Comet. He then glanced upwards and studied the sky, choosing to almost ignore the fact that the main gaggle of pilots were leaving the ridge. Harness, parachute, and instruments were then slowly and carefully checked before donning balaclava, down filled jacket and thick gloves. At the time I couldn't help wondering why he needed so much clothing with a relatively low cloudbase forecast for the day, but after being told later that on his three hour flight he spent two and a half hours at cloudbase, then the reason became clear.

At the end of this fifth day Britain had found the lead they had looked for early in the contest. Almost 70 points clear of the French, this was to be the beginning of the British team's dominance of the competition.

DAY SIX

The day of the Carr with Nappa Scar the site again and very similar weather to the previous day, though a little more in the way of wind. There were only two or three good thermal cycles during the day when pilots, knowledgeable enough to know, could go over the back with a good chance of making long distances. Johnny Carr, flying a Comet, picked the best one and made it "easy my son" by flying 35 miles. Over twice the distance of Dufreney, on his Fledge, who put up the best of a very disappointing days flying for the French.

It seemed the gods were against them, as first Mike de Glanville's Kite decided to take a spin without its owner, and later Mike's wife Caroline hit some rotor on take-off and rendered her Vampire unflyable. Natalie Wilson, very graciously, gave her the use of her Comet for the day and Caroline wasted no time in getting airborne again. Unfortunately she missed the last cycle of the day and eventually, with conditions deteriorating rapidly, decided to fly along the ridge to its furthest point (3 miles from take-off) ahead of a very mean looking frontal system that had the remaining pilots (back for a second stab) hurriedly taking shelter in convenient hilltop dug-outs.

continued over



Tony Hughes makes an aggressive take-off

At the Crown that evening the British team members were in high spirits.

Dave Harrison, the man who masterminds the National XC League, had arrived for the weekend and had been put to work immediately, by brother Bob, calculating J. Carr's flight distance. After Pythagorus had declared the 35 miles and Rob Bailey's 31 had been registered, it soon became obvious that the British had flown twice the mileage put up by the French that day, and had also doubled their overall lead.

At closing time one of the local girls suddenly announced that there was to be a party at her place and that all the flyers (by this time high flyers) were welcome. With the promise of strong winds the next day and the likelihood of the 9 o'clock briefing being delayed till 12 noon, the invitation was irresistible . . . it turned out to be a right belter! All the ingredients were there for a real Yorkshire Dales shindig . . . and mother came too.

LAST DAY

As expected, the morning brought strong Southerly winds, so the briefing was rescheduled for mid-day. This allowed the revellers to emerge from their pits at a more reasonable hour and also presented one with a chance to get some last minute shopping done (goodies for the wife and kids left at home).

The briefing was short and sweet — site; Nappa Scar, time; now, chances of flying; 50/50.

Bob Calvert was at the Scar before the first team flyers arrived, but not flying! As expected the wind

was pretty strong on top of the cliff take-off — 40 plus.

Steve Goad, acting as Bob Harrison's number one and general wind dummy, decided to give it a go during a lull, but soon headed back after finding conditions decidedly evil. His top landing was watched with some trepidation by the assembled teams, as the top of the Scar is dotted with rotors — and, with the wind back at full strength! — but 'go for it' Goad touched down light as a feather.

By 4 p.m. the wind had shown no sign of relenting and by 5 the day was officially declared lost, and so the 1981 Bleriot Cup ended, with Mike de Glanville scattering his ballast to the four winds.

Only a handful of pilots were left on the hill by the time the wind finally decided to moderate, and amongst them was Bob Calvert and John Hudson (both along for the ride), who took off with Tony Hughes close behind. Ten minutes later they were, all three, circling back over the craggy top, ahead of a squall line. The squall caught up with them about 8 miles down wind, so they conceded and decided to call it day.

THE PRESENTATION

Both teams, visiting pilots, recovery vehicle drivers, competition organisers and helpers, BHGA Competitions Chairman, Derek Evans and his wife Audrey, the Landlord of the Crown and a few local well wishers; all were gathered together in the briefing room for the grand finale.

Bob, the landlord of the Crown, spoke of the remarkable local interest that had been stimulated over the week. It seemed that everybody who came in for a drink wanted to know the latest scores and who had flown the longest distance that day. The French — once spurned by the local people for their EEC British meat embargo — had become very popular since their arrival in Hawes and Bob spoke of a long-standing wound being permanently healed. He then presented a marvellous Bleriot Cup/10th Anniversary of Hang Gliding cake and champagne, to loud applause from one and all.

After a short speech from Mike de Glanville praising the 'gully gobling' abilities of the British team flyers, he proceeded to cut the cake and presented the first slice to Robert Bailey. Suddenly, Robert's League rival and team guru, Bob Calvert appeared from the shadows and tried to snatch first bite of the cake. Rob banked over steeply, and coming out from behind the sun, landed a devastating full frontal attack on Bob's style & grace (face). The room

erupted into uncontrolled laughter as champagne bottles popped and Bailey sprayed everyone in sight, like a victorious Grand Prix winner.

Needless to say, a good time was had by everybody present and after the hullabaloo calmed down and sanity returned to the proceedings, then talk began of individual cross-country successes and disappointments and of the magic that is peculiar to this type of open distance event.

SUMMARY

So, the Fourth Annual Bleriot Cup contest ended as a victory for Britain.

From my viewpoint, a major factor in the British success was the role played by Robert Bailey as team captain. He inspired his fellow flyers, not only by example (his total distance covered throughout the week was greater than any other pilot), but also by his professional attitude during the competition. (He only relaxed when it was all over).

He would brief his team on the hill and, knowing the terrain over which they would be flying, could warn them of anticipated areas of sink and conversely guide them towards down wind ridges and good thermal generating areas. This was a flying competition in his own back yard — and he took full advantage of the situation to lead his team to the winning post. The French team, even with the help of THE MAESTRO — Mike de Glanville, never really settled down and got to grips with the English climate or terrain. Perhaps the Yorkshire Dales is similar in some respects (though on a smaller scale) to the mountains of Southern France, but then again, perhaps not. The Dales is unique. The constantly changing pattern of weather during most days (typical unsettled British weather — bright start to the day, clouding over later, heavy rain, clearing skies and evening sunshine) was a constant source of bewilderment to these 'sunshine' pilots.

Finally, the success of the competition, was due in total, to one hell of a lot of hard graft by many individuals. Heading that group was Bob Harrison, competition organiser and team manager. Assisting Bob, by generally doing whatever was required of them, were Bob's girl friend Paulette, Steve Goad, Mike Atkinson (recovery), Paul Hindle (recovery), Brian Airtion (meteorologist), Fay (Tony Hughes girlfriend), Alan Metcalfe, Jeannie and Bob, at the Crown plus local newspaper and media coverage from Stan Abbott et tout la monde à Hawes.

Next year — La belle France.

photo Derek Evans

OPEN DISTANCE: Best of 2 flights per day counting

BRITISH TEAM	SUN		MONDAY		TUESDAY		WED	THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SAT	INDIVIDUAL TOTALS
	Km	Miles	Km	Miles	Km	Miles		Km	Miles	Km	Miles		
Robert Bailey (Capt.)	7	4.0	37.5	23.0	62.07	38.5	50.12	31.0	96.5				
Graham Hobson	19.8	12.0	28.7	17.5	24.4	17.0	35.02	21.5	68				
Jim Brown	6.8	4.0	33.0	20.5	33.8	21.0	12.78	7.5	53				
Colin Lark	10.9	6.5	7.4	4.5	36.7	22.5	25.37	15.5	49				
Tony Hughes	6.7	4.0	28.7	17.5	36.1	22.0	20.31	12.5	56				
Sandy Fairgreave	19.0	11.5	28.2	17.5	29.4	18.0	24.02	14.5	61.5				
Dick Brown	11.2	6.5	19.2	11.5	14.8	9.0	29.06	18.0	45				
Johnny Carr	7.1	4.0	35.7	22.0	32.5	20.0	56.6	35.0	81				
Keith Reynolds	19.0	11.5	33.7	20.5	26.7	16.5	22.18	13.5	62				
DAY TOTAL (8/9th)		56.9		137.3		164.0		150.2		572			x8/9=508.4

FRENCH TEAM	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WED	THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SAT	INDIVIDUAL TOTALS	
	Km	Miles	Km	Miles		Km	Miles	Km	Miles			Miles
Mike De Glanville (Capt.)	16.28	10.0	71.5	44.0	20.8	12.5	21.36	13.0	79.5			
Jean Pierre Collot	25.3	15.5	21.5	13.0	14.5	9.0	12.01	7.0	44.5			
Jean Roussot	No Score		29.43	18.0	32.5	20.0	16.38	10.0	48			
Jean Louis Darlet	No Score		34.4	21.0	21.1	13.0	5.04	3.0	37			
Jean Luc Mansuy	13.7	8.0	26.6	16.5	19.7	12.0	11.26	7.0	43.5			
Caroline De Glanville	No Score		No Score		30.8	19.0	4.8	3.0	22			
Klaus Kohmstedt	7.38	4.5	28.29	17.5	No Score		25.63	15.5	37.5			
Jean Michel Dufrenoy	9.4	5.5	11.9	7.0	36.4	22.5	27.06	16.5	51.5			
DAY TOTAL (9/9)		43.5		137.0		108		75.0		363.5		



Mike de Glanville, the gallant loser, cuts the cake.

... Meanwhile, back at Lachens ...

... N' there we was me n' Jo at 7 grand in yer proverbial C breeze front looking down the wall of cumulus wondering where the hill (and other pilots) had gone thinking where shall we go now. Then remembering Jo's 'last' words before take off: "let's do the speed task to Caille and then fly back again" (a feat accomplished only by maestro himself European Champion Mike De Glanville). Seemed like a good idea to set ourselves an apparently impossible task then we wouldn't feel quite so bad if we didn't make it back

(as in a dream) We'd been sat on top of the hill all afternoon thinking to ourselves . . . bound to get good soon . . . the overdevelopment will clear . . . then the thermals will start popping . . . maybe the sea breeze front will come through, or perhaps a little wave on the north face as happened the previous week when Jo gained 4000'. Then the wind, what little there was, seemed to change direction. "It's here" said Jo as he staggered hastily to the south take off with me right behind him. We paused on the edge. "I'll be right behind you" I said trying to inspire confidence but in the back of my mind thinking well if Jo blows it maybe I'll hang on a little. But he was off. Looked OK. I was, as promised, right behind him.

It was then it happened — no not quite what you might think ie sea breeze front, but the rotor from the Northerly. "Ah thermal" methinks, but after circling twice I noticed I was travelling away from the hill and down it at a great rate of knots. "Oh dear" I thought to myself but looking round saw Jo ½ mile down the ridge with the bar to his knees. Seemed like a good idea and so I took chase — tracking cross wind pointing towards the ridge. Strange feeling! We got around the west face and played about in a few blobs thinking wheew perhaps there's hope for us yet . . . and then it really began to happen — 5-6 ups with 8-10s half way round.

We both worked separate thermals up the back of the west face till we arrived above take off at about 2 grand. The front had really begun to develop. Half the hill was in dense cloud the other in brilliant sunlight. There was a wide lift band with nice thermals scattered liberally along it. Jo was having fun skimming the edge of the cloud. I was having fun trying to keep warm thinking I wish I'd put something warmer on . . . how much higher are we going to go . . . what are we going to do now . . . which takes us back to the beginning of our tale. N' there we was

So we both got to the same height 7 grand — 2 above take off — and set off to Caille. Pulling speed on we meandered across onto the Baroux (a couple of miles). Keeping below the cloud we raced to the,

end to find a few competitors had actually made the task (South East France League Competition). Well we'd got this far might as well give it a try. We worked our way back up the Baroux to the back of Lachens and looked up at the top about 1500 above us and thought "No Way". In minutes we were yet again proving ourselves wrong: 2 separate cores 5-6 up vertical for 2 grand and we were looking down at take off! Trouble was it was still 2 miles upwind. In for a penny in for a pound. Jo set off and I followed. We were making headway without losing too much height . . . "I don't know what's happening but whatever it is I'm having a bit of this" I thought to myself. Jo made it to Lachens just below the top and I made it just above, following Jo where he was going up and avoiding the bits where he was going down.

Flying down the lee side of the hill I looked across to the back of take off thinking "Wheew . . . good 'ere 'n' it". Jo was a bit low by this time where as I had seemingly got back into the front and was able to get back to the west face — amazing these new gliders! I played around for a while on the west face and got back up in the front over take off. It was really eerie — a bit like Bishop in a way . . . achieving something, a goal you'd set yourself, when you never expected to get half way. Anything else after that was a bit of an anticlimax so I flew down the west face to the landing field. Now I was flying down through the reason for all this extraordinary lift. At about half way down the wind changed from west to east and it got a little bumpy. Funny thing is though the sea breeze front came from the south, the wind was northerly earlier in the day and now it was westerly high up and easterly on the ground. Must have been the valleys creating this effect by funnelling the north and south winds around the mountains.

Yes it's an interesting place. Just when you think you've got it sussed it springs yet another surprise on you. Every time we've flown here Jo and I have met something new, and if you want to experience all there is to experience in cross country flying it's all happening here — thermal, wave, seabreeze fronts, mountain flying, flatland flying, ridge hopping — you name it. Fortunately, it's not quite like Bishop though — you can have more than one flight a day, it's top landable in all wind directions and even if you do go down it's only an hour and a half 'turn round' till you're flying again.

So if you just can't manage Bishop this year, be it for financial, social, medical(?) reasons, Lachens is the place to be . . . if you can get in anywhere with half the Dales and other BHGA clubs going down this summer.

Keith Cockerott

PS The scenery and weather aren't too bad either!

AU NATURELLE

By Ian Walker
Drawings by Bill Lehan

What would your reaction be if I said that hang gliders can fly quite well without instruments? Probably general agreement, with the odd reservation, and if I suggested that we can fly just as well without instruments? That really would stir it up — who ever heard of anything so daft?

I am not going to claim either of the above, however, I am claiming that you can fly BETTER without instruments, if you understand what the air is trying to tell you.

Now you might think that I am a looney, but before turning straight on to the next article take time to consider something. For millions of years the soaring birds have been floating through the air without any vario, A.S.I. etc. They might be able to use their excellent vision as an altimeter, but otherwise fly on "feel". Anybody who has ever seen a buzzard float with ease will have the most profound respect for this way of flying.

And the buzzard is a bird brain. It must be possible for we clever humans to fly at least as well — if we can understand the "feel" of the air. I think that the best way into the subject is a theory of mine . . .

WOOD MAGNETISM

As old as flying itself, this phenomena claims that an aircraft will tend towards any object that is near to it. Many people dismiss this as a psychological trick, but there may well be a solid reason behind it.

