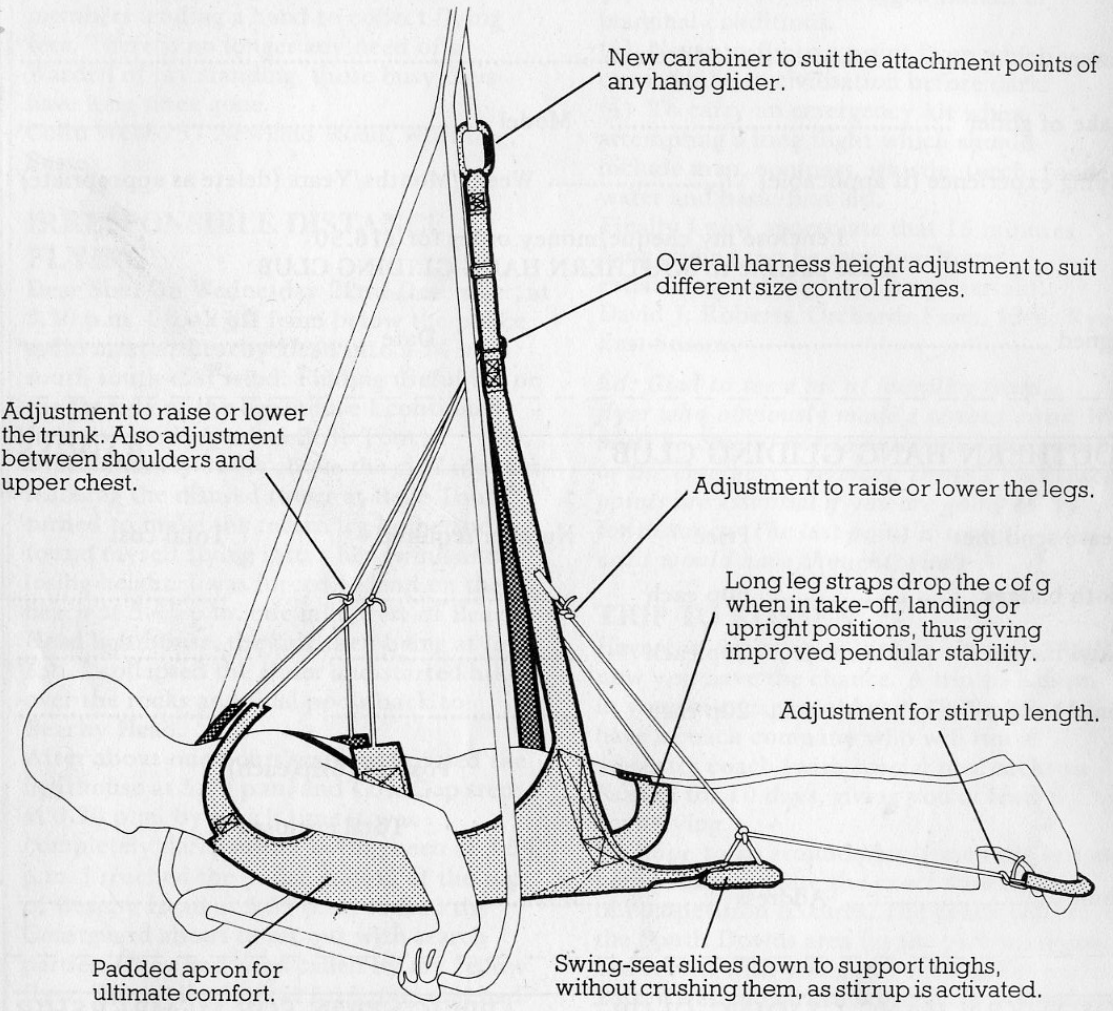


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WINDSOCK



JOURNAL OF THE SOUTHERN HANG GLIDING CLUB

JANUARY 1977

COVER

Chris Johnson puts the Blue and steerable through a high speed turn.

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Articles and photographs on any aspect of hang gliding may be submitted for publication but should be accompanied by an addressed envelope where material is to be returned. Please make sure all manuscripts and photographs are clearly marked with the author's name and address. Every effort will be made to take care of material submitted but no responsibility can be accepted for loss or damage. The opinions expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of the editor.

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Mike Robertson, Graham Slater, Dave Worth, Roger Wates, Barry Annette and Henry Heggie.

NEXT COPY DATE FOR ADVERTISERS

Full issue: 3rd March 1977

Economy issue: 10th February 1977

EDITORIAL

I have now had a month or so to get into the editorship and as you can see have started to make a few changes. I propose that every *Windsock* will have an article about improving flying technique. This is especially important for new flyers but it won't do any harm to old flyers as well.

The Chairman's Letter will be a regular feature. This is so that the SHGC membership are kept informed on club developments and policy. In the past the Committee has tended to keep themselves to themselves, with the result that many flyers haven't understood what the Committee is doing on their behalf.

For the same reasons Site News will be covered in every issue. You will be informed of the current regulations on all club sites, and also informed of new site developments and advised on flying practise at sites where we have no formal arrangements.

The new generation of gliders are opening up areas of the country that in the past have been inaccessible to us. Various cross-country ridge or cliff runs are beginning to be exploited. However, there are dangers lurking on these flights for the unwary (see David Roberts letter further on in the magazine). I shall be devoting a spread to each of the main runs in the next few issues, which I hope will be helpful to the cross-country flyer and enable them to plan their flights better.

It has become obvious that for financial and time reasons a monthly *Windsock* to the level of production that we have now got used to, is inappropriate to our needs. For these reasons a full *Windsock* will now be published once every two months. A one-sheet economy version of *Windsock* will be sent to members on the months that the full version doesn't come out. This will ensure that vital club communications about Site News, Small Ads and the forthcoming social events will still be kept on a monthly basis.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Oyez! Oyez!

