

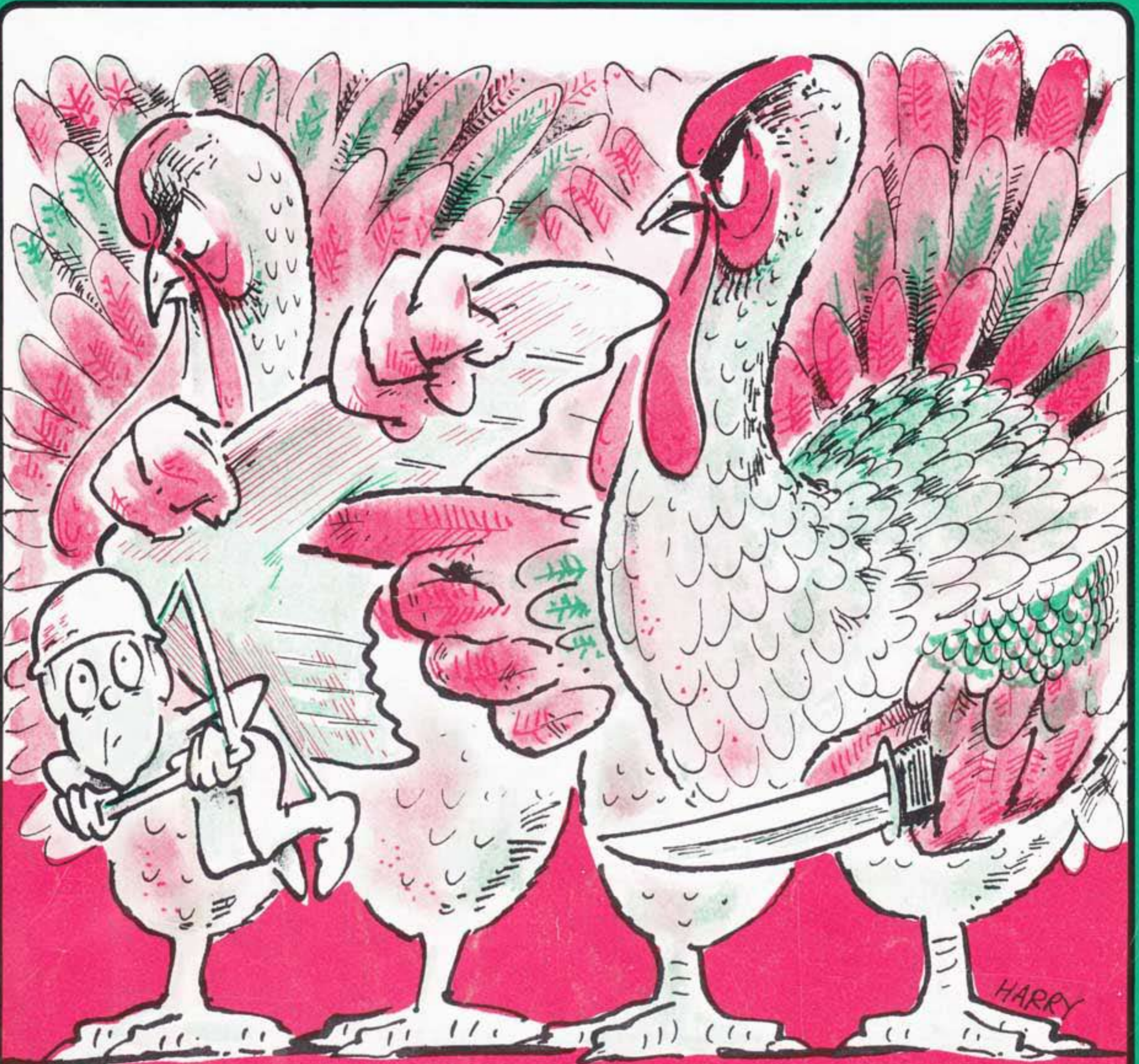
DECEMBER 14, 1981

Wings!

Magazine of the British Hang Gliding Association

Christmas
issue

Contents on back page



THERE'S BUGGER ALL MEAT ON THE WINGS!

NORTHERN GLIDER SALES

AZUR

The World-beater!

NEW from La Mouette
and
Northern Glider Sales

contact us for a demo now!

061 973 4085 or 061 434 3364

8 BRENCON AVENUE, BROOKLANDS, MANCHESTER

Not a Comet

AIRWAVE Gliders – manufacturers of the Magic Comet – wish to apologise to readers for an inaccurate advertisement in November Wings!

The ad stated, wrongly, that the British World Championship winning team were all flying Comets. In fact, of the top four British whose scores counted for the team trophy, only THREE were on Comets. The fourth, Ronnie Freeman was flying a Typhoon.

Managing director Rory Carter explained the mistake arose from a Telex message sent by team manager Derek Evans.

It read: "Lopes first, 6,522 Azur... Slater third... Carr, 6, Muller 7, Bailey 8, Calvert 16, Freeman 22... Best four won team prize."

The fact that the team event finished a day before the individual championship was not – at that stage – clear.

• While adverts are accepted in good faith, every effort is made to ensure the accuracy of factual claims. This was one which slipped through the net.

Mere challenge upheld

THE Southern Hang Gliding Club was NOT second at Clubman's Mere – and that's official!

Following a complaint by the Western Counties Hang Gliding Club, a recount of the scores has revealed that the club scored 200 – two points more than the Southern Club.

Human

Scorer Percy Moss offered his apologies to the Western club and explained the mistake

appeared to have arisen because some names were entered on the score sheet twice.

"I can only say that we're human enough to make mistakes. For us, Mere is great fun – it is also three days of long hours and sometimes frantic activity, with everything done by volunteers."

INSURANCE

The following Personal Accident Insurances are placed at Lloyd's and are applicable to United Kingdom based BHGA Members. They are effective throughout Europe. Extensions beyond that can however be arranged.

Claims experience has forced underwriters to increase premium on all new Personal Accident Insurances – but a lower renewal premium applies to those previously insured without claim.

PERSONAL ACCIDENT BENEFITS IN THE EVENT OF A HANG GLIDING ACCIDENT

CAPITAL SUM

IN THE EVENT OF DEATH, LOSS OF EYE/LIMB (OR USE THEREOF) OR PERMANENT TOTAL DISABILITY

Code	Capital Sum Benefit	New Premium	Renewal Minimum
A5	£ 5,000	£ 25.00	£20.00
A6	£ 6,000	£ 30.00	£24.00
A10	£10,000	£ 50.00	£40.00
A15	£15,000	£ 75.00	£60.00
A20	£20,000	£100.00	£80.00

WEEKLY BENEFIT

PAID UP TO 104 WEEKS (EXCLUDING FIRST 14 DAYS) FOR SO LONG AS DOCTOR CERTIFIES YOU TOTALLY UNABLE TO FOLLOW NORMAL OCCUPATION

Code	Weekly Benefit	New Premium	Renewal Premium
D20	£20 per week	£15.00	£12.00
D30	£30 per week	£22.50	£18.00
D40	£40 per week	£30.00	£24.00
D50	£50 per week	£37.50	£30.00
D60	£60 per week	£45.00	£36.00

NOTE: Benefits are normally paid at end of Disablement period – but in cases of hardship we can normally arrange a cheque each four weeks after benefit starts.

FOR COMPETITION PILOTS i.e. THOSE TAKING PART IN NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS OR THE LEAGUE – OR COMPETITIONS ABOVE CLUB LEVEL, UNDERWRITERS HAVE INSISTED ON THE ABOVE RATES PLUS 25%

FOR MANUFACTURERS, THEIR EMPLOYEES AND INSTRUCTORS PLEASE ADD 50% TO THE ABOVE PREMIUMS

No Proposal Form required, provided you are between 16 and 65, can warrant you are fit and declare any serious accidents or illnesses during past five years, we can normally give cover immediately we receive your NAME, ADDRESS, AGE, OCCUPATION, GLIDER DETAILS, BHGA OR CLUB MEMBERSHIP NUMBER AND CHEQUE.

PLEASE GIVE YOUR WIFE'S FULL NAME IF YOU WISH HER NAMED AS BENEFICIARY IN THE EVENT OF YOUR DEATH.

GLIDER ALL RISKS (GROUND) COVER U.K. ONLY

Policy excludes Flight Accidents but covers every accidental ground risk that we have yet thought of, e.g. Theft, Damage resulting from Car Accident, etc. (Excluding first £5.00 each claim. But £10 when rigged for flight). Includes 30 days in Europe each year.

GLIDER VALUE £300	PREMIUM £8.00	GLIDER VALUE £400	PREMIUM £10.00
GLIDER VALUE £350	PREMIUM £9.00	GLIDER VALUE £450	PREMIUM £11.00

EACH ADDITIONAL £50 VALUE – ADD £1.00 PREMIUM. RATES FOR SYNDICATES CLUBS ETC., ON APPLICATION

LIFE, ENDOWMENT, HOUSE PURCHASE AND PERMANENT HEALTH INSURANCE

We can still offer normal terms for most Life, Endowment, House Purchase and Permanent Health Insurance.

Do come to us first if you contemplate any form of Life, Endowment, Unit Linked House Purchase or other insurance.

THERE NEED BE NO PREMIUM LOADING TO COVER THE HANG GLIDING RISK.

We have arranged special terms for BHGA Members and we will gladly quote if you will write or telephone:

REGGIE SPOONER INSURANCE BROKER FOR THE BHGA, CLIFTON HOUSE, BATH ROAD, COWES, I.O.W. PO31 7RH. TELEPHONE: COWES (0983) 292305

POWERED HANG GLIDING AND TOWING QUOTATIONS GLADLY GIVEN ON REQUEST.

HOLIDAY COVER – including the Hang Gliding risk – readily arranged. Details on application.

TOWING and/or POWERED Hang Gliding is NOT COVERED by any of the above, except by previous written authority. If in doubt, ring REGGIE SPOONER on 0983-292305.

NOTE: In contrast to Personal Accident rates, two or three major Life Companies, with good Profit Records, are now offering Life, Endowment and House Purchase Policies at normal rates. DO LET US QUOTE.

Death crash glider 'unfit'

CRASH damage on a school hang glider on which a young man died had been poorly repaired, an inquest heard.

The Vortex, belonging to the Northern Hang Gliding Centre, was not airworthy when 22-year-old Philip Penford, from Nottingham, took off to his death at the Hole of Horcum, BHGA airworthiness officer Clive Smith told Scarborough Coroner Michael Oakley.

The machine entered a spiral dive and impacted at the foot of the 300 ft. ridge.

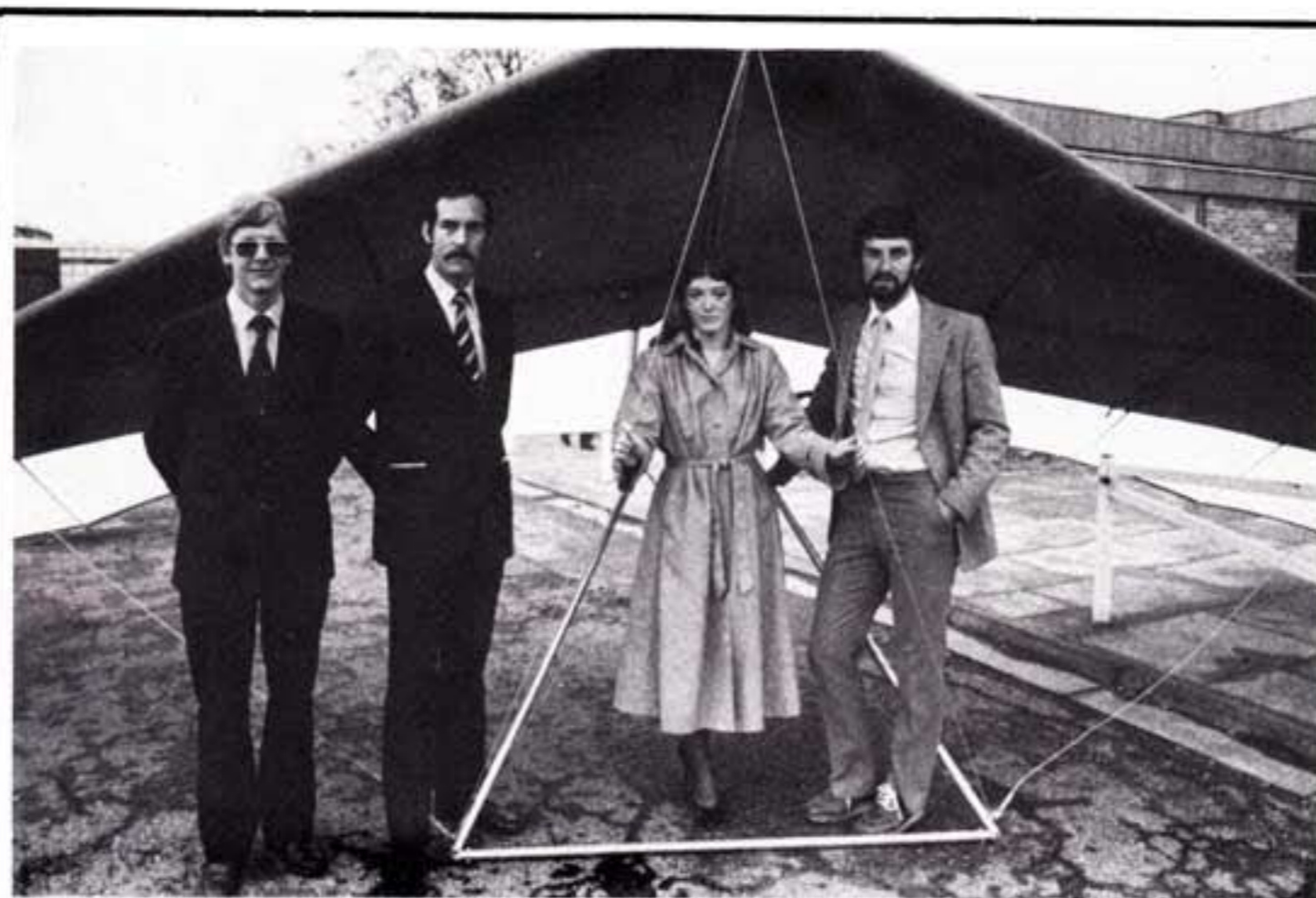
Mr. Smith said sewing and other repairs to the glider were unsatisfactory and could have affected its control.

Accident investigator John Hunter said there were "several major defects" which would have been revealed only when the glider was stripped down.

Mr. Oakley, recording an accident verdict, recommended hang gliding schools and equipment be independently examined at least once a year.

Jim's prize

Winner of November's prize crosstube word competition — which attracted a bumper entry — was Jim Taggart, of Sennybridge, Powys.



Respectable faces of hang gliding — from left — John Fennel, Howard Edwards, Jenny Ganderton and Graeme Baird.
Picture Lesley Smith, Luton Leader.

INNOCENT!

HANG gliding from Dunstable Downs can not be stopped by local by-law, magistrates ruled.

Charges against three pilots of flying contrary to the byelaw were dismissed at Dunstable Court.

But the London Gliding Club — instigator of the controversial law — is now planning a submission to the Civil Aviation Authority, writes BHGA Sites Officer **DAVID BEDDING**.

Champions

The scene was set at Dunstable Magistrates' Court on November 4. John Fennel, Howard Edwards and Graeme Baird — all members of the Dunstable Club and BHGA — were charged under the byelaw for the Downs adjacent to the London Gliding Club. Terry Stevens represented the London Gliding Club.

They all pleaded not guilty while admitting using the Downs for take-off and landing.

All were present in non-flying gear

to make their plea before a packed court. BHGA Officers headed by Chairman Roy Hill and Dunstable Club officers past and present were all there to testify as expert witnesses if necessary.

The prosecution opened its case in low key, admitting the byelaw could be interpreted in two ways. Two Bedfordshire County Council wardens were called to relate the facts, with Roger Evans, the official responsible for recreation.

James Morgan Harris led for the defence. The picture that emerged was of an unclear law that was attempting to operate where it had no place — in the air.

Authority was being partisan. And English law has to be formed and used impartially.

The position was polished to diamond clearness when he submitted there was no case to answer.

They were each awarded £100 costs, which they have agreed will go to the Fighting Fund.

It will go some way towards paying the legal costs. With further contribution from the Dunstable Club the fund will still be more than £1,000 out of pocket.

Legally

As soon as the verdict was given, Terry Stevens agreed to a meeting with Roy Hill and Dunstable Club Chairman John Hunter. When John telephoned later to confirm this he was read a formal statement. A meeting at London Gliding Club had decided on a submission to the CAA.

They are still trying to achieve ownership of the ridge lift at Dunstable! It is quite clear now that they can not use a byelaw to do this for them.

Our pilots are not criminals. They will only be criminals if they fly irresponsibly. Air law deals comprehensively with this.

Maher not guilty

PILOT Mick Maher has been cleared by BHGA disciplinary committee after a complaint against him by Dunstable Hang Gliding Club.

The committee decided there had been no breach of air law or BHGA flying rules in an accident involving two hang gliders and a sailplane.

Both Mick Maher and site marshal Ray Mayhew were admonished for the ensuing argument in which Mick Maher struck the marshal.

It was felt the club was lacking in not having and publishing a clearly stated rule to cover avoiding action

BMAA

Shake-up

A wind of change swept through the British Microlight Aircraft Association at its Annual Meeting.

Out go Chairman Steve Hunt, David Turley and Brian Harrison.

In come Brian Giles, Graham Andrews and Julian Godswell, with Johnny Secombe stepping into the chairman's hotseat at a stormy meeting in Wolverhampton.

Accolade for Ann

Ann Welch — President of the British Hang Gliding Association was awarded the prestigious Gold Order Medal of the Federation Aéronautique Internationale at the annual presentation of awards ceremony at the Royal Aero Club on November 19, attended by Prince Charles.

Lottery winners

Winners of the November 500 Club Lottery are as follows, with prize money totalling £134.74 and a like amount for BHGA funds.

J.W. Bamborough £53.89, H. Unsworth £26.94, F.L. Young £13.47, G.T. Jones £8.08, T. Cashmore £6.73, W.D. Armstrong £6.73, R. Matthews £5.38, L. Turner £5.38, V.R. Dennoy £4.07, R.A. Scott £4.07.

Lest you forget!

MEMBERS are reminded the 1982 AGM will be held on Sunday March 21. The weekend will host the usual display of gliders and equipment.

All formal resolutions must be submitted to the Secretary by the end of December, except those relating to a change in the Constitution which require 56 days notice. Resolutions should bear the names and

signatures of proposers and seconders. We will publish finite details and voting slips in February Wings!

There will be the usual quota of Council vacancies. Will members willing to work and capable of playing a part in managing the association please contact the Secretary. Nominations are open until the start of the Meeting and should be accompanied by the signatures of proposers and seconders.

In the right place at last

by Anji Theodorakis

UNTIL recently XC flights of any length were for a select few pilots who always seemed to be in the right place at the right time — not for me.

That changed one Sunday, though it did not start out very promising at all.

The wind was blowing 18-20 mph WNW.

