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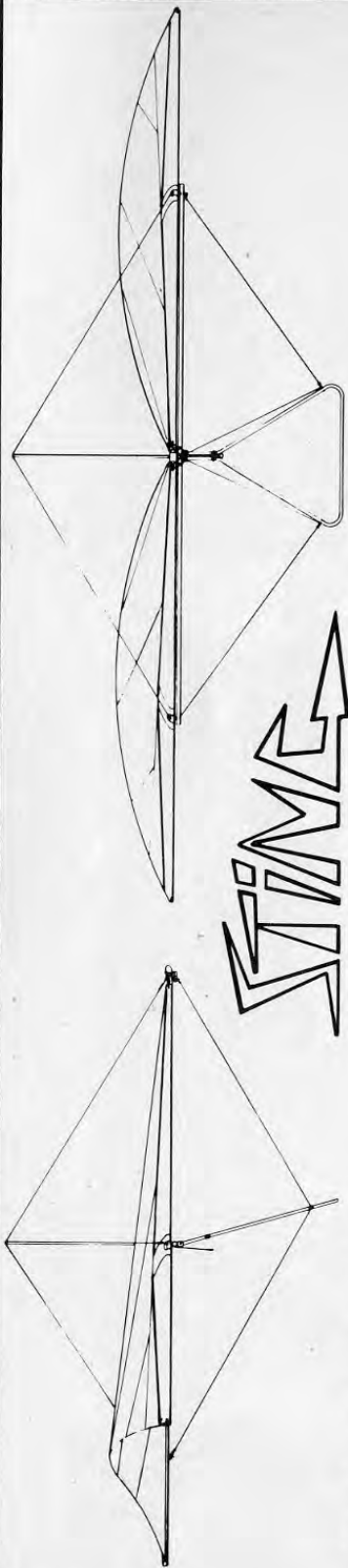
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WINDSOCK

MAY/JUNE 76


**SPECIAL
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SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB



COVER

Bob Wisely, our new national champion, flying his SST 100c at the Hole of Horcum.

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EDITORIAL

Having wasted many pounds ringing inaccurate weather forecasts over the past two years, it has finally dawned on me that prevailing weather conditions are dependent, not on highs and lows, fronts and backs, occluded or unoccluded, but on the interaction between certain pilots and days of the week. For instance, I have divined that when the pilot Johnny Carr is in Conjunction with Wednesday, occurring in the house of Firle, conditions are invariably 'peachy'. However, the normal 9-5 'working man' pilot in the house of Saturday is ruled over by 'evil' conditions at Mill Hill. We also now know that the benign presence of the pilot "Sigrist" in conjunction with any day creates perfect ascension wherever he flies, but draws the goodness from the rest of the ridge, sending other minor satellites into the sinking phase. Staring into my crystal ball, I see Mad Cruse unleashing howling winds and, finally, I see myself forever in conjunction with weekends condemned to the hell of dragging my glider up an endless hill with all those other wretched beings yearning for a soarable day at Beachy Head. The sooner we chart orbits of these wandering pilots and chain "the Sigrist" to a sacrificial post on top of Firle, the sooner we can waste less money on phone calls and petrol.

ACHILL ISLAND EASTER 76

'Don't forget to take your wellies!' someone had said jokingly when they learned of our proposed Irish expedition at Easter. In fact the Irish attachment to wellingtons proved entirely logical, for my first touchdown after flying from the 1,450 ft Menawn Heights was knee deep in Irish bog!

By Jeannie Knight

Our funbus reached Achill Island on Good Friday, when mist covered the top of the mountain—but flying was in progress from half-way down, with the landing area tucked around a corner, out of sight. Tom, myself and Mike Robertson, who had travelled with us, soon had our gliders rigged and in the air. The wind was light and we joined the remaining British contingent in the vast bog which was the landing area at the bottom.

The Easter fly-in had been meticulously organised by the Dublin club, with transport for gliders and flyers back to the mountain-top. An ambulance was standing by ominously, but the only use for the equipment was when driver and assistant swathed themselves in blankets and sat down on the hill to watch flying! About 40 Irish flyers were there and the British number included John Ievers, Mark Woodhams, Ian and Jean Grayland and Dave Raymond of Birdman.

The other side of the mountain overlooked a long bay bordered by low cliffs. This was a Rhossili in reverse, with a mountain instead of Worms Head, and cliffs instead of the pimple! We had eyed it longingly since our arrival and on Easter Sunday the chance came to fly it. By this time the mist had lifted, but there was still not much wind, and we were flying from the mountain top to the bog below on the other side of the mountain. By mid-afternoon we had a cross wind. Dave Raymond, Tom and myself decided to try the other side, waiting

for a complete lull in wind before taking off.

Dave flew his Firebird out over the sea in a series of 360s and then headed inland towards the cottage where he was staying. His flight was spectacularly controlled—over some power lines, skimming the house roof, diving under some more lines to land on the road outside his front gate.

I was more cautious and headed out for the low cliffs, estimating that in the cross-wind there should be plenty of lift on the face of them. In fact, I encountered sink and turbulence in abundance but my Skyhook flew on undeterred by ducking sheep and I eventually landed smoothly on the beach. A very excited Irishman rushed up as I unclipped, convinced that I had 'overshot the runway'. "Why didn't you land on the strip like the first man did? You didn't intend to land here, did you?" he asked. Then, as Tom took off on his Hiway 260 and flew out to sea before circling and landing beside us, he shook his head in complete bewilderment!

Easter Monday was the start of the 'big Irish up'. We were soaring the mountain above the bog. Mark Woodhams had some good flights on his Hiway 'green meanie' and reported six offers to buy the glider from various Irish flyers. I tended to think that this being the 60th anniversary of the Dublin Easter rising had something to do with it! That morning we had passed a procession of village children waving the famous red and green flags, that for the politically uninitiated

could easily have been mistaken for a green meanie fan club out in enthusiastic support.

Ian Grayland rapidly became a speck in the sky during the afternoon—flying seated! We attributed his height to thermals, since there was now hot sunshine and didn't pay much attention when he eventually landed down below at what seemed like two miles away from the normal landing area. Those of us who flew during the next half hour were all deposited in the bottom fairly rapidly, because we found the turbulence from the thermals more than we had anticipated.

Faced with the choice between an exceptionally wet piece of bog, and what seemed to be a small field, for a landing area, I chose the latter—skimming the Skyhook over a low wall into this oasis. It was in fact someone's back garden. As I landed, a low dwelling, lurking in a hollow by the track at the bottom, loomed into vision. I unclipped, wondering whether to make a hasty retreat over the wall and pretend it had never happened. Too late, for the house occupant appeared, with wife and mother in tow . . .