Roll up for the grand opportunity to blow two grand! Here's your chance, with a little thoughtlessness, to blow £2,000 just by landing in the ploughed area at the bottom of Mill Hill. And you - yes you, the innocent club bystander - can join in simply by allowing your friends to fly when you know they are likely to land there.

For those of you who aren't aware, the Mill Hill Enquiry has already cost us flyers about two thousand pounds - not to mention the hours and weeks of work put in by the flyers who submitted evidence at the public enquiry. All this could be as much money and effort down the drain if we permanently lost the use of the field area at the foot of the hill.

Thoughtless flying could lose us £2,000.

The situation is simply this. The tenant farmer who works the land at the bottom of the hill cannot put the land to grass this year. So it has to be put to crops now. This is not out of malice or bad feeling towards hang gliders, but for good sound farming reasons. So, naturally, when there is crop loss due to gliding he sees it in terms of his own income and livelihood - and really who can blame him?

So remember: the next time someone goes into the ploughed area at the bottom he won't be the only nirk - there'll also be the nirk on the top who stood by and let it happen.

This brings me onto the wider issue of the way we regard club flying in our area. And here we should take on board some of the comment and advice of the late departed Malcolm Hawksworth. There is a lesson for all in the club in that article, though I personally do not sympathise with the concept of the 'federation'. There can be no doubt, though, that our flying machines, our skills and our expectations have changed out of all recognition since those early, sunny days at Steyning when we would charge off the hill, sail flap-

ping happily, and with grim determination plummet unerringly into the depths of the hole. Looking back, perhaps most remarkable of all seems the way pilots fixed their sights so doggedly on the landing area, looking neither to left nor to right - and having no reason to! Now some of us have done the Truleigh Run, Beachy - Cuckmere, the Newhaven - Brighton Express, Ditchling - Offham nonstop, and so on and so on.

But our new capacity must be matched

Freedom and responsibility go hand in hand.

with a new responsibility. A site is no longer a self-contained parcel, a hole in the ground, but a take-off point to any number of landing areas and a vast expanse of sky. The club's conception of flying sites must embrace all the places from which we launch, fly, or land, whether we have existing management agreements or not. This includes Newhaven, parts of Ditchling, Beachy Head, and a number of others. From now on, these sites should carry the same rules as club sites with formal agreements. Right now someone is working really hard on our behalf to draw up an agreement to enable us to secure flying rights for Beachy Head while happily coexisting with other users and to provide better facilities for us flyers.

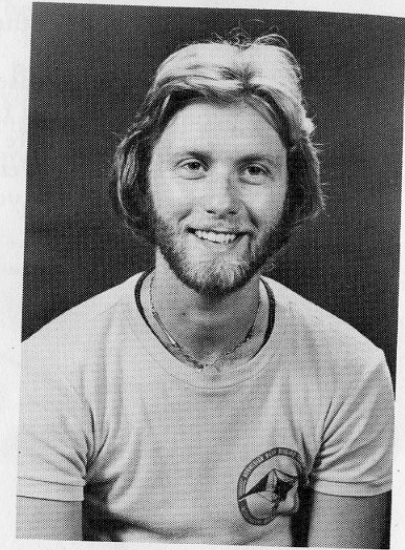
So, don't let '77 be the year of the nirk. Think before you fly - freedom and responsibility go hand in hand. If you fly cross-country, then let someone know what you're doing before you go and what they should do in the event of delayed return.

Don't let '77 be the year of the nirk.

And whatever you do, KEEP OUT OF THE PLOUGHED AREA AT THE FOOT OF MILL HILL!

Tony MacLaren.

Improve your technique



Graham Slater

This is the first of a series of features designed to help the beginner and the well seasoned flyer alike. These features will all be run under the banner of 'Improve your technique'. In time we hope to cover most aspects of the sport, but will commence with the more obvious problem areas.

Hang gliding is, for reasons that are not terribly clear, an activity where ego very often expands at a greater rate than actual flying capability. Any 'ace' who thinks his flying technique cannot be improved is a fool certainly and probably not an ace for long. A flyer who stops learning - should stop flying.

Graham Slater, chief instructor of the Southern School of Hang Gliding, offers this bit of advice to all of us who are not that bright at getting airborne on nil-wind days.

SUNDAY dawned a clear blue sky with high blown cirrus - but nil wind. When I arrived at the Dyke there were some twenty to thirty gliders parked on the hill, most rigged and some praying nose-up for a breeze.

It was the same old story. People stood around in groups chatting and eyeing up the new Hiway, or commenting on the amounts of SST's on the hill.

Then for some reason the flying started. People struggled to take off, running like mad things with their stirrups wrapped around their legs, harness straps slack, some not running and stalling on take-off, uprights bending and snapping. Once again the apparently innocent nil-wind conditions were taking their inevitable toll.

When are 'fliers' going to learn to get off the ground correctly when there's no wind?

I've had to teach a lot of people on my course and I've found that the following technique is a simple answer to the problem.

(a) One hand on an upright, one hand on the bottom bar and somebody on the nose if you find you cannot hold the kite at the right angle of attack or keep the wings level on your own. This applies especially to the 'aces' who spurn help in nil wind.

(b) Straps tight, try to lift yourself off the ground. Difficult you may say, but think about it - keeping the straps tight on take-off means you can rotate the nose slowly, using your link with the kite as a firm fulcrum.

(c) Stand upright with the bar into or close to the body thereby keeping the nose low.

(d) When ready the noseman retires and you start to run. Keep the straps tight and as you accelerate the sail will begin to fill and take the weight of the glider off your arms. This

allows you to place both hands on the bottom bar.

