



KERNOW HANGLIDING ASSOCIATION

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AND THE EDITOR WRITES.....

A good month ...Congratulations to Bill Scott; 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in Wales..excellent. Indeed, well done to all those that went to Wales and flew cross-country - no doubt we will hear a lot more from them when they return.

Lots of items in for this months's Newsletter - keep 'em rolling in. It makes a much better magazine and people volunteering articles are better than the "pressed" volunteers.

Well thats it, I can't write too much as Shirleys⁸ already got enough to type.....Happy Landings. Mark.

SAFETY

There is a saying; "Don't assume; check" It applies well to hang gliding. From Preflight examinations 'Oh, those nuts are always O.K.'

To landing after a good flight 'Well, the wind was off to the South when I took off'.... We have all done it

DON'T ASSUME; CHECK.

JAWS..... Flying along, minding my own business at Vault Bay, I spied a 30' basking shark swimming along! I followed him along the ridge until he rounded Nare's Head. I've never seen a shark before - and I am never, ever going swimming from Cornwall again!! Mark

STOP PRESS

Towing News.... 22.5.88 Pete Coad did a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile X.C. from the Truro Airstrip
The first pilot away from this site. Graham May climbs to over 1000'

CHAIRMANS CHAT

I would like to congratulate all those Club members on their efforts off Brown Willy, especially Graham and Bill, who made it to Polzeath, a distance of over 13 miles. Well done also to all those members making other Cross-country flights no matter how short, and I hope that all those over 10km are submitted to the X.C. League so that for once, the Kernow Club manages to make it into the final table at the end of the season.

Whenever we fly, we are taking some risk but we hope that we have managed to reduce that risk to an acceptable minimum, not only for our own safety but also so as not to jeopardise the safety and enjoyment of others. However, we can only do this properly if we have sufficient knowledge to be able to accurately assess the risk. We should all, therefore, make every effort to both impart our own knowledge to other people and to try and gain that knowledge from other fliers, especially before trying something new.

I have often felt that the performance of modern gliders can lead us into a false sense of security and thus we take risks of which we are blissfully unaware. I was interested to learn that Bill Scott, who was probably the first person to fly from Carbis Bay to St. Ives and back, had over 100 hours airtime before he attempted it; and yet it is now common practise for very low airtime pilots to do it, even though, as was clearly demonstrated recently, the lift can suddenly switch off and an emergency landing on a crowded beach may become necessary.

A well-known member of the Club was recently heard to say that he looked forward to the Club Newsletter more than he did to Wings! so can you help keep him happy by writing something - it doesn't have to be long or literary (Shirley has an dictionary beside the typewriter), just an account of a particularly interesting flight will do.

MATTERS FROM THE MEETING

After reading the minutes of the previous meeting, Bill Cooper mentioned the letters he had had from prospective associative members and took great delight in pointing out that one of them, was from someone who had given up work to wander around the hang gliding sites of this country. It was agreed that the Clinton Club was a good place for our meetings despite it meaning that we would now have to change to the second Wednesday of the month. Ron gave details of the letter sent to lapsed members and suggested that if there was enough interest he would print some more T-shirts and/or sweatshirts. Roger gave us some news of Tim Jones and then exhorted us to get as much sponsorship as possible for the Air Ambulance, (he felt that £100 each should be the target!!!) He explained the sort of publicity he would try to obtain and then handed around the sponsor forms. The flying from Brown Willy was reported and also a potential S.W. site at Calvadnack. Patrick said that he was in contact with someone who could get 5% discount on bookings for Brittany Ferries. Colin, Mike (from America) and Duncan (from Scotland via Australia) joined the friendliest Club in the U.K.

It was early when the phone went - well, I think that 7-28 is early- it was Pete Coad to tell me that the trip was on. It had been the previous evening at the April club meeting that I had agreed to join Pete, Mark Seymour and Bill Scott on a day out to Dartmoor. The forecast was for the moderate to fresh NE winds and the sunshine to continue and Dave Bazely's exploits had whetted the appetite.

