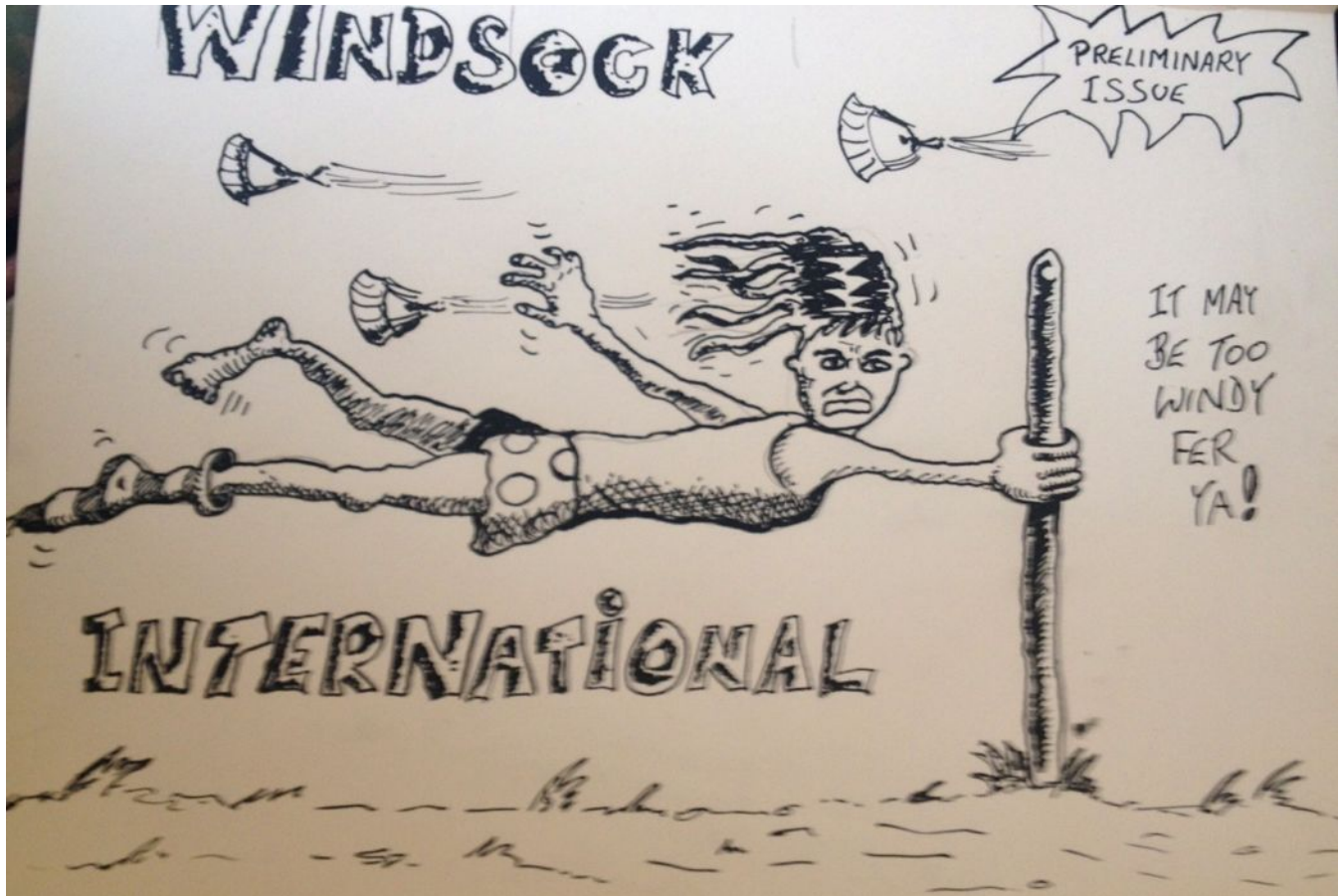


A professionally produced magazine



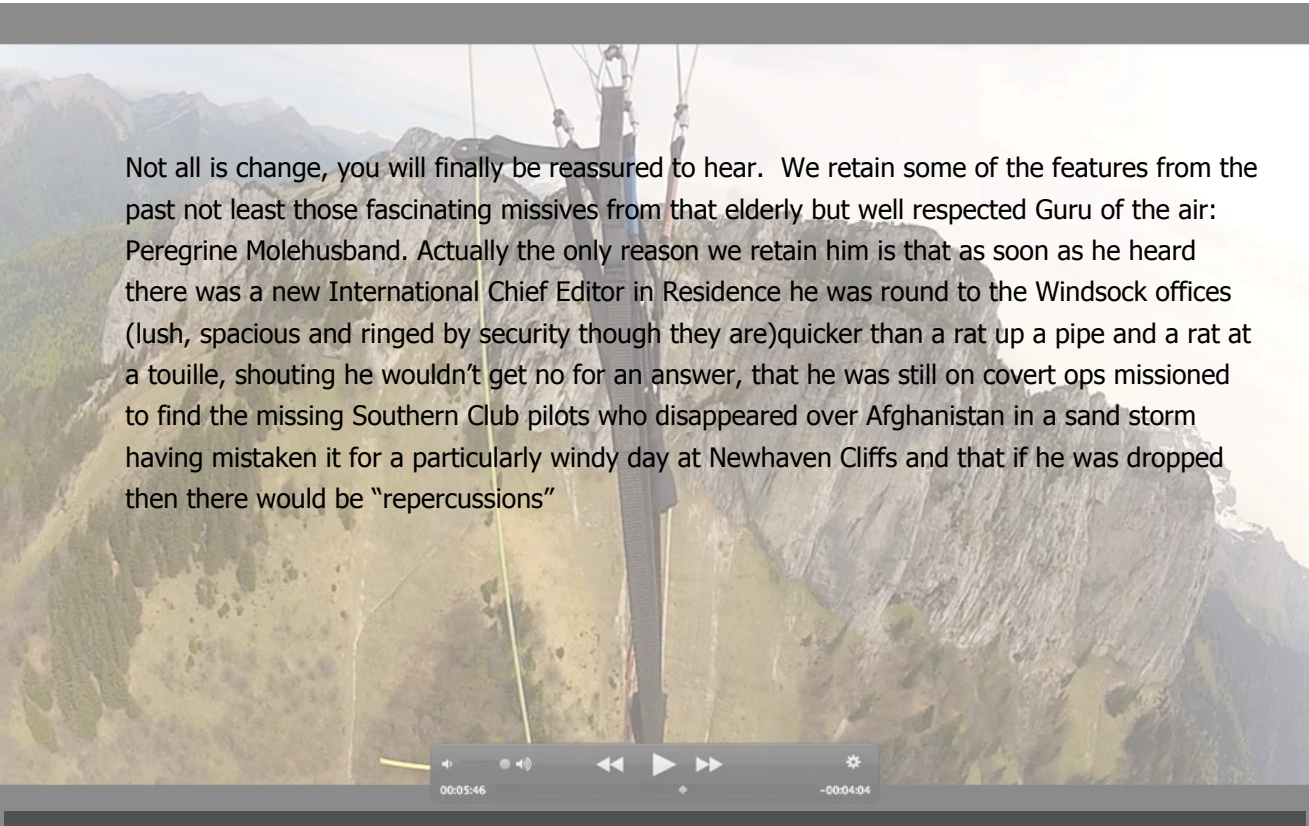
Any quotes from people living or dead are not necessarily true and could be but most probably are made up and fabricated. Any similarity of any person mentioned or referred to in this professionally produced publication to any actual person in real life whether living or dead or otherwise is purely coincidental or deliberate and is no way ("Jose") meant to to portray them as is and if it does then said portrayee ulilaterally accepts all publication of his her image or similarity or characterisation. The editor or his staff is not to be held responsible for any promises made and broken or any prizes offered and not given

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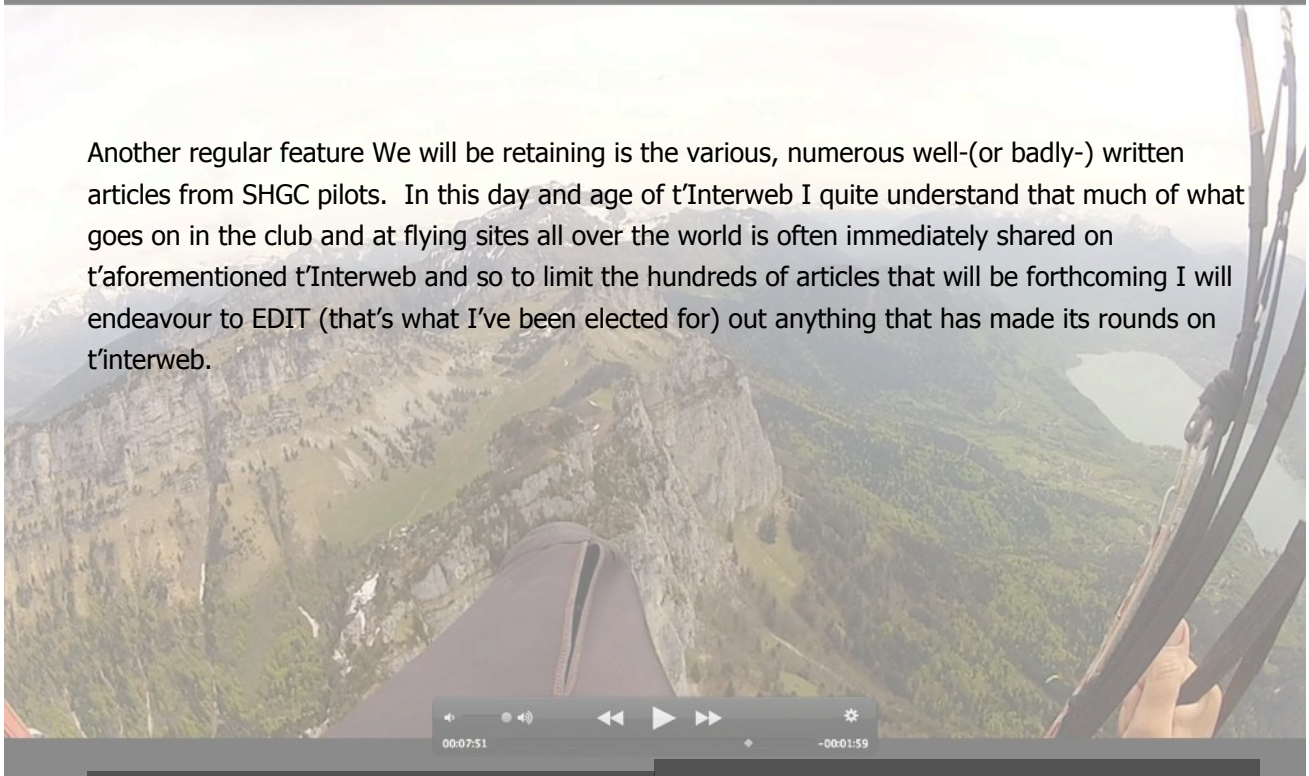
Welcome to this the preliminary issue of the all new Windsock (International) magazine.

