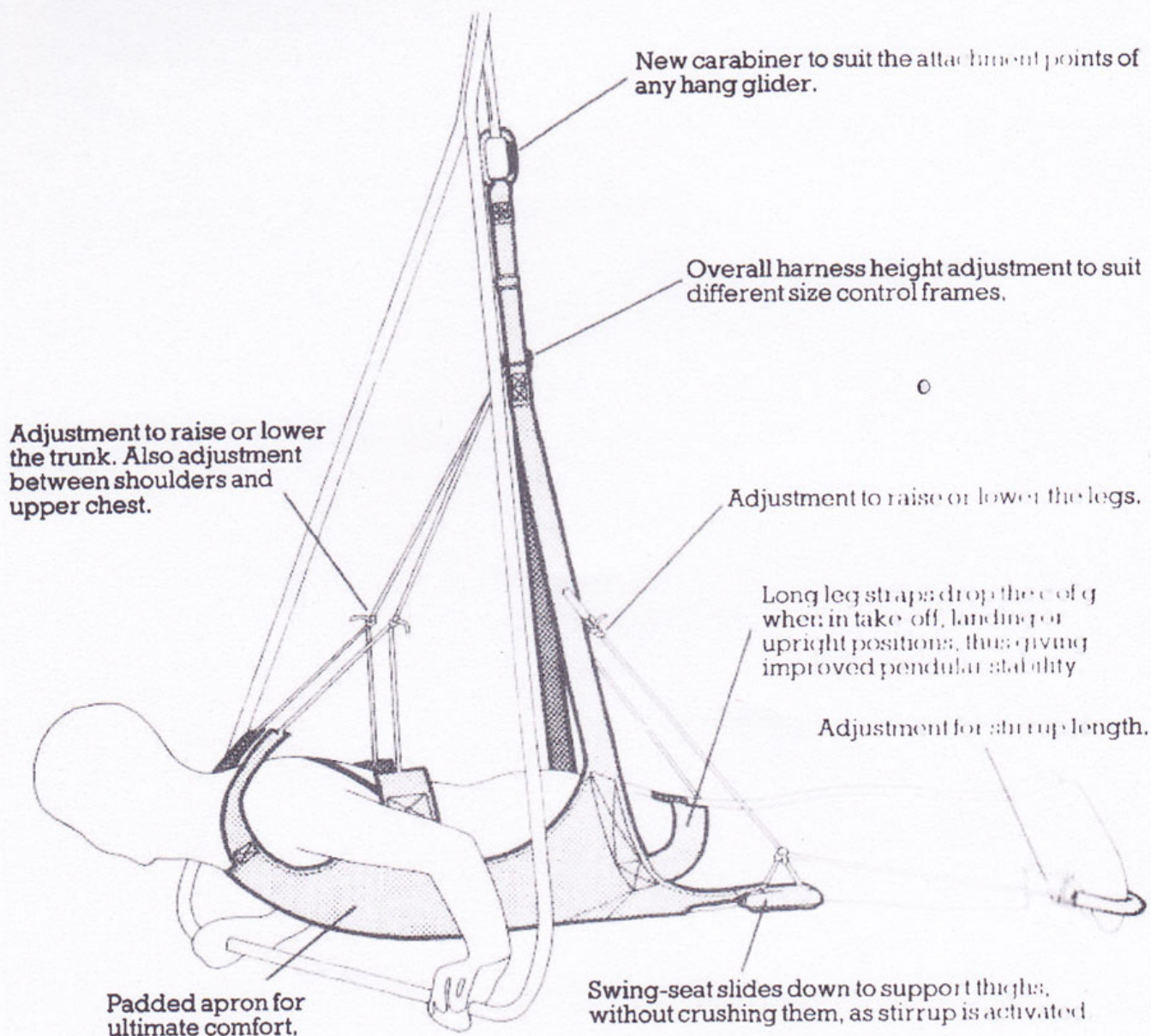


Hiway have been producing and refining the design of prone harnesses for over 2 years.



Just as no two people have the same fingerprints, so it is with bodies. Hiway have found that the secret of comfortable prone harness design is to build in adjustment points so that the geometry of the harness can be exactly suited to the individuals requirements.

The harness is of the stirrup type because we believe the movement of the legs should be independent of the angle of the body, unlike the knee hanger type. This gives you the freedom to adopt a far wider range of flying positions – a must for prone flight.



Send height, weight and a cheque or postal order for £47 (incl. VAT and postage) to **Hiway Hang Gliders**, 27-35 Bernard Road, Brighton BN2 3ER.

Cover

Cover design by Eric Gear

Committee

EDITOR WINDSOCK
Anna Blemings
2 Timberyard Cottage
Herstmonceux
Sussex
Herstmonceux 3436

SECRETARY
Tony Fuell
Brighton 502952

CHAIRMAN
Tony Maclaren
Halnaker 457

SITES OFFICER
Johnny Carr
Burgess Hill 42324

**SAFETY OFFICER
& SITE TRAINING**
Mac Lane
Crawley 516857

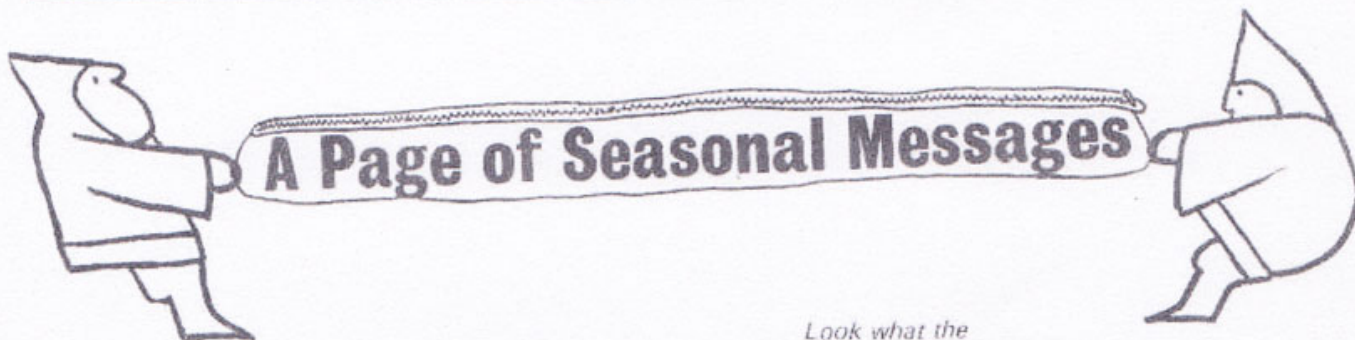
TREASURER
Peter Day
Epsom 23931

ATC OFFICER
Eddie Horsfield
01-684 4772

PRESS OFFICER
Chris Burslem
East Grinstead 26255

Contributors

Bill Newton, Graham Slater, Keith Reynolds, Alan March, Mike Lingard, Mac Lane, Eddie Horsfield

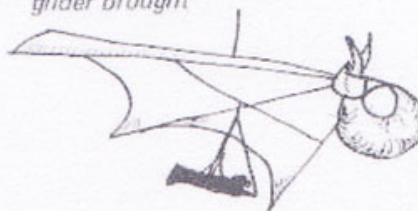


The Committee wishes all SHGC members a happy Christmas and safe flying in 1979



Chris Johnson is not sending any cards but sends Christmas greetings to all his friends

Look what the glider brought



Peter & Jo Day pre Christmas present, was a baby boy William John

on Saturday 3rd February at Martlet Hall, Burgess Hill there is a SHGC Disco from 8.00 to 12.00. For further information contact Johnny Carr.



