

**emu**  
by Vulturelite

# EASY TO FLY MANAGEABILITY ULTIMATE SIMPLICITY



## Easy to fly

Acclaimed by pilots in Britain and Europe, EMU represents a totally new aerodynamic concept, clean and uncluttered both in appearance and in flight.

## Manageability

EMU is designed to be highly manoeuvrable in the widest range of conditions with confidence and safety. EMU's superb handling characteristics make it kind and forgiving in flight and enable it to be flown by all pilots from intermediate to competition level.

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EMU's 4½ ounce Howe and Bainbridge Dacron sail is fitted with flexible battens connected through a Bellcrank system to an extremely strong crossboomless frame which reduces drag to a minimum. Its well-deserved reputation "at the top of the stack" along with its "sharp" appearance are

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**AND only EMU** knocks down to 7ft. 6ins. for easy transport.

EMU 198 and 170 both priced at £475 plus VAT

**emu** by Vulturelite

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**WINDSOCK**



# Hiway territory.



The sky becomes your playground when you fly one of the new range of Hiway hang gliders.

No longer need you sacrifice handling to gain high performance. Super scorpion and Spectrum become your obedient servants as you fly from thermal to thermal.

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Whether you're a cross-country pilot, competition flyer or just gliding for fun, Hiway have the machine for you.



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## Cover

Cover photo of Johnny Carr by Tony Fuell

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## News

The issue of windsock ought to be dedicated to Johnny Carr. Not only had Johnny set a new S.H.G.C. cross country record of twentyseven miles but as most of you will now know, came second in the world championships held near Grenoble.

Johnny started well in the Competition lying well in the top ten. After getting a big zero, he fell to sixtythird position but to everyone's amazement, task by task he maxed out until the final day when he climbed up to second position and was very close on Guggermoss, the leader's tail. Then with one task to go, Johnny was in the lead but with not much lift and Hans Dohler to contend with, he couldn't manage the points he needed to retain the lead. Congratulations Johnny on being a silver medallist! Keith Reynolds finished 22nd and Graham Slater in the early thirties.

The A.G.M. is coming up again and this year will be held on Saturday, November 10th at the Club House of the Withdean sportsmen. This is the pub at the Withdean stadium in Tongdean

Lane, Brighton, about ten minutes drive from Devils Dyke. The meeting will be following by a film show and all members are encouraged to attend and to note that in order to vote, their club membership must have been paid to Peter Day - due on November 1st.

Anyone who has any motions to discuss or who would like to stand for any of the club positions, should contact Tony Fuell as soon as possible. It is hoped that the club will be able to maintain the current flying and membership rates for the coming year.

During the Steyning competition several items were lost. On the Saturday, part of a mast and a small striped windsock were lost from the bottom of the bowl and; on Sunday, a red skyhook prone harness and a Blue Baer helmet at Devils Dyke. If anyone found these items please contact Vince Hallam on Brighton 24151 Ext. 171.

Mac Lane has resigned as Safety Officer and Eddie Horsfield has agreed to take over this position.

# DEVILS DYKE to COODEN BEACH

by JOHNNY CARR

Date - Friday 29/6/79

The day looked pretty good from the start but I was certain a sea breeze would come in from the south west and switch the wind off the Mill Hill. It was about mid day when I arrived at the Dyke, to the usual greeting (You've missed it son you should have been here this morning), mind you I'm used to that. I could see it was still well soarable and very warm. I thought the quicker I rig the better because its got to sea breeze in this heat. I rigged and took off. After about 10 mins. I picked up a blob that sent my vario 1,200 ft. a minute up round 3.360 turns. My ears hurt. I got spat out over the falls and I remember thinking I definitely didn't want that one any way, it was going up too fast for me and I didn't like the sight of where it was leading to very much either. The sink between the Blobs was a bit rough also - I landed - after this. Still amazed, that there was no sea breeze yet I took off again. 10 minutes later caught a nice thermal, 400' a minute up and started circling. I reached about 600' between the Dyke Hotel and The North Bowl. I decided to go for it. I reached 1,200' AT/O and it all seemed to disperse. 1 down, then 3 down. I hunted around for a couple of minutes and headed toward the East Roads. I figured if I didn't pick anything up on the way I would at least find a lift back to the Dyke easily. I soon noticed my vario start to read 2 down instead of 4 down, so I turned a little more into wind. It read 0 I held it into wind a few seconds. It still read 0, I did a 360. Half way round the vario read 1 up and I could feel more lift under one wing. I turned back into it and started climbing. 1.2.3.4. up till I reached 1,800' heading toward Hollingbury wind a little off to the West. The thermal seemed to disperse again. I got in heavier sink until I was convinced I would not make the race hill and was prepared to land at Hollingbury. I was at 800' by now and 2 good landing areas worked out when 0 on the vario again. I was now quite a long way from dykes. So I remember