As I'm sure you are all aware there is a new hand at the helm, a new navigator in the cockpit, a fresh usurper in the proletariat, a renegade in the ranks, a beaver in the dam, a dictator in the typing pool. Let me introduce myself for those who don't know me: On the other hand let's not bother. Suffice to say, there will be changes. I know that the Southern Slackers are resistant to change. Do not PANIC! To bring you the best magazine in the free flying world changes have had to be made. You will have noticed one already. Your favourite free flying publication is now entitled Windsock (International) ((the brackets are so you are not overwhelmed by the change)). That is not all: I am no longer the editor. ("what's this?" I hear you all cry out in fear and terror. "We haven't even got over the devastating change of a new windsock editor and you're telling us that you are no longer the editor. You haven't even finished the introduction!") Fear not Southern Slackers – what I mean is that since being elected by an almost overwhelming majority (The SHGC obviously knows what's good for it) I have changed my title from mere "Editor" to "International Chief Editor in Residence". This can only be of benefit to the magazine and you, dear members. Why? Imagine knocking on the door of a major paragliding or hanggliding manufacturer in order to get a scoop interview and introducing yourself as a lowly Editor. Good grief! We'd get nothing done. But saying "International Chief Editor in Residence" has such a ring to it that the managing director of the company herself, feeling the same way as when a VAT auditor has suddenly arrived on her doorstep unexpectedly, will of course be willing to assist yours truly in any way possible. That is the reason for the change. It is for your own good. Also, being an international magazine and having more words in my title, I will of course feel obligated to negotiate a larger expense account in the future. Again, Don't PANIC! Anything I do negotiate will of course still be beneficial to the Club. And expenses must be claimed because I have felt obligated in order to bring you the best, to employ staff. You will have noticed the new Internationally renowned cartoonist I have been able to retain on an annual salary. Are you impressed? Of course you are – but he don't come cheap. And remember, I'm doing it all for you.

I have, since being elected, naturally been aware of the concern you have about the change. No longer are the Southern Paragliding members stiff in the upper lip department. But I am here to reassure you all that all will be well and that the Southern Club will once again know greatness in the (International) World of Free Flight. What will be my style? Not an easy question to answer, but I shall try so to do: it will be a cross between Robert Maxwell and Dodgeball. The Southern Slackers will have a publishing empire and a sport that will go back to what free flying has always been about: violence, exclusion and degradation.

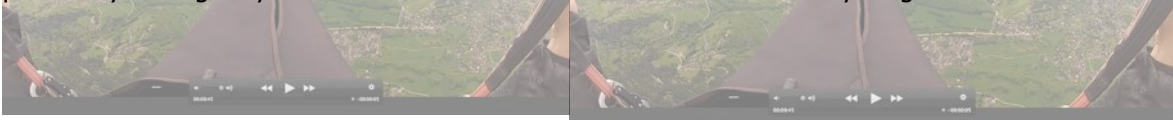


Not all is change, you will finally be reassured to hear. We retain some of the features from the past not least those fascinating missives from that elderly but well respected Guru of the air: Peregrine Molehusband. Actually the only reason we retain him is that as soon as he heard there was a new International Chief Editor in Residence he was round to the Windssock offices (lush, spacious and ringed by security though they are) quicker than a rat up a pipe and a rat at a touille, shouting he wouldn't get no for an answer, that he was still on covert ops missioned to find the missing Southern Club pilots who disappeared over Afghanistan in a sand storm having mistaken it for a particularly windy day at Newhaven Cliffs and that if he was dropped then there would be "repercussions"



