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KERNOW HANG GLIDING

KERNOW AT FULL STRENGTH FOR LEAGUE!

APRIL 1991. ISSUE No. 4.

and the editor writes.....

Firstly I'll start with a couple of pieces of good news that were missed from the last issue. There's been two new, welcome additions to the club; to Bill and Ginny Scott a baby boy - Jack, and to Roger and Jane Green a baby girl - Marie. Congratulations from all at Kernow.

From the Nuptials Dept: Mark and Cheryl tied the knot in Wales on the 13th - good luck to you both and lots of happiness for the future.

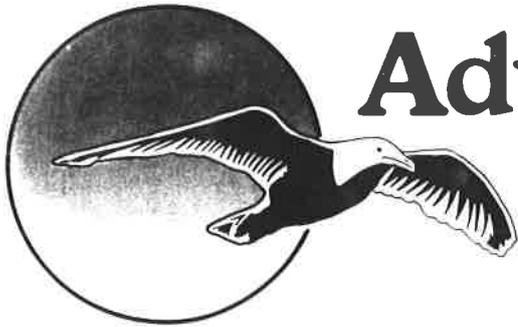
This month the winch has really started to produce results with last weekend (20th-21st) giving, as Bill Scott remarked, probably the best lager in the world, er? no sorry, probably the best winching/flying conditions yet seen. Pete took the honours with an excellent flight to The Lizard for 37.5 miles, with Bill and Colin landing at St. Mawes for 22 miles.

Earlier on in the month, during another towing session, Alan Phipps and Bill Cowell made their first XC's from the winch - well done lads.

It was confirmed earlier in the week that Graham Phipps has now been accepted into this year's League. This means that Kernow is represented in the competition by two pilots which, for a club of our size, is a real achievement.

Well, I'm off now to do battle with the idiosyncrasies of my new Kiss. So, when you're next out flying, if you see someone yawing around the sky a Warp Factor 10, give him some room; it'll be me - trying to enjoy myself!

Safe flying.....Rob.



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To All Paraglider Pilots.....

It is now necessary for all paraglider pilots to convert to the new Pilot Rating Scheme (PRS). F1 & F2 pilots can make a level transfer from the old system to the new PRS as follows:-

F1 level transfer (FREE).....Student Pilot
F1 upward transfer (£5).....Club Pilot
F2 level transfer (FREE).....Pilot
F2 upward transfer (£5).....Advanced Pilot

The new PRS requires taking a written exam under exam conditions as well as completing the required tasks out on the hill.

We have received exam papers for most pilots. Contact Lester Cruse on (0209) 218962 for details on sitting your exam.

AN ALPHABET OF HANG GLIDING.

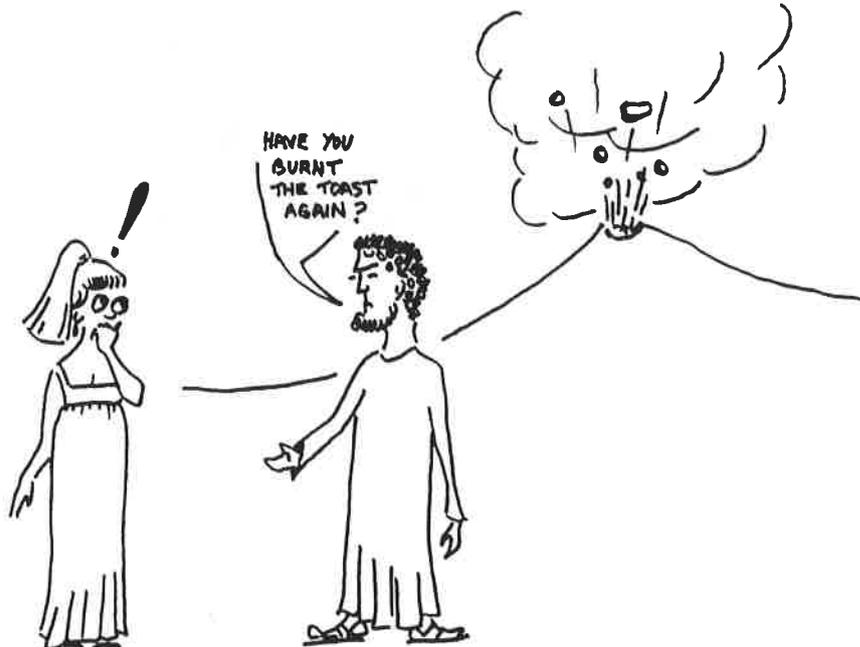
I.....ICARUS.