saying please God turn this into something good. I turned into wind and the vario read 6 up. Right up to 3,450 AT/O wow this is a bit peachy, a little nippy on the old fingers though (no gloves on) on the way up the ground just zoomed away from me. I was looking up and there were no nasty clouds, just very small wisps, so I just kept pushing at 3450', it dispersed again, I was further inland than I have usually been when doing XC, and I felt that I could possibly do a personal best. I was gradually coming down and knew I could reach Newhaven even if I picked nothing else up on the way.

Down to 2,500 and 0 again I circled 1 down out the other side, oh God. I tried a right hand 360 0 all round. I did a few of these. Some I gained a bit some I lost a bit, but all in all I was still hanging on to some altitude. In past the Newhaven transmitter and I'm now thinking Seaford, my personal best is just over there. I got down to 1,700 going across the River at Newhaven, suddenly, 3 up Peachy turned into wind and I'm now at 2,000 and looking across I can see I'm level with Cuckmere Haven Peachy, Dales Record is only just passed here. Suddenly, 4 up and back up to 3,000, by now I'm a bit mind blown. To my left I can see the big Reservoir in front of Firlie underneath me below my feet, is High & Over, the White Horse clearly visible in front and below I can see cloud wisps coming up from the valley. Between High & Over and The Back of the Long Man of Wilmington, as the wisps came up at me they were getting larger until it was all around me. I would describe it as flying in a turkish bath, the steam was going up faster than the Sink rate of my glider, and what would happen was I would circle? With the mist at 0 and 1 up and the mist would eventually go past me and leave me in 1 or 2 down, but in this area of the flight I could see more wisps coming up further down, wind so I would pull on some speed and glide to the next wisp. I did this about 3 times and managed to gain back the little altitude I had lost when I



reached the wisps.

The largest of these wisps wound me up a little because up till now I hadn't been in much cloud but this one was starting to merge into a really big one and I was going up and 4 up towards

it so I decided to head round it and avoid going too close to it (it just didn't look inviting). By now I was heading over the back of Eastbourne, I recognised the huge roundabout that's on the outskirts of Eastbourne on the

Polegate Road. I was sinking and on a sled ride I was looking for clouds and there was nothing in reach. I was in an area of blue sky I then thought. Now I should have gone for that big cloud I bet it would have been perfectly alright anyway, I was heading towards Pevensy Bay now and I can see a couple of nice clouds in the distance and she shadows. We're going out to sea at first I thought the wind had gone more northerly but at Eastbourne the coastline changes dramatically and a westerly wind there goes out to sea (what a choker). I am now down to 1,000ft. AT/Off height about 1,700 A.S.L. The sun is backing down on the sands below, still plenty of height to possibly pick something up. I've been in sink for ages, I am due for an up. Suddenly bam, 6 up, the control by nearly came out of my hands. I turned 6 up all the way round 1 360 2.3. and so on, back up to 3,000 A.S.L. literally I am about ½ a mile out to sea and still climbing.