ME, STEVE AND THE OLD BLUE GLIDER

An adroit survivor of the class of '66, I was somehow persuaded to lecture the incoming class of '68 (Sussex University, for the use of) on the niceties of Guest House behaviour. Thus I came to meet Steve Hunt. Among the callow youths assembled to receive my reluctant advice (don't piss in the washbasins, it rots the plumbing) was a yet cleanshaven nineteen year-old, not in the least callow and determined to live up to his tee-shirt. This garment, alas now washed to oblivion, depicted an insane drag vehicle, its demonic driver, and the legend "The Deuce is Wild". Unique among his fellows, the Antipodean youth regarded my advice with justifiable scorn. Steve has always been his own man. You see, he could fix things.

The ability to fix things brings instant fame in student circles. I once dragged Steve to a gathering of Sussex sophisticates. Talk of Heidegger, Tawney and Kant buzzed idly in the air, Steve was unconcerned. Not that he cannot deal with such stuff when it seems relevant, he can. But our hostess just mentioned that the room was cold because her electric heater was bust. Steve seized the offending appliance with both feet, tore out its innards,

replaced them, and sophistication proceeded in a warmer atmosphere. Everyone remembers Steve doing that; no-one remembers my views on Heidegger.

Fame brought business. Steve was persuaded by his friend and now partner John Ievers to leave off designing and constructing the world's first photo-electric-cell-controlled-parallel-tracking-hi-fi-pick-up-arm to fix people's cars, and my motorcycle, at modest profit. All this enterprise was conducted from a lock-up garage in Little Western Street. (And you thought the early days in Bernard Road were down market!) They could do anything. They scrounged me an auctioned-off Mini and levered into it the go-department of a 1300. It somehow took me to Italy and back, twice. Amazing what trust will do.

Trust. That's how it all happened. One day I was hanging around Bernard Road wondering how to persuade Steve to help me fix my Velocette clutch again when I found him and his resident ace-welder, one Martin Farnham by name, poring over an American Magazine. The article they studied described a new

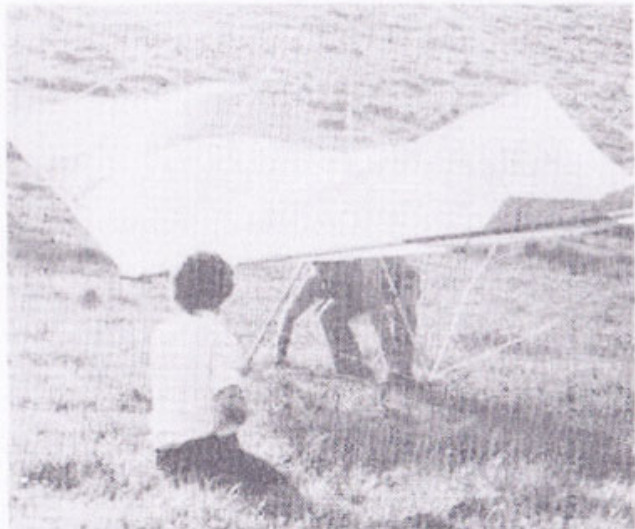
Californian (where else?) activity whereby outwardly well-adjusted persons would fling themselves from great heights and regain the ground only with the aid of an enlarged paper dart constructed of aluminium poles and nylon. Messrs. Hunt and Farnham announced to me their intention of constructing such a device and operating it from some suitable vantage upon the South Downs. I, by this time a learned psychologist, muttered something about attempted suicide still being actionable in law, and pressed my tedious enquiry about my obsolete motorcycle which was met, as always, with magical cures. More trust. More trouble.

And so it came to pass that one day I phoned Steve's number and was told by the serene and admirable Joan that her husband was out, up on the racecourse (for Christ's sake) "trying out the glider"----the prototype, the thing, it had happened, they were doing it already! This was '73 I think, (I'm not sure - the mind thankfully suppresses trauma) and this I had to see. I buzzed up to Brighton racecourse on the new Honda (Steve no longer had time to fix Velocette clutches, so there was nothing for it) and found Hunt, Ievers, Farnham and one or two others aiming a triangle of poles and blue canvas down the final eight furlongs straight at the local Council house estate. (I swear I'm not making this up). I counselled caution. To be honest I cast lewd doubt upon their sanity and parentage and begged them to reconsider. Yet, despite my protestations, some hapless



youth whose name escapes me was hurled from the edge of the racecourse. The Old Blue Glider billowed into shape and its passenger somehow flopped down the hill and made a passable landing upon the football field some hundred feet below. In the immortal words of Steve's celebrated paper to the Royal Aeronautical Society, "In those early experiments, we were glad to clear fences."

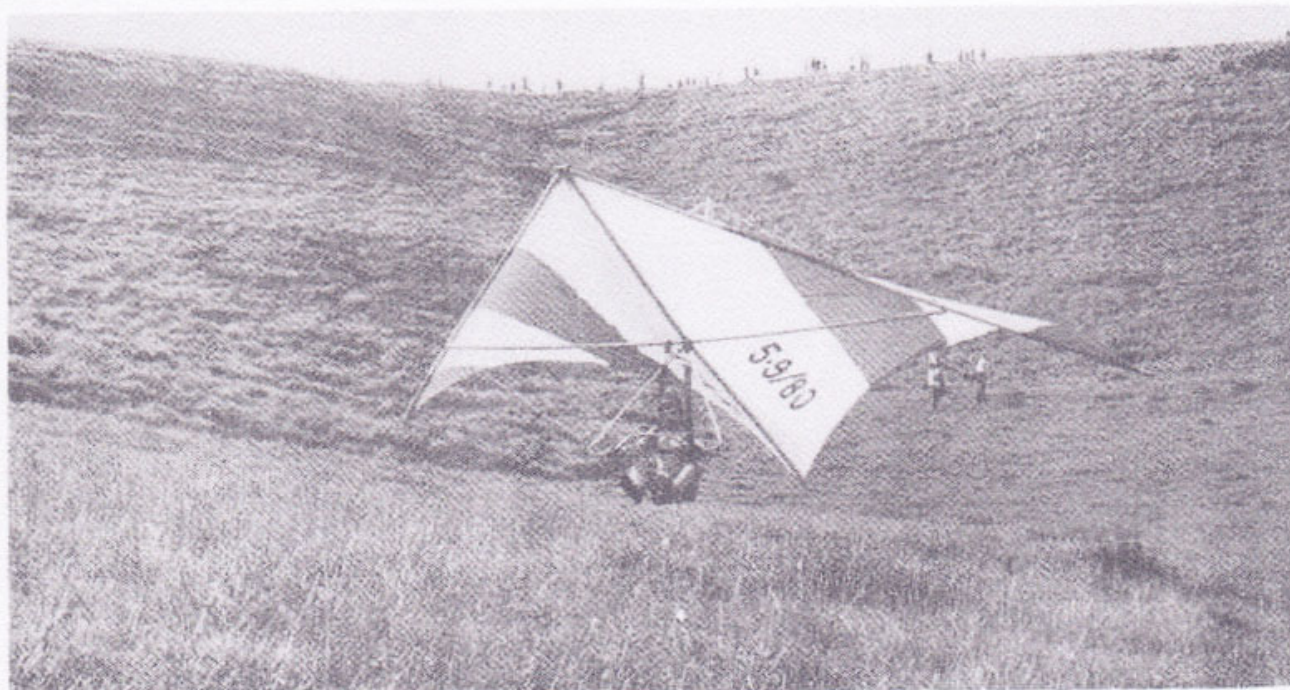
Others present, Steve included, tried their luck with varying degrees of success. Then, somehow, it got to be



my turn. I still don't know how. Trust, that's what did it. If Steve made it, it was O.K., Steve could fix everything. If Steve made it and pronounced it working, then it would fly me too. Jesus.