Harry Turner, our fearless Fledge owner and driver of the day, selected the NW site, carefully stating his reasons — clouds, possible variations of wind by local valleys, distance to sites. Could it have been simply that the NW site has a road to the top?

Harry and I rushed over to the TO area, Harry dragging the usual kite, rudders and assorted nuts and bolts with him. Have you ever seen anyone rush with a Fledge?



I took my Typhoon to the edge expecting the worst and got it — punchy unworkable thermal. After 10-15 minutes I have up and top landed.

Then I noticed a huge cloud street beginning to form one mile to the west of the hill. Typical, I thought, they never seem to form over the top of our hills.

Harry asked for a hand off with his Fledge — we have got it down to one man now. Not bad considering it used to take half a dozen just to turn it round!

After watching Harry take off and only miss his stirrup four times, I lay back, waiting to help him top land — that's even more exciting than his take-offs — but he just kept on going up and up and up.

When the shock wore off there was a mad scramble for harnesses, helmets and kits.



The change in the air was fantastic — thermal everywhere. I worked a 5-up to 2500' ASL then left it and came back to the hill.

A smooth 2-up gave me my next trip upstairs.

My eyes were glued to the vario, the direction was unimportant as long as I was going up. Before I realised I was five miles beyond TO, 3,000 ASL and the 2-up down to 1/2 O, 1/2 down. I had to force myself to hang in as overall I was not losing height.

For the first time I had a chance to take in the view, the Cheviots to the west, the North Sea on my east and no hill below was mind-blowing!

All this euphoria came to a halt when out of the corner of my eye I noticed (trying to tell myself I must have hypoxia) Harry cruising around on his Fledge 1000' above me!

The thought of facing Harry in the pub later if he went further than me did not



bear thinking about.

So with teeth gritted and eyes locked on the vario I prayed for lift. It took 15 minutes to get up to the Fledge and by this time I was soaked to the skin with sweat, but the grin on my face said it all.

I was frantic by now going round and round and getting nowhere. All the things I had read came flashing across my mind: "Do not leave lift, zero sink, work the sunny side," etc. etc. but out of 40 minutes flying 39 of them were spent going round and round. Surely XCs must have some down wind gliding in them?



Harry and I played top of the stack for the next five miles until I did one more 360 and the Fledge was gone. Who ever said the new CFX kites were as fast as Fledges — forget it! He just left me standing.

I went back to working at my + 1/2 O - 1/2 routine until my path was blocked by a very evil looking squall line. With the sea three miles east the squall one mile west and my path being SE, I had only one way to go — in front of the squall. Here at last was my chance for a bit of distance.

I pulled to max glide and set off only to be met by a wall of off-the-clock lift. So being the hero that I am and not fancying being sucked into cloud and spit out over the North Sea, I turned around and came out again.

I decided to burn off as much height as I dare from 3,300 to 1,300, get as far in front of the squall as I could and try again.

Even with the bar to my knees I was still reading 2-up. By the time I was across I was back up to 3,000' and feeling very relieved that was something I would not like to try again.

The air on the other side was super stable and the final glide uneventful. Though I did at one point pick out a nice landing field, only to realise it was Acklington Prison's football pitch. A quick detour put me down next to a row of houses and a telephone box, plus about 30 witnesses.

Five people went XC that day — Harry and the Fledge making 16 miles. Dave Twedde made nine miles, getting a new club record height gain of 4,600'.

Distance — 19 miles
Time — 1 hour
Best height gain — 2,700'

Important

To enable invitations for the 1982 British League to be sent out in good time and so that the 1981 XC League final table can be published in February Wings!, the closing date for all entries will be January 15, 1982.

This means that pilots completing XC flights after December 15 — if any — will have less than the normal month in which to send their entries to Dave Harrison, 96 Sheffield Lane, Norden, Rochdale, Lancs. Tel 0706—53755.

Include full name, address, club, date of flight, 6-fig OS map refs. of T/O and landing, names addresses and phone numbers of witnesses, approximate distance and restricted airspace circumnavigated, if any.

Rise to the challenge!

by Barry Blore

LET'S face it, our £21,000 sponsorship deal is going to test the very character of the BHGA.

I have promised Foster's that they will get value for money and I have every intention of carrying that promise through.

Obviously the full support of all members is required, especially those with a direct involvement in the organisation of our sport — the various sub committees responsible to Council.

It is a challenge that we must accept and WIN. If our sponsor goes away dissatisfied, not only will HE never return, but word travels fast. There are many firms willing to sponsor, but as successful businesses they are shrewd in their investments. If potential sponsors see that Foster's Draught has received real value for money, who knows, we may have to fight them off next year!

How will the money be spent? Approximately £1,000 on a Foster's Draught customised hang glider, to be used at both static and flying displays.

Approximately £5,000 towards the cost of building and servicing a new Structural Test Rig. Our present rig is not strong enough to complete the structural tests. Tenders will be invited to build this.

Approximately £15,000 on a major hang gliding event, with prizes/prize money valued at £3,500. Competitors will be invited from overseas thus giving it International Status. The name will almost certainly be Foster's Draught — British Hang Gliding Open. It is also intended to host some trike events.

The venue for the first ever British Open — as revealed last month — is to be the Isle of Wight. Having visited the Island and spoken with representatives of the Shanklin Hotel and Guest House Association and the local Hang Gliding Club, seen the sites available, plus accommodation, camping facilities, eating and drinking establishments, I am convinced that a good time can be had by all.

It should be the type of event that a flier AND family can enjoy since it will be held during the week of the Shanklin Festival, April 30 to May 4.

The Shanklin Hoteliers and Guest House Association, chaired by Mrs Beryl Couchman, is extremely keen to support the event fully and was in fact the originator of this year's successful Shanklin Festival. Viv Rayner, their public relations officer, has already generated at least four press releases to date in the Southern Region.

We also have the support of the farming community, South Wight Borough Council, Isle of Wight Tourist Board, Southern Tourist Board and Red Funnel Ferry Services.

Details of the Foster's Draught British Hang Gliding Open will appear in WINGS! and will include method of entry for competitors.

It is a family occasion as well as a competition — reduced ferry charges are being negotiated. It is during a Bank Holiday period. Make a date, book your leave. Support the BHGA and enjoy yourself!

**How
to fall
500'
and
live!**

But the chute worked fine!



The wreckage of John Clarke's Sabre trike unit — the kingpost was driven 12" into the ground. Note the empty Skymaster container — oh for a double-barrelled model!

TEST pilot John Clarke could be the luckiest man alive after surviving a 500ft fall with just a broken arm and sore bottom. The accident came as the Len Hull/Pete Best Skymaster team were shooting action photos of their keel-mounted parachute system. Skymaster worked perfectly — the would-be fatal fall followed release of the 'chute as LEN HULL explains.

THE Skymaster team assembled at Ashbourne airfield with the intention of filming a full "live" deployment of our keel-mounted parachute on a hang glider/trike microlight.

This test was mainly in response to the many inquiries we received from power flyers for photographs of a trike descent by parachute — and to provide ourselves with photographic material for this article.

After a long wait for suitable weather, we had a 0-5 mph wind, with some thermal activity, and a scattering of thin, high cloud which was giving Steve Thompson our photographer, a few problems.

John Clarke (Peak School of Hang Gliding) was our pioneer pilot (he objects to the term "guinea pig") with his Skyhook Sabre/Skyhook trike combination.

The plan was for John to deploy the Skymaster and for Steve to do the air-to-air photography from Len Gabriels's dual skytrike. John would descend by parachute to his "decision height" of 500 ft., and then he would either land by parachute, or operate the master release (mounted on the keel at the C of G), which would allow him to jettison the canopy, fly away from it and perform a deadstick landing.

Perfectly

Our first job was to perform two "power-on" deployments at 300 ft., with the canopy inflating and then pulling away.

Both deployments went perfectly, and as usual the first one was missed by nearly everyone because the speed of it took us all by surprise. The canopy landed in the tallest tree of a neighbouring wood, which made us aware of the difficulty of assessing drift accurately.

By this time John was getting high (on adrenalin!) so we decided to "go for it".

At 1,300ft John stopped the engine and glided down to 1,000ft. with Len jockeying for position 250ft above. At 1,000ft. the Skymaster deployed perfectly and opened behind the trike, stopping it dead — the backswing was spectacular, but was damped out almost immediately, and a stable descent commenced, with a remarkably gradual sink rate of 500 fpm shown on the variometer.



**Pictures
Steve
Thompson**

Copyright

The chute inflates successfully and the trailing edge inflates as the trike swings back.



Remarkable picture from above of the inverted trike with the shoot, bridle arrowed, still in the frame.

Cameras were clicking — SUCCESS!!

Pete Best was filming from the ground, and Len Hull was talking to John on the one way radio, telling him what the canopy looked like.

Unfortunately John was not receiving, and at approx. 600 ft. the left wing lifted in a thermal, resulting in a side-to-side swing. Ground observers were not concerned since the swing had ample time to correct itself, but to the pilot it didn't feel pleasant, and his decision height was approaching. John couldn't hear Len on the radio telling him that the canopy was stable, and so decided to take the "safe" option, jettison the canopy, fly down, repack and do it again.

At 500 ft., we saw the canopy separate from the trike, and the bridle catapulted up into the lines as the weight came off. None of us even saw the canopy after that, because we were riveted by the behaviour of the trike. Without any suggestion of recovery the nose fell straight into the vertical as the glider accelerated, and it tucked within one second.

As soon as the wing was fully inverted both leading edges broke and the wings folded. The wreckage rotated once more (some observers think) and then stabilised inverted, with the trike unit and pilot on top. Enclosed in his shroud, John went in from 500 feet. Imagine our feelings as we started to run...

The Sabre impacted in the central grass area of the airfield. Frame damage was extensive, but the sail survived and will fly again.

Comments from John Clarke — "That is absolutely the worst landing I've ever made. At least I know what it feels like to tuck, and I can now explode the myth of the harness 'chute — on the way down I couldn't see the sky or the ground, just wreckage all around, and I couldn't have thrown a pocket handkerchief!

Having survived the accident, I will never fly again without a keel-mounted parachute, and I will NOT fly in bumpy conditions which could put a powered wing in a similar situation, neither would I ever dream of performing antics such as whipstalls." BE WARNED!!

Lilleshall feelings

Delegates representing hang gliding schools and clubs at a day conference at the Lilleshall National Sports Centre backed a proposal that Pilot One certificates issued by schools should be endorsed by club training officers.

The conference also agreed that the "grey area" of the regulation of powered hang gliding should be looked into.

There was a feeling that pilots of powered hang gliders — as opposed to other microlight aircraft — should have the option of belonging to either the BHGA or the British Microlight Aircraft Association.

Au revoir

Hubert Aupetit has quit as Editor of the glossy French hang gliding magazine Vol Libre.

COOMBE

Bainbridge

40



MAGIC
1st 4 Places
in British Team
1981 World
Championships

British League '81	1,2,3,4,5,7,9 th
Bleriot Cup '81	1,2 nd
Mere '81	1 st All Events
XC League '81	Currently 1 st
French Nationals '81	1 st
Swiss Nationals '81	1,2,4 th
Austrian Nationals '81	1,3,5 th
Owens Valley XC Classic '81	1,2,5,6,8,9 th
Owens Valley Open '81	1,3,5 th
1 st Across The Solent	

1st

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SAFETY **SAFETY** **SAFETY**

BHGA Airworthiness Officer CLIVE SMITH has issued the following glider safety warnings.

VORTEX — Fact: from statistics alone, if you are in early P1 days and flying a Vortex (badly) you stand the HIGHEST chance of ANYONE within the BHGA of stalling and not taking suitable hill (and DEATH) avoiding action.

The Vortex can be very resistant to stalling but can and does BITE HARD.

This is the UNCONTROLLED STALL, often entered in complete serenity while turning.

The Vortex, being a high-performance glider of the fourth generation, requires to be FLOWN, at the right speed and suitably CO-ORDINATED in turns, as do many others.

Vortexes WILL fly slowly, but don't be tempted in gradient close to hills or bottom landing,

particularly if flying CROSS-WIND.



FALCON 4 — It has been deducted from test-rig results on a standard model Falcon 4 that a pitch instability exists, of the type to produce a complete "tuck-under", above approximately 40mph in straight flight.

What this means is that there is a tendency for the bar-force to reverse and rapidly increase in strength.

In theory this becomes unmanageable at over 42 mph for an average prone pilot, but in practice could be a fait-acompli tuck-under within a couple of seconds.

The maximum speeds are further reduced in practice by asymmetric flight and, of course, turbulence.

Converting steeply banked manoeuvres into fast flight CAN produce sufficient speed and sideslip to reach the unstable region in free-flight.

Certain League pilots are known to have resorted to sustained hand-stands to avoid disaster but the only PROVEN

cases of complete tuck have been when sorely provoked, e.g. towing and powering. Those are the FACTS.

Against this, the Falcon 4 has had a distinguished and long-lived service life, setting high standards of detail finish and construction for its time. They continue to be flown, particularly in the South.

RECOMMENDATION — Keep your Falcon 4 in good tune and condition. Limit to winds of less than 20mph. Observe the VNE of 32 mph and placard if sold. Retire earlier rather than later as it wears out. Use a parachute. Do not sharp-stall deliberately.



SUNSPOT — It has been noted in Wings! by Len Gabriels that these and other contemporary designs can suffer in high speed pitch stability when incorrectly tuned — particularly overtuning! All gliders have their speed limitation (VNE) in straight flight — and control instabilities or overstressing result from exceeding it.

The Sunspot's high speed

instability is almost certainly "luffing", pitching down into a stabilised dive, rather than complete rotation.

The exact speed is dependent on many things but until rig-testing is completed it is assumed to be well above maximum in straight flight for a correctly tuned example.

Loss of control due to cloud-flying, aerobatics or just plain bad weather is ALWAYS serious. With the Sunspot the possibility of entering a steep dive is there, with others the tuck, spin or spiral dive can be the result of serious pilot INEPTITUDE.

RECOMMENDATION — Keep in CORRECT tune (seek EXPERIENCED advice). Observe personal and weather maxima. Do not execute heavy sideslip or high speed manoeuvres. Use a parachute system.

P.S. The BHGA NEEDS YOU! — to keep up-to-date on problems or potential problems on all types of gliders and equipment. Trends in failures and flight problems require to be monitored. Contact Diane Hanlon, Clive Smith or Chris Corston or get your club Training Officer keeping a book for periodical submittal, to head office.

Hornet Microlights

SEASONAL SPECIALS



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Hornet Microlights, Bankfoot Mills, Wibsey Bank, Bradford. (400 yds. from Odsal Stadium off Manchester Road). Tel. (0274) 308642. Showrooms Open Mon. to Sat. (Late Night Wed. Till 8 p.m.)

Wales on half a gallon of 2-stroke

IT'LL never get me off the bloody ground," I thought as I looked at the little 160 square foot Demon prototype spread out at the side of the Black Mountains Gliding Club runway, at Talgarth.

My own Demon was still a squiggle on a card at Hiway Hang Gliders. The order list for this new super ship stretched back to infinity. With my big Cherokee sold, I could see the chance of getting my new trike airborne this summer disappearing like snow in Hell.

"I've just got to put on the pressure — wind up the screws," I decided. "Metaphorically twist John lever's arm, or even physically, if necessary."

Preflight

I was getting desperate! All totally unnecessary. One glance at that wild look in my eyes, my twitching hands and... "Sure, there's a Demon there you can borrow. No problem," said John.

"He's a great guy," I thought, then changed my mind as I unwrapped that tiny bundle of cloth, tubes and assorted bits and bobs — 160 square feet.

"Hell! I've never been off the ground before on anything less than 200, and most of the time on 220s and 240s," I thought as I rigged up, conveniently forgetting my Grasshopper days.

Runway

I'd come up to the Gliding Club to give myself plenty of elbow room and now, in the light of my discovery, I was going to need every bloody inch! Oh, what the hell! I did a quick preflight check, belted myself into the yielding

sponge of the seat, perfunctorily dismissed my entourage with a bellow of, "Clear prop!", and started the engine.

A slow groundborne circuit of the airfield followed, ostensibly to warm up, but in reality, a ploy to delay take-off while I psyched up.

Screwing up every last ounce of courage — which didn't take long as there wasn't much there to screw up — I bashed open the throttle and belted down the runway into the 10 m.p.h. headwind.

Little more than thirty yards and I was airborne. "Hell! Come back all I've said about you, John levers. All is forgiven. One quite large circuit later, my altimeter said 600 feet Q.F.E., so I went chasing Chris Johnson.

Chris, on his orange Demon trike combo was currently buzzing Lord Hereford's Knob like a dung fly over hot manure.

By the time I arrived at the Twmpa I was 600 feet above the top and pulling in HARD to penetrate to windward.

"It must be all of 25 m.p.h. from the south west," I thought, trying like hell to keep out of cloud.

Aching

Experience on powered aircraft has shown me that right side up in cloud, was where it wasn't — if you get my drift. "Every damn thing going up, except my spirits," I thought, as the murk closed around me.

"I've, surely, cocked it up this time. "Couldn't see ahead, could hardly see my glider. Where the hell was Chris in all this crap?"

With my engine on tick over I was still pulling in. I stretched up an aching arm and switched off (I had an in-flight restart, so wasn't too worried on that count). As I switched off, I glanced straight down and the ground below me was in clear sight.

The cloud extended thickly to a point level with my more private parts, and below that was clear air. I giggled with relief and

A STINGING attack on the Norfolk Hang Gliding Club over its organisation of the Norfolk Air Race has brought an angry response.

The attack came from Christian Marechal — public relations officer for Gerry Breen's Welsh Hang Gliding Centre — in a report in Flight Line, journal of the British Microlight Aircraft Association.

The deeply sarcastic account of the race — won by Gerry Breen on a Mirage Mk.II — likens the Norfolk Hang Gliding Club to the Snowdonia Deep Sea Diving Club, "something of a contradiction in terms".

It cites a series of organisational gaffs which, it is claimed, left some pilots turning up at Norwich airport for the start and others at Felthorpe.

'We're no Flat Earth Society'

It concludes: "It's a great idea, this Norfolk Air Race. But I wouldn't trust the organisers to sit the right way on a lavatory.

"Maybe the BMAA should take it over next year and turn it into a great race too."

Organiser and Norfolk club secretary Graham Ives retorts the allegations of disorganisation are "exaggerated and incorrect".

"I suggest he gives his pen the day off and visits our 'flat earth society' to discover just how much activity there really is.

"I shall refrain from boring you with a series of corrections but there is one fact that needs mentioning in the interests of genuine fliers.

"Graham Hobson and Mike Hurtle were flying Flexiform Sealanders and they proved to be highly successful on a weekend that was enjoyed by almost all." Mr. Marechal's report refers to them as Tripacers.

An unrepentant Mr. Marechal said he was witness to "horrendous disorganisation" from start to finish.

He said he had also been "meticulous" in reporting the other side of Gerry Breen's activities at the race — a low-level display of aerobatics that brought a reprimand from the Norwich Airport Director.

The Flight Line report refers to the director's "pacemaker fizzling and crackling ominously".

Mr. Marechal said he believed the onus was the Editor of Flight Line — not himself — to invite comment from the Norfolk club.