I keep trying to temp the thermal to go along the coast by sneakily turning my 360 along the coast but as you will guess splat straight out the side. I am now looking along the coast, I can see for miles and I am thinking if only these Blobs weren't going out to sea. I couldn't risk going out further although I was convinced I would have reached cloudbase which was about 4,500 ASL. I decided to head inland at 40° or so and see what happens. I reached the shoreline with about 1600 ASL, then it was just a steel ride. My only hope of another Blob was if I reached Bexhill but I was sinking fast down to about 600' and I can see my landing spot, a golf course not far down wind. No one playing golf I flew over a few houses before landing and there was a family in the garden. I shouted down to them to witness my landing, (they were freaked out by all this). They did. I rang the Dyke but they had gone out for the afternoon. So I rang Paula. She came up the Dyke to see if any one would pick me up, as my car was there with plenty of petrol and she had to be back for the lad coming home from school. The only person who offered was Big H. Thanks H, but he couldn't come out after all. So I got on a train to Brighton from Cooden beach Station (100 yds. from where I landed). Met Paula at Brighton by this time it is 6 o'clock

and we drove out and picked up my Glider. (The error of doing a big one on a good flying day). People were still soaring till dark that day.



## mainair sports

### ARE YOU BUYING A PARACHUTE ?

I asked a man why he bought a particular brand of parachute. He said, 'Because it is the cheapest'.  
Wow! I can think of no worse reason to buy a piece of life saving equipment.  
He didn't ask if it had saved lives. He didn't ask how it was deployed. He didn't ask for a comparative report on its construction and strength. He didn't see it deployed from a harness... He just bought it and trusted the salesman with his life.  
He saved about £30.  
It is a tragedy that in 1979 people are wearing parachutes totally unaware of how it works and how it is packed. They have a chute and think that is enough. Some of these people will need their chutes one day and some of those will die under them. Why? Because they were sold a parachute rather than go out and buy one. It is essential to own a parachute, but make sure you have thoroughly investigated all aspects of your parachute system before you part with hard earned cash. Mainair Sports stock three makes of parachutes. We don't have any particular irons in the fire, so we are best able to advise you freely on all the available systems. Since parachutes are expensive and we don't want you to have to wait for one we are also offering a limited free credit system so you can buy now, pay later. We also have a group purchase scheme which gives huge discounts for quantity purchases.  
Be sensible, contact Mainair.

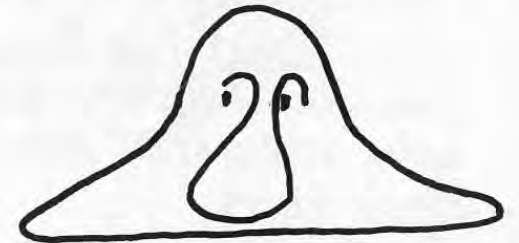
Mainair Sports, Shawlough Road, Rochdale, Lancashire OL12 6LN  
Telephone Rochdale (0706) 55131 Telex 635091 MAIN



# BLOB

THE GREAT WHITE KILLER THERMAL AND I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING INTERESTING FOR THE TITLES THIS MONTH

FOR THESE RATES YOU EXPECT HEMMINGWAY?



ANYWAY, I HEARD AN INTERESTING SNIPPET OF NEWS RECENTLY FROM A FRIEND OF MINE, A SMALL DEPRESSION OVER THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

WHY AM I ALWAYS UNDER PRESSURE?



DEPRESSION? HE'S POSITIVELY SUICIDAL



\*" APPARENTLY, LIVE "BUTTS, DEMON HANG GLIDERIST, DID SOME AMAZING AEROBATICS AT RHOSILLI ON THE NEW BUDGIEFRITE "AIM-YOU"



\* RHYMES WITH "SKIVE" OR "DIVE" DEPENDING ON YOUR PREFERENCE.