I was strapped into crude webbing, all my horizons flapping blue. "Hold it up straight!", someone called. I picked it up and sank immediately to my knees. Cruel laughter. It seemed to weigh about a quarter of a ton. Manoeuvred once more into a sagging posture, I charged the edge.

All my previous experience with actually trying to make something fly was with graceful model gliders that flew out of my hand on the merest zephyr. Somehow I expected the Old Blue Glider to bear me off the hill in the same way. So, nearing the edge, I tried to sit in the harness (learners still do this, I'm told), and there I lay, of course, pinned helpless upon the edge of the scarp as though some great floppy bird



of prey with the cruellest comic irony had grabbed a lemming at the moment it tried to leap into the fiord. Howls of derision. Steve ambled up, raised the quarter-ton machine with one hand, and me to my feet with the other. "Ya gotta keep running", Blue."

Back up the ramp. Charge. Similar outcome a few yards further down the hill after a couple of flapping leaps (you could have pitched camp with the spare canvas on that frame). A third attempt. This time I kept running---if my staggering gait could be thought of as running---and out into open air. The council estate ducked for cover, sky all round, and I appeared to be travelling upwards, then backwards. Full stall. Screams from below, "Pull in! Pull in!" I hauled on the bar and the houses re-appeared in view, took fright once more, and rushed off sideways at great speed. It was too early in the career of both designer and pilot that ridge-soaring, as I believe this manoeuvre is called when properly executed, should be attempted with that machine. The design had one advantage though, it was so solid that when I careered into the hill, the shock was mostly absorbed by stout poles, and great bolts, and yards and yards of canvas. The only thing to give way was the A-frame which snapped as my nose went through it. So my contribution to aviation history was to

record the first case of 'hanglider-nose'. Look around the hill next time you're out; see how many pilots have a little scar across the bridge of the nose.

And there, apart from a couple of training flights much later under Martin Farnham's excellent tutelage, my flying career ended. I'm afraid there is no time for me to spend on hilltops waiting for the wind to pick up, drop, or change and anyway I am victim to the kind of impatience that proves dangerous. But Steve found no shortage of others who trusted his eye and slide-rule as much as I and now beautiful things pick their way up and along the Downs. And now there is another prototype: the powered glider, (Joan says Steve has finally invented the aeroplane). There was a wicked gleam in his eye when Steve showed me the first bits and pieces and encouraged me to try it on for size. Thank God, we were in Bernard Road and not on a hillside. I backed off, leapt on the new BMW and went off threading through the rush-hour traffic at twice the legal maximum. Much safer! Oh, I'm sure it will work, Steve made it and it's O.K. I expect one day people will commute to work on them and think nothing of it. But now it's all gone past my simple trust. What Steve Hunt and John Ievers, and of course others in the industry have done in half a dozen years is to any onlooked simply remarkable.

Alan March

MAC LANE ON SAFETY

When I was working as an Instructor with the British Hang Gliding School at Biggin Hill I noticed a need for some form of further instruction once a flyer had gained his E.P.C. I also found that I was not doing much flying myself - and that was bad news! The good news is that in the coming year I shall be on the South Downs getting more flying time myself and acting as Safety and Flying Training Officer, which means anyone who is not yet into soaring can come and see me and I will show them how, and talk them through a soaring flight via ground/air radio. Further to this, I will be delighted to help any E.P.C. pilot to reach 'Wings' standard, as it is my belief that if we all have 'Pilots Wings', life in the air will be safer for everybody. Life on the ground should be a lot safer in 1979 too, as Eddie Horsfield (ATC) is in the process of organising mapped out top landing areas on our soaring sites, which hopefully will be kept free of parked gliders and thereby preventing your glider from being landed on - skid marks spoil the colour scheme don't they!! These areas will also be in the easiest and safest place to top

land, if however, you don't like where they are put, don't just not use them, come and tell Eddie or myself why you don't like the area and where you think it should be, OK?

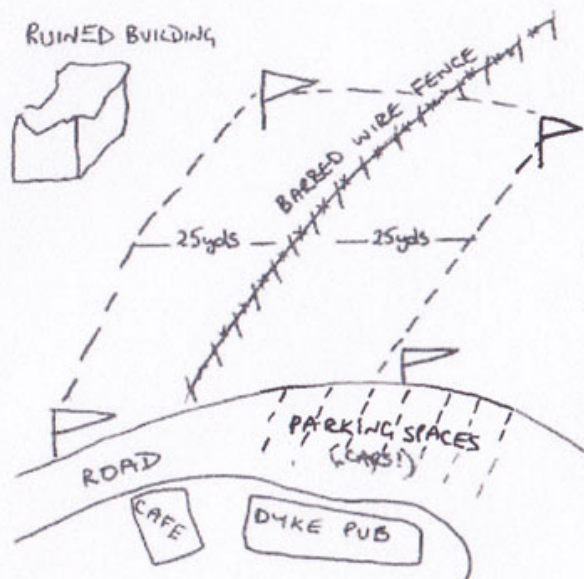


I have been in touch with St. John's Ambulance Brigade and they are willing to attend our sites (for a donation) and give us the benefit of their First Aid equipment, knowledge and experience in dealing with accidents. This has not been finalized yet so let me know whether or not you think it a good idea. I'm looking forward to meeting you on the hill, and I hope you will give me any views or ideas you may have on Safety or Flying Training.

EDDIE HORSFIELD ON A.T.C.

A meeting was held in the cafe next to Devils Dyke pub on Sunday 26th November at 3.30 p.m. to discuss A.T.C.. It was finally decided it would be extremely difficult to control people taking off, in fact the majority did not want control. The safest thing that was decided at the Dyke, was to have a landing area marked off by four yellow flags i.e. this is 25 yds. either side of the barbed wire fence that runs down the hill, this area to be kept clear so pilots can land there whenever possible. A landing area at Beachy Head again marked by four yellow flags near the coastguard station to be used whenever possible. The conditions over the weekend 25/26th Nov. at Devils Dyke were very good for flying and the sky was quite crowded, everything went well without A.T.C., but extreme vigilance is needed in the air. There are some pilots who are not always looking where they are flying. Please keep a constant awareness of the flyers around you, and avoid an accident.

PROPOSED TOP LANDING AREA AT THE DYKE



AMERICAN CUP

by Graham Slater

Graham sails to the top

BRIGHTON'S Graham Slater is sailing on cloud nine having clinched one of the world's top hang gliding awards.

Graham was judged top individual flier in the American Cup.

Jubilant Graham (above) arrived back in England yesterday with Britain's triumphant hang gliding team.

They sailed straight into the lead at the start of the competition at Chattanooga, Tennessee, winning the team trophy and £2,500 for their effort.

The British squad, which

included three Sussex men, have been competing against teams from Japan, Canada and America, during the past two weeks.

Graham was judged the overall champion of the competition, America's first international cup.

Accepted

But Graham, 25, took up the sport only four years ago having watched pilots at Mill Hill, Shoreham.

Now he owns and teaches at his Brighton hang gliding school, Ultra Sports, flying

from Mill Hill, Devils Dyke and off Newhaven cliffs.

"He has always been keen on flying," said his father Alfred Slater from the family home in Denmark Terrace.

