



KERNOW HANGLIDING ASSOCIATION

EDITOR: MARK SEYMOUR
36, BOSWARCEY CLOSE
ST. COLUMB
NEWQUAY

Tel: (0637) 881249

SECRETARY: SHIRLEY PUGH
25, SHERWOOD BRIVE
BODMIN

Tel: (0208)76595

ISSUE No. 8 AUGUST 1988

AND THE SECRETARY WRITES.....

With everyone sunning themselves in Spain, or on holiday in other far-flung places, it falls to me to open this months edition of the Newsletter. Unfortunately, with everyone away it means that no-one has sent me any articles to type, hence this months very thin edition. Hopefully, by the time the next Newsletter is ready for print, everyone should have recovered from their holiday and had time to put pen to paper and sent me all the details of the expedition, all the stories, incidents, funny bits....all will be printed!

ONLY A WINTERS' TALE

By Graham Phipps

Whilst going through some old paperwork, I came across the following, which I wrote with the intention of sending it to Wings! but never did. So, I thought as we are in the middle of summer (believe it or not) a Winters' Tale may be interesting. It was written following the flight in January 1986.....

IT'S MAGIC OVER CORNWALL

It started to look good at about 8.30am and the air had that nice January chill to it as I set off for work. By eleven o'clock, I was sure it looked good and had negotiated both the afternoon off work and for my wife, Kaz, to meet me at a site on the North Cornish coast, complete with Magic IV 166, which had been loaded onto the car the previous evening in anticipation.

After informing my non-flying colleagues in the drawing office at County Hall that I would, today, fly across the County to Falmouth and land in a field a few hundred yards from my brother's house, I received the same "yeh, yeh, sure" looks

as I had on previous occasions.

One puncture and a hairy motorcycle ride later I arrived late, just in time to see the best of the cloud passing overhead. By the time I had rigged, having first had to retrieve the trimmer rope from up inside my upright (always remember to tie a knot in it when ~~derigging~~!), which took some time with a hair grip, the sky was 95% blue.

Now, sea thermals are funny things (whether you believe in them or not) at the best of times and today was no exception. I took off the 500' cliff site into a nice 16-18 mph North wind and encountered nice, smooth lift straight up to 800' ATO where I stopped. The following hour saw me anywhere between 350' and 1600' under a totally blue area of sky, but with large cloud formations some 10 miles to either side. Finally, clouds started to form out to sea and head in, pursued by a large black cloud which was issuing a sheet of hail from within. At this point, I felt it prudent to land and let it pass, the time was now 3.30pm. Forty-five minutes later, and I was ready to take-off again and Kaz was ready to go home with the lads (aged 3 years and 18 months) So having agreed that if I hadn't rung by 5.15 pm she would return, I leapt off into the blue yonder once again.

The air was still rough with the passing of the hail cloud and the lift not all that good, but it steadily improved until I was starting to break through the 1,000' mark again. The clouds developed and I cored some nice thermals up to 1,400' and 1,600' but then they always seemed to stop, leaving me wondering. After about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour I thought I'd better land to derig in time for the return of Kaz. The sky still looked reasonable although not nearly as good as earlier, so I gently lost height and worked my way towards the landing area. At 400' ATO the good old alto gave a slight warble so I slowed down and started to "sniff" out the lift. Slowly but surely the warble increased to a nice 2 up and then to a 4 up in which I began to circle. The thermal varied between 4 and 6 up until, once again 1,600' ATO was reached, but this time it didn't stop. I could see the cloud above and concentrated on the vario. The glider was flying superbly without any correction necessary to maintain nice, smooth 360's, slowly the altimeter climbed until 2,000 ATO was indicated. Then it died and that horrible silence ensued.

I was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles back so return to the ridge was not a good idea. Glancing at the cloud I started to open out my 360's until finally I encountered lift on the downwind side. Flying downwind, I relocated the lift and began to 360' once again; the lift was weaker with the best being 2 up., but it was lift. At 2,500' ATO the lift stopped; I was still short of cloudbase by some 300-400', but then the cloud was already starting to decay. I looked around the sky but everything was in a state of decay, well it was 5.10pm on a January evening. I stayed in a zero for a few more miles until I was crossing the main A30 through Cornwall when the zero went to a 1 down. The wind was dying fast as the smoke on the ground and my drift confirmed, so I thought it was time to leave. I could see Falmouth Bay and the Estuary snaking up to Truro; to the East I could see the Claytips 'shining'

white with heavy snow showers starting to fall , and to the west, St. Ives, again suffering under the snow, but the area I was in was a belt of about 15 miles of blue sky right across the county from North to South.