Mere cost

This year's Clubman's Mere cost the BHGA £700 net, council heard. Some 80 people attended compared with 120 last year.

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Ewart Jones finds a little glider goes a long way!

wondered what the hell the hill walkers below would think if they raised their eyes and saw a pair of legs, two feet and three wheels floating serenely below the cloud.

Soaring

Just then it got kinda bumpy, my yellow streak widened, and I wished I'd brought my 'chute. If I'd been flying dual, I'd have held the other guy's hand. When I opened my eyes again, I was in the clear, and there was Chris, two miles or so ahead of me belting south for Crickhowell, like a bitch on heat heading for Battersea dogs' home.

"If he cranks on a tight one at that speed he'll disappear up his own exhaust pipe."

I looked around to take stock of my own position, 600 feet above Bychan, just below cloud base and going like stink for the back of the hill. Woa there!

I cranked on a tight one and pulled on for the front of the hill. I lost 200 feet, then, as I cleared the hill, I went up like the proverbial rocket.

"Hell," I said to no one in particular, "Let's go for it", meaning Crickhowell.

I'd tried soaring this run before and got drilled each time. Now here I was, with the smallest glider I'd ever flown, dead-engined trike attached and doing better than I'd ever done. For a while I got lost in the orographic plumbing back from Troed to the south west.

Clearing the orographic, I found I'd kept on track, more by luck than judgement, and was now 1,000 A.G.L. over Llysiau. (Purists, see OS161 - 200 - 280).

Soon I arrived at Allt Mawr, the highest point in the range. What a fantastic ridge! I'd often looked up at it and wondered what it would be like to soar.

Now I knew, and what I knew I didn't like one tiny bit. I know flying is 3D travel, but all 3D at once? This was ridiculous!

"This is where I do my first and last loop," I thought. I know what the book says, but, palms sweating



Mass-production triking?

Joe Greblo aboard a Yamaha trike at the Beppu World Championships

knuckles white, I just pulled in and got the hell out of it - fast! For the sake of those below I was sure glad my flying suit had tight ankle cuffs.

Leaving Allt Mawr I risked a nervous cough to clear my throat, and as I passed over Bryniog, my mind flashed back to my third only, real flight on a hang glider all those years ago.

Two and a half hours it had taken me to lug my Grasshopper up to the top.

It seemed a good idea at the time to hop from step to step down to the valley floor. But, "Best laid plans of mice and men" and all that jazz. It didn't quite work out that way. One hell of a take off run, glider - ex king post in those days, sail flapping like mad and, gulp, I was airborne and climbing.

Something was definitely wrong here! The book said I should have been going down and yet I needed legs a couple of hundred feet long to reach my landing site. I distinctly remember climbing through the A-frame to weight shift forward, all fear of height forgotten.

The next distinct memory was hurtling down a steep forest ride, below treetop level, only to be confronted with sagging 11,000 volt cables, posts hidden discreetly

behind the trees on either side of the ride.

Thank God for airspeed. I pushed out like hell, picked up my feet level with my seat (white plastic it was, matching the colour of my face) and cleared the cables with all of three feet to spare.

Troubles not over yet, though. Fully stalled I faced a row of 60,000 volt dittoes, no alternatives, no airspeed, pull in hard, dive under the cables, end up in a hedge on Pen y Lan farm! It took me three more months to screw enough bottle to take that bloody kite out of cold store.

But I digress. At Bryniog, I changed tack and headed south east for the Daren. Where the hell is Chris? Looking around I saw him heading North over the Myarth.

He must be looking for the wreckage, I thought.

Landing

At two grand A.S.L. over Table Mountain I'd had enough. The sweat was drying on my shirt, at least, I was fairly sure it was sweat, and the cold, I'll swear it was the cold, was making me shake. So I pulled on and headed for Crickhowell and my landing field beside the river.

With about a grand left - and directly over the field - I restarted the engine, third pull.

I did a few quick wing overs, well, to me they seemed wing overs, made a steep descent on base leg and finished up with a landing run of twenty five yards. Those front brakes sure work.

Chris came in a few minutes later, creamed in over the hedge and floated down. The bloody show off! "Hell," said he, "that was close. Have a look at my tank. I'm just out." "Have a look at mine," says I, smirking. "Yeah, but you nicked some of my juice before we started. I wasn't full," says he, taking a peek at my tank.

"Christ, you've used less than half a gallon. How did you do it, you old bastard?" says he endearingly. "Not so much of the old," says I. "I've just soared this bloody thing 13 1/2 miles, dead stick. Must be some kind of record!"

Equipment:

Hiway 160 Demon prototype
Hiway 250cc trike
Makiki flask vario
Bowland Altimeter
One pair brown and yellow trousers.

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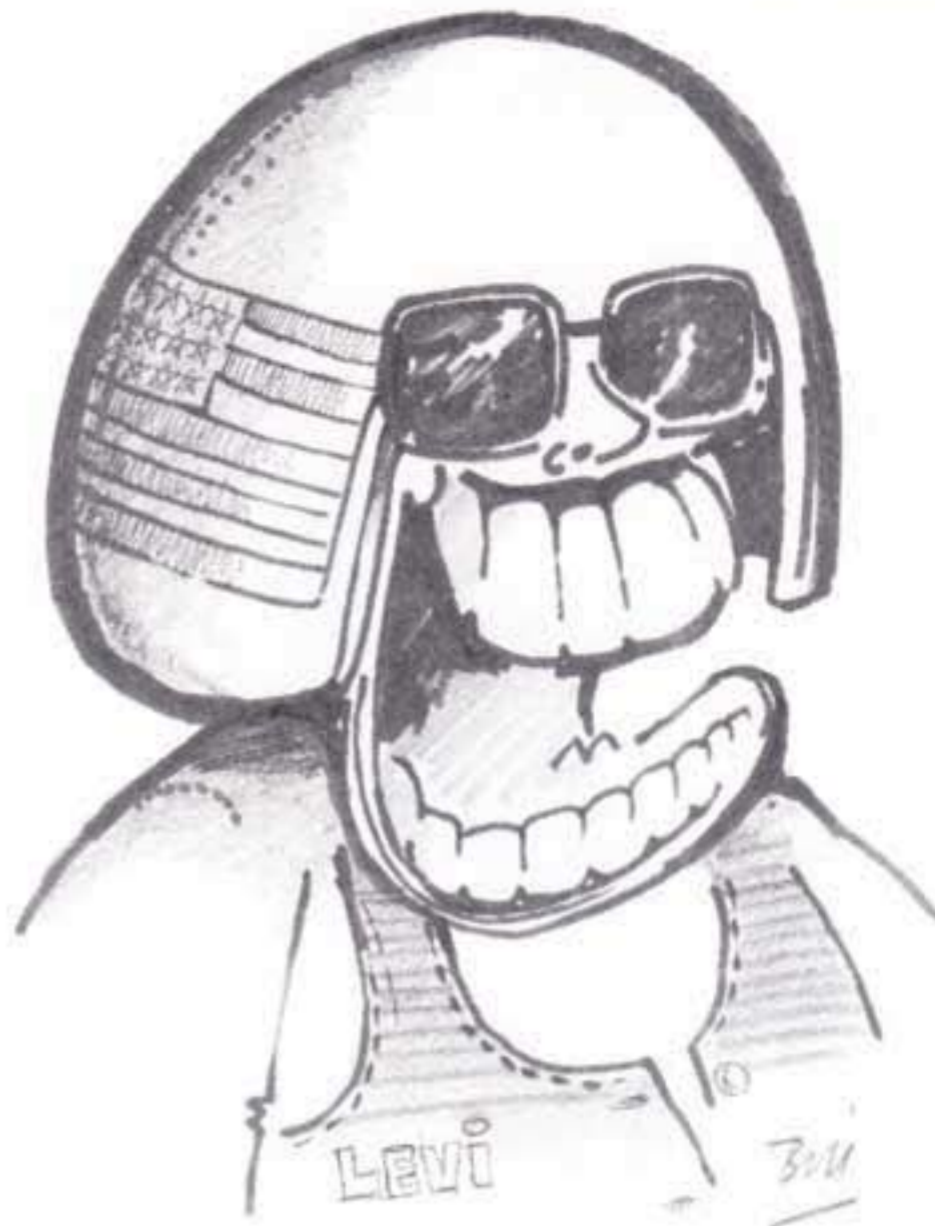
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Great Bores Of The Hill

No1. I once flew Owens Valley

"...there I was, coring a 8,000ft/min tornado thru' the heart of a pitch black cumulonimbus in the company of two giant pterodactyls on the return leg of a 352-mile triangle, when I broke into sunlight at 46,000ft to find my diver a solid block of ice, and passing out from a combination of hypoxia and fright as I barely-avoided a whizzing Soviet spacecraft, only to awaken as my glider was plunging down a bottomless abyss, which I barely squeezed through, wingtips inches from rocky oblivion, only to crashland in the 140 degree desert heat amid tall purple cacti, and while fighting off Indians, scorpions, and crazed hermits staggered through a shimmering mirage into an ancient Spanish fortress, which proved to be the famous lost whorehouse of Tonopah, and after weeks in captivity smuggled my diver and gear out under a moonless night, riding a monstrous desert tortoise to freedom, only to find as I loaded my diver on the retrieve truck a huge gold nugget fall out of my noseplate, where it had lodged itself when I had landed out at that forgotten spot in the desert, now where was that, let me see..."

From a letter by Tom Kreyche, of Bishop, Owens Valley, California, with apologies to Private Eye.



Weather the real winner



Sgt. John Cockshot, best Pilot 1 (Army) 11th overall; Major Rod Macdonald, Army Champion, 2nd overall; Flt. Lt. Bob Hurst, Joint Services Champion; J/T Pat Gardener, 2nd RAF Pilot, 3rd overall; MEA (P) Alan Smith, Top Navy pilot, 4th overall; J/T Steve Dominik, Top RAF Lynham pilot, 9th overall; Capt. Jim Taggart, 2nd Army pilot, 5th overall; Jeremy Pyke, Best Guest, Pilot 1, 10th overall.

by Rod Macdonald

THANKS to sponsors Natocars of Bridge-water and the Mid Wales Hang Gliding club — the second Army and Joint Service Hang Gliding Championships took place in Aberystwyth in October.

The combination of exercises in Germany and the remoteness of Aberystwyth meant fewer competitors this year.

I only managed to make it myself thanks to the willingness of the Royal Marines to fly me back from mid exercise in Germany.

The conditions saw classic hang gliding competition weather absolutely no wind at all on the first day, blown out by gale force winds on the second and no wind on the last day.

Despite this a competition

was run involving three "down-tasks". Jim Taggart worked hard on the complex scoring system over which no one complained as no one could understand it.

However in the end it was good to see an RAF Pilot — Bob Hurst — take the Joint Service title from me by two points in 340 although I managed to keep hold of the Army Rose Bowl, coming second.

Particular mention must go to all the new pilots trained through the Army Centre at Sennybridge who made the effort to attend the Championships and our AGM, soldiers from 59 Independent Commando Squadron who helped Jim Taggart and the Mid Wales Club run the competition and to our President, Maj. Gen. Mike Matthews who travelled all the way from London to present the prizes.



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Ron Hurst
Ron Hurst, Zürich

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The last word?

Dear Sir

Referring to the Sealander Flight Report by Adam Jefferson and his subsequent letter in November Wings!, my intention was not arrogant criticism of him as a pilot (I have not met him and know nothing of his ability as a pilot), my concern was for an unjust reputation his article has given the Sealander.

On several occasions pilots unknown to me have remarked that the glider had inferior handling/sink-rate/speed when compared with the other double surface machines.

None of the pilots concerned had ever flown a Sealander and each time the source of their information was the Wings! flight report.

PAUL HENRY
Berkhamstead
Herts

Europe fiasco: 'BHGA made us scapegoats'

Dear Sir,

I am writing to correct a statement in the September issue of Wings! concerning the embarrassing withdrawal of the BHGA offer to stage the European Championship for 1982.

It read — "The surprise move follows a majority vote by Competitions Committee worried at lack of funds and at failure to gain

consent to stage the event in the Yorkshire Dales."

I wish to state as secretary of the Yorkshire Dales Club that we were never officially approached and

consequently neither refused nor agreed to host the European Championships, and we object to being used as a scapegoat.

BILL DOUTHWAITE
Halifax.

Red Rose replies

Dear Stan —

Following last month's piece on the Roses competition, I would like to point out that we had tried for two weekends to hold the competition but had failed owing to bad weather. On the occasion when weather was good we, the Lancashire team, were given insufficient notice and as such were unable to "drop everything" and attend.

With this in mind, I believe it is unfair to level criticism that the

Lancashire side is losing interest at Bob Calvert and myself.

GRAHAM HOBSON
Manchester

IMPOSTER!

Dear Sir — Centre page October Wings — Who's the imposter purporting to be John Porter, Bog Rog Winner, Mere '81?

As his wife, I can assure you that it most certainly isn't John, who lives in Mere and flies twice a year on average.

I.M. PORTER Mere, Wiltshire.

• Well spotted, Mrs. Porter! The "imposter" is in fact Tony Hughes who placed second in the Xc comp — Ed.



All letters should be sent to the Editor at 72 Hartley Avenue, Leeds LS6 2LP and should be signed and written CLEARLY on one side of the paper only.



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Come fly with me!

Dear Sir —

I'd just like to write in and tell you that Ferryside is the place to fly in south west to west north west.

Out of all our club members there are only about six of us who regularly fly this most amazing hill. Buddha knows why.

I was weaned on this hill and will never be tired of flying from it.

How can you be sick of flying from a coastal site when it never produces the same conditions twice?

Back a couple of years ago when Nigel Edwards, Dave Wood and myself started to explore the hill, we often found ourselves up around 600ft above take off. Before I start getting comments like blah! blah! blah! blah!, let me give you the hill's statistics.

It is only approximately 230 ft. high and for most of its length is only 180-200ft high. Now don't tell me that's ridge lift, because I'm not as dumb as that.

On about ten occasions during the last three years I have personally been pumped up by sea and sand thermals to around 1,500ft above take off and have made a dog leg cross-country of seven miles.

But that's nothing compared to Dave Wood's 17.5 miles, Steve Midland's 19 miles and Tom Warren's

eight miles, all of which were achieved on Sunday September 13 with the tide full out at mid-day. The sand and mudflats must have had a field day.

On several occasions I have flown up-wind in lift and about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile over the sea with about 800 – 1,000ft above take off. Sometimes the lift is smooth, sometimes extremely bumpy.

I wish more people would come and fly the site because in my opinion it has more to offer than any other site in our club. It faces the prevailing winds.

During the last three years I have logged over 250 hours on this hill alone and during September I did 30 hours at Ferryside. So please come and visit our amazingly unpredictable, against the text book, beautiful, private coastal site.

I would just like to mention that to date these have been eight landings in the sea below, all without physical injury, three by the same person. It has also claimed one broken arm.

Anyone from another club must contact me before flying. As long as I know that flying is taking place there, then it's O.K.

JOHN EVANS
Safety Officer,

South West Wales Hang Gliding Club.



John Evans over the Towy estuary

*Tie a yellow ribbon
round the kingpost*

Dear Stan —

I think the proposed "colour-coded kingposts system is a good idea; but (and it's a big but) pilots are often too lazy to do pre-flight checks or carry up 50 feet; let alone sticking unco-operative bits of coloured plastic all over their top rigging!

Whatever happened to the practice of flying a yellow streamer from the kingpost of inexperienced flyers?

I think that if this procedure was to be adhered to for the first few hours airtime of each major step that a pilot takes, it would be achieving the object i.e. to let other pilots know he's relatively inexperienced.

But more importantly — it's much simpler and pilots might JUST bother to fly one.

Whether the pilot has just started flying top-to-bottoms, soaring or flying prone — it's still a simple easily recognisable yellow streamer.

My argument was nicely summed up by one experienced pilot the other day — "if he's got any sort of streamer on the kingpost, I'm not flying near enough to find out what colour it is!"

Simplicity must be the answer, and, with no offence to the Thames Valley pilots, I think their system is too complicated for what we require, and that is a simple visual warning of inexperience.

NIGEL MOORE
South East Wale Hang Gliding Club

BHGA Council has given its backing to the more comprehensive system outlined in September Wings! — Ed.

IN TALK DRIVES THEM OUT!

Dear Sir,

Editorial and other comment frequently raises the question of why members leave BHGA and, presumably, give up the sport.

As a member who has just spent a few weeks dithering before renewing my membership, my own experience — though not, I am sure, typical — may prove of interest.

In 1979 I booked in for a week's course at a school to see if I liked the sport. I did. However, because of adverse weather my actual flying probably amounted to only a few minutes made up of perhaps a couple of dozen flights lasting about 30 seconds with maybe one of one minute.

I returned to the school several times but the weather was never right. In the meantime I joined the BHGA and when I got the list of clubs tried a couple of times to contact my local club — unsuccessfully.

I did not pursue this as I felt there was little point in joining a club until I had a glider.

Like many people I was not

sufficiently well heeled nor sufficiently committed to buy a new glider so I read the magazine avidly to improve my knowledge and, of course, studied the "for sale" adverts.

I found the magazine devoted far too much space (to my mind) to competitions and personalities and far too little to helpful articles. Also the language was full of jargon that sometimes made comprehension difficult.

When to my delight the magazine featured an article "explaining" hang gliding terms I was disappointed to find that it turned out to be jokey.

I still have not bought a glider as I am not sure which gliders are suitable for my (very low) skill level.

I know all the above points very much to my own inertia but I am sure there are many who join the association but who, like me, have other interests in life as well.

I have now renewed so perhaps this is the year when I will actually fly.

JOHN JACKSON,
Stourport on Severn,
Worcs.

• John also suggests articles aimed specifically at newer pilots, including guidance for second-hand glider purchase — this is in the pipeline — Ed.

A MASTERS HATRICK FOR MOYES

Words — Harris Prevost. Pictures — Hugh Morton

FOR the third year in a row, Steve Moyes won the Masters of Hang Gliding Championship at Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina.

No other pilot has ever won the coveted Masters more than once or dominated a major hang gliding event the way Moyes has the Masters.

The Australian won eight of his nine matches in one-on-one competition en route to collecting \$5,000 first prize money. His only loss was in the third round to Britain's **Bob England**.

Moyes's last two flights were against his closest challengers at the time, Mark Bennett of Temecula, California and 1976 Masters Champion Mike Arrambide of Ventura, California, who also finished second to Moyes in 1979. Both flights were extremely close.

Five pilots had 6 — 3 records. Landing points, which were used as tie-breakers, gave second place to Dave Ledford of Asheville, North Carolina. Third went to Mark Bennett and fourth was a tie between Arrambide and Dug Lawton of Duluth, Georgia.

Landing points were given in half-point increments ranging from zero for landing outside the designated area to two points for a bullseye, controlled, graceful landing.

The Masters doubled its purse to \$10,000 when Piedmont Airlines joined Grandfather Mountain as a sponsor. Twenty-four pilots participated by invitation only in the event whose invitational format is patterned after the highly successful Masters Golf Tournament.