"He tried for the RAF to become a pilot but didn't quite make it. Now he has been able to make hang gliding his hobby and his business."

With him at the event were two other Sussex lads Keith Reynolds, British champion from Worthing, and Mick Evans from Haywards Heath.

9th October found us heading at 30,000 ft over the Atlantic for Chattanooga, for the American Cup 78, us, being the British team and entourage, a total of some 30 people.

We were booked into the Read House Hotel, one of the largest and oldest hotels in Chattanooga.

After a good night's sleep we awoke to SE winds, and as lookout Ridge takes NW, we had problems, soon dispelled though when we followed Mike Jones one of the U.S. team to Crystal Air Sports and Racoon Mat. We found the Americans call all their sites mountains, even if they are only 800 ft. high.

Brian Mittan, Derek Evans and Keith Cockroft organised one on one practise competitions, from Racoon 'mountain' top, which was fairly densely populated in trees, continuing down the slopes right to the landing area, which was fairly flat and large, only surrounded on two sides by trees and power lines.

The one on one competition continued, through the day, much to the annoyance of some of the team, when we saw Mike Robertson, the human helium balloon,

circled up over take off. The blobs were small and not much more than 2 up on the vario's, but a lot of fun to work.

Racoon Mat also had a mountain slide, after paying your \$2.50 bucks, you were sat on a ski lift and taken about 300ft. up the mat, where you were given a sled with wheels and a brake, you then leapt on this sled run, pushed the lever full forward tucked your helmeted head in and went. Of course it turned into a competition to see who could get down the mountain the quickest, it ended up the British versus the Canadians who had also arrived a week early.

The fastest British time was by Mick Evans who managed 1 min. 12 secs., this is where our competition stop watches came in handy, but the Canadians were clocking 1 min. 8 secs., at least that is what they claimed. Bob England in the process of trying to kill himself, on the run, was left with a nasty burn on the elbow, having been dislodged banked at 70° in a 30 mph turn. This was becoming more dangerous than the flying!

We flew Racoon for 2 days, and on the third Don Gress the chairman of the

Tree Toppers, the local club, took us out to the Saskewautchie Valley, where the Northerly face runs for 68 miles at an average height of 1,500ft. with a few gaps that on a good day could be crossed. But once again the wind was Southerly, and we went to a S.W. site the wind was 90° off, and this rickety wooden ramp just stuck out straight into the air flow, so it was a no go.

But 3 miles away there was a SW facing hill, which Don said was flyable, but we would have to use his four wheel drive truck to get up to it on loggers tracks.

Anyway 2 hrs. later we were actually stood on this little rock outcrop, with enough room to rig 2 gliders, the take off consisted of one person on each side wire, and rear wires, take one pace forward and with luck you would be flying, over a sheer rock edge, then trees which seemed to extend as far as you could see. We were all worried about the distance from take off to landing, but all found it no problem.

Bob Calvert and Bob England managed to get 6 or 7 hundred above take off, the rest of us had sled runs, apart from a few blobs over the landing area, where I found a solid 4 up and circled back up to take off height. Jeremy Fack managed to also circle back up and over take off, but the blobs weren't consistent, and it was late in the day.

On the drive up the logging track John Fack managed to get his eye wacked by a targ; this unfortunately was a contributing factor towards him not being selected for the team.

The following days the wind switched round to NW smack on the lookout Ridge, so at last we were going to fly the competition hill which was a 12.5 mile ridge of some 1,500ft. high. We were going to attempt the Great Race Run, along the ridge as quick as you could, turn at Point Park and back to the take off ramp 11 miles away. The wind was blowing 20-25 mph and the run took me 58 minutes, most of this with the bar down to my waist, hacking through the choppy air, mostly thermals decapitated by the wind.

The competition consisted of a minimum time, maximum time, and the point park run. We found out later that a lot of the local fliers hadn't done the point park ridge run, and the whole team en masse migrates up and back on their first flight on Lookout.

The competition due to start on Monday did not start until Thursday due to strong, and tail wind conditions.

The competition when it did eventually start, was pretty straight forward, we took the lead on the first day and kept gaining on everyday. The tasks suited us, as they were very similar to League tasks, tight 360°s and figure 8's on the speed runs, duration suited us as well, as the blobs during competition days were small and weak.

The only part of the tasks we were worried about was the spot landings, but we never failed to land in the competition circle.

Of course the tasks were tough, and competition amongst the Canadians, USA and Us was fierce, but we seemed to pull up a lead on virtually every flight.

I don't think the reality of our flying ability really sunk in until the last day, we could not believe we were leading against such famous names as Dennis Pagen and Rich Grigsby for the Americans, Larry Croome and Dean Kipchako for the Canadians.

The end of the final day saw the British team with a lead of 87.75 points or an equivalent of three complete tasks, out of a total of 8 tasks.

The celebrations that Sunday evening was an anti climax, we were all too knackered to do any celebrating.

The flight home was just as quiet, everybody was asleep, for the whole trip.

Next year? well if you can afford it, go, it's got to be worth it, the flying, when it's good, is amazing, the social life is extremely tiring, and just think of all those famous names you can meet face to face, and discuss flying with.

OH DAMN, IT'S
BLOB

(THE GREAT WHITE
KILLER THERMAL)
AGAIN.

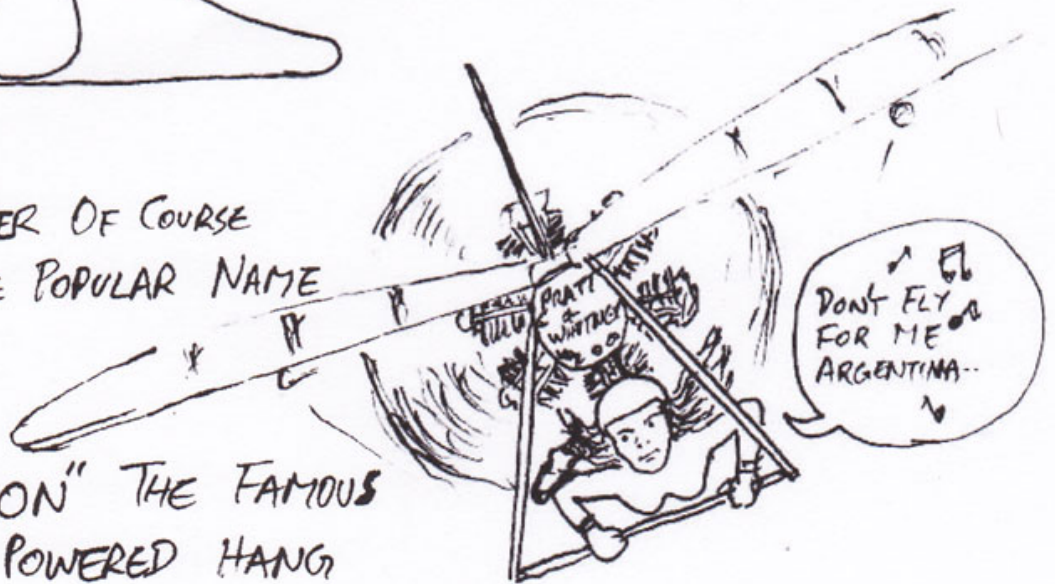


WATCH IT WITH THOSE
TITLES, I CAN AFFORD
TO DO WITHOUT THIS
STRIP YOU KNOW----



YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I'VE BEEN
OFFERED A PART IN THE NEW
MUSICAL "EVE EATER".