"At last! at last! I've been shouting at you all for the last few days to come and land in my garden," cried the wife joyfully. It seemed that the sight of us landing a quarter of a mile away down the track was tantalising because they couldn't see anything in detail, and yet couldn't tear themselves from the spectacle to do any work.

I was showered with cups of tea, plied

with questions and requests for the entire household to pick up the glider. When I eventually left and headed down the road for the transport, I reflected that this was certainly not like Mill Hill. In fact, the general site in the landing area was totally unlike anything you would see in Sussex. Irish flyers deposited their gliders in the middle of the narrow road for derigging, while motorists obligingly stopped their cars and, in most instances, got out and chatted to everyone.

We rounded this day off with a couple of dual flights. Ian and Jean Grayland headed off seated and Tom and myself flew dual prone in a ten-minute soaring flight before landing back on top.

Our last day dawned with an abundance of wind, with readings of up to 30 and 32. Defeated by this, I was content to sit and watch as Tom and Mike Robertson disappeared rapidly upwards. Tom subsequently described the vast radio mast on the mountain top as seeming like a mere pin, while he had a panoramic view of the entire island and sea on all sides. We reluctantly left at mid-day, but heard later that Ian Grayland had recorded an amazing 1500ft above take off area on his altimeter during a flight that day.

We headed slowly home, armed with some excellent flying experience, and memories, a bottle of Bushmills Irish Whiskey and a determination to revisit Achill, the beautiful, Achill, the great.

'Discovery' stirs up scientists

By MARTIN WALKER



The claim of the retired radar engineer from Ipswich that he had discovered an element in the earth which gives off inexhaustible supplies of electricity has elicited more than the usual expressions of polite scepticism from Britain's leading electronic researchers. The Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell has now asked Mr Adams for a sample for further tests.

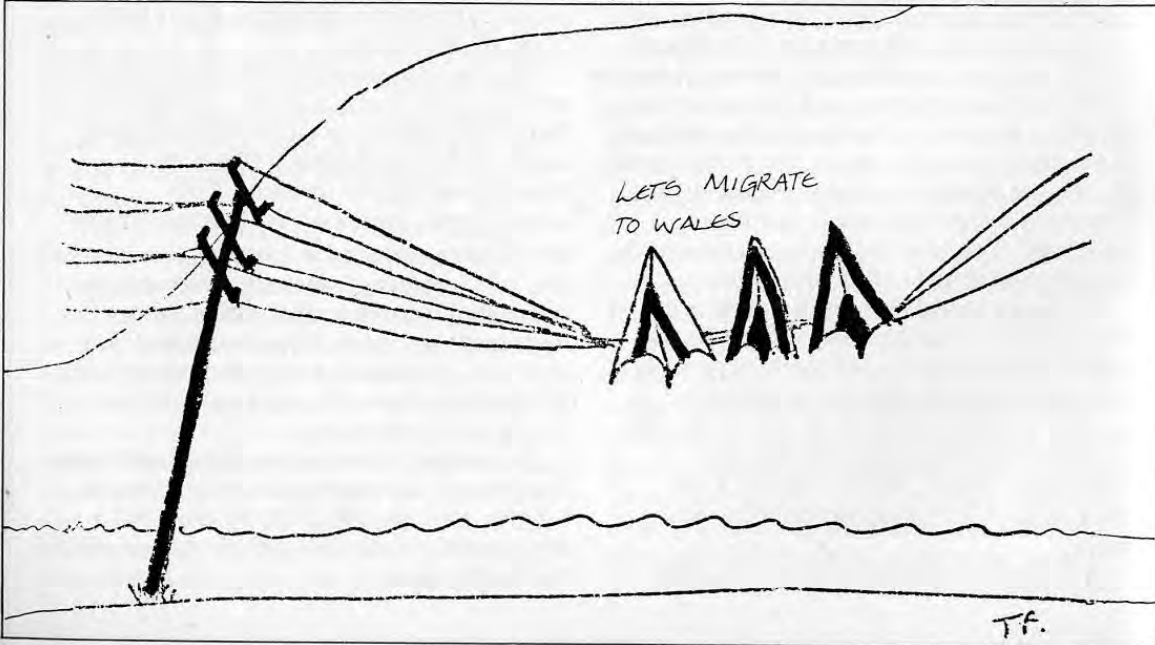
Mr Adams himself says that his discovery is theoretically impossible, but that samples of the materials he has collected are now supplying current to

clocks, lights, radio, and TV sets in his home.

Mr Adams says that he discovered the element, which he calls "Regen" because its energy seems to be regenerated after it has been drained, when his prospecting instrument went haywire when he was on a field trip in Wales.

At the GEC research centre in North London, scientists said they were puzzled and interested by Mr Adams's claim. "We get a lot of odd inventions to investigate, but this one is rather different. About 12 times a year somebody claims to have developed an energy machine, but this is the first time I have heard of somebody coming up with a naturally occurring electric cell." Mr H. N. W. Losty, the deputy research director, said yesterday.

Mr Adams has now succeeded in making a synthetic copy of "Regen."



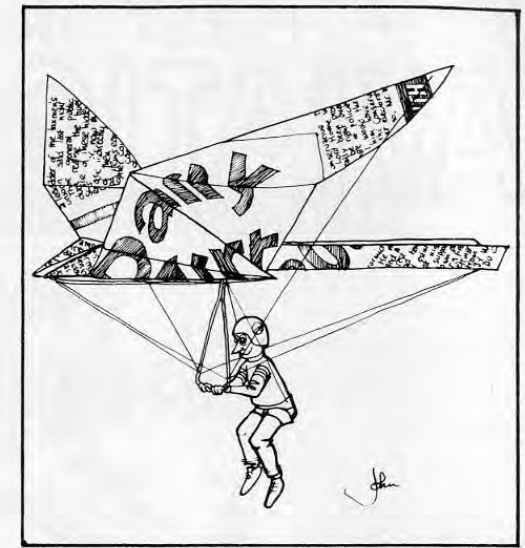
How to make and fly paper aircraft

Book Review by Paul Booker

Author: Capt Ralph S. Barnaby
 Hardback Edition: John Murray (Publishers) Ltd, 50 Albemarle Street, London W1X 4BD
 Price: £2.50
 Paperback Edition: Piccolo Publishers
 Price: approx. £1.00

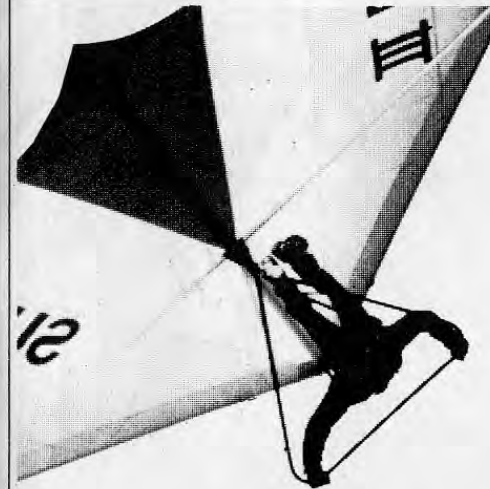
This book was recommended by a friend at work, who, after explaining that it was full of information on simple aerodynamics, proceeded to make a paper aeroplane, test it, trim it and fly it. Needless to say, we were all making the bloody things; the floor was covered in them. I sent a cheque off to the publishers and the book arrived by return.

