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KERNOW HANG GLIDING

EDITOR GOES TROTTIES

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As most of you know, Globetrotter Ings has escaped to Canada for a few weeks and left the editors post in the incapable hands de moi.

It has been a long time since I had the job of editing the newsletter for the Jaguar Club each month. I remember saying to myself that I would never do another.....but there again Rob is bigger than me and it does give me the chance of adding a few apt criticisms after each article. I therefore offered to help him out this ONCE! Of course the Nine Grand a year didn't sway me at all!

KHGA Annual General Meeting.

All members are reminded that the KHGA AGM is to be held on the 13th January 1993 at the Clinton Social Club, Redruth. Be there or you may end up filling a vacancy! You've been warned!....Again!

Safe Flying.....Jon.

SECRETARIES SECONDS.

There were twentyfour members and visitors at the clubs' November meeting. A wad of papers from the BHPA were produced but Chairman Ron told me to put them away and deal with them for the club. [I suppose that's what secretaries are for.] However one item in the wad relates to the sites policy of the BHPA and it is important that we get our sites list in order. So if you fly a site that should be listed as a club site and is not on the list, please give details to Ron.

We talked about the recent sad fatal accident at Holywell. Two positive suggestions came up. 1. Paraglider pilots might be wise to carry webbing cutters and 2. We can all do with a refresher on resuscitation and this is being arranged. Ron thanked Jules for attending the meeting.

Our license to fly at Chapel Forth is up for renewal and the treasurer was asked to pay up.

Limited flying at Perranporth is now possible. Subject to prior arrangement [a phone call before you leave home] we can use the site on weekdays between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. We must check in at Perransands reception and park as directed. This is for private KHGA members only. Please use the site strictly in accordance with this arrangement and we may be able to progress to a more liberal access later. The phone number is Truro [0872] 57 35 51.

Members were happy to agree to the usual Christmas tokens being given to some of our site owners.

Pete coad was awarded yet another trophy which should at last demolish his trophy shelf - a Flying Brick.

Our Frostbite Competition has been provisionally fixed for 9th /10th Jan but before that there is the Christmas Do and Angey and Pete need your name and your money if you will be attending.

The club's barograph is being recalibrated. I think this must mean that someone has some serious record breaking or advanced qualification in mind.

An aerotowing group was proposed by Dave Bullard, visiting us from the South Devon Club but at a suggested £350 per member no one seemed much interested.

And that I hope you will agree is a pretty fair summary of the November meeting.

Alan.

RIDGE SOARING OVER WIDEMOUTH BEACH! by Paul Jarvis.

We all know as hang-glider pilots the thrills of getting high and doing long glides to other ridges etc, but equally we know of the pure satisfaction and sense of achievement of being very low and staying up to continue a flight - Well, here is one such example.

On Bank holiday Monday 31st August, myself, Bill Arkle and Roger Green arrived at Rusey Cliff take off. The wind was a stiff westerly and conditions were very unstable.

I launched Bill sometime before 14.00 and shortly afterwards Roger launched me. I had decided to try and better my previous Hartland run by intending to cross Crackington Bay and make a dash down Dizzard Cliffs to Millbrook and work the more westerly faces of Penhalt Cliff, (by the cliffside car park), before attempting Widemouth Bay.

I gained about 1000' by Cambeak, but by the time I had worked up enough courage to cross Crackington, the lift had gone and I was left with 300 - 400' above. When shortly after I regained 900' I told myself to go. With gradual height loss I flew straight past Pencarrow Point and Thorns Beach to arrive over the west bowls, above Cleave Strand.

Good lift under a dark cloud soon took me back up to 700 - 800' and I 360'd with it down the Dizzard Cliffs until the drift started taking me behind, then I decided to glide straight to Penhalt Cliff from Cancleave Strand.

At penhalt Cliff, by the cliff side car park, I could only get about 250' and it soon became apparent that I was about to discover whether or not I could copy the sea-gulls that I have seen soaring over the boulders and parked cars overlooking the beach!

Widemouth Beach is approx 1 mile across between the decent cliffs at both ends. There is a small cliff in the middle between two beach car parks with boulders and dunes in front. I know, from a previous flight, that the cliff in the middle is soarable, but I don't think it is much higher than 30' and getting to it was easy from the farther cliffs that we usually fly in a westerly.