EVE EATER OF COURSE
WAS THE POPULAR NAME
FOR
"EVIL
POWER-ON" THE FAMOUS
WOMAN POWERED HANG
GLIDERIST

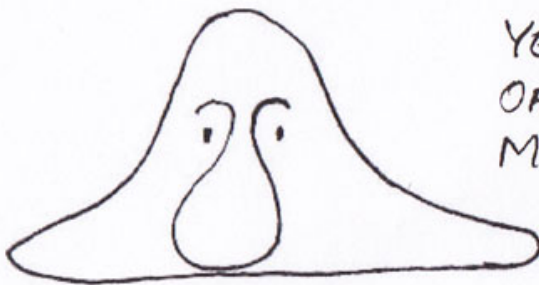


OH DAMN, IT'S
BLOB

(THE GREAT WHITE
KILLER THERMAL)
AGAIN.

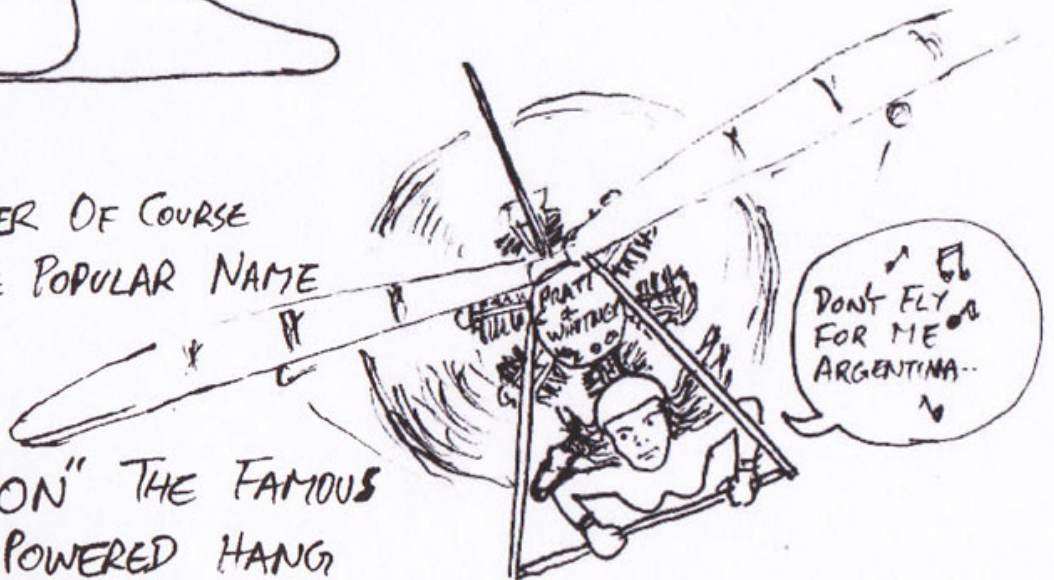


WATCH IT WITH THOSE
TITLES, I CAN AFFORD
TO DO WITHOUT THIS
STRIP YOU KNOW----

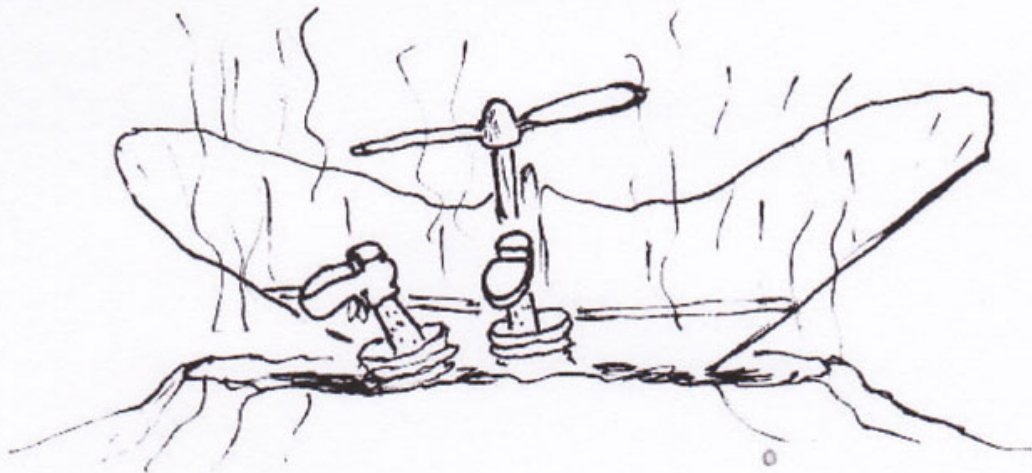


YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I'VE BEEN
OFFERED A PART IN THE NEW
MUSICAL "EVE EATER".

EVE EATER OF COURSE
WAS THE POPULAR NAME
FOR
"EVIL
POWER-ON" THE FAMOUS
WOMAN POWERED HANG
GLIDERIST



--BUT HE COULDN'T BE WITH US DUE
TO STRUCTURAL FAILURE-----



--THE RIGGING STARTED TO BREAK
UP, AND I'M AFRAID-----



--- HE HAD THE LAST
TANG GO IN
PARIS !

BILL NEWTON

Flying high above the critics



SUSSEX is producing some of the country's leading hang-gliders. Their defence of the sport remains hearty in the face of those who would like to ground them.

TO FLY like the birds - it's been the dream of man for thousands of years, writes Carole Buchan.

There is something poetic about a bird in flight, soaring silently, effortlessly through the air.

Yet when modern man, with less hullabaloo than those early hopeful aviators, tries to emulate the bird in flight, the Establishment holds up its hands in horror — and the roar of protests resounds from one end of the Sussex Downs to the other.

That, at least, is how hang-gliding enthusiasts see it. They feel they are being persecuted by people who have no real understanding of the sport, criticised for plundering the countryside by councils which happily allow horses to churn up the turf and walkers to trample wild flowers out of existence.

Most hang-gliding pilots will say that they choose "flying" because of its oneness with nature, that it is one of the few sports which has virtually no impact on the environment, that it is essentially peaceful, with none of the noise, mess and fumes associated with so many other sports.

ACCUSATIONS

The critics accuse them of eroding the Downs, spoiling the grass — and are particularly indignant that these things are being done by pilots who come from other parts of the country to fly in Sussex.

They feel that hang-gliders are a danger to the public and to themselves, and a distraction for motorists. They claim that pilots and spectators are clogging up car parks and spilling over into conservation areas.

The pilots' most implacable opponents are the Society of Sussex Downsmen and their toughest battle to date is with Eastbourne Council over whether or not they should continue to fly from Beachy Head.

Yet hang-gliding actually numbers conservationists among its ranks, and one of its greatest enthusiasts in this area is a biologist from Sussex University, Dr John Lythgoe, of Houndean Rise, Lewes.

John believes that the opposition to hang-gliding is a "panic reaction" — the sort of reaction which any sudden interest in a new sport seems to arouse.

He is a member of the Southern Hang-gliding Club which flies from sites such as Beachy Head and Fittle

Beacon, and says that many members feel envious of the way some local authorities have provided facilities for other new sports, such as skateboarding, yet condemn hang-gliding out of hand.

DANGEROUS

The sport can be dangerous, as John is the first to admit, but his club does everything possible to ensure that a pilot does not attempt to fly from any great height until he is fully competent to do so. And no one can fly their own glider until they have undergone a recognised period of training and gained an Elementary Certificate.

There are no controls in a hang-glider. The pilot hangs freely in a harness suspended from the centre of the glider and grabs the control bar which is fixed to the glider frame. By pulling himself forward on the bar he goes faster. By pushing he goes more slowly.