Captain Barnaby spent his spare time at sea, modifying and making paper darts into aeroplanes. As his materials were limited, he made his models from 8½x11 inch note paper, Sellotape and paper clips, and a stapler and ruler as equipment. He explains in layman's terms, step by step, the principles of aerodynamics: wind resistance, lift, stability, dihedral, c of l, c of g, etc., and goes on to explain how to build your own paper models.



His book will be very enlightening to the hang glider pilot who does not fully understand why he stays airborne (it's not just the wind, it's the clever blokes who design them). It will also give hours of fun to your kids when it's raining (big kids).

Verdict—A must! I don't think even Malcolm Hawksworth would be upset if he got a copy (for nothing).



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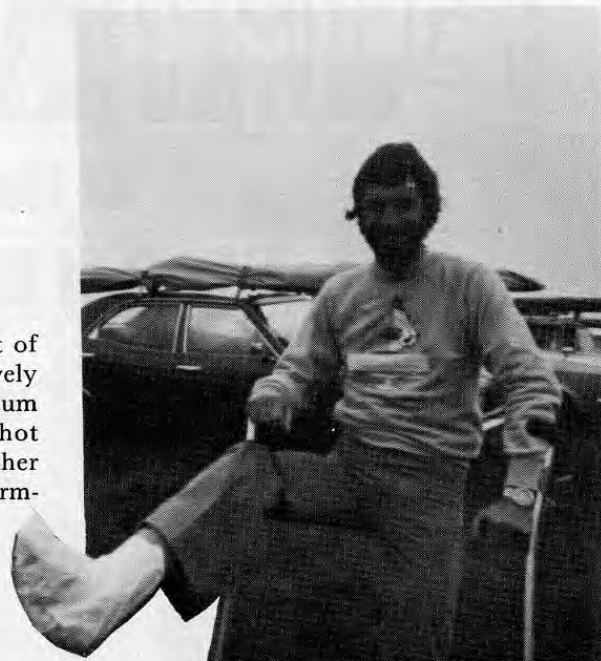


**1976
BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP**

at the
HOLE of HORCUM



☆ *Chris Johnson puts his best foot forward*



The weather is a fickle being at the best of times and, at worst, it can be positively cussed. When I arrived at the Hole of Horcum on Thursday afternoon it was clammy hot and overcast. Little did I know the weather was gathering itself for a command performance.

The Hole of Horcum is a 300ft deep hole about a mile across, wooded in places with deceptive slopes and ditches in the bottom. Half the hole was dead bracken while the rest was covered in lush green grass dotted with sheep munching contentedly. A pretty enough place, but what about the turbulence in windy conditions. I soon spotted a group of very dead looking kites on the westerly slope and, on approaching, was surprised to find that a good percentage of Mill Hill had somehow been transported 300 miles north to Yorkshire. Had we come all this way to have a SHGC National Competition—it certainly began to seem that way for the first two days. General consensus of opinion seemed to be that conditions were “evil” in anything over about 15mph, but the wind had dropped and was just changing direction—an ill omen for the competition.

Friday was practice and scruting day. The weather was very kind, allowing several hours of soaring. The bracken seemed to be very efficient at throwing up thermals, even in the weak sunshine. New kites on the scene were a few of Bill Bennett's Phoenix VIBs and an Australian SKI made by Steve Cohen. This was a very small kite with a keel fin and

full batons. Prone flying was carried out with the bar in a seated position being non-adjustable so the pilot appeared to be always straining to make the kite fly faster—very strange to watch.

Back at the marquees, Geoff Shine appeared in his Scruting smock beautifully tailored to his figure by Joan Hunt and allowing maternity-like expansion for, I presume, the several pints of scrumpy that Geoff was scruting for flavour defects. Steve Goad had then to be called in to severely scrute Geoff and his smock and pronounce them fit for duty. Steve, exhausted, himself disappeared into the beer tent where he spent the whole afternoon forgetting his resolution not to drink during the competition.

Saturday opened with fliers in a frenzy of activity as they prepared their kites. They needn't have bothered, the rain came down, the wind changed direction every thirty seconds, and the competition was called off. Nothing for it but back to the beer tent. Hardly a preparation for the British Hang Gliding Championship but as the day wore on it began to seem a better and better substitute. I may give the impression that it rained all of Saturday, in fact, it rained some

Steve Goad starts the proceedings by subjecting Geoff Shine's smock to a severe scrutiny



of the time and poured the rest.

Most manufacturers had a good display in their marquees. Gerry Breen exhibited a Rolls Royce and a hang glider with little notices attached Automobile by Rolls Royce, Hang Glider by you've guessed it—Gerry Breen.

Sunday looked promising. At 7.30 the site Tannoy system began to blare out 'Up Around the Bend' and the sun was shining. We had only just got round to believing our eyes when, yes, it rained. Meanwhile, the pilots were hopefully being briefed. The course was to be a slalom with three pylons to round and a spot landing. The take-off point was arranged and wind changed direction (not an unusual occurrence).



☆ Peter Day can't believe his eyes after a clear round on his Cirrus

Funny, despite competition being held in a circular bowl, all flying was done in a cross-wind. This made the course extremely difficult with two downwind legs and two legs penetrating into a headwind. Height could be lost very easily, especially on the downward turn. One was very much a victim of whether the wind decided blow or lull. However, the competition started with Bob Calvert executing a perfect full-points round followed by Dale Clothier, Graham Slater on his Vulture, and Peter Day on his Cirrus 3.

It had been announced that one hour would be allowed for pilots to have a second chance to fly, their first round scores being eradicated. Frank Tarjanyi scored an excellent 92 out of 100 and coolly flew again scoring a maximum 100. Frank looked so relaxed I mentally tipped him for a place in the top three.