AFTER THE INITIAL PROBLEMS, LIKE REACHING 1000' HAVING FORGOTTEN THE KITE-----

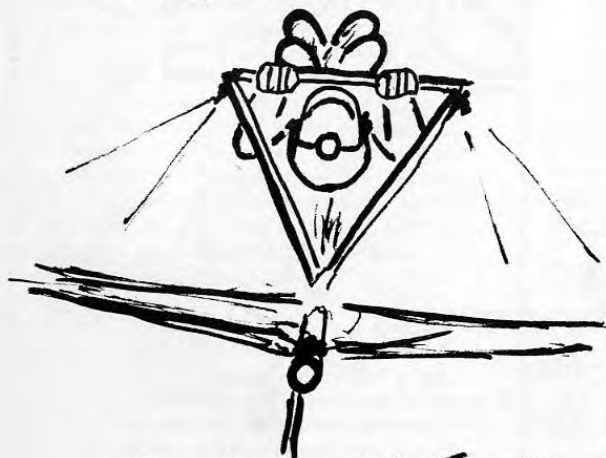


----- "LIVE" WAS SOON DOING SOME FINE WINGOVERS, CAUSING KEEN SPECULATION AMONG THE OTHER PILOTS

WAS THAT BLOODY TWIT UP TO NOW?



EVENTUALLY HE PERFORMED SEVERAL LOOPS-----



AND LANDED TO THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE CROWD-----



DO YOU REALISE A BACKWARD LOOP IS A POOL? OR POSSIBLY A DISASTER?



WELL, YET ANOTHER UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NEWS ITEM. HOW CAN A BLOB WITH SUCH A SMALL CIRCULATION MANAGE TO BE SO TOPICAL YOU ASK?

A THERMAL CAN ONLY GO UP IN THE WORLD IF IT HAS THE COURAGE OF IT'S OWN CONVECTIONS





Ren near the spot



May bellint before her 72nd flight



Mick Maher at take off



Brian and Ren relax by the lake



Rigging up



Graham Slater keeping fit



Brian Woods takes off



Johnny's final briefing



Graham Slater at take off



Brian Woods lands on the spot



Get it right now Johnny



Ren taking off



Mick Maher and Bettina Grav



Brian Woods and Caroline De Glanvill



Powered Early Riser

# THE PLIGHT OF THE INTERMEDIATE PILOT

MIKE LINGARD

Joe Soap read with interest the advertisement in the aviation magazine spread before him. It offered an introductory course of Hang Gliding at a local school at very reasonable rates. He had always been interested in aeroplanes and sailplanes, the urge to fly was strong but he could never afford the fees required. He had toyed with the idea of Hang Gliding before but somehow had never got around to it. Now he decided he would take the plunge.

Joe Soap enjoyed his course with the school, made a lot of new friends and after a number of disappointing days due to adverse weather conditions finally obtained his Pilot One certificate. After making enquiries at the school about a new glider he soon became the proud owner of a Hi Fly Zoombird MkII. On returning to the school slopes with his new rainbow coloured kite Joe received a lot of helpful advice from his old Instructors and some further training, including converting to prone flight. He progressed steadily to what the school informed him was an intermediate standard.

Joe felt that he was now poised at a crossroads in his flying career. He felt he had come to the end of one

hard and at times a little painful apprenticeship, only to be entering a second one. A new world of the so called experienced flier. A new world with new peaks and new goals. A whole new scene where he will be expected to get it all together, first time, every time. No hairy take-offs or heavy undignified landings now. Everything must be one hundred percent. He felt he was poised tentatively on the first step of that elusive ladder to the skies. On the first step towards more enjoyable flying, the kind of flying he had trained so hard for. He wanted to catch the wind and turn his dream into reality.

Feeling that the school training slogs had little more to offer him, Joe Soap now of intermediate standard decided it would be a good idea to book up with an advanced course of soaring in the Wiltshire area where there was an abundance of soarable sites. Joe spent a weeks holiday standing around various Wiltshire hills listening to his new instructor telling him why it was not possible to soar. Joe learned a lot more about the wind and it's effect on hills that week, he also learned a lot about Wiltshire, but he didn't learn to soar. Still he thought plenty of time, shouldn't rush things'.