Think of ground handling your kite towards take-off when there is already a glider at the edge. Get behind the other kite and the air feels bumpy, but your glider stable. Stay out to one side and the air is smooth with your kite again stable. But get PARTLY behind, and PARTLY out to the side and things happen. (See A)

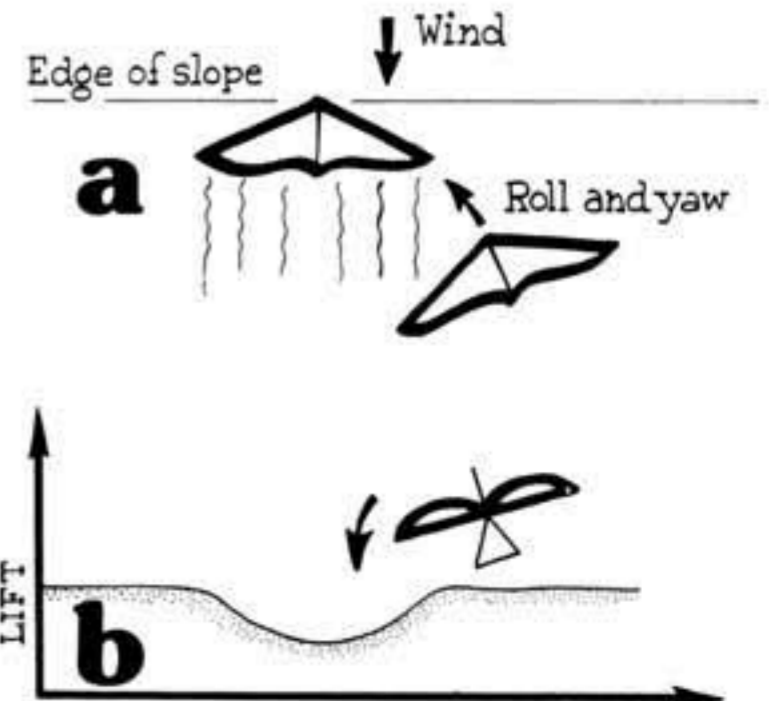


photo Mark Junak

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The glider wants to roll to the wing that is behind — and because of the roll/yaw coupling — it also wants to yaw that way as well.

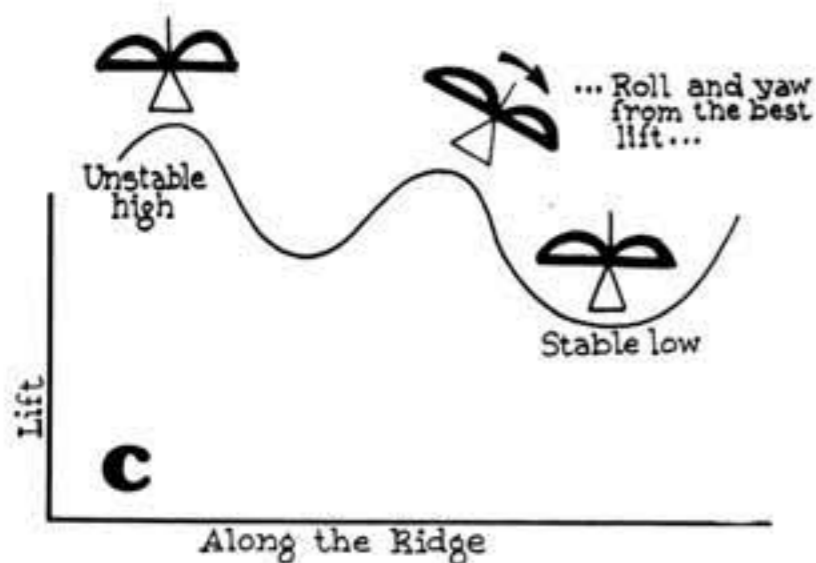
This effect is true for a tree, house, even a small bush. Get one wing behind an obstacle and the glider will try to yaw that way and stabilise behind the object.

This happens because the air behind the object is more turbulent and provides LESS LIFT. (See B) With less lift under one wing the glider rolls and yaws until it finds a stable position. I believe that this is Wood Magnetism, and that it applies just as well when flying. So if you are near a large wood say, you drift towards it.

Alright you might say, but what does this mean for something like ridge soaring?

RIDGE SOARING

All who have done this will know that there are high spots and low spots on a ridge. There are places where the best pilot on the best machine simply cannot get high. Left by itself, the glider will stabilise at one of these points — for exactly the same reasons as wood magnetism. Some parts of the ridge lift are better than others, and so the glider tends to roll and yaw from the best lift, down to the worst. (See C).



This leads to a very simple rule for pure ridge lift. If a wing lifts, get it down and go that way. GO WHERE THE GLIDER DOES NOT WANT TO. This applies in any ridge/wave type lift. The best lift will try to roll you away, so “feel” the bar, and react towards any wing that lifts.

This works very well, and although you may not always top the stack, it will get you up so close it becomes simply a question of whose glider is best. NO VARIO is needed, and lift can be maximised by “feel” alone.

When thermal lift is found the problem is slightly more difficult, but not a lot.

CLASSIC THERMAL

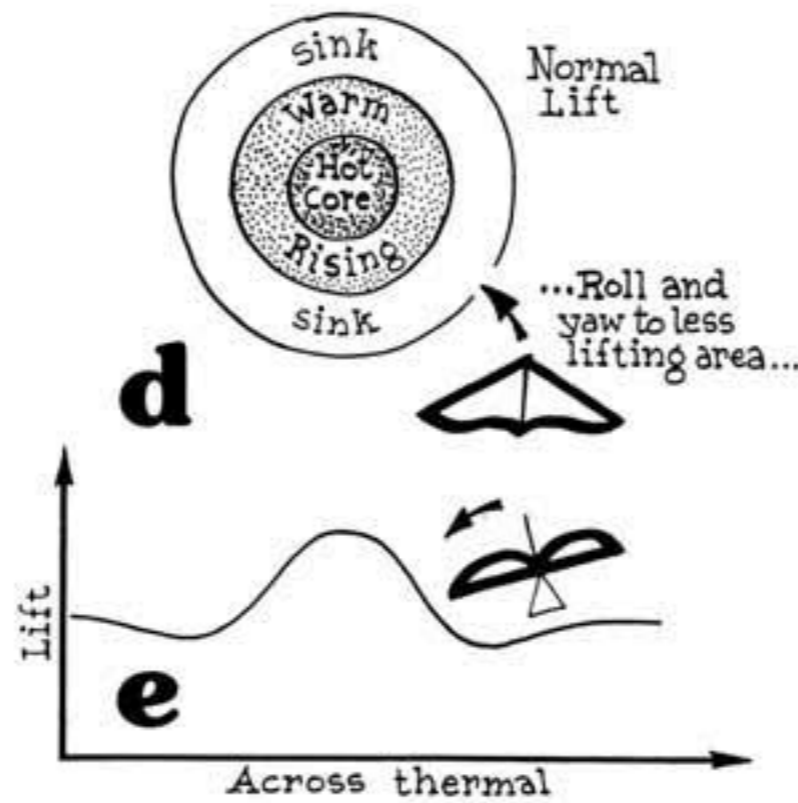
The classic thermal is a blob of warm rising air surrounded by sink. (See D) To get at the lift you must first travel through the sink, and this is where “feeling” the air can be of great advantage. YOU CAN FIND A THERMAL FROM A FAIR DISTANCE AWAY BY FEELING THE AIR. There is no instrument in the world which can do this for you, but the AIR will tell you.

Think first of the thermal.

There is a lifting core surrounded by rising air that does not lift so much. Outside that there is the sink, which lifts even less, and outside the sink is the normal air which lifts more than the sink, but less than the thermal. Look at the lift diagram E.

Just like wood magnetism, the glider will try to roll and yaw towards the less lifting area — in this case the sink — and then try to stabilise there.

This drifting towards the sink can be felt quite a bit away as a slight rolling and turning, and is the reason I claim that “feel” will tell you what is happening some distance away. In thermal air your glider will try to point at thermals like a bloodhound, if you let it!



Same as now, the hard part is deciding what is thermal and what ridge lift since you should avoid sink like the plague in ridge lift, but go through it to the core in thermal. You can soon get a “feel” for that too!

Now this may be fine for good thermals, but how do you tell lift from sink when it is not a classic thermal?

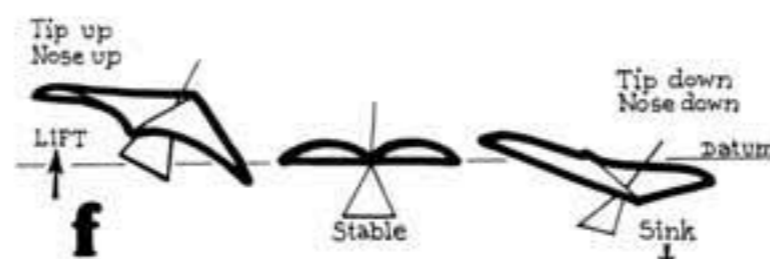
CHIMNEY THERMALS

These are usually thought of as columns of lift that are not surrounded by sink. With no sink you will just have to find them by accident — same as now.

When you do find one, a vario will tell whether it is going up, can “feel” do the same? It would seem that there is little difference between sink under one wing and lift under the other. They would seem to have the same effect, but...

a) With lift under one wing, that tip goes up while the other stays at the same level. Also, the nose pitches up.

b) With sink under one wing, that tip goes down while the other stays at the same level. Also, the nose pitches down. (See F)



Go out and try it for yourself. You will find the differences quite clear. You can “feel” the air, and tell whether it was lift or sink that caused the roll. This then lets you decide whether to turn into it or not, after all, it might be a thermal trying to draw you in!

But having found the lift, SURELY a vario MUST be the best way of optimising it?

WORKING THERMAL LIFT?

Maybe. This point is at the frontiers of my theory to date. I am beginning to think that “feel” can not only fly a thermal better than a vario, but will automatically centralise on the core, and work irregularly shaped blobs with ease. To start with we must look at 360° turns.

TURNS

I doubt if anybody can gain all there is to be had by just one turn, so we are really talking about a series of full turns. So how do you then centralise on the core?

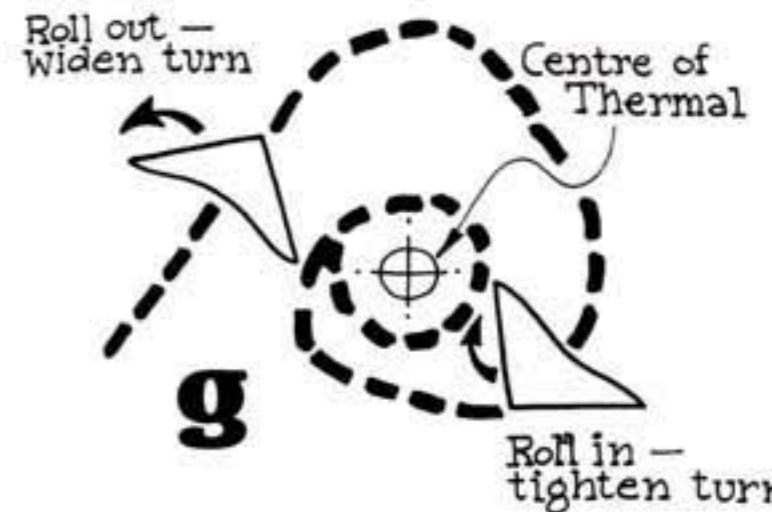
Think of one wing in better lift than the other. The nose is lifting and the glider trying to roll away. Get that wing down and start to turn.

If you are off the core there will be a part of the

turn where you get into more powerful lift under the inside wing — which will try to roll you out. Let it do so a bit and pull in a bit to widen the turn.

On the other side of the core there will be weaker lift under the same wing and the glider will roll into the turn. Push out to lighten the turn.

The first takes you away from the core, whilst the second brings you closer. Go round a few times and you should centralise automatically. (See G) You can feel the stability of the turn as it centralises, and can then move in and repeat the process.



None of this stuff about taking vario readings at various points and then working out when to tighten the turn. Just let the “feel” of the air do it for you. Watch a seagull thermal. No effort at all and it still skys out!

IRREGULAR BLOBS

These tend to happen quite often, and conventional wisdom is to accept the sinking part in return for the lift as you circle. But why not stay in lift for more of the time?

Using the same technique as for normal blobs you should find that the glider wants to follow the shape of the blob like a blind man feeling his way around a room. The glider will try to roll in and out as it moves around the lift, and all you have to do is adjust pitch.

But even if this is true, SURELY a vario must tell whether tightening the turn is taking you up faster or not?

CLIMB RATE

Maybe. This really is beyond where I have got to at the moment. But it might be that a healthy dose of experience will solve this one too. I even have the suspicion that the “feel” of the air will solve this one as well. Only time can tell.

SUMMARY

I firmly believe that flying by feel is not only possible, but potentially a vast improvement on instrument flying as the same information is available plus a lot more, and all of this with less effort.

I recently went 2½ miles out from the front of Pandy flying on feel, whilst a vario flyer behind me turned back quite early because the bleeps kept saying down. And the lift did not die — as I then went 2½ miles BACK to top land. All done by “feel”, and occasional glances at my altimeter (only instrument) for courage! Maybe not much for a top flyer, but quite something for me.

That is not the only occasion when I have managed just as well as others who have had instruments.

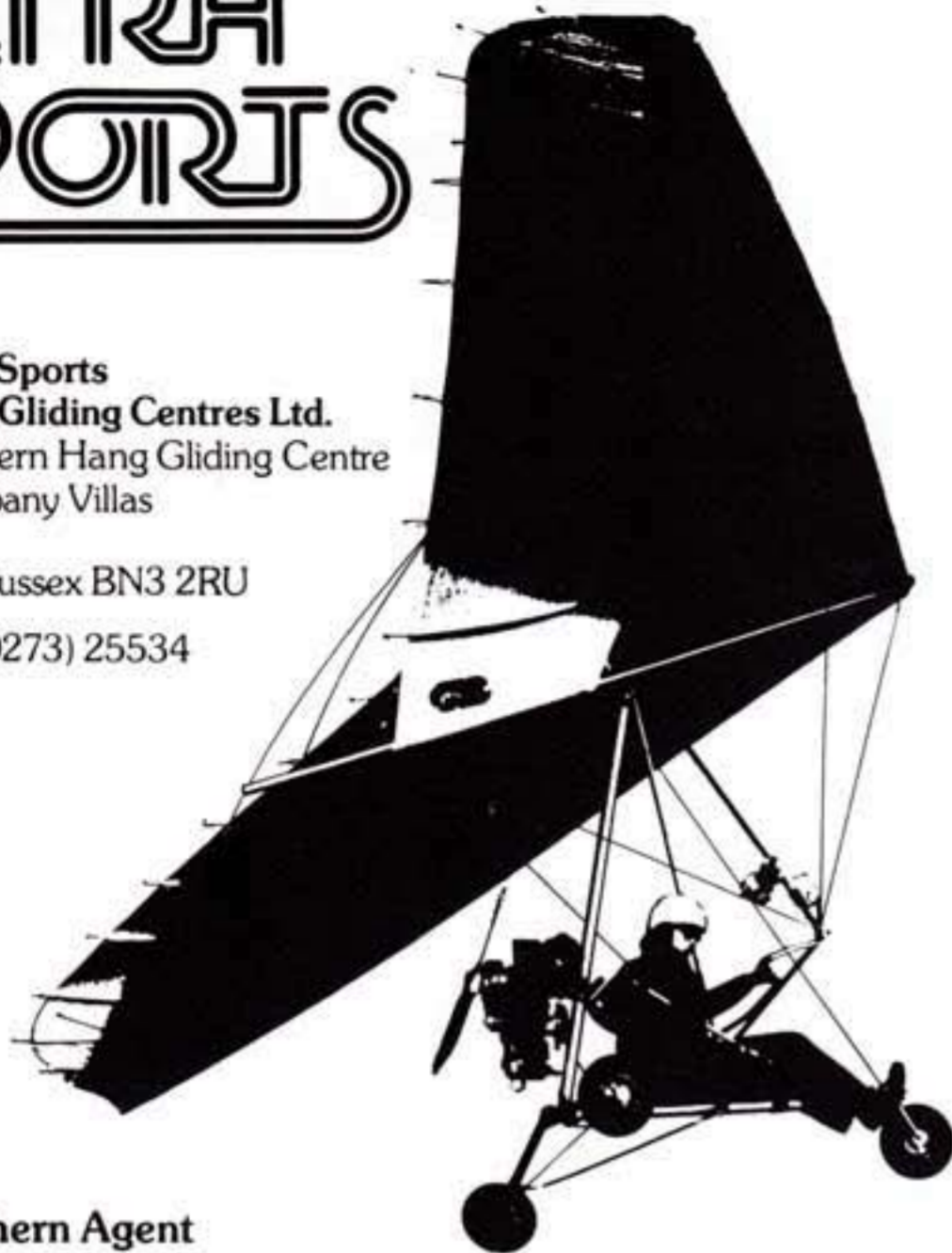
Also I am finding other flyers who are coming to the same sort of conclusions as I, so maybe we are all on the right track.