As with most competitions, we have had the rules beginning to be altered—not much but sufficiently to make a lot of competitors do the wrong thing. We were told initially that the first forty of each class were to go through to the semi-final, which meant that a middling score was sufficient to secure a

semi-final placing. The number was then reduced to fifteen, sending many pilots scrambling back for a second flight. In the final reckoning, the number was more like forty so that pilots who had risked a second flight, occasionally in worse conditions, and got a lower score had edged themselves out of the semi-final in an attempt to come in the top fifteen.

One notable sufferer was Brian Wood who on his first flight had enough points to go through by the final ruling. Had Brian not attempted a second flight the story on the competition may have been quite different. It was also soon found out that to round the pylons and land literally anywhere on one's feet was a better points score than negotiating the final tight turn, hitting the bulls eye and falling over. I was also told at one point that to go through a gate was to cross a line between the two pylons AND round the second pylon yet, depending on which marshal was judging, one could score the points for merely crossing the line. All these may seem minor points but in the heat of a competition to fly well one must be clear on

☆ 'Lazy' Eric Short flying his Boomerang back to the top of the hill



what exactly is required. I should think that half the competitors weren't sure what were the best scoring tactics to reach the semi-final, and one can hardly unfold a piece of paper in midflight to see if overshooting the target and doing a stand up landing is better than risking a bad landing to get a bulls eye . . . is better than missing the last pylon and getting a bulls eye is better than . . . etc, etc. In future events there must be a greater inducement to go for the target (or at least near it) or it should be left out altogether.

We were all treated to spectacle of seeing Dave Cook's VJ23, last year's Selsey Birdman Rally winner, and an Icarus V compete. The tail-less Icarus V looked magical as it floated off the ridge. The pilot rested his feet on the front bar, lay back and looked for all the world as though he might fall asleep on such a smooth flight. Steve Hunt meanwhile emerged with his new rigid wing and, on what was virtually its maiden flight,

showed that it isn't only the Americans who can design an efficient double surfaced rigid. These last three pilots, however, did not seem too worried about the slalom and spot landing and it took Johnny Carr on his Gulp 30 to set the pace for Class III by executing a perfect run completed with a bulls eye, a task most of the rog pilots couldn't do.

After a day in which the wind must have changed one hundred times, punctuated by showers, everybody was glad to return to their dank tents, put on some dank clean clothes and gather at the Fox and Rabbit to commiserate or celebrate.

The final day dawned, well, *tried* to dawn, and the thick mist boiled out of the Cauldron of Horcum. There was a lot to cram into the final day—the semi-finals, the distance competition sponsored by 20th Century Fox (Skyriders), and the finals. Fortunately the rain kept off but the constantly changing wind had the windsock swinging back and forward like a demented

scarecrow. There was some good soaring done on the slope next to the marquees in the morning by knocked-out competitors. At the end of the afternoon the ridge opposite the marquees was being soared. The sort of conditions to make any organiser's job a nightmare. The semi-finals went fairly smoothly, a lot of the pilots ensuring their finals place by rounding the pylons and landing anywhere. The Phoenix VI B with their terrific glide angle were notably taking advantage of this as their pilots didn't seem to be able to manoeuvre them anywhere near the target. The tricky crosswind conditions put paid to several pilots' chances and Steve Goad, who had scored very well in the earlier round, was caught on the hop



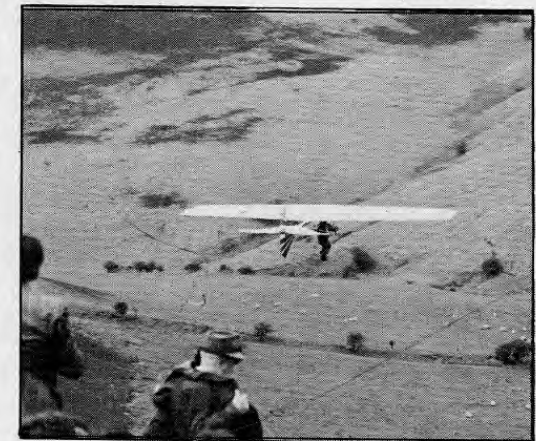
☆ The Icarus V



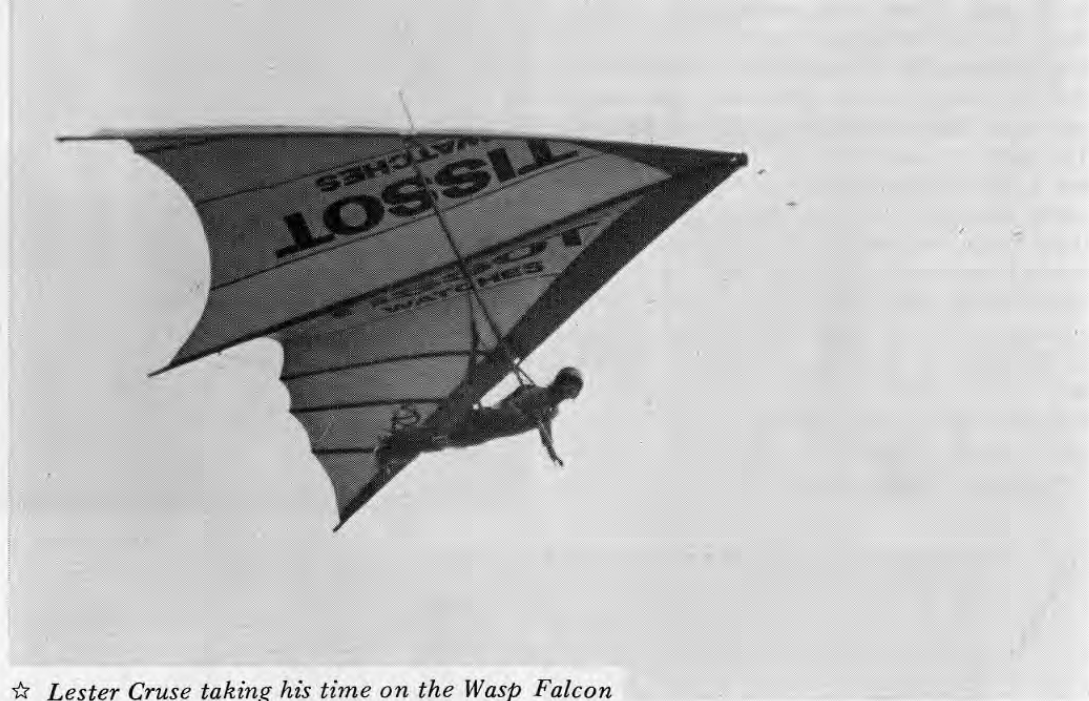
☆ John Fack with his Phoenix VIB

down-wind and broke his arm as he tried to land through a gap in a hedge which wasn't quite big enough. Class I pilots were held up after being told at the briefing that they would fly a different course and on queueing up to fly discovered none of the marshals knew anything about it!