I flew down, from Penhalt Cliff and soared the last usable cliff before the first car park for about 10 mins. It finally sank in that I wasn't going to better my approx height of 50 - 100' therefore I unzipped my harness and left the cliff.

I didn't seem to be losing any height and the middle cliff was reached with about the same 50 - 100'! I worked it for 15 mins or so hoping to improve my height but the dark clouds overhead just made the air lumpy and I never really gained or lost anything! There were many people on the beach and the car park (the second beach car park) was full.

I knew that this second crossing to the farther extremely small 'cliff' (before the higher cliffs we usually fly), would be a super low level ridge soaring attempt and I could only hope that the cars parked above the boulders enhanced the ridge lift!

Preparing myself for a beach landing, I started out over the cars and to my total amazement I could stay at least 10 - 15' above in lift! There seemed to be a lot of voices and shouts (not angry), beneath me and I must admit I almost felt part of the crowd! I remember seeing a man stood watching me approach him, by the low 'cliff' and a woman and child a bit further on (on the 'cliff'), looking straight at me! I was saying to myself, "I'm going to make it - come on - yes!!" As soon as I skimmed over the first part of the 'cliff', I was rocketed back up to a sensible 20 - 30' above! I was shouting like a lunatic to a couple below, "I've done it, its been crossed!" They probably wondered what the hell the matter was!

I flew to the corner where the cliffs started getting higher, and after about 3 attempts made it around Lower Longbeak into our usual Widemouth T.O. bowl (to the right of the far cliff side car park).

When I finally calmed down and gained 400 -500' to the right of the bowl, I could see squall clouds over in the High Cliff direction where I had flown from. I noticed that the wind was getting stronger as well with more white caps on the sea. I realised that I had no time to waste if I intended getting to Hartland Point, so I continued straight towards Bude.

I crossed Bude beach easily and continued along Maer and Stowe cliffs and on towards Buckpool.

When I arrived in front of the satellite dishes, I could feel the full strength of the wind, as I flew along the S.W. face and it was a struggle to get past Lower Sharpnose Point. A massive black cloud had formed overhead and it started raining but this soon passed over. I flew over towards Stanbury and after a good hard look at the sea (which was now covered in white caps), my instincts told me to abort the flight and head back towards Bude.

I found myself having to pull lots of speed and stay well out from the cliff along the S.W. face. It was now obvious that the wind was going to cause me problems close to the cliff if I wasn't careful. I passed Steeple Point and Duckpool and flew straight along the beach to Sandy Mouth. I saw the cafe and easy access below and decided I'd had enough of this gale dangling. I soon touched down gently on the beach, in a very strong wind and after seeing the squall clouds that were now forming just about everywhere, I was glad that I aborted the flight when I did.

I de-rigged and hid the glider behind the cafe then I guzzled a can of lemonade and phoned home with my whereabouts and intentions.

After walking 3 - 4 miles trying to hitch - hike I waved down a taxi and soon arrived back at my van.

Bill had left a note saying that he was going to phone my home at 17.30 if he hadn't seen me, so it came as no surprise to see him pass me with my glider on his roof, on the way to Sandy Mouth. I flashed my lights but he didn't see me, so I met him back at Rusey Cliff.

Bill was amazed that I crossed Widemouth and said he wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't found my glider!

Bill flew until the first squall came through at about 15.00 and said conditions became quite rough on the ridge. Roger Green didn't take off because the wind went to far off to the west for Rusey.

I am beginning to see the enormous potential for coastal distance from the cliffs we fly and it certainly wouldn't come as a surprise if someone, one day, tells me they have completed a 40+ mile out and return along these cliffs. Good luck and safe flying.

Total Distance (To Stanbury): 14.2 miles.
Flight Time: 2 hours.
Glider: Kiss 154.

P.S. Thanks for picking my kite up Bill.

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PERRANPORTH SITE OPEN FOR LIMITED USE.

Mr. Gerry Skilton, the manager of Perransands Holiday Centre has agreed that on MONDAY to FRIDAY BETWEEN 9 am and 5 pm KHGA MEMBERS MAY, SUBJECT TO PRIOR NOTICE, have access to the site.

Members must check in at the Holiday Centre Reception office and park as directed.

Please use the site strictly in accordance with these arrangements. If this limited use causes no trouble to the Holiday Centre Management who knows, we may get more liberal access later.