So why not try it? Especially if your flying is crippled by a flat battery. The top flyers have been saying for years that they only use instruments as a check that they have got it right.

Maybe there could be an XC competition without instruments, it would certainly add interest. And if you are still doubtful, think of the buzzard and wonder...

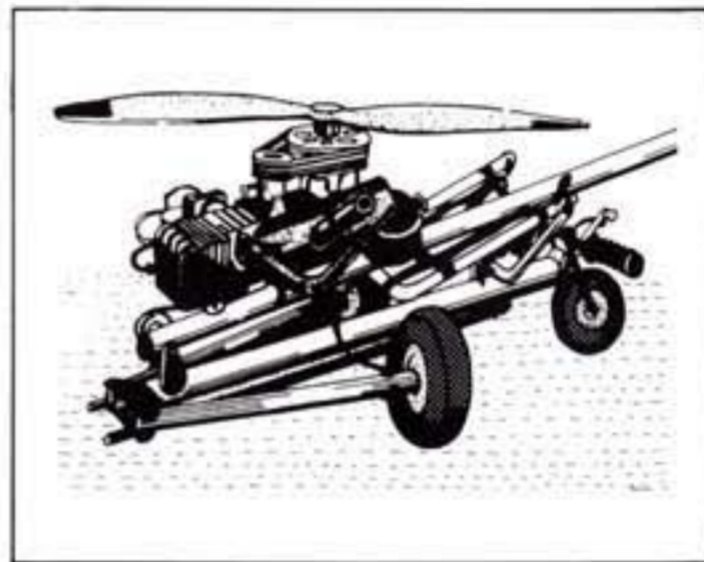
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 IN THE EVENT OF DEATH, LOSS OF EYE/LIMB (OR USE THEREOF) OR PERMANENT TOTAL DISABILITY

Code	Capital Sum Benefit	New Premium	Renewal Minimum
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A6	£ 6,000	£ 30.00	£24.00
A10	£10,000	£ 50.00	£40.00
A15	£15,000	£ 75.00	£60.00
A20	£20,000	£100.00	£80.00

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NOTE: Benefits are normally paid at end of Disablement period — but in cases of hardship we can normally arrange a cheque each four weeks after benefit starts.

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

NOTE: In contrast to Personal Accident rates, two or three major Life Companies, with good Profit Records, are now offering Life, Endowment and House Purchase Policies at normal rates. DO LET US QUOTE.

Twenty-five thousand feet, gentlemen –

uncouple your oxygen

By J. A. Hudson



He means me, I thought.

“Number 5 and number 8, please disconnect your oxygen supply.”

I was certain now. I was number 5 and about to experience just how the body felt when deprived of that life-giving gas we give so little thought to. My mind flashed back an hour to the lecture we had had. “Between 15 and 20 thousand feet, judgment is reduced, reasoning impaired, personality changes. The fingertips and lips turn blue from cyanosis and one would become unconscious with exercise. At 25 thousand feet, all the above occur in greater degree, more rapidly and one would become unconscious within minutes.”

Within minutes, I thought, as I twisted the bayonet fixing on the flexible mask tube. A slight plop and then nothing — no change — I was still breathing, the Lieutenant Commander’s voice was still there in my headphones and everything was just as it was. Opposite, my partner in this experiment, Keith Hadley, hang glider pilot and traffic controller, was looking across at me and next to him, Graham Slater from Ultra Sports, Lieutenant Commander John Turner, and then next to me Bob Harrison, B.H.G.A. Training Officer, all looked just the same.

Prime mover in this experiment was Dunstan Hadley, who, via his contacts in the service, had secured an invitation to a few hang glider pilots to attend a short course in oxygen deprivation and special disorientation at the Naval Medical Centre in Portsmouth.

Two other pilots were unable to make it on the day and so the four of us gathered at 9.00 a.m. to start what was to be a most interesting morning. After a fascinating 1½ hour lecture on the general make-up of the atmosphere, the mechanisms we use to extract oxygen when breathing, and the effects of oxygen starvation, we moved off to the 8’-0” diameter, 12’-0” long altitude pressure chamber. A quick medical check of ear clearing ability, a briefing on the oxygen mask and headphone system, and the door clanged shut, was sealed, and away we went.

Bob Harrison had brought a Skydeck in with him and the needle held fast against the stop at 15 up. The air was being sucked out of the chamber to simulate a climb rate of 2,000 ft per minute, and the needle on the Thommen Altimeter was racing around. Since the Thommen is only calibrated to 18,000 feet we wondered how many cogs would fall out after it had been to 25,000 ft. In the event, it stopped reading around 19,000 ft and on our eventual return to sea level pressure, the needle exactly lined up on zero just as it was set before the climb.

After around 10 minutes, the Lieutenant called for the ascent to be slowed and at 25,000 ft the technicians held the vacuum stable and we were there. The chamber itself was like a large, round tank with a number of portholes and a seat down each side. At the back of the seat were 14 oxygen take-off points. I counted a number of different faces peering in through the port-holes, and in

addition, we had a doctor and a base commander around, and I’m sure there were more outside than in. This fact, plus the continual radio exchanges coming over the helmet head-phones, was reassuring.

We had been given numbers instead of names and briefed on what we were to do and what sort of things to expect when disconnected from the oxygen supply. On my right, Bob Harrison had been briefed on how to re-connect me should I be unable to do it myself, and Graham Slater likewise for Keith

Hadley. I confessed to feeling a little nervous, a feeling which disappeared within a minute of the disconnection. Keith and I were to play a simple game of Draughts, with the others looking on and monitoring our reactions. Beside the feeling of confidence which I only noticed in retrospect, the first thing I felt was a rushing of blood to my lips and eyes and a feeling of pressure around my face. It was interesting but not uncomfortable, and Keith and I commenced play. Within a few moves it was obvious that we were losing concentration. We both moved the other’s pieces by mistake and also moved out of turn. Belligerence is reputed to be one of the effects and I distinctly remember feeling, not angry, but a little annoyed that Keith had moved one of my pieces two moves back. The fact that I didn’t notice this at the time showed how my concentration had slipped, and after four minutes of a hap-hazard game, we were instructed to re-connect which we did without problems.

Everything felt fine within a very short time and then Bob and Graham dis-connected and we watched with interest.

After a few exercises each was asked to commence writing his name and how he felt on a piece of paper. A very simple task but one which quickly showed them slipping. The writing became more speedy and more untidy and after three minutes Graham lifted his head, stopped writing and vacantly stared around him in a most absent-minded fashion. The Lieutenant urged him to continue, which he did until instructed to reconnect.

Bob Harrison seemed to show the best tolerance but his pride was dented when the Lieutenant suggested that people who sat where he did always seemed to get good results! He put this down to a slight oxygen leak in the immediate area of Bob’s position which left poor Bob wishing he had sat somewhere else!



The re-compression gave Bob and I a few ear clearing problems, but the descent was slowed and it became no trouble.

Before long we were on our way to the bar via the spatial disorientation room, which contained a low-slung chair on a small platform. A short talk on the workings of the ear and Graham was strapped into the seat, a blindfold fastened securely over his eyes. Unable to see, he was instructed to point both thumbs in the direction he was turning and with a grinding sound the chair started to revolve. Quickly both thumbs leaned over, correctly showing the direction and poor Graham groaned a little as the speed increased. After about 20 seconds, although there had been no change whatsoever in direction and speed, Graham's thumbs returned upright, signifying that he felt he was now straight, and as soon as the chair was slowed down slightly his thumbs shot over to the opposite side, signifying that he thought he had changed direction completely. All this time the chair had been revolving in the same way and the experiment showed that deprived of vision, the balance senses can convince one of a totally unreal situation.

It also quite graphically illustrated the problem of an aircraft spinning inside a cloud and showed how easily a pilot could hold his craft in such an attitude even turning back in, once out, if he had to rely on his balance senses only.

Graham suffered the chair a second time, and to illustrate the problem of a rapid head movement causing disorientation, was asked to swiftly look up and over one shoulder on command. After 30 seconds or so of rotation, the Lieutenant shouted and the consternation in Graham's face was obvious. He clutched at thin air and called out that the room was tumbling end over end. Talk about spaced out! It took him quite a while to recover from that and his double dose of the chair left him pale and worse for wear.

Bob Harrison was next and was asked to stare at the ceiling as the chair rotated. "Oh, dear," he exclaimed as the chair started up, but within six revolutions or so he called out that he felt totally stable and comfortable and that the room, not himself, was going round. After holding the speed for 30 seconds, the chair was stopped and Bob had to instantly bend down and pick up a pencil from between his legs. he was obviously quite out of balance but, surprisingly, he did quite well and later put it down to concentrating intently on the task. He observed that it would have been quite different had he not been forewarned.

I was next and the intention was to show how vision could be affected by a rapid change of direction, achieved by setting up a constant motion in the chair and then suddenly stopping it. I was asked to read a line of letters of an eye test card as soon as the chair stopped, and as we increased rotation I thought I had this one cracked. The first initial revolutions are disturbing, but within a very short time the chair seemed to be totally stable and it was the room that felt to be spinning. I felt confident and dead sure that I could handle this one O.K. — until the chair

stopped. WHAM! I couldn't believe it. In no way at all could I even think to read a letter. The Lieutenant was shouting and gesticulating wildly at the letter card but both it, him, the card, the room and my head were jumping violently about 5 feet from side to side. I couldn't focus, couldn't keep my head still, and the others say my eyeballs looked to have minds of their own, flicking from side to side. Both eyeballs felt and looked like fruit machine wheels and it was a full 25 seconds before I could control my vision long enough to make out the 3" high letters.

Keith was next and demonstrated the problem of reaching for controls immediately after a strong change of direction. His fumbling fingers eventually found the right switch, but it was some time before they got there and he moved another switch in doing so.

After this session, which to my mind is far more relevant to the average hang glider pilot than the oxygen chamber, we all retired to the bar to recuperate. Graham still looked green around the gills but generous hospitality from the staff soon had him feeling a little better. All the Navy personnel were interested in our flying, particularly from the powered point of view. I learned a great deal from the morning and would recommend anyone to jump should the opportunity present itself.

The more we learn about ourselves and our reactions under unusual circumstances, the better we are at coping with the many facets of flight. My thanks go to the Navy Medical School for holding the session and to the B.H.G.A. Medical Officer, Dunstan Hadley, for organising it.



Wings!

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Compiled by Chris
Corston, BHGA
Secretary, 5/6/81.

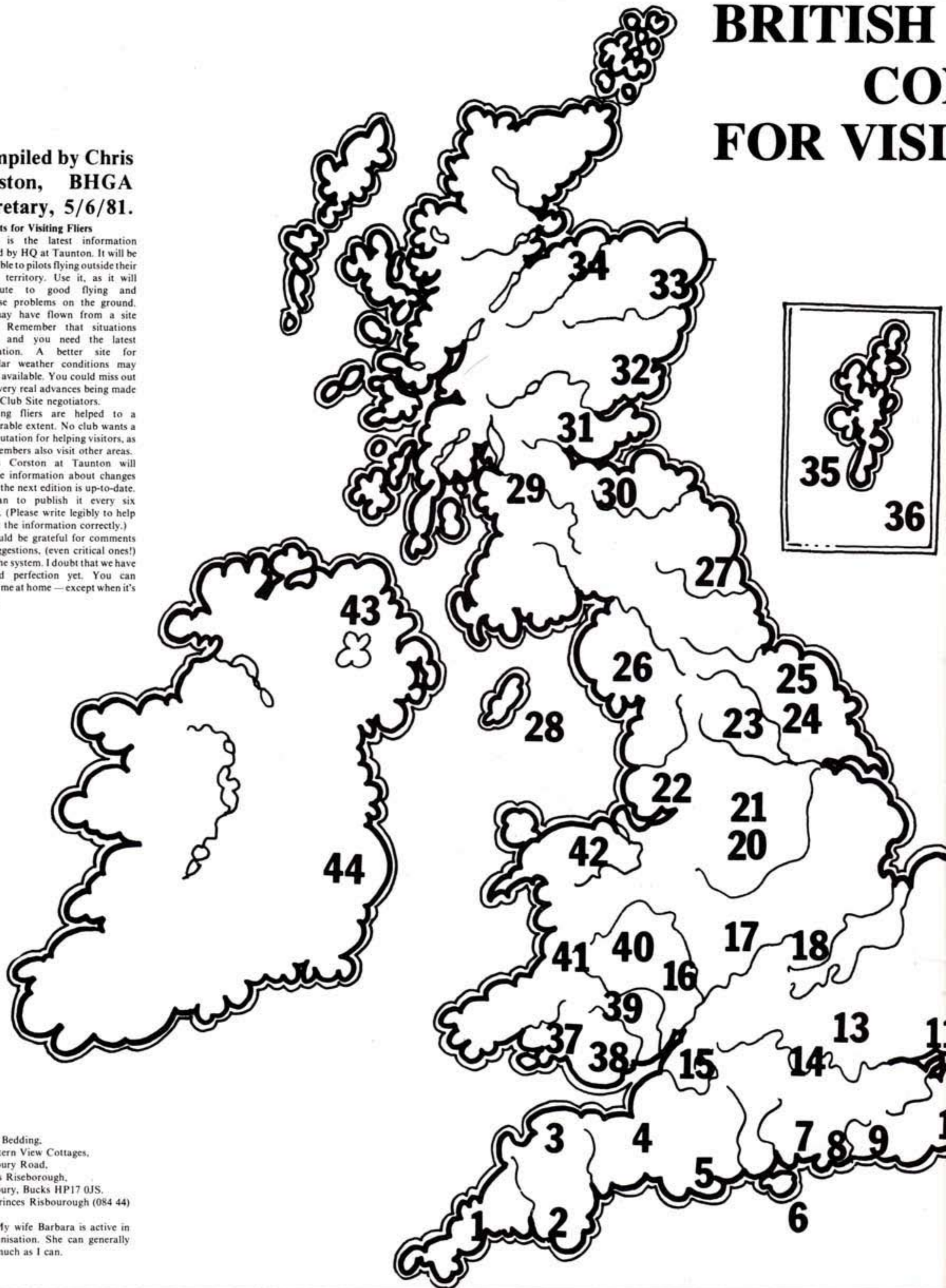
Contacts for Visiting Fliers

This is the latest information received by HQ at Taunton. It will be invaluable to pilots flying outside their normal territory. Use it, as it will contribute to good flying and minimise problems on the ground. You may have flown from a site before. Remember that situations change and you need the latest information. A better site for particular weather conditions may now be available. You could miss out on the very real advances being made by our Club Site negotiators.

Visiting fliers are helped to a considerable extent. No club wants a bad reputation for helping visitors, as their members also visit other areas.

Chris Corston at Taunton will welcome information about changes so that the next edition is up-to-date. We plan to publish it every six months. (Please write legibly to help us print the information correctly.)

I would be grateful for comments and suggestions, (even critical ones!) about the system. I doubt that we have achieved perfection yet. You can contact me at home — except when it's flyable.