The slalom for the semi-finals was similar to the first one except that it had been tightened up a lot. There was a clear round by Dale Clothier, who didn't seem able to put a foot wrong. Lester Cruse made a brilliant attempt at the target doing a 360 with his wing tip inches from the ground, and there were many other desperate attempts by



☆ Dave Cook and his VJ23



☆ *Lester Cruse taking his time on the Wasp Falcon*

pilots so intent on reaching the target that they were forgetting where the ground was and landing on their stomachs. Graham Slater must have lost a few hairs off his chest when he fell prey to his Vulture in a downwind stall.

As the list for the finals was compiled, it began to seem possible that there would be an SHGC sweep. In Class I, Tony Beresford was hot favourite, Miles Handley was in with a chance (Yes, Miles was flying in class I on his Hiway 240 which he had hardly flown for a year), and, relatively quietly, Mike Evans was putting in consistent flying. In Class II there were a host of possibles. One felt that Ray Sigrist must surely show somewhere, Dale Clothier was flying brilliantly, Frank Tarjanyi looked good. Could it be a Supercloudbase sweep? There was Peter Day, Bob Wisely, Lester Cruse looking aggressive and confident, and Johnny Carr on his SST. It looked wide open.

The finals were once again based on a slalom, but this time without a target. Instead a gate was placed on top of a bank, perhaps 30ft high, which faced the landing field. This was definitely a glide angle competition as it was essential to maintain height to clear the

30ft high bank and pass through the gate, a relatively simple task in itself. but, in the event of a tie, the pilot with the shorter flying time, from take off to touch down, would have the higher position. The competition was started with the first pylon hidden somewhere in the trees near the top of the ridge, a second pylon could be flown to if the pilot had enough height, but that was his choice. The difficult part was that the wind was changing again, putting the pylons in the lee of the bowl to the left of the take-off point. Peter Pay was first off, getting a high score. Alvin Russell on his Phoenix VI B flew what seemed a clear round but was disqualified because the marshals weren't ready. Miles Handley flew and, with the wind swinging further round, Dale Clothier set out on the flight that was to finish his chances of a placing. Unable to maintain any height in the dreadful conditions, Dale was forced down into the trees short of the first pylon. Unharmed himself, the kite suffered two bent booms which made his kite virtually unsteerable for his second flight. What was perhaps a more cruel blow was that the course was declared unflyable after Dale's attempt and had to be re-started with the



☆ *The Australian SK1 designed by Steve Cohen*

☆ *Bashful Ray finally arrives to accept his prize*



pylons moved into the bottom field. The first round weeded out a good deal of the field, with some pilots being unlucky enough to get a stronger headwind than others, losing all the valuable height. The Phoenix VI Bs suddenly came to the fore, their good glide angle being tailor-made for the course. It seemed rough justice that the pilots with these kites, which had not done particularly well in the earlier rounds, should suddenly, by virtue of the course, suddenly find themselves in with a more than good chance.

Tony Bersford quickly and efficiently sealed first place in Class I. Miles Handley, the only other near contender, knocked himself out on another downwind stall and had to be whisked off to hospital for a check up, which, I am pleased to say, gave him a clean bill of health. Johnny Carr flew to 1st place in Class III before rushing back to fly in Class II. Second place in Class III went to Guy Twiis on a Ridge-rider with a tail fin stuck on the back.

Graham Leason secured third place on a Gulp.

Back in Class II, after a very exciting finish in which Ray Sigrist virtually crawled up the bank to get through the gate, and Johnny Carr had flown into the distance shouting "I ate 'em! I ate 'em!", it was calculated that Bob Wisely, a fairly dark horse until the last rounds, had pipped Brian Milton on a Phoenix VI B. Ray Sigrist, by virtue of his fast time, grabbed the third place, which could have gone to several people, including Johnny who was thinking too much about eating people to land.

The prize giving was pretty much a SHGC affair with seven of the nine placings going to our club. Overall champion was Bob Wisely on his SST Buttercup, a deadly weapon flown by a modest winner.

The "Skyriders" distance event, plagued by changing winds and the fact that the final was going on at the same time, was eventually won by Tony Beresford in Class I, Brian Wood in Class II, and Dave Cook on his VJ23 in Class III.

DAVID WORTH



Mike Evans
3rd Class I

Ray Sigrist
3rd Class II
3rd overall



Rob Wisely
1st Class II
1st overall

Johnny Carr
1st Class III

Brian Wood
1st Fox Rank
Trophy Class II

Tony Bersford
1st Class I
1st Fox Rank Trophy
Class I

Graham Leason
3rd Class III

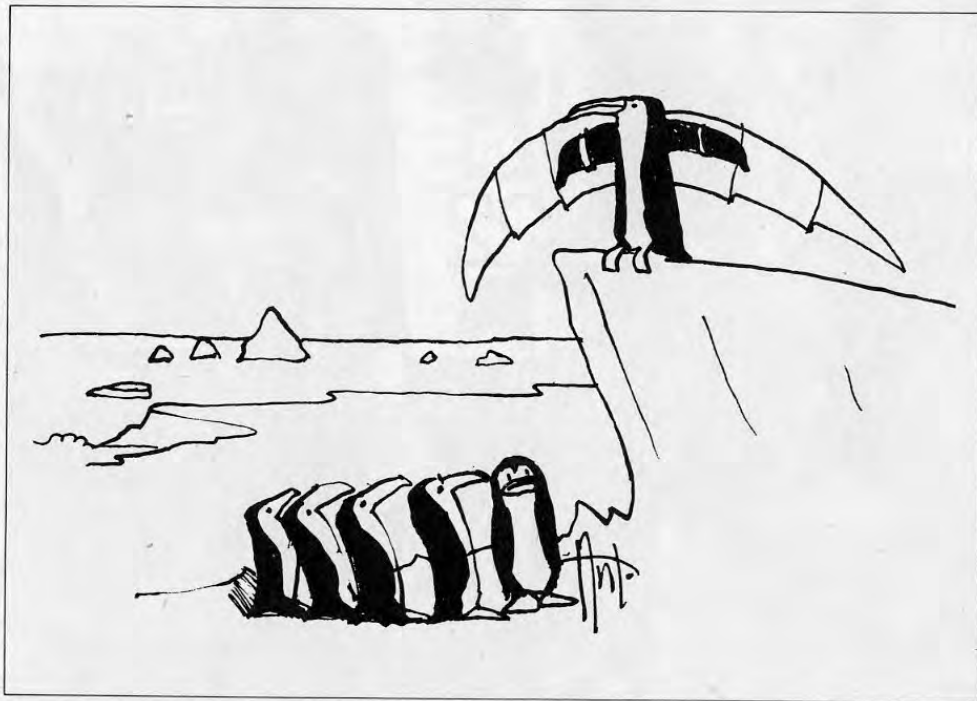


☆ Steve after a gruelling scrute displays his trophies.