I wound the trimmer up and pulled into max. glide (I think) the vario showed $1\frac{1}{2}$ down which seemed reasonable. Crossing the largest refuse tip in Cornwall, I got a sound out of the vario, immediately I eased off the trimmer and swung around to do two gentle 360's but the best I got was a $\frac{1}{2}$ down and as the drift was now practically non-existent I quickly gave up and headed south.

Flying down the main Redruth-Falmouth road I watched the cars beneath me, wondering if anyone would notice me some 1,500' above them. Passing over Ponsanooth I began to worry about getting "sunk-out" as the village nestles in a wooded valley with few landing sites. Falmouth was now within my grasp but a small alteration of course was necessary to reach my desired destination, a mini roundabout looked remarkably like a "bull's eye" as I flew smack over it, thinking how many times I had driven this route. It was now "downhill" to Penryn, then rising ground before it fell away again to the south coast. Would I clear Penryn? I wasn't sure but as I approached, my sink rate declined until I was back to a $\frac{1}{2}$ down, which ensured my success. I could now see my chosen field and still had height to spare, flying directly above my brothers' house I shouted to him but unfortunately noting the absence of his car I concluded he was out.

Setting up for my landing, I noticed to my amazement that right across the middle of the field ran a set of telephone lines, which hadn't been there the previous week! They ran to the site huts of a road improvement on which one of my colleagues was working (who needs friends!) A quick assessment and I judged I could either land before them or at least get over them. Burning off height over the boundary which consisted of 60' trees, some children who were playing, noticed my arrival. My last 180 slipped me down in front of the trees then straightening up on the field, I dropped out of prone and pulled in to get me down. Bleeding the speed off I landed still some 25 yards short of the cables.

Dropping the glider down and securing a landing witness who agreed to post guard, I ran off to 'phone the wife. Using the 'phone at my brothers' house (Brian) to which I gained easy access I learned that he had gone over to see me and had subsequently gone out to the hill to grab a flight and to give me a lift home, it turned out he missed me by about 5 mins. It was now getting dark so a quick derig was in order and a carry to Brians' house, where the glider remained while I borrowed Cookies (Brians wife) car to get home through the snow, which was now falling.

The total flight was only just over 13 miles, but when you live in Cornwall a 13 mile X.C. is something special and being a flight to goal adds to it. I hope that if there is still anyone who still doesn't believe in sea thermals this article may change their minds; if not try coming to Cornwall in the winter and when you see a glider at 1,000' above a 150' cliff in the middle of winter maybe you'll be convinced.

THE 1988 K.H.G.A. CROSS COUNTRY LEAGUE
Kernow XC League Positions as at 18/08/88

Pos	Name	Distance in Miles					Total	Glider
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			5.50 O/R	23.84	Ace RX
3.	Pete Coad	5.30	2.31			5.19 O/R	12.80	Magic 4
4.	Mark Seymour	4.17				5.50 O/R	9.67	Magic 4
5.	Ron Marking					3.23 O/R	3.23	Magic 3
6.	Dave Bazeley	2.92					2.92	Ace RX
7.	Rob Ings	2.08					2.08	Ace RX
8.	Roger Full	2.00					2.00	Ace

This months league includes one out & return flight flown by Mark Seymour, from St Agnes head to Porthtowan and back and two open xc's from Carn Brea, flown by Pete Coad and Roger Full. This has enabled the up and coming Pete Coad to move into third position overall.

The remainder of the XC's flown this month by Kernow members were done at the recent club visit to Spain. The following is a round up of the distances flown :-

1.	Bill Scott	45.36	41.16	32.31	31.69	21.75	10.00	20.00	O/R
		16.00	O/R	16.00	O/R	12.5	O/R	12.5	O/R
2.	Mark Seymour	38.50	32.31	17.34	15.53	O/R	12.5	O/R	10.0
		19.89	Triangle						
3.	Patrick Buxton	32.31	14.29	14.29	12.5	O/R			
4.	Brian Bazeley	17.34	10.00	10.00	12.5	O/R			
5.	Monty Pugh	11.25	10.00						

So the grand total comes to 562.32 Miles. That's more than the whole club flew in 1987.

FOR SALE

ACE 160 in good condition £900

Cocoon harness £10

Interested? Please telephone Newquay (0637) 875308 and ask to speak to Karesz.

The next meeting will be held at the Clinton Club, Redruth on 14th September at 8.30 pm

Please could all articles for the September issue of the Newsletter be sent to Shirley to reach her no later than 18th September. Hopefully next months issue will be a bumper issue, so come on, folks, lets have those articles rolling in!