



## ***KERNOW WIN AIRWAVE SEMIS***

### ***THE LADS DO WELL IN WALES***

*(As reported to the Editor by Graham (Mr Modesty) Fhipps.)*

Merthyr Saturday July 25th. Wind off the hill. Nine teams keyed up to get into the top six places and qualify for the finals. Six determined Kernow stalwarts (Pips, Coady, Daisy, Patrick, Rob and Steve Pen.), all dead keen to do well.

The wind switches on. Some pilots go for it. Some get away - some don't including poor Steve who had to settle for a top to bottom.

The rest of the Kernow team all make some distance. Rob goes down for 4.1 miles, Coady narrowly beats him for 4.7, Patrick does a creditable 11 miles, and Daisy, after a late start and a struggle to get up, does an excellent 32 miles. Kernow's star of the day though was Pips, who won the day overall with 45 miles.

Sunday was canned by the organisers on the lousy forecast and after much work with slide rule and abacus, Kernow were declared overall winners by quite a narrow margin.

Sad (?) to report, South Devon only managed 8th place overall

and will be absent from the finals., which will take place in the Peak District sometime in August. Club weekend away to give moral support ??

### **FLYING MINI-COOPER DOES FIRST XC'S**

Gavin reports that during the Joint Services Competition held recently in Wales, he broke his duck and managed three cross country flights, enabling him to post a reasonable score in the competition. Good on yer Gav!

### **STRUDDICK FARM CLOSURE**

We are advised by the South Devons that the Struddick Farm site is closed as from July 24th until further notice. The farm has been sold and must not be flown pending negotiations with the new owners.

**VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE CONCERNING PERRAN PORTH. SEE LATER IN THIS ISSUE.**

### **FLYING FISH SPOTTED OVER FLUSHING DURING RED ARROWS DISPLAY**

Please, somebody say they saw it too, and that it isn't just editorial DT's. As the Red Arrows were finishing their display over Falmouth during Tall Ships weekend, **I saw a fish flying over Flushing.** No tiddler either, about 4-6 feet long, at an estimated 3-400 feet, sailing gracefully away downwind over Trefusis Point.

No pink elephants - just a fish, wilfully infringing the Temporary Restricted Airspace.

Before we go any further, let me put an end to the malicious rumour that it was a South Devon pilot wearing a wetsuit. **It was a bloody fish I tell you!** Heigho.....time for another scotch.....what pink elephants?

### **TOW SYNDICATE OPEN WEEKEND DAVIDSTOWE 8/9 OR 15/16 AUGUST**

**All KHGA members welcome. FLYING, CAMPING, BBQ, DRINKING, FLYING, CAMPING.**

**BBQ, DRINKING, FLYING, CAMPING, FLYING, DRINKING, DRINKING, DRINKING, FLYING, DRINKING**  
**Ring Diane or Daisy for details nearer the time.**

MINUTES OF THE JULY MEETING OF THE KERNOW HANG GLIDING ASSOCIATION  
AT THE CLINTON SOCIAL CLUB ON 13TH JULY 1998

MINUTES of the last meeting were read, amended slightly agreed and signed.

TRAINING The Pips reported on a good days training at Perran. Anne Clat' did half an EPC and other students made progress. Then there was another good day with a lot of students making a lot of progress especially Alec who is now well on the way to his CPC.

COMPS Steve reported. Kernow did not go to the SW Tow Comp because of a lack of winch drivers. There is no news yet about the Airwave Challenge Semi Final. Pips said we should hear tomorrow.

ALL OUT EVENT. Graham in the chair summed it all up. We went. We had a good time flying, flying others and Partying. THE CLUB HAD A GOOD TIME.

INCIDENTS. Steve Pen' was to the fore with a s l o w landing at Perran and Barry tried the same trick.

TEMPORARY RESTRICTED AREAS. The South Devon Club confrontation with the Red Arrows was discussed and the lessons learned. Be aware of what is going on and ALWAYS PHONE FOR INFORMATION ABOUT TRAs on FREEPHONE 0500 354802.

CONDORS 25TH ANNIVERSARY BASH. Alan passed on a message from the Condors. They want to hear from all who will be attending so that they can firm up their arrangements.

ROGER FULL asked about the Kernow 25th next year 1999.

E.C.C. Pips is waiting on a reply from his approach.

ROGER CLEWLOW asked why we should continue to pay ever increasing licence fees to the National Trust for Chapel Porth Site when we can launch and land from the northern end of the cliff outside National Trust land. He said other sports like riding, walking and model fliers paid no fee so why should we. We considered the safety advantages of the present launch site and landing area and decided that an early opportunity should be taken by the secretary to acquaint the National Trust of the advantages to them of the Association continuing to list the site and exercise responsible control of the flying subject to a nominal fee if any fee at all.