It is a well-know fact that most novice glider pilots pale visibly at any mention of the word "Kulcher". However, the subject is important to us, so all except a few Ace owners (who are almost totally illiterate), might as well sit down and get some classical education.

Not many people realise that Icarus the Greek flew the forerunner of the modern flexwing. It all came about because his father, Daedalus, withheld his pole tax. As a result father and son ended up incarcerated on an island. Being a crafty so-and-so, Daedalus had the bright idea that if they could collect enough suitable feathers, they might leave by air for a destination unknown. (Rather like a modern package holiday).

But they encountered a snag. No flexible glue had been invented, and only Araldite was available in the local shops. Nevertheless, as happens so often, Fate stepped (or rather stumbled) in. One hot and sunny morning saw Icarus wending his homeward way after a leisurely spell of shopping. Suddenly he became aware of a hot and sticky sensation against his skin. With a grimace of distaste he foraged under layers of loose robes and gingerly drew forth a hand filled with a revolting brown substance. With an indescribable feeling of relief he noted a scrap of Mars wrapper in the glutinous mess. Here was the adhesive!! Forgetful of the heat he ran home.....

Together the two men excitedly stuck rows of flight feathers on arms and legs. Smaller feathers were fixed on every square inch of exposed skin. Some were stuffed into nostrils and ears. Tail feathers were stuffed elsewhere. By early afternoon they were ready. In appearance they resembled the victims of a minor oilslick, but the pre-flight checks were completed in no time, due to the absence of rigging wires, battens, instruments and other equipment so beloved of the modern pilot. Soon they were off, and Man had taken one of his "Giant Steps" albeit unnoticed, and with no news hounds, brass bands or ticker tape.



Daedalus thrashed along just clearing the wavecrests, whereas his son was soon flying strongly and stylishly. Icarus rapidly gained height and headed in a south westerly direction towards his favorite god, Apollo. Soon he was only a tiny speck entering the dazzling area around the sun, and Daedalus could just hear faint snatches, borne on the breeze from above, of that good old Greek hymn "Nearer my God, to Thee", made popular by Anthony Quinn in the film, Zorba the Greek. Hoping to catch one last glimpse of his son, Daedalus tried to shield his eyes from the sun with one wing - and plunged smartly into the next wave...

It was precisely then that Icarus met his fate when Apollo remelted the substance which helps you work, rest and play.

Less well known is the cruel irony of fate which followed. You see, in the rapid descent Icarus found that by various movements of the limbs one could make significant changes to the body's attitude in space.

Thus he became the inventor of the sport of sky diving, but since it preceded the invention of the parachute he was unable to live to claim the credit.

For the record, Icarus returned to Earth on the lower slopes of Vesuvius. However, as Terminal Velocity had not been discovered, he buried himself at the bottom of a crater of his

J.....JET AIRCRAFT.



own making. Thus his headstone marks the source of one of the world's biggest thermals.

THE LONG MYND COMPETITION - 16th & 17th March 1991.

by Graham May.

Graham Phipps, Rob Ings and myself travelled up for the Long Mynd Comp., and met Pete Coad on the hill. As usual the weather had its own view on hang gliding and Saturday was rained out. Horror of horrors; no social was arranged for Saturday evening, so it was left to South Devon, Derbyshire and ourselves to fight out the keenly contested pub battles that evening with S. Devon taking the honours. Pete Coad ensured we can never go back to the camp site again by beating the owner at arm wrestling.

Meeting on top of the Mynd on Sunday we found the wind blowing over the back, but it was forecast to swing so we waited, waited and waited. Eventually the wind moved through 90 degrees which got everyone rigging and the tasks were called: open distance - upwind or downwind.

Team tactics were to launch early, get in a quick score for an upwind XC then back to the hill for serious open distance attempt. The wind dropped then blew straight on the hill. Pete launched, my unattended glider ground looped (what a bozo) and Graham launched. Pete flew upwind and landed, Rob fetched him. Graham top landed and I checked my battens and scraped the mud off the Kingpost etc. Cloudbase dropped from 1400' (the hill was 740') so we waited around until a blue hole appeared. Graham launched again and is soon seen diving over the back, I finished checking the glider and launched, closely followed by Pete.

