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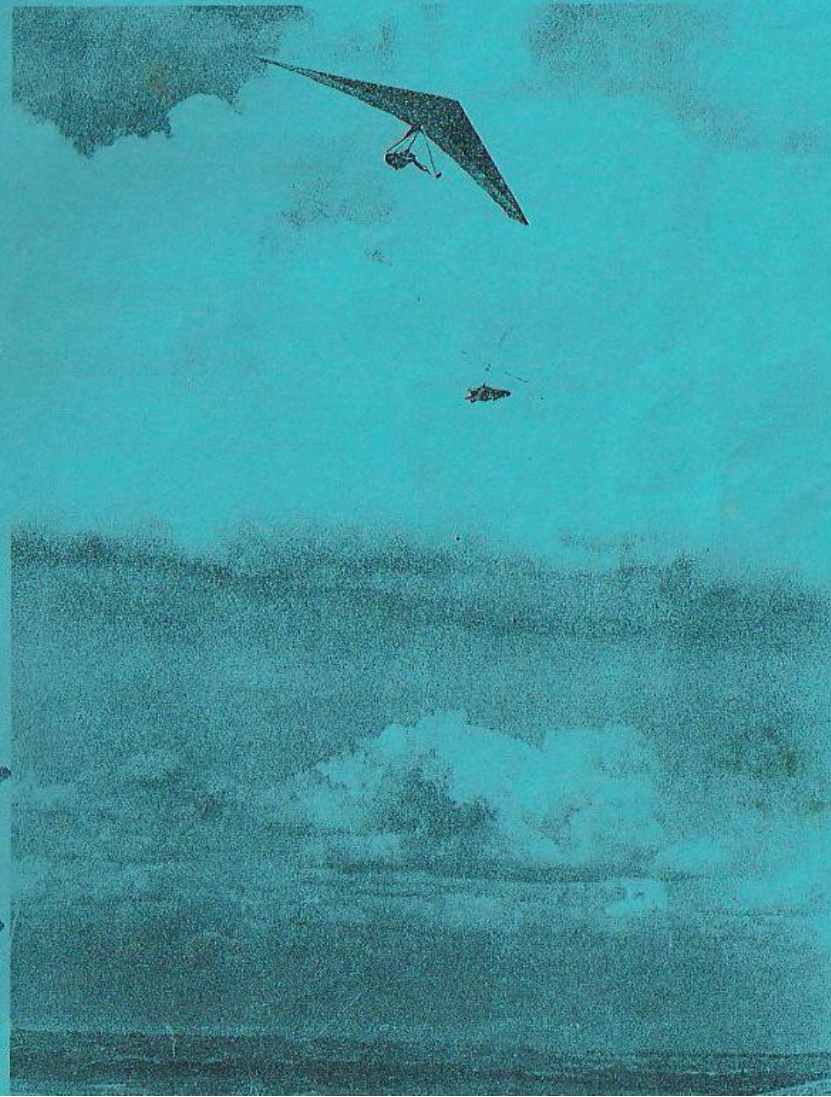
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE
SOUTHERN
HANG GLIDING CLUB



Wind SOCK

THIS ISSUE: AAARGH!! IT'S SEPTEMBER!
"THE RETURN OF NAPOLITAN"



SEND YOUR DOODLINGS HERE, FOLKS!

SHGC COMMITTEE

STILL NOT MADE A NOTE?
OK HERE WE GO AGAIN:

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RH15 9YD

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PRIZEGIVING: ELKIE BROOKES
01 65748 8884923



* 80 Overbury Close, New Addington, Croydon. Tel: 0689 49244

PLEASE NOTE: NEW ADDRESS FOR RAY SEDGWICK.

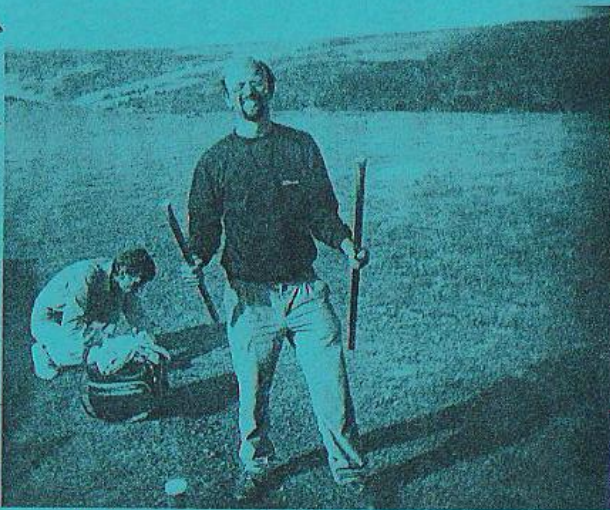
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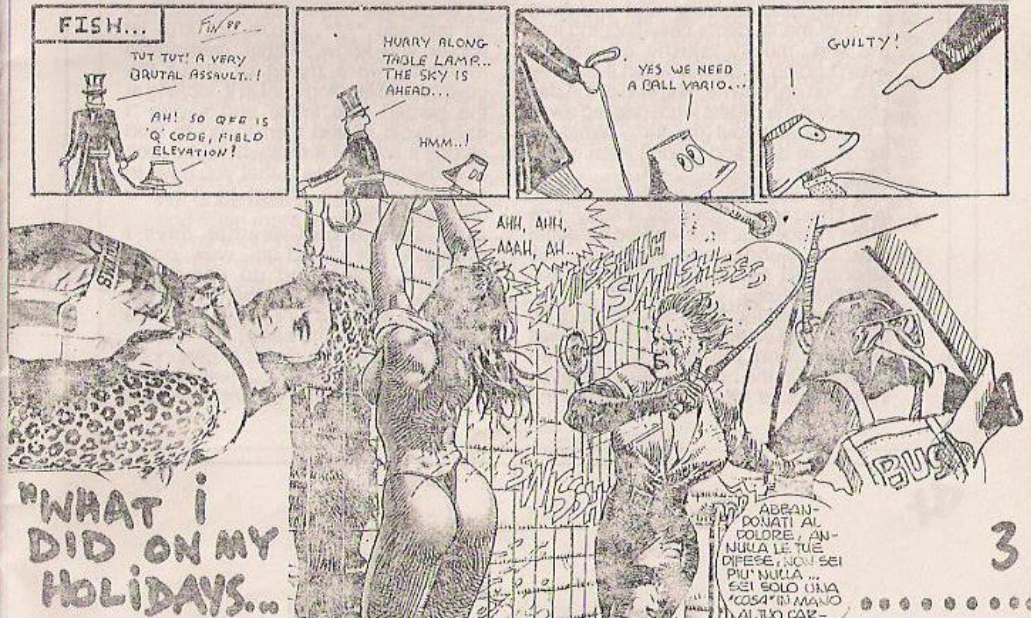
Letter from the Editor