David Bedding,
2 Chiltern View Cottages,
Aylesbury Road,
Monks Riseborough,
Aylesbury, Bucks HP17 0JS.
Tel: Princes Risborough (084 44)
7186
P.S. My wife Barbara is active in
our organisation. She can generally
help as much as I can.

CLUBS GUIDE

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England

1 KERNOW HGC

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44 REPLUBLIC OF IRELAND

Irish HGA Secretary: Randal Gillham, 31 Clonard Drive, Sandycroft, Dublin 14. Tel: Dublin 980558 Tom & Jennifer Hudson: Dublin 852856

UNOFFICIAL WORLD DISTANCE RECORD

A Ski Instructor from Albuquerque, has flown and reported 168-170 miles from Sandia Peak near Albuquerque to Melrose, New Mexico.

Flying a UP Comet 165, he took off into a strong north-westerly air flow and rapidly climbed to 18,000 MSL. He turned downwind and landed six hours later at 7.40 p.m. Most of the flight occurred between 13,000 and 15,000ft. above sea level.

Lee had to come down from 4,000 A.G.L. to end his flight, because of approaching darkness and the uncertainty of reaching the next town! Phew!

MID-AIR IN ITALY Pilot Killed

20 year old Michel Alfrider, from Corvara in Italy, was killed after his hang glider collided with another. The accident happened during the last weekend in May. There were five pilots in the air at the time. They were flying at a ski resort area in the Italian Dolomites. Apparently Alfrider had been seen flying very erratically prior to the collision. His damaged glider crashed into a ravine. Parazza, the pilot of the other glider survived uninjured, by deploying his parachute.

Report from Peter Walden

MORAY EAGLES XC COMPETITION

- 1st Jnr. Tech. Tom Hardie.
RAF (Typhoon).
 - 2nd M.E.A. Allan Smith.
NAVY (Comet).
 - 3rd C.P.O. Steve Byrne.
NAVY (Sigma).
 - 4th Capt. Jim Taggart.
ARMY (Cyclone).
 - *5th Cpl. Jess Flynn.
RAF (Typhoon).
 - *5th Jnr. Tech. Pat Gardner.
RAF (Typhoon)
- Full report in next months "Wings!"

NEWS

DELTA SILVER PROFICIENCY BADGE No. 4

I'm pleased to announce the award of the Delta Silver to David Cheesman, 98 Holland Pines, Great Hollands, Bracknell, Berkshire. David is the third British Pilot, and only the fourth person in the world, to receive this award and to have his name entered in the Federation Aeronautique Internationale Register. The details of his flight are as follows:—

Date of Flight: 15th January 1981.

Place: Rift Valley, Nairobi, Kenya.

Take-off: Choroget, 0° 32' 9" North — 35° 34' 5" East.

Landing: Kapcheal Primary School, 0° 55' 0" North — 35° 34' 1" East.

Total Distance of Flight: 56.49 Kms or (35 miles 188.63 yds).

Height Gain During Flight: 2250m or (7,381.8ft).

The Duration Flight was carried out on Hatterrall Hill, Pandy, near Abergavenny, South Wales on the 18th of April 1981.

Time of Take-off: 13.15 Hours.

Time of Landing: 18.27 Hours.

Total Time of Flight: 5 Hours 12 mins.

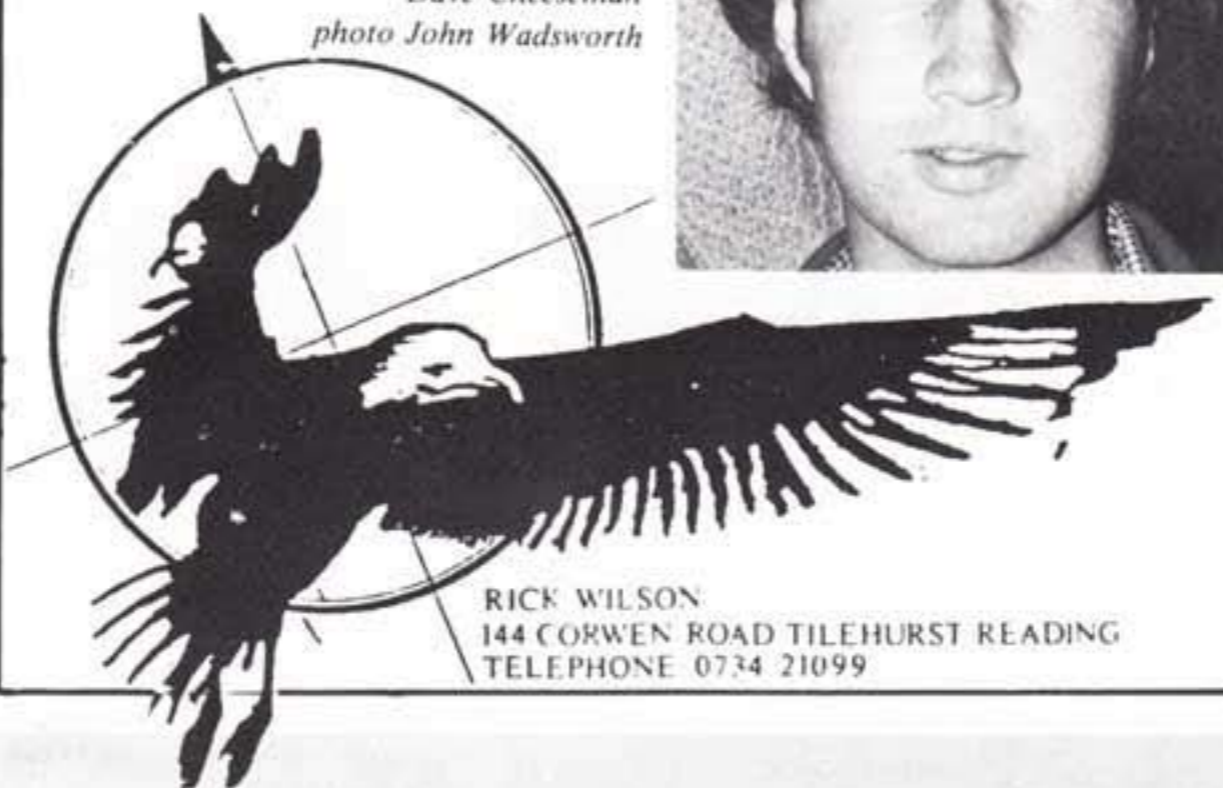
The F.A.I. wish to convey their hearty congratulations to David. May I on behalf of the B.H.G.A. and all his friends in the Thames Valley Hang Gliding Club do the same.

**Rick Wilson
R & FAIACO**

Bill Lehan's Cartoons from Wings!
for your home. £5.00 only.

Bill Lehan telephone: (0342) 312552

*Dave Cheesman
photo John Wadsworth*



RICK WILSON
144 CORWEN ROAD TILEHURST READING
TELEPHONE 0734 21099

£100 XC PRIZE

PROTEC well known manufacturer of flying suits are sponsoring a competition to be held in N. Ireland. It is open to any one who is a member of the B.H.G.A. or an equivalent national organisation. £100 cash (sterling) will be awarded for the longest cross country flight in excess of 10 miles. The competition is spread over a period from 1st June '81 to — 31st August '81.

For full information, details or rules/entry forms please send £1.00 plus S.A.E. to:—

Kenneth McConnell

U.H.G.C. Secretary

336 Glebe Road

Carnmoney

Newtown Abbey

Co. Antrim

BT 360 RL

Tel: Glengormley 44113

RHOSSILI

The South West Wales Hang Gliding Club welcome BHGA flyers to their famous site, but point out that visitors must pay £1.25 per day or £5 for the year to fly. The club now has to pay the National Trust for use of the site.

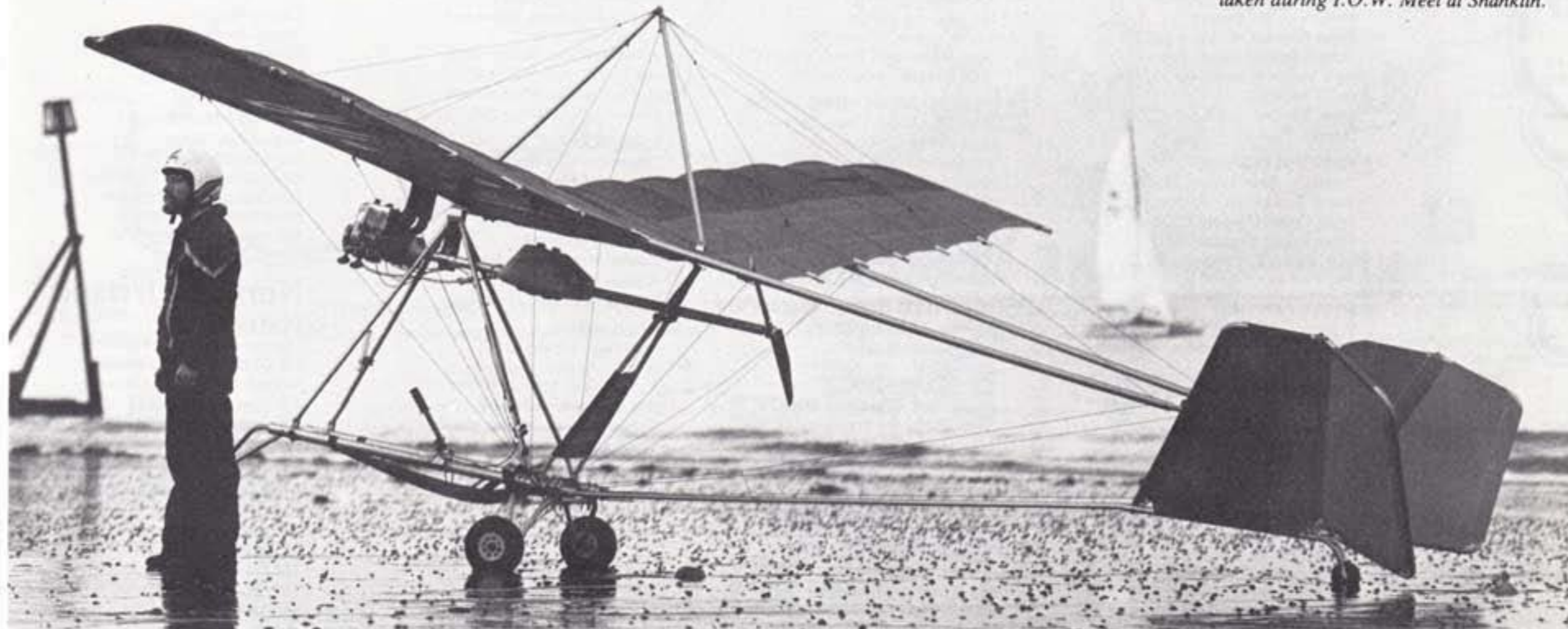
Would visitors please pay at the bottom of the hill in the shop on the 'Green'.

Neil Edwards,
Secretary SWWHGC

LEAGUE POSITIONS AFTER 3rd LEAGUE

1st	CALVERT	565
2nd	CARR	659
3rd	FREEMAN	657
4th	WILSON	639
5th	CARNET	614
6th	BAILEY	595
7th	BROWN J.	592
8th	SLATER	586
9th	FAIRGRIEVE	583
10th	HUGHES	567

*Still Life — Photo by John Wadsworth
taken during I.O.W. Meet at Shanklin.*



ISLE OF WIGHT H.G. FESTIVAL

Shanklin, on the Isle of Wight, played host to hang glider pilots and microlight enthusiasts alike during the second week of May.

Although the weather was unkind to all, especially the microlight boys, flying got underway on most days and the festival was considered a success.

Its success among participants and onlookers has already set in motion plans for a bigger festival next year, possibly attracting double the number of flyers and going part of the way to realize the hoteliers' ambitions — to make hang-gliding synonymous with the Isle of Wight as TT racing is with the Isle of Man.

The event, organized by the Shanklin Hotel and Guest House Association, began as a glint in the eye of one member, Mr. Alan Lauder. After seeing a press cutting of a hang-glider above Shanklin Pier, he developed the idea of making the Island a centre for the sport.

He considered it to be an ideal location — and was proved right because the local geography has permitted flying from 21 sites. The Isle of Wight airport at Sandown and the former Ryde Airport was used by microlights.

Marketing officer for the Isle of Wight Tourist Board, Mr. Doug Pollard, has described the festival as "the best thing that ever happened to Shanklin."



Lightning/Trike over Luckham Shanklin
photo John Wadsworth

THE FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO LAUNCH & LAND A HANG GLIDER

by David Bedding

BHGA Council has approved the use of our National Fighting Fund to contest the principles at stake at Dunstable. Three pilots have been summonsed to answer a charge that they took off from Totternhoe Regulated Pastures without authority. The scene is set for a ruling that will have implications throughout the country.

Four questions are at the heart of the matter:

1. Can we effectively control hang gliding to prevent danger to those on the ground? We think yes.
2. Do we need to be controlled in the air by bye-law? We think not.
3. Do cockpit gliders have priority in airspace adjacent to their real estate? Yes, if it's their A.T.Z.
4. Can we effectively contest our legal rights and freedoms when forced to do so in the Law Courts? Yes we can.

Dunstable Club Chairman John Hunter has assured me that the Club expects to raise considerable money for the Fighting Fund — the matter is of prime importance to them.

BHGA Solicitor Anthony MacLaren's firm, Thomas Eggar & Son, have been commissioned to represent our interests. The initial costs in the Magistrate's Court are likely to be of the order of £800-£900, but legal costs are always difficult to estimate as they are so dependant on the quantity and quality of the arguments put up by the prosecution. BHGA finances are hard pressed and it was tempting to commission a less costly firm of solicitors — perhaps one local to Dunstable. On my advice Council rejected this as our solicitors have a record of winning, and they are the experts on a very grey area of law. We cannot afford to lose this one.

My wife Barbara has agreed that we start the ball rolling. She has written a cheque for £10 and despatched it to H.Q. at Taunton with a note that it is intended for the Fighting Fund. Please make a contribution yourselves so that we can continue to fly all around Britain without unreasonable controls. Even established sports have to be ready to guard their interests. We are becoming established but cannot afford to concede our legal rights because we haven't the money to protect them in the Courts.

Please help — support the fighting fund

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES 1981/82

Following the decision at the A.G.M., Council has very carefully debated and examined the question of increasing the membership subscriptions. Taking into account all the duties set it by the A.G.M. and not forgetting the need to continue all its other aims, the Council therefore has approved the following increases, which will take effect from the 1st July 1981, this being 14th months since the last increase.

1. Individual Flying Membership Renewal Fee	£14.00
2. Individual Non Flying Membership Renewal Fee	£11.50
Family Membership	
3. Family Membership (Both Flying)	£17.00
4. Family Membership (One Flying, One Non Flying)	£16.00
5. Family Membership (Both Non Flying)	£13.50
6. Entry fee for new members and those memberships which have lapsed for more than 3 months in addition to the above	£1.00
P. G. MOSS Treasurer	

500 CLUB LOTTERY MAY 1981

1 R. F. WISHART	£52.80	8 R. N. WHITTALL	£5.28
2 R. M. MOSS	£26.40	9 K. DEBONNAIRE	£3.96
3 J. D. WEBB	£13.20	10 I. M. TROTTER	£3.96
4 A. I. JENKINS	£7.92		
5 LORD MOSTYN	£6.60	a total of £132 prize money and a like amount for BHGA funds.	
6 M. LINGARD	£6.60	P. G. MOSS Treasurer	
7 P. MOSS	£5.28		

BOSSINGTON

The Devon & Somerset Condors regret that site fees at Bossington have been increased, for the first time in five years, to £1.00 per day. Pilots intending to visit the Condors' territory this year would be well advised to take out a temporary membership, which costs £3.50 and provides free flying at all Condors sites. The cost includes a very detailed Sites Pack, which is available separately for £1.50 inc p&p. Write to Simon Murphy Turf House, Luppitt, Honiton, Devon.



