

APPLICATIONS

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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	<i>OR</i>	Glider Registration
Name		Make
BHGA No		Model
EPC Date		Serial No
Signature		Sail Colours
Date		Pilots

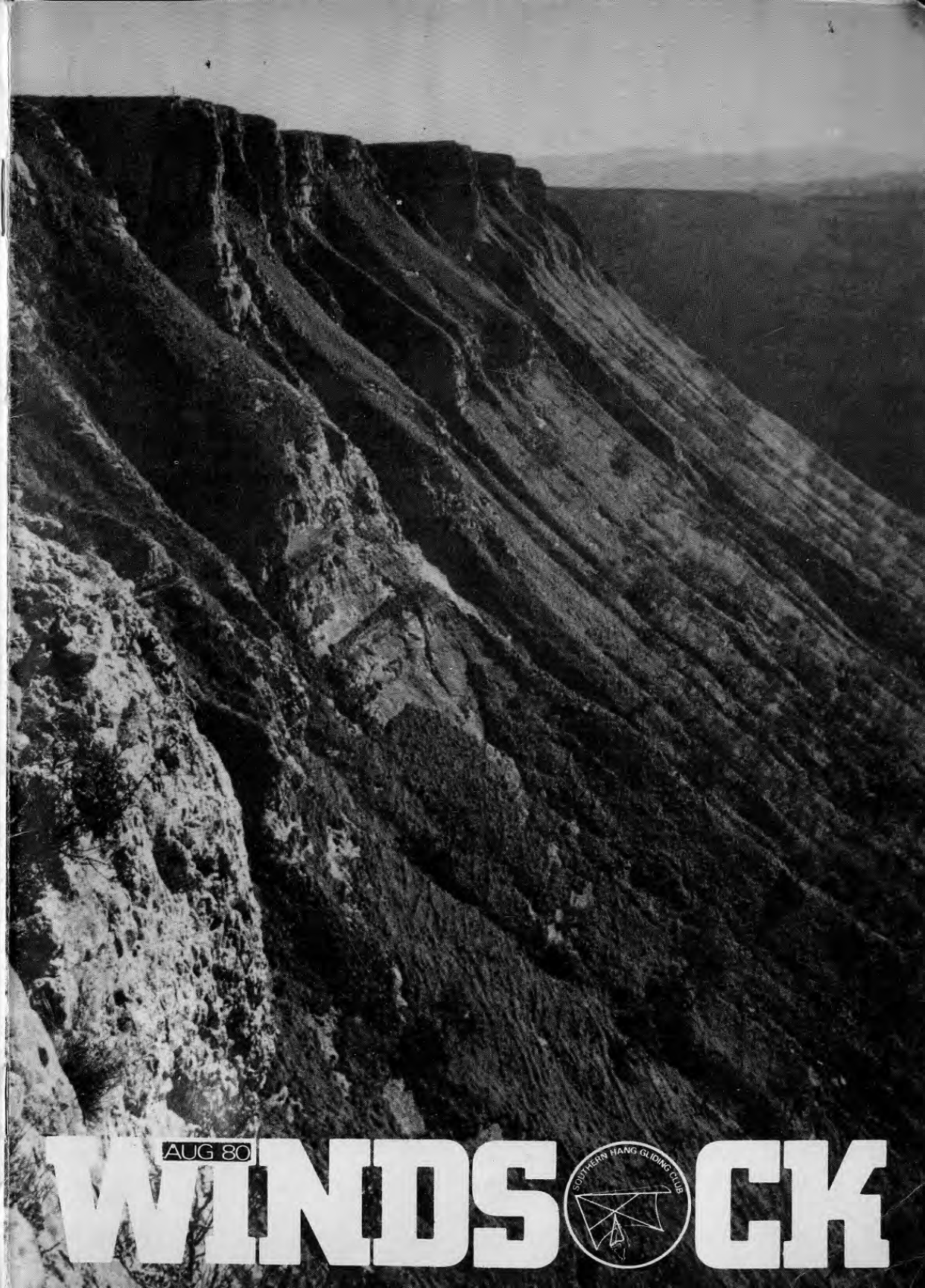
As all memberships start on November 1st of each year, the following table will enable new members to work out their subscriptions for joining the Club at any time during the year.

(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

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Cloth badges 60p each
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(ISSUE 11)

WINDSOCK

'Magazine of the Southern Hang Gliding Club'

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A Bare Slope in Basque Territory
See Jeannie Knights Story page 5

EDDY SHEDDING

Hmmmmmm. Are we supposed to jump for joy, or something? I think not. The committee of the S.H.G.C. have decided to liven things up and introduce some new blood (and old). So one of the changes is in the editorship of Windssock.