by Andy Napolitan (TFF)

Back to the grindstone at last. Three months of competition flying around Europe with Mark Chicky has left me a knackered but happy man. I understand that the copious letters I sent to Cook here at Windsock (I hate that name - what's the odds on getting it changed?) got lost in the mail so he had to produce the last few issues on his own. Sorry mate but well done anyhow. Seems we're having difficulty motivating you lazy bums to send us letters, articles and CARTOONS / PHOTOS. DO IT. It doesn't have to be much, half a page would help. A lot seems to have occurred since I've been away. The best Summer ever which I never saw. Carnet taking the paragliding XC record with "Small Mike" Millwood (you should have stuffed him there, Milly! Big mistake.) Brilliant flight, chaps. Also the loss of Richard Rolfe - a good pilot and a good mate. Sky out with the angels, pal. Life wasn't boring abroad either, though... we flew the World Paragliding Championships in Kossen, Austria (dire organisation, really criminal), the Alpen Open in Stubai, Austria (hang gliding), Swiss National Paragliding Championships, Lucky Strike Open (paragliding) at Verbier, Switzerland (me), the French National Hang Gliding

Championships (Mark). We went all the way to Italy (Monte Cuccu) as part of the British Team, but found that the comp was blown out due to high winds. Other comps and some free flying made the rest of the journey up, ending with the British Hang Gliding League at Ager in Spain, where I came an acceptable 8th, and Mark went bonkers coming in second. Good flight pal! We staggered off the Newhaven ferry after twenty-odd hours non-stop travelling, only to find it a classic northerly at the Dyke. It was a case of spot the flying zombies that day! Anyway enough wah! about my arduous ordeal abroad, it's filthy work I know but someone has to do it. It's going to take a bit of time to catch up on local events, so forgive me if this editorial is a bit sparse on southern gossip. Congratulations to "Slaphead" Whittall on taking the World Championship. Hope he has the same success at his impending court case involving loitering somewhere unhygienic or other. Apologies to Craig "Bag Lady" Dolwyn for omitting his name from the Southern Zoo report. Apparently, he flew consistently well and scored high. If you want a more entertaining front piece from me or Gary next issue, send us some SALACIOUS TITTLE TATTLE to print.

See you later.



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Remembrances of a Hang Glider Pilot

by Don Mapp

Ever since I was a boy I was interested in flying with dreams of becoming a fighter pilot shooting up the baddies (do I want to fly with this guy? - Ed). I never made it, though, and left school early. I had the opportunity to go gliding and eventually got the Bronze C, joined a flying club at work but didn't pursue it, although I still belong to it. After the usual distractions and getting an honours degree with the Open University I got the opportunity to do a part-time PhD with London University (QMC) - and this is where the hang gliding part comes in.

On the notice board at college: "Hang Gliding Weekend at the Isle of Wight, special rates for students". Well, I was a student, so I paid my subs, and travelled down and was at the IoW at 10am as arranged to meet my mates - but there was no-one there. An expensive taxi ride later, and I was at a 100ft hill called The Warren... "sorry Don, the weather was good so we left early" was the apology. Boy oh boy I was fuming! This chap called Mike said I could have a few goes before the end. I spent the time listening and learning and watching most of the students belly-flopping into the wet, mucky, slushy cowpats. I wasn't going to do this when it was my turn... oh no, not me. The end of the day came and the gliders were packed away - hey, what about my turn? What an expensive day, and I didn't even get to have a go.

The next Saturday I had 18 flights and, yes, I missed the cowpats. Paddy, one of the instructors, sure worked hard that day. On Sunday the wind was too strong, so we learnt about reflex, washout, etc.

The next weekend was fully booked, on the next the weather was OK but I was working, and the next we all tried creeping up the hill - but Mike has eyes in the back of his head as well as the

front. We gradually took off higher and higher of of this 100ft hill until "Mike, can I go off the top of this hill?" After some deliberation, yipee! I can go off the top. This hang gliding lark is getting better every day. I'm going to have some more. Some of the instructions I can remember were "Cross those f*****g legs you overgrown teddybear", "look up you ****", flare flare you ****", "get that glider into wind". What's your flight plan - oops make one up quick.

Then there was the time I heard everyone on the hill go "wow!" as I shot about 15ft above take off. Hang Gliding is great - I only wish I had some servants to carry the glider up the hill - the last few feet to the top are the worst.