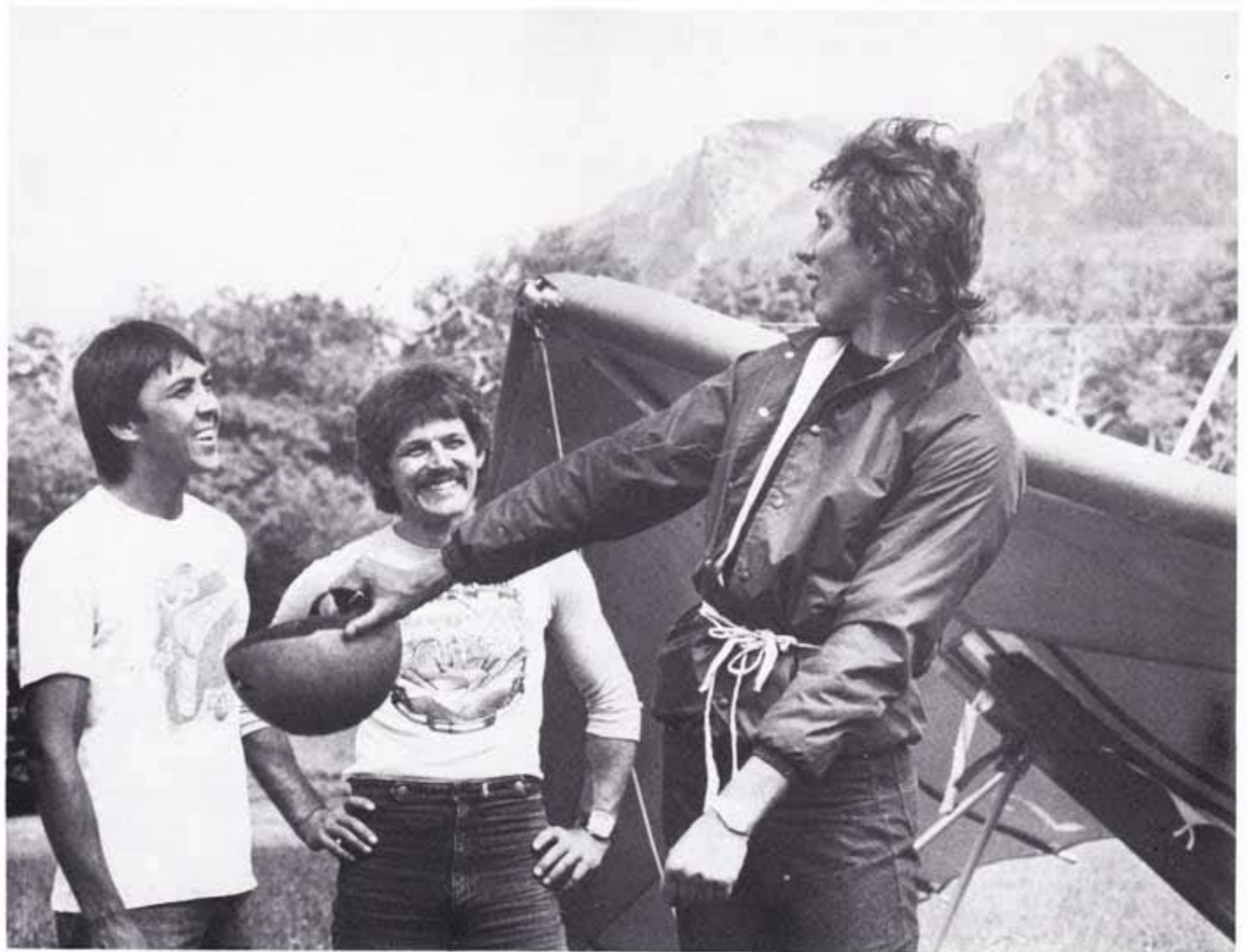
The 24-strong field was cut to the top ten pilots after six rounds. Each pilot who won a round in the one-on-one competition also won \$10.

The one-on-one flight format was new this year at the Masters and was a tremendous success. It produced some dramatic contests and spectators could follow these flights from start to finish.

The basic flight task at the Masters was a speed race over a course laid out over the higher peaks of Grandfather Mountain. Pilots had to travel between one and two miles from the launch site and gain over 700 feet in elevation. Sometimes they had to fly for almost an hour (about 20 miles) to find the lift they needed to gain enough altitude to cross the designated points above Grandfather's rugged peaks.



Champion Steve Moyes held aloft by Dave Ledford, left, and Mark Bennett



Steve Moyes, left, shares a joke with Canadian Robin Pederson and our own Jeremy Fack from Bristol, right. The impressive Grandfather Mountain is in the background.



Oscar — Grandfather's resident skunk — kicks up a bit of a stink if competitors don't feed him scraps!

Leading Positions

Name	Home town	Record	Landing points	Winnings
Steve Moyes, Meteor	Sydney, Australia	8 — 1	10.5	\$ 5,080
Dave Ledford, Meteor	Asheville, North Carolina	6 — 3	12.0	1,560
Mark Bennett, Comet	Temecula, Carolina	6 — 3	11.0	1,060
Mike Arrambide, Comet	Ventura, Carolina	6 — 3	10.5	660
Dug Lawton, Comet	Duluth, Georgia	6 — 3	10.5	660
Bruce Case, Wills Wings Harrier	St. Paul, Minnesota	6 — 3	8.0	360
Jeff Burnett, Sensor	Milford, New Hampshire	5 — 4	7.0	50
Robin Penerson, Demon	W. Vancouver, Canada	5 — 4	6.5	50
Stu Smith, Comet	Linville, North Carolina	5 — 4	6.0	50
Easy Voorhees, Comet	Orlando, Florida	4 — 5	5.0	40

Back home!



The first members of the World-beating British hang gliding team pictured by Mark Junak on their arrival back at Heathrow — from left, Graham Hobson, Johnny Carr and Graham Slater.

Graham Hobson, 48th

THE weather seemed to be changing very quickly from either raining like mad to very, very good blue thermal conditions. The competition itself was excellently managed from the point of view of getting the pilots from A to B with fairly typical Japanese efficiency. However, the Japanese weren't quite so hot on organising the tasks. The gliders were very interesting.

There's a whole new load of stuff out. Like the Shark and so on with the double surface underneath which is free-floating completely, and all very interesting.

My best flight was on the last task when I had nothing to gain but just fly to the top of Yufu which is the biggest volcano here, and then have a look inside its guts and turn down wind and fly to the landing field.

Graham Slater, 3rd

YES, the thing I remember most is one of my last flights in the competition when I managed to beat Steve Moyes on the duration, and it's quite poignant really because I beat him on duration and then came in and missed the spot, crashed on the spot which lost me, if you like, the first place in the World Championships.

But in one way I was quite pleased in that I did out-sink one of the best.

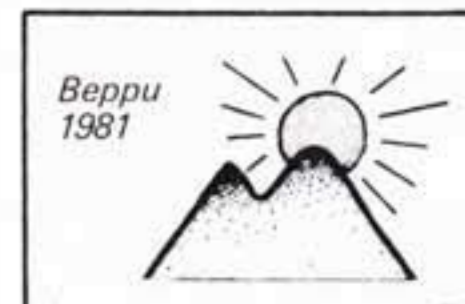
Johnny Carr, 6th

THIS Japanese trip proved to give me some of the most fantastic flying I've ever had.

But there was a lot of bad weather. My feelings are that the good flying is fantastic but there's not a lot of it, and that of the flying that I had, one of my most memorable flights was flying from our mountain onto a volcano — which was a fair glide away — and we arrived at the volcano very low and we thermalled our way to the top of it and on to another mountain.

Interviews on this and following pages were recorded by Team Manager DEREK EVANS.

Our pilots may be the best, but what about the gliders? See over for Bob Calvert's view.



Which paddy?

Tony Hughes, 33rd

AS this was my first really big international meet, Japan will hold very many special memories for me. Experiences like choosing which paddy field to land in on one of the practice days when each one was no bigger than a badminton court stepped up like layers on a cake, stands out quite a bit. Or being the first one to soar to the top of Mount YUFU and peep over the edge into a spectacular volcanic crater, half of which had been blown away. That was pretty special.

Being the first pilot in the competition to stop Rich Pfeiffer getting another 1,000 points stands out quite well, especially when it was a task which favoured him and his glider, the Duck, particularly. He wasn't very pleased about that.

I think the pilot who would do the best in the competition had to be the guy who was most adaptable through a series of different situations, and was able to win through despite a lot of organisational hassles, which is a necessary part of a competition of this size. And that certainly describes Pepe, the chap who did win it.

I was very touched by the fact that he mentioned his mother and father when he made his winning speech, and I think a lot of the pilots were too. I think it is very easy to become self-centred in a competition such as this and forget about a lot of other things, and a lot of other people, which go towards helping making the effort.

I'd like to thank all members of the BHGA who bought raffle tickets which went to help with the Competitions Committee fund. This is a very worthy cause, I can assure you, because without that and a certain amount of finance which did come from it, a lot of the small things that we had to pay for would have been missed out.

Lagging behind

Bob Calvert, 16th

THERE were several interesting developments in glider design. The more interesting "Comet-style" derivatives were the Moyes Meteor, La Mouette Azur and the Wills Wing Duck. Rich Pfeiffer's Duck had a nylon-coated sail and appeared to have the most exceptional performance. The Guggenmos Wing was a development of their single surface Wings, sporting truncated tips and vortex generators.

The most inovative design was the Pacific Gull Shark, most easily described as a 90 per cent double surface Lightning with the lower surface loosely "hung" from the upper surface.

Potentially this design was the most significant as large double-surface sections offer improved lift/drag coefficients.

One thing that was apparent once more was that the gliders that the British flew were inferior in performance to several new developments. The trend in British hang glider designing has stagnated into our "latest gliders" lagging behind the best current designs.

The only variable is "how much inferior". If there is to be a British success like the Atlas and Comet have been we need to lead not lag. It was a pity no British manufacturer was at the American Cup 1980 — if we continue to lag we will see more American Cup 1980s.

Also, perhaps if Graham, Johnny or Bob had flown in Japan with glider superiority perhaps we might have an individual Gold medal and a guaranteed sales opportunity like the Azur will now have.

Beppu 1981 remembered

Pictures by Noel Whittall



Left — preflight for Andrew Wilson with Graham Slater, left, and Bob Calvert



Above — "Two 360s and finish with loop?! Zut alors!!" Mike de Glanville, left, Klaus Kohmstedt (Monaco) and François Candert in conference
Left — Graham Slater gets his teeth into it



JAPAN was a good comp in the end. A lot of things wrong with it — the weather particularly was very poor, very fickle, not unlike a warm England. Bad points were, we didn't seem to have a guy in charge of the comp. that could set tasks for the pilot.

We did feel like a pawn for the Lord Mayor to further Beppu. Not altogether unfair — they did put half a million pounds to make the comp. work and make it commercial.

Pilots suffered. As the comp. went on we probably got tasks to suit ourselves, but it took two weeks of haggling to get there.

The good points — many of them. Fantastic scenery, fantastic mountains to fly off. Fabulous views when you got off, and the flying I suppose is a cross between the tropical Guatemala, English conditions when the wind was blowing, and Grenoble. It was thermals — sometimes 8-ups in cores. Never wild, but often punchy. Sometimes just the weak stuff of England.

Cooperation for the comp. was very good considering that Derek and Jeremy had a lousy week out the year before. We knew the mountains — we weren't clued up about the amount of wind. I think Hobson in particular suffered on this one, he would have been right

THE World Championships were my second international competition, and for the major part of the competition my flying decision-making seemed constantly to be at fault.

I think there were a number of reasons for this, most of which I was still analysing on my way back to the U.K. I think I've also had some bad luck this time as well.

The following is a brief description of the task which I flew well, which was the task on the last day before the cut was made, after I managed to get three zero scores in a row on the preceding three days.

It was an alternative goal flight to Inose or Shidaka, the main landing area on a day when most people were eventually going to Shidaka via the Volcano Mount Yufu. In the heat, Steve Moyes went off fairly early and was lucky in getting a thermal that took



Below — a skyful of gliders at the competition

Pawns for the Mayor

Robert Bailey, 8th (Captain)

in the top twenty, I'm sure, if he'd been on a big Comet or something for a good performance.

One thing that is big in my flying is that I've got to be a part of a glider and so I've stuck with the Comet I'm flying that I've had since April. It's won the Bleriot Cup for me and the Baildon Sod!

Conclusion of thoughts on the comp — timing scoring, very good, excellent. Weather very changeable — we could do better in England. Tasks — two years out of date. We must have up-to-date tasks — we must be free open distance cross-country, open window

take-off is a

Had to times — Several gu nobody.

You've chance of three to the final d To get a t against eve

Part of conditions. excellent well but su need to g options fo American easy to v definitely what exac the pants comp. sta done more

Thanks it possible a kick.

Bad judgement — bad luck

Andrew Wilson, 69th

past his level fairly quickly, and because of the vertical ascent of the thermal for a no down-wind drift, I immediately concluded that the air was highly unstable, and that there was a very good chance of going directly to the main landing field rather than gaining a large amount of height on the volcano. However, rather than make a straight run for it, which still seems something of a gamble in the light of my previous decision-making in the competition, I decided to stay with Steve Moyes and let him take the lead on a route which involved going along the ridge, past Inosedo to the base of

the main mountain Tsrume and going down wind from there with a thermal that I found, and in which Steve joined me.

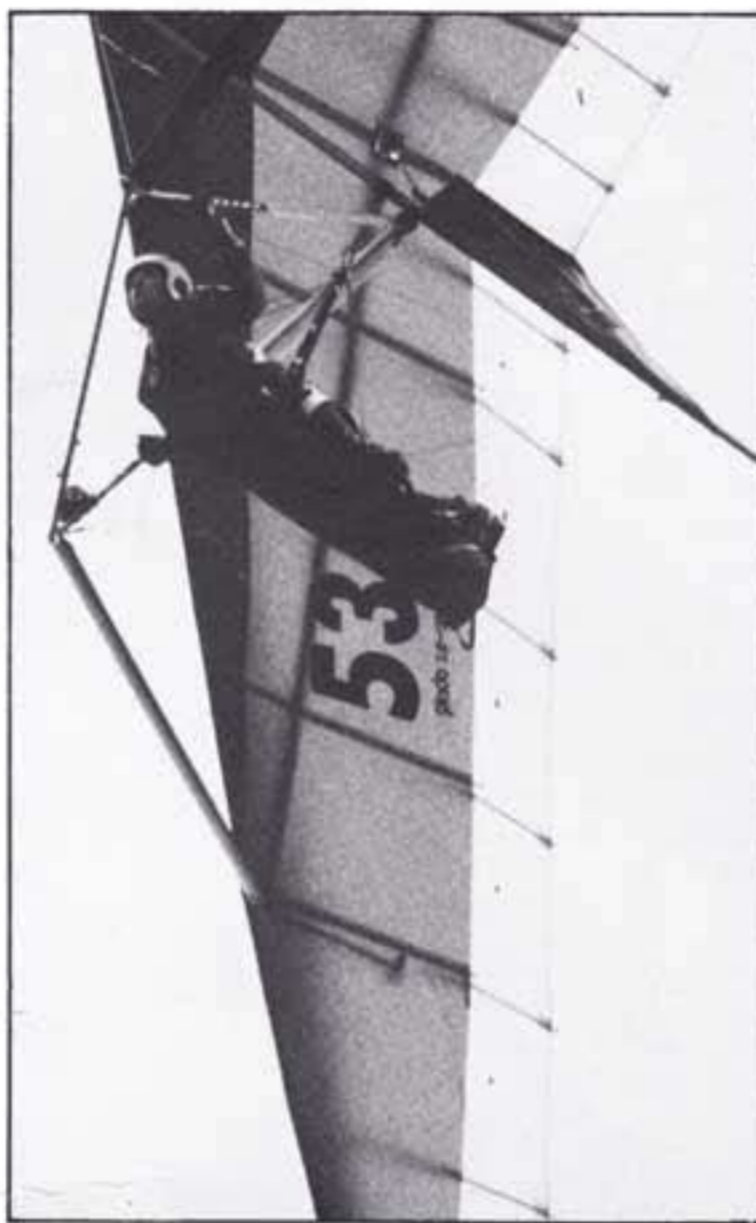
We were obviously doing better than anyone else that day in terms of utilising thermal conditions and I finished off a good flight by letting Steve Moyes leave the thermal first and max glide to the landing area, allowing for sink if there was any.

As soon as I realised that he had a lot of height over the landing field I was able then to follow at max speed for the last two miles.

I came in to land a mere second after Steve,

Right — Walter Schonauer on the elegant strutted Firebird

gliders on the last day of the comp



Synchronise watches...
Manager Derek Evans, left, with Andrew Wilson and Johnny Carr

and managed to beat his time, and had the fastest time for the day.

With my usual sense of modesty, I think I was capable of flying almost all the tasks that we had in the same manner, and I think with the experience I've learned on this trip and that which I am going to gain over the next few months, I'll be a great deal more consistent in the same circumstances in the future.

The big names

Ronnie Freeman, 22nd

THE atmosphere was brilliant — what a way to have a first international. All the big names were there, and I felt small. Derek Evans was always around when needed, with sound advice. My most memorable flight was against Gerard Thevenot of France and Didier Favre of Switzerland in pools of seven. I was fifth off, Didier first and Gerard third.

The task was minimum time to a pylon, 1½ miles down the ridge then back to a time gate on top.

Didier was off, going down the ridge. Halfway down, far too low. Gerard soared high, I followed.

Didier had blown it, and landed out. I caught Gerard up, racing for the pylon. I took the pylon first — bless these Typhoons — that meant I had at least two minutes on him. Coming back, we both flew into a small tree-covered wall — bang!

After five 360s I had gained 800 feet. Gerard had lost it and things were going for me. I set off for the line but half way along the ridge there was sink everywhere. Gerard hung back waiting to see my next move. As soon as I had climbed he came fast, but I still had two minutes on him. He had to make the next move to win.

About 500 yards from the line, 30 feet from the trees, he saw me climb fast. This was it — he came now like a bullet straight on past for the line. All I had to do was to follow and I'd cracked it. One minute 12 seconds — my best win ever. This gave me great confidence for the rest of the competition. Other memories were making good friends with other hang glider pilots, flying, unbelievable sights, but most of all being part of it all.

Rubimania!

Derek Evans, manager

THAT fantastic flying country was spoilt by the weather but, nevertheless, we have all brought back many wonderful memories, I'm sure — the thermalling around and above Mt. Yufu; "Lobert" Bailey and Graham Slater coming back from the dead in the duration tasks; Andrew Wilson topping everyone in practice — 3,600' above Tsurumi in wave; Ronnie Freeman winning his first heat, and the British disease which the whole team went down with — the RUBIK CUBE! Gawd!! what a pain that was, but it did keep some of them quiet, I suppose.

My worst memory is of ordering breakfast in our non-English speaking hotel, and my best ones are of Graham Slater and the team on winners' rostrum.

One of my fantasies also came true on our free-flying day after the comp. Much to the consternation of the team, who were waiting (im)patiently in the landing area, I flew over them from Tsrume in the company of Steve Moyes and Mike de Glanville, and continued out over the City of Beppu to the beach!