Now keep accelerating and ease the bar away slowly. Hopefully you'll start to lift off. Keep running until your feet are actually pulled off the ground and whatever you do, don't push the bar too far away or you'll stall.

It can be very nasty, suddenly turning back to the hill and seeing all the smiling faces of the 'pilots' watching you pile in.

Don't forget to keep your speed up when you're in the air. There's no wind so your ground speed will have to be faster than usual.

All right, so you can soar, and you think

this doesn't apply to you. Just remember that anybody can take-off when they have a bit of wind helping them off the ground.

This basic take-off technique I use and I know other schools use with great success. It works for prone as well. The important thing to remember is to keep your harness straps

tight and be part of the machine. Don't flail away like an insane rag doll only to be dumped, possibly injuring yourself and damaging your machine, in front of a hundred or so spectators out for a pleasant Sunday afternoon walk on the Downs.



Make sure the kite is level and the straps are tight

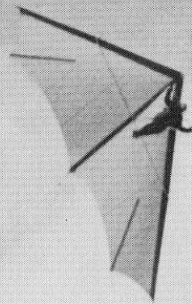
Sail starts to fill and lift as you run



Move hand down to bottom bar and ease kite off the ground

Once flight is fully established the first turn can be made





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The Pee de Dôme

by David Worth

Early in the year a group of flyers from the Southern Club had journeyed to the Puy de Dôme in the Central Massif of France for the French Nationals. A week later they returned loaded with trophies and stories of mind bending flights from the 1600ft volcanic plug. The thought of half-an-hour flights in no wind sent everybody scurrying for their cross channel booking forms and through the grapevine a date was set for the SHGC annual outing at the beginning of September.

The magic day arrived when in different parts of Southern England eager flyers leapt out of bed at the crack of dawn and dashed to catch the first hovercraft. As usual when hang glider freaks turn up it was blowing a hooley so the hovercraft service was suspended. After a quick transfer to Dover and a lengthy car ferry trip our party arrived at Calais just in time to be held up to let the first hovercraft dock. Finally, four hours late, we were freed from the prison ship and apart from devious diversions in the middle of the night (which caught out everybody making their way there) the rest of the journey was uneventful. After pitching our tents in a deserted field at the end of a rutted track, we turned in, hardly able to sleep in anticipation of the brilliant flying in store for us the next day.

By the morning Derek Cassell, Barry Bourne, Roger Wates, Steve Goad, Eric Short and myself had arrived. The Dôme stood out like a great slag heap against a brilliant blue sky. I could almost feel the thermals beginning to crawl up my trouser legs. What we hadn't noticed were the white marestail clouds heralding strong winds as they streaked the sky.

By the time we had chugged up the road which spiralled to the summit the wind had got up to a gusty 30 mph. After peering over the edge of the 1600ft drop I decided that 30 mph was a bit strong for an unfamiliar site. However, Eric and Steve said that they hadn't driven 1000 miles to stand about and rigged their gliders in a sail rattling wind which was now blowing 35 mph. After a couple of false starts Eric launched off climbing away from the Dôme at an alarming rate. It obviously was not too comfortable because he made straight for the landing area. Steve was next and as his knuckles whitened on the control bar one of his battens shot out with a crack. I could have sworn I saw a cork shoot out from somewhere as well, but hang gliders don't have corks do they? After replacing the batten Steve took off and rapidly started disappearing round the side of the Dome. He soon reappeared polishing his shoes with his knuckles and made as rapid a descent to earth as a 35 mph wind would let him. That was flying for day 1. We retreated to camp base and



Charlie, Barry, Dave, Derek smile for lensman Roger Wates

played cricket until more of the party arrived. Frankie Tangerini turned up with Motor Mike, Malcolm Honeychurch and Paul Renouf who had stories of an evil channel crossing during which Frankie had decided to have another look at his breakfast. Don Spratt arrived with Charlie Manson (who had come by train to let his girl friend Gill have a more comfortable ride in Don's two-seater). Now you know why they call him Mad Mick.

On day two the wind moderated enough for everyone to pluck up enough courage for the big jump. Of course Dale Clothier and Ray Sigrist turned up to show off by top landing the Dôme - one of the most difficult tasks I could imagine. The top of the Dôme is round so that soaring involved continually flying round a corner and top landing meant coming in over a strip no more than 50yds wide avoiding the rotor where a car park had been cut in at the top. The French flyers turned up and apart from a couple of aces the rest seemed complete nonks with primitive kites.

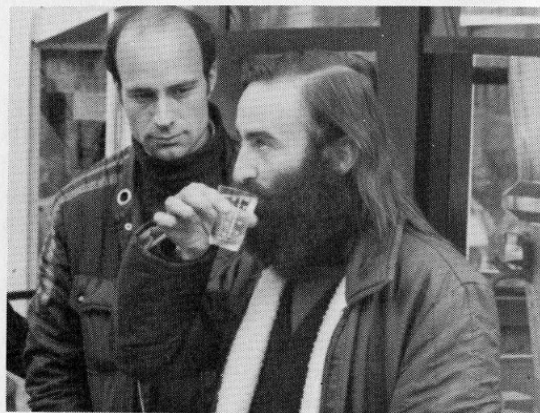
By this time clouds had rolled in, the only thing being that they were below us. One of the French aces distinguished himself by soaring with clouds above and below and carried on flying when lightning struck the TV mast which tops the Dôme. Needless to say he top landed. Despite most of us having only one flight our appetites were wetted. The sensation of the earth apparently dropping away 1600ft within a few seconds of going over the edge was unbelievable.