Now into my life comes the Magic 3. I was advised I would need a little more experience, but thought so what, I'd have it anyway. First flight on this new machine: I'm lucky to have got some colour in my skin or everyone would have seen the various colours I must have gone - my underpants certainly nearly turned brown. The second flight was the same. Shaken, but still determined, I went back to square one and worked my way back towards the top. I told Dave (another instructor) that the wing really dropped when I did a turn. "That's because you're flying too slow. Listen to the wind speed. LISTEN \ FEEL \ BAR POSITION." It works! "Not so fast you ****, you're not in a jet fighter you know." Other memorable moments were trying to avoid the cowshit and landing right in it, looking at the barbed wire fence and saying "I must avoid it" and then trying to land astride it. Why is it that when you look at something knowing that you have to avoid it you are drawn to it like a magnet?

After several bad-weather days I eventually got signed off - wow, now I can join a club and do some real soaring. Somehow, Southern Club got lumbered with me. Firle is on, so off we go and speak to the senior site bod.

"Don't fly here, you're not experienced enough" - how sick you feel as you watch everyone take off and soar and

you are advised not to fly. One member did come over and console me which made me feel better... but it was 90 miles and not even a top to bottom.

The next day it was off to Steyning to speak to this chap Eddie. It was a "Yes, but wait for it to come round to dead east and smooth". 3 hours later it was almost dead east, and suddenly gliders were being rigged all round me. I'm going before the sky gets too crowded. Up up and away - this is what it's all about - it was all worthwhile just for this one flight. I'm going to enjoy hang gliding. I'd been told not to go past the plantation as it would get rough, but I was at least 150ft up, I felt safe and I started to explore. In a moment when I was worrying about the other 2 gliders in the sky, I lost concentration and forgot about airspeed - shit! The left wing dropped viciously - quickly pull the bar in and get some speed - double shit! I'm in a near vertical spin. That tree's spinning like a top - I must pull out of this. I'm going to make it - no I'm not.

I got the wings level, but got the wing-tips caught on the ground - splat! The top of the hill hit me.

Broken aluminium around me, and the glider on top of me. I unclipped and moved to the panic-stricken pilots running towards me. I wasn't scared, nor did I panic during the accident. The delayed shock was to come later. I was more concerned that this was the end of my flying year, as I couldn't afford another glider. Two small scratches and a bruise on the chest... bloody lucky me. During a debriefing by Trevor Arkwright, it turned out that I was much lower than I thought, flying too slowly and getting rotated coming from the hill. Henceforth I'll keep extra speed on when low and not underestimate the power of rotor - and listen more carefully to advice.

Trevor was kind and sympathetic during my debriefing, but all I kept saying was f**k it. It seemed that the mangled mess of my glider might be repairable if the tear in the sail can be mended. My ears pricked up and I packed the wreckage. I saw Trevor again later and was surprised not to get my head bitten off -


perhaps he was in shock. I saw Eddie coming back from lunch - now I'm for it, he's going to tear me limb from limb - shall I avoid him? - no. I'll take my medicine like a man. Thanks Eddie for putting a little sugar on the medicine. I phoned the Safety Officer, Rod and got myself another debriefing. I do feel like a ninny.

After three weeks, Trevor told me that the sail of my glider was OK, and that it would be ready by the weekend. The adrenalin started to flow again...

Back at Steyning, Trevor test flew the reconstructed Magic, reported all well and the air was as smooth as silk. Now it's my go... the excitement builds up, and I have the pleasure of knowing that I am going to fly again. Off I go, get into prone, try to turn right. It won't go where I want it to go. Panic! HELP! What am I doing up here? I can't muck this up again... after a while order was restored and I landed OK. There followed several weeks of plying Trevor with booze, food and petrol so that he'd come out on his days off to help me to get my confidence back. After 6.5 hours soaring, that safe feeling is just returning, but I will never forget that first 10 minutes of soaring and top landing with Trevor at the end of the radio link. He had to shut me up as I couldn't stop talking due to the sheer exhilaration. Trevor has become a real friend and being with him has taught me how much more there is to learn after coming out of school. Our trip to Rhossili and other Welsh sites was another high in my hang gliding - suffice it to say that if any low airtime pilot has the chance to go to Rhossili in westerlies, take it, it's worth the expense of the trip. Many many thanks to all those SHGC members who've given me help and advice, not forgetting Adrian, Stevie, Gary, Mark, Sue and a host of others.

But most of all Trevor, Zoe and Eddie from Free Flight Hang Gliding School who taught me so much.

My hang gliding is going from peak to peak, and each new goal takes me to new heights of exhilaration and pleasure...



Champion News

by Robbie Whittall

It would appear that after a short spell of stagnation, the Southern Club has turned out two new hopeful competition pilots...

Mark Chick (Rambo) is the first of the duo. Mark spent most of the Summer season flying in hang gliding and paragliding competitions. He now tells me that hang gliding comes first, and after his display at the Third British League in Ager - where he placed second - I can only hope that it has boosted his hunger to become a top competition pilot even more.

Andy Napolitan (The Flying Fag). He already has a big name in paragliding, and is now showing that he can do it in hang gliding as well. You might say that Andy has had some ups and downs in hang gliding competition, but he has always shown an amazing amount of determination and it has finally started to come right. Andy came eighth at the League in Ager and now has a very reasonable place overall.

Both pilots are flying Kisses, and it's also interesting to note that Sky Systems has sponsored both of them - one can only say "good choice".
Yours,



NOTE:
Robbie Whittall is Current World Champion, and author of the quote "I'm going to take up moto cross. I've got to try something that I'm not brilliant at".

Northerly Bowl News

It has been suggested that paraglider pilots should set down to allow hang glider pilots to scratch for lift when a load of sink hits the Dyke - especially around the Northerly Bowl. Reason being that hang gliders face a big carry up but paragliders can set down on the slope.