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We can't go on meeting like this!



HANGING WITH HAWKSWORTH

by Major David Dudley

The 4th Division Hang Gliding Club was formed in June 1975. It was decided to build up the experience of the members by forming a cadre of 'properly' trained fliers who could then help others (notice I do not say instruct others). The Skysport Centre run by Malcolm Hawksworth was recommended and so we decided to send a party of ten over to England for a four-day course. This is a sort of report-cum-critique on that course.

If there is one thing the Army is good at (besides killing . . . sorry . . . defending people) it is running courses. They are extremely well prepared, organised and administered and every student knows exactly what is to happen from the moment he receives his joining instructions. It is perhaps unfair to compare the two organisations, so vastly different in size and resources, but I must say Malcolm's administration left something to be desired. Perhaps all civilian courses are just as haphazard (or should I say relaxed?). I am sure Malcolm wouldn't mind if I advised him to firm up on a few more of the details (like what time to report in) before the start of the course.

Anyway we clocked in about 10.00am on a Monday morning with the aid of (or in spite of) a sketch map of Brighton sent to us by Malcolm. The tiny shop took a little organising for such a big group and the occasional customer did rather break up the flow of instruction. We started with a talk on basic aerodynamics and in spite of a rather diffident manner, Malcolm knew his stuff (I have been involved in a man-powered flight project for two years

and so was in a position to judge). We then learnt about hang gliders and hang gliding and finished up with a session on the simulator rig which hangs from the shop ceiling. I am sure that is a valuable piece of instructional equipment. It does take away the strangeness of the rig and the harness and it does give you some sort of feel for the arm and body movements required in flight. I wonder whether a modification is possible to produce movements of the rig which require the 'flier' to correct, rather than merely pretending to turn, etc?

There then followed two and a half days when we waited for the weather to calm down. Not Malcolm's fault of course. We spent a lot of time throwing a Frisbie around (I wonder if the 4th Division Frisbie Club would catch on . . . ?) Finally Brighton produced some reasonable conditions on Thursday—the last day of our course! Whatever Malcolm's weaknesses on administration and classroom instruction, he is very good when it counts—i.e. up on the hill. He inspired just the right mixture of confidence and caution and was rightly very strict on safety precautions.

Here I must say a word in praise of the ground-air radio. It was very comforting for those who had some natural ability and a feel for what to do, but it was vital for those who froze on take-off and perhaps would not have responded to lung-aching bellows from afar. Vaughan Phillips froze with the bar too far away and executed a perfect Hammer-head stall. He shaved the hill and went up for his second (and last!) stall when Malcolm's insistent "pull . . .

Pull . . . PULL!" finally got through and he levelled off for a perfect landing. Mo Mohomet (he is English!) froze in a slight right drift (towards those nasty pylons) and Malcolm had to dredge up some of his National Service vocabulary in order to get a response, but at least he did get one! In fact Malcolm became quite Sergeant-Majorish with some of the lads at times and he was absolutely right.

As we took our turns for the first flight, it became obvious that not all were naturals and some were never, ever, going to make it. Here again Malcolm handled things well by playing down the fear side of things, to avoid the lads who didn't really want to do any more after their first flight, from going again to save face. As it transpired, two of us loved it and flogged ourselves until our legs and the light began to fade, getting in six 'top-to-bottoms'; four were impressed but preferred to take their time and got in about three or four flights; three lads decided it was really not their cup of tea and didn't fly again. Again Malcolm played this cool and even lopped something off the bill.

Friday was fantastic. Malcolm agreed to extend the course by one day as we had missed so much because of the weather. I sipped the nectar of soaring with two flights, one of about four minutes and the other timed at six and a half. On the first I was tense, scared, and soon exhausted by fighting the machine needlessly. The radio proved its worth when I found myself unable to penetrate, and settling down near about three foot off the deck a known area of turbulence on top of the

hill. A calm voice in my ear helped me down to about three foot off the deck, but then the left wing dropped and I ploughed in. Still, it could have been worse than the bent left boom. The second flight was much better and I enjoyed every bit of it. Wisely, Malcolm brought me down before got tired (or over-confident). He then suggested that soaring was really for fliers with more experience than my couple of days. It's hard to accept wise advice when your veins are full of adrenalin and things seem to be going well. However, I may be a fool, but I'm no bloody fool, so it was back to the 'top-to-bottom' stuff. The two of us who were by now addicts, hired a kite for the Saturday and 'got-some-in' as they say in our business.

All in all a very good course. Some minor criticisms which I mentioned but no faults to find about the real business of the day—flying. Lasting impressions? My soaring flight of course; Malcolm ploughing into the top of the hill with his Swallowtail (thank goodness he didn't frighten us all by doing it before the course!); the Dutchman with 30 flights behind him who never deviated from a straight path because he didn't know how to turn; the friendliness of the fliers on the hill and the crabby local lady who is obviously one of the 'Keep fliers off Mill Hill' brigade. We are now looking round to find a hill in Germany which is not covered in trees—very rare. Then more experience, more fliers and I think more courses. Perhaps we can persuade Malcolm to come to us—it must be cheaper that way!

GET KNOTTED!



by Tommy Thomson

Before we all become overwhelmed by such meaningless expressions as Metres-per-second, Kilometres-per-hour, etc, etc, let us at least try to preserve the only meaningful and rational units of measurement in the field of aviation, i.e. the Knot and the Nautical Mile, which after some efforts by Britain, are regarded as International Units in the aviation scene; but for how long, no one knows.

Strictly speaking, the Nautical Mile is

the distance of One Minute of Longitude at the Equator, but for all practical purposes it can be regarded as One Minute of Latitude anywhere on Earth. This inherent characteristic has been enormously advantageous to navigators of all media for centuries. When hang-gliders eventually graduate to cross-country flights, there is no need to fumble around looking for the Scale on the map; just read off the distance against the Latitude Graticule.

I suggest that we now drop the habit of talking in terms of m.p.h., before some 'Man-with-a-rolled-umbrella-and-EIIR-brief-case' decrees that our freedom of choice is now limited to Metres/Sec., or Kilometres/Hour. You never know; if he heard the chatter in 'nautical' terms, he might think you were 'Something at the Admiralty' (a

superior department), and might push off.