END OF AN ERA

David Cook ended a three year romance with his powered hang glider, when it was presented to the Shuttleworth Collection in Bedfordshire, the museum for historic flying machines, on the 8th of May this year.

Three years ago on 9th May 1978, David Cook flew the English Channel in just 1 hour 15 minutes, using the VJ-23 he developed and constructed himself. David's successful Channel crossing not only marked the first crossing using a powered hang glider but it was also the lowest-powered manned Channel crossing ever achieved. David used only a quarter of the power at Bleriot's disposal when the first Channel crossing was made some 70 years ago.

SCOTTISH HANG GLIDING FEDERATION

The Scottish Sailwing Association is no more. It has been reborn as the Scottish Hang Gliding Federation following this years AGM. The Council members are as follows:-

Chairman: Richard Armstrong, 13 Ladeside, Newmilns, Ayrshire. 0560-22515 (H) 041-5548644 (B)

Secretary: Simon Ogston, 33 Seymour St., Dundee. 0382-65437 (H) 0382-60111, ext 2426 (B)

Treasurer: Brian Dainty, 6 Bute, St Leonards, E. Kilbride, Glasgow G74 2AZ. 03552-43860 (H) 03552-43944 (B).

Safety Officer: Ian Trotter, 1 Trinity Court, Edinburgh EH5 3LE. 031-5527736 (H) 031-3322411, ext 87 (B).

Scottish Sports Council: Charles H. S. McLennan: Sports Development Division, The Scottish Sports Council, 1 St. Colme Street, Edinburgh EH3 6AA. 031-2258411.

Editor of SHGF Newsletter: Stephen Cuttle, 12 Grange Loan, Edinburgh EH9 2NR. 031-6682091 (H).

NEWS

EXTRA

RIGHT TO THE TOP OF THE TREE

A number of clubs have reported difficulties negotiating Forestry Commission Sites. For a while it looked as if only patience was required. They never said 'no', but there were always further difficulties to overcome before they could say 'yes'.

The Central Council of Physical Recreation were dissatisfied with the Forestry Commission's reluctance to grant access for sport and recreation and for a while I argued on your behalf that only patience was required and CCPR should not initiate a national campaign. The problem brewed and it was clear that our clubs were not getting anywhere. Eventually I participated in the CCPR National Campaign. I wrote to those who participated in a Parliamentary Debate on Forestry Commission finance and copied my letter to the Director General of the Forestry Commission.

The response was encouraging. Every MP replied and some were very helpful. I met Jerry Wiggins, the Minister responsible for land and forestry in the Department of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. I received a letter from the Director General of the Forestry Commission, which makes it clear that there is no general principle involved. Conservators should respond to responsible representations and allow access for hang gliding where this is reasonable.

Clubs who would like to use take-off points that involve access to Forestry Commission property should open or re-open negotiations with the appropriate Conservator.

Chris Corston at Taunton can provide an information pack that will help. I may be able to help with specific problems. Let me know if reasonable access is not granted and I will pursue the matter further.

DAVID BEDDING
BHGA Sites Representative



THE NATIONAL XC LEAGUE

NAME	CLUB	1	2	3	Av
1 JIM BROWN	DALES	78.1	37.3	21.7	45.7
2 MICHEL CARNET	SOUTHERN	48.4	31.9	28.6	36.3
3 PETER ROBINSON	WESSEX	14.5	50.4	43.0	36.0
4 BOB HARRISON	DALES	18.2	49.5	34.3	34.0
5 JOHNNY CARR	SOUTHERN	22.3	35.1	39.6	32.3
6 ROBERT BAILEY	DALES	18.0	38.5	31.0	29.2
7 RICHARD BROWN	PENNINE	27.0	18.5	39.0	28.2
8 JOHN STIRK	DALES	82.6	—	—	27.5
9 SANDY FAIRGRIEVE	NORTHAMPTON	20.6	23.5	26.6	23.6
10 JOHN FENNEL	DUNSTABLE	12.4	25.8	29.3	22.5
11 JOHN NORTH	PENNINE	17.4	15.8	28.1	20.4
12 MARK SILVESTER	PENNINE	30.7	6.8	17.3	18.3
13 TONY HUGHES	—	20.6	29.9	—	16.8
14 RICHARD IDDON	PENNINE	17.7	16.3	15.5	16.5
BRIAN GODDEN	N. YORKS	10.0	25.9	13.5	16.5
15 DAVE BLUETT	SOUTHERN	12.4	12.8	22.6	15.9
16 DONALD CARSON	OSPREY INVERNESS	21.4	13.5	11.3	15.4
17 MICK POLLARD	—	10.7	33.8	—	14.8
18 NEIL ATKINSON	—	7.0	36.7	—	14.6
19 TOM HARDIE	RAF MORAY EAGLES	8.7	15.3	12.7	12.2
20 CARL TONKS	WESTERN COUNTIES	24.0	11.2	—	11.7
21 GORDON HOLMES	G. CALEY	19.8	7.9	—	9.2
22 LEN HULL	SHEFFIELD	7.7	18.8	—	8.8
23 MIKE HIBBIT	THAMES VALLEY	23.8	—	—	7.9
24 CHRIS TAYLOR	CUMBRIA	22.8	—	—	7.6
25 PHILIP HIGGINS	SHEFFIELD	12.9	7.7	—	6.7
26 JENNY GANDERTON	DUNSTABLE	18.0	—	—	6.0
27 BRUCE GOLDSMITH	—	17.0	—	—	5.6
28 NICK STANSFIELD	DALES	14.8	—	—	4.9
29 R. G. ARMSTRONG	—	13.3	—	—	4.4
30 GRAEME BAIRD	DUNSTABLE	12.4	—	—	4.1
31 JOSEPH CULLEN	LANARKSHIRE	11.2	—	—	3.7
32 NATALIE WILSON	SKY SURFERS	8.3	—	—	2.8
33 JOHN HEWITT	SOUTHERN	8.1	—	—	2.7
34 JOHN HARTHMAN	SHEFFIELD	7.1	—	—	2.4

All distances in miles. Positions as at 31-5-81



Dave Harrison with the magnificent N.X.C.L. trophy, awarded to the top XC pilot. A similar trophy will be presented to the highest placed club. So, if you're not interested in personal fame or getting into the league, why not send in your flight details for the sake of your club.

1981 DAN-AIR CELTIC CUP — RESULTS

IRELAND		WALES		SCOTLAND	
Pat Molloy	36	Brian Harrison	16	Richard Armstrong	20
Ian Kirker	8	Bill Payne	10	Angus McDonald	4
Trevor Wilde	7	Jo Binns	8		
John Stafford	7	Alan James	8		
Finbar Warren	6½	Richard Newton	7		
Pete Willis	6	Rod Lees	6½		
Yvonne O'Sullivan	5½	Phil Merton	6		
Mark Leslie	5	John Rutledge	4		
	<u>81</u>		<u>65½</u>		<u>24</u>
	miles		miles		miles

A full report of this event, from Bob Makay, will appear in next months *Wings!*

IMPORTANT THE WORLD AERIAL PENTATHLON

The sponsors are still having difficulty in securing a suitable venue at a reasonable cost, therefore, as of the 1st June 1981, the B.H.G.A. has withdrawn its offer to organise the event on the grounds that the time schedule is now too short to expect a reasonable return for effort.

Please note that the event could still take place, organised by the sponsors, and still prove to be successful. Interested persons can contact me on (0235) 834033 before 10.00 p.m. daily. Barry Blore

CLUBMANS MERE 81

Due to the tremendous success of last years event, and requests received from members, council have once again decided to "go for it"

4th-6th Sept. 1981

Full details in next "Wings!"
Barry Blore

LONGMYND HANG GLIDING CLUB NEW COMMITTEE 1981

Chairman:

PAUL BRIDGES
Linley 322

Vice Chairman

ARTHUR TRAPP
Kidderminster 515884

Secretary

JULIAN WRIGHT
Telford 504982

Treasurer

DEREK HUGHES
Wolverhampton 762670

Social and Power

KEITH VINNING
021 523 0293

Sites

GREG STOKES
Brierley Hill 73825

Editor

CLEM BLUMFIELD
Shrewsbury 61935

LEAGUE POSITIONS AFTER 4th LEAGUE

1st CALVERT	798
2nd CARR	793
3rd FREEMAN	774
4th WILSON	758
5th BAILEY	714
6th CARNET	702
7th BROWN. J.	692
8th CRUSE	689
9th BROWN. D.	684
10th REYNOLDS	676

THE GIRLS

1st GANNERTON	733
2nd LEDON	475
3rd WILSON	408

HANG GLIDING AROUND THE WORLD

Next months *Wings!* will feature hang gliding experiences around the World — Kenya, Israel, Scandinavia, France . . .

IN MY OPINION . . .

APRÈS GLIDE

Dear Sirs,

Just for fun, and also to have my views on record if they turn out to have been correct, I would like to set out the way in which I think the sport of hang gliding may develop.

Hang gliding is in many ways like skiing and like skiing it falls neatly into two categories: the competitive side of the sport and the recreational side. I have nothing to say about the former, rather I want to talk about development of the recreational side of hang gliding.

I am, myself, an avid thermal hunter and spend usually three to four days a week on top of the hill praying for sun and a good lapse rate, but I think that it must be admitted that, at least, in Britain, these days are too few for this type of flying to form the basis for hang gliding to become a broad based popular recreational sport similar in its appeal to skiing. I cannot believe that there are large segments of the population that will spend days standing on the top of windy hills waiting for the day when the conditions are right. Thus, while towing may be a possible alternative, it would seem that it must be ridge soaring which will be the basis of recreational hang gliding.

Certain areas in Britain must be among the finest in the world for ridge soaring. Unlike most countries the wind is strong enough most days to stay up on ridge lift. Also there are many areas, like south Wales, which are richly endowed with ridges which are of sufficient size to soar and yet are not so large as to make turbulence a serious problem as it is in the Alps. Thus one can easily imagine Britain as a world centre for this type of recreational flying.

But there is a major problem — ridge soaring can quickly become quite boring once one does too much of it. Zapping up and down the same ridge day after day with nothing particularly challenging to do

and nothing new to see rapidly becomes about as interesting as flying aboard a commercial airliner. This point is underlined by daredevil feats, described in recent letters to *Wings!*, that some pilots have taken up to avoid the tedium of ridge soaring. What I want to argue now is that current technical developments may provide a way out of this dilemma.

It is my opinion that the ability of the new CFX kites to cross gaps and hop ridges may change the face of hang gliding. Previously, except in thermic conditions, one was confined to a single ridge of perhaps at best 2 or 3 miles in length. Now, at least where there are systems of ridges close together as in south Wales, it is conceivable that one could fly for distances of 30 and 40 miles by crossing gaps and hopping between ridges where they are closest together. Just as the world's great mountains only slowly surrendered to the persistent efforts of climbers, I would not expect these long valley flights to be made at once. But as pilots begin to discover the peculiarities of the terrain and wind currents that will enable them to cross gaps that seemed inaccessible and hop between ridges at points which would appear to be impossible, the lengths of these ridge soaring flights will gradually increase. In this milieu I can see the expert pilot as one who has both consummate flying skills and a pathfinder's knowledge of tricks for crossing the major gaps on the flying routes up and down the valleys. Surely here is a type of ridge soaring with sufficient challenge to occupy a lifetime in the sport.

This view has an implication for what one might call the stylishness of the sport. Anyone who has skied cannot but have been struck by the contrasts between this and hang gliding. Both sports use visually attractive equipment and involve one standing on the top of hills in uncomfortable weather. But there the similarity ends; in ski resorts one finds the tops of hills populated with beautifully attired men and women and covered with chic restaurants and attractive cafes, while on the tops of

hang gliding hills one finds only a rather scruffy assortment of men who alternate between flying and huddling in their rather muddy cars. It is clear that the ambiance of hang gliding could be improved and the view set out in the preceding paragraph offers just that possibility.

As the routes along the valleys begin to develop it will become clear that there are a few key intersections, i.e. a point at which many routes converge or a crucial gap which must be jumped to get from one system of ridges to another. These will be the natural places for restaurants. Imagine dining in front of a window with a striking view; in the distance you see two kites slowly working their way up the valley, gradually they grow larger until, after about 20 minutes, they land just below your window and you discover the pilots to be two old friends who enter and join you for a meal. With a number of such restaurants and cafes located at the key intersections one can easily imagine places like south Wales coming to resemble alpine ski resorts with groups of foreigners who have come on two week package tours to fly the 'valley circuits' mingling with the local flyers and perhaps the members of the national hang gliding team who are there training for an important competition. Perhaps, in the future, it will not seem unnatural to mention San Moritz and Merthyr Tydfil in the same breath.

Howard C. Petith.

ooh! I thought Après Glide
just meant beers with the boys!



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Kev Moloney (Southern) 052-554703
Dick Christon (North East) 0642-781749

- 14lbs lighter than a Typhoon • More stable at speed than a Demon • Quicker to rig than a Lightning • Sink rate and handling to outclass them all • Other manufacturers recognise the Sealander as being the only way to go for increased performance with a substantial reduction in weight.

The Shape
of Things
to Come ~
NOW!

The ultimate

POWER machine

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The design eliminates nose up pitching tendency experienced with other gliders • Immensely strong • No mods needed to fit leading makes of trike units.

Flexiform Skysails, Beddingate Mill, Leigh Street,
Patricroft, Manchester, Lancs. Phone 061 707 1389

Airworthiness Now

BY BARRY BLORE

International Scene

Two years ago the BHGA were invited to a meeting in Germany to join an already agreed contract between Austria, Germany and Switzerland. This agreement enabled those countries to accept and recognise each others Seal of Approval, their C of A. Some of the Benefits obtained from reaching such an agreement are:

- a) The commitment to exchange information between countries on technical matters.
- b) It allows manufacturers to submit their gliders to one set of Airworthiness Testing since the Seal of Approval is accepted by those countries sharing the agreement.
- c) It gives pilots greater freedom to fly when visiting countries that share the agreement.

In those early days Britain was not in a position to join the agreement since we could not honestly claim



Structural Test Rig



Hang glider being subjected to negative loads. Clive Smith is sat in the Rig watching the gauge that measures G loading.

Airworthiness General

We do not have laws in this country that can be enforced to encourage Airworthiness. The BHGA has stood fast for several months now and taken all the measures at its disposal to ensure that you, the members, benefit and eventually obtain hang gliders with a C of A.

Two British manufacturers have now submitted applications for C of A on their new models. They now automatically save themselves the 40% surcharge on adverts for uncertified hang gliders. Incidentally, this surcharge is due to be increased to 60% in August.

Members have the most influential hold on encouraging Airworthiness, so as consumers why not ask for your C of A when you next purchase a new hang glider.

Photos by Barry Blore



Result of test.

This particular hang glider had passed the positive testing. It must also be stated that this glider was designed for Alpine use and therefore of lightweight construction for ease of carrying.

SAFETY

We learn by our mistakes and if fortunate do not have to pay too dearly for the lessons. Such an event occurred recently, demonstrating an unexpected hazard that can arise with the new double-surface gliders.