Hot Poop

Many thanks indeed are due (at least from those of us who were there) to Tom Bradbury, who delivered a very informative and stimulating lecture on Flying Weather to us on Saturday 9th September at the Dyke cafeteria. With the help of a large selection of very clear and detailed overhead projections, Mr. Bradbury clearly knows an awful lot about the weather, but perhaps more importantly is himself a renowned glider pilot. He took us through the rudiments of a few concepts which we should all, as pilots, know about.

I for one learnt a lot that evening, as he guided us through sea breeze fronts, ridge lift, inversions, thermals & thermalling, and wave. The amount of information that he managed to pack into his two and a half hour lecture was amazing - and it made it obvious that people such as myself who are only just getting to grips with the basics still have an awful lot to learn.

Realising this, we could do a lot worse than taking a long look at Bradbury's excellent book "Meteorology & Flight" which may enable us to fill in the much-needed gaps in our knowledge of the air we all fly in. Again, many thanks to Tom Bradbury, and to Liz and Oriole for organising it.

Enclosed with your super soaraway Windsock this month (for those of you who haven't got them yet) is the car sticker as mentioned in last month's issue... they prove that you're a member when using the car park at Firl, etc...

Bad luck and get well soon to Roger Barton, victim of a bad landing at Mere...

Oh, and welcome back to Andy Nap.

The Airwave Semi Final:

South-East Wales, 26/27/28 August

Competition Report by Mark Fisher

The weekend looked promising on the forecasts during the week before, so it was with great expectation that Gary Mitchell and I drove up on the Friday evening through the drizzle of a warm front.

The Saturday morning started reasonably with some blue patches, but as we moved towards Crickhowell where the briefing was scheduled at 10.00 the sky became overdeveloped and the wind was picking up from the west. The site was named as Merthyr, and half an hour after everyone had left the briefing, Gary and I were still waiting for other SHGC members to turn up - we were the only ones there! Finally, Ray Sedgewick, our Competitions "organiser" arrived with Dave Matthews, later joined by Colin Jobey and Steve Cook.

On top of Merthyr Common, pilots huddled around in the shelter of camper vans in the 30 mph westerly wind. For two hours, it raged and got stronger whilst the only glider to be unstrapped from a vehicle was Ray Sedgewick's!

The day was eventually called off and a number of pilots went down to investigate the day ski slope at the bottom of the hill. This proved a far more entertaining prospect than gale-hanging, for participants and spectators alike.

On day two, the wind was more northerly and the site chosen was The Bloreng. Fortunately, a Dutch pilot had a superb Toyota Land Cruiser which was capable of taking ten gliders plus ten pilots and gear up the long track to the top - he proved a very popular chap over the weekend!

The wind was gusty, between 28 and 35 mph on top, although the sky was superb... a task of goal to the Magor on the coast near Newport was called, a distance of about 20 miles. Every now and then a pilot would pluck up courage and stand on the edge, held down by about six wire-men, and then he would retreat after about 20 minutes. Eventually, two

pilots managed to get airborne at around 3.30, and they left under the edge of a black cloud.

Later, around 5.30, the wind had dropped sufficiently to allow normal 3-man wire launches with reasonable safety. The SHGC B-Team got its act together, and took off quite soon after one another. Unfortunately not only had the wind dropped a bit, but the sky had deteriorated, and thermal lift was limited. Scraping as much height as we could, each of us took a downwind dive in the general direction of the goal to score at least some points.

There was a certain amount of confusion later that evening among the SHGC contingent, mainly because our Captain and Competitions "Organiser" Ray Sedgewick failed to score, failed to find a set of car keys, failed to locate the rest of the team, and decided to go to a pub ten miles away (with another team) for a steak and chips! Never mind Ray - we finally managed a bag of chips and a quick drink before the pub shut! Further confusion was caused by the disappearance of Colin's glider from his landing place by a roadside. We hoped someone had picked it up in error, but suspected that it had been stolen...

The next day, Bank Holiday Monday, was bright and blue but the wind was zero! The Bloreng was called again, and our Dutch friend was very popular yet again. This time, with the wind forecast to become westerly, a goal was set at the Wye Bridge in Monmouth, about ten miles away, with a minimum scoring distance of 10 km.

The sky looked really good, and the occasional sailplane glistening at cloudbase confirmed this. However, the Bloreng is really a north to north easterly take off, and the main bowl was in wind shadow from what drift there was. A classic seabreeze front drifted toward us, just as it does at the Dyke. Expecting it to alter the wind direction at any time, a number of pilots, including our team all took off in nil-wind conditions. Despite the sky, everyone went down, except one Welsh pilot who caught the convergence over the Sugar Loaf mountain and got within 4 miles of goal. Looking back, it seems obvious that the sea breeze is not going to come over the top of an 1800-foot mountain, but round the sides, filling the valleys with cold sea air whilst the



flow at the top remains unchanged. So we took off into the sea air below - that's our excuse anyway.

Colin didn't fly on the Monday due to the loss of his glider, and he was replaced by Dave Matthews. A policeman came to the Bloreng and told someone that Colin's missing glider was at Newport Police Station, so it all ended happily.

The minimum distance rule saved us from having to do a desperate glide along the A40, so thankfully, after a de-briefing session (or a Ray Sedgewick-bashing session) in a local cafe, we were all able to get on our way home by early evening...

SOUTHERN TEAM

Ray Sedgewick
Mark Fisher
Gary Mitchell
Colin Jobey
reserve - Dave Matthews

RESULTS:

1. South East Wales
2. Devon & Somerset Condors
3. Kernow
4. George Caley
5. Mercian
6. S H G C
7. Malvern
8. Devon

World Record set on a Magic Kiss

Press Release from Airwave

FAI Observers confirmed on 8th August 1989 that US pilot Kevin Christopher, a 27-year-old bricklayer has become the first hang glider pilot to fly over 250 miles in a single flight - his record is 289 miles. Christopherson, flying an Airwave Magic Kiss, broke the previous world record by more than 40 miles.