The next four days were absolute hell. Anyone there will testify to it. It rained and rained and rained and blew and when it didn't rain the Dôme wore a neat cloud hat. Ha, ha, we even hired an old VW for transporting us up to the top. Numerous trips were made to the café at the top but all we found was cloud, rain, snow and more cloud. There was a notable moment when a hole appeared in the cloud and Mike the dentist promptly dived through. He arrived back at the top with a tantalising description of floating through ethereal wisps of cloud.

Life meanwhile was centring around the camp fire which was adopted as an eternal flame, a life force to keep us going. The Pee de Dôme indeed! We were certainly peed off. By the end of the week, thanks to Bob Wisely's skill as a lumberjack, we had burnt about seventeen full-size pine trees (dead ones!). Many a tree was chopped in little pieces by someone with a frayed temper.

By Thursday frustration had taken its

toll. Frankie's busload decided to head for home early next morning. Peter Day, Steve and Eric made plans to travel on to Grenoble where a big event was being held. Lester Cruse and Steve Hunt who had arrived from Kossen couldn't bear spoiling their Golden Memory of the Dôme so they left for home. Some of us decided to go sight-seeing in a nearby spa town of Chateau Guyon. Here we were treated to the sight of a whole town turning out and queuing for a glass of spa water. The mineral water which springs out of the rocks is taken very seriously by the townsfolk who each have their own glass in a little basket. Barry Bourne managed to procure a glass of the precious liquid by buying one of these special glasses and posing as a Member of the Society of Waters. It tasted horrible, hot, salty and flavoured with iron bars.



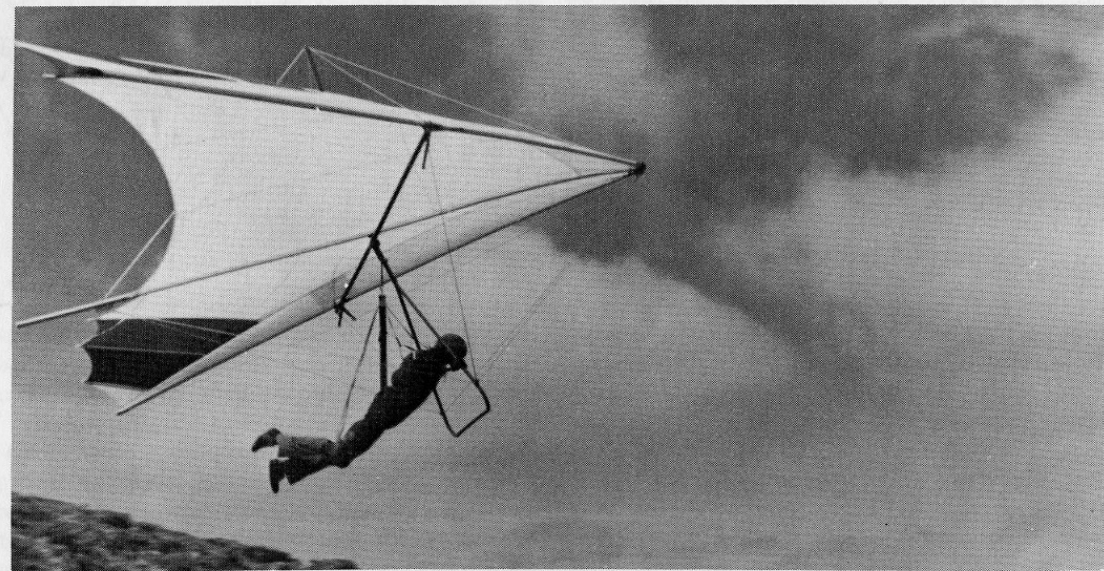
Barry takes the waters

While we were in Chateau Guyon we discovered a trace barometer. To our surprise the trace had taken a right turn and in the last few hours had risen rapidly. Disbelief tempered hope and we returned to the soggy campsite trying to decide whether we should give up the long wait.

The barometer did not lie and by Friday morning the wind had moderated to a gentle 8 mph, the clouds had cleared from the summit and the sun had come out. Making up for lost time we crawled to the top in our VW. Squatting inside the bus helmeted and harnessed as it ground up the road was rather like waiting for a parachute drop, especially as the flight from the top was not entirely different from one. The climax of the day's flying came when we took off into wind and flew round the Dôme to the campsite which was on the opposite side. It was a strange feeling to lose sight of the take off point and have to fly several minutes before seeing the landing area.

Half way round one had to fly downwind over a ridge, another peculiar sensation. It felt like sliding over a gentle waterfall. Despite flying downwind we all easily reached the campsite and were well satisfied with the day. Next day our expectations leapt as we awoke to a hot sun and brilliant blue sky. The wind had switched to the steepest face which overlooked the campsite. At the top the wind couldn't seem to make up its mind and there seemed to be a downdraft on all sides. Because of the tail wind, take offs were very difficult and we were having to run like mad and just threw ourselves off the edge being very careful to keep on a lot of airspeed. From then on flights were like magic as the thermal activity built up. You could fly anywhere you wanted. By following the thin road way below, you could pick up the bubbly thermal lift to follow it down to the main road 1½ miles away, coming back over some power lines, a zoo, thick woods still with enough height to do 360's galore. Everyone was having a ball with the new experience of cross country flying. On Sunday, the day, alas, we would have to start home, we wasted no time in getting flights in. Ray and Dale cruised out from the Dôme losing no height in their Cloudbases (aptly named for small cumulus clouds were forming at eye level with the tops of the Dôme) and, executed continuous hooleys. Others of us were content to explore the surrounding countryside and more than one of us was caught out being faced with a long walk back to the campsite. The average flight times of 8 mins was now getting

