



KERNOW HANG GLIDING

KERNOW'S LEAGUE BOYS SHOW THE WAY.

May 1993. Issue No. 5.

and the editor writes.....

At long last the thermal season has started (although as I write this the rain is being lashing against the window and doesn't look like easing just yet).

Bank Holiday weekend saw **Roger Green** and **Graham Phipps** launch from St. Agnes Head and put in XC's of 20 and 16 miles respectively. The next day even I managed to get some miles flown at King Tor.

Further afield in Wales our league pilots have been putting in the miles to good effect with excellent performances in both the British Open (**Pete Coad** 4th) and the first round of the League (**Graham Phipps** 6th - winning one of the days with an XC from Corndon Hill of 63 miles!). And during the two intervening days **Bill Scott** completed a 34 mile triangle from the Bloreng. Collectively, probably the best start to a season from any of them. Well done and let's hope their performances help to inspire the rest of us.

And any inspiration could be channelled into two forthcoming competitions.

Long Mynd - June 5th & 6th.

Smeatharpe Tow Comp - June 19th & 20th.

HIGH CLIFF. It should be noted that the High Cliff top landing area has at present been set aside for the production of silage. To you and me it's just long grass, but to the farmer it's regarded as a crop and therefore an income. If you fly the site during this period it will be necessary to use either the original top landing field (the present take-off field) or go XC. Now there's an inducement! So remember 'phone **Mr. Crocker on 0840 3418** before you fly and find out the current situation.

See you on the hill. Safe flyingRob

The British Open

The British Open was held in SE Wales over the May day bank holiday weekend. This was the BHPA's show piece for the year and was a very successful comp. The meet director was Bob Harrison, with Mike Stephens Scoring and the League meet (meat) head Jim Bowyer co-ordinating retrieves.

The first days briefing was held in an old church in Crickhowell which was decorated with a Rumour 3 hanging from the ceiling. Films and meal tickets were handed out and the Weather displayed on an overhead projector. BHPA trade stands around the edge of the room kept the eager pilots amused. Bob explained that due to the problems being experienced at Hay Bluff at the present, today's site would be Rhigos.

The wind was slightly off to the NW at Rhigos and with the lack of a good looking sky, Bob called an open XC task. The wind was fairly light so pilots jostled for the best positions at the top of the hill. One glider clapped hands as it was lifted into the air. I launched with the pack and followed a group of approx 20 gliders ridge hopping downwind. The gaggle gradually thinned out until there was 4 of us left soaring a tree covered ridge. I took a thermalette over the back and picked out the last visible landing field at the end of the valley. As I came in on Finals, Ray Bass appeared on the road next to my field and started to make gestures that resembled a roller coaster. My landing then started to resemble Ray and I landed in the middle of a group of trees but luckily not on one. Pete Coad had taken off late in the day but his flight was similar to mine. At the end of day 1, I was 3rd and Pete 10th.

We had to drive to Jim Bowyer's house to book in scores and there we learnt of two pilots who had landed in trees and one who had hit a house. The later pilot hit the roof and then slide down and fell through the conservatory. The owner of the house was reading his paper in the conservatory at the time and was not unduly concerned at the noise above as he was used to having low flying jets pass over his house ! The pilot was shipped off to hospital to have stitches in his mouth and the police were called to remove the glider. Unfortunately this was a new task to them so they de-rigged the glider by undoing all the nuts and bolts !

A band was booked for Saturday night in the church hall with food laid on. The band was not a great success as they kept playing formation dances which required a partner. As 80% of the people there were men, this proved difficult ! The food was pretty meagre too, with most pilots sneaking out to the chippy to fill their bellies.

Day 2 and Rhigos was called again. Bob called a race to Goldcliff on the south coast but showed his lack of experience in task setting by describing the race as "not really a race because I do not want everybody to take off at the same time". This caused a lot of confusion amongst the pilots as they did not know if it was a race or not. Of course it was, with the first pilot in the landing field being the winner. As the comp was being scored using the league system, you had to be in the goal shortly after the leader to get a bag full of points.

The day was a cracker with a high cloudbase, the only problem being the strong Northerly wind which drifted you away from the goal. I left the cross wind stuff too late and ended up going down in Caerphilly. About 15 pilots made the goal including Pete who came in forth. Mark (rambo) Chick ambled into goal only to be told it really was a race, this would cost him dearly.

The last day saw light winds and the Bloreng. Bob took ages to call a task and we had to watch Judy Leden circle up to cloudbase on a ponce and drift off downwind. Bob called a race comprising of a double out and return to Pen-y-fan and back and then a final leg to crickhowell. As the total distance was nearly 90 miles this again was a bum call as it was highly unlikely that anyone would complete it. Thus it was not a race, just an open XC task. This was a subtlety that was missed by a lot of pilots who tried to "race" the task and went down early as a result.