The adjustment in your mental calculations is quite minimal; nothing as complicated as trying to convert your glass of beer into centilitres, or your packet of mint humbugs into grammes. Just remember that the Nautical Mile is a 'wee bit' longer (about 15%) and consequently the figures used to express a given airspeed or windspeed, correspondingly less.

Also, of course, the cockpit-gliding fraternity have also been using Knots on the V.S.I., (incidentally One Knot is pretty nearly 100 feet per minute), thus making it easy at a glance to see one's glide-angle at any instant.

So, you see, it's 'knot' too difficult. (I had to get that one in!). And don't believe the joker who tells you that you will have to trail a knotted rope in your wake!

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



THROUGH THE CLOUDS

MARCH and TWO-STEP

Composed by CHARLES GRANT

Composer of "THOSE DIXIE EYES OF SOUTHERN GRAY,"
"PLAY ME A GOOD OLD FASHIONED MELODY," etc.



BLUE IS THE COLOUR

A report on a new flying site near the Fulham Road, London.

by Malcolm Hawksworth

Martin Farnham quite often arranges things and then lets me know I am involved, so it did not come as a great surprise when he asked me to help him with a 'job' he had lined up for November 5th. The great surprise was the 'job'.

He had been hired to fly from the roof of the main stadium at Chelsea FC ground, Stamford Bridge, in West London, to light the blue paper for a firework display.

My job was to organise scaffolding, runway boards, ropes, etc., also to drive the truck to London on the day and assist him in what seemed at first to be a genuine suicide attempt. Well, what are friends for? I agreed to help.

November 5th dawned with only half a threat of 30 mph winds, so we ran through Martin's check list one last time and off we drove—heading up the M23 for the frozen north of Chelsea.

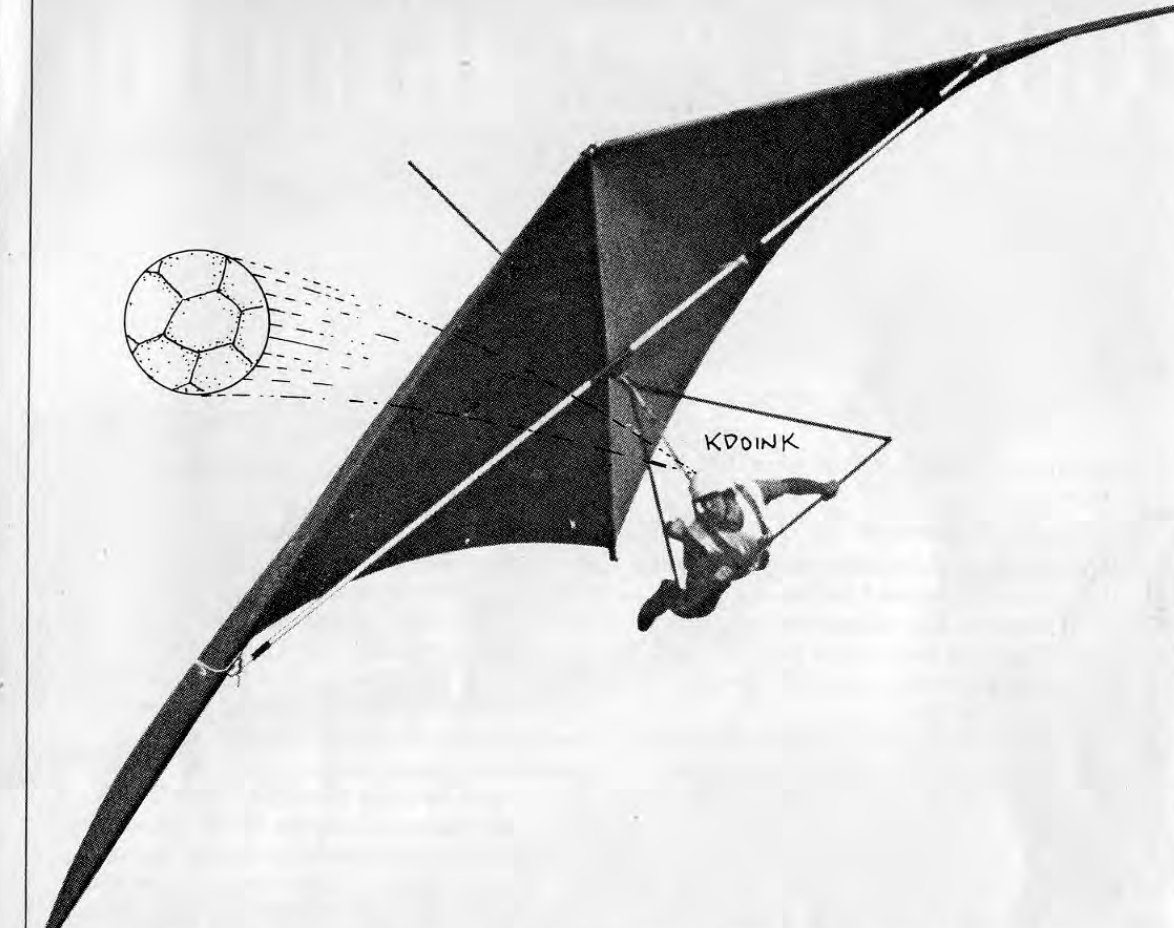
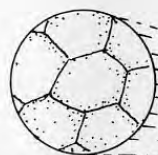
I first caught sight of the ground, and the stand, as we drove along the Fulham Road. My worst fears about death wishes were confirmed. The east face of this monster loomed above us like the North Face of the Eiger. Above the stand the superstructure that holds the whole thing up seemed to exist mainly to make sure that if anyone were daft enough to think they could fly off the top, they would change their mind when they finally brought themselves face to face with this ironmonger's nightmare. We made our way to the top of the stand, having found a nice easy route. (At first we thought that we would have to climb up the latticed

ironwork at the side and haul up the equipment behind us). This was the first bit of good news. On inspection, the stand roof did look scary but at least flyable. The main cantilever iron beam works were 34 ft apart, wide enough to allow a take-off in between, but not wide enough for mistakes. Along the front of the stand hangs a glass canopy, 40ft wide, at 45 degrees, suspended on extensions of the main cantilever beams; this was mild bad news, even worse was the sight of the 6 inch steel rail that ran along the lip of the canopy at a height of 4ft, just high enough to crash into if a take-off was a little less than perfect! The stand was about 100ft elevation, and we agreed that if take-off went OK the pitch was big enough to turn and land in as required.

The big bit of good news came when we discovered a ladder and whole load of boards and blocks, which proved perfect material for a runway. This saved a lot of carrying!