Pete arrived before I had finished breakfast but we were soon on our way to Mark's where we loaded up his van and then set off to collect Bill from his place of work. You should see his fancy flying suit - briefcase too! The journey was enlivened by a study of the clouds and a general discussion of the relative merits of various landing sites around Truro! We were only a couple of miles from King Tor when another car with hang gliders on the roof caught us up; it was Jeff Hoer. Soon we ~~XXXX~~ were at the end of the lane and were then joined by two more of the D. & S Condors, Vince and Dennis. Now the fun was to begin! The others made it to the top of King Tor with about 4 or 5 stops but by then I was only part way up and dying. Eventually as I lay in the heather desperately gasping for air Bill Scott came down and told me that I was over the worst: I didn't have the energy to argue. After a few moments he offered to give me a rest and with that he hoisted my glider onto his shoulder and strode upwards. Oh the humiliation, even unencumbered I couldn't keep up with him!! With relief I arrived at the top and after recovering I slowly rigged the glider.

Unfortunately there was little wind and no sign either of massive thermals but Jeff took off, found enough lift to stay up and then found a small thermal which encouraged Bill to have a go. It wasn't long before they both top landed. The others all flew at intervals but often landed quickly as soon as enough height had been gained to do so. Dennis on his first flight launched straight into sink and after several minutes scratching at about minus 80ft went down to the bottom. At one time both Bill and Jeff had found a reasonable thermal and were slowly going back with it at about 600 to 800ft when two Tornados flew along the valley in front, two Hawks along the valley behind immediately followed by two Hawks in front and two Tornados behind. Jeff landed soon after this! I had assumed that I would not

make enough height for a top landing and so left my flight until late afternoon but in fact I launched straight into light lift and managed to get above Vince who was the only other pilot up. (It had been generally agreed that given the conditions, two was probably a safe maximum) I spent the next few minutes enjoying this new experience - inland, a different shaped hill, a short ridge etc - but soon both Vince and I were at the same height and it now needed a lot of concentration to try and stay in the best area of lift and at the same time avoid Vince who was trying to do the same. Eventually I decided to let someone else try their luck and headed off for the bottom landing. I was surprised at the height I still had when I arrived there and even more so when the vario kept bleeping even though I was trying to lose height. As I crossed the field boundary I knew I was going to have trouble when I realised that those things below me which looked like bushes were in fact tall trees! The actual touchdown was quite good but I was thankful to the farmer for not having made the field a few yards shorter.

Soon after this, Jeff and then Vince joined me but Pete, Mark and Bill had found the only good thermal of the day, going to about 1000ft. Mark and Pete went with it to the next valley but Bill returned and landed with the rest of us. We slowly packed up and then went in search of the other two. Mark was right beside the road but try as we might we could not find Pete. After a phone call to home we realised how silly we had been - all we had to do was find the nearest pub! As Mark's van thundered through the night there was much talk of "what might have been"... this talk of course continued for a long time! It was just after 11pm when I arrived home having had a most enjoyable day and having learnt two important things.

1. Carrying a hang glider up a hill is not easy!
2. You cannot overshoot a bottom landing!

The ACE RX by Bill Scott.

After buying the ACE RX, Mark kept asking me to write an article about my first impressions of the glider. I resisted this, believing that you should never judge anything solely on first impressions. I now have some 25 hours on the ace and i feel i can be much more subjective in my comments. I would like to think that i am totally unbiased (arn't we all ?), but in reality this is probably impossible, so remember these are my personal views and are not to be believed as sacrosanct.

Rigging.

Basically it takes a long time ! (see back copies of News-Letter for sarcastic editors comments). This is mainly due to the number of extra battens - 10 more than the standard glider. Also each top service tip battens has two elastics which require 3 or 4 of the loops to be attached to each batten. Until you get the hang of this it does cause delay (ask Rob Ings for specific rigging instructions).

Another annoying item is the cross-boom retension webbing, which you have to crawl under the glider to free from everything it can snag against (and believe me there are lots of things !).

The final gripe is about the nose cone, which the hand-book states must be put on for every flight, but you can only do this once the glider is fully rigged and on its A-frame. i hate to say it but the Magic IV arrangement is much better.

De-Rigging.

The only gripe here is about the whimp battens (these are the 6 plastic wing tip battens, which whimps leave out). These have little black caps at each end (to prevent Aids presumably), which catch in the batten pockets when you pull the batten out. You have to check each batten as you remove it or else the cap could be forever lost in the bowels of the glider.

Marks out of 10 for Rigging & De-Rigging - 6.

Handling.