The day started off good with the first leg to Pen-y-fan being fairly easy as long as you took your time and stayed high. After I reached the turn point the sky clouded over and I was down half way back to the Bloreng. Pete landed just after getting the turn point. Mark Chick won the day, doing the out & return once and getting half up the third leg.

Mike Stephens worked hard on the computer to get the results out and the final scores were:-

1st	Mike Stephens	1,106
2nd	Mark Chick	1,048
3rd	Paul Ashton	937
4th	Pete Coad	908
13th	Bill Scott	690

67 pilots registered a score.

The prize giving was in the beer garden at the back of the Bear Hotel. All the top ten received a nice trophy and all the competitors received a commorative plaque. All in all a very enjoyable comp. It is planned to hold the open again next year, but in a new location. I am looking forward to it already.

Bill Scott

St. Agnes? We're wasting our time!

by Roger Green.

Sunday 2nd. May saw me arriving at St. Agnes Head. I was moaning that we should have gone to an inland site and that the wind was off to the East, I very nearly left for home. Barry rigged and flew.

After a squall came through the wind squared up a little. John Sekula and Graham May arrived and were rigging; Barry re-launched. Conditions had improved so I decided to rig and soon we were all flying with some good thermal coming through.

I left a gentle thermal over the quarry at about 1000ft and flew forwards and landed after about an hours flying time.

Graham Phipps and Paul Dunstan had arrived and were rigging. After chatting a while I decided to fly again. Rob Ings launched me at 3.20pm. I climbed steadily in ridge lift and at about 450 ft caught a reasonable thermal. A couple of 360's later I was climbing well back over take-off at approximately 600ft. Graham Phipps saw the rising glider and flew in below me. I was amazed at the drift as we flew over Chapel Porth valley at 1,100ft; surely we should be going back over the Beacon? We were soon at 2,000ft with RAF Portreath off towards the coast. We thermalled together reaching cloudbase at 3,200ft. Occasionally I lost site of Graham in the fringes of the cloud. The views over the county were breathtaking with Falmouth docks and the oil rig in the Carrick Roads clearly visible as were both coasts.

Upon reaching Stithians reservoir the lift under my part of the cloud turned into gentle sink so I flew off towards another cloud on a SE heading and arrived at approximately 1,300ft. I searched for lift but found none. I turned to a SW heading and flew to Rame arriving at below 1,000ft. I found a good field alongside the main Falmouth-Helston road, intending to loose height and land. As I looked back upwind, Graham could be seen still high up beneath a cloud - I've blown it again, I thought!

The air started to feel buoyant again so I drifted along in 1 ups and 1 downs while flying away from the main road at 900ft over unfamiliar countryside and a maze of lanes. I flew four or five miles at this height whilst keeping a lookout for possible landing fields. I was feeling hot having just worked every bit of lift and was surprised to still be in the air.

I arrived at the Helford river and could see Goonhilly Earth Station and the South coast a few miles beyond. At 800ft I decided to land and not risk flying across the wide valley and river so I picked a field and started to loose height to land - and hit a cracking thermal! I took this one to 2,400ft where upon the lift turned into sink and I glided off downwind, thanking the 'saviour' as I went.

I 360'd over some farm buildings and a ploughed field but no lift was forthcoming. Finally, I glided past Goonhilly Earth Station over the fringe of the Downs, at about 450ft AGL. It was quite turbulent with no usable lift so I flew off to land in a good uncropped field alongside the Ruan Minor road and landed.

After unclipping I searched the sky for Graham then hitched a ride back to the Telstar garage to 'phone in.

My thanks to Alan Phipps for recovering both Graham and myself.

I had found it very helpful flying XC with another glider as you gain twice the searching power when 'lift hunting' and of course an added bonus was that for once I had gone to the right site!

Distance covered: 20 miles. Flight duration: 1 hour 10 mins. Glider: Kiss 154.

DARTMOOR REVISITED.

by Rob Ings.

Bank Holiday Monday 3rd. May.

The forecast for the week gave the best prospects of an XC flight today; post cold front, high pressure establishing, moderate N/E winds.

King Tor.

Bill Cowell and myself made an early start from down West, arrived on site and were greeted by the classic sky that only seems to occur in hang gliding videos. As we approached the hill we could see two gliders already rigged and a couple of canopies making short flights below the top, ending in slope landings - this was not the moderate winds forecasted.

By the time we'd reached the top, managed to wipe the sweat from our eyes and re-focus, the hang glider pilots turned out to be locals Mark Nicol and Pete Mason. Well, at least we'd chosen the right hill.

What little wind there was came from the North but was not soarable. Fortunately the poncers were obliging enough to make regular exploratory flights for us in order to try and mark anything of interest. Twice both Mark and Pete launched but were forced to make fly-on-the-wall landings; Bill and I sat and waited!

After nearly three hours of sitting and waiting, clipped in to our gliders, all trying to look mean and moody, the novelty started to wear thin. At 4.00pm Mark decided on a shit-or-bust flight - launched and promptly sank like a brick. However, 200 ft from the landing field he hooked a thermal from a freshly ploughed field and worked it out of the valley, over the hill and was gone.