A fantastic glide of about 5¼ miles, over the full drop from 4,500', followed by some gentle soaring approaching the sea breeze front. Steve found the convergence about ½-mile offshore, enjoyed himself, and landed about 30 minutes after us!

...e-off is a must.

Had to take off into poor conditions several times — could have missed out because of it. Several guys got high places because they met the body.

You've got to meet the top guys to have a chance of winning. There must be a cut after three to four rounds then another cut until the final day top twenty, two to three flights. To get a true World Champion you need to fly against everybody in varying conditions.

Part of pilot skill is taking off into your conditions. The team we took out was excellent — the three new guys all did very well but suffered through inexperience. Probably had to go through tasks more heavily on the conditions for the new guys, as a flier in past American Cups and World Championships, it's easy to work out a task, for the new guys definitely suffered through not working out what exactly was needed, although we bored the pants off each other for hours before the comp. started. This is a must and must be done more thoroughly.

Thanks a lot Derek and Audrey for making it possible, and the BHGA. It really gives me a kick.

WINGS! passes the winter thinking of the flying the coming summer has in store and looking at some of the places we might want to visit. At \$1.86 to the pound, the States may be beyond most pockets... but it could be the flying trip of a lifetime.

Two writers here seek to put California's Owens Valley into perspective.

The Owens has developed a reputation for "bottle only" flying. **GEORGE WORTHINGTON** — holder of the official world distance and distance to goal records — argues the reputation is unjust.

MICK APPLEBY went there with a bunch of "ordinary fliers" last summer. A note of caution... Andrew Wilson flew in the British team at Owens and points out that pilots should know about mountain flying and reminds Mick that one of his party did break an arm, possibly through lack of such knowledge...»

A punter's guide

by Mick Appleby



NO, don't turn the page — this isn't just another article on how terrific/horrific flying the Owens can be.

It is intended to be of use to the average club flyer who takes his flying holidays on the continent and would like the low down on the best hang gliding site in the world.

Six RAF hang glider pilots took part in this year's Owens Valley Open competition.

None of us are superstars or lunatics and we all came back more or less intact having experienced the most exhilarating and demanding flying.

Let's dispel some myths — Flying the Owens Valley is a challenge. It has its dangers which are peculiar to flying such an enormous site, but of you treat the place with respect and fly intelligently you won't come to grief.

Getting to 20,000 feet ASL and flying 50-100 miles is an everyday event even for pilots of average ability.

Yes, the Owens can get turbulent and bumpy. You don't get such fantastic flying for nothing. Out of 400-500 flights during the Open there were two reported cases of severe turbulence. One guy was unlucky enough to take off into a dust devil which wasn't kicking up any dust. He looped his Comet and flew off to complete the task completely intact.

There were three forced landings on top of the mountain but in each case it was due to, (self admitted), bad flying.

There was an awful lot of reckless flying going

Owens Valley fact and fiction

Pictures by Bettina Gray



Mike Adams (USA) over the Owens on his Sensor

on in the competition, no doubt spurred on by the desire to fly further than the next guy. It seemed to us that if the organisers declared "The Grave" as today's goal there were those pilots who would be prepared to fly themselves into it. If you put yourself at risk and make a mistake in the Owens the consequences are usually serious but flying there need not be any more hazardous than your local site if you follow the rules.

Out of 25 hours fairly conservative airtime in the Owens I can only remember a single minute or two when I wanted out. This was due to my own inexperience in allowing "cloud suck" to go too far, and being dragged into a whopper at 19½ grand.

I came out iced-up and frightened.

I generally left any punchy violent thermals well alone. There was always another one just a bit further on. The good ones are

gigantic and silky smooth. The most vivid memories of flying the Owens are those of putting on ski gloves, sipping water, eating chocolate, checking instruments and feeling the air go cool on your face as the glider flies itself round a giant thermal with the vario pegged at ten-plus up, climbing out to 20,000 feet.

Unless you are very unlucky you aren't going to get screwed into the valley floor every five minutes. "I got drilled" usually means "I blew it".

You generally take off in a gaggle of five to twenty gliders so you get plenty of help with your first thermal if you need it. I never saw anybody get "drilled" but pilots did manage to end up in the pits. Small dust devils whip through the launch site regularly.

They can pick up a rigged glider and ground

go next summer?



The launch, here we come!



The end of a long hard day!



TELLING IT THE WAY IT IS

by George
Worthington

THE general impression of nearly all the articles in *Wings!* about flying the Owens Valley is that it is too risky, too dangerous, too unsafe, too insane, too wild, too over-powering, and too foolish to compete there, or maybe even to fly there.

If you were to run a survey of your readers, surely you would find that what they have read in *Wings!* has overwhelmingly given them that impression.

With modern hang gliders and a cautious approach by the pilot to learn about the special dangers of flying there by going easy at first and talking to the locals, there should be no more risk than flying most sites in the U.S. or Great Britain.

Incorrect

The facts should be the proof. There have been thousands and thousands of flights from the mountains which ring Owens Valley over the past five years. There has been only ONE death and it was very clear that this pilot entered a dust devil (probably purposefully because he had let himself get too low, too deep, in the mountain and desperately needed lift) at low altitude and lost control of his glider.

There have been very few accidents and almost no severe

injuries (except for the one death).

Compare these facts with the recent and significantly high rate of accidents and deaths at British sites and then only one conclusion can be drawn. Somehow, the British pilots who have flown Owens Valley (especially the group of British pilots who participated in the 1979 Classic) have allowed their accounts to convey a partially incorrect impression.

Truth

Yes, the Owens Valley is big, powerful, awesome, beautiful, and fantastic but it is not too risky, too dangerous, or too unsafe.

And I guarantee that if it happened to be located in Great Britain, instead of so far away, the British pilots would quickly learn to understand and appreciate it for the super hang gliding site that nearly all U.S. pilots believe it to be.

I'm not interested in promoting the site. What I am interested in is trying to get the truth out as much as possible.

Consider this: if an old man of 61, of mediocre talent (*and considerable modesty — Ed*) can fly hundreds of flights there, covering thousands of cross-country miles, without incident or injury, and believe it is safe, (if respected properly) then it has got to be as safe as most other sites.

loop it.

The devils at Gunter and Piute are merely a nuisance. The ones at Cerro Gordo are said to be worse but Cerro Gordo is not a competition site. Large (several thousand feet tall) devils form on the valley floor and should be avoided. However pilots still fly into them looking for lift. The result is spectacular.

Landing in Owens is a serious business. You land at a relative altitude of 8,500 feet minimum, and that means fast. The rules are — always land near a road or another pilot or better still beer and telephone!

There is only one technique for a nil wind desert landing. Fly the glider in fast and level, keep it flying while you get your hands way up the uprights, then flare like hell. Streamers or other forms of wind direction indicators are a good idea since you can not usually guarantee wind conditions on the valley floor.

If you're stretching your glide to beat someone, or risk crossing open desert and blow it, you've only got yourself to blame.

A bad landing in the desert might well see you off, but it is only going to happen if you put yourself there. There are lots of nice places to land — ranches, water holes, truck stops etc.

But retrieval is hard work and you need to be fit and allow time for acclimatisation. We didn't and we suffered.

I would hate to fly Owens on a Super Scorp or Vortex. Penetration and glide are very important when crossing canyons and there are lots to cross. There's no doubt that CFX gliders have minimised some of the dangers of flying Owens.

You're daft if you try to cross a canyon without two or three thousand feet to chuck away. Working the canyon walls when you're

desperate usually pays off but it is not recommended for the faint-hearted.

Oxygen isn't a necessity. Most of the racing is done at 12,000 — 16,000 ASL.

A barograph is a good idea since you will be achieving the Delta Silver distance and height gain on every flight. You might even find yourself with a world record in your grasp.

The Owens is not kind to gliders. You rig on rocks and cactus.

The cost of travelling, eating and sleeping in America is much less than in Europe. Getting there is a bigger problem. We took an RAF flight to Washington DC and drove three days to California. (*All right for some — Ed*)

Getting your glider on a plane is no problem if you've got one that knocks down. We persuaded the RAF for take five gliders full length but a civil airline might not be so willing.

Nice one, by George!

In Search of World Records — by George Worthington

San Diego Hang Gliding Press

UK Distributor: R.D. Laidlaw, 105 Clermiston Rd, Edinburgh, EH12 6UR.

ALTHOUGH I didn't realise it, I started to review George Worthington's book under something of a handicap. I didn't realise, for a start, that a short review had already appeared in WINGS!, written by John Hudson. But since Christmas is approaching, and the weather has been SO bad recently that most pilots would be glad of something to while away the time between rain showers.

I've been reviewing books for the magazine since about 1976, and this is about the only one I've come across that I can recommend wholeheartedly.

In search of World Records has to rank as one of the most interesting books about hang gliding yet produced. It should be read by anyone who aspires to cross-country flights on a hang glider, and will be of considerable interest even if you only want to fly ridges. So what is it all about?



Well, in brief, it is a short account by George Worthington of his flying career up until the time he discovered hang gliding in 1975, including his experiences in sailplanes — he held the California Goal Distance record for many years; followed by a much more detailed account of his attempts on the FAI hang gliding world records.

All these attempts took place in the Owens Valley area, and the

account in the book covers the years 1977/78/79. During this time, of course, George held EVERY world record it was possible to get on a foot-launched aircraft. (For a person of the male sex, anyway). And in 1980, on July 22, 23, and 25, George set three new records: Altitude Gain (8,500ft); Straight Distance (fixed wing) (105 miles); and Straight Distance (flexwing) (111 miles). So he has obviously not stopped since finishing his book!

All this is creditable enough, but consider one last fact — the guy is 60 years old! And he was flying in an environment that has tested the nerves and skill of some of the best pilots in the world. There has grown up a considerable hang gliding folklore about the Owens Valley: its "killer" canyons a mile deep which can suck a glider down for minutes on end; its "boomer" thermals, which have inverted gliders, and given more than one pilot the fright of his life. The heat. The dust devils. The silence. The sheer, overwhelming SIZE of the place. George Worthington not only knows about these things, but he and Don Partridge pioneered the place for hang gliding way back, and he probably knows more about the area than any man alive. Dammit, ANYONE who flies a hill regularly gets to know it well, and George has spent at least two months of every year in Owens Valley since 1977, flying on every

possible occasion — that's part of his record-breaking strategy. And so, in his book, you get to learn about the ultimate flying site in the world from the man who really knows about it.



Flying for the sole purpose of breaking records is something that most people can take or leave alone, of course, and George Worthington has upset more than a few people in hang gliding with his "gung-ho" attitudes, not to mention his habit of writing to the magazines every time a really long flight is reported, making the point quite correctly that without independent verification there can be no record claim.

Unless YOU take the trouble to do it right — make the appropriate declarations each time you fly, always carry a barograph, etcetera — then you won't get your name on the official list, which is the only one really worth anything at all.

But none of this can take away the fact that not only does George have plenty to write about — how many people have such a stranglehold on the world records in ANY sport — but he can also write about it in an accessible, readable and interesting way. And, more importantly, he is one of the few people in hang gliding who are prepared to tell it EXACTLY like it is — the bad bits as well as the good bits — the trips to the "pits"

as well as the 100-plus mile flights; the bent control frames as well as the peachy thermals.

Reading all this made even me feel quite good — it is very heartening to know that world record holders can make mistakes too!

Just to give you an example of this, one of the photographs in the book was taken during the first Owens Valley XC Championships. It is no more than a picture of GW's hang glider bag, but on it is written "WORTHINTON" George was so wound up for the comp., he actually spelt his own name wrongly!



All in all, a book I've thoroughly enjoyed. OK, it's now 1981, and world records established in 1979 are a bit dated, even if they haven't been broken yet. But as a testimonial of what one man can achieve, given sufficient grit and courage, it is superb. I do urge you to put it on your reading list. I don't have a UK price yet, but I would expect it to be selling in the UK at about £6 or so — if you can't afford it yourself, it would make an ideal Christmas present... leave this article lying around in a conspicuous place, and maybe your loved ones will get the message.

Tony Fuell

Learning with Uncle Bob

An Introduction to Hang Gliding — by Bob Mackay

Thornhill Press. ISBN 0904110923. £2.00

THIS new pocket-size handbook, written by one of the "old hands" of the sport in Britain is truly worthy of note. Not only is it up to date with the state of the art, but it is exceptionally well written, and if used in association with the PILOT HANDBOOK, will go a long way to alleviating the frustrations of the budding hang glider "ace".

Bob acknowledges the help of several big names in producing this, his latest book, which is well illustrated with photos by Mark Junak.



The book clearly describes the development of five generations of hang glider design, without getting bogged down. As well as being up to date with a description of the concealed floating cross-tube principle, he also includes a brief section on trikes, while making mention of John Stirk's current British distance record.

The author takes us through the acquisition of basic skills, telling the novice what he needs to know as he needs to know it. Drawing from a wealth of pilot experience, he tells one what to expect from proficient

pilots, and how best to handle training.

Throughout the book there is a feeling that here is Big Uncle Bob telling you how it is. There is no text book style, so the reader will find himself going back through the pages several times in order fully to absorb the endless number of useful tips, of which the sheer volume is immense. The style of writing though, makes a pleasure of re-reading. In this very human approach to writing a hang gliding handbook, he talks you through the various stages of pilot development, mirroring your own thoughts and apprehensions.



One of the most common dangers is well covered, that of the incipient stall. There's exciting treatment of first soaring flights, and prone conversion is dealt with admirably — "The greatest danger in prone flying is groping for a missed stirrup just after take off..." The acquisition of instruments, their need and use is adequately covered — "Don't be attracted by sensitivity. Sensing every slight variation can lead to a bad case of the twitch..."

At the end of his section on top landings,

he remarks — "By late afternoon we've decided they are easier than bottom landings and have decided that we are never 'going down' again..."

The chapter on XC begins — "Once you have achieved your first cross country flight, nothing will ever seem quite the same again."



Having the book when starting out in hang gliding would be like having a friendly expert to coach you in your own home. The empathy of his style means the book will be read chapter by chapter with each stage of pilot development, as later parts are less comprehensible to the beginner who can not yet fully appreciate them, as he will come to do when later read in conjunction with the various stages of his training.

Even if after turning the last page, he feels nothing other than dazed by the prospect of a whole new field of excitement laid out before him, the newcomer will have certainly already captured the spirit of the hang gliding fraternity.

Pete Anstey

XMAS QUIZ

THIS month's competition will test your memory — or your ability to thumb through back issues of Wings!

Each question is linked with a month in 1981. The month is not necessarily the one in which the event happened, but IS the month in whose Wings! you'll find the answer (or a good clue towards it).

As usual the winner receives £10 credit from our sponsors Mainair Sports of Rochdale, who will send vouchers and catalogues direct.

Send your entries to Stan Abbott, 72 Hartley Avenue, Leeds LS6 1LP by December 28.

First correct solution OPENED wins. Merry Xmas and good luck!

1. **January** — Two pilots made a long and not altogether happy journey east in 1980. One of them repeated the journey more than a year later and returned very happy indeed. Who was he?
2. **February** — What evil spirit was top dog when the first of the fifth generation did battle?
3. **March** — Fifty pilots spent a weekend at the seaside but got short change from the weather. Where did they go?
4. **April** — Which favourite got \$600 richer for cross-country exploits down under?
5. **May** — Who beat the UK distance record but "held" it for only a few minutes?
6. **June** — Who celebrated 1981 by leading his national team to victory twice and by having a dog named after him?
7. **July** — Which Celt broke a cross-country record and helped his country to victory in a new competition?
8. **August** — Whose close encounter of the avian kind added to the rich folklore of the Owens Valley?
9. **September** — Who made his first hang glider flight, saw nothing, but loved all fifteen minutes of it?
10. **October** — Who came south with but one mission in mind — and weren't disappointed?

November Crosstubeword solution

★
November
Prizewinner,
page 3.



THE BEST GETS BETTER FOR '82

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Landing on one foot

IT'S funny how completely isolated incidents can later take on a sort of life of their own. A squalid public execution of a Jewish terrorist turns, two thousand years later into the central mystery of a world religion. A misheard order sends a cavalry charge against artillery, and an epic poem results. A small boy, somewhere once looked

after a levee on a stormy night, and became a symbol of resistance for the Dutch people... Bob Wills landed on one foot and taught Britain how to fly and how to compete. We were never quite the same afterwards. And now, in 1981, we're World Champions. TONY FUELL tells the story.

BACK in 1975, hang gliding was a very new thing. The British Hang Gliding Association had been born, amid a great deal of politicking, and shouts of "dirty pool" from various manufacturing interests, each of whom believed that they ought to have exclusive rights to the new sport.

The fledgling unity had grown throughout the year, but the organisational hassles had played havoc with our ability to organise things.

Ans so, we approached the date of our first-ever National Championships in a state of complete chaos. We had sponsors, but no site.

Then we had a site, but no sponsors. Then we had a site, and sponsors, but the police wouldn't allow us to put up signs... And so it went on.

By the time the event finally got underway, those of us who had been involved in the organisation of it were about ready to fold up under the strain.

The Early Days

But, there we all were. And, somewhat to our surprise, we had good weather, and an enormous public event on our hands. Three hundred pilots had turned up, and wanted to fly, there were TV crews, national press, and thousands of people, too.



The only trouble was, we had no-one to organise the flying, and no marshals. (Does this sound familiar?)

And so, I eventually found myself down in the landing area waving a flag and helping out with the scoring, just like every other keen newcomer who's gone to a hang gliding event and asked innocently, "Can I help?"

We didn't have much in the way of tasks in 1975. The old Rogallo gliders, with 4:1 glide angles **could** soar, under ideal conditions, but while the wind was not bad, it wasn't **THAT** good. And so we had a spot landing

contest. Take-off, fly away from the hill, aim for the centre, land on your feet. Easy, right?

Wrong. For a start, we had a 45-minute meeting to decide what constituted a stand-up landing. Eventually we decided that if you landed on your feet, and kept the control bar from touching the ground, that was OK.

Then we decided that we'd measure from the centre of the circle to the furthest point of contact, and record the distance as accurately as possible, and make that the basis of the score. So if you landed in a circle and ran in TOWARDS the centre, the man with the tape went to where you'd touched down.

If you landed in the circle and ran OUT, he went to where you'd stopped. Sounds pretty simple now, after five or six years of hang gliding events, but at the time it was pretty fundamental.

And tempers got frayed, people's egos started coming apart under the pressure of the first big public event we'd had, and one or two unseemly shouting matches went on.

But eventually things got underway. And since every pilot was to have three goes at the

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This photograph, in colour on the cover, appears unremarkable, yet George describes it as "One of the greatest ever taken of a hang glider" - when you find out why you will agree.



Bob Wills on the big black Swallowtail, Mere 1975

picture by Peter Jones

spot, it wasn't surprising that a huge queue of gliders developed at the take-off. Or that there was a fair amount of pushing and shoving in the queue. It was then, at that rather fraught moment that England became aware that the Yanks had arrived.