Finding the wind too strong or in the wrong direction at the weekends when he could make it to his local soaring site, Joe took a second weeks holiday and attended his local sites and some a little further afield looking for soaring experience that still eluded him. On one or two days the conditions were perfect, but there was too much traffic in the air. The kites in the air looked to Joe like flies around a jam pot. It left no room for error. Joe stayed on the ground. He did a lot of standing about talking that week, a lot of the Hang Glider pilots favourite



passtimes, grass throwing', and much looking up at the sky, but that was about all.

Then one day Joe Soap thought his luck had changed, his patience had at last been rewarded. Arriving one day at a good safe site, he found the wind was just right for his first soaring flight. It was smack on the hill, as steady as it could be at soarable strength and only one other kite in the air, and plenty of room to land at the bottom of the hill. Joe rigged quickly but carefully and prepared for flight.

Having mentally prepared himself for take-off and given thought to what was required he was about to commit himself to flight when Charlie Ace walked over and advised him that as farmer Barley Mow had just planted this years crop of corn Joe could not bottom land and he showed him the top landing area which looked to Joe to be about twelve foot square. This was a crushing blow for the young intermediate pilot but he was a sensible understanding kind of guy and appreciated the need for such rules. He also knew it would be



unwise to attempt two new situations on one flight. Joe packed up his glider drowned his sorrows in a pint of ale and listened to Charlie Ace telling Johnny Wizkid how many multiple three sixties he had performed the day before. Later Joe watched Charlie Ace and friends soaring and tried to take a mental note of everything Charlie did as he still hoped soon to have the chance of emulating him. The weeks dragged on and Joe tried in vain to find a soaring site with a bottom landing. He only lived thirty miles from most of

the sites and he knew other pilots travelled over a hundred to reach them but his patience was wearing wafer thin. Joe did not want to disregard club rules and fly where he should not, but he felt the more experienced pilots could show a little more understanding about his predicament and try and remember how they must have felt when they were at his stage in the game. He sometimes thought they must have very short memories.

Joe made enquiries about the possibility of dual instruction for soaring flight but his enquiries proved fruitless. The local training officer was very helpful but even he could not control the weather or when the spring corn is planted. Conscious of the fact that he was at a very crucial stage in his flying career, Joe knew that many Hang Gliding accidents happen during this dangerous time due to pilots attempting more than they are capable of. On the other hand some pilots had advised him that top landings were a piece of cake', no trouble'. They told him he should be able to soar and top land first time with no problems'. Joe believed them because he wanted to believe them. Becoming more and more tempted now Joe realised he was building himself up to attempt it. He knew he could not become a Charlie Ace overnight but he knew he must try it alone sometime, he knew now he had reached the point of no return. He must try it now top landing or no top landing. Advice he had been given by the sackload, his head was crammed with theory, now he would attempt the task before he lost his confidence.

One sunny morning Joe arrived at his favourite site, the sky was blue, conditions were good and he felt good. He would try to soar and top land. He had gone over the procedure in his mind a hundred times, now he would do it for real. His take-off was good, he cautiously tacked along the ridge, he felt elated, he is actually going up. He turns, a little slowly, and heads back to reverse his track, at the end of this beat he makes a slow wide turn and falls out of the lift. Joe swears under his breath and noticed the lush green grass on the hill getting closer.

What a nonk, he thought to himself, just two short beats and I've blown it. He considered the idea of trying to land on the side of the hill but being a sensible pilot he rejected the idea and decided to go down, land in the bottom field and face the consequences. Better safe than sorry, he mused. As Joe dropped out of prone above the landing field he noticed farmer Barley Mow beating a track towards him through the yellow corn. This unsettled Joe a little and in his anxiety to land quickly he stalled out too high, hit the ground hard, tumbled through the A frame and badly bent both uprights. A little shaken Joe scrambled to his feet, unclipped and surveyed the damage as Barley Mow arrived on the scene. The farmer moaned and complained at Joe for ten minutes solid about his ruined crop and made the shaken pilot feel about as small as his now scratched crash helmet laying on the corn beside him. He could understand the way the farmer felt and he did appreciate the damage he had done - but Joe worked on a farm part time himself and knew that one night of high wind and heavy rain would ruin more of Barley Mow's corn than a hundred Hang Glider pilots could do if they bottom landed every day for a month. He also thought that the farmer had caused as much damage tramping over to see him as Joe had landing. He tried to apologize and not feel too cynical about the situation - but he did get the impression that the only thing the farmer was worried about was the possibility that he may not be able to change his Jaguar for a new model next year'.

