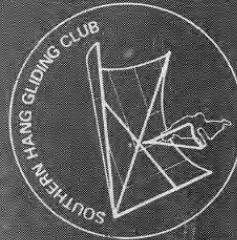


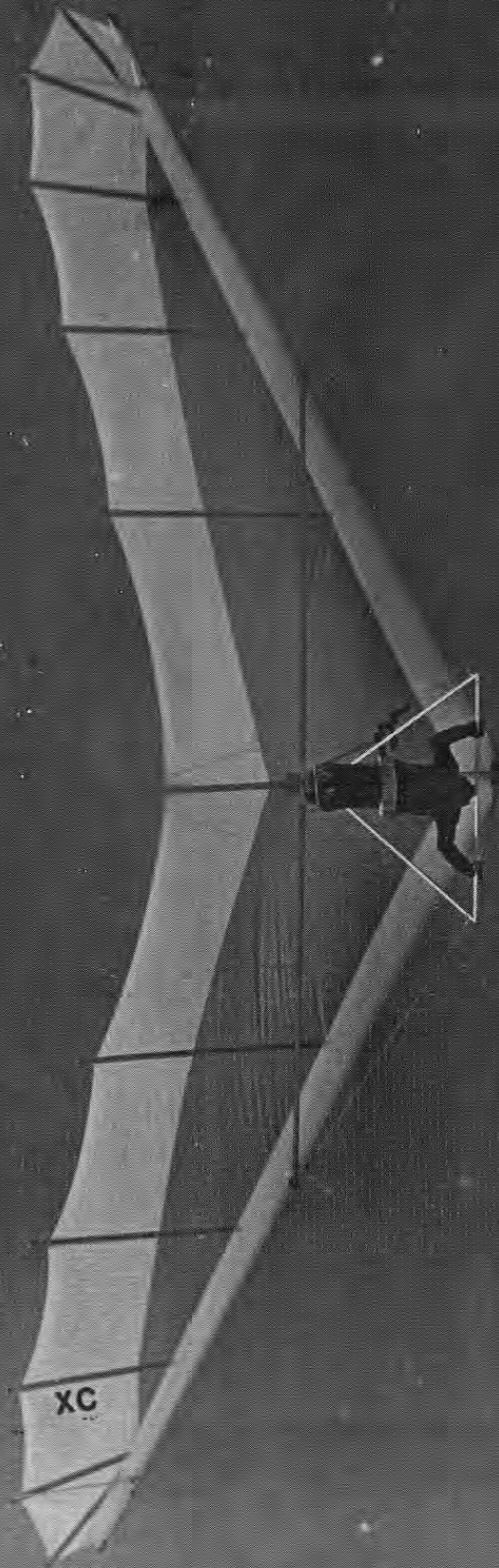
Wasp Gryphon

SEPTEMBER 1978

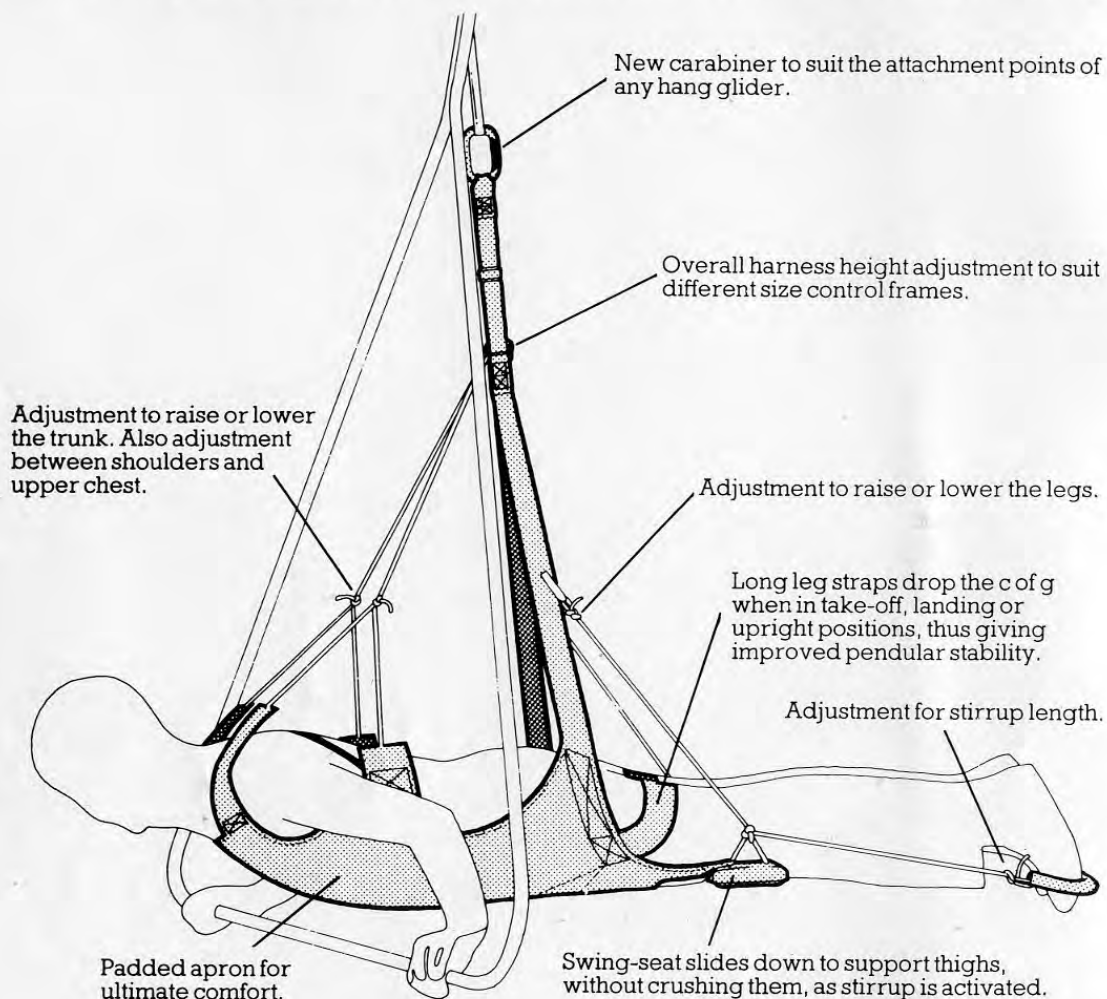
WASP



SOOTHS
WINDS



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



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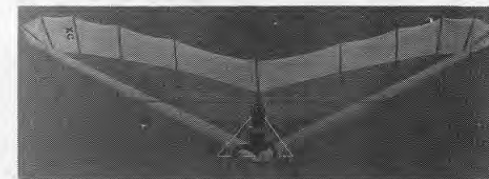
The harness is of the stirrup type because we believe the movement of the legs should be independent of the angle of the body, unlike the knee hanger type. This gives you the freedom to adopt a far wider range of flying positions – a must for prone flight.



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.

WINDSOCK

'Magazine of the Southern Hang Gliding Club'



Cover

Martin Bradys XC takes off at the Dyke

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Editorial

Several people have asked if the Southern Hang Gliding Club's badge can be updated in some way. The Committee feel that any subsequent design would in time become dated and the same situation would arise again. The present symbol has been the club's emblem since the club was formed and in the years to come will show that the Southern Hang Gliding Club was one of the original clubs in this country. If the emblem was changed, the club would be at a loss financially due to the wastage of the large number of badges already bought.

However, the club has been approached and asked if it would like to design some tee shirts. So if you are not

satisfied with the club's badge now is your chance to offer suggestions for the design of official club shirts. Members are invited to submit designs by November 1st so that the winning entry can be displayed at the A.G.M. Designs should incorporate the S.H.G.C. badge or the words Southern Hang Gliding Club and be made up of two colours which can be worked into another background colour.