At the back of the queue appeared three gliders. But not ordinally Rogallos, these things were, like, EXOTIC! They had HUGE control frames for a start; they stood high off the ground. They were all-black, second; and strangest of all, next to them stood some HUGE pilots...



I stand about six feet nothing, and as I walked along through the seething mob of kites, to look at these new arrivals, I felt like a midget. I was grabbed by one of them and found myself looking at his chest as a voice from up above somewhere enquired — "Say Mac, Howdja make a score in this crummy comp., anyway?". Patiently, I explained the rules for the 25th time, and went on down to the landing area.

Gliders were bombing out of the sky in all directions. Some were getting on the spot some weren't. Some pilots were accepting the marshal's decision, some weren't. Some people never even made it into the damn FIELD, and STILL wanted points for their stand-up landings!

All in all it was pretty busy down there, and it went on and on. And ON and ON and ON. Lunch time came and went. I was still there. Hours passed by. On the radio — "Next one!" "Here he comes" "LOOK OUT" "Get his score"... On and on.

At some point in that endless afternoon, I became aware that one of the big black Swallowtails was taking off. It flew out over our heads. What the hell was going on — most gliders were desperately trying to conserve height to make their landing approach, this guy looked as if he had plenty to spare... he set up his approach, smack on, skimmed over the ground towards the circle, pushed out, down — stand-up landing, about two feet away from the centre.

I took the tape towards his feet. "Really good!" I said, "Only .24 points away" — we were giving everyone 100 points from the centre, I think (at this remove, the scoring details elude me). "What's your name?"

"Baab Wills" (At least it sounded like that)

"Say buddy" he continued "... howdja make a max?"

"What?"

"Ya know, a Max. Max-out the score. High points, all that?"

(I got the feeling that he was treating me like a nice, but stupid person...)

"Oh. Well, max is 100 points, see, and we knock off one for every inch out from the centre stake".

Silence.

"Can ya make a max?"

"Well", said I, thinking fast, "you'd have to be real good. I mean, you'd have to do a stand-up landing, under control, and land on one foot, on top of the centre skewer."

That'll fix you, you Yank pillock, I thought. Now get out of my hair, and let's get on with the rest of this charade... (I had had about enough of hang gliders at this point).

"Oh yeaah?" (God, is he STILL here?)

"Yes, now PLEASE get off the spot!"

"Waal maan, Ah guess it's possible, at that."

And with that, Bob Wills disappeared from my perception, and we got on with our separate lives. Him to de-rig and get back to the top, me to carry on measuring throughout the long afternoon.



The next time I saw him was when the black glider approached the spot for the second time. A little higher now, but still flown impeccably, very smooth, lower, lower, over the edge of the circle, a HARD flare, six feet up, the glider stuck its nose WAY up, and stopped...

A swooshing noise, and a hard SLAPP! Bob was standing in the centre of the circle. On one leg. The control frame was off the ground. He wobbled a bit, then got it under control.

I ran in with the tape. One giant (and rather dirty) sneaker had obliterated the skewer at the dead centre of the circle. It was so central that the skewer holding the tape was under the ball of his foot. The other foot was waving violently in the air as he fought to keep it off the ground, and the glider balanced.

Just for a moment, neither of us could believe it. We looked at each other. I felt a grin break out on my face.

"I did it, right?" he said.

"Yes, you did!"

All around us, other marshals were running in

to look. I said to them "We'll have to give him a max score for that!"

No one disagreed. We got on the radio and told the commentary box. Soon the sound of distant cheering was floating down from the hill top, as the crowds got the message.

I never saw Bob Wills after that. We passed by later on in the competition, and I watched, awed, while he and Chris Price put on the very first aerobatic hang glider display ever seen in England, but I didn't speak to him again.

But that moment crystallised something for me. Something I used later on, when I got involved much more deeply in the affairs of the sport that has been my life for several years no.

I used it in this way:- "What is the point," I'd say to competitors, in later hang gliding events, "in complaining about the rules after the thing has started." Then I'd tell the Bob Wills story, and say: "He did it right. No argument, no criticism, no bullshit. He asked, politely, what he had to do to get a max score. And then he went away and DID IT."



British pilots had been wiped out in the competition held at Kossen earlier in 1975. Our international image was a joke. Our gliders were primitive, our pilots had no will to win, and they weren't getting the back-up from the organisation they needed. Mere, in our own backyard, showed up all these faults too clearly. When Bob Wills landed on one foot, he showed us that, whatever we needed IT COULD BE DONE. The message wasn't missed.

This year British pilots won the World Championship. Maybe it would have happened anyway.

But I like to think that the incident helped the BHGA to concentrate on the essentials in its competition organisation, and to disregard much of the 'Pilot's wind-ups' which always seem to get between reality and the running of events.

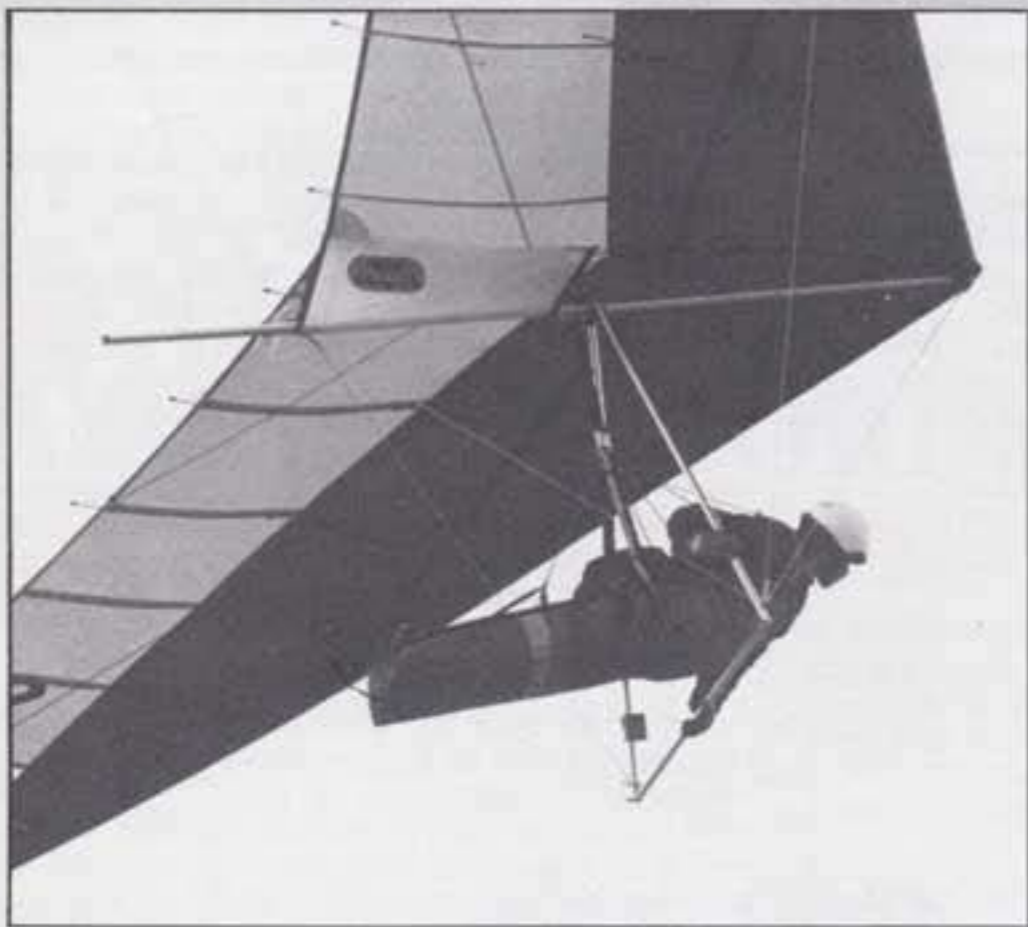
Of course it was a fluke. No-one could have been THAT good, could they? To land, on one foot, under control, dead centre on the spot? Well, fluke or not, it happened. All of us in the landing area were aware that we'd just seen something magic happen. One man's concentration, ability, and courage had put him EXACTLY where he wanted, and needed to be. And maybe there's a message there, too.

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Our congratulations to Robin Peterson, Mike De Glanville, Helmut Loronzoni, Ernst Reicholf, Francois Goethals and Graham Slater for their efforts on Hiway Demons.



ALADIN (like sort of)

A Christmas pantomime performed before an audience (like mob) of hang gliding enthusiasts (like hooligans) in the tradition of their juvenile years (like now).



ACT 1 Scene 1 The Magic Thermal

The scene is set on a hang gliding ridge in marginal thermal conditions. A merry throng of pilots are rigging and preparing to take off in their 4th and 5th generation gliders...

1st Merry pilot — Get that crap glider out of my way I'm trying to take off!

2nd Merry pilot — Sod off!

3rd Merry pilot — I'm a visitor from Suvern 'ang Gloidin'...

Merry marshal — Well we can't help that you'll just have to carry it and rig it yourself like everyone else...

Audience — Ha Ha Ha! Ho Ho Ho! throw sweet wrappers and paper aeroplanes from balcony.

From left, Aladin in ill-fitting and tattered flying suit is rigging a Bog Rog. Enter right, a pilot in blue sequin flying suit, silver boots and helmet. Two nonks are carrying his glider.

1st merry pilot — Look here comes "Slayem" Grater, the famous top international pilot

2nd merry pilot — Not he who was third in the World Championship?

3rd merry pilot — Even so...

All — Hi "Slayem", Looks good "Slayem", How's the new glider "Slayem"? (fawn fawn, crawl crawl).

Audience — Restless, No.60 Ground Attack Squadron (research section) come up with big improvement in stability and strike power of paper aeroplanes by dipping nose in ice cream.

Merry marshal — (addressing Aladin) You're not actually intending to fly that thing are you? There's a £20 fine if you go down in the crops.

Audience — Booooo Hisssss — throw crumpled orange squash cartons at marshal (except first victim of 60 Sqdn who is trying to wipe ice cream out of his ear).

Aladin — I won't go down.

Marshal — Oh yes you will.

Aladin — Oh no I won't



.. the audience joins in ...

Marshal — Oh yes you will (throws crumpled cartons back at audience)

Argument continues, audience joining in until supply of squash cartons dries up (most have been collected by our friend with an earful of ice cream to be filled with water during the interval. His plan, a massive counter strike from the upper circle during the third act). Slayem Grater approaches Aladin.

Slayem — Don't worry Aladin I'll help you. Launch exactly when I say and you will be in a huge thermal that will take you right up to the clouds.

Audience — OOOOOOO!... Hurray! Hurray! Stamp feet and climb on seats, except character reforming squash cartons in preparation for filling.

Aladin — Oh thank you Mr Grater (sticking two fingers up at marshal)

Slayem — OK away you go...

Aladin takes off and rises into the vault of the auditorium disappearing from view.

CURTAIN

ACT 1 Scene 2 The Magic Vario'

As the curtain opens, Aladin is seen to be flying high over the moors. Suddenly an aged, greying, bearded figure appears standing on a cloud.

Aged figure — Ho... what have we here? (takes out small tool and starts making small perforations near the leading edges of Aladin's sails)

Aladin — Hey... what do you think you are doing?... Who are you?

Aged figure — (in a voice like thunder) I... am Rory Muse, maker of Cyclones, Anti cyclones, Whirlwinds (patent applied for), Vortexes and little perforations. Once upon a time I made a Midas or two... I think one got into Greek mythology actually...

Aladin — Well you can stop making little perforations in my sails. I don't suppose you make thermals by any chance?

Rory — Alas no... wouldn't you like a nice Cyclone?

Aladin — No thank you very much, I'm quite happy with my old 'assgroper from Mirdban...

Rory — (enraged) Then I condemn you to everlasting sink... (said disappearing through more perforations in the cloud)

Audience — Hisssss! Booooooo! jump up and down on seats except one who has got his leg stuck down the back and the water bomb manufacturer working on his tenth carton.



.. Aladin crashes through the roof...

Audience — OOOOooooooooooooo climb down off seats except old leg stuck and you know who.

Aladin — Oh golly gosh (actually Aladin is bit of a wet). Where am I?

Editor — You can't say that. Aladin is supposed to be the hero.

Author — Oh yes I can. I don't like Aladin. I wanted to do Peter Pan.

Editor — Well you're bloody well doing Aladin.

Author — There's pirates in Peter Pan...

Editor — Aladin!!!!

Author — Oh all RIGHT.

Aladin climbs down and gazes about him in wonder...

Aladin — This must be the fabled treasure cave of the fabulously rich Calif of Clawshuv, the great Honjudson. If I am found here I will surely lose even the shirt from my back.

A noise is heard above, the glider moves and an evil smiling face is seen in its place.

Evil face — Well done little nephew. (speaking aside) He has discovered the secret treasure cave I have searched for these many many long years. If I can but get him to pass me the Magic golden vario' I will be able to win the World Championships. (continues to speak to Aladin) Canst thou see an old brass vario' of little value lying about down there Aladin?

Aladin — Why it's Uncle "Boney" (Terrors-Ford). How did you follow me here uncle Boney?

Uncle Boney — Stupid nephew, I was worried for your safety and followed your flight on my best camel (Sopwith Hang Gliders 1914 Ltd.)...

Audience — Don't believe him... Don't trust him... throw ice cream wrappers at Uncle Boney except one with leg stuck, removes shoe, frees leg and hurls shoe...

Can't you lot even spell AlaDDin? ...or BonY? — Ed.

Turn page, readers, if you can stomach more of this...

Aladin plunges earthwards, the clouds move away revealing a cave (a Portakabin will do) full of helmets, boots, varios, altimeters, harnesses and hundreds (our stock may surprise you) of hang gliding goodies. Aladin crashes through the rook and hangs there surveying the fabulous scene...

Uncle Boney — (*ducking shoe and marking well the little bastard who threw it intending to fill him in later*) ...Er are you all right? Can you see the tatty old brass vario of which I spoke?

Aladin — (*looks round sees golden vario' and picks it up*) Is this it Uncle?

Uncle — Yes, yes boy, quickly climb on that desk and give it to me.

Audience — Don't do it... keep it... (*forget about missiles*) scream warnings... run to the

toilet... hide under seats. Aladin gives the magic (*didn't you guess*) vario' to his wicked uncle.

Aladin — (*seemingly deaf to the audience but speaking suspiciously*) Why are you so anxious to posses such a dirty old brass vario uncle?

Uncle — (*beside himself with rage*) If you don't give it to me at once I'll go next door and borrow a welding set and seal you in so tight you'll never get out.

Aladin — (*aside...* There's more in this than meets the eye, methinks I'll call his bluff) Oh no you won't!

Uncle — Oh yes I will!

Audience — Oh no you won't... throw more shoes and three cartons that won't stand filling.

Uncle disappears, then returns with anti-riot missile shield, welding gear and proceeds to weld Aladin in despite a veritable hail of missiles and abuse from the audience.

CURTAIN

.....

Act 1, Scene 3 The genie of the vario'

As the curtain rises Aladin is seen by the light of a single candle, he shouts for help as loudly as he can.. There is no reply... it is Saturday night in Clawshuv and no-one stirs. Disconsolate, Aladin picks up the tatty old brass vario...

Aladin — This is not much use to me in here (*switches it on and wait for it*) ...gives it a rub)

A BLINDING FLASH as the lights come up. Aladin is seen to have company in the shape of a huge dark beturbaned figure.



..Aladin is seen to have company ...

Aladin — Who? What? How? etc. etc.

Figure — (*in a voice like thunder*) I AM ZAPHOD BEADLEDROX the...

Editor — Zaphod Beadledrox, Zaphod BEADLEDROX... what sort of a name is that for a genie?

Author — Y'got to get with it, y'know bring the whole thing up to date. A sort of Hitch Hikers Guide to The Galactic Pantomime...

Editor — Look... all I asked for was a nice traditional Hang Gliding version... and if I don't get it a few people might like to know what really happened that night in Ireland when you didn't get back to your digs...

Author — You wouldn't...

Editor — Try me...

Zaphod — (*continues in very traditional, one might almost say extremely traditional tone*) ...I am the Genie of the vario... What is thy wish oh Master?

Author — ...that alright Stan?

Editor — Just keep it coming like that...

Aladin — I wish I was out of here...

There is a terrific explosion... as the smoke clears, Aladin is seen dangling from a nearby tree in singed and smoking flying suit. Of the genie and the Portakabin there is no sign.

Aladin — Hell's bloody teeth... (*rubs vario' furiously*)

Vario' — (*in a voice like a genie holding his nose*) We are sorry Zaphod Beadledrox is not here to answer your call. When you hear the tone please record your command and he will come back to you...

Aladin — Come out you bastard, I know you're in there... just look what you've done to my flying suit...

Zaphod — (*emerging rather smaller than previous*) A thousand pardons oh Master but it is a thousand years since I last did that trick. One tends to overdo things if one is not in practice.

Aladin — O.K. just cool it.

There is an immediate gale force wind, snow starts to fall, ice forms on Aladin's eyebrows... He rubs the vario' furiously...

Zaphod — (*impatiently*) Oh what is it now... all this activity when one has been asleep for a thousand years is very trying...

Aladin — (*speaking very slowly and distinctly*) First... let us have a return to nice seasonable weather (*the snow turns to rain*) Second... I would like a nice new ski suit (*he gets a red one with white stripes*) and thirdly ...and I'll tell you what type in a second or two... I would like a nice new fifth generation glider...

Audience — Typhoon... Demon... Lightning... Sabre... Sealander... Comet... several fights break out as rival factions seek to silence each other... meanwhile, at missile control, thirteen nuclear squash warhead are being primed.

CURTAIN

.....

ACT 2 Scene 1 The lonely Princess

The scene is set in the remote castle of the infamous Calif of Hosrilli, Mob Blackeye, he of evil brow and Chairman of the Disciplinary Committee. He holds the Princess Tigbits (daughter of the Grand Wizier Brave Deading, he of silken tongue and National Site Negotiator)... a prisoner, seeking to have his evil way with her... She is seen wearing a silken veil and very little else...

Audience — (*observing Princess Tigbits' very visible charms*) Cor... This is more like it... make wolf whistles and other similar sounds of approbation.

Tigbits — (*turning from the window, here thin diaphanous nightdress parting to reveal a sensuous thigh and a glimpse of her pink...*)

Editor — Knock it off...

Author — ...panties...

Editor — KNOCK IT SODDING WELL OFF!

Author — Oh, all right.

Tigbits — If only some handsome Prince would come and rescue me.

Footsteps are heard, a key turns in the lock and the captain of the Palace Guard enters.

Of fierce visage and fiery beard, wearing a green uniform and huge scimitar... his name is Dashley Outfire (he of gunpowder fame).

Dashley — The Calif desires your presence your highness.

Tigbits — I will not come. Tell the Calif I am indisposed.

Dashley — Then I must take thee by force...

Audience — Hiiiiissss Boooooo. *Missile launch base now manned on the upper circle decide one warhead can be sacrificed and hurl fully-charged carton at The Captain of the guard. Computer failure sees missile miss captain and burst on stage saturating Tigbits... Her nightdress becomes transparent and you can see every detail of...*

Editor — THAT'S IT.....THE END.....I can't print this...