longer. Bob Wisely caught some fantastic lift which sent Keith Cockcroft hurriedly after him in a borrowed Snods Special (Sigrist's Cloudbase). The rest of us spellbound watched as they both put up flights of 20 mins plus. At one point Cockcroft was flying towards the top of the Dôme at the same angle he had just been flying down, while Wisely was circling continuously over a flat field. All this in a very light breeze. Mike Lieder put up a 20 mins plus flight, his third prone flight on a radial Cloudbase. The week of disappointment was soon forgotten while we drifted around the hot blue sky. But all good things must come to an end and we decided to have a last flight before leaving. Bob Wisely put up another terrific time of around 25 mins. Keith Cockcroft, kiteless, persuaded me to let him have one go on my Super Cloudbase. A decision I almost regretted when I saw him winding in vast amounts of keel camber. However, he didn't overtake it because for half-an-hour he cruised back and forth following the little puffy clouds in a brilliant show of thermal flying. Even the French crowd who had gathered applauded him when he landed. In the meantime the French flyers who didn't seem over friendly were content with plummeting in as straight a line as possible from the top of the Dôme. We ate 'em. Next year we will all be back armed with varios. Given a good week to suss out the thermals I am sure really long cross country flights are a reality. The next flight I had was comical - a straight downer at Mill Hill



Barry Bourne on a Falcon 3½ takes the big leap

THE DYKE/TRULEIGH RUN



Johnny Carr was the first to do it. Now with the advent of better flying hardware this trip is a fairly common occurrence. Ordnance survey maps are always laid out with grid lines N to S and E to W, so it's quite easy to see that the ideal wind direction for this trip is due northerly. Actual experience shows, that if there's too much west in it, it's a struggle to get from A to B, but if you make it, then you're laughing. If there's too much east in it,

it's very easy to get down there but a nightmare coming back. A great many flyers have lost it at B after having been to Truleigh on a north-easterly.

If you're not very experienced in cross-country ridge flying, only consider going down to Truleigh if it's due north and you can maintain a straight course down the ridge and some distance above it. If you are having to sneak in and out of the bowls, forget it. Only

do this after getting to know the entire ridge. Also never attempt it if you think there's a chance you might go down.

Major points to remember are the power lines (2 sets) at C, which you should never attempt to cross unless you are convinced you have twice the required height. If in doubt - turn back. The Edburton Hill strip at D is lower than the rest of the ridge so you can unexpectedly find yourself below ridge level

as you hit Truleigh, going from east to west on a light day.

The two bowls at Truleigh Hill have a reputation for chucking up decent thermals and provide good hard ridge lift. E is the normal turn point, but before you start your trip back to the Dyke get as much height on as possible.

SITE NEWS

As at January 14th 1977

There are six frequently used sites along the South Downs, of which three are Southern Hang Gliding Club controlled.

Devil's Dyke. Ordnance Survey sheet no. 198 ref. 258110.

Take-off areas at this site are on private farmland beyond the fence to the west of the car park, and on land controlled by Brighton District Council to the east and in front of the car park.

Landing area is on private farmland in the field below the car park, on the hotel side of the road only.

Winds - North East, North, North West. Approximate flight drop is 350ft.

There is a deep bowl to the far west end of the ridge that has a whirlpool effect in a NW wind and inexperienced pilots should stay clear of it. Watch out for the probable change to still air when coming in to land. It is usually very calm below 40ft in the landing area.

This can be a delicate site when there are crops in the landing area and the farmer's wishes must be observed at all times if the site is to be preserved. You will be informed through *Windsock* and by notices on the club notice board at the door of the Dyke Hotel, when there are restrictions on landings. If in doubt, the site warden is Tom Knight, 10 The Causeway, Partridge Green, Telephone: Partridge Green 710084.

Ditchling Beacon. Ordnance survey sheet no. 198, ref. 325137.

Take-off area is best reached by carrying gliders up the hill from the crossroads below, rather than using the car park at the top. When doing this, please use gates and paths and don't climb over fences.

Landing area is in private farmland in the fields by the crossroads.

Winds - North. Approximate flight drop is 400ft.

This site is best when used in a true northerly wind. It can be treacherous when the wind is slightly off the hill - and there is an established list of unintentional roosters among lesser experienced pilots who have been caught out and have landed in the trees below.

Site Warden - Johnny Carr. Telephone:

Burgess Hill 42324.

Mill Hill. Ordnance survey sheet no. 198, ref. 212072.

Take off area is on public open space below to the south of the car park.

Landing area is in the field below, in private farmland. At present there are restrictions in force because the farmer has a crop growing in this field. Landing is restricted to the unploughed grassy area in the extreme southern end of the field. Because it can be difficult and even dangerous to land in this area when wind speed is 14mph plus, only pilot badge holders will be allowed to fly when winds exceed 14mph.

This is an extremely delicate site. We have spent a vast amount of money in trying to preserve it by fighting against the by-law. If members try to be a little less selfish than they have proved to be in the past, and observe the current landing restrictions, we should continue to have this as a club site if the by-law result is in our favour.

Otherwise, if flyers disregard the crop and land there, we could find ourselves in the foolish position of losing the site, even if we win the by-law battle. The amount of money we pay the farmer is comparatively low (less than £2 per annum per member) and will certainly not compensate for damage that would occur to his crops if flyers continue to land there as on normal days.

So, until further notice, no landings in the ploughed field, and no flying in winds exceeding 14mph unless you have a pilot's badge. Offenders will be subject to £1 fine per offence.

There is no site warden for this site, but overall responsibility lies with site liaison officer, Tom Knight, 10 The Causeway, Partridge Green. Telephone: Partridge Green 710084.