Another regular feature We will be retaining is the various, numerous well-(or badly-) written articles from SHGC pilots. In this day and age of t'Interweb I quite understand that much of what goes on in the club and at flying sites all over the world is often immediately shared on t'aforementioned t'Interweb and so to limit the hundreds of articles that will be forthcoming I will endeavour to EDIT (that's what I've been elected for) out anything that has made its rounds on t'interweb.

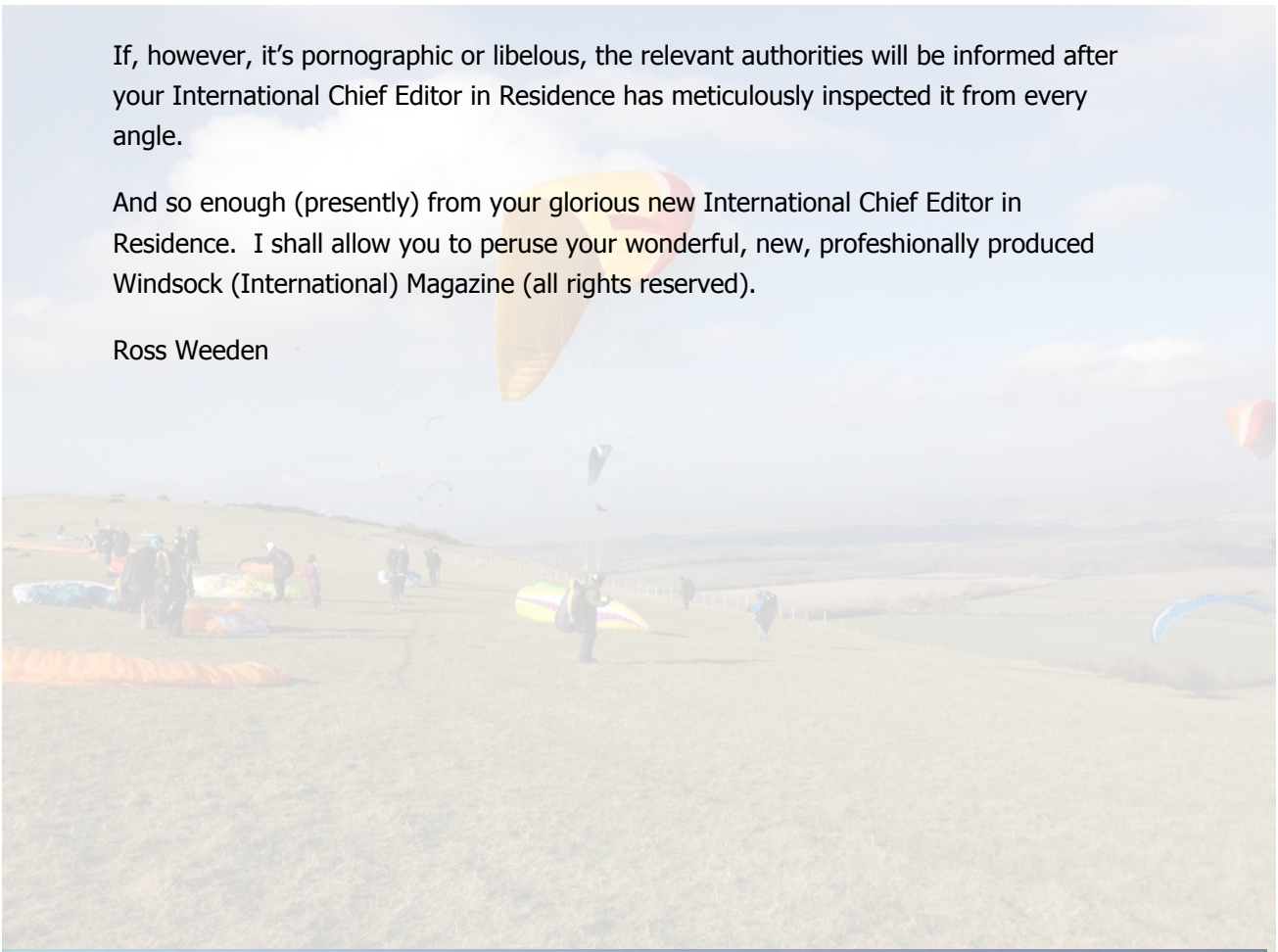
But that is why this is the preliminary issue: it is just to remind you: please send anything you want to see in print to: [windssock@shgc.org.uk](mailto:windssock@shgc.org.uk) or tell your (International) Windssock team of any ideas you have or anything you want to see in future. If it's bodily spelt or bad has grammar or is just downright rubbish: worry not - it can be EDITED. Let it be known that if it's really good I personally will sign my name at the end and send it off to Cross Country magazine.