Lots of low cloud came through with very little thermal to get above it. Cloudbase dropped to near the top of the hill and Pete landed when he saw Rob driving off to retrieve Graham. Lift finally arrived getting me through the low cloud that is forming on the hill and while climbing out I was more than a little surprised to find the sailplanes still flying - as one crossed in front of me! I probably said something like, "Well I never!"

More lift, more cloud and more wind. Long periods are spent stationary just looking at the compass wondering where the other hang gliders and sailplanes are. Pulling more and more speed to stay over the hill I pulled forward to land upwind before panic overrode common sense.

After a rough flight to the bottom I looked back to the Mynd, a wave cloud could just be glimpsed between the fleeting gaps in the low cloud.

Not a great comp but a great hill; what would we do if we had it in Cornwall? Anyone got a contact with the earth moving boys?

Anyway we came a creditable 2nd place; the final scores being;

Long Mynd	151
KERNOW	95
South Devon	87
Derbyshire	13

THE LEAGUE BY M.D.
(SOUTH EAST WALES)

Well I promised the editor I would inform you mere mortals of what actually occurs at the league. Unfortunately, there wasn't much to be had in the way of flying at the first meeting, so my report is somewhat shorter than I would have liked. However, hopefully future articles will bring you a more extensive picture of what our past, present and future champions get up to at competitions.

THURSDAY Day one dawns with the clouds covering the tops of the mountains and a fair breeze blowing, the briefing at Crickhowell informs us that no improvement is forecast, in fact the opposite is more likely with rain and stronger winds by lunchtime. It is therefore decided to drive 100 miles south to MILK HILL in Wiltshire. On arriving there conditions aren't a great deal better but being lower than Wales it is just flyable. After rigging I have time before the briefing for a quick flight to check conditions. With the shape of the hill and a strong wind about 30% of it's pretty rough. Cloudbase being about 200 ft a.t.o. doesn't help either. The task called sounds interesting, it's a race around turn points, the first one being on the ridge about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to our right and about 250 ft A.T.O., (yes that's right "in cloud", should be a challenge to try and photograph that one) the second is about 3 miles the other way along the ridge, then it's back to turn point one and finish at take off. After helping a couple of people to launch I get in the air myself and gain a little height before taking a photo of the start. Then it's bar in and set off for turn point one, with numerous others. It's at this point that I become quite disgusted with the behaviour of several other aviators, their language is quite appalling and for some unknown reason is directed towards me. I'm sure of this fact because I was close enough to hear them quite clearly. I hope it's not contagious as I'm sure it would not be tolerated in Cornish sky's. Slowly the ridge becomes less congested until I'm the only one flying, it's then that I notice the start signal has changed to a T which indicates a top landing is required. Upon landing I learn that the task has been suspended as it was deemed to be unsafe to fly. About 3 pm, cloudbase had lifted sufficiently for the window to be opened once more and the first turn point could now be seen. After the initial rush had receded I took off and set off on the task once more, I then noticed several glider's had landed by the first turn point, obviously something was amiss and a glance at the start signal confirmed this as it had changed to an X which indicated land immediately. Upon doing so I learned that a serious accident had occurred involving Andy Napolitan, after some time the sad news filtered back that the accident had proved fatal, with much sorrow everyone derigged and left the area.

FRIDAY brought similar weather and with people's minds not really on flying the day was scrapped.

SATURDAY looked better but still with strong winds. Pandy was called as the site for the day but upon arrival the wind was well off to the north so it was a trek up to Hay Bluff, only to find that was in cloud. Back to Pandy and hope was the only

choice left so back in the V.W. and off again. Pandy was flyable but extreme caution was needed as the wind very strong and slightly off. A race was called with a turn point about 7 miles along the ridge and back. This was to be completed twice and then a spot landing in the bottom field for bonus points completed the task. A couple of spectacular take offs and a ground looped glider were enough to convince the organiser that the task should be called off which duly happened.

SUNDAY morning brought a good looking sky but howling winds. By midday the wind hadn't dropped at all so the day and the 1st league was brought to a close. Not a good start to the national competition scene for me but at least I'm still equal first, until next time M.D.