Author — It'll boost sales no end

Editor — Mmmmmmmmm... well keep it not too... you know...

Dashley — (*seizing the Princess*) My we are a big girl aren't we. Come on, the Calif has a visitor and wants to show you off.

Tigbits — Who is the visitor (*hopefully*)?

Dashley — Do not look for help from him — it is the dastardly pirate captain Conny Jhar (*tis said he eats people*).

Audience — Ooooooooooooo... eats people...

CURTAIN

ACT 2 Scene 2 The Terrible Journey

Aladin is seen mounted on his fine camel. His new Flexi-Hiwave Stormoling is strapped to another. After several unintentional magic journeys to the bedside of a very surprised Rosey Lee... he had decided that it might be a lot quicker to journey to Hang Gliding's Mecca by camel rather than try to improve Zephod's Welsh geography. He is approaching the lonely mountain pass of Dead Treggar, haunt of the dreaded highwaymen leon Jhivers and Heave Stunt...

Editor — 'thought Heave Stunt was with the Crilo-mites now.

Author — this was a long long time ago.

Two rough and evil figures lurk behind a rock at a bend in the path, Aladin approaches all unsuspecting like...

Aladin — 'Tis a lonely place to be on a dark night...

First lurker — Methinks we have rich pickings coming our way

Second lurker — See that golden vario' on his belt... that's mine...

They leap out seize and bind Aladin... the fatter one snatching the magic vario'...

Aladin — Help... unhand me you villains (and a lot of other rubbish like that, while struggling to no avail and being dragged into a nearby cave).

First Lurker — How do you fancy a spot of curried traveller, Jis? (stirring a huge pot that is simmering on the fire) I need something to give this a bit of body... ho ho ho (laughs at own joke)

Audience — throw several contributions "to give it a bit of body" which Chef Jine the fatter lurker and cook, of curry fame, to the highwayman gang throws into the pot.

Jis (Chronston) — (speaking slowly as befits his great age) Maybe we can hold him for ransome...

Aladin — If I can but speak to my good friend Beadledrox, you will both be made richer than your wildest dreams.

Chef Jine — And just how do you propose to speak to this "friend"?

Aladin — Untie me... give me my vario'... which is also a two-way radio and I'll show you...

Jis — here's your vario, but we're not so stupid as to untie you.

Aladin — (speaking aside to audience...) Little do they know ... (rubs vario with nose and speaks to it) Breaker, breaker... Varioman calling Zephod... square wheels in Demon city... you twenty is stay boxed and dig it from like inside man...

Zaphod — Ten four good buddie...

Editor — I give up... how do we get C.B. in Aladin?

Author — If we don't get Aladin out of the cave somehow we don't rescue the princess etc.

Aladin — (still addressing the vario') LET'S GET TO HELL OUT OF HERE!
The scene trasforms to an inferno with topless female devils leaping about and generally prodding with pitchforks. In various rock clefts full frontal devils strike interesting poses...

Editor — Watch it...

OUR STOCK MAY SURPRISE YOU

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Author — It's the best scene in the whole panto...

Audience — Throw coke tins at the Editor, several pairs of binoculars are in evidence ...

Aladin — (rubbing vario' violently) You've bloody well done it again haven't you... now just get us to the castle of Mob Blackeye (he of evil brow and Chairman of the Disciplinary Committee)

CURTAIN

ACT 2 Scene 3 The rescue

Aladin is standing on the battlements of the wicked Calif's castle overlooking the famous ridge at Hosrilli. He hears a scream from a nearby turret, runs over to the window and gazes in... Tigbits is wrestling with an evil muscular figure on the bed... it is the dastardly pirate captain Conny Jhar, he who eats people...

Tigbits — No, no... oh stop... please stop...

Conny — Ha, har... Oi loiks a bitta spirit in me wimen...

Aladin — (bursting through the window hotly pursued by Zaphod at the ready) Unhand her you villain (sorry about the dialogue audience but you know what the editor's like, if it's not traditional now and then he gets upset... Aladins a proper wet anyway)

Conny — Oo the bleedin' 'ell are you moite, an' jest wot do you fink you are doin' of 'ere?

Aladin — I am Aladin and I've come to rescue the princess.

Audience — Hurray! hurray! jump up and down on seats, run up and down isles, except No. 60 Paper Aeroplane Squadron who marked well the trajectory of the first missile and are planning an Entebbe-type raid on the upper circle (via the back fire exit stairs to knock out launch pads... No fools these boys, they reckon that nuclear H₂O in the wrong hands (such as that little bastard in the upper circle) hurled in the wrong direction (like at them)... could be a major threat to world peace.

Tigbits — (her nightdress torn and hanging open revealing a goodly portion of her principal assets) YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS...

Aladin — But I have come to save you...

Tigbits — Well come back in half an hour (winks at Conny)

Conny — That's roight me lad, come back in 'arf an hour...

Editor — Hold it right there, I've put up with just about as much as I can stand. You're way off the plot, we got galactic genies on C.B. and now the princess is turning out to be a nymphomaniac...

Author — It gives us a super bedroom scene

Editor — Oh no it doesn't

Audience — Oh yes it does... throw more coke tins at Editor who retires for medical attention.

Aladin — (to Zephod) We must save her from herself... transport us all to the pirate ship.

CURTAIN

ACT 3, Scene 1 The Escape

The scene is the deck of the pirate ship. There is a rough sea, the ship heels violently. Aladin loses his footing and falls overboard (vario and all) and is drowned. (It's all right folks the Editor is still getting his head bandaged). In the distance, in hot pursuit is the great war galley of the Calif of Hosrilli, the infamous Mob Blackeye, he of evil etc. etc.

Conny — (shouting above the roar of the waves) Oi reckon she'll stand anovver yard of canvas Mr. Deeks...

'Wave' Deeks — (Sailing Master of the pirate ship) Aye Aye captain... (shouts to topmen) Let go t'gallants... (shouts to maindeck) Lively lads sheet home...

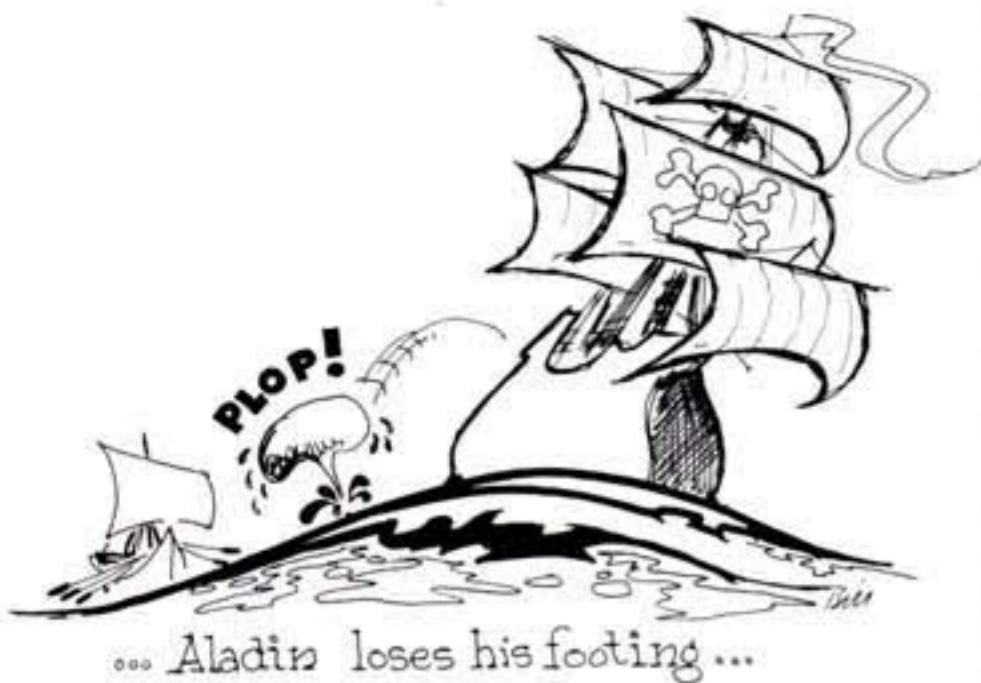
Tigbits — (clasping Conny's arm to her bosom) Will they catch us darling?

Conny — Not if this bleedin' wind keeps up...

Tigbits — What if it doesn't?

Conny — Then 'e'll man 'is bleedin' sweeps and row after us. Yu see me little darlin, that there is a galley an' old Mob's got 300 prisoners chained to 'is oars all condemned to slavery by the disciplinary committee for offences against Planesails at Stunsdale... Typical of our sport, the wind immediately drops to almost nothing. Snark Mouthall (Master Gunner of the pirate ship) approaches.

More high drama overleaf — Author



... Aladin loses his footing ...

Positively the last page of the Panto!

Snark — Looks as though we're in for a hot afternoon skipper,
Conny — Aye Snark... are we a full crew... can we man a broadside?
Snark — The best are all aboard skipper... Bed Railey, Cob Balvert, Hob Barrison, Brim Jown and Rotor Pebinson
Conny — Then we'll match him gun for gun... *(shouts to the maindeck)* CLEAR FOR ACTION *(aside)* If only Mian was still with us.
Audience — Hurray! hurray! Down with Council! Up the League! throw anything and everything at pursuing galley. The Entebbe raid is silently creeping up the back exit stairs...

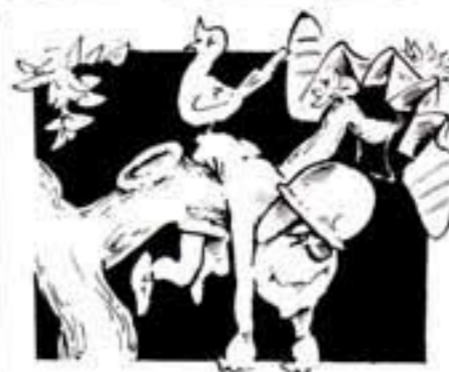
CURTAIN

CLASSIFIED****CLAS

Accommodation

ARDENCAPLE HOTEL, RHU, DUNBARTONSHIRE. Tel: Rhu 820200. Soaring is boring on the same old hills. Why not fly SCOTLAND! Comfortable rooms. Good food, packed lunches. Bars open all day, windsurfing, fishing, riding and hillwalking on non flyable days. Sympathetic P1 manager dispenses malt whisky when wind off slope. 20% room discount to BHGA members. 50% to groups over five. Phone Paul or Caroline for details.

MAGNOLIA HOUSE, 274 Dyke Road, Brighton BN1 5AE (East Sussex), on ring road A23 to London. Small, select (3 star) hotel



at budget prices, located 10 minutes by car to the Devil's Dyke and the sea front. Easy free parking (Town map E4) Tel: 0273 552144.

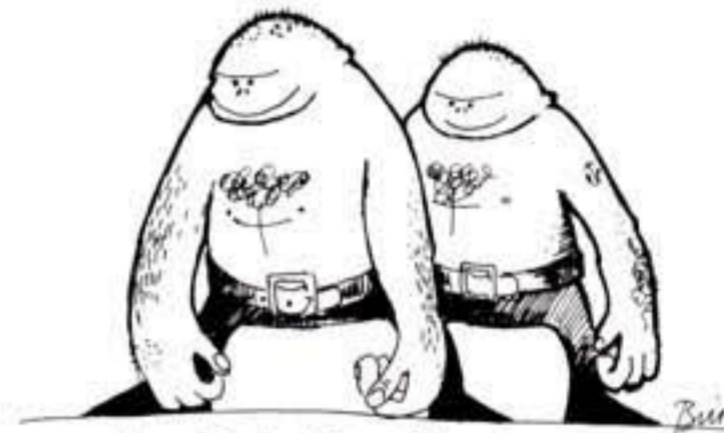
FLY IN THE ISLAND. 100 yards to the sea, lawned garden, sun and TV lounge, licensed. Use of workshop for the pilot. Phone or write for

brochure. Keith Brettell, Saunter Hotel, Coastguard Lane, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, PO40 9QX. Tel: 0983 752322. Party bookings, children and pets welcome. Any day, any stay.

DRAGON HOTEL Crickhowell, central for all South Wales best soaring sites. Already popular with hang glider pilots. Tel: 0873 810362.

Glider market

All red DEMON 175. Beautiful bird with well tuned sail. £650. Also **FALCON IV** — ideal beginner/P1. New tubes, spares. £150 ono. Peter Harvey, 0908-501304.



... two Yorkshire Heavies ...

ACT 3, Scene 2 The Sea Battle

The scene is set on board the Calif's Galley steadily overhauling the pirate ship which lies helpless sails limp. Mob Blackeye he of evil etc etc is pacing up and down. He shouts at his galley captain Hoy Rill...

Mob — Can't you get any more speed out of this tub Mr Rill?
Hoy — *(shouting to the Slave Master Mercy Poss)* Increase the striking rate Mr. Poss *(so called in jest for mercy is a quality of which he is totally devoid)*
Mercy — *(heard above the sound of lashing whips)* Increase the beat Mr. Tater.
Fred Tater — We're at battle speed now, we'll kill 'em all if we try for more.
Mob — *(beside himself with rage)* If Tigbits is allowed to escape you will ALL die...
Hoy Rill — Pass the word for Mr. Outfire... I want the guns cleared for action and run out.
Dashley — At your service, Captain, but we are undermanned... I have only the pressed men Hince Vallam, Tian Rotter, Lollin' Cark and Ed Howards... the rest are all convicted men, Cichelle Marnet, and the rest.
Mob — *(foaming at the mouth)* Where is Hiane Danlon, Slive Cmith, Hunstan Dadley, Hike Mibbit and Hen Lull?
Captain Rill — But these are but co-opted crew, volunteers to a man (and woman) and not a penny reward between them.
Mob — *(completely deranged)* GET THEM TO THE GUNS... GET THEM ALL TO THE GUNS...
Both ships now lie broadside on to each other across the stage (some stage) the commands ring clear from each deck...
Dashley — *(Gun Captain of the Calif's galley)* Load roundshot me hearties, aim low and forward and there must be no danger of harming the princess.
Snark — *(Gun Captain of the pirate ship)* Chain shot low me boys, smash their sweeps...
Author — Exciting isn't it (sod the bloody Editor)
Dashley — FIRE ON THE DOWN ROLL!
Snark — *(cooler and with precision)* Fire as your guns bear!
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM... Huge flashes... clouds

of smoke... men fall... others take their place... the guns are run out again BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM more smoke, Snark is wounded... Mob Blackeye, he of etc. etc. is blown to pieces...
Audience — Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! throw shoes, caps... The Entebbe raid strikes with ferocious swiftness and complete surprise. The launch pad crew is completely overpowered and over the balcony before he knows what's hit him... In possession of the missiles the raiders join in the sea battle with tremendous effect... SPLAT PLOOSH...KERPLONK...
Hoy Rill — Direct your starboard battery at the upper circle if you please Mr. Outfire...
Editor — *(returning)* WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?????????
Author — Well er... y'see the wicked uncle Boney is trying to get the magic vario off Aladin
Editor — OH YEAH... WELL WHAT'S THE SKULL AND CROSS-BONES DOING ON THAT MAST... AND WHERE'S ALADIN?
Author — Well er, ...he's swum off to get help
Editor — FINISHED! THE END! THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER GET IN THIS MAG!
Author — Oh come on Stan I think the audience enjoyed it... just Let me do the last bit...
Editor — OVER MY DEAD BODY!
Author — It's a nude scene in the Captain's cabin on the pirate ship... you know the happy ever after a bit
Editor — NO
Author — With explicit cartoons by Bill
Editor — NO
Author — Unexpergated
Editor — *(calling to two Yorkshire Heavies)* Carry him away boys. Chuck him off Mam Tor.
Author — *(voice fading into the distance)* I DIDN'T WANT TO DO YER STUPID ALADIN ANYWAY. IT'S WET... the story's wet... no pirates... no sex scenes... sea battles... nudes... help.

THE VERY END

Editor — Unfortunately these events took place on the eve of going to press when that bastard knew I had nothing to put in its place. Any similarity between characters in this narrative and persons living or dead (we hope) is purely coincidental especially Conny Jhar.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL (EXCEPT YOU KNOW WHO).

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BHGA Council: President: Ann Welch OBE; Chairman: Roy Hill (0865-735204); Treasurer: Percy Moss (0926-59924)

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SIFIED****CLASSIFIED****CLASSI

VULCAN, excellent condition, going cheap to a competent P1 who needs L/D. Offers to Ian Trotter, 031-552 7736 evenings.

FLEXIFORM SPIRIT (medium). Ideal for pilots 9 to 12 stone, complete with seated harness. In excellent condition. One owner from new. £250 ono. Tel. Wheaton Aston 840188 or write: Walter Ross, 3, High Street, Wheaton Aston, Nr. Stafford.

SIGMA FLOATER, one year old with Hiway prone harness and ventimeter. Must sell, Giveaway at £400. Ring Ray 0482 844055 after 6.

CHEROKEE, medium, hang glider. V.g.c., little used. P1 to intermediate.

Multi-coloured sail. Wire for both seated or prone flight. Flies beautifully. £375 ono. Tel Ascot 21850.

Hiway VULCAN. Little airtime, Colver vario, Thommen altimeter, Hiway prone harness. £425. Tel. Longridge (077478) 4155, Lancashire.

SOLAR STORM, medium, first class condition, sail gold with blue tips, magnetically drawn to thermals, £390 ono. Phone Bob Selby, Lee-on-Solent (0705) 551493 (evenings).

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COMET 165, two-tone yellow sail, £650 ono. Also **CYCLONE Mk. 2 165**, £350 ono. Must sell to invest in new glider for next year's League. Chris Ellison, Toddington 2620 or Hatfield 62345, ext. 380.

VULCAN, excellent condition, prone harness, helmet, superb flying machine, (Quick sale - emigrating). Gift at £400. Phone Terry Cross, Rugby 70297.

Large ATLAS, red and white, £475. 1 set battens, £20. 1 upright, £5. **WILLS WINGS XC 220**, £175. Both gliders are suitable for two man or trikes. Will deliver! Tel. 0592 742882.

SPECTRUM large. Very clean; white, lime, blue, red, green, orange at tip and the LE. £250 ono. Owner gone abroad. Also mountain equipment redline goose down duvet, new over £100. £50, no offers. Phone P. Wheeler, 01-794-6488 or A. Murray, 05808321.

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N.G.S. CLEARANCE. Ultra Sports Tri-pacer, £850. NEW X-ray, £685. As new Lightning, £500. Contact N.G.S., 061-973-4085.

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DEMON HIWAY 175. Factory competition winner. New glider forces sale. Nutfield, Surry, 073782 2749.

ATLAS - med - older model but good condition and performance. £375. Howard Petith, Swansea 205678, ext 543, or Secy., ext. 667.

LIGHTNING 195, multicoloured sail, 11 months old, £490. Enstone 322 or 454.

VORTEX 120, seated harness. Stored 15 months. Buyer makes own arrangements re collection, test flying. £250 ono. Dave, Fareham 287467.

STORM, Medium. Very good condition. Beautiful sail. Not for pilots embarrassed to be on top. £450 ono. Ring Steve, Taunton 77469.