He took 6 hours and 20 minutes on August 3rd to cover the distance between Wiskey Peak, Wyoming, and

Kyle, South Dakota, at an average speed of 45 mph (In Europe the equivalent distance would be between London and Luxembourg).

FAI observers have checked the barograph used by Christopherson on his record flight and see no obstacle to the official confirmation of his world record within the next two months.

Christopherson said that his flight was made possible by the "speed, climbing performance and superb handling of his Magic Kiss"... "It handled the big air easily during my total of 9 hours in the air".

Safety Corner

by Rod Lees

This month just a notice from the BHGA regarding the GYR: GYR WARNING NOTICE.

"Tests have been carried out on a GOLDMARK GYR, and the pitch stability is shown to be suspect. The glider may not have been set to exact manufacturers' specifications - nevertheless, all GYR PILOTS are strongly advised to immediately check the

standard of their gliders and ensure that they meet manufacturer's specifications.

As a precaution, flights in strong turbulence or flying near maximum speed SHOULD NOT BE ATTEMPTED.

Further tests are being conducted with the aircraft set to standard specifications; the results will be published as soon as possible".

BHGA. 22.8.89.

The ABC of Paragliding by Hubert Aupetit

Book Review by Walter Neumark

Hubert is a freelance professional journalist and author, a pilot of hang gliders, microlights (and sea-planes) and the most enthusiastic protagonist of "paragliding for everyone".

One time Chief Editor of "Vol Libre" - and later an independent contributor - he has probably flown more different models of paraglider than anyone else (including the Askwith / Wakelin Sorcerer). He pioneered a 36 km out-and-return cliff soaring flight near Le Havre on 19.04.86 as well as other cliff-soaring flights in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and many other places in the World.

The present mid-1989 English "ABC" is a much-revised and more up-to-date

version of the original French "ABC". The translators were Catherine Tobin, Jo Homewood and Gary Cook of Sky Systems, whose Michel Carnet helped with the choice of the English aeronautical terms and 9 photographs of UK paragliding. The rest of the photos are attributed to Vol Libre, and many of the earlier ones show pilots without helmets - however, the text confirms that they are essential for safety.

I must pay special tribute to Jean-Paul Budillon (because we seriously disagreed on rules for paragliding competitions in the past) for his outstanding illustrations.

It is excellently written and easy to read, and Jean-Paul's funny cartoons really drive home their message. It is superior in its scope to all the available interim handbooks. A "Volume 2" is promised, to deal with distance, wave, competition, aerobatics, etc...

To sum up: The ABC is the best English paraglider pilot's handbook - every F1 pilot should have his own copy.

Insurance for Paragliding

In order to fly a paraglider, one MUST be a member of the BAPC (British Association of Paragliding Clubs).

BHGA (British Hang Gliding Association) Insurance/Membership DOES NOT COVER members for paragliding.

A year's membership of the BAPC costs £35.00.

Current BHGA Members can join the BAPC for £11.00 on production of their membership card.

The first pilot rating for paragliding is F1, which can be usually be achieved after 4 or 5 days ab initio training. The second rating is F2, which includes at least 100 minutes airtime and an oral test on airlaw, meteorology, site assessment and theory of flight.

BHGA Pilots with P2 rating can normally qualify directly for F2 by proving their ability to use a canopy, which usually means a 1 or 2 day conversion.

Unlike the BHGA, the BAPC does not deal directly with members - they deal with "Paragliding Clubs", each of which has a Club Chief Instructor (CCI). The Paragliding Club for our area is Sky Systems Paragliding School.

To join the BAPC or find out more about the rating system, call them on (0533) 513007.



Southern Zoo Conquer Europe!

by Andy Napolitan

How much better can the Southern Hang Gliding Club get?

Already host to innumerable World, European and British Champions at League Level, we now have the latest news from the first European Airwave Challenge at Ager that a team of "ordinary" Club pilots has come FIRST, with a SHGC pilot first overall. There will be a full report in the next Windsock from one of the team members, but here's a brief summary given to us exclusively by Kev (MachoMan) Pickering and horny Lorna.

Apparently, there were enough SHGC pilots present to form two teams. The highly competitive "Southern Zoo" team, and the smaller, leisure-class "Sussex Team". The weather was good enough to allow three days flying, with low inversions, cu-nims and relatively low cloudbase of 7 to 8 thousand ASL.

Day One saw a task set to Balaguer, a town in the next valley before take off to the North, with optional shorter turnpoints for the less adventurous. A low inversion meant that it was impossible to make goal, and the three highest scorers (Ron Richardson among them) made the ariel turnpoint on top of the ridge between the valleys and glided into the official landing field. One pilot seemed unable to make his mind up about which side of the ridge to land on, and so Ray (Squeeky) Sedgewick put it on the top of it. Complications with retrieval led to bitter acrimony, and Ray defected to the "Sussex Team" (The full SP will be in the official report... I hope). Another noteworthy performance that day was put in by Zoo Member Mark Johns, our mighty chairman, who faffed about over the landing field making his usual fancy approach, bounced off a tree and hit a car... the next time he rigged and wandered off for five minutes, he returned to find a small bush taped to his king post. What a sap!

Day Two saw the task cancelled due to the threat of thunderstorms - in a mirror image of what had occurred at the Ager league this year, it turned out to be the best flying day of the whole comp. I think it was around this point that drunken revelry at the local bar got

wildly out of hand, and "Big" Kev P's batten bunny Lorna had to be dragged off of a hapless Irish pilot after decking him with a right hook and kicking him all around the bar floor.

Day Three had an interesting task set, with various turnpoints around the valley to be visited in any order. It was to be a high scoring day, with the Zoo doing well.