John Ievers has expressed his wish to retire as Press Officer of the club as soon as possible, due to other pressing commitments. Anyone who is interested in taking on the position should contact John or Tony Fuell as soon as possible.

HYENA-GLIDING

Rapture of the heights

MIKE GOLLY ROBERTSON'S FLYING HOLIDAY IN KENYA

I had been invited to Kenya for 3 years in succession by Simon Mitchell, a hang-gliding friend who flies in Wales and Long Mynd area, but had not managed to go in the previous years, however, I decided that this would be a good opportunity to see a different country and perhaps some interesting flying.

I arrived on a grey overcast day with cloudbase down to about 1000 feet above ground level, and the whole scene looked a bit uninviting. After a day in Nairobi I travelled down to Malindi to join Simon who had worked there for 2 months, for a weeks' 'non flying' holiday though as it was during the wet season, it rained quite a lot, but there were several days clear to go swimming and gogging which was fascinating, especially to see the numbers of fish present in the tropical water.

The week passed too quickly and we soon had to drive back to Nairobi, spending a morning driving through Tsavo National Park on the way, seeing elephants, zebras, baboons and other smaller animals. The sight of eagles thermalling endlessly proved tantalizing, but no flying is allowed on the National parks (£500 fine.)

After a drive to Nairobi along the horrendous roads, and a good night's sleep, we went to the airport to collect the rest of my luggage flown out as freight, as the glider came with me on the same flight. Having waited 2 hours, and signed forms stamped "septuplicate" in several places, I got my harness helmet and vario out of customs.

We went straight to a training

site to check out the gliders and get used to flying in a different environment i.e. 6,500 feet above sea level. The altitude did not prove a problem and we had some pleasant thermalling and ridge soaring on a small slope about Goldings Barn size with a 700 foot ridge behind it which I thermalled back to. A large Hyena bounded over to inspect the hill top activities and everyone rode or flew away, whereupon it just padded around the car looking for food no doubt. I could not top land until it left so I waited up on the ridge for over $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. until it ran off and landed by the car, so that I could pack up and drive down. All ended well but I wondered what I had let myself in for.

Some days later we discovered a new site south west of Nairobi and after a down hill flight each, with a 45 min. car retrieval time, the wind increased, and enabled good height gains in ridge and thermal lift, about 1000 foot maximum with a consistent 800 foot gain as the sun was sinking. The view over the valley was spectacular in the evening light. The top landing area was unusual, involving an approach behind some trees and huts, but was not a great problem. The take-off was a small clearing with about 10 yards run with a maize field looming in front. Luckily they were not harvesting as we had difficulty clearing the crop while taking off at times. The site was comparable in length and somewhat higher than the Long Mynd but not as steep, so with the trees present scraping potential was limited, but sometimes a providential, but tight thermal would save one from an unwelcome bottom landing, where over 300 feet local villagers would jostle round, while the glider was being de-rigged. With

reactions ranging from total amazement, with impromptu speech making, to one of total contempt at our madness.

We had several hours air-time here before we set off to the 'ultimate' site in Kenya consisting of an Easterly facing, 40 mile, 3-4 $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand foot drop cliff called the Elgeyo Escarpment. The drive up through Natural and various dirt roads proved rather horrific with deep and unpredictable pot-holes, and we were exhausted upon arrival at a guest house near the top. Luckily it was run by two girls who had seen Dick Bickel and another American pilot when they flew here last year, and they showed us on the map where the best take-off sites were. The next morning the contact breaker in the 1100 Escort packed up and we had to go into Eldoret to buy another one before the car would run reliably enough to drive around the retrieval roads. This took the best part of the day so we only had time to inspect the take-off and landing areas in the evening, as sunset was at 6.30 this was done in a great hurry. The



Soaring the Elgeyo escarpment

view from top and bottom were awe inspiring. I had never seen such a drop, ever, in my whole life, never mind going flying, and I dreamt all night of fantastic thermalling over the valley floor.