"I'll have some of that," I thought. So when the 'wind' dropped and things went quiet I ran off the hill.

I'd only lost 40 ft when my left wing lifted and I rolled into a beauty which took me to 1,000 ft ATO. The drift was minimal and at this height I was still just over launch. I decided that I needed more height before committing myself to wandering southwards into the 'badlands' of southern Dartmoor. I pulled forwards into the valley and contacted even better lift which I worked to 4,850 ft. ATO - still only a mile downwind of launch. Whilst building height I was able to watch the take off area and see whether either Bill or Pete would come up and join me. Unfortunately, when they did launch they hit the sink following the thermal and were in the landing field within a few minutes.

At least at this height I had more options, and a better view of my intended route. My track took me over Widecombe and the two reservoirs set in the south of the moors. During the first part of the flight the thermals were very punchy and in places registered 12 up on my vario. Definitely some white knuckle flying with no time for commemorative photographs!

An hour into the flight and things had started to quieten down. The lift areas were much larger and the climb rates had moderated to 2-4 up; certainly plenty to work with. It was at this time that an unknown glider suddenly steamed into view approaching from the N/E. It seemed very low and I'd no idea who the pilot was or from where he'd launched. Later I heard that the smart money was on Jeff Hoer who had winch-launched from Smeatharpe, finally landing in the Plymouth area.

It was at this stage that I should have realised that I was flying over the dividing line between healthy inland cloud development and acres of blue; a sea breeze front. This also coincided with me flying off the edge of the high ground and I assumed that my general lack of lift was due to the sink that can be found when leaving the moors.

By the time I'd reached the A38 dual carriageway I was on final glide and it was at this stage that I noticed smoke blowing from a fire in the valley below me was showing a S/W direction. Even so, the drift was still very light and so it didn't really effect my choice of landing field. I finally landed just outside Ugborough in a field placed close to a filling station - for food and 'phone.

This was the XC I'd needed after what seemed like an age where I'd keep missing the good days. Although it was not the longest of flights, considering the conditions, it was a testing one made even more sweet because I'd assumed I was on my way to the bottom landing field.

Thanks to Bill Cowell for the lift to the moors and then the tortuous retrieve afterwards. We'll take a road map with us next time Bill!

Distance: 16.35 miles

Airtime: 1 hour 50 minutes. (Could this be slower flying than Pips perhaps!)

THE ADVENTURES OF PIPS

THE LADYBIRD ENCOUNTER.

IF I FIND YOU IN
MY THERMALS AGAIN
PIPS — I'LL HAVE
YOUR B-----S.
ON THE BARBIE.

HA HA
NICE ONE JUDE

HI, I'M
OHAAH!

BOP

R.C.

KERNOW HANG GLIDING.

Kernow XC League Positions as at 16/5/93

Po	Name	Team	Distance in Miles				Total	Glider
1	Pete Coad	MD	23.86	18.20R	15.12	10.64R	3.62	71.44 Kiss
2	Graham Phipps	TP	18.36R	17.14	3.62R	3.43		42.55 K5
3	Bill Scott	BB	16.78R	16.52R	3.43			36.73 K4
4	Roger Green	MD	20.20	13.32R				33.52 Kiss
5	Barry Green	TP	20.94R					20.94 Kiss
6	Graham May	TM	9.70R	9.26				18.96 Kiss
7	Roger Clewlow	TP	11.06	5.88				16.94 Magic Six
8	M. Cartmell	TC	14.80R					14.80 Magic Six
9	Paul Wicks	MD	12.34R					12.34 Kiss
10	Billy Cowell	TC	4.90R					4.90 Ace Rx
11	Brian Bazeley	MD	3.34					3.34 Typhoon S4

D = Double Distance, R = Out & Return, T = Triangle Total 276.46

Team Scores:-

Pos	Team	Score
1.	Mad Dogs	120.64
2.	The Pipettes	80.43
3.	Bill's Boys	36.73
4.	The Canadians	19.70
5.	The Maybe's	18.96

100 Club Winners			
April		May	
1st	Angie Coad..... £25	1st	Barry Green. £25
2nd	Martyn Cartmell £10	2nd	Mary Hawken. £10
3rd	Paul Wicks..... £5	3rd	Billy Cowell £5

On the phone with Jeff Hoar:-

Jeff gave me a call to tell me that the Condors Towing comp will be at Smeathorpe Airfield on the 19th & 20th of June. A good club turn out would be appreciated. The condors are going to France at the end of May to learn Aero-Towing. They are planning to form their own syndicate as soon it becomes legal to do so in the U.K. They have a syndicate of 21 people interested at a joining fee of £500. Jeff has had the best flight of their winch so far this year, 50 miles to Plymouth on the May day bank holiday monday (3rd).

KHGA XC MAP

Major flights of
93 to date