There is a reservoir in the middle of the ridge and air in front of this is usually turbulent in all types of wind. Westerly winds give rise to low lift and high drag conditions at the south end of the ridge. When soaring, take care not to be blown back at this point.

Steyning Bowl. This is a privately run site, and not a club site. It is managed by John Malin - Steyning 812376. All wind directions bar N.W. and W. Treacherous in high winds on N. and S.W.

Beachy Head. This is not controlled by the club, but flying does take place there. Wind

direction S.E. Take off, from land opposite car park. Landing area in the plain at the foot of the bowl, to the east of the cliffs.

Newhaven Cliffs. Again, this is a site not controlled by the club. Experienced flyers only, please. Wind direction S. Take off from cliffs below coastguard station. Very limited landing area on beach below.

TSK TSK

Yes folks, here it is, an actual photograph of naughty Brian Wood and Eric Short in full vertical tandem. This is the stunt that rocked the BHGA council and could have ruffled the feathers of the CAA - if they had seen it.

The incredibly stuffy letter that the BHGA sent to Brian even suggested that 'the flight was in contravention of several articles of the Air Navigation Act' would you believe. Eric tells me that this is quite impossible since he was only up there to do the navigating.



SMALL ADS

FOR SALE

A superb Super de Luxe 20ft Bainbridge Cloudbase. £320.
Phone Paul Renouf at Hailsham 844820.

FOR SALE

Cloudbase 20ft, 6 months old complete with bag and harness. £280.
Phone David Philpots at Reigate 43910 or Horley 3683;

FOR SALE

Hiway 19ft Cloudbase. Keel camber. Red, orange and yellow sale. A good kite for the prone or seated flier. £240 o.n.o. Price includes bag and harness.
Phone Clive Betts at Fairseat 822383 after 6.00 p.m.

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Hiway 20ft De Luxe Cloudbase. 5 months old. Bainbridge light blue sail. Prone or seated, with protection bag. Excellent condition. £290.
Contact Ron Green, 61 Passingham Avenue, Billericay, Essex. Phone Billericay 22974.

FOR SALE

Wasp 221 C4. Bargain. Prone bar and harness in good condition. Best offer over £120.
Telephone: Mick Evans Haywards Heath 52682.

FOR SALE

19ft. Cloudbase de Luxe. Phone Mike Robertson. Brighton 681278

GRAND DRAW

Hurry, Hurry. This could be your chance to win one year's free flying membership of the SHGC.

When you get your voting slip in *Wings* magazine, fill in your name and address but not the nomination part, and send it to Peter Day, 31 Christchurch Gardens, Epsom, Surrey. We'll put all the slips in a hat and draw one out for the lucky winner. People wishing to go to the AGM will have their slips returned to them on the day in Coventry.

Remember the more votes you send in, the better you'll be represented at BHGA level.

HITTING THE GROUND PRONE

by Barrie Annette

The first time I flew prone, I was assured that my legs would come down automatically when I pushed out. When the ground came up towards me, I duly pushed out - and my legs went up into the air. I pushed harder, still my legs would not come down. The kite stalled, and I landed on my face with my arms stretched right out in front of me. It hurt.

Later on, when I was beginning to feel confident, I came down completely forgetting to work it out at all. The first thing I knew was the ground coming up to meet me. Not again, I thought. I withdrew my arms at the crucial moment, just let myself go limp, and saved myself from the previous agony. Still I got a horrible taste of Mill Hill cow pat.

Meanwhile, I have given a lot of thought to this problem, and produced loads of weird and wonderful ideas for absorbing the shock of impact. I sent some of them to *Wings!* and thankfully the editor realised they were a lot of rubbish. I had spring loaded car safety belts, pulleys emergency handles to trigger the mechanism, everything. I never got so far as spending any money on it however.

Then came last Tuesday. I had not flown for six weeks, and I had never flown my SST close to the hill before. On my radial Cloud-base, in these marginal conditions, I would have had to push really hard. I was not conscious of pushing at all. I was aware that it was handling really peculiarly, and thought that it must be rigged incorrectly. I was coming in to land to find out the trouble. I pushed with my left hand to move into the hill. Nothing happened. Go over you big brute - suddenly the hill was coming straight towards me.

If I had realised that all this trouble was of my own making, and the spin I had entered had given me enough speed to regain control, I suppose a controlled landing would have been possible even at that stage. But I did not know that. It felt from the way the kite had been behaving up until that moment that I would never have the strength.

Then the ground was coming straight for me. I saw myself in exactly the same position as Guy Twiss. I was pushed right out. What the hell am I flying like that for? Here the air

was speeding up. For the first time on that flight, I thought about my speed, pulled the bar back sufficiently to save myself from a radical stall, at least the possibility of one as I saw it.

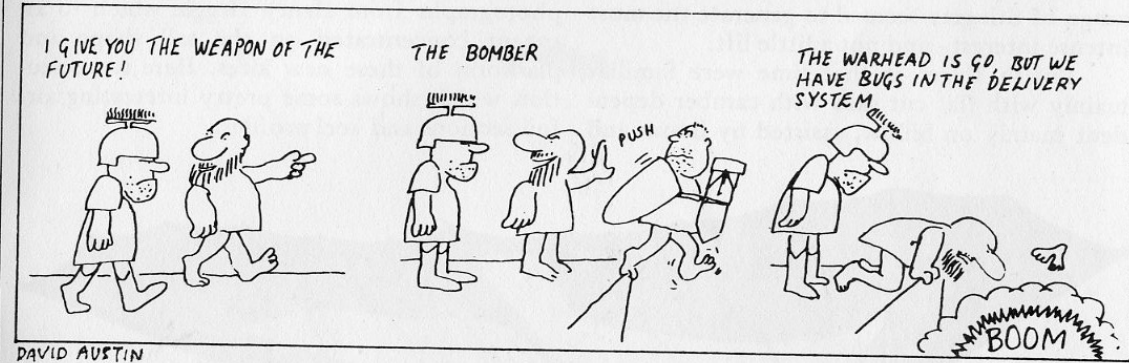
This bears out what I wrote in *Windsock* a couple of months ago. All my mistakes are quite stupid, but the moment something clicks in my mind I am capable of action. Things don't click nearly so often as they should do because people don't get their experience down in print. I didn't consider the likelihood of my flying too slow as an explanation to the feel of the kite, because it was so long since I had done such a thing that I thought I was past it. If I was somebody else having the benefit of being able to read this, the same thing could not happen to me. The situation would be immediately recognisable, and under control at the same time. We are getting slowly better at communicating our experience to one another, with the result that stupid mistakes are seen more seldom; but I think we can make them a rarity if Mark does his job properly.