The next day we drove to take-off, but there was not a breath of wind. Confronted with a nil wind take-off from a precipitous rocky edge with

trees growing up the side ready to grab any stalled take-off attempts, we both became somewhat apprehensive, as the air is very thin at 9000 feet compared to sea level. To compound this, about 350 people came to watch, justling even closer to the cliff-edge in order to see the mad white men who were going to 'fly'; much to their amusement and disbelief. A ramshackle church emanated



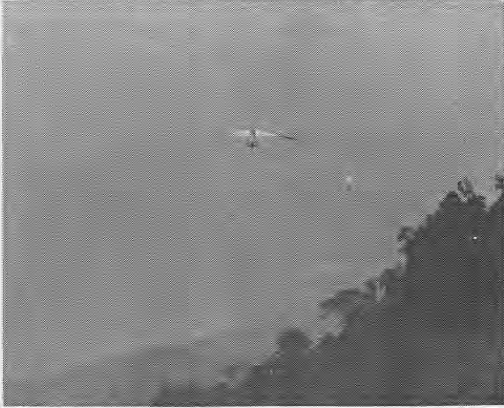
Pre take off church in background

drum noises, which reached a crescendo as I picked up the glider, so I just ran off the edge, to the accompaniment of shrieks from the crowd and the drum noises, the take-off luckily was good with no sickening lurch off the edge.

I now felt perfectly relaxed, and locked at the vario for a verdict. 500 feet down. Never mind, must have stepped into some sink. I looked around the view was staggering. The escarpment face was enormous, covered in trees and levelled out gradually to some foothills 3000 feet below. Despite the sun and swirling mists, there was not a ripple in the air. I realised that 500 feet down was my sink rate in 9000 feet altitude air, and began to wonder if I would ever reach the landing area, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. The valley floor is covered completely with thorn trees with thorns 2 inches long and very sharp, and few patches of clear ground existed more than 20 feet across.

Having lost over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 000 feet the glider started pitching imperceptibly and the vario needle had moved to zero and then 100 up. I circled in this

for about 5 minutes, eyes glued to the vario, but the occasional check on the landscape showed no visible change in the situation, because I was so far from any reference point. A vario proved essential out here for this reason, and with no wind drift it was easy to imagine that one was just pin wheeling motionless in space for ages at a time.



No wind descent into Keino Valley

The altimeter would show a gradual height increase. Eventually I left this thermal after a 500 feet height gain and headed for the landing area, but hit 1000 feet per minute sink on the way.

Again I started to worry about reaching it but another thermal saved the day and I worked it up nearly as high again. The main problem in thin air, is that with the increased sink rate, the thermal must be 200 feet per minute stronger to achieve the same climb rate as registered on the vario, meanwhile the sink allows 200 fpm greater descent rate for a given sinking rate of air, than would be the case nearer sea level. So with the weak thermals prevailing, losing one would be rather disastrous. Also, in the valley, there was an inversion, which explained why no thermals were encountered until we had flown through it. The best thermals were within 500 feet of the bare-earth landing area, where it was possible to maintain, circling, for up to 20 minutes at times, before landing somewhat exhausted, often downwind when thermals broke off just before touchdown, to swing the wind direction in the clearing, which

was created by a fluorspar mining complex. Simon found similar experiences on his flight down, though he arrived just clearing the tree-tops at the landing area making for the last minute of the flight somewhat exciting for him.

We only had two downhills off this face as we were there for only three days, and the drive up would take 3-4 hours up the winding roads. However we found another take off spot nearer the southern end of the rift valley where the E.N.E. wind would funnel through up over a 2000 feet cliff, which proved very soarable.

After a dispute with the landowner, permission was granted to fly, and we manhandled the gliders to the edge through rotors of differing strength, and a dramatic cliff launch followed, with the nose held down into the uprushing air, about 18 knots strength, and on release the gliders would surge over the edge into the vertical air where about 4-500 feet height gain would ensure augmented by small blobs of cloud which we avoided being engulfed by, pulling out of them at the last minute. Endless series of 360's etc. could be performed without much downwind drift, an "animals" paradise!