The beginner flies sitting up — the more experienced pilot lies flat. A good pilot can fly in winds of about force 5.

Hang-gliding is a return to nature — a return to an almost non-mechanical age: which perhaps explains why two airline pilots are among the members of the Southern club.

And our local pilots are believed to be among the finest in the world — for the contours of the Sussex Downs lend themselves perfectly to hang-gliding.

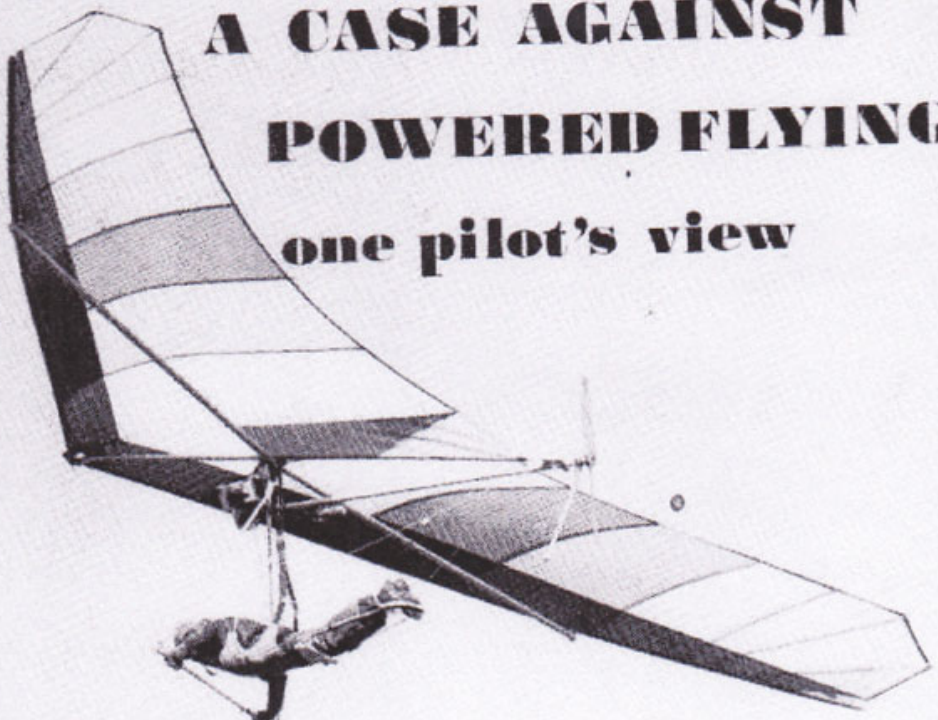
Hang-gliding is an offshoot of fixed-wing gliding — and those early glider planes were developed in Sussex, just as are some of the world's best hang-gliders today.

EXPERIENCED

An experienced pilot can soar to a height of nearly 200 metres above the hill top. If he can find a good rising current of air, called a thermal, he can be borne upwards for 1,000 metres or more.

Far below him is the checkerboard of fields, spread out like a map, the hill he left, barely discernable. All is silent, but for the whistle of wind in the rigging. And the clamour of objectors' protests is a million miles away.

SUSSEX EXPRESS
OCTOBER



A CASE AGAINST POWERED FLYING one pilot's view

By
Mike Lingard

Can you imagine twenty five nasty, anti-social ear shattering chain-saw type engines revving up outside Dyke hotel, spitting oil and polluting the clean fresh air of the downs with the smell of petrol and exhaust fumes. Can you imagine the people standing around with fingers pressed hard into their ears, shaking their heads and driving away in disgust? Can you imagine no such hang gliding site as Devils Dyke? Think about it?

I believe we could see both of these things happening very quickly if we are not very careful and the latter would soon follow the former. Yes, I know we have said that as a club we will control powered hang gliding on our sites and should be able to contain the situation. We also said we would control the number of gliders in the air at one time? Been down the Dyke on a Saturday lately?

To my mind motorised hang gliding has no place on the peaceful hills frequented by the purest hang glider pilot. Part of the appeal of the sport is the beautiful unspoilt countryside that pilots find themselves in. The quiet rassel of

gliders being rigged. The sound of gently flapping sails, wing bolts locking into position. That scene is acceptable to all, including the general public who use the countryside for other pleasures. Okay, so without power we do sit around all day sometimes, and wait for the wind that never comes. We do sometimes go down to the bottom and only log a few minutes flight for a day on the hill. That's what makes the good days even better. That's what hang gliding is all about.

Motorised hang gliding in my opinion will be an intrusion into that idealic scene. It would crudely invade the circle of true hang gliding. As George Worthington says in 'WINGS' they are really motorbikes with wings, not wings with motors. They will eventually split hang gliding in two, as the argument over sailplanes with motors is splitting gliding. Hang glider pilots will have to decide one way or the other. I do not believe you will be able to combine both when motorised hang gliding really takes off.

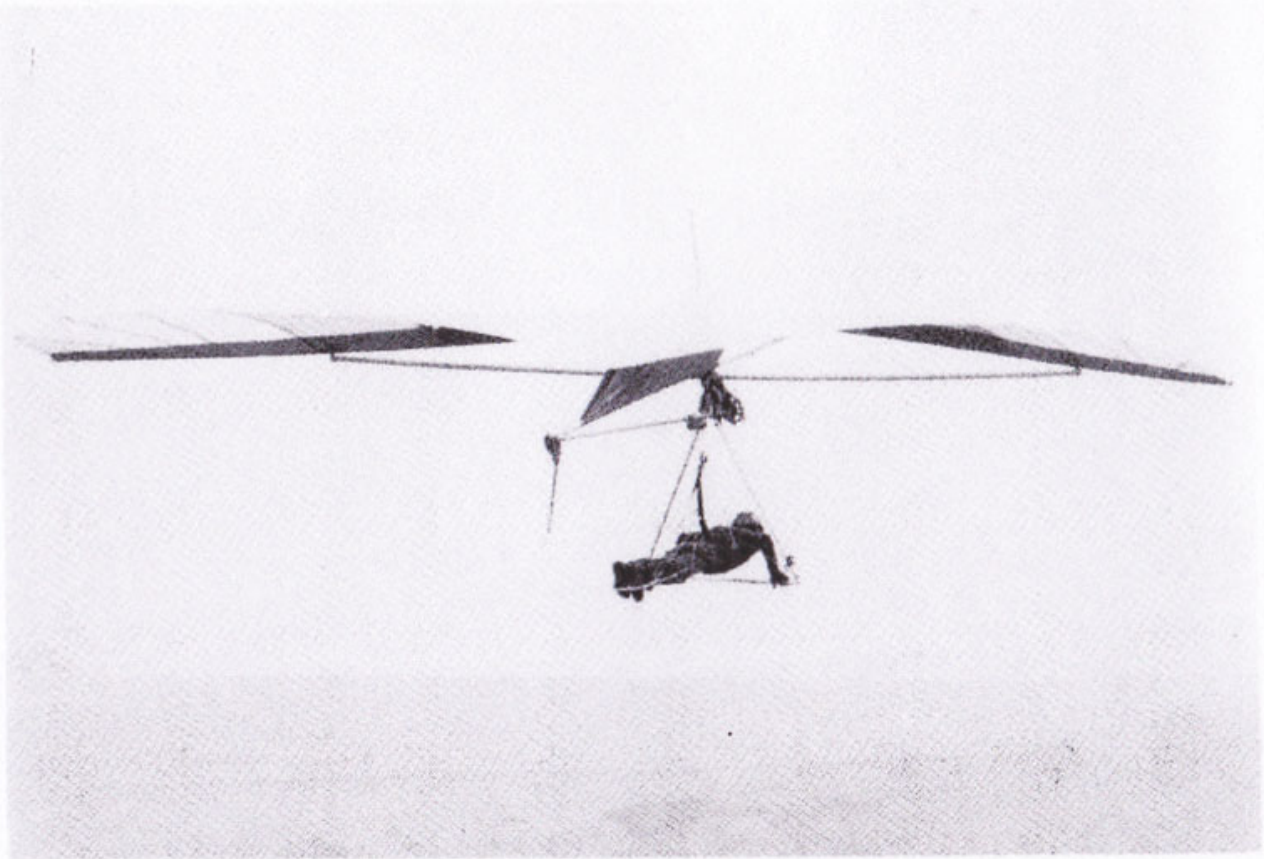
I believe there is a place for powered hang gliding in the general aviation

scene, and if I was interested in power, now is a terrific time to be alive and involved with such a new venture. I wish every success to all powered pilots. All I am saying is do your own thing, but don't do it on our sites.