ANDY thanked all who helped in the tow rating training day..

GAVIN supported Andy's remarks and went on to tell us about his exploits at the United Services Association competition.

PIPS told us that during the course of the meeting, Alex had successfully completed his CPC theory exam. Congratulations were expressed.

ROGER FULL asked if the original minutes relating to the formation of the Association were still in existence.

MARK ON THE EXEC tried to speak in defence of Joe (Top Of The Kernow Hit List) Schofield but made little impression.

JOHN OF THE KERNOW BULLETIN asked that there will be no open war with Joe[just a guerrilla war] John said he is planning a flying trip to France in September and will be glad to hear from pilots interested in making up a party. Gavin said he might take his vehicle to make another party. A 10 - 14 day trip is envisaged.

PHIL WHITELAW asked if we could put on a static display at Culdrose Air Day. All agreed it would be a good idea for next year.

DIANNE mooted the idea of an open day towing at Davidstowe. This was expanded to a weekend and it was agreed that we aim to do it on 7th, 8th & 9th August with the 14th, 15th & 16th as reserve dates.

That finished the meeting at 21.41.

A talk on Theory of Flight by John Atkinson was to follow and in the interval the draw for the 50 Club was made. Result. Minor Prize No 19 Cyril Keverne. Major Prize No. 56 Angie Coad.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### **“TWO BIT RAG” Joe Schofield replies.**

Dear John Atkinson.

In response to your open letter last month in the Kernow magazine, it's perhaps worth pointing out that both your correspondent Daisy and I were fairly pissed when the comment you cite was made - in the context of a very humorous and silly conversation on the ferry. It's funny how these private conversations get reported by those you count among your friends.

If my friendly banter between merry-making fliers has offended the good men of Kernow, I unreservedly apologise. But if anyone in the club considers the running of "Skywings" to be "not a bad number", or that my very few days off to go flying aren't paid for by late, late hours and working weekends, please think again. I won't bore you with the list of holidays cancelled, competitions pulled out of and entry fees lost to the insatiable demands of your magazine, Skywings, but it's a long one. I do it because, in your words, I "feel it's worthwhile".

Regards

Joe Schofield.

### **THE EDITOR REPLIES**

*Apology accepted Joe.*

*But being "fairly pissed" is merely a reason for your injudicious remarks, NOT an excuse, in law or anywhere else. If, during the course of a drunken conversation I take exception to one of your remarks, dot you on the nose, and, as a consequence get hauled up before the Beak, making the excuse of being "fairly pissed" won't save me from receiving my just desserts. Nor should it.*

*Another thing you should bear in mind, as you seem to regard Daisy's reporting of your remarks as a betrayal of friendship. Kernow (and for all I know, many other clubs) is something more than a loose congregation of people sharing a common interest. There is a very great supportive spirit within the membership, however disparate the personalities. This results in a feeling of "touch one, touch all", as the membership draws together in support. So it is hardly surprising that Daisy, as Chairman of the club should feel slighted and angry at your remark about his club magazine, and even less surprising that he should report it back in open meeting. So don't knock Daisy for his loyalty to the club rather than to you.*

*See you on the hill sometime Joe: then we can continue this friendly debate.*

P.S. The Editor would like to thank all those members who took the trouble to express their support for the Bulletin either over the phone or face to face. Thanks folks.

# **IMPORTANT NOTICE PERRAN SANDS FLYING SITE**

**A complaint has been made by the Commanding Officer of Penhale camp regarding paragliders overflying the firing range when firing was in progress or about to take place.**

**Whilst it is perfectly possible that these pilots were not Kernow members, any further infringement could jeopardise our use of the site.**

**Please observe the following rules:-**

- 1. Always (and particularly midweek) look for the red flags on the firing range ( on top of the hill in the N.E. corner of the site. )If they are flying, don't fly beyond the boundary fence, about half way between take off and the N. E. corner.**
- 2. Make sure that any visiting pilots on site adhere to this rule.**
- 3. Perran is not an open site. All visiting pilots should be accompanied by a Kernow member, and should report to Reception on arrival.**

## Nonk Bombout goes to Wales

At the club meeting Mr Spot the competitions organiser had asked the floor if a team could make the first round of the Airwave Challenge. After various sky gods had either declined or accepted Nonk was caught off guard when the question of making up numbers was put his way. Finally, with much peer pressure he concurred. This got Nonk thinking, "While on the subject of Wales do you think mountain sheep should be legalised," he asked Bob Sheppard, the resident authority on Ovine behaviour.

"Don't get involved with our promiscuous woolly friends, they string you along and then just dump you for someone wearing more expensive wellies," Bob replied as he got up for another scoop of ale.