Anyway, now I had to pay the penalty for this one. I turned my head sideways, and said to myself, relax. Why take the impact on the face I had thought since my last turd-eating experience? At the last moment, I brought my hands back to a head protecting position, I seem to remember, which may have facilitated my swinging through the frame to safety (instead of crunching in aft of it, as I would have done if I'd tried to flare out), although this would have meant my increasing speed, and I should therefore like to emphasise that this is only a flimsy memory. Also, as I relaxed my body for the impact, perhaps I withdrew some pressure from my stirrup, causing my head to rise a helpful fraction. I don't know, I must have gone in at 30 mph at least, and when I woke up a couple of minutes later I did not have a single bruise on my body, just a broken wrist, and I suppose that was caused by the way I was holding the bar. I was saved by the fact that somebody wrote in *Wings!* a while back about climbing helmets being inadequate, and I had looked at mine and had second thoughts about it. Also, I had a new A frame, and the SST A frame is a solid, fixed together piece. It held up so I swung in space, and most of my momentum must have been taken on my harness.

This bears out what I say about hang

gliding being a safe sport. If I can fly square on into the hill and be saved by harness and A frame, getting just a broken wrist, it is obvious that a lot of people are hurting themselves unnecessarily. If I had gone in as I had done on the two previous occasions at the speed of

this last time, I would have really been smashed up. But just the development of a little bit of science, which we can achieve by communicating with each other more, and we can really change the face of things.



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HENRY HEGGIE'S MERE

I think all British flyers were somewhat taken aback at the machines from downunder that made their first major European appearance at the Mere open. The Cohen SKs and the Moyes range of Stingers seemed to generate the most intense interest - and not a little lift.

British flyers at that time were familiar mainly with flat cut sails with camber dependent mainly on billow, assisted by boom and

keel distortion. The Aussie kites chucked billow out of the window entirely and actually sewed the desired shape into the sail!

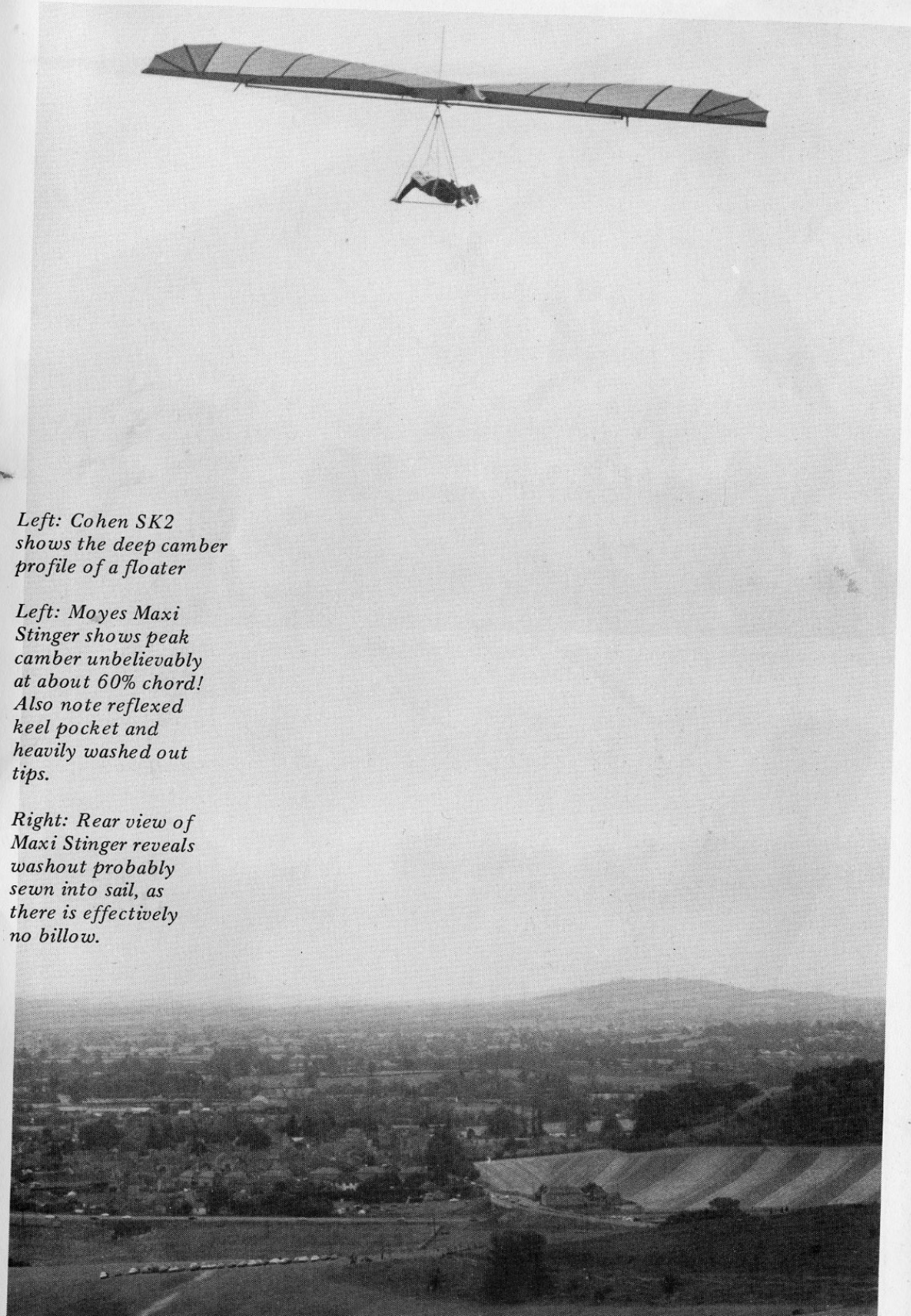
I received a whole batch of excellent photographs from Henry Heggie which to an extent concentrated on the sail shape and planform of these new kites. Here is a selection which shows some pretty interesting air-foil sections and keel profiles.