Well, you see, I offered to give what help I could and I guess it was decided that this was the best way I could help, so here we are and off we go....

One of the changes that we will make is that the centre pages will carry each month an update on the status of each site - special landing restrictions, open and closed season and suchlike. This page will be headed by by Keith Morgan's "wind compass" and will be a regular feature (unfortunately not in this issue 'cos all the people with the knowhow seem to be on holiday) so in future no-one will have any excuse for not knowing the rules.

On the facing page we will have a rolling callendar of forth-coming events, looking three to six months ahead. Thus the centre pages will keep you forewarned without your having to rummage through back issues.

We now have access to a small Word Processor (but again not unfortunately for this issue!) so we hope to maintain and possibly improve on the high type quality which has been set by previous issues of Windssock. Which brings us to the last point. We must thank Anna Blemings for gallantly stepping in after Paul Renouf's untimely demise, and doing a beautiful job, for MORE THAN TWO YEARS. That, in the hang-gliding world, is some kind of a record!

D.T.

Jeannie Knight recalls last year's Spanish trip with husband Tom.

Basque Territory

We felt that hang-gliding was in danger of losing its three dimensional appeal. All our holidays for the last seven years had been hang-gliding ones and we decided we should do something different. Otherwise it could become a one-dimensional aspect of life. There was just one problem. We couldn't agree. Tom wanted to go sailing in Ireland and I wanted to go horse-riding in Spain. In the end we compromised-- we went hang-gliding in Spain.

That was how we came to be at Orduna, Northern Spain, in September of the local band. last year. We had driven down through France, lost two days in a tiny Spanish village Berdun, before reaching the Moyes establishment in Vitoria.

Berdun was an experience in itself, and one that was directly attributable to hang-gliding. The week before we left for Spain, two of our pupils one their Pilot 1 course (now-competent SHGC pilots Mike Pinker and Richard Marks) had brought a friend along to watch their progress. He told us that if we came across a tiny, walled village in Northern Spain, perched on a hill, named Berdun, we must look up a painting school there. He had spent six months in the estab-

lishment whilst recovering from a motorbike accident.

It wasn't marked on our maps and we were not even looking for it when it loomed up on the horizon on our last lap to Vitoria. We were welcomed in warm Spanish fashion and installed in rooms with instructions to stay for the village fiesta that night. Our recollections are of being plied with a local speciality of snails, endless wine and coffee cognacs and of the entire village going to bed at dawn after dancing in the village square to the sound of the local band.

That seemed to be then end of the good weather, much to my chagrin. For when we reached Vitoria the entire town was enveloped in thick fog. We drove out to Orduna, which is a glorious horse-shoe canyon ten miles across, twentyfive miles long and 2,500 ft high. Visibility there was nil. This looked like being a typical hang-gliding holiday.

We met Alan James that evening, who was in the process of packing up to return to England after spending some time working at the Moyes factory. He introduced us to some of the gastronomic assets of Vitoria - a place where half a roasted chicken,

huge salad, bread, wine, cheese and fruit cost less than £5 for two people.

No-one had warned us about the Basque terrorists though. I had glibly waved away protest from my mother, who was looking after our three boys dog, cat, and business while we were away. Vitoria, I felt, was so far inland that we would not encounter any trouble. Next morning we followed a trail of blood along the pavement from where we were staying and rounded the corner to find four military policemen, armed with machineguns, standing over someone they had just shot..... I went into a shop to buy a large-scale map of the area and asked for "a map of this part of Spain". The assistant called over the manager. "Don't you mean 'this part of the Basque country'?" he asked.....



Orduna is a site where a sea-breeze finds its way in during the afternoon, and mornings are usually non-flyable. So the first morning we discovered a riding establishment on the outskirts of the town

and I asked for horses. Despite my pleas for a 'quiet' animal and something more spritely for Tom, I had something that bolted, whilst Tom was merrily being taken for dainty 360's on an animal which he was convinced had been trained for a circus.

In the afternoon we headed out for the site, where a light breeze meant that top-to-bottoms would be in order. Take-off was from a slight slope above vertical cliff, and sheer cliffs stretched for miles on either side. A vulture colony was housed in a cave just below the top of the cliff and we soon found that we collected an entourage of the feathered creatures in flight. Several of them would fly at each wingtip, indicating their presence by an obnoxious smell that wafted across. Their wingspan was about eight feet and they would fly alongside, craning their bald necks to have a good look at us.