Top landing was, predictably, horrific and after two very hairy attempts I decided not to try it again but a convenient football pitch provided a good let out about 2 miles away on a

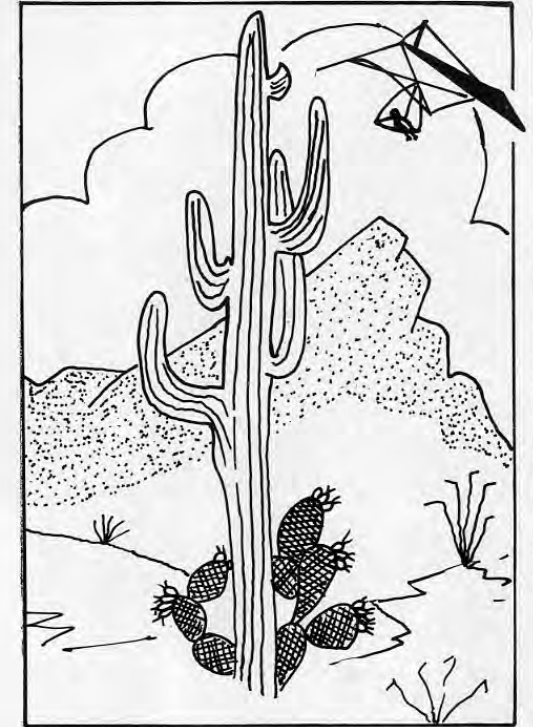


Training school at Ngong Hills

plateau 2000 feet below takeoff, with a 40 minute retrieve time back to take off. We had two long flights from here each, after which time we were ready to drive back to Nairobi.

The next two days were spent near Nairobi instructing some of the locals how to fly. Never having done much instruction before this proved to be rather hair-raising, but we did have a reasonable success rate without any injuries fortunately. On the last day we went out to the site south east of Nairobi and soared the reliable south east winds that spring up every day at 4.30 p.m. and packed up, driving straight to the airport to come back to England.

The holiday proved to be an interesting one in that I saw a lot of Kenya, where I had never been before, and provided a very different set of flying experiences to those that I am normally used to whilst flying in Britain.



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INSTRUCTOR





A The way we were
 B Mike Arrambide from the States with his Antares
 C Bob Stele
 D View from the edge of Mill Hill
 E Ren is forced to go round again
 F Charles Cooke trotting up the Hill with Father
 G Newcomers
 H Early one morning
 I Frankie shows a bit of leg
 J Mike Robertson takes off on a Lancer
 K Wilbur disapproving of Frank Targjani's take-off
 L Brian Wood and a new Moyes Maxi
 M Midas E



Jet lag

by

John Lythgoe

Increasingly, flyers are going abroad for competitions or holidays. If they travel north-south, to Africa for example, there is no problem except ordinary travel fatigue. But east-west travel that involves crossing time zones is a different matter. Here jet lag is a real problem and could reduce flying skills to a dangerous degree.

The most obvious symptom of jet lag is that you have to get up to obey a call of nature in the middle of the night for two or three nights after arriving at your destination. You also feel sleepy in the middle of the day and wakeful and keyed up during the night. If that were all it would simply be a bit inconvenient, but it turns out that all kinds of physical skills and judgments get significantly worse at times when you need them to be at their best.

Many of the body's functions, such as the production of urine, adrenalin, and body temperature, follow a natural rhythm - high in the daytime, depressed between midnight and dawn. Mental and physical skills also show daily rhythms. Examples that have been studied are reaction time, performance in a flight simulator, and mental arithmetic. The problem is that

these rhythms take several days to change from the old timetable to the new one. When you fly across time zones, your body expects a period of rest and inactivity when it is daylight and everyone at the new place is in the midst of daytime activity. Also, there does not seem to be a single internal clock which all the body's functions follow, but instead each function has its own clock that adjusts to the new time at its own rate. Body temperature is rather slow to adjust, urine production is faster. In short, the various processes in the body get out of step with each other and you feel generally disorientated and grotty. Highly skilled and complicated tasks like hang-gliding will definitely be less well done at time of day when the old timetable thinks you should be in bed and asleep.