Joe paid the farmer the two pounds requested and feeling rather dejected dragged his broken glider back up the hill trying to remember the cost of two new uprights. His dreams of flying like the birds now shattered. On reaching the top of the hill Joe Soap was pounced upon by two club officials who read him the riot act, his second rollocking of the day. "You must be patient Joe Soap", "only fly if you can top land Joe Soap", "you are a nonk Joe Soap", "do you realise the damage you can do to the club Joe Soap". Joe packed his glider into it's carrying bag for the last time that day.

Two weeks later in "WINGS" an advertisement reads: For Sale Hi Fly Zoombird Mk II, little used, Acute frustration forces sale.

Joe Soap sent his membership card back to the B.H.G.A. headquarters. He later toyed with the idea of writing a letter explaining his reasons for withdrawing his support but in the end he did not bother. He took up sailing instead.

Poor Joe, he never did catch the wind. His dream of flying like the birds remains a dream.

Poor Joe Soap.

## A.T.C.

### Mill Hill

A meeting was held at Shoreham Airport on June 23rd. with the authorities there to discuss hang gliding at Mill Hill, present were T. Fuel, K. Cockcroft, R. Hill and myself. In the near future a 20ft. disc will be displayed permanently at the control tower. Red will signify NO FLYING green ALL CLEAR TO FLY. In a situation where the airport is fogged in and it is clear at the top of Mill Hill and pilots are flying an aircraft might be coming in to land and overshoot the runway therefore flying low over Mill Hill. So please let Shoreham Airport know you are flying, number is Shoreham 2301.

### Beachy Head

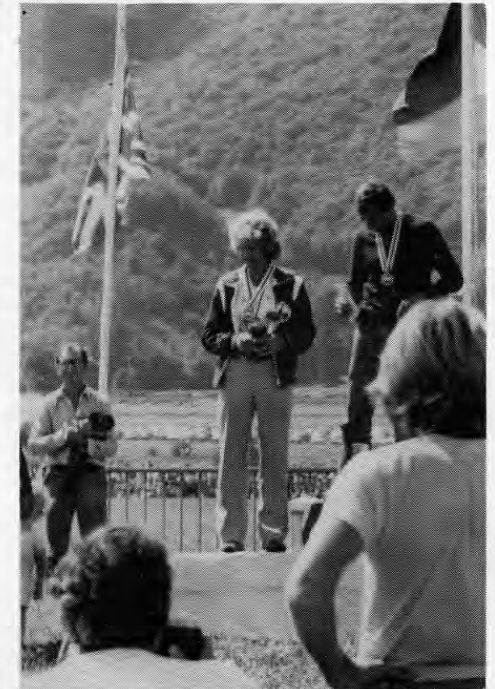
When flying the cliffs and there is a touch of west in the wind please don't fly past the lighthouse there will be loss of lift. Be watchful of other flyers losing height. If this happens get back to the bowl fast. If the tide is in and you are up by the lighthouse you could be in serious trouble.

Wanted six flyers to act as A.T.C. officers controlling the amount of people in the air. My tel. no. is 01-684-4772.

**E. HORSFIELD**



*Johnny Carr  
2nd in the  
World Championships  
at Grenoble  
August 1979*



# SOMETHING TO SAY

Dear Fellow Members and Friends

Just over 12 months ago I attended the funeral of one of my closest friends, Paul Renouf. With us in Barnstaple was the then Chairman of the North Devon Sailing Club, Pat Turner, a short time later he was seriously hurt in an accident. Earlier this year another friend of mine, who had just won his new glider in a BHGA raffle got badly hurt in an accident at the Dyke. A short while ago our secretary came close to writing himself off at Beachy Head, and just over three weeks ago I thought I would go out of my mind with fright and shock as I watched a young man fall some 200 feet to his death.