These gliders have a tendency when laid flat on the ground to go for a flight on their own — it is therefore advisable when leaving the glider unattended on the hill to release the tension-cable on the crossboom and move the wings in slightly so that the glider lies flat on the ground. When the wings are moved in the anti-luff lines are slackened and hang down along the trailing edge of the sail. In this particular instance one of the lines had passed below the tip of an inner where it caught so that when the boom was re-tensioned and the wings opened out, the anti-luff line held up the trailing edge on this side. (See diagram.) This went unnoticed by all present — that is, until the glider became airborne and the massive up-elevator force made it very clear to the pilot that SOMETHING was wrong. Fortunately the anti-luff lines are not fixed at the point where they are attached to the top rigging but run freely through a loop which allowed the 'elevator' force to equalise on each side. It took the pilot all his strength to prevent the glider from stalling but he managed to top-land safely before his arms gave out.

This could happen on almost any glider with anti-luff lines but it is something that can be easily checked before every flight. The only difficult bit is REMEMBERING TO CHECK.

Reprinted from Scottish H. G. Federation Newsletter.



Now that you have plenty of soaring experience behind you and you are staying up for 30 minutes or more, you feel it's time you converted to prone. Familiarisation of your hang glider is absolute, including how it stalls.

Having bought your prone harness, get an experienced prone pilot to help you adjust it. Don't be in a hurry to fly with your new harness, just yet — Hang about! Find a suitable hang point, from the rafters in the garage or a piece of wood across the loft hatch. Have something solid to hold onto at the

position the control bar would be, so that you can practice pitch and roll movements. Every chance you get, hang in your new harness and practise all the manoeuvres.

When you are satisfied you can get the stirrup every time, without looking for it (which may take weeks of practise), then for your first flight prone, obtain the assistance of an experienced prone pilot (the club safety officer is there for just this purpose). Choose a perfect day (soarable), on a site you know well.

Fly seated a few times to check conditions. IF IN DOUBT — CHICKEN-OUT, and be able to fly another day. On the first prone flight stay in the crouched (ape) position until you are well clear of the hill. Find the stirrup before moving into the prone position. Then pull on more speed than you think you need. THINK SPEED ALL THE TIME.

Even when you feel you have mastered your new flying position after a number of flights, still think speed. SPEED IS SAFETY.

SAFETY CHECK

When you're doing your pre-flight checks there should be no distractions. Don't talk to anyone, don't think about the flying conditions, concentrate fully.

If something doesn't "feel right", don't ignore it and fly. Stop and check everything. Your brain is trying to tell you something that you're too preoccupied to notice.

Flight Report

My First XC By Phil Higgins

After some good thermalling throughout the morning, twice reaching 1200' ATO, I decided this must be the day for an XC.

All through the morning I'd been watching the cloud build-up and the sun shining constantly on the villages and valleys below.

By 1 o'clock quite a few pilots had arrived and we started talking about 'going for it.' The wind on the hill was now quite variable due to the increasing thermal activity, though earlier a steady 16-18 mph had been blowing.

In the meantime we noticed one of the two seated pilots descending rapidly, obviously in the sink from a big thermal. A big, good looking thermal cloud was now approaching and the wind increased to 20-22. SCRAMBLE! I clipped in and moon walked off the edge. I made a couple of beats and shot off towards the area where the seated pilot's were now a good 8-900' ATO.

Upon arrival I felt an upward surge and an increase in airspeed, the vario showing 3-4 up. I realised I was now entering the thermal, and kept on a straight course for a few seconds, waiting for a wing, my altimeter showing 650' ATO, and circled in 6-7 up the needle moving like a second hand on a watch. (Has to be seen to be believed).

Still climbing in 6 up and now at 1500' ATO I had out climbed some other more experienced guys and left the seated pilot's way below. At 1800' I topped out with the vario on 0 sink. Noticing the sun shining bright on a limestone quarry I was rewarded by my co-pilot squeaking 5-6 up-taking me to cloudbase at 2950' ATO.

I was amazed, the quarry turned out to be a terrific thermal source, just like all the book's say. (Cornfields, Car Parks, Villages and . . . Quarries.) Whispy cloud was now beneath me, so I pulled on slightly to keep visibility. Flying in 0 sink again I started to admire the view and saw someone circling over the quarry 100's of feet below.

Flying now, through 1-2 down, took me over a forest towards a small village where I found 5-6 up. With 45° banked 360's and arm's locked out (Terrific Feeling) I shot to cloudbase in no time, but now I was disappearing into cloud with the vario showing 10up. I remembered now the talk given by the sail-plane pilot at the Peak Club meeting, when he said there was a third more lift when in cloud. At this stage I was at 3100' ATO and couldn't see the ground at all, so I pulled the bar down to my knee's and flew out of cloud. What an amazing feeling that was, flying straight into sunlight, which was very welcome as my hand's were now feeling a bit cold. The temptation to zoom off downwind suddenly appealed to me, so off I went. (I realised later when I'd landed that a more experienced XC pilot would have poached about for more lift, perhaps crosswind, instead of max-gliding off into the distance . . . never mind I was enjoying it.)

I flew on and circled in 0 sink again admiring the view. I then started looking for lift (Surprise, Surprise) crosswind to the east, because all I could see downwind was clear blue sky. What I found crosswind was 4-5down. By this time I was 45 minutes into the flight and enjoying every minute of it.

The vario squeaked to zero so I circled once or twice over a small village. Suddenly I again hit sink 2-3 down so I headed towards this large village,

expecting some thermal activity to appear. Alas nothing there either, the book's are wrong I said to myself.

I then began looking for a suitable landing field, as I was now losing height pretty quickly. I picked a spot not far from a busy road. I pulled in and encountered a little turbulence over a wood, and flew towards my field, which looked smooth, flat and well clear of any building's, woods etc Smooth and clear it was *but not flat*, and on landing, I found myself running like mad uphill and slightly crosswind, which didn't help when I flared. I unclipped from the kite, and stood there feeling completely elated . . . saying to myself **MAGIC . . . MAGIC!**

When I stepped off cloud nine, I then looked around the area, for a witness to my landing, but there was nobody to be seen. So I packed up the kite and walked down the hill towards the road, wondering where my flight had taken me. I put the kite down at the side of a gate leading onto the road, and stopped a bus. I told the driver I had flown cross country, then asked the name of the village I had seen from the air. He told me I had landed 1½ miles south of **BAKEWELL** just off the A6 (Further than I had thought). He was also very helpful when I asked him for his name and address as a witness, writing down the time and place.

I got some very strange looks from the passengers, when I asked for a lift for myself and glider (It wouldn't fit through the doors) . . .

I said thanks to the driver and started walking the 1½ miles to Bakewell with the kite. I jogged to the nearest phone box and rang home. After phoning an old woman stopped, and was looking at the glider, which was laid on the grass in it's bag. She looked at me then the glider . . . (which had just carried me 13 miles) . . . and said "Is that a lampost". I nearly started laughing, but instead explained to her what it was, (She walked away looking bewildered).

I then managed to force a pint down in the "Manners Arms" and contemplated *MY FIRST XC*.

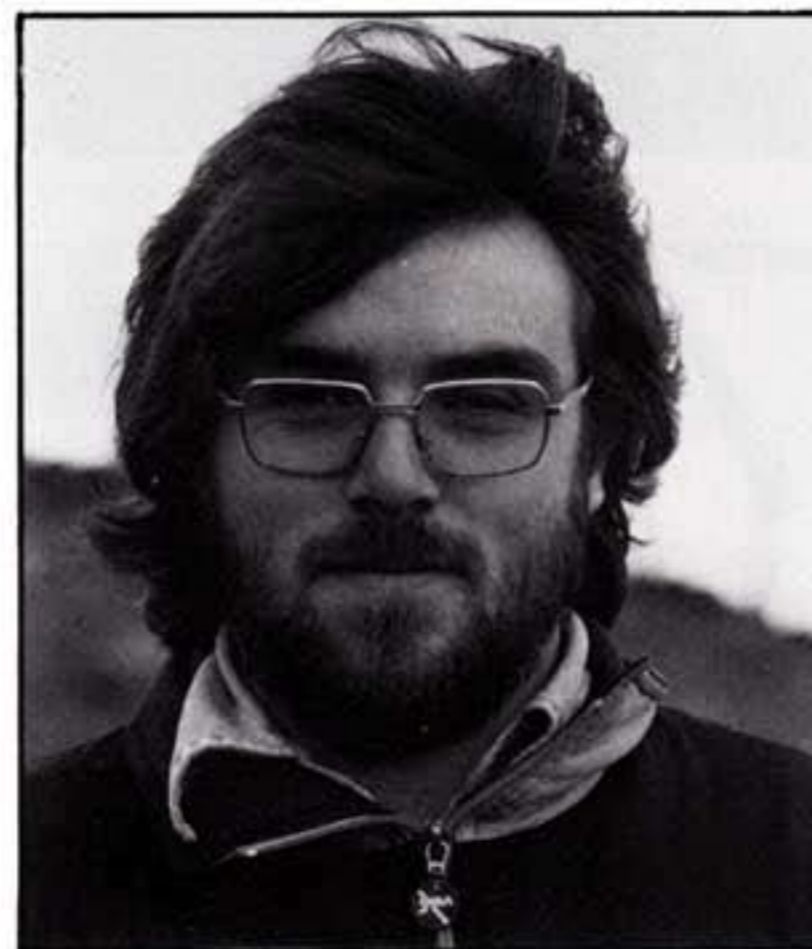
GLIDER: Medium Silhouette (For Sale . . . Demon on order).

INSTRUMENTS: Skydeck (Ball vario and Thommen Altimeter).

FLIGHT TIME: 1hr 5mins.

Biggest Height Gain: 3100 ATO 4950 ASL

Distance: 13 miles (20.8 Km)



Phil Higgins, photo by Steve Edwards

IN-WORDS & PHRASES . . .

. . . As new words and phrases creep into use, they must be officially defined, so that those less informed members of the outcrowd will not feel too left out of the incrowd conversation. Those who get meanings wrong are neither in nor out. These latter types are often to be distinguished by their utterly boring and unoriginal conversation. e.g. "When are you buying a new glider?" or "What glider are you getting next?" or "When are you changing your glider?" and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . So why not speak like the aces; be able to hold your head up with league pilots.

GOT DRILLED — Completely blew it, blundered out of the lift, and ended up on the deck. But that's not what you tell your mates. You say that you hit the worst sink you've ever known, your vario was off the scale on down — you got drilled — you save face.

K's — Units of distance flown. These units make the flight sound like much more of an achievement to be marvelled at. (kilometres — Km)

FRONT — All rainshowers and dirty clouds are really fronts. There are cold fronts (rainclouds from the Arctic Circle) and there are warm fronts (rainclouds from the equator). You can always tell when it's a sea breeze front because the rain tastes salty.

BACK — What you get on the other side of a front. When your kite is blown over from behind, it is not a rotor, the wind has simply backed.

10 UP — 6 up plus the accepted exaggeration factor.

10 DOWN — An excuse.

HANGER ON — Pilot with a faulty karabiner, on a bad day. Or a pilot who hangs on to every word of a top pilot.

TOP PILOT — Ace, who usually gets to the top of the stack (when he can shake off his hangers on)

CLONET — Clone of a COMET.

CUT — What Clonets do through turbulence (as has every new glider — it has been claimed — since the **CLOUDBASE**)

MUSH — They even claim that Clonets don't stall, they just mush — what next?

TIP RODS — Manufacturers' way of stimulating the sale of aluminium.

LUFF LINES — Originally called leech lines, as this is the part of the sail that they hold up. 'Luff lines' sounds better, as it makes you feel better, as does most cosmetic surgery.

HEART BOLT — They say we must use our luff lines and our tip rods, like they used to say we must inspect our heartbolt regularly, as this attached our crosstube to our keel — but what do they go and do — detach the thing altogether. This word will soon be removed from the dictionary of Hang glidese.

CLEAN UNDERPANTS — essential equipment for all 'hang divers'.

CREAM IT ROUND — Newly introduced expression. Thought to refer to the execution of a smooth turn.

CRISP — Emanating from the same stable, it is thought, which is famous for the cream. This word can be used to describe all that is good about a glider or its performance. Hang glider dealers use the word to baffle punters, who can only assume that they are being sold a particularly special machine. "Every so often the factory turns out a really good machine, better than all the others — really 'crisp'".

SKY OUT — what you do in a crisp clonet if you cream it round in the ten up's and don't get drilled.

NONK — Pilot who thinks the Dales is a radio programme.

PUNTER — Nonk whose reason for living is to be fodder for animals such as manufacturers and their agents. Person who choses a parachute for its colour (punter appeal) . . .

(Reprinted from Dales HGC Newsletter)

For the third consecutive year, the Easter holiday provided us with varied and interesting air in which to play. The big bonus, though, was the new crop of gliders which enabled us to play over a much larger area. Pandy to way beyond Rhossilli, Pandy to Rhigos, Hay Bluff to Blaenavon, Hay to the Blorenge, Hay to Merthyr, the Malverns to Blaenavon, Ubley (S. Bristol) to Taunton and nearly to Exeter, a whole series of firsts that belittle the fact that at the end of the day the British record remained intact. It had a lucky escape: Graham Hobson maintains that it was there for the taking, but that a combination of fatigue (the thermals were strong and punchy), air sickness (can you imagine going round and round in circles for 5 hours?), and inexperience (what a modest fellow) snatched it from his grasp. That, and perhaps the inadequacies of the recovery system, were the only disappointments of a memorable 4 days.

If the conditions were memorable, so was the determination of the pilots to make the best of them. Such were the distances involved that it is easy to think in retrospect of each day being a classic XC day. Far from it — there were two days when a lot of local pilots stayed at home. Still, stamina and a pretty fair amount of 'go for it' were the qualities required to walk off with the ackers and a probable place in the Bleriot Cup team.

Friday. Day one dawned clear with a fresh easterly. Jeremy Fack was heard announcing over the airwaves of Radio Bristol that there was an inversion and that in his opinion it was not going to be a good day for XC flying. Pandy was an automatic choice. Pandy is fascinating for XC because basically you have 3 choices of route, and at first sight each is as uninviting as the other. You always have to face the possibility of being forced to land in one of those 1,000ft deep valleys, which sit there like giant jaws waiting to snap you up at the first sign of a mistake. The south route is the one that most people, who do not know the site very well, usually opt for: the terrain immediately behind is marginally less formidable, but you usually run out of lift near Crickhowell, just when you need to climb up and over the range near Llangattock. This trapped many including Calvert, Hobson, Carr and Lark, all of whom came back to finish in the top ten. The middle route takes you over the worst of the mountains for 14kms and three consecutive deep valleys — a little risky perhaps on a day with no clouds to guide you. The winners of the first day all took the north route, across the gap to Hay Bluff and off the end of the mountains, theoretically to avoid being swatted out of the air by a giant rotor. Not that this route was without passing interest: many fell foul of the gap, giving them a mere 10.5kms for the day. I was circling with Reynolds and Southall as they set off on their winning flights. We each gained considerable height thermalling off the point at Hay, only to have practically every foot robbed off us by some particularly rowdy air in the valley behind. We were fortunate to reach Lord Herefords Knob, a mere 2kms, to pick up a mercy boomer and go. Mark and Ren (Keith Reynolds) held on for 3hrs 45m to clinch the day with 49kms, leaving everyone but Dick Brown (47kms) literally miles behind. Ren showed the affable side of his character (or was it just weary arms) by throwing away 800ft to land next to Mark. Can you imagine a couple of well known Northerners doing that — in a competition?