If, however, it's pornographic or libelous, the relevant authorities will be informed after your International Chief Editor in Residence has meticulously inspected it from every angle.

And so enough (presently) from your glorious new International Chief Editor in Residence. I shall allow you to peruse your wonderful, new, professionally produced Windsock (International) Magazine (all rights reserved).

Ross Weeden





This is my first wing. It was a red mojo. It was a good wing. It flew. It was better than me at flying. This is in the alps. In about 2007 when the alps were still green and had trees. I was scared. It was high. I had a nose bleed. But because my wing was red you couldn't see the blood that went on it when i was packing. The locals ran into the field when I landed and clubbed me with big clubs. They said I was a "Diable" . One young lady said I was an "ange" and led me gently away to better things. By a young paraglider pilot.

If you have a favourite picture of one of your wings please send it with a description to:  
windsock@shgc.org.uk - any picture printed may win a prize.



Dear Windsock  
 I have just read your fantastic preliminary edition. Never before in my life have I seen such wonderful journalism. Your articles were so full of fascinating information that I immediately cancelled my subscription to Cross Country magazine, Skywings and Mercenary weekly. Thank you for a fantastic read.  
 Yours sincerely,  
 ICER's wife

Dear Windsock  
 I have just read your fantastic preliminary magazine. It was rubbish.

When are you coming round to visit me again?  
 Yours not so faithfully,  
 ICER's mistress

Dear Windsock,  
 I have just read your preliminary magazine. It is so Paragliding centred that I was shocked. It is meant to be the Southern HANGLIDING Club magazine and yet there was not one mention of anything to do with hang gliding. What's the bloody point of lugging these great big weighty structures around on the hill if you don't include

them in your publications. I mean when they're on the ground you can get really good focus on them as they're so heavy they never move.

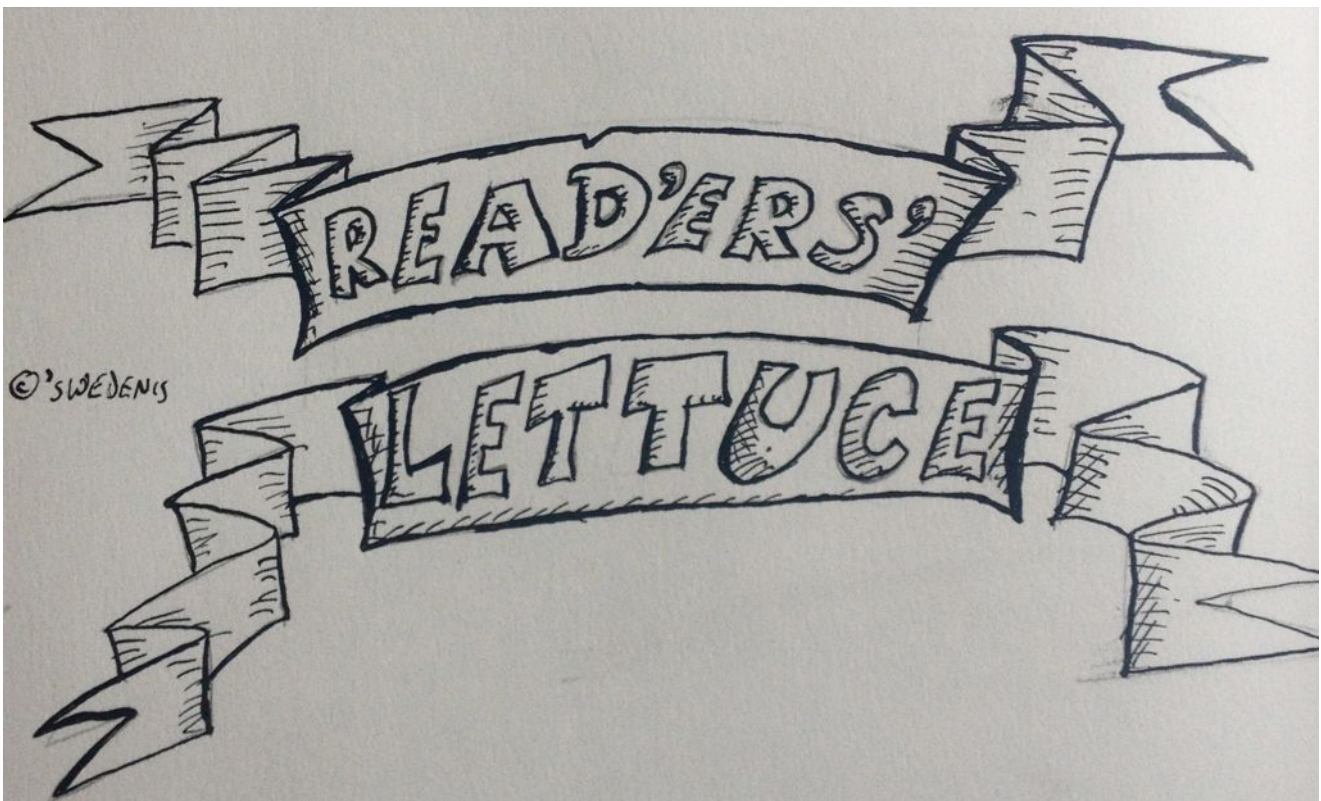
Signed  
 Disgruntled of Chestnut Cottages.