BE SURE YOU HAVE YOUR BHGA/BHPA AND KHGA MEMBERSHIP CARDS WITH YOU.

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HIGH CLIFF SITE

At the last club meeting there was a request for clarification of the parking arrangements for this site. These are: NOT MORE THAN FOUR CARS PARKED IN THE LANE. If there are already four cars, unload your glider and move your car to the layby, on the road nearby.

CLOUD STREETS - MOTORWAYS IN THE SKY

By Jerry Pack

This is my fourth season XC flying, and during those times I've spent many an hour (on the ground) looking up at the sky imagining I was flying from cumulus to cumulus. If you've ever played this game (normally played at work!) then you'll know the days when the clouds align themselves in long lines parallel with the wind (called cloud streets). On these days the eye moves fast from cloud to cloud, as it seems one thermal is waiting just down wind from the last.

Four years ago I flew my first cloud street but it only lasted ten miles. This is the story of a much bigger one.

We didn't hold much hope for the day at first; there was ample evidence of the cumulus over-developing vertically which fitted in with the forecast which was for showers later on (these would come from the tall cumulus developing into cu-nimbus) but as we rigged, we noticed the cumulus were actually getting better, they were remaining reasonable sized and there was evidence of cloud street.

To cut a long story short, eventually three Rumour pilots, Dave Draper, Nigel Martin and I got into a thermal and started circling back with it. Dave was about 300 feet above Nigel and myself. I was not impressed with the strength of this thermal. I had already come back from a thermal that had started stronger than the one we were now in but it had broken up at 1000 feet. But with the three of us in the thermal I felt we had a good chance of staying with it (as if one fell out the thermal the chances are

the others would still be climbing and therefore marking the thermal for the straggler). In fact the thermal did break up and Dave Draper flew back to the ridge. Nigel and I had been climbing rather slower, and were now too low to fly back upwind to the ridge to wait for the next thermal. We had to stay with the thermal we had and make the most of it.

The thermal was now weak and broken and I lost it but Nigel was still climbing and marked where I could find lift again, (in fact about 1000 feet later the roles reversed, and Nigel lost the thermal using me as a marker to find the lift again) I got to base about 4km upwind from Milk Hill, and spent a few seconds taking photos. This cost me about 200 feet as I dropped out of the thermal, flying back in under the cloud and all around I found no evidence of any real lift. Looking up at the base of the cloud it looked fairly uniformly grey - there were no nice looking black patches to indicate good lift and a look at the cloud's shadow convinced me that this cloud was dying and it was time to leave. (The shadow of a dying cloud will show cracks where the air around the cloud is eating into it, evaporating the water droplets that make up the cloud. If the cracks are not closing up the cloud is dying and when the evaporation process really gets going it will pour sink down from the dying cloud! - not the sort of place you want to hang around under.)

The only cloud anywhere near us that was worth gliding to (that was not in Lyneham ATZ where an air show was

taking place), was directly down wind behind Milk Hill. This cloud had a turret that must have gone to 15,000 feet, so I was expecting to get hovered up underneath it. In fact I was very cautious as I went under this cloud as it was likely that such a big cloud would become a cu-nimb and if I found evidence of off-the-clock lift that was likely to suck me into the cloud, I intended to leave at speed and headed out to land in the valley.

In fact the lift under this monster was fairly weak (I must have arrived too late and missed the best of it), and so I had to scuffle around looking for lift that lasted more than a minute at a time and eventually got to base 4km later.

As I hooked into the thermal that took me to base, I started looking around for where I would head next. The gaps between the clouds seemed rather large (which in fact they were, if you use Bradbury's formula, that the average inter-cloud spacing is 3.5 times the convection depth - that's the height of the cloud tops off the ground - then with 15-20,000 feet clouds the spacing would be 10.5 - 14 miles!)

The only clouds that seemed reachable were again down wind, and this was when it twigged that this was a cloud street. Looking down from my position just below base I could see the cloud shadow stretched on for as far as I could see; for the next few miles the shadow (and therefore the clouds I was going to be flying) was a bit patchy, but undoubtedly this was a cloud street, looking south only confirmed this, as the clouds which were out of reach were in fact a long wall of cloud across the sky with individual cumulus tops reaching up to form a castle wall effect.