They were good indicators of any thermal activity and we learned to follow them when they started circling. Out of the ten days we had six afternoons that were flyable - two good ones and the remainder prolonged top-to-bottom with little soaring. On the worst days we tantalised the vultures, who sensibly stayed in their caves because of lack of good air currents. We would fly past the cave, whistling and shouting till they appeared at the entrance. Wings tucked in, they

would do a free-fall take-off, sticking out their wings as they gained speed, and then starting to fly. To their disgust, they found nothing but light air and would struggle to get back to their cave. I am convinced they spent days plotting how they could gain revenge. On the next soarable day they flew off en masse and began to circle. We blithely followed - only to find they disappeared and we were left in the biggest patch of sink for miles around.....

Orduna has had its victims. John Ogden's death there earlier last year has never been thoroughly pieced together, since no-one saw the actual crash. A Spanish pilot failed to clip into his glider properly and fell to his death. But the locals reserve their contempt for a Spaniard who forced his youngest son to take off from Orduna. The terrified youth stalled and plunged to his death.

Almost every morning we encountered thick fog. Try finding something to do in Northern Spain, when you can't fly and cannot even see the famous Rioja countryside! We toured a vineyard and famous wine cellar, sampling the produce, visited walled villages, salt pan villages until we had almost exhausted everything. In the process we encountered many instances of terrorism. We had driven to a tiny village one day and found the single square in the centre full of chanting inhabitants. They were circling under a lamp

standard where a dummy, complete with knives in the back, had been strung up. A bomb in the next street, fortunately found before it exploded, greeted us on another morning. Meanwhile the terrorists wreaked their revenge on the military for the capture of one of their leaders. They assassinated a colonel-in-chief and general of the military staff in Santander one sunny morning. Reprisals were immediate. Road blocks were set up, with jeeps in a chicane effect. One German couple who drove through without stopping, because they did not understand, were totally wiped out by machinegun fire. In the bars it was common to hear businessmen discussing their schedules for the following day. "I have to get to Bilbao by 12am. If there are no assassinations tonight I should make it on time, because there will be no road blocks" was typical conversation.

Orduna was so near and yet so remote from these terrorist activities - even though the village itself that nestled in the valley floor had once been the ETA stronghold - that it was difficult to remember what was happening only a few miles away. One of the most remarkable things was the way in which sounds drifted up from the valley. The noise of children playing, cars tooting horns in the narrow streets, and the sound of people leaving the small restaurant bar at the foot of the cliffside, all were clear and distinct.

The Mayor of Orduna wanted a hang-glider pilot to land in the tiny bullring on the outskirts of the village for part of the village fiesta. Surrounded by tall trees and wires, it was hardly the place for a good public relations act. The village itself created immense thermal activity, and a straight down flight could be prolonged by fifteen minutes on the bouyant air. My personal nightmare was driving down the hairpin bends to the valley to collect Tom after he had flown. The sheer unfenced drops prompted me to drive on the inside of the road regardless of rules. This seemed to fit in with the Spanish adaptability though. Apart from a small group of pilots from a club about fifty miles away who came out one Saturday, we had

the site to ourselves until Neil and Jan Hardinge and Fred James turned up on our final day. It was one of the best flying days we had whilst there, culminating in an immensely cheap but good meal in the local bar at Delica, one of the tiny spots in the valley.

In 1979 we found that hang-gliding holidays can be extremely three-dimensional, that is if you don't mind the odd terrorist attack and thick fog. But those simply add to the experience. This year we are taking the other half of our compromise. We are off to Dingle, Southern Ireland, in September. Sailing is a speciality, but the flying sites are amazing. I can almost hear my mother saying "But what about the IRA?"

J.K.

sailboarding

Olympic Gold

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letters ...

Dear Sir,

At the moment a £20 fine exists for bottom landing at the Dyke, at least until crops have been harvested (or is it for longer?)

The £5 fine was a deterrent- the £20 fine could be dangerous. Would it encourage you to top-land in marginal or tricky conditions, and concentrate too much on not losing height, instead of where you are going?

A £20 fine does not prevent bottom landings but it does virtually restrict the Dyke to pilots with the experience and usually the better performance machines.

So what about the Pilot 1 who is learning to soar and top-land? Go to Firle? Well, Firle is another site in almost the same situation, where if you cannot guarantee to top-land and are not sure of your ability to bottom land in a very restricted area (and dont want to lose the club the site by landing in the bottom field) then for you this

site does not even exist.

So go to Ditchling where you can learn to top-land in strong wind-shear and shifting rotors!