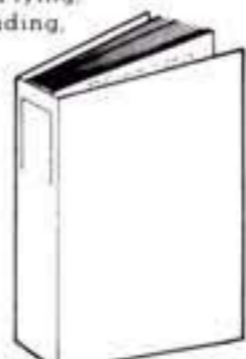
Large CHEROKEE II, only 18 months old. Colourful sail, in good condition. £350. Phone Binbrook 438.

Miscellaneous

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All small ads should be sent to Sylvia Howard, Commercial Editor Wings!, 4 Somerwood, Rodington, near Shrewsbury, Salop.

For your own safety, if you are purchasing a secondhand glider, see it test flown, test fly it, and inspect it thoroughly for damage or wear to critical parts. If in doubt, seek advice from the Club Safety Officer.

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HARNESSES, Cocoon, low drag, streamlined integral parachute container. Storage pocket for glider bag, maps etc. £75.00. **STIRRUP**, no fuss adjustment, lightweight and comfortable, £49.50. Both supplied with latest "twist lock" karabiners. Prices include V.A.T. Personal design requirements accepted. Peninsula Flight Ltd., 2 Neath Road, St. Judes, Plymouth (0752) 663032.

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Personal



FRIENDS of Mr. E. Jessop send their best wishes on learning of his hospital confinement through gallstones. Hope this doesn't slow down development of your 2 3/4 hp Blackburn-powered trike too long, Edgar.

Schools

SUSSEX COLLEGE OF HANG GLIDING, 188 Queens Rd., Brighton. Teaching. Prone and top landing. Spares, repairs and sales. F.L.A.C. Hiway, Lightning, Sigma 12 metres, £350. Lightweight Mini Floater, £575. Superscorpis, etc. wanted part ex. Brighton 609925/24151, ext. 171.

Wanted



WANTED 26' parachute with or without prone harness. Phone Chertsey 09328-64702, Southern England, and beat the rush.

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Sits vac.

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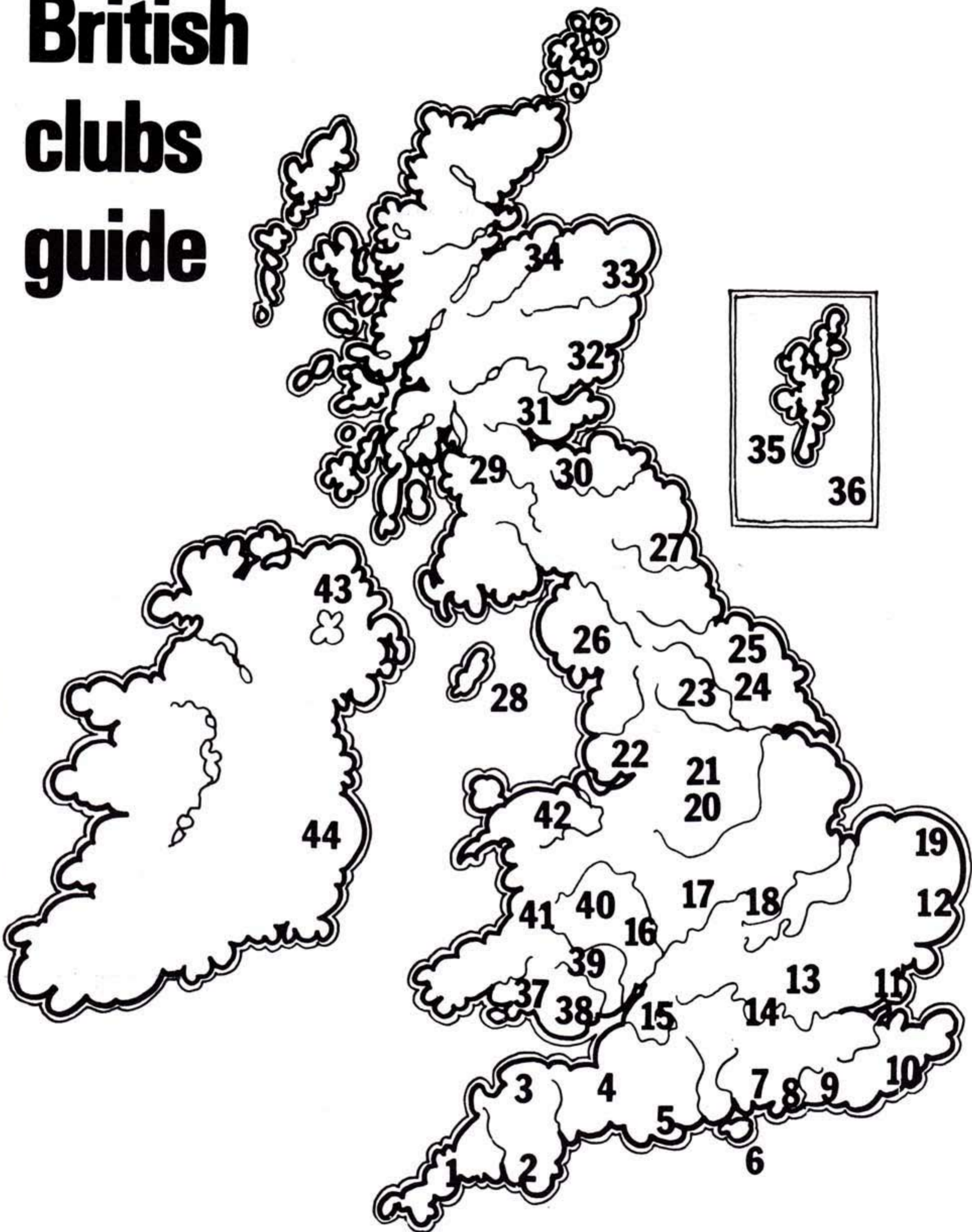
Interested? Write to us for further details and an application form.

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Rochdale,
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OL12 6LN

Sits wanted

KEEN and COMPETENT FLIER, practical and conscientious, seeks opportunity to work with hang gliders. Offers - David Gray. Tel: Milverton 400344.

British clubs guide



Contacts for visiting fliers

FLYING away from home? Then this list could save you much time and frustration, writes **BHGA Secretary CHRIS CORSTON.**

This list is compiled from the latest information sent to the Taunton Office by November 17, 1981.

Its use will greatly help pilots flying outside their normal territory and the clubs visited to avoid problems.

Even if you have flown the site before, remember that factors relating to its use may have changed — alternative or better sites may have become available.

Clubs help visitors because their members will also visit other clubs in the UK and abroad. Itinerant flyers have written to us saying how well they have been looked after and how Contacts Lists have made communication easier.

Often visitors on holiday have been able to phone a contact each morning and his local knowledge of conditions and weather has saved frustration, wasted time and petrol.

Many clubs have arrangements for temporary membership and make available

printed information on their sites.

Fliers coming to visit the UK may not know the south eastern part of the country is mostly flat and densely populated. Sites are scarce and the few that we have in the areas of clubs numbered 7,8,9,10, 11,12,13,14,17,18 and 19 — can get very crowded at weekends.

Public Liability (Third Party) Insurance valid in the UK is essential. If visitors from outside the UK do not have such cover they can obtain it by joining the BHGA.

Thanks to club secretaries for sending in details of changes. Please continue to keep me informed so that the lists we publish every six months in December and June are as up to date as possible.

ENGLAND

- KERNOW H.G.C.**
Secretary: Roger Full, "Tredenek", Rosewall Hill, St. Ives, Cornwall. Tel: St. Ives 797651 (work) St. Ives 796140 (home) Dave Bazeley: St. Column 880483 Mich Barclay: Newquay 2656. Billy Scott: St. Column 880588.
- WESTERN COUNTIES H.G.C.** Secretary: Andrew Pearce, 46 Langaton Lane, Pinhoe, Exeter, Devon. Tel: Exeter 68143 (weekends) Torquay 62814 (weekdays) Roger Black: Plymouth 663032. Colin Graham: Plymouth 700653.
- NORTH DEVON SAILWING CLUB** Secretary: Dave Beard, 2 Richmond Avenue, Ilfracombe, N.Devon. Tel: Ilfracombe 62071. Ken Sheaf: Woolacombe 320.
- DEVON & SOMERSET CONDORS** Secretary: Geoff Bryant, 2 Park Lane, Cannington, Bridgwater, Somerset. Tel: Bridgwater 652403. Simon Murphy: Luppitt 685. Brian Miller: Lyme Regis 3953. John Pursey: Bridgwater 57544 Brian Smith: Exmouth 70229
- WESSEX H.G.C.**
Secretary: Peter Robinson, 4 Spring Gardens, Broadmayne, Dorchester, Dorset. Tel: Warmwell 852136. Ted Frater: Corfe Castle 480634. David Marsh: Bournemouth 511848.
- ISLE OF WIGHT**
Secretary: Peter Scott, Bellevue, Nettleston Green, Seaview I.O.W. Tel: Seaview 2334. Russ Potter: Brighthstone 740597. Mike McMillan: Calbourne 488. Rory Carter: Cowes 296042.

- SKY SURFING CLUB**
Secretary: James Whitney, 66 Wymering Rd., Northend, Portsmouth, Hants. Tel: Portsmouth 697399 (home) 64966 Ext. 217 (work). Brian Parkins: Wickam 833780 (home) Fawley 894666 (work). Rob Stokes: Portsmouth 833780 (work only). Dave Brixton: Guildford 233253 (home).
- HMS DOLPHIN HGC**
Secretary: Sam Taylor, 24 Allenby Road, Brockhurst, Gosport, Hants. Mike Collis: Gosport 21961. Steve Edgar: Cosham 386171. N.B. Butser Hill shared with the Sky Surfing Club.
- SOUTHERN HGC.**
Secretary: Paul Coidan, 18 Kents Road, Haywards Heath, W.Sussex. Tel: Haywards Heath 56087. Tom Knight: Ashington 892770. Peter Day: Reading 21481. Peter Banks: Dorking 81282.
- DOVER & FOLKESTONE HGC** Secretary: Phil Hart, "Spring-Tyne", Redsole Farm Lane, Puddleworth, Nr. Folkestone, Kent. Tel: Hawkinge 2066. Derek Austen: Folkestone 69005. Ted Battersea: Littlebourn 78614. Robin Pattendon: Herne Bay 61207.
- SOUTH ESSEX HGC**
Secretary: David Lewis, 10 Dukes Avenue, Grays, Essex. Tel: Grays Thurrock 71172. Russ Ritchings: Stanford-le-Hope 74282.
- SUFFOLK COASTAL FLOATERS.** Secretary: Dave Taylor, 3 Winston Avenue, Ipswich, Suffolk. Tel: 73922(home) 217901 (work). Terry Aspinall: Leiston 831027. Pete Bowden: Felixstow 3825 (home) 78308 (work).

- DUNSTABLE**
Secretary: Tom Haskett, 67 Woodview, Hemel Hemstead Herts. Tel: Hemel Hemstead 63278. Chris Ellison: Toddington 2620. Terry Prendergast: Steeple Claydon 307. Howard Edwards: Winslow 2086.
- THAMES VALLEY HGC**
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- SHEFFIELD HGC**
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- PENNINE HGC**
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- GEORGE CAYLEY SAILWING CLUB.** Secretary: Dave Clappison, 35 Grizedale, Sutton Park, Hull. Tel: Hull834579. Rick Ware: Sherburn 333. Brian Renshaw: Scarborough 62341.
- NORTH YORKS SAILWING CLUB.** Secretary: Gerry Stapleton, 12 Low Church Wynd, Yarm, Cleveland. Tel: Eaglescliffe 780533. Dick Christon: Hutton Rudby 701195. Bill Hopkins: Stockton 762627. Harry Hodgeson: Stockton 762040.

- CUMBRIA HGC**
Secretary: Steve Pritchard, 79 Rushland Park, Kendal, Cumbria. Tel: Kendal 28357. Dave Weeks: Keswick 72315. Tony Rathbone: Keswick 72660. Jim Whitworth: Ambleside 2543.
- NORTHUMBRIA**
Secretary: J. Werner Hindmarsh, 52 Burnside, North Seaton, Ashington, Northumberland. Tel: Ashington 817487. A.D. Theodorakis: Cullercoats 522035. Mike & June Ramsey: Cramlington 71220. Paul Quin: Newcastle 738677. Clive Brewitt: Felton 632.

Isle of Man

- MANX HGC**
Secretary: David Moule, Melrose Hotel, 14 Loch Promenade, Douglas. Tel: Douglas 6269. Tom Faragher: Peel 842857. Ian Cannan: Ramsey 812464. Bill Roberts: Douglas 3439.

Scotland

In Scotland the Scottish Hang Gliding Federation is the BHGA Member Club and local clubs are branches of it.

- LANARKSHIRE SOARING CLUB** Secretary: Dave Whitelaw, 10 Murray Rd., Law, Carlisle. Tel: Wishaw 70033. Fred Joynes: Lanark 2451. Heidi Brogan: Glasgow 041-644-4540. Gordon Murray: Holytown 832580.
- LOTHIAN**
Secretary: Angus Keith, 28 Braid Crescent, Edinburgh. Tel: 031-447-8609. John Whitfield: 031-447-3048. Ian Trotter: 031-552-7738. Robin Laidlaw: 031-334-6356. Steve Cuttle: 031-668-2091.
- LOMOND HGC**
Secretary: Peter Finlay, No.1 Cottage, Newton of Stratheny, by Leslie, Fife. Tel: Glenrothes 742882. Steve Byrne: Inverkeithing 417447.
- ANGUS HGC**
Secretary: Alistair Milne, 5 Links Avenue, Montrose, Tayside. Tel: Montrose 5381. Bill Anderson: Arbroath 75546. Simon Ogston: Dundee 65437. Dougal Scott: Dundee 66613.
- ABERDEEN HGC**
Secretary: Irene Dunthorn, Margaretta Cottage, South Esplanade, West Torry, Aberdeen. Tel: Aberdeen 877899. Robin Smith: Aberdeen 322173. James Bruce: Kintor 2316. Eric Brooks: Aberdeen 861067.
- OSPREY HGC**
Secretary: Al Macneish, 6, Calcots Court, Elgin, South Lesmurdie, Elgin. Tel: Elgin 44865 (home) P. Milward: Kessock 466. D. Carson: Inverness 792277. Tom Hardie: Hopeman 683.
- NORSE WING HGC**
Secretary: Robert Turnbull, 20 Hammersgarth, Mossbank, Shetland. Tel: Sullomvoe 2517. Mike Welsh: Lerwick 3674.
- SUMBURGH HGC**
(This is not part of SHGF)
Secretary: Derek Compton, 11 Sandblister Place, Scatness, Virkie, Shetland. Tel: Sumburgh 60497. John Mackenzie: Sumburgh 60356.

Wales

The Welsh clubs are Member clubs of the BHGA. They all belong to the Welsh Hang Gliding Federation.

- SOUTH WEST WALES**
Secretary: Neil Edwards, 330 Birchgrove Road, Swansea. Tel: Swansea 812045. John Evans: Ferry-side 229. Ray Picton: Swansea 812483. Dave Wood: Carmarthen 31168 (day) 31058 (eve.)
- SOUTH EAST WALES**
Secretary: Nigel Moore, 6 Dochdwy Rd., Llandough, Cardiff. Tel: Cardiff 705980. John Locker: Cardiff 705980. Eric Morgan: Cardiff 387277 (work) 62612 (home). Martin Hann: Cowbridge 2953 (home) Cardiff 552808 (work). Ceri Davies: Ferndale 730741. Welsh HG Centre: Crickhowell 810019.
- BEACONS PARK HGC**
Secretary: Geoff Shine, 13 King Street, Brynmawr, Gwent. Tel: Brynmawr 310878. Ewart Jones: Crickhowell 810681. Capt. Jim Taggart: Sennybridge 361 Ext. 228 (day) & 366 (evenings) (both work) Brecon 4046 (home). Welsh HG Centre: Crickhowell 810019.
- LONG MYND HGC**
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Wings!

Edited and designed by Stan Abbott

INSIDE THIS CHRISTMAS ISSUE

- Page 3** — We may be the World Champions in the air but we still face problems here on the ground at home. **DAVID BEDDING** reports on a legal victory in the long fight for the right to fly freely.
- Page 4** — Robert Bailey still leads the National Cross-country League as the year's end nears. **ANJI THEODORAKIS** writes about his first and one of the year's last XCs.
- Page 5** — Test pilot John Clarke is probably the luckiest man living in hang gliding today after he survived a 500ft. fall when his trike unit tucked. **LEN HULL** tells the story.
- Page 7** — Safety bulletin from **CLIVE SMITH**.
- Page 8** — Two page power section.
- Page 11** — Report on the Army Hang Gliding Championships.
- Page 12** — Your letters in Airmail.
- Page 14** — 1981 Masters of Hang Gliding — report from Grandfather Mountain.
- Page 15** — Three pages of reflection by the British team on their World Championship success.
- Page 18** — Is the Owens Valley really all that dangerous? "No!" says **MICK APPLEBY**. "Certainly not!" says **GEORGE WORTHINGTON**, the old man of hang gliding himself.
- Page 20** — Book reviews.
- Page 21** — Christmas prize competition.
- Page 22** — **TONY FUELL** tells how Bob Wills taught the British to compete in hang gliding in The Early Days.
- Page 25** — One of the fathers of hang gliding this side of the Atlantic — **BOB MACKAY** — brings you the Wings! panto, Aladin, or was it Confessions of Captain Pugwash? I forget.
- Page 30** — British Clubs Guide — the latest six-monthly guide for visiting fliers, compiled by **CHRIS CORSTON**.

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BHGA details and contacts — page 28.

DEADLINES

Our Christmas production schedule means deadlines are brought forward by ONE WEEK.

Editorial deadline (except late news items)

December 15

Some late news will be accepted up to December 31

Advertising orders by December 11. Copy by December 18

Cancellation deadline, December 11.

Latest on the Foster's sponsor deal from Barry Blore on page 4



Wings! diary

December 11-14

First Aid course at Army Hang Gliding Centre, Sennybridge, Powys. Leads to St. John Ambulance Certificate. Ed apologises for short notice — Info from Jim Taggart, Sennybridge 361 ext 228 or 366 out of office hours.

December 28

Editor's birthday. Drinks vouchers accepted.

January 7

Dales Club — parachute packing demonstration by John Hudson

January 22-31

New Zealand Hang Gliding

Championships at Kaimai Range.

Message from the Taunton gang!

We thought we would send you presents, but we can't afford it.

We thought about advertising in Wings!, but missed the deadline.

We thought about sending a BHGA Christmas card but you had already bought them.

So we are settling for a Merry Christmas to all of our members from Janet, Joyce, and Carol, Chris Corston, Bob Harrison and Barry Blore.

ADS INDEX

Index of display adverts not in the classified section

Airwave Gliders	— page 6
Hornet Microlights	— page 7
Hiway Hang Gliders	— page 24
R. Hirst (Alpine holidays)	— page 11
R. Laidlaw (books)	— page 23
Long Marston Aviation Co.	— page 8
Mainair Sports	— pages 10 and 26
Northern Glider Sales	— page 2
R. Spooner (insurance)	— page 2
Solar Wings	— page 21
Ultra Sports	— page 12