Day Four was a flight to goal via two turnpoints, and gave Mark "BushBaby" Johns a chance to salvage some of his pride by winning the day after bombing out the previous day... it seems that he went down one minute thirty seconds after take off. Still, that wasn't as bad as Trevor Upright, who'd landed out in the boonies, walked out, and the latest reports indicate that his glider is still up the mountain! It's gonna cost a lot of wedge to fetch his kit, so buy the poor man a drink when you see him!

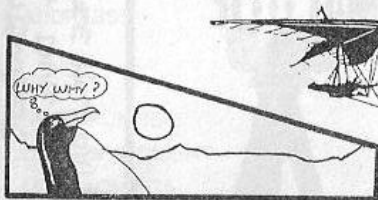
Sunday was to have been the fifth flying day, but was called off. This was a little unfortunate, as the highest scoring pilot would have been handicapped by being made to fly dressed as a woman (not much of a handicap if you were a woman, though...) All was not lost, and festivities at the barby that evening were heightened by the appearance of Ray "I only wear the sheerest stockings" Sedgers in FULL DRAG. Yep, its the god's honest - Ray was overall winner of the comp. A cunningly contrived masterplan of patience and unpredictability had led him to VICTORY. He was awarded his prize of 20% of a new new Kiss by Tim Williams who'd APPARENTLY been seen fawning over Ray and offering him numerous lifts to the top in his 4WD all week. He knows a good thing when he sees it, does our Tim.

Ray also got the prize for the "Most Indecisive Pilot" or M.I.P. from Declan Doyle, the Irish King of Ager (apparently Elkie Brookes couldn't make it) - this consisted of a die with "I WILL TAKE OFF" on one side, and "I WON'T TAKE OFF" on the opposite. Or "TURN LEFT" on one, "TURN RIGHT" on the other, and so on... the rest of the lads won a very fetching T-Shirt each, and could congratulate themselves on good team planning.

continued...

It must be said that Ray took rather a long time when he went to take his "outfit" off assisted by a young female German pilot. Not much INDECISION there).

As usual, everyone enjoyed the comp, and as is always the case, people were surprised at what they could achieve and finished up as better pilots than when they started.



BHGA Flying Operations

An 8-point Code for BHGA Sites, released by Angus Pickerton, Chairman of Training

1. When a site is shared by fast and slow aircraft, it is vital that all pilots make themselves sufficiently aware of the operating procedures which may be in force on the day. In addition, everyone on site should hold a valid flying membership and be covered by third party insurance.

2. Areas for take off, approaches and landing should be clearly established. If separate take offs or landing areas are used, then their positions should be arranged so that the respective flight paths do not cross. Ad hoc take offs and landings should be actively discouraged.

3. The airspace in front of take off and that used for landing overshoots should be kept clear as much as possible. Traffic entering these zones should only do so to transit from one area to another.

4. Consideration of other pilots is essential to avoid overcrowding and airspace conflict. This can be achieved in a number of ways and according to circumstance:

i) Limit one's own flying time and/or numbers in the air.

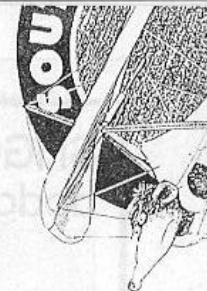
THE TEAMS: SOUTHERN ZOO:

Ron Richardson
Kevin Pickering
John Young
Ricky Young
Mark Johns
Bob Sinclair
Ben Ashman
Dave Perrin
Pete

Ray Sedgewick

SUSSEX TEAM:

Ray Sedgewick
Dave Keepax
Trevor Upright
Slaphead Dave



ii) Launching in groups according to the glider's speed.

iii) All traffic should conform to a flying pattern, and no single craft should "hog the lift" or manoeuvre his/her glider in such a way as to disturb an established pattern.

iv) Pilots should slowly build up to flying in airspace which is either busy or is shared with aircraft with a marked difference in airspeed and manoeuvrability.

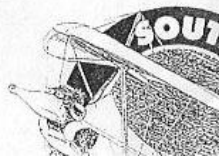
5. Gliders with a markedly superior performance should give due consideration to those flying lower performance wings.

6. All pilots must appreciate the flying characteristics of the aircraft they are flying with. For instance, high performance wings are fast, have shallow glide angles, and need to use a relatively large area to turn in. Low performance wings are slow, have steep glide angles, and can turn quickly in a small area.

7. Irrespective of the place, type of launch or aircraft involved, the use of anticipation and good airmanship is essential.

8. In interests of safety and airmanship, a person should be appointed to be in charge of operations when a site is shared by fast and slow gliders.

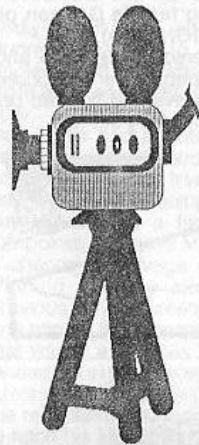
Editor's Note: Although these guidelines are obviously aimed at paragliders, they apply just as well to the differences in flying speeds between, say, a Clubman and the latest Kiss/Rumour.



SHGC members in
dodgy film shock !!

SHGC VIDEO COMPETITION

Devil's Dyke
8.00pm October 7th
FREE YEAR'S MEMBERSHIP
FOR THE BEST FILM UNDER
10 MINUTES - ANY SUBJECT
TO DO WITH FLYING -
even Johnny's "birthday film"!