Dear Windsock,  
 I have just read your magazine again. If only I'd read pages 8 to 12 inclusive. Thank you. Thank you for a fantastic magazine full of interesting articles about hangies and their lives.

Signed. Not so disgruntled of Chestnut cottages.

If you wish to have your letter published in the next Windsock (International) Magazine then please send it to

windsock@shgc.org.uk



Dear Windsock  
(International)

Congratulations on a potentially great magazine.

However, could I please draw your attention to the fact that it is, although not intentionally I am sure, very male dominated, you sexist bastard.

Yours sincerely,  
A lady.

(ICER's response:  
Dear Ms A lady,  
you've certainly hit the nail on the head I can tell you. If only we had more of the feminine on the team. Unfortunately, none answered the ad. If you or any of your sisters out there would like to write articles for inclusion then please don't hesitate to send them

to windsock@ etc. even if such articles involve "feelings" I promise you that no matter how bad they are they WILL be included.

Yours respectfully,  
ICER

(Windsock (International) with the exception of Reginald Molehusband has a policy of non-discrimination (except perhaps towards PARAMOTOR PILOTS) (please note the assistance given to our petrol smelling bred'ren by printing the last bit in capitals which is the printing equivalent of shouting so they will be able to hear it.)

Dear Windsock

I would like to say that this is a fantastic magazine but i can't help being a tad bit suspicious that the "Rea'ders' Lettuce" may be in some form made up in order to fill in space and get to the end of the page. That's why I am writing to voice my concern because I know it to be an (internationally) renowned magazine much admired by those in the free flying fraternity and I would not like it to disrepute.

Sincerely yours

Peter Pedant

Dear Peter,

Read the soddin' small print.

Yours sincerely

ICER

Dear Windsock,

I have heard so much about your magazine and how it is fast becoming one of the best selling free flight magazines around even tho it is free! except for donations in cash to ICER. However, I cannot get a copy because I am extremely old and poor and I have no access to the internet and so can't read a copy. Also because of the excessive use of background photographs no one I know is willing to print a copy for me. They all mutter something like "not printing that thing out, costs too much get yer own computer yer soddin' cheapskate."Sincerel y, Anortherner.Dear Anortherner,We don't want your type here,

# HEAR ALL ABOUT IT: WINDSOCK (INTERNATIONAL) EXCLUSIVE.

Brought to you by Roving Cub Investigative Reporter Pokya Nosin.

## RENOWNED, RESPECTED, PIONEER HANG GLIDER PILOT JOHNNY CARR JOINS THE DARK SIDE AND WRESTLES JELLYFISH

The date - unimportant- the time and the place - equally unimportant. I your roving reporter had received an anonymous tip off telling me to be in a certain field at a certain time and to bring my telephoto lense with me. Normally, the countryside fills me with joy, but as soon as I entered THAT field I could discern another feeling: despondency, fear even loathing. As I daintly clambered over the fence and silently tumbled down onto the hard unforgiving Sussex earth knocking out my recently crowned front tooth I could feel a temperature change. I was chilled. Strange eerie music started to play unexplicably from my smart phone. The sun went in. It was like seeing life through a dark mirror. I grabbed my camera. Peering through the viewfinder, I saw a sight that sickened me. How could this happen. What infernal, evil mechanism had caused this affront to humanity to occur. Putting aside my disgust and completely ignoring the fear of being found out I started to press the shutter button.

The photos you will see on the following pages will cause disgust and fear, loathing and mistrust to all types of free flyers -especially Hang Glider pilots who having taken up a sport with dwindling numbers rely exclusively on the President of their club, Johnny Carr, to maintain the status quo, to reassure HG pilots that all is well. - and to PG pilots who fear that too many HG pilots are deserting their professed sport to make the southern clubs even more crowded on a non-windy day. BUT NOT NECESSARILY TO PARAMOTOR PILOTS.

The photos that follow are annotated with the foul spells and incantations of that most evil and most traitorous of all people - the "cross over from HG to PG instructor": YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!!!