I think mainly due to the infinite number of options you have, with the number of battens you fly with and the number of elastics used; each glider has it's own characteristic. I have flown 2 ace's to date and they are both very different. When i first flew my glider it had a distinct turn to the left. The Solar Hand-book advised that this could be tuned out by use of the wing tip adjustment screws (these change the angle of attack at the tip). In my opinion these are just red herrings, as no matter how much i adjusted these, it had little or no effect. I found the only way to sort it out was to put more camber in the two wing tip battens, of the right hand wing. Once i had done this the glider felt perfectly balanced.

I am now quite happy to scratch the ace and also quite happy to fly with full VB on, although this does take a lot more effort.

The only thing to watch out for is the wing tip stall. This can happen quite suddenly (like when the glider is being flown very slowly and you receive wash from another glider) and can be quite severe.

Marks out of 10 for Handling - 8.

Performance.

This is where the ace really scores, it goes up better than any other glider i have seen and this is especially so in thermals.

This where all that extra rigging time pays dividends.

As for speed, i originally thought the Magic IV Full Race was faster, but after a speed run with Graham Phipps flying a small Full Race at Perran, i now think they are almost identical. Incidentally, i tried on several occasions to have a speed run test with Brian Bazeley flying the S4, but he failed to grasp the basic principle that you have to fly in the same direction !.

Marks out of 10 for Performance - 9.

(There's always room for improvement)

Quality of Product.

The quality of the ace in general is very good, apart from the previously mentioned rigging problems. Solar have finally started to include foam protection pads for exposed bolts etc as standard.

There are only 2 areas which are really below par, the first is the Hand-book. This is awful, just photocopied sheets which are difficult to read and infested with spelling mistakes. The second is the Poppers. The one which is supposed to seal the keel pocket just fell apart the first time i tried to close it. The two on the tip rod protection foam simply don't work.

Marks out of 10 for Quality of Product - 7.

Overall.

The performance of the glider is second to none. The quality is'nt. I think that the Magic IV still hold the Rolls-Royce quality badge, but the Ace may have the edge in performance. At £300 or so less than the Magic IV it's much better value for money.

THE 1988 K.H.G.A. CROSS COUNTRY LEAGUE

Kernow xc league positions as at 05/05/88

<u>Pos</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Distance in miles</u>					<u>Total</u>	<u>Glider</u>
1.	Graham Phipps	13.86	9.99	6.82	4.48	3.96 O/R	37.82	Magic 4
2.	Bill Scott	13.67	4.67				18.34	Ace RX
3.	Mark Seymour	4.17				3.96 O/R	8.13	Magic 3/4
4.	Pete Coad	2.31				3.79 O/R	6.10	Magic 4
5.	Ron Marking					3.23 O/R	3.23	Magic 3
6.	Dave Bazeley	2.92					2.92	Ace RX

The open distance flights this month were flown from Brown Willy. The best being Bill Scott & Graham Phipps who both reached the coast at New Polzeath after flying in a sea breeze front. Other xc's this month include :-

1. Simon Murphy (Condors) 46.0 Miles
2. Mark Hoer (Condors) 25.0 Miles

Simon's flight is believed to be a new british xc record from a tow launch.

The Graham May School of Precision Lee-Side Rotor Flying

Midday Sunday 24th April and ten club members were rigged on top of Brown Willy. Graham Phipps wind dummied and after getting thrown around for half an hour got away on a rough looking thermal. Bill Scott echoed Graham's flight and then I flew, eventually bottom landing after wrestling with the clubman for 20 minutes.

By 3pm conditions were looking smoother so clip in and fly again. Take off was clean and the ridge lift was working a lot better, a couple of beats and I'm 100' above the hill. Two more beats and I stumble into my best thermal of the day at the south end of the hill; turn upwind, through one core and into another. Vario bleeping 5 up so time to 360. Executing a fairly flat 360 I fell out of the lift after 180°; must have overtaken it so bring the kite quickly into wind and wait for it to catch me up. "WRONG".

After the 360 I'm 50m behind the hill and in sink. I'm not going to get back to the ridge so I decide leg it downwind to land across the valley. "WRONG". Insufficient height to clear the valley. A quick look around and the only patch of ground that was within striking distance and wasn't covered with boulders, stone walls and electric fences was at the north end. Easy; fly down the valley and land.