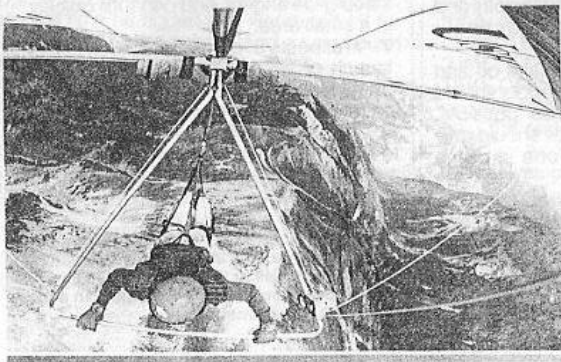
any format

MINUTES:
NO SEPTEMBER
MEETINGS DUE TO
COMMITTEE HOLIDAYS.



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If you have an accident, however minor, please take the time to fill in the form below and send it to Rod Lees, the Safety Officer:

ACCIDENT REPORT

NAME:

ADDRESS:

SHGC NUMBER:

PILOT RATING:

DATE OF INCIDENT:

LOCATION/SITE:

TIME:

BRIEF DETAILS: (Please include flight details, equipment, names of any witnesses, damage to third party, etc.)

DIAGRAM:

NOW SEND THE FORM TO ROD LEES, 22 HEMPSTEAD ROAD,
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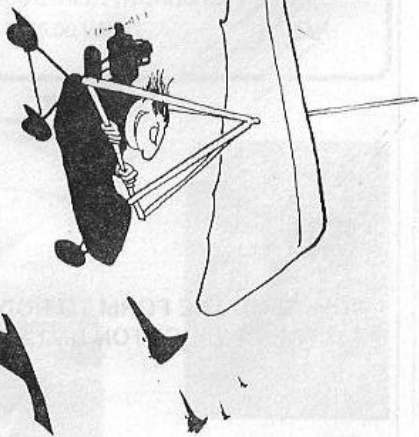
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Shock news reaches the Muckraker's pen... **ROD LEES**, that pillar of Hang Gliding Respectability admits that, at the age of **FOUR**, he **SMOKED** grass rolled up in **TOILET PAPER**.

Quote of the month: "The sport of parapending (sic) involves jumping from a precipice and hoping that the wind will not blow you into a mountain. The nylon wing "flies" up and down..." (Guardian, 01.09.89). And who the hell is **JOHN BARLOW** anyway??

MICHEL CARNET clocks up another personal best recently... **THREE SPEEDING CONVICTIONS** in one year...

SCANDAL hits the Club yet again - B-Team member **COLIN JOBEY** casually mentions that he used to wear **LADIES TIGHTS** whilst hang gliding... "Well, I only wore them a few times..." he said, realising that Muckraker was standing nearby. In further mitigation, he said that he only wore them to keep warm. (A likely story Colin - better stick to the Ozee in future).

MUCKRAKER BRANE FADE AWARD to Comp Organiser Ray Sedgers... at the Welsh Airwave Semi he went missing for 5 hours after taking off. The rest of the Southern Team quickly located one another and went off in search of the gallant captain, who was eventually found in a remote pub on his third pint and eating steak and chips with members of another team!

Runner-up in the **AERIAL GARDENING** stakes goes to **COLIN JOBEY**. Taking off at Rhossili, he decided some bush-clipping would be in order, and ended up in a gorse bush with a sprained finger... fortunately he was not wearing tights at the time...

Reports are trickling in of an unidentified man impersonating a **traffic warden** at Mount Caburn... Tatty, almost illegible notes are scrawled on the back of old SHGC membership forms and stuck behind windscreen wipers. An eyewitness described the man as "scruffy, very large, aged around 75 and driving a vehicle with Sussex College of Hang Gliding written on it..." This man is said to be totally mad, and under the impression that he owns the site and surrounding roads and fields...

Skilful co-ordination of hand and eye of the hang glider pilot was wonderfully displayed by a bleary-eyed **Dave Matthews** in the cafe at Crickhowell recently... to the great amusement of an entire roomful of walkers and pilots, Dave carefully applied the "fork to the sausage" and slid the entire breakfast face down onto his lap...

Eddie "**CAN PAY - WON'T PAY**" Horsefield of the Fly Straight At Yer" Club has developed a new technique known as the "one foot" landing. Having set up approach (into the prohibited small paddock, of course) you find out at the critical last minute that your zip is jammed. You get one foot out just in time and plough through the odd picnic, making clumsy contact with the rigging area - when approached, you then say "Well, it's okay to land there if you know what you're doing".

Further events at Caburn: A message was sent up the hill to pilots at the top that their **TYRES WOULD BE DEFLATED** unless the cars were moved from the lay-by within 25 MINUTES! The message was ignored, and turned out to be another idle threat by the **PHANTOM TRAFFIC WARDEN**.

ORIOLE GOEPEL going for a new **CLUB RECORD**... 10 years to get a P1?

HOLIDAY FUN WITH
Muck Raker!

Mitchell's Monthly

by Gary Mitchell

CLUB COACH COURSE

The date has been confirmed as the 28 / 29 October (see last month's Windsock for details). So far I haven't been overwhelmed by the response - is there anybody out there who reads this? Hello! Do your good deed for the year and let's have your name on the list. You know it makes sense.

CAA QUESTIONNAIRE

For those that have received the questionnaire on transponders from the Civil Aviation Authority, it is very important that these are filled in and returned so that when the BHGA and other organisations start beating the CAA with heavy blunt objects there's enough paperwork backing them up to get the whole idea buried.

The BHGA policy regarding the thing is to answer the questions factually, and where written answers are required, stress the COST, WEIGHT and IMPRACTICABILITY of the idea of carrying one. Stress the potential clutter on radar screens, and the general over-regulation of flying in this country.

Suggested Answers to the CAA Questionnaire for Paraglider Pilots

by Walter Neumark

In many surveys which are evaluated by computer, any question which has not been ticked or ringed is considered incomplete and such questionnaires are often excluded from the survey...