Wind direction was nearly right (45 degrees off the face), speed was all over the place, variously between 8 and 15 mph. Martin, Sherry (Martin's girl) and myself got to work on building the runway—finishing up with a really adequate structure that 'conveniently' used every piece of timber on the roof.

At 3 pm, we rigged the Hiway 220 on the roof and Martin prepared for a trial flight. Usually quite a cool character, it seemed quite in order for Martin not to be too psyched out by pre-flight nerves. I was doing all the quaking for both of us. Just to ensure good balance, I supported the back of the kite lightly and Martin prepared to run.



Run he did, but not quite fast enough. He also failed to compensate adequately for the pitch-up that the cliff-like launch caused. STALL!! – and down went Martin, glider and all. I rushed the few feet to the edge in time to see Martin hauling the bar down to his knees (he was flying prone) to dive the kite and get as much airspeed up as possible before getting too close to the rail.

He converted his airspeed at the last moment to clear the rail with no more than inches to spare. After that the flight was a standard 5 second non event with a normal landing. After this trial flight, the organisers were happy, but all three of us were totally freaked out. I kept looking at the rail, half expecting to see Martin wrapped around it, even though I had seen him land safely.

It is funny how an event like that affects people. We were happy that it had worked out OK, but all three of us began

another 2½ hours to wait! As an exercise in philosophical contemplation this was proving to be the ultimate.

So we sat through two hours of garbage. Planet of the Apes, Disneyland characters, a immediately to feel the tension of anticipation building up. Martin would have to fly again in 4 hours. The mutual realisation of this did not bring out a whole load of talk as one might expect, quite the reverse, we talked little whilst carrying the kite back up to the top of the stand. When we spoke, it was about things totally unconnected with the impending flight. It was almost as if we were all trying to forget.

The 4 hours were spent variously, in cafes, pubs and cafes, the three of us exchanging small talk and savouring every conversation piece as a welcome relief to the shadow of 7 o'clock as it drew slowly nearer.

When we enquired about the exact programme, we discovered that Martin's flight was not scheduled until 9.30 pm—

third rate marching band and the British Girls' Gymnastic Team, did nothing to take our minds off 9.30 pm. Both Sherry and I shared Martin's tension. I am sure that we were feeling it as much as him. It only seemed to get worse when 8–10 thousand people shared the stadium with us, because only the three of us really knew how enormous the risk had come to seem.

At 9 pm we went on to the roof and were at once struck by the strange solitude up there. No more that 100 ft away were marching bands, Capitol radio's disco show and 10,000 people, but somehow that all seemed very remote. There were just the three of us up there in that eerie world where everything was silhouetted by the stadium floodlights, filtering through the drizzle—the same three who carried the memories of the near miss of 6 hours before.

Strangely, now that we three were alone up there, the fear of anticipation that had been with us since 3 pm slowly became replaced by a kind of pure, total awareness. Martin has become very quiet and as the minutes ticked slowly by, he checked all his gear and clipped in ready. At 9.30pm the M.C. down below made a request for total silence whilst Martin prepared for his daring 'jump'. This silence, followed by a solitary drum roll, completed the scene for the most ethereal experience I think any of us had ever had.

The drum rolled, Martin stood poised and one could feel the tension down in the stadium rise up to augment our feeling of the last 6 hours.

Off he ran, and this time flew beautifully off the runway to land right alongside the 'blue taper'.

There was a whole second of quiet after the landing before the crowd erupted in the best applause of the whole evening. The tension dissolved instantly, and we climbed down to watch the fireworks, which, I must say, were really great.

Our recommendations to anyone thinking about doing a flight of this kind?

... DON'T!



AIRMAIL

LETTERS ARE BETTER

Dear Mr Worth:

I read with horror your advice to readers of *Windsock* not to write in protest letters to the council. I can understand the barrister not wanting anything to be written that actually could be used against the cause. I can also understand him wishing to be the only source from which ideas come. This goes completely against what is everyday knowledge. When a council is flooded with protest letters, it has to take note of them. Councillors do not hate being written to. They absolutely adore it. They are people. If a letter arrives, they read it and think about it. An enormous amount can be done by getting through to their minds beforehand. This is the way it is always done. They take pride in being accessible to reason. But they are also weak, because they like to please the most people; so they give in to the most impassioned and communicative point of view.

But I would actually advise writing to a higher authority, namely the Department of the Environment, because I think that there resides more power still, and it is impartial. A letter counts for much more than a signature on a petition. It does not matter if it arrives after the closing date they have specified, as long as they have time to consider it.

Barrie Annette,
32 Kynance Mews, London SW7

NEW MEMBERS

A. E. Lewis
R. Bourcher
F. D. Green
J. S. Raffle
C. K. Greggor
R. J. Patterson
B. Hudson
S. Pilton-Turberville
J. Paxman
G. F. Williams

SMALLS

LOST

At Steyning Bowl one weekend in March – a tatty blue check holdall containing ventimeter and much other kiting paraphernalia.
Contact Ian Bull, Brighton 507058

FOR SALE

Lester Cruse's Wasp 241 C5. Rainbow colour scheme. Tuned to perfection (wing wires, keel camber). Famous for its 'eating' capabilities—the perfect floater £250
Phone Lester Cruse – Dowland 54322

FOR SALE

Wasp (Terylene sail) 241 C4L, complete with carry bag AND knee hanger prone harness. Rigged prone but can have immediate conversion to seated. Ideal for 11 st+ person. Flown in 1976 Nationals. Excellent condition. No crashes .. £225 ono
Phone Dave Worth
01-734 3941 (work hours)

FOR SALE

Hiway 240. Seated, with bag. V.G. condition. Black with yellow tips £195 will haggle
Phone J. Henderson – Horley 3683
or Reigate 43910

APPLICATIONS

SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

REGISTRATION OF GLIDER

Name Address

Make of glider Model

Flying experience (if applicable) Weeks/Months/Years (delete as appropriate)

I enclose my cheque/money order for £16.50/£8.50 (delete as appropriate)
made payable to SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

Signed Date

SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

BADGES

Please send me:	Price	Number required	Total cost
Cloth badges	60p each
Vinyl badges for windscreens ..	20p each
Vinyl badges for helmets	20p each

Postage (6½p each)

Total enclosed £

Name Address

SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Name Address

Telephone No:

BHGA Membership No:..... Flying experience (if applicable)

I agree to abide by the rules of the club and enclose my cheque/money order for £3.50
made payable to the SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

Signed Date

Please post to the Treasurer: Peter Day, 31 Christchurch Gardens, Epsom, Surrey