So this was the cloud street I'd been dreaming of for the last four years. I can't

claim the next 40kms of flying was particularly challenging, as I only made two decisions. The first was that when above 4,000 feet I would leave any thermal that was averaging less than 3-up and go find a stoner one (thereby increasing the speed I would be averaging over the ground). The second was that I would stay with the street till Basingstoke, even if this was going to cause me navigation/airspace problems later on, as the risk of going down crossing the huge gap between streets was not worth risking till I had scored a fair few miles.

So there I was averaging 3-5-up climbs. During each climb I looked for which part of the next cloud I was going to aim for next. Hitting base I turned downwind in my intended direction, racing through lift till I exited from the cloud. The next cloud would already be a vertical wall in front of me. I'd adjust my direction if I thought I could get a better climb somewhere else, would fly through scrappy lift, find my next strong thermal and start to climb again. If the lift weakened during a climb I just pushed on looking for the next thermal. So that was how I did 40km cruising downwind between 4 - 5,000 feet.

It's worth noting that I was judging where to fly next (or what part of the cloud mass was working) by looking for the darkest part (base) of the cloud. As Helmut Reichmann says "At cloudbase altitude we can expect to find the best lift right under the darkest part of the cloud...". The other trick I was using to find lift under a large mass of cloud is one noted by both Reichmann and Bradbury, that is if the base of the cloud is uneven then the clear air next to any step up in the base is likely to be a good source of lift.

Things went a little sour at Basingstoke; the street split into two. I

suspect this was due to the influence of such a large thermal source just pumping thermals out all over the place confusing the forces organising the cloud street.

I now had to make a navigational decision either to continue east from Basingstoke and come up against Black Bush and Farnborough ATZ's, with two danger areas behind them, or cut cross wind in front of Odiham ATZ (the runway of which I could see quite clearly) to Lasham and then run downwind between ATZ's and a danger area with a 3,500 ft airspace ceiling above me. Getting mixed up in ATZ's and danger areas seemed like a nightmare, so I elected for the safe option. Gliding across Basingstoke taking note of parks and allotments where I could land if suddenly caught in some of the off-the-clock sink I had encountered earlier I got down to 3,200 feet before I found some lift. Working the scrappy lift got me back to base on the east side of Basingstoke. The street splitting in two had put me closer cross wind to the next line of cloud than I had been before, so setting off cross wind I aimed for the east end of Lasham, knowing if I didn't find any lift again I could land at the sailplane mecca of Lasham (what would they make of a modern hang glider like the Rumour, I wondered). I had great hopes of sailplanes from Lasham marking thermals around the airfield, but would you believe it there wasn't one sailplane anywhere near my height. I was left to find my own thermal and continued off downwind not at all impressed by my aerial non-welcome!

The part of the sky I had now navigated my way into was weak and scrappy. There were bits of cloud floating about without any of the organisations of my previous street. My plan now was to drift along circling in any lift just staying high,

getting as close to the 3,500 feet ceiling as I could, and then to glide (if possible) under the airspace ceiling over Farnham, and down a clearly marked and visible road called the 'hogs back', which precedes directly east out of Farnham, (and I knew had a Service Station on which I thought would be a useful place for a retrieve).

On my final glide (the sky now either blue or dying above me) I did find one more thermal which I took up to 3,500 feet, and I must confess as I sped out of the side of the thermal, my alti did read 3,510 feet, but I guess the CAA wouldn't be too concerned about 10 feet especially on an altimeter that reads in steps of 10 feet!

In the end I plonked the Rumour down not too far past the service station I had intended to land at. I was amused that as I passed over Farnham I could read the sign painted on the road, so there was no doubt about where I was! Anyway the couple in the house opposite where I landed who gave me a cuppa would have soon put me right.

How far would I have gone if it wasn't London Airspace coming down on top of me? I don't know but I reckon I had another hour of the thermal day left (at least). It was interesting to note as we drove home three hours after I left Basingstoke my street was still there, a little shorter and much weaker but still the strongest feature in the sky!

Here's to cloud streets, and hoping I don't have to wait four years for the next one!

- Jerry Pack, 50 miles (90km), TVHGC, Rumour 13.5, Lindsay Ruddock LR3. Cross Country Soaring by Helmet Reichmann is available from the BGA shop, 0533 531051 as is Meteorology and Flight (A pilot's Guide to Weather) by Tom Bradbury.