Don't worry Johnny, if you do manage to take off just remember to stick your tongue out and you'll be safe



Help, Steve! The jellyfish has got hold of me and I just can't wrestle the darn thing!



Ho! Ho! It's not a jellyfish, silly. Look if you pull on this string it makes your arms lift up



And if you pull this one your head goes down and it drags you suddenly into the air





EEEEK!




Luckily I've remembered to stick my tongue out so it'll all be OK



and if I pull these strings my legs go up





So jelly fish can fly and, if you pull the right strings in the right order, you too can be like your President!

**Hanglider pilot rues the day  
he takes a glider to annecy  
but doesn't fly!**



WORDS OF WISDOM

TALES OF DERRING-DO\*  
AND OTHER MISDEMEANOURS  
BY

PEREGRINE

MOLEHUSBAND

Dear Peregrine,

I am writing to you as a last resort: I am a male Southern Slacker and english to boot. Up until recently I have been very happy with my roots and heritage. My whole life has centred around the education I have had concerning the history of this great country of ours. I am mired in the traditions of Trafalgar, the attitude of Agincourt the weight issues of Henry VIII. It is exactly because of my upbringing that I have always looked down somewhat on our neighbours across the channel. Yes it is a beautiful country but damn it all, Peregrine, it is really ours! As such those chaps across

the sea have always been at the bottom of the scale of life as far as I'm concerned. Of course, they have some positive attributes - their wine and their ability to forward launch on high alpine sites - but the negatives have always been in abundance and have always reenforced the fact that I am, as an englishman, morally, mentally and physically superior.

I shan't list all of their idiosyncracies but the following come to mind. They: don't drink proper ale; can't cook roastbeef; have no idea what a Yorkshire pudding is; can't reverse launch in a strong wind; and get scared when their wings collapse.

It is because of this

feeling of natural superiority that I have always been confident in the attentions of the opposite sex. Despite being well past middle age, having a flaccid belly and a slightly balding pate, when confronted with an attractive young girl on launch, I have never hesitated to give her a quick "whorr, darlin' you're a bit of allright'n make no mistake Mairee Poppeens" In the honest belief that she will be attracted to me as a heroic english paraglider pilot who shrugs at launching in a squall, and who pities those who don't fly in drizzle.

However, that has all come to an end. Peregrine, help me.

The other day upon arriving at my favourite Southern take off site (with only about 30 other pilots around it was really quite quiet) I was confronted with a young man who was reverse launching like an english champion, ground handling like Mike Kung and flying like Mark Watts.

"Good grief!" I thought to myself. This young man will really give our image a boost with the ladies.

I got closer to the young man in order to congratulate him on his abilities. Imagine my consternation when I heard him speaking in what appeared to be a french accent!

To say I was shocked is stating matters in a matter of fact manner. I was horrified, I came out in a sweat. My heart palpitated and missed a beat. I felt quite giddy. But then I thought "It can't be. It must be a joke" I looked around for the cameras. There were none. I kicked the lad on the shin (remember the Great Escape) expecting him to say something like, "Blahdy 'ell, guvoner. Make no mistake n'all" and to reveal himself as english. But it was not to be. What came out of his mouth sent me reeling. "Oooh! La! La!" he said.

Well, Peregrine. My whole life is in ruins. I no longer feel

superior and the fact that the young ladies present were all giggling coquettishly whenever he spoke, unmanned me. I am a quivering wriek. What am I to do?