So what about Mill Hill? Well, in soarable wind strengths it is not recommended for inexperienced Pilot 1's.

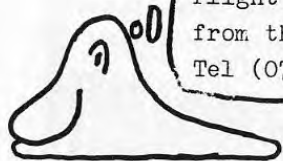
To sum it up, it all makes it more difficult for new Pilot 1's and some old ones. Perhaps we should count our blessings: at least give thanks to Johnny Carr and Co that we still have the sites; we wont have any peace until we own some of them and rent them out to farmers(just a dream).

Perhaps it would help if hang-gliding were an Olympic Sport. Some Councils have been known to encourage and even help Olympic Sports!

What do you think?

RAY WILSON Gravesend.
(Shouldn't we stop dreaming and DO something? ED)

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letters ...

Dear Dave,

I am glad to see that once again there should be a regular Windsock.

For one reason or another I have not flown for over nine months and have missed Windsock not supplying me with regular information of what is happening in SHGC.

In the past I have supplied

Anna Blemmings with various drawings and graphics, and I also prepared the wind compass that is used on the cover of the Site Guide. Should you wish me to prepare any items for the revamped Windsock, please let me know.

Keith Morgan
Wallington.

Thanks Keith. We need you. Ed.

MILL HILL to DEVIL'S DYKE and BACK!

It is rumoured that at least one SHGC member has made this trip - by light aircraft, courtesy the Shoreham Flying Club. Are there no heights that some people won't descend to?



Dave Bluett describes a recent XC in the company of Johnny Carr and Keith Reynolds.



crowding (the worst I have seen at the Dyke since the mid-air). However at 11.30 some fliers started to get reasonable height on and I was soon off on the Atlas, knowing that on this kite it wouldn't take to get up through the pack and above them. I soon found myself at the top with a Kiwi flier on a Sigma.

At 500' I started hitting good thermal - 5-6 up, and over quite a large area. No question, keep with it! I put the kite into "360 mode" and didn't have to alter this until I had reached 2000'. It was great watching about ten kites circling below me. At this point Bill Paine on his prototype the Pelican was the only kite close to me, but he suddenly disappeared and I eventually caught sight of him returning



The forecast on Saturday 12th July was not very inspiring - NW 4-5 and overcast with no sunshine. A quick drive down to the Dyke and I was flying at 9.30 am. I had thermalled over the back of the Dyke up to 900'A.T.O. but had to return to the ridge as the thermal dissipated. With that flight, and the fact that the wind was virtually due west I felt that cross-country potential was very good. I saw that Ren (Keith Reynolds) had put his glider bag on.

For the next 1½ hours conditions were very mediocre with a lot of

to the ridge. I found out later that he had no gloves, and only bare feet and flip-flops!!

By this time I had reached the A23 and was now working 1 and 2 ups. Johnny Carr had joined me on his Fledge, and about 700' below was Ren on his Sigma. Johnny and I now worked the lift together and gradually climbed to 2200' over Falmer, but this eventually dissipated and the vario went silent. Johnny then headed inland and started waving when he found some lift so I would join him. I looked down for Ren and quickly found him over Woodingdean (a mile away) and circling in very strong lift about 700' lower than Johnny and me. I decided that the lift Ren was in was much better than where Johnny was so I pulled on and soon found myself with Ren at 1800'. Looking back I could see Johnny heading towards us and soon all three were working the small blobs together. Eventually I reached cloudbase at Redmell, and just under 2700' ATO.



Just after I had left the Dyke I had been thinking it would be good to reach the Race Hill, and now here we were at 2000' over the back of Firlie and heading towards Beachy or at least Cuckmere Haven. But the vario was now 2-3 down and I could see Johnny and Ren who were lower heading towards the Long Man. I was now in 5 down so I followed and we were soon flying the S.W. face (the wind had obviously seabreezed here, a pity because the main N.W. face looks fantastic. The time was 1.15 pm so the flight had taken 1½ hours.

As soon as I started soaring I realised that the thermal potential was zero as we were flying one side of a small valley and consequently it was very turbulent and very poor ridge lift, but at least I was above the other two. I was wondering how long we were going to soar - I wasn't going to land first! However after half an hour Johnny flew off the end of the ridge and landed by the A27 near Wilmington. I soon followed and although Ren stayed up a little longer he was soon landing in the same field. We packed up and just made it in time to the pub for a pint and a meal - great. Johnny rang the Dyke and as we walked out of the pub Chas was driving up the road to pick us up - perfect.

Distance flown was 18½ miles which for me was a personal best as my biggest cross-country before this was 6½ miles.

D.B.

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