My brain now switched from rational thinking to moron and rather than fly out and across I flew a diagonal course across the valley. "WRONG".

A few seconds later the nose and wing drop and I'm falling down and back towards the hill. The brain switches from moron to panic - DO SOMETHING! Pull as much speed as possible and full weight shift, for a couple of agonising seconds nothing. Oh God why didn't I take up crocheting suspension bridges; 10' above the boulder strewn ground and we recover, the prospect of serious injury seemed a relief to certain death a second ago. Still 10' above the ground and keeping the bar to the knees - there's nowhere to land! 80m ahead a fence, I don't think I can clear it but it's about the softest looking thing around, a cross wind crash looks likely, a pity that fence is electrified. Closer now and immediately in front of the fence a small patch of grass; simultaneous turn, kick out of prone and flare hard.

A stand up landing of sorts, several deep breaths and unclip when my legs stop shaking. Quickly let the glider down to show the anxious looking Peter and Nick that I'm OK and sit down to roll the only cigarette I needed for the day and think about the dumbest thing I've ever done flying.

- Lessons learnt:
- 1) Never fly low behind the hill.
 - 2) Have a plan of action should things go wrong; if no safe plan available get out the crochet needles.
 - 3) Say thank you to Lady Luck.

The 24th April 1988 will always be remembered as the day on which the Kernow Club finally got their act together and made a mass assault to conquer the highest peak in Cornwall - Brown Willy. After much talking about it and two exploratory sorties, a total of ten, yes ten!, pilots climbed and even more, amazingly flew the hill - some of them twice!! Some accounts of their individual experiences follow but this is a brief summary of events.

10.00 hrs. found 7 pilots gathered at the farm:- Graham May, Pete Coad, Bill Scott, Brian Bazeley, Rob Ings, Roger Full, and myself. A shuttle system on Bills' Gombi F.R. got the gliders to the base of the hill via a very rough track and from there we carried up! The climb, although long, was not too steep and all made it in a reasonable state apart from one - any guesses???

The general mood was good with X.C. being the word of the day and Bill declaring Trevoise Head as the goal. Dave and Colan arrived at 300yrd. from the top in the Turbo Range Rover after demonstrating some impressive driving and promptly brought out a picnic basket (Yes a wicker one!)

Top rigging area was plentiful and take-off straight forward. Top landing is possible but looks highly risky and no-one attempted it, although several pilots landed on the shoulder of the hill, from which the carryup is fairly easy. Bottom landing is large (very, very large) and carrying up, rigged, is not unduly difficult.

Following the picnic, the flying began under a fairly clear sky with some light cloud in a 14mph E.S.E. wind.

The carry up was not as bad as expected, largely due to the fact that the hill is not that steep. On reaching the top a nice rigging area catered easily for the 8 gliders there, although for some reason Brian B. decided to be anti-social and rigged a good 100yrs away on some outcrop of rock.

I took off at 1200, after being guaranteed a hand back up should I go down, by Bill Scott. My reasons for choosing Bill were twofold..a) He is big and strong and b) It meant that I would not have to watch him disappear over the back as I struggled back up the hill. His reason for offering assistance was singlefold - if I went down it was no good anyway - I think that is a compliment!

Having taken off I skooted up and down the ridge in weak ridge lift, combined with small, punny thermals. Having never flown a spine-back ridge before, my natural cautiousness kept me from flying behind the spine, which was somewhat limited me to the very narrow lift band out in front. A brief spell below the top was enough to tell me that I didn't want to go that low again. On climbing back above the ridge I flew to the south end and stumbled into a ragged 5 up, a few 360's and I was well above the ridge. Over the radio came a voice (Bills) suggesting I go with it, which considering how the ridge was working, seemed like a good idea. At 600ft it was decision time and despite the thermal being ragged, I decided to stick with it. Remote control thermalling by courtesy of Bill helped me to finally top out at

900ATO, where I stayed for a mile or so before starting to sink back to earth. A large clay pit exists in front of (west) Roughton and I headed for it, hoping to find lift. As I approached the edge I was rewarded with a gentle 2 up, which took me from 600 ATO to 1100 ATO, although again it was fairly ragged. Dumbling along towards the main Camelford-Bude road I started to lose height again and when the vario moved to 2 down I decided to run for some ploughed fields. Small patches of lift helped to slow my descent although the general way of things was definitely down.