Yours expectantly,  
Dave

Dear Dave

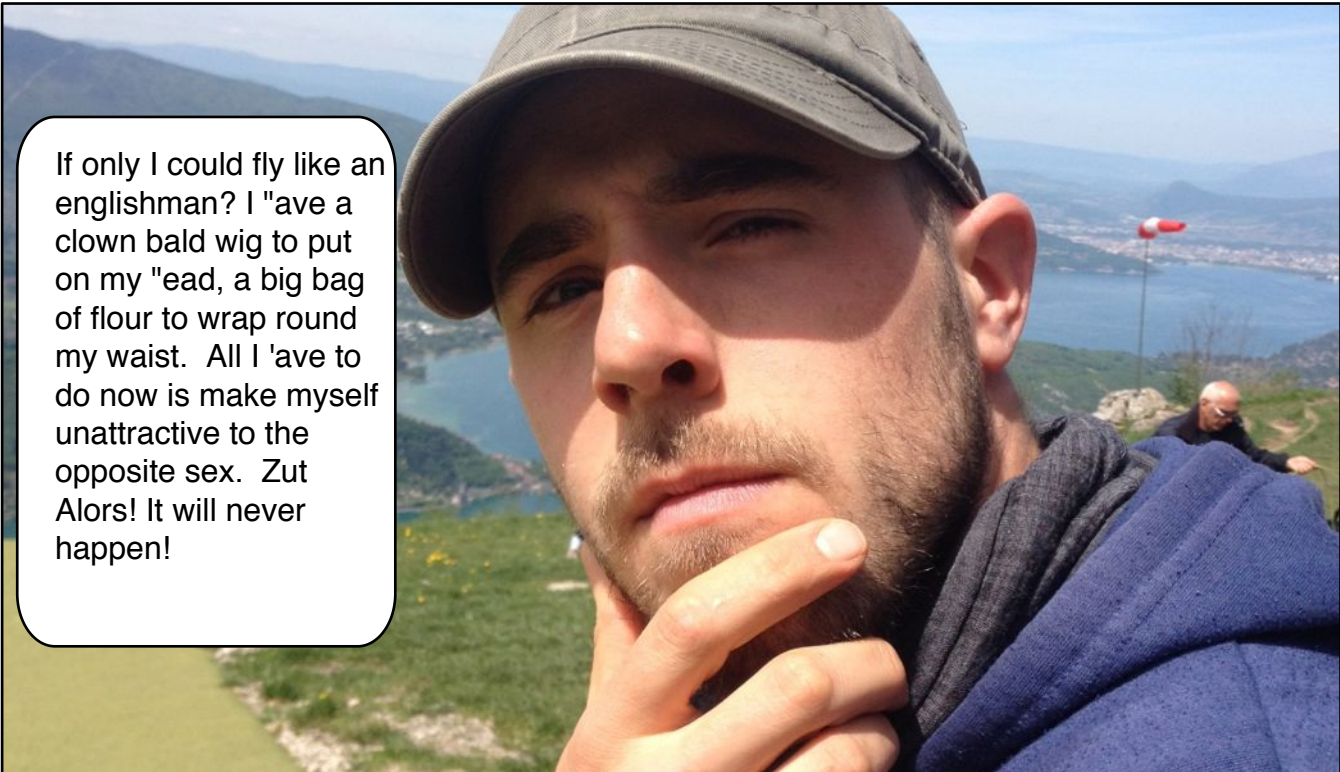
Oh I foresaw this many moons ago when we first joined the Common Meerkat. It is the way of the world. Just remember that concrete, once broken can be mended and made stronger by araldite

These words may not help you now but one day you will look back on them and gain succour. As the present Mrs Molehusband often

says "Get off yer bum and do the washing up yer lazy git!" with a little smile on her face and that attractive way she has of flicking back her toupee and causing the hair extensions to crack like a whip in the eye of our ever devoted cocker spanier, Eric.

But I digress. Do not worry eponymous Dave, Southern Slacker extraordinaire. He is young, he is a better pilot than you, it has only taken him a couple of years to get to such a standard whereas you have taken decades. And, I admit, what is worse he can reverse launch in strong winds. In all, this

frenchman is a better man than you. I suggest you pack your glider away for a few years. Grim times they may be but know this. Like any young man of his age he has the attention span of a Goldfish (un poisson en or). Computer games, modern films and youtube videos have made him thus. Soon, very soon he will bore of being better than Southern Slackers and will go onto the next exciting sport such as Free Baking in the urban environment. And when he does, Dave, when he does ... you can return to the hill with your balding head held high ready to reclaim your birthright.



If only I could fly like an englishman? I "ave a clown bald wig to put on my "ead, a big bag of flour to wrap round my waist. All I 'ave to do now is make myself unattractive to the opposite sex. Zut Alors! It will never happen!

# Safety Matters

5 Golden Rules for flying at t"Dyke

**Dodge**

**DIP**

**Duck**

**Dive 'n**

**Dodge**

**PARAMOTOR PORN!!!  
FOR ALL THE PARAMOTOR  
PILOTS OUT THERE WHAT  
FOLLOWS IS A SERIES OF  
ARTICLES ABOUT  
PARAMOTORS AND  
PHOTOGRAPHS TO GO  
WITH THEM IF WE CAN FIT  
THEM IN AFTER ALL THIS  
SHOUTING!!**



If you have been affected by any of the issues in this (international) magazine please do not hesitate to contact an expert to help you. May we suggest you write your concerns down and send them to Peregrine Molehusband at [windsock@shgc.org.uk](mailto:windsock@shgc.org.uk)



Wanted: contributions for the first issue: Deadline coming soon.

Please answer the Question of the day:

## How short should shorts be?

Are Sarfafrican shorts on their way back in the fashion stakes or will shorts be descending below the knees?! Answers on an electronic postcard to [windsock@shgc.org.uk](mailto:windsock@shgc.org.uk)

Elegant man about town and hill shorts modelled by the attractive Rob.



**MMMMMMM! CAKE!!**

**(International) Windsock  
Magazine proudly presents its first  
competition. Spot the paraglider pilot.  
Winners may get a prize.**