As a rule-of-thumb, you can adjust to $1\frac{1}{2}$ time-zones a day going east to west and 1 time-zone a day going west to east. It takes about four days to adjust to a flight from England to the middle west of America, but six days to adjust after the return journey. After the outward (westbound) trip your performance is likely to be worse than you expect in the late afternoon and evening. After the homeward (eastbound) trip, performance will be worse in the morning.

It is beginning to look as if jet lag can be got over most quickly if you spend a lot of time in the open air, are as active as possible, keep to the new meal times and go to bed and get up at the usual times for the new place. In short, don't give in. However, there is one proviso. Air travel is very tiring and you don't get enough sleep. The day after arrival be active, but don't fly.

My thanks to Dr. Tim Monk, who works in the next corridor to me at Sussex University and who specialises in the problem of jet lag, for his rule-of-thumb and for lending me the research papers on which this is based.



SOMETHING TO SAY

CONTINENTAL FLYERS
BARRIE ANNETTE

They invariably come immaculate, with beautiful girls to cushion their heads upon their private parts when they lay in the grass. They respect the British, but don't want them to get away with any more than they have done in the past.

That is why the only people on the multi-national expedition to work well with the British were the Japanese. There is a very tense atmosphere between us and the continentals, provoked by differences in style, history, about everything you can think of. You may not think you are chauvinistic. It is a lot of rubbish to be worried who comes off best in this or that. Still a oneupmanship battle emerges.

The result is always dangerous. Our past habit of pushing them off without ceremony is a subtle instance. It implies: this is the bold way we do it in England; so don't ever forget after you have had a scare what great people we are. No one should feel guilty if they have done it, because it comes so naturally to want to see their faces. They do the same to us, when they have a chance. Although it hardly needs saying that these impulses should be controlled in future, if only to save our sites from getting bad reputations.

But that is not the point I want to make. I agree with Tony Fuell that we can't stop them coming, and we don't want to anyway, only to give them a good welcome and overcome the problems by diplomacy. I also agree with the policy of encouraging personal contact from both directions.

I only don't agree with getting them to fill in forms, everything that implies, and the persuasion in his article that we should go on making all the classic English errors. We would get much further by respecting their cool. A good start, for instance, is to show some interest in their equipment - not tell them straight

away that it is no good, or that we have good reasons for knowing anything better than they do, even if it's true. That gets the conversation going, then very carefully they begin to ask questions. Otherwise they will suspect we want to baby them just a little bit too much, and never get up from the grass, stroking their girl friend's hair.



JOHNNY CARR FLYING GRYPHON III

AND NOW! MORE TERRIFYING
THAN "JAWS"!
MORE NAUSEATING THAN
"THE SOUND OF MUSIC"

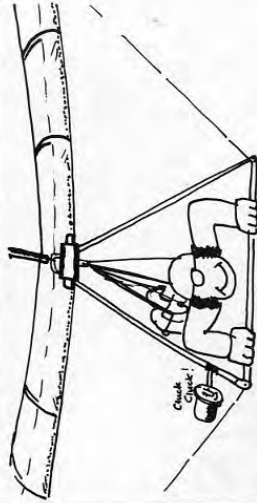
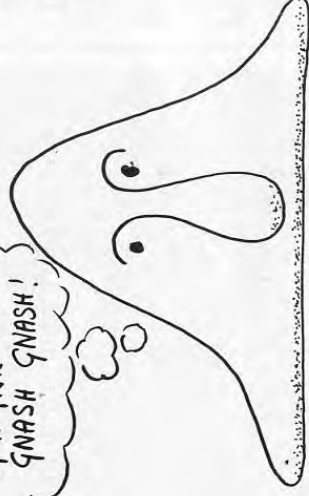
BLOB!