Bill had taken off by now as I could hear via the radio, which kept me constantly (and clearly) in touch with the hill. Ahead lay Delabale Quarry, which has a very scorable rock face with good bottom landing in front of it and this seemed a good option (which was confirmed by Bill). The only snag was that I was sinking fast and a set of Mega powerlines lay in my path. Deciding that clearing the cables may be a close thing I picked out two ploughed fields and headed for them. I arrived at 4500FTO thinking I'd blown it when, Wham! 5 up and fairly smooth. I was on my way up again. A hawk circled below me so I knew I was doing something right. At 4000 ATO the hawk had caught me and circled 25yrd off my wing tip 'til finally diving away earthwards. I was now approaching the coast and after consulting the map, decided to head southwards towards Polzeath. Leaving lift at 4200 ATO I pulled $\frac{1}{2}$ trimmer and set off.

The view was fantastic with beautiful coastal slopes and cliffs, with Port Isaac nestling in amongst them. So intent was I on the view that I failed to notice that I was covering the ground a very little cost to my height. A sudden turbulent patch of lift about 4 - 5 up hit me but with my brain in neutral, I didn't circle in it, thinking that I'd only go out to sea if I did, so I went on. After passing Port Isaac I found no more lift and things began to sink a little faster. At about 1000 AGL I started to fly down wind of ploughed fields, but I got nothing at all. Polzeath was now approaching so I had to decide whether to fly southeast inland or southwest onto Pentire Head. Concluding I was going to land either way I opted for Pentire Head as there was a nice large field adjacent to a farmhouse and car park. Looking for wind indicators, a group of gulls caught my eye - they were soaring the north facing cliffs. Some washing confirmed it - Sea Breeze! - What a wally! I'd flown along a sea breeze front without knowing it, although at least two clues had been given to me and missed the chance of a possible Mega flight. No wonder I got no lift off the ploughed fields - I was up-wind of them.

I cursed myself and set up my landing, which was uneventful enough, although it would have been different tale if I hadn't seen the gulls. Whilst packing up I kept shouting to Bill on the radio, to tell him of the sea breeze but to no avail, (he'd turned his down). After about 20 minutes a few clicks on the earphone suggested someone was near. I looked up to see Bill coming in at about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away. Willing him on and telling him that I was parked into wind. Just when I thought he was going to land, Bill turned left and disappeared behind a field to land somewhere else,

but that's Bills' story. Finally we found each other and celebrated over coffee and biscuits before being recovered by Brian (many thanks).

It still amazes me that after 90 mins flying and 14 miles of it not just downwind flying we should end up so close together, having both set off 30 mins apart and landed 30 mins apart too!

Conclusion:- It's worth the walk.

MAGIC DAY AT CODDAN HILL

Following promising forecasts, five pilots got together and decided to make a day trip to the moors. The day was Thursday, 19th May. As it turned out the wind was more North than expected (N.E.) and the day started with rain. However, having taken the day off and with a promise of the skies clearing, we set off for Coddan Hill near Barnstable. On arriving at the site, conditions looked promising, although some large areas of overdevelopment were apparent downwind. A local pilot arrived along with that nicest of Condors - Geoff Hoer - and declared the hill ridge soarable. With this, Graham May took off and proceeded to fly more or less straight down, to test the bottom landing field. I was clipped in and ready by now but slightly reluctant to go for obvious reasons. The local - Malcolm Pattison - then, calmly took off and climbed quickly in thermal lift to about 500'. I decided that it was probably alright to take off. On taking off I encountered good, smooth thermal lift and climbed steadily. Dave B. now took off and followed in a similar manner. By the time I reached about 500' Malcolm must have been at 2000'+ and definitely on his way. Dave and myself took half a thermal each and worked it up towards what looked a good cloud. On nearing cloudbase, I lost sight of Dave and finally caught a glimpse of him some 5 mins. later about a mile downwind, heading away from the hill. Pete Coad and Bill Scott were now flying but struggling and I watched as they landed in the top field, after about 20 mins.