Nicky Lawler, Paul Maratos and many others. How many more before we learn? Pilot error, bad luck, stupidity, carelessness, whatever:-  
**HANG GLIDING IN ANY FORM KILLS, INJURES AND MAIMS THE UNWARY AND THE UNFORTUNATE.**

I wish I could believe that we had learnt enough to say "no more!" No more injuries, no more deaths, just fun and flying. But I know that some of us may not be here in 12 months time. Your name, my name, may well actually be on the list for 1979.

People ask me, as Press and Public Relations Officer, "Chris, why do it?" "How safe is hang gliding?" I glibly answer "Oh it's not that bad, virtually all accidents are caused through pilot error". "You cannot stop people being fools, the problem is that they spoil it for the rest of us" or "People at the sharp end of this sport just like any in motor racing or any other 'high risk' sport are in greatest danger" or "The Press are always making things seem far more dramatic than they really are" or any other phrase.

But they are lies, I know it, you know it.

The Southern Hang Gliding Club is the largest hang gliding club in Britain and we fly the most crowded sites, with large numbers of the public

(public note, not punters) coming to watch. We need their support and they have to see that we are not a badly mannered, uncontrollable, foul-mouthed rabble.

Statistically this year more of our members will be killed or injured than in any other club in Britain. Therefore we need to make more efforts as a club and as individuals.

I make no apology to anybody to reprinting the rudiments of pre-flight drill and the rules of the air. When we left the training school we all knew these but they were promptly forgotten when we were good enough.

## PRE-FLIGHT CHECK

Sail - check attachment points for damage

Wires - check for twisted tangs, kinks, frays and corrosion

Airframe - check booms, control frame and kingpost for damage

Nuts and bolts - check that all bolts are in place, nuts secure and locking pins in place where necessary  
Kingpost - upright.

Seat or harness - securely attached to both glider and pilot in the correct manner

Helmet - on and secure

Obstructions - the take-off and landing areas are unobstructed all is clear above and behind you. Ask somebody else to check the position of other gliders

Wind - final check of strength and direction.

## FLYING RULES

### 1. LOOK ROUND

Never remain looking in one direction for more than two or three seconds. Always be aware of the position and movement of other gliders.

### 2. BREAK RIGHT

In an imminent "head on" collision situation alter course to your right.

### 3. GIVE WAY TO GLIDERS

- on your right
- that are turning
- that are below you

### 4. KEEP 100 FT. APART

When converging from any direction

- slow your closing speed
- stop or turn away

Always be aware of the relative position of both yourself and other flyers. Look around and be alert.

The above, well remembered and practised, together with always maintaining our flying speed (statistically, stalling is the biggest killer) may save quite a few of us.

If you and I do just those things we will all be a lot safer and my job will be a little easier.

Our sport is being challenged from many quarters. We are its ambassadors. Let us be good at it.

Yours sincerely

Christopher R. Burslem

Press and Public Relations Officer

## SMALL ADS

### SST 100B

White, in perfect condition, outstanding performer - £380.  
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### CIRRUS 3

2 colour dacron sail. Still outflies some of the present day manufacturers gliders. Has kept me in the league for three years. Offers invited for this well tuned glider.

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# mainair sports

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**NEW FROM U.S.A. !**

**PRICE** prone harnesses

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plus

Full range of gliders and spares stocked

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ROMER HELMETS

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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.

<b>Flying Membership</b>	OR	<b>Glider Registration</b>
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
<b>Total</b>	<b>20.00</b>	<b>18.26</b>	<b>16.60</b>	<b>14.94</b>	<b>13.28</b>	<b>11.62</b>	<b>9.96</b>	<b>8.30</b>	<b>6.64</b>	<b>4.98</b>	<b>3.32</b>	<b>1.66</b>

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, 112 Cotswold Way, Tilehurst, Reading, Berkshire, RG3 6SR