THE GREAT WHITE THERMAL!
IN DAZZLING NARROW SCREEN
2D MONOPHONIC BLACK & WHITE!
(BY BILL NEWTON)

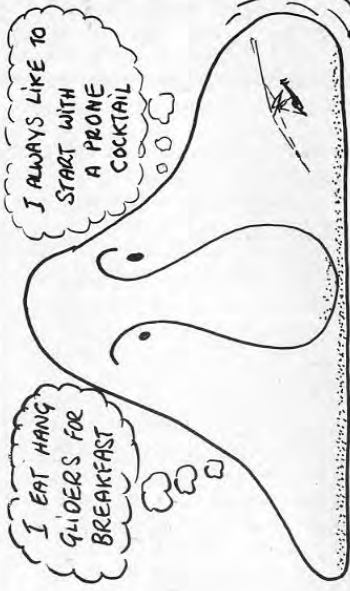
MORNING!
GRR GRR
GNASH GNASH!

I'LL BET I'M
THE FIRST
METHOD ACTING
THERMAL YOU'VE
EVER SEEN

AT THESE
RATES I'M
NOT
SURPRISED



I EAT HANG
GLIDERS FOR
BREAKFAST



I ALWAYS LIKE TO
START WITH
A PRONE
COCKTAIL

MEANWHILE, ONTO THE SCENE IN A
BRILLIANT SERIES OF LUFFING
SIDESLIPS, COMES ACE SYMMETRICAL,
HANG GLIDERIST EXTRA ORDINARY!

SUDDENLY
ACE IS ENVELOPED
FROM ABOVE...

IT'S BLOB, THE GREAT WHITE
KILLER, THERMAL!
(YOU GUESSED, DIDNT YOU?)

- CHOMP
CHOMP!

PARDON



SUDDENLY, ACE IS SPIT OUT
OF THE THERMAL...



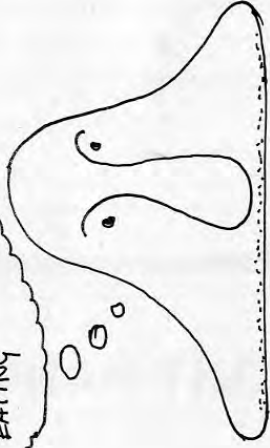
IT'S CHEAPER THAN
A PARACHUTE!



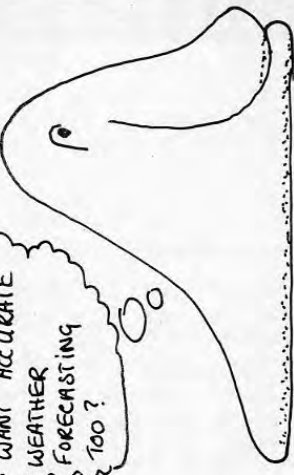
IN A FLASH
HE REACHES FOR HIS EMERGENCY
BACK UP SYSTEM...

AND SWALLOWS TWO ASPIRINS
AGAINST THE COMING IMPACT

THOSE SUPERSCORPIONS
TAKE SOME
EATING

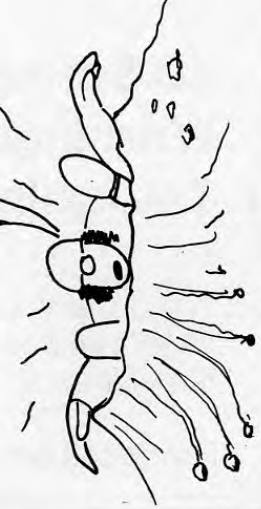


ALL THIS AND YOU
WANT ACCURATE
WEATHER
FORECASTING
TOO?



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DREADED BLOB STRIKE NEXT ?!!?

NOW THAT'S WHAT I
CALL BEING SPIT OUT
OF A BIG ONE



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WORDS THAT I WILL REMEMBER

MAN HAS LEARNT TO FLY LIKE THE BIRDS. NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS WORK OUT HOW TO DO IT QUIETLY.

BILL VAUGHAN

(Any other contributions under this heading? - Ed.)

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I agree to abide by the rules of the club

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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