Day two was a classic, but you had to be positive and get away quickly. Calvert was positive — he had to be or he would not have shown his face in the pub that evening! It was bad enough being trounced by a couple of Southerners but having it rubbed in in the pub was too much. Hobson was too, but he made a better job of it. He left Pandy at 10.30am, to land 4hrs and 81kms away. He is convinced that Calvert or Bailey would have had the record. His error, he

The Webbington XC Trophy

BY JOHN FACK

Competitions have come and gone and by and large they have been memorable more for the thrill of competitive advantage than for the outright quality of the flying. The Webbington XC Trophy was different: open site, open take-off, a limited number of competitors, cash prizes and 4 days of eminently flyable weather were the ingredients that, with a bit of luck, will help to change the face of competitive hang gliding in this country. At the end of 4 days, there wasn't a single competitor who could claim not to have enjoyed the flying, and better still, not to have learnt a great deal about what is now possible in XC flying.



Hobson, best distance

Lark, overall winner



says, was to hang on to every scrap of lift when lift was plentiful and he should have been pushing on and realising too late where he was going wrong, he flew through lift when he should have been patient. Nevertheless, it was a great achievement. Keith Reynolds and Jeremy Fack showed two very different approaches to getting an almost identical score. Jerome was in no mood for hanging about, because on the previous day he had gone down at the gap, climbed up rigged, launched two others, only to have a forty mph gust tear his new Demon from his hands and project it 200ft skywards, where it looped and landed in the rotor. Damage: bent batten, and a very poor score. He took off to test the glider for turns, flew to the NE bowl, set off over the middle of the mountains with the first blob, to arrive at the foot of the Rhigos 1hr 25m later. Ren meantime took the scenic route up to the north of the mountains and landed after 3hrs 30m at practically the same spot as the day before. On the way he took the main street at Brecon at an indecently low altitude to find a mercy thermal in the nick of time. At approx. the same time, Jeremy was taking in a meal courtesy of some friendly Hirwaunians whilst some not so friendly Hirwaunians were outside nicking his harness/chute and battens. Bob England was positive: the wily Islander had convinced North and Brown to take him to the Malverns, because there are another 55kms before you reach the sea. Some people are born greedy! In the event England and North had disappointing scores, but Dick Brown shot into the overall lead with a very respectable 65kms to Blaenavon. Colin Lark paired up with Andrew Hill, for the latter to record his only score of the comp. of 47kms. Mark Southall remained in contention with a tidy little hop to the other side of Brecon, somehow managing to plant a rather muddy boot mark on his shiny gold keel. Tut tut, I'm sure these divers are more efficient the right way up.

Day three was a trifle windy, so we all do the logical thing and go to the highest site where it is sure to be even windier. Fortunately no one managed to walk up to the top of Hay, because if they had done they would have found that it was blowing 35-48mph and they would not have flown. Tony Hughes clearly had not had enough excitement because he opted to go over the mountains, ending the day with a very creditable flight of 32kms to Methyr. Practically everyone else chose to slide off the end of Hay, across the gap and along Pandy to Abergavenny. Johnny Carr, Jeremy Fack and Bob Calvert all managed to clear the top of the Blorenge which gave them a very useful advantage over most. Sunday is best summed up as a day of tactics, where you had to use the best of what was around which certainly wasn't very much. Reynolds went off to a new site near Bristol for no other reason than he thought we would be there, and despite the extremely blustery conditions managed to equal Johnny Carr's score from Hay of 33.5kms. It was the first XC from Ubley; the only problem was that he failed to get picked up until 1.30am. Colin Lark chalked up a very useful 29kms which placed him within striking distance of the leaders. No one else managed to get away, so it was with a certain amount of scepticism that the remainder left Wales, and a magnificent choice of sites, for little Ubley, covered in trees and stuck in the middle of a boggy plain in Somerset.

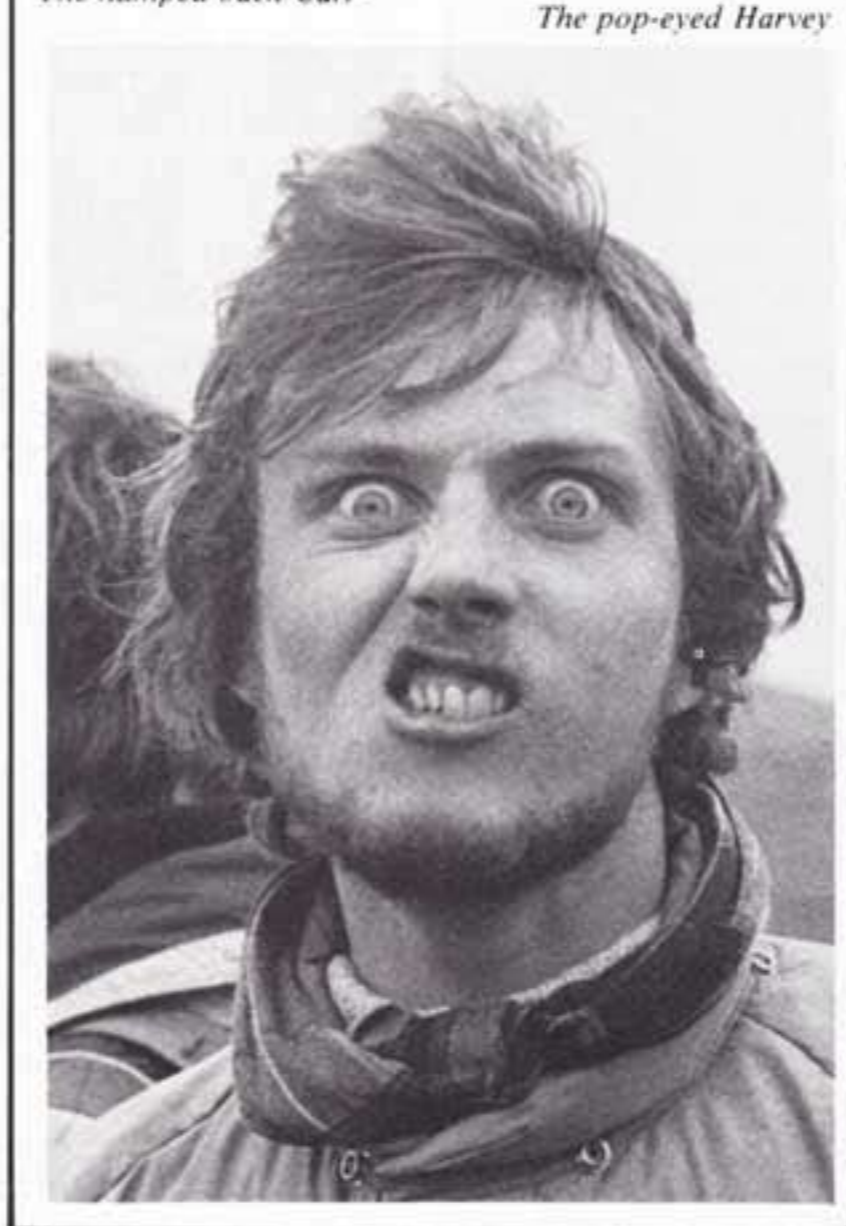
Despite a grim start to the day, **Monday** was to provide some pilots with the best flying of the meet, while others were destined to finish up with an infuriating one thermal hop to just the other side of the Mendips, the only consolation being an aerial view of Cheddar Gorge. More than ever, it was a question of timing. There were just three cycles during the day when you could go and hope to achieve a respectable distance. If you missed any one of them, you joined the grockles at the foot of the

Gorge. This unfortunate fate befell several of the front runners, the two most notable being Reynolds and Brown who were concentrating so hard on their personal battle for the honours that they seemed to disregard the possibility of anyone else doing a big one. One can sympathise in a way, because certainly there were times in the day when only the most optimistic were thinking of great things. Colin Lark was one: he disappeared with the first major cycle of the day, when practically everyone else was still on the ground, to record a magnificent 63.5 kms, and snatch first place. The second cycle was perhaps the biggest of the day, taking Harvey, Calvert, North and Fack to 4500 ft above and depositing them all within a few kms of Taunton. Fack and Calvert were having their own epic battle: 2 years previously at Calvert's XC they were tooth and nail to the finish, with Jerome finally taking the honours. This time, Bob was just ahead going into the final day. They both arrived at Taunton in the same lift and had the pleasure of seeing a sailplane fall out of it whilst they were just managing to maintain height. They scratched the final 7 kms at a mere 500 ft AGL and after some close encounters with a few trees, they reached a hillock which was just soarable. Jerome lost it, while Bob slid off the end to win that little tussle. In the meantime Peter Harvey was having a bird fantasy while playing with an enormous black cloud and John North amused the golfers by landing on Taunton's municipal golf course: both were very happy to have recorded their only really good scores of the meet. Michel Carnet and Tony Hughes, who was making his second attempt of the day thanks to the help of Fay his ground crew, made the best of the third cycle to land within 1 km of Pete Harvey several hours later . . . Johnny Carr, despondent about his flight, was even more despondent about the gaggles of gliders flying over his head: in an attempt to cast a spell on those pilots more fortunate than himself, he found himself breaking twigs while looking forlornly at the sky. After the last glider past overhead, he looked down to discover a pile of twigs big enough to start a bonfire! Bob England too was suffering: he came to terms with his disappointment in a way that is more characteristically West Country — he fell asleep in the sun. He was awoken by a mighty rushing of wind which literally blew his eyelids open, just as another 5 gliders were passing overhead, filling him once more with that sense of frustration that is unique to XC competition . . .

Husband and wife flyers, Andrew and Natalie Wilson



The humped back Carr



The pop-eyed Harvey

So ended what was undoubtedly the most inspiring competition that has ever been held in this country. More was learnt, more was achieved than ever before. We know that we can do the sort of tasks, that we want to, practically any day that is flyable. It has become clear that hang gliding competitions should take the lead set by sailplaning competitions: it is important that the changes should be made now, so that by the time the 1984 World Championships are held in this country, we have a totally new format, a format that we are so well practiced in, that the rest of the world does not stand a chance when competing on our terms, in our conditions.

I would like to thank the New Webbington Hotel for all there assistance with the organisation and of course for the prize money. We will certainly be running the event again next year, hopefully with improved pick-up facilities, and I hope the New Webbington will once again participate.

All photographs by Mark Junak



THE WEBBINGTON XC TROPHY EASTER 81

ENTRANTS	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	TOTAL	GLIDER
Keith Reynolds	49	48	33.5	11.5	142	LIGHTNING
Bob England	14.5	24	19.5	14.5	72.5	DEMON
Johnny Carr	21.5	33	33.5	14	102	COMET
Mark Southall	49	28	21.5	33	131.5	TYPHOON
John North	28	15	20.5	45	108.5	DEMON
Dick Brown	47	65	23	15	150	TYPHOON
Andrew Hill	0	47	0	0	47	TYPHOON
John Fack	21	14	23	6	49	TYPHOON
Michel Carnet	16	20.5	0	46	82.5	TYPHOON
Terry Davis	0	16.5	0	0	16.5	LIGHTNING
Dave Bluett	11	20	0	35	66	LIGHTNING
Mick Maher	10.5	19.5	0	13	43	LIGHTNING
B.J. Harrison	0	42.5	0	0	42.5	DEMON
Steve Goad	10.5	14.5	22	5.5	52.5	LIGHTNING
Pete Harvey	10.5	12	0	47	69.5	DEMON
Tony Hughes	19	21	32	48	120	LIGHTNING
Chris Johnson	10.5	14.5	0	0	25	DEMON
Graham Hobson	17	81	23	16	137	DEMON
Bob Calvert	14.5	37.5	30.5	52.5	135	TYPHOON
Jeremy Fack	10.5	41	26.5	49	127	DEMON
Bob Martin	11	10	0	0	21	LIGHTNING
Andrew Wilson	12.5	21	21.5	(23.5)	55 (78.5)	COMET
Colin Lark	24	47	29	63.5	163.5	DEMON
Natalie Wilson	10.5	0	0	0	10.5	COMET

All distances are marked in kilometers

Letters



THE LAKES 'TRIANGLE'

Dear Sir,

My day was made by the meteorologist Mr. John Leslie (May Wings! p.27), who suggested a possible explanation for the light winds phenomena regularly encountered in the North Lake district.

On the occasion mentioned in my NOVEMBER LAKES article the reader may remember even Bob Calvert needed a change of underwear when conditions masked some pretty evil turbulence on BLENCATHRA.

I agree with Mr Leslie's conclusions, if, as he says, low level jet is prevalent in such conditions. What worries me is, if this phenomena is not easily predictable, has it and could it be responsible for accidents in the past and in the future?

One occasion springs to mind, when a pilot was killed as a result of a luffing dive from 800' at NONT SARAH'S hill last year. All the parameters Mr Leslie mentioned, were present on that day as well.

What is gratifying is John's interest, because I'm certain that exchanges of information on the subject of micro-meteorology, between ourselves and professional weather authorities, is guaranteed to be beneficial to both parties. Bob Calvert and myself were chatting with the weatherman from RAF Leeming, Brian Ayton, who briefed the BLERIOT cup teams each day in the Dales, and after lubricating his throat with liquid refreshment, we discussed many aspects of micro-meteorology including the LAKES (BERMUDA TRIANGLE). Brian like John Leslie is an aspiring (or should that be perspiring) P.I., so he has a vested interest in our problems. He reckons winds in the easterly sector produce extensive wave from the APPLEBY range of hills, including the famous 'Helm Bar' off Cross Fell and that wave skip could account for light winds on Souther Fell (S.E.) and Raven Crag and

Carrock Fell (E. & N.E.) when its windy else-where. It follows therefore that a similar situation occurs with winds in the southerly sector because they pass over the entire South Lakes mountains before they reach Blencathra in the north Lakes, so skip at lower levels could help explain the light wind phenomena on these sites.

John's revelations about low level jet has staggered my friends and I, but makes fascinating information for us amateur weathermen. We feel we are just beginning to unravel the mystery of the Lakes 'triangle' at long last. Anyway, further info. from friendly weathermen is most welcome Mr. Leslie.

Whilst I'm in the chair, might I compliment Mike Hibbit for the May 'WINGS!' I found it good reading. And finally to the B.H.G.A. — stop arsing about and reinstate Brian Milton. The rank & file aren't interested in B.H.G.A. politics only the *Bloody good* work B.M. does for hang gliding!

Yours faithfully
Hughie McGovern
Bolton, Lancs.

RECORDING FACTS

Dear Editor:

The readers of Wings! are entitled to know the truth regarding PB Henry's letter in the March issue. Mr. Henry, like many other detractors, would seem to rather "shoot from the hip" than do his homework and get the facts. Here are some facts he did not mention or which are at odds with his.

1. Larry Tudor flew 109 miles not 112. This is verified by Tom Kreyche who flew the same day. The mistake was a measuring error.

2. Eric Raymond and Tom Kreyche both flew Voyagers which is a separate class from rogalloos in both the FAI official record categories and in contests in the U.S. The Voyager has a distinct and obvious performance advantage, as anyone who has flown with it and knows the facts is readily aware.

3. Worthington holds the official and *unofficial* world flex wing distance record.

4. Raymond's and Kreyche's flights were superb and outstanding and Raymond now holds the unofficial fixed wing world distance record. We are very proud of them. Both men have stated they very much wish now that they had completed the prerequisite USHGA registration process so that they could have claimed an official record.

George Worthington
San Diego, California
USA

DANGEROUS TRIM

Dear Mike,

In *Wings!* February 1981, in an article on turbulence, I suggested that trimming to fly slowly, i.e. setting the hang point back, assisted control.

Following a recent accident, I would now go further: **trimming fast is dangerous.**

The accident involved a Superscorpion C Mk2 which had recently changed hands. The pilot was inexperienced in prone and had never flown a Superscorpion before, having converted from an Avon Swift. After some over-control and probably a stall, he top-landed downwind, with no injury and merely bending one tip rod.