Kernow XC League Positions as at 22/04/91

Po	Name	Distance in Miles					Total	Glider
1	Bill Scott	25.10R	22.20	8.17	4.97	4.72	65.16	Rumour
2	Pete Coad	37.62	11.72	5.40	5.00	4.52R	64.26	Kiss
3	Colin Mc Kenzie	22.20					22.20	Magic 4
4	Mark Seymour	14.09	5.54				19.63	Kiss
5	Graham May	15.06					15.06	Kiss
6	Richard Whitmarsh	4.57	3.87	3.08	1.72		13.24	Clubman
7	Paul Dunstan	11.60					11.60	Kiss
8	Tim Jones	5.54	4.51				10.05	Kiss
9	John Sekula	5.16	3.31				8.47	Magic 1
10	Rob Ings	4.52R	3.56				8.08	Ace Rx
11	Roger Clewlow	4.00R	2.15	1.40			7.55	Calypso
12	Martyn Cartmell	5.54					5.54	Magic Six
13	Roger Green	5.33					5.33	Ace Rx
13	Graham Phipps	5.33					5.33	Kiss
15	Alan Phipps	3.61					3.61	Calypso
16	Billy Cowell	3.56					3.56	Ace Rx

D = Double Distance, R = Out & Return, T = Triangle Total 268.67

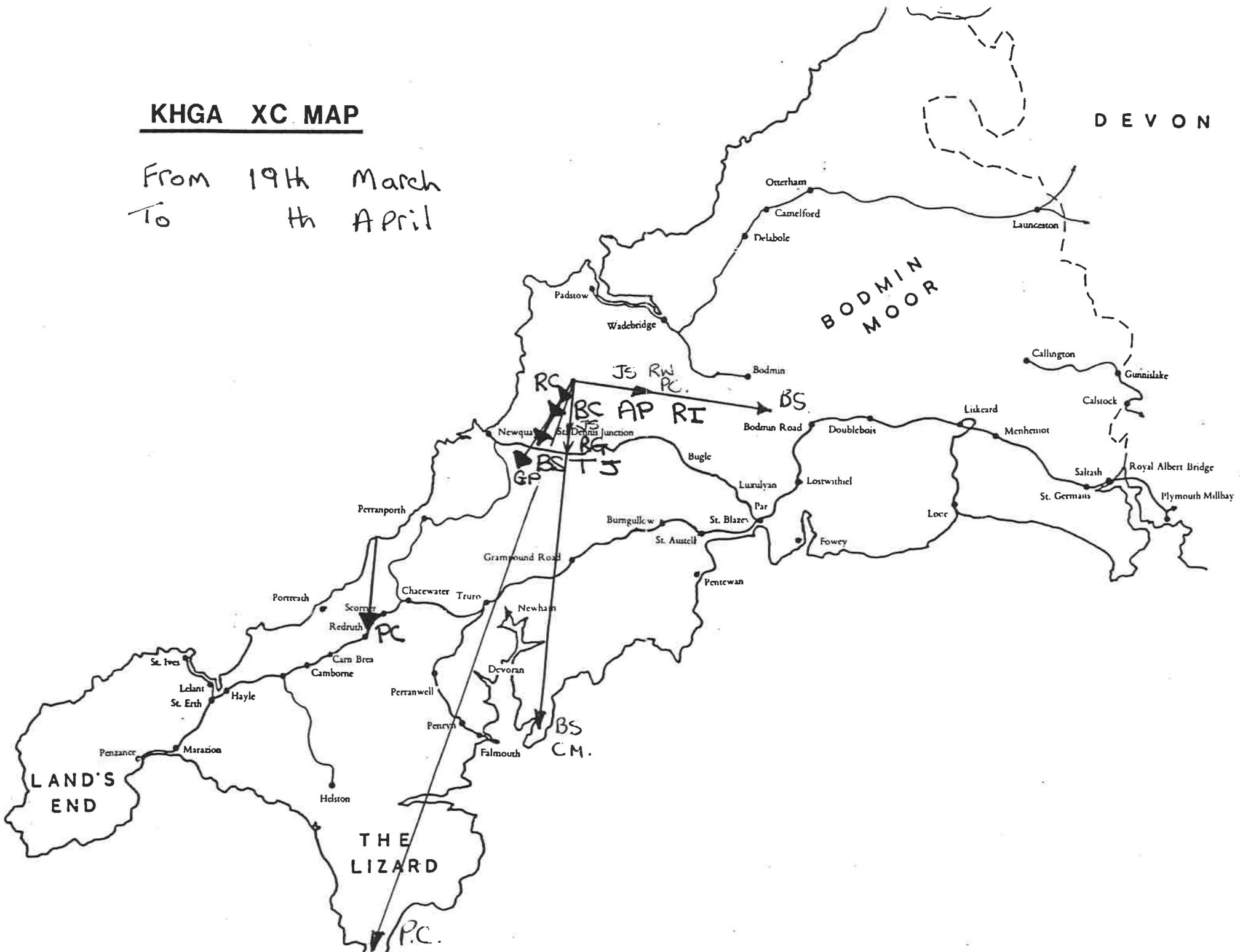
Major flights this month were flown from the towing field on the weekend of 20st and 21st of April. On the Saturday Pete Coad made the Lizard (37.62 Miles), Bill Scott and Colin Mckensie made St Mawes (22.20 Miles), Roger Green Made Indian Queens (5.33 Miles) and John Sekula made Belowda (3.31 Miles). Pete reported reaching cloudbase at 4650' A.T.O. a record height gain from a Kernow site.