Left: Cohen SK2 shows the deep camber profile of a floater

Left: Moyes Maxi Stinger shows peak camber unbelievably at about 60% chord! Also note reflexed keel pocket and heavily washed out tips.

Right: Rear view of Maxi Stinger reveals washout probably sewn into sail, as there is effectively no billow.





Moyes Supersoarus takes to the air showing a very flat wing section apart from an abrupt curve near the leading edge.



It is noticeable that Moyes uses wing wires for deflexing only and not as primary sail shapers.



AIRMAIL

FLYING FEE COLLECTION

Dear Ed: May I as your overall Warden give my views on the suggestion of a paid non-flyer Warden. For just under two years I have spent most of my weekends wandering around the sites for at least eight hours a day in all weathers. In the early days of this club I could expect to collect £10 per weekend but now my takings are down to around £4

per month. Being a non-flyer I can't talk shop as I have never experienced the thrills of hang gliding, therefore this job has become a very lonesome pastime. How about the wives or girlfriends of the members lending a hand to collect flying fees. There is no longer any need of a Warden of my standing, those busy days have long since gone.
Colin Webb, 57 Newland Road, Worthing, Sussex.

IRRESPONSIBLE DISTANCE FLYING

Dear Sirs: On Wednesday 22nd December, at 3.30 p.m. I took off from below the police radio mast at Beachy Head into a 14 mph south south-east wind. Finding useful lift on the far side of the lighthouse I continued flying westerly toward Belle Tout at approximately 150ft above the cliff top. On reaching the disused tower at Belle Tout I turned to make the return leg home and found myself flying into a headwind and losing height. I was forced to land on the beach at 3.45 p.m. one mile west of Beachy Head lighthouse, the tide then being at low ebb. I collapsed the glider and started hiking over the rocks and tidal pools back to Beachy Head.

After about one hours walking I passed the lighthouse at 5.00 p.m. and Cow Gap steps at 5.30 p.m. by which time it was completely dark, sunset having been at 3.54 p.m. I reached the police station at the top of Beachy Head at 5.55 p.m. to find the Coastguard about to set out with search parties, (they had been called by my fellow flyer, Trevor Keeling, at 5.15 p.m. and had arrived at 5.30 p.m.). Two policemen there explained my stupidity to me and the inconvenience I had caused everyone. They also enquired to my knowledge of the tides, weather report and previous experience of flying there; to which I was able to state that I knew the state of the tide, current weather forecast and had clocked approximately six hours flying at this site over the last 12 months. They also asked if I belonged to a club and how they could contact it. I can offer no excuse. The whole episode was due to my lack of judgement in flying so late in the day - and to a remote point from which I could not hike back before dark. I realise I behaved irresponsibly and can only list the precautions that I feel I should have

taken before undertaking such a flight. These should have been:

- (1) To notify a reliable person of your planned flight path.
- (2) Never to fly over rugged terrain in marginal conditions.
- (3) Never to fly to a point from which you cannot hike to civilisation before dark.
- (4) To carry an emergency kit when attempting a long flight which should include map, compass, whistle, torch, food, water and basic first aid.

Finally I now appreciate that 15 minutes hang gliding can be over two hours exhausting walking over rough terrain.
David J. Roberts, Orchards Farm, Iden, Rye, East Sussex.

Ed: Glad to see a bit of humility from a flyer who obviously made a serious error. We must be careful not to antagonise the police or the emergency services. David's first three points are essential if you are going to try for distance. The last point is sensible but not I would have thought, vital.

TRIP TO KOSSEN

Have you flown on mountain sites yet? Well now you have the chance. A trip to Kossen in your own car would cost £200 plus, so I have a coach company who will run a 48-seater coach (with special roof rack) to Kossen for 10 days, giving you at least 6 days flying.

We hope to go around May/June time but as yet we cannot state the exact date because of competition fixtures. The coach will leave the South Downs area (as the pick-up point) and return with you and your kite for under £60. Wives and girlfriends will be welcome but sorry to say, no children. The price for wives is the same per seat. We may have to make a rule of one kite per flyer because of roof weight.

If you want to go and there are some seats left, please give me a ring after 6.00 p.m. or grab me on the hill. A deposit of £10 per seat is required and the full amount to be paid by the end of March.

There are other flying sites around the Kossen area and if we cover the coaches fuel, he will run us around to them. Bed and breakfast is the best thing and fairly cheap. I hope to ring before we go to book the accommodation. My phone number is 01-462 5212, after 6.00 p.m.
Safe flying, Brian Wood.

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
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