Because powered hang gliding is still in it's experimental stage it is potentially lethal for any but the experts to attempt and even they are coming unstuck. The number of powered accidents is appalling when you consider

coming availability of this new form of flight. He is in favour of a licensing system to cover this new sport.

The safety of powered flying will obviously improve with time as it did with conventional hang gliding but I am sure it will be a hard slow painful process. I believe the powered hang gliding association must cater solely for power and use their own sites solely for powered gliders. They must stay away from our hills. We have enough



the low number of flights there have been. The damage already done to the sport in general due to wide press coverage of any accident is considerable. It has already undone the steadily improving image of hang gliding that had built up over the last few years. Experienced pilots like John Long warn that once in the air it is possible to manoeuvre in ways unheard of with ordinary machines, and some of these unexpected configurations are potentially lethal, and worries deeply about the

problems trying to secure our sites already. We must all discourage powered flying from our sites wherever and whenever possible. The future rests in our hands, only we can decide which path to take.

Sure I'm radical, if some of us are not then we will have the usual situation of half hearted pussy-footing around hoping that the situation will go away if we ignore it. But it won't. We must stop the rot before it's too late.

Sussex rules, o.k. . . . at hang gliding

KEITH REYNOLDS, 26, from Durrington, has put Sussex on the map in hang gliding. Reynolds, who works as a test flyer for a hang gliding manufacturing company, became the British champion by winning the last of six leagues at Newtown in Wales.

He finished way ahead of his rivals and collected trophies presented by championship sponsors Atlas Express.

Sixty of Britain's top pilots were in action in Wales, but no one could match Reynolds after two days of tough competition.

It is a remarkable achievement for the

Sussex hang glider, who only took up the sport three years ago and entered the British League for the first time this year.

Reynolds has recently returned from Austria, where he took part in the European championships, and he will soon be going to Canada on a trip sponsored by the British Hang Gliding Association.

Reynolds is pictured left with his trophies.

Competitions may not be everyone's idea of Hang Gliding but 1978 has been the most successful year of competition for this country.

The reason for this success has been the British Hang Gliding League, started in the spring of 1977 by a small group of pilots who wanted Great Britain to become the top country in Hang Gliding. After two very turbulent years we have made it to the top of the tree (ask Mick tree-topper Evans how it's done) The British Team returned from America, as I'm sure you all know, as champions after beating the Americans, Canadians, and Japanese in six days of tough competition.

Because I never entered the 1977 League my first introduction to competition was the Scottish Open 1977. To everyone's surprise especially mine I came 2nd and acquired a taste for competitive Hang Gliding and competitive beer drinking. My next venture was the British Open at Mere where two things happened. I won the distance event but more important I started my successful partnership with the Wasp Gryphon which I believe to be the best Glider not only in this country but in the World. Having qualified for the 1978 league and competing all over this country I found I had become the 1978 British Champion a fact I still have problems believing. More important to me was the chance to represent my country as a member of the British Team. The competition system in this country has got more than its fair share of critics. I am sure that the majority of pilots in this country do not appreciate the benefits to be gained from having competitions. The only way Hang Gliding is going to progress is through competition. When the victorious British Teams returned from Kossen and America the general public's image of Hang Gliding changed. We were no longer the



reckless fools that jumped off hills, we had become a recognised sport and this attitude is reflected on our own hills where the majority of British pilots do all their flying.

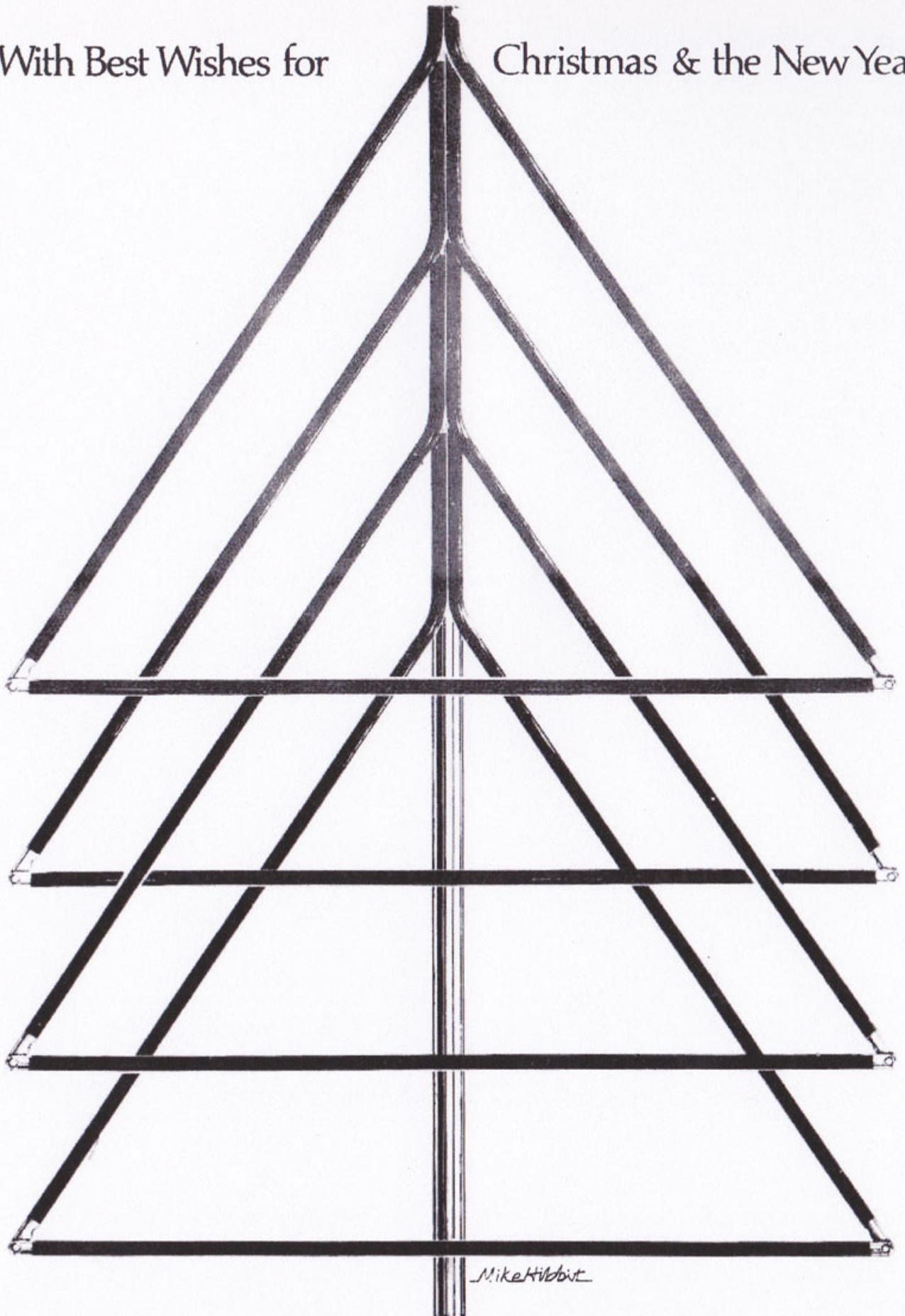
I believe that to make Hang Gliding a major sport in this country we must have a high class of competition. So those of you who have criticised in the past, think again about the future of our sport and I am sure you will realise that the things we need in Hang Gliding, better gliders, better pilots, public and Government approval and money, can and will come through an organised system of competitions.