Nonk did not notice the first of his mistakes until the morning of day one of the comp. Not wishing to impose on others and also revelling in his own independence he travelled up to S.E. Wales alone, but now as team retrieves were being sorted he saw his vehicle become more of a hindrance than an advantage. Unperturbed he followed the entourage from the briefing car park to the top of the Blorenge.

This was the first time Nonk had looked up the track to take off with his own kit on his back but he knew the climb ahead to be a hard slog as he had supported his club here on previous occasions. No sooner had he got into the steady stride hang glider pilots seem to adopt on such walk ups than he felt someone touch the end of the glider, he was spun around to see Willie Makit grinning at him. They picked themselves out of the heather after the mandatory scrap and both carried Nonk's glider to take off.

Nonk quickly rigged ready for the briefing, while Willie gave his excuses for not persevering with learning to fly, the two mates then stood at the edge of the near vertical face of the hill and stared down at Abergaveny 2000 feet beneath them. Willie really wished he had stuck at his hang gliding training, while Nonk, now perched at the highest point in his short flying career wished he had never

even picked up a hang glider.

The task called was an open distance and with a reasonable looking sky Nonk's first XC was looking imminent, the team sat down and discussed tactics while Nonk listened, feeling anxious and out of his depth.

By the time the window was open the cloud had over developed and soon people were sheltering under the myriad wings as the rain poured and filled Nonk's vario with water. An hour later things started to brighten up and he returned to his own glider to see his instrument switched off but showing a steady 800 feet a minute climb rate, "Quick clip in," Claude Base joked as Nonk's vario chirped away. Nonk could only laugh at his second mistake as he shook the water out.

The wind dropped away to nothing as the afternoon went on and with a dry but overcast sky most pilots conceded defeat and flew down to the bottom landing field. Nonk had never performed a full nil wind take off before, and Max Glyde agreed that this might not be the time or the place to try one. Willie could not believe that Nonk had "Chickened out," as they lugged the derigged Magic 3 back down to the cars, but Nonk knew that there was still tomorrow.

A hearty meal was followed by a period of time that Nonk knew he could excel in, with the boys from the club and his sorely missed drinking partner, Willie, he managed to consume vast quantities of happy juice and smoke far to many tabs, ensuring a sound night's slumber back in the camp site.

With morning came the hazy period of regret that can only be remedied by a thoroughly greasy spoon, and socially unacceptable ablutions. But Nonk realised he was not alone in his suffering by the quiet nature of that mornings brief, it was to be Hay Bluff.

As people picked up their gliders and started up from the chaos of the road they were glad that the wind was strong enough to take off from the pass, saving a steep climb to the top of the concave ridge. Hay Bluff was a site that Nonk had never been to before, so after rigging their gliders Max accompanied him to the top to check the wind strength and suss the lay of the land.

"Forty to forty five miles an hour," Nonk shouted from under his venty.

"Its just a bit of compression," replied Max nonchalantly, he then proceeded to point out the bottom landing area and the best plan of attack to jump the gap over to the next ridge, again Nonk felt out of his league. He watched a few hot shots take off as soon as the window opened and was keen to get airborne before too many pilots filled the air.

The climb out was both rougher and slower than Nonk was used to as this was the first inland flying he had done since his training and the hill was a completely different shape to the cliffs he flew at home, it having a shallow base gradually steepening to a vertical sharp top edge. It took all of his concentration to keep close enough to the face to maintain his climb but there was a real risk of getting turned into the hill. These problems coupled with the fact that he would soon be joining a lot of other gliders made him nervous. It was not long before Max and the rest of the team were off the hill and talking on the radio, Nonk knew that his best chance of making the so called "Milk Run" was to follow his club mates, but over the radio came the message that Sandy Dewne, an experienced Kernow pilot had gone down trying to jump the gap. It was now, while right behind Max that Nonk had his first taste of flying in cloud, base was only a few hundred feet above the hill top.

"I'm out of here," Max announced over the radio as he disappeared through more wisps of cloud, Nonk also started to fly straight out from the ridge noticing the performance advantage of Max's wing, the magic was getting lower and further behind every second.

"I'm going to stay on the ridge," Nonk said as he turned back towards the hill, the combination of rougher air, lots of gliders, cloud and good pilots going down had phased the timid novice but he still soared the ridge for an hour before slipping off the end of it to start his landing approach, which finished in a gorse bush.

Nonk tried to be pleased with his effort but he knew he had blown it and contributed nothing for his team's result, but it was Bob Sheppard who summed up the day later when they all met up,

"A chance to see all those sheep, a couple of hours flying and a new site for the log book, what more can a guy want on his first trip away."