The drift was slow and I moved out at about 2800 ATO. When the lift finally stopped and turned to sink I decided to head upwind to some better-looking cloud, rather than run downwind into the overdevelopment. Finally, the sky downwind started to break and I resumed progress south. I was just wondering where Dave was when I glanced down and spotted him in a field, chatting to some farmers (about tractors I expect). At this time I was down to 1300' ATO and started to look for some lift. I stumbled into something which, finally turned into a 5 up to 3000'. Again I went upwind to some better looking cloud and was rewarded with lift to cloudbase at 3300'. Up the side of the cloud I managed to work up to my best ever height gain of 3900' before descending back to cloudbase. I seemed to have been flying for over the same area for about 45 minutes when I decided I should make a conscious effort to move on; I was now some 1 hour 15 mins into the flight or more. Moving on, I found some good smooth lift, which sucked me up to 4100', which was amongst the clouds, so breaking my recently made record as well as giving me the most spectacular views of cloud and ground. I relayed this information to the lads on the hill, who were still

struggling, only to be met by disbelief as they thought I had landed about an hour ago and was winding them up from just behind the hill, so I took some photos as proof. The flight continued until I made the mistake of getting trapped in the middle of an overdeveloped sky and not making for the sunshine early enough, thus finally forcing me to land just east of Holsworthy on what I think was the low-flying path for jets going inland. Still I'm used to them now!!

Recovery was straight forward with Pete, who did about 4 miles and Graham finding me and Bill getting Dave. All in all a good day, with lots of lessons learned and well worth the drive.

A.T. 3hours approx. Max Height gain 4100' Distance 21.3 m on Magic 4 155

THE CLUB TRIP THROUGH THE EYES OF A MAGIC

(name and address withheld through fear of jealous rivals)

7-5-88 Forecast Easterly, so it's up at dawn and off to Pandy, arriving at 11.30 am Bill and Dave are already rigged, so it's a quick coffee and away. Take off and track left. After flying for about 20 mins. I have to jump forward about 400 yards to the next ridge, on which I reach a personal best height (1700ft) I then fly on to Hay Bluff, take my turn point photo but alas, I'm too low to make it back and have to land. Distance 9.9 miles Bill made the out and return of 20 miles.

8.5.88 Hay Bluff Rob and Robin join us today. Visibility bad but we fly, 400ft at best. We shared the hill with some parascenders. Not a bad bunch.

9.5.88 Hay Bluff Wind well off to the North but just manage to soar. Set off on the Ridge Run followed by Bill, but got stuck half way. We both land in the same field. Distance 5.8 miles Best height 800ft. Rob and Robin pick us up and it's off to the Blerenge for some very pleasant evening flying.

10.5.88 Hay Bluff Wind still off to the North but try the Ridge Run again, only to get stuck in the same place. About to land in the same field when I stumble into a thermal which I work to 220 ft before losing it. So it's downwind to land by a pub. Distance 10.2 miles I'm that thrilled that I nearly break my arm patting myself on the back. Rob lands a mile up the road and Bill makes the coast with height to spare...43 miles. Well done, Bill.

11.5.88 Blerenge No wind but the sky looks good. Take off and after about 20 mins I'm going down, 1000ft below and I find a good one, which I work to 1700 ATO, only to find I lose it and start going down again. 300ft below but it's my lucky day. This one takes me to cloudbase at 3100ft but there's no drift, so I leave it and head over the back. After five or six miles I'm 700 below and picking out my landing field, when I get something off a factory chimney, work it up to cloudbase and think about going into cloud (well if Bill can do it so can I) 4-6 up, nice and smooth; 4000 and I'm getting cold, 4500 and I'm getting wet; 5000 and I'm getting frightened; 6000 and I'm getting the hell out of it. I put it into a spiral dive and after about 10 minutes I'm back at cloudbase, still in the same position over the ground as when I went into the cloud. Set off again and land without finding

any more lift. Distance 12.5 miles Height 6000+ and in fact so high I was over the moon.

13.5.88 Blorenges Little wind but managed 45 minutes and 600 ft before going down.

14.5.88 Pandy Wind is well off and rough. Fly for about 30 minutes and call it a day, off with the family, only to learn later that the wind had squared up and they managed to get to Hay Bluff and back. Damn!!

15.5.88 Blorenges Very stable but have an hours flying, (Reach 500ft) before setting off back to Cornwall and the sunshine.

Conclusions... What a week! When can we go again??

Diary Dates

The next meeting will be on Wednesday, 8th June at the Clinton Club, Redruth at 8.30 pm

All articles for the Newsletter to Shirley by 18th June please.