Q1: UNREGISTERED

Q2: Make = PG

Manufacturer = ITV, etc.

Model: Sapphire, etc.

Weight: (up to 2730 kg)

Q3: Total hours. To include hours of ALL pilots who have flown the craft.

Q4: Your own hours as % of the above.

Q7: Remember that if you exceed any of the given heights even once in the last 12 months, than tick the 0-25% box.

Q7: Remember that if the take-off site is 1500 ft and you soar over 500 ft you exceeded 2000 ft amsl; if released from tow at 2000 ft and you soar over 1000 ft you exceeded 3000 ft + t/o elevation.

Q8: NONE, NONE, NONE.

Q9: Ring 1.

Q10A: Ring NO.

Q11A: Weight of batteries for 6hrs operation.

Q12: Not applicable - see Q14.

Q13: Not applicable - see Q14.

Q14: Ring (NEVER) (5).

Q15: It would be impossible to gain FAI World Records in UK Uncontrolled Airspace. It would become impossible to gain any FAI Gold or Diamond badges in the UK. It would become extremely difficult to gain any FAI Silver badge, which is the incentive for the mass of club pilots (as opposed to the few individuals who can enter a world championship) towards a better performance and greater enjoyment.

Q16: It would very seriously restrict the quality of training in the UK for soaring flight achievement by Paragliders, Hang Gliders and Gliders for World and International Championships.

Q17: It is probable that the mandatory use of transponders above 5000 ft in uncontrolled airspace WOULD NOT INCREASE SAFETY BUT HAVE THE REVERSE EFFECT for 2 reasons:-

A) RAS and RIS would be completely saturated with suspected potential near-miss indications, and there would be INSUFFICIENT TIME on the appropriate frequency to advise those at risk.

B) Pilots could believe that mandatory transponders place some responsibility on ATS to alert them of collision risk in uncontrolled airspace which could lead to deterioration in keeping a good LOOK-OUT at all times.

Q18: It may be best to ring 7, 6 and 5 ONLY (or possibly 4 and 2 in addition).

Mumblings of a low airtime pilot

by Peter Bruce

Went to the Isle of Wight for my holidays this year, and was prompted by the family to take the glider alone. Being, at best, a low airtime top to bottom bod, I duly strapped the glider on the roof. After obtaining a site guide and paying my fees at Airwave (a friendly lot), I got up on Brightstone Down and was told by a number of pilots of good competition standing - no names here - that conditions would be good for a first soaring attempt.

I discussed conditions with one of these pilots, as well as turn points on the hill and what to avoid.

My hang check and all my pre-flight checks being done to the book, I shouted "release" and I was away - heart pounding. First turn, a bit too far out - at last clear of the hill (but out of the lift band). My next turn lost the usual height and again turned too far out and sent me on the way down...

I had no problems on landing, so I packed up and went back up the hill - (this reminded me of Eddie, and training...)

On my second flight, I was told to turn in the lift band and keep a line over a fence which would keep me in the ridge lift nicely. I thought it was nice of some farmer to put up a fence where we could use it instead of being the usual hindrance...

I took off and did my first tight turn along the ridge - concentrated on the next turn - pull in, roll, push out. Sloppy, but I got round OK. I was past the take off point and NOT losing height - at last. Concentrate: next turn - still not good, but I was still in ridge lift over that fence... then I got confidence - I started to enjoy my flight - OUT WENT MY CONCENTRATION.

I did the next beat OK, and with no height loss and I felt that all the hard work done training on the hill was worthwhile. I hadn't lost any height at all and this flight so far had given me more actual airtime than all my flights to date. "Good old (well, young) Eddie for all his efforts in training me" I thought... but little did I know that Bilous was bellowing as loudly as he could: "SPEED SPEED SPEED". His ghost was jumping up and down on the hill in desperation with clenched fist pounding the empty air - and my empty head...

I must turn, I thought - and roll, push out - "hell, this feels sloppy" (I didn't pull on speed before my turn).

At last I woke up, but too late as I had stalled in a turn and was heading right for the hill.

At last Eddie was in my mind's eye, and I remembered what he had said over a pint at the top of the Dyke in such a circumstance...

"pull on speed and try to flip out the glider before you run out of air".

Remembering this advice took a few seconds, and inexperience took another few seconds, and it nearly worked, but brambles reached up all of 20 feet and grabbed hold of the base bar.

Well, so much for the tale, but I nearly made it, with the glider coming to rest facing down the hill, but one broken upright and a bent basebar - and plenty of splattered blackcurrants (I found out later that they looked just like blood). The moral of the story is the old one: "SPEED IS SAFETY".

I was lucky, with not even a scratch or bruises to show for my mishap - just a £50 dent in my pocket.

It takes a lot to put it down on paper, as the incident already makes me feel a dickhead, but perhaps the above will help someone else... (I did send an accident report in). So... sorry to Eddie for not listening to his advice during my flight. Thanks to Eddie for the advice that let me live to tell the tale.

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WANTED

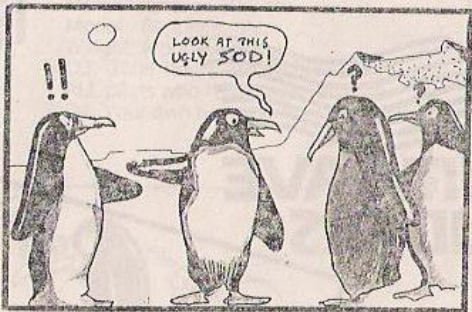
195 LIGHTNING WING in reasonable condition. Contact Derek 0737 768203

LOST

Lost at Dyke on 2.9.89: **DIPLEX ALTIMETER.** Lost near fence in front of pub. Call D. Mapp on 5581407.

TRAVEL

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