I test-flew the glider without tip rods, hung, as was the previous pilot, from the fastest position. It handled like a pig, in other words most unlike a Superscorpion. I was very wary of pushing out to climb and, even so, tip-stalled as I edged my way up for a top-landing. Later, hung from the slowest position it flew as nicely as I'd expect and I had to slip the turns to get it down.

Speed is safety. Trimming fast has the **opposite** effect, although the seller, understandably though wrongly in my view, suggested that an inexperienced pilot would be safer trimmed fast.

One of the best warnings of a stall is pitch-down pressure from the bar. If trimmed fast, this pressure is indistinguishable from the pressure required for flight at moderate speed. Trimming just short of the stall however ensures that **any** pitch-down pressure acts as a stall warning.

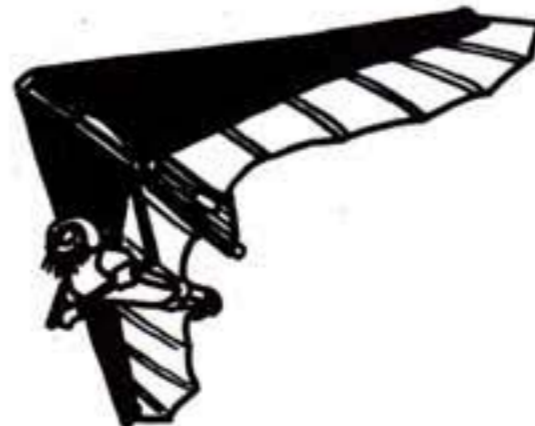
The only case for trimming is to reduce pitch forces on the arms for a given speed, like any other aircraft. Few gliders, even those as pitch positive as the Superscorpion and the Vulcan, are really exhausting in prolonged fast flight trimmed slow.

Trim slow and, when necessary, fly fast and you'll improve stall avoidance and recovery, climb more easily and safely, take off more easily and safely and get to know your glider sooner and better. Practise stalls too with plenty of clearance, until you know how it feels just before the break and just how much relaxation of pitch-up pressure will allow the glider to resume flying.

I think the scope for fast trim on the Demon could profitably be reduced.

XC tip: If you land in an empty field, don't assume it'll still be empty when you get back with the car. Fortunately the cows only drooled over my glider!

Ian Trotter, Edinburgh.



HOOLEY SITE

Dear Mike,

After reading about the proposed 'Hooley Site' in last month's Wings! it occurred to me that the following rendition might be sung before, during and after each performance.

All together now — with apologies to Kermit . . .

It's time to do a Hooley
Now there's a crowd in sight
It's time to start performin'
On the Luff-it Show tonight.

It's time to do a whip-stall
It's time to crank it tight
It's time to try a tail-slide
On the Luff-it Show tonight.

I don't do much cross country
It don't appeal to me
You're always much too high up
And no one's there to see.

It's time to fly it crazy
And con' 'em we're the best
It's time to get things parted
To hos-pit-al get carted
on the

Invert--ational
Tuck--rotational
Keelbash--ational
Gravit--ational
This--is--what--we--call
THE LUFF-IT SHO---W!

Fozzy Bob
Skewen, W. Glam.

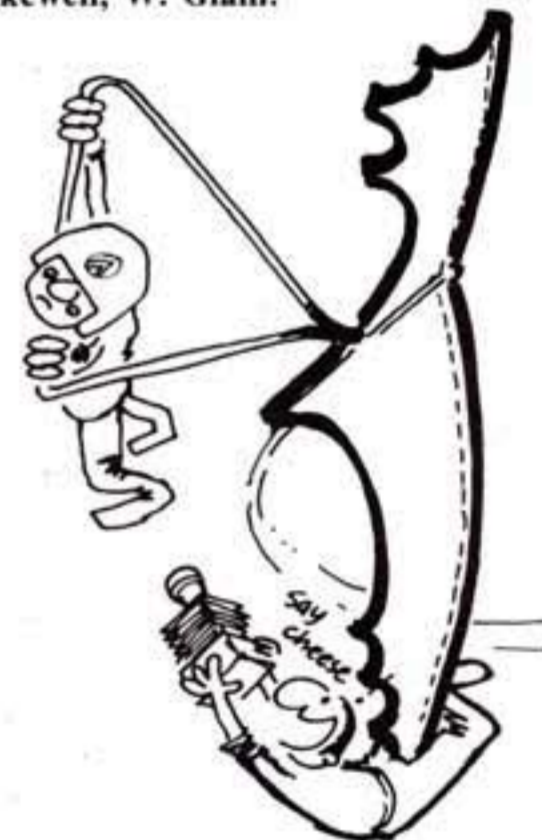


Photo by Waddy



MEMBERS ONLY

Dear Mike,

Once again the Sheffield Club has been attacked for its policy of insisting upon membership for all flyers on our sites.

David Worth's letter in May's 'Wings!' states that he sympathises with our problems but obviously knows nothing of them. We previously operated a policy of £1 per visit to any of our sites — but this system just did not work — many visiting pilots arrived and, if they did not see anyone flying, just launched and landed wherever was convenient to them. They also ignored other incidentals like lambing seasons and then drove happily back home leaving us to deal with all the problems they had caused.

Since we started operating our new system, which involves the automatic issuing of a sites guide and a monthly newsletter updating members of any change of site rules, we have had a dramatic reduction in the number of complaints received by us.

I would further like to point out that unlike many clubs we have to pay dearly for many of our sites and most importantly the Sheffield Club has some of the best flying sites in the country. We (rather selfishly) intend keeping them indefinitely for the use of our membership — so visiting fliers are welcome providing they become members.

I would also like to point out that sites like Rhossilli cost £5 to fly for a three month period (no site guide, no newsletter) and so our £8 associate membership fee compares very favourably.

Yes, it is an unfortunate fact of life that the club is run for the benefit of the majority of its MEMBERS and it is unfortunate that this upsets some would-be subsidised fliers and even a handful of our own members, including you Mike.

Yours sincerely,
Adrian P. Reast
(membership secretary)

ED. See News page for Rhossilli flying fees Adrian.

SEVEN YEAR SWITCH

Dear Sir,

I have in my fairly varied life as actor and film stunt man, had many hobbies and interests. But none so great and exciting — even if a little unforgiving — as hang gliding. After 7 years, with over 500 flights and 3 accidents — a broken arm in each of the last two! — I feel I must say "Goodbye" to it. I can no longer get insured. They have paid up twice, and thats it! At the tender age of 53 my reactions are slowing down. Also I feel a responsibility to myself and my family. I know as a stunt man I am crashing cars, falling out of windows, fighting, etc. but it is all worked out and practiced before hand — and I am fully insured!

I have met some great people and there is a lot I shall miss. Like the meetings in the pub after a good days flying telling all those lies about height gains, hours in the air, etc. etc. The 200 to 300 mile drives to the hill only to find the wind has changed direction or has blown up to gale force — the "MET" man has go it wrong again!

I am not the greatest of flyers, but I have really loved every moment of it and have had some beautiful flights. Having started in the days where we all taught each other on gliders that we would not fly now for *any* money! Anyway I have made several films of it all so I can re-live it occassionally.

I still cannot imagine living without flying so I am going over to the enemy — conventional gliding! But I do promise to remain faithfull to any hang gliding mates when the arguments start.

Cheerio — Good Luck — Fly Safe.
Ken Barker
Harrow

X.RAY

Dear Editor,

If it is possible, I would like you to correct the results of the South African Championships. 2nd place was Lopez (Brazil) flying an X.ray and not a Comet as written in your May issue.

Gerard Thevenot,
France



GERARD THEVENOT

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DAEDALUS ODDMENTS..

...seen on the London Underground recently — "Whats on in Warrington — Vladivar International Hang Gliding Rally. If wet — in Parish hut." According to the ad, this event took place on 26th January 1981...

... **Bob Calvert** (who?) has told Daedalus that straight distance XC's are beginning to get 'a bit of a pain' due to the hassles involved in recovery. He sees the future challenges more in terms of goal & return flights — another step closer to our sailplaning friends...

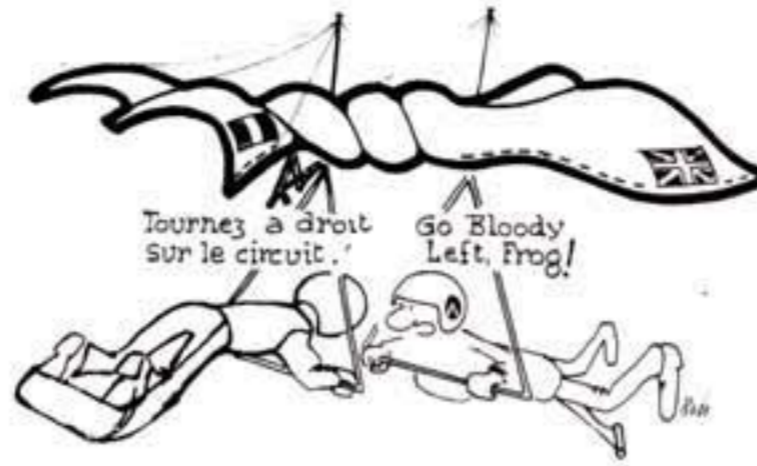
...and talking of Mr Calvert. During the **Webbington XC Comp**, Bob flew from the Mendip Hills to land 52 kilometres later at Blagdon Hill, Somerset. Minutes after de-rigging and walking to the nearest road he spots a car with padded ladder racks and a guy in a flying suit behind the wheel. He stares at the driver and the driver stares back at the glider-less Calvert, but drives on! The driver was Devon and Somerset Condors Chairman **Simon Murphy** who had been flying nearby, but had unloaded his glider before returning home. As Simon drives on, he ponders on the fact that the bloke back there looked a lot like Bob Calvert and fantasises about old Bob flying from Lancashire to set a new world record. The next day he opens the local paper to read a certain Bob Calvert XCing to Blagdon Hill. C'est la vie!...

...all of which leads me to announce Simon's splendid 5 hour flight, a month later, to mark the 10th Anniversary of Hang Gliding and raise £500 for **Stoke Mandeville & Spectrum Trust**. Nice one Simon!...

... the French team at this years **Bleriot Cup** came over equipped with their new secret weapon. A device that clamps onto the Keel, at the hangpoint and allows the pilot to effectively move his c. of g. fore and aft.

Mike de Glanville claims that, with this gadget, one can 'switch onto automatic pilot' when flying forward, and with hands off the control bar, the glider will fly itself almost. It is also claimed to minimise fatigue when flying cross country by reducing bar pressure. **John Hudson** has been spotted showing a keen commercial interest in them and several League pilots could be seen, after the Bleriot Cup, with stange bulges under their arms...

... **Graham Hobson** would like to warn all pilots of the danger of eating greasy, fried breakfasts, an hour before attempting cross country flights...



... during the Bleriot Cup competition the sight of a dozen or so hang gliders, circling up, up and away, in a mixed gaggle, was something else! Of course, in this situation, there was bound to be the odd French and British confrontation over the established direction for 360ing...

... strongly fancied to represent their country and do battle with the mighty monster thermals at this years **Owens Valley XC Classic** are. League pilots... **Sandy Fairgreave, Richard Iddon, Peter Harvey, John Hudson, Mick Pollard and Andrew Wilson**. John and Mick have, of course, visited the White Mountains before, but for the other four pilots it will be a new adventure...



... **Pat Molloy**, the man who flew 36 miles to clinch the Celtic Cup for Ireland, is definitely the man to watch for in Ireland. He won the Irish

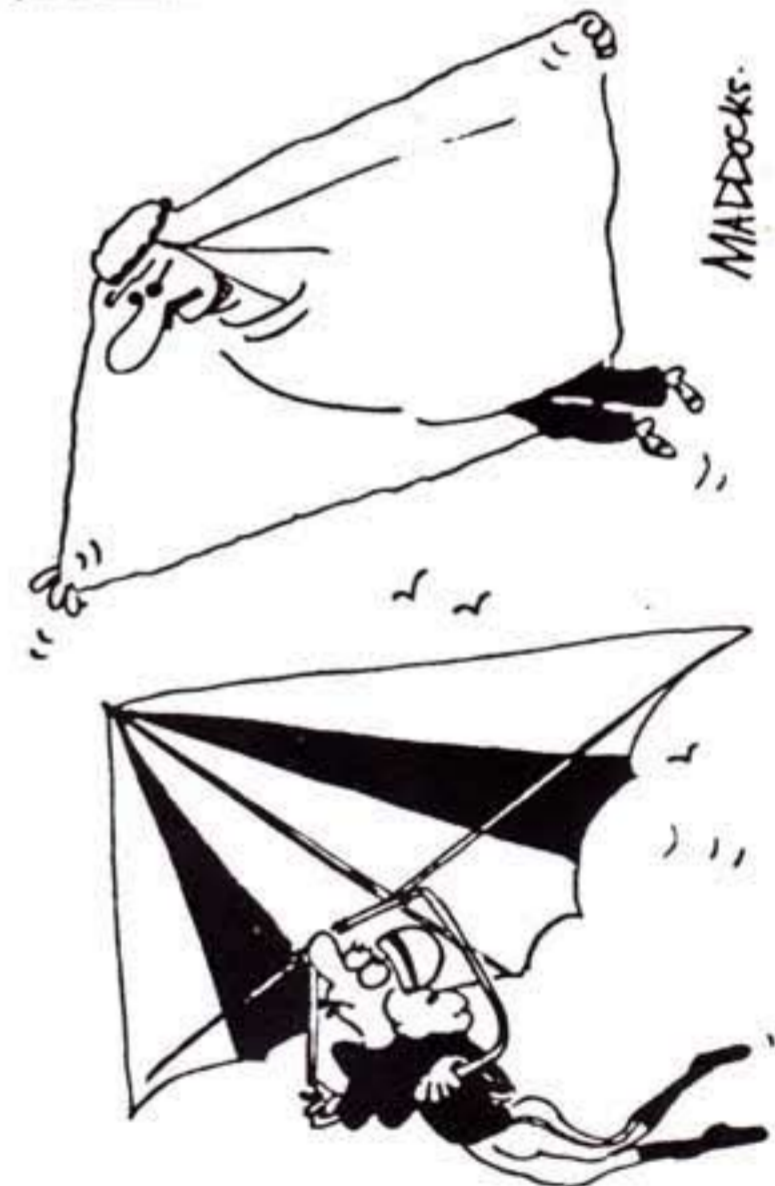
Championships (on a bad day) in April, with a hop of 30 miles. He says the XC potential in the Cork/Kerry area of Southern Ireland is fantastic, when the rain stops!...

... did you know that there is a hang gliding club in Italy that boasts **Mount Vesuvius** as its prime site and that there is a club over there called 'I Limani' (Wild Animals). Don't know if it's one and the same though...

... The magazine of the F.I.V.L. (Federazione Italiana Volo Libero) is currently running a series of articles about the new super ships entitled '**Sons of Mariah**'. One of the lesser known models (in this country anyway) is the Swiss **Vampire**. It is quoted as having a max. speed of 56 m.p.h., a 130° nose angle, 6.9 aspect ratio and 156 square foot of sail area...

... still with Italy, I've just received the latest copy of **L'aquilone** and they are reviewing the **Demon** and two new Kites — the **Viper 2** and the **Pirana** — both snappy beasts no doubt! More about these machines and a 75 year old Italian flyer next month (if I can find my dictionary)...

... former Naval aviator (21 years) and present holder of all eight possible single place men's official world hang gliding records, **George Worthington** says in his new book — **In Search of World Records** — that "obtaining a world record is like making a million dollars and perhaps the satisfaction in both is quite similar"...



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Ads sent to any other address will be redirected and therefore delayed.

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