On the Sunday Bill Scott made Bodmin (8.17 Miles) and John Sekula, Richard Whitmarsh and Pete Coad Made the Ruthern Bridge valley (5.16, 4.57 and 4.88 Miles respectively).

KHGA XC MAP

From 19th March
To 4th April

DEVON



THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST BRITISH LEAGUE.

by Tim Jones.

Perhaps it wasn't a typical meeting, I don't know, but the first British League meeting, in S.E Wales, the first I've attended, was interesting in one or two respects.

I'm sure the tragic death of Andy Napolitan on the Thursday had a dampening effect on the pilot's enthusiasm. Friday's flying was cancelled and everyone was very subdued. On Saturday morning though spirits seemed higher, and the sky was looking quite good from the car park at Crickhowell.

I had always expected a League briefing to be a rather intense meeting: a detailed breakdown of the weather forecast and conditions, instructions on the site for the day's competition, and time of briefing at take off, followed by a Le Mans style departure for the hill. Instead, around about 10 O'clock the general mass of gossiping hang glidists gravitated into one crowd, with John Dunker somewhere near the centre. He gave a vague summary of two conflicting forecasts and said he thought Hay Bluff might be the best site. There was much debate over this, and a local club pilot thought The Bloronge was the only place to go. More discussion followed, and it was finally decided that there should be a re-briefing at 11.30am at the pub at Pandy. Then, instead of the rush to leave, the gossip continued for a while, and gradually people left in dribs and drabs. I even passed John Pendry, 45 minutes later, in a garage in Abergavenny giving the Airwave van a car wash, complete with 7 or 8 gliders on the roof.

So my first impression of the League was of a surprisingly democratic, laid back, if not disorganised competition.

At Pandy an hour later, John Dunker reported that conditions weren't too good at take off, so what did everyone think of Hay Bluff.....?

This time there seemed to be a bit more urgency, and a procession of about 50 cars snaked their way along back roads to Hay Bluff.

Another three quarters of an hour later, after various games of Baseball, football and kite flying just below cloudbase, about half way up the hill, the snake of cars processed back along the lanes to Pandy.

This time it was agreed to go up to take off, and Mrs. Clayton looked very pleased at the gate collecting her £1 coins. At last, I thought, I was going to see the league fly. It was an awe inspiring sight to see over an acre of multi coloured gliders rigging, and hear the crackle of crisp new Mylar sail cloth opening out.

John Dunker sat huddled over a map, planning a task, and finally called a briefing. By now pilots were starting to look more like they meant business. The task was explained - a race along the ridge towards Hay Bluff, back to take off, then open distance, but again democracy ruled, and with everyone very much aware of Thursday's accident, and the deep, potentially dangerous valleys down wind, the task was debated and amended to the ridge race, flown twice, with a spot landing at the bottom.

The window was open, but by now the wind was locking on the strong side, and no one was in a rush to fly and start the task. There was even the odd mumble that the task should be cancelled on account of the conditions.

Eventually though Willy Knowles could wait no longer. He was assured that the task would not be cancelled after he started, so he took off. By now the mumblings for cancellation were getting louder and more widespread, although it was also suggested that the mumblers were not so much concerned about the dangerous conditions, as that the strong wind would be a disadvantage to the smaller pilots in the speed task.

I don't know when democracy becomes gamesmanship in a situation like this, but soon after Willy Knowles started the task, the mumblings had their effect and the task was cancelled. And not very long after, a significant proportion of the league braved the conditions and took off for some free flying. Hmmm.

And so ended the third day of the competition, and in fact the whole competition, as Sunday too was blown out. It was not a very auspicious start to the league season with one fatality and no tasks completed, but still, I think a competition that will be talked about in future. Should a task have been cancelled after it had started? Should there be so much input from competitors in influencing the meet director's decisions? There's scope for some discussion, but I expect Willy Knowles has some definite views on it.