Not only do we have the best pilots, we also have some of the best machines in the World.

Keith Reynolds

With Best Wishes for

Christmas & the New Year



Mike Hibbit

Waspair Limited, Restmor Way, Hackbridge Road, Wallington, Surrey,

KNIGHT HANG GLIDING

10 Spring Gardens
Washington, Sussex
Tel Ashington 892770

NEW FROM U.S.A. !

PRICE prone harnesses

COLVER varios : only £116.50p

CHAD AVT instruments : £219

PARACHUTES : £159

plus all in stock now
Full range of gliders and spares stocked

SKYHOOK & HIWAY

also

ROMER HELMETS

Tuition and used gliders

Contact Tom and Jeannie Knight

hang glider pendants
silver and gold
£9.75 and £35

APPLICATIONS

Name Address

..... Tel No

MEMBERSHIP £5.00 Signature Date

I agree to abide by the rules of the club

Flying Membership/Glider Registration (Note, this costs an additional £15.00)

NB:—Any person wishing to fly a hang glider on sites controlled by SHGC must possess either personal flying membership *or* a glider registration covering his machine. A sticker will be issued by the Treasurer to denote payment: this must be displayed when flying. All British nationals and permanent UK residents flying SHGC sites must be BHGA members and EPC holders. Glider registration will only be issued for BHGA registered or approved gliders: each pilot in a syndicate must either hold SHGC membership or be covered by a group Affiliation.

Flying Membership

OR

Glider Registration

Name

Make

BHGA No

Model

EPC Date

Serial No

Signature

Sail Colours

Date

Pilots

As all memberships start on November 1st of each year, the following table will enable new members to work out their subscriptions for joining the Club at any time during the year.

(joining before)	Nov 1	Dec 1	Jan 1	Feb 1	Mar 1	Apr 1	May 1	Jun 1	Jul 1	Aug 1	Sep 1	Oct 1
Membership	5.00	4.51	4.10	3.69	3.28	2.87	2.46	2.05	1.64	1.23	0.82	0.41
Flying membership or glider registration (additional)	15.00	13.75	12.50	11.25	10.00	8.75	7.50	6.25	5.00	3.75	2.50	1.25
Total	20.00	18.26	16.60	14.94	13.28	11.62	9.96	8.30	6.64	4.98	3.32	1.66

Please send me

Number Required

Total Cost

Cloth badges 60p each

.....

.....

Vinyl badges for windscreen 20p each

.....

.....

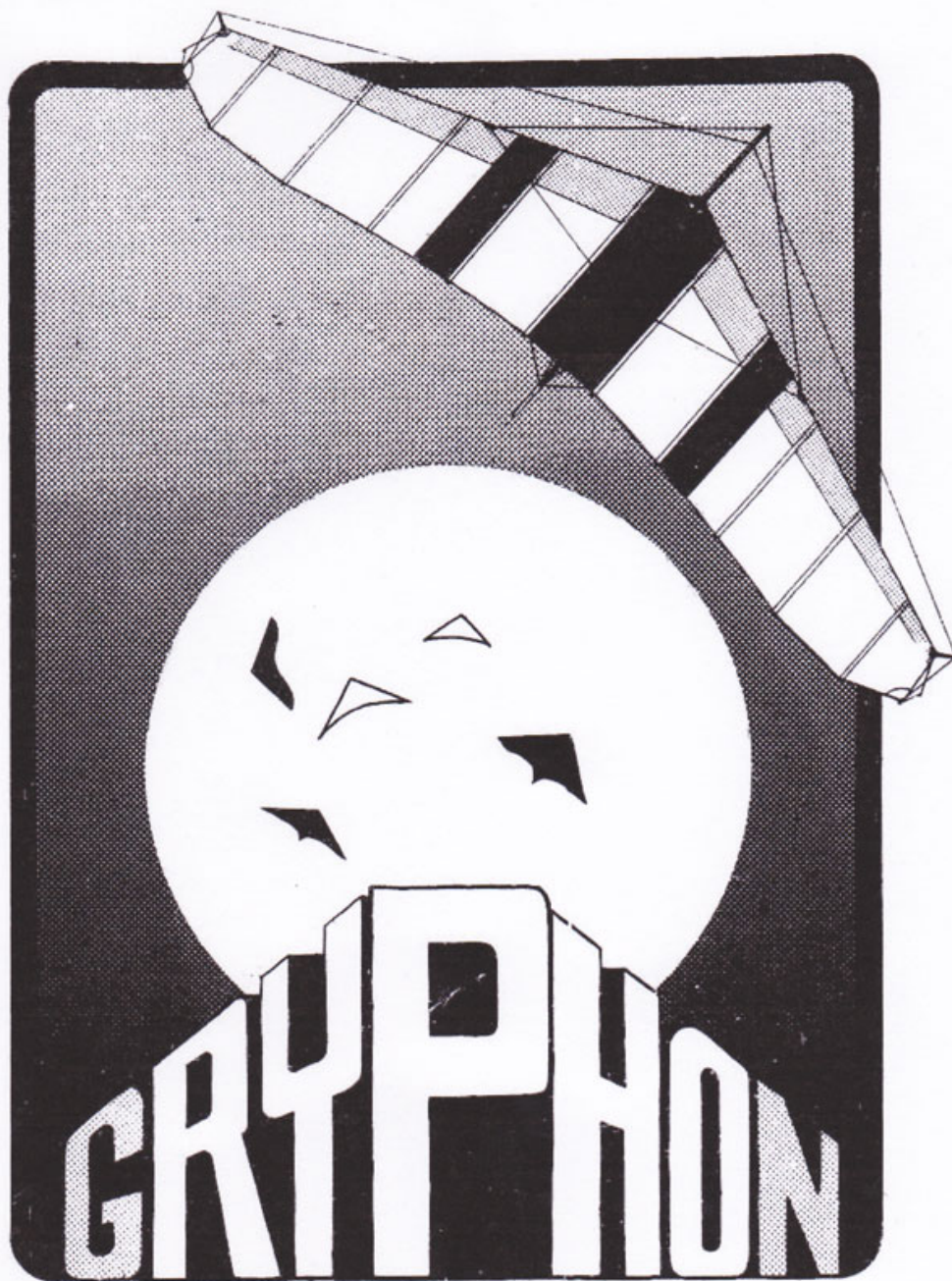
Vinyl badges for helmets 20p each

.....

.....

When completed please post to the Treasurer

Peter Day, 31 Christchurch Gardens, Epsom, Surrey



Wasp Gryphon