

# *nova*



May 2002

Avon HG & PG Club Magazine

## **Inside this Issue**

The Origin of  
the Mendip  
Tow Group

North vs South

How to fly XC  
from Westbury

Recap on the  
Repack

New Caption  
Competition

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### Club Meetings

Club meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month at the Compass Inn at Tormarton (just off the A46 about ¼ mile north of junction 18 on the M4). For further details please contact Tim Pentreath.

Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> May  
Jim Mallinson: Flying in India  
Auction of donated flying kit (details on page 4)

Thursday 13th June  
Darren Arkwright: XC Tips and Techniques

*NOVA is the newsletter of the Avon Hang-gliding and Paragliding Club. The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Editor, or Committee of the Club.*

*NOVA can also be found online at [www.avonhgpg.co.uk](http://www.avonhgpg.co.uk)*

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Cover shot – John Alder above the clouds at Ringstead by Tony Moore

# Editorial



My 5 o'clock work appointment today was a no-show. Not good when you're self-employed, especially as I had just come from flying at Westbury and had to land deliberately to get there on time! Then I had to drive back past the hill on my way to work when several paragliders were circling 1000ft ATO. Its easy to get cheesed off when this sort of thing happens; no matter how much we try, this sport does rule our lives – it becomes a way of life. If flying is what you love doing, I say "Just do it! Live life to the full and do what it is that you feel so passionate about". Anyone who knew Dave Yeandle, who sadly is no longer with us, no doubt will have done a lot a thinking about this in the last few weeks.

Since the January edition of Nova the season has really started with several entries in the XC league. Remember to submit your flight details to Tim Pentreath when you've gone XC so he can put you into the league and on the Avon PGXC website. This issue of Nova is a bit of a pick and mix whilst I wait for all those great flying stories to come pouring in. Thanks to all those who have contributed their wit, their experience and their experiences. Anyway I'd better keep this brief to make way for Simon.....

Just do it!  
Cathy Lawrence

## Chairman's Waffle



With Spring in the air and thermals popping off all around us, some of the lucky ones amongst us have already got that first X/C of the year logged. Hopes of a good Summer just round the corner, with no FMD and lots of lovely unstable days to look forward to. That was my up beat and go for it feeling just a couple of weeks ago. Then I read the shattering e-mail from Geoff Rogers telling us that Dave Yeandle had been killed in a Paragliding accident whilst on holiday in Spain, and an air of sadness has descended on the Club and all those who knew him.

I was not a close friend of Dave, but I knew him to be a very enthusiastic pilot with an infectious personality, and an all round decent chap. He was the kind bloke you would want by your side when things go wrong, a true free spirit. There was however more to Dave than just his love of flying, many of you will be surprised to discover that he was also keen pot-holer, cave diver and climber. He had recently written a book about his potholing adventures, which sadly he never saw published, although I gather that it is soon to be available. We all know that our sport is a potentially dangerous one, but we take the risks in order to experience something quite unique, that is so often beyond the non-flyers ability to comprehend. When someone we know is killed whilst flying it is very hard to swallow. We can only take some solace from the fact that Dave died doing what he loved to do most in the world. Our thoughts are with his family and loved ones at this time, and our fond memories of Dave will linger, as will his spirit in those who knew him.

On a more positive note, and not wanting to end on a downer, many of us are getting out and rediscovering why we are so addicted to this sport. A few weeks ago at Westbury a lot of us had a really good day, with at least two XCs in the new 2002 PGXC League. The British Club Challenge is ready to take off, and we have both PG and HG teams registered. For those of you who have not participated in the Club Challenge before, or don't know what it's all about, I cannot stress enough what an excellent experience it is. There are many people in the Club who have benefited greatly over the years by getting involved. It is predominately a friendly competition series with an emphasis on encouraging pilots to better themselves and learn from the large number of enthusiastic experienced pilots who also take part. If you are serious about honing those XC skills, then I would highly recommend that you contact Pete Taylor or Neil Atkinson and let them know you are interested. One of the perennial problems of the Club Challenge (particularly in the qualifying rounds) is that the heats are often arranged at the last minute, so the more people they have available to turn out the more chance there is of raising a team. It is also worth stressing that the competition is open to Club Pilots, and everyone will be properly briefed before any task is flown. So don't be put off by your lack of experience or confidence in flying XC. This is the best learning ground that I know of.

Well, I can't think of a lot more to say right now, so fly safe and more importantly, have FUN!!!!!!

Simon.

Nova May 2002



# Obituary: Dave Yeandle

*Dave in Spain last year [Photo: Stafford Evans]*

We cannot let the passing of our friend Dave Yeandle go without saying a few words and remembering some good times spent together with him.

We first became aware of Dave's interest in flying, one day at Ubley. Dave arrived with several friends for some "ground handling" on the Mendip Dog (an old APCO Hi lite ) that many an old hangie had trained on. Dave inadvertently flew a "top to bottom", and that was the last time we threw anybody off on that glider.

Dave's enthusiasm took him on to official school training, and he came back from that eager to progress to X C flying. Geoff spent a few holidays with Dave one skiing and one in Ole Denise, Turkey on a SIV course with Dave Botha. Geoff can vividly remember Dave flying away out to sea and being instructed to bury the front risers, and he just did what he was told. Geoff was listening on radio sat on the beach with Derek thinking fair play, if he's up there going for it then I would have to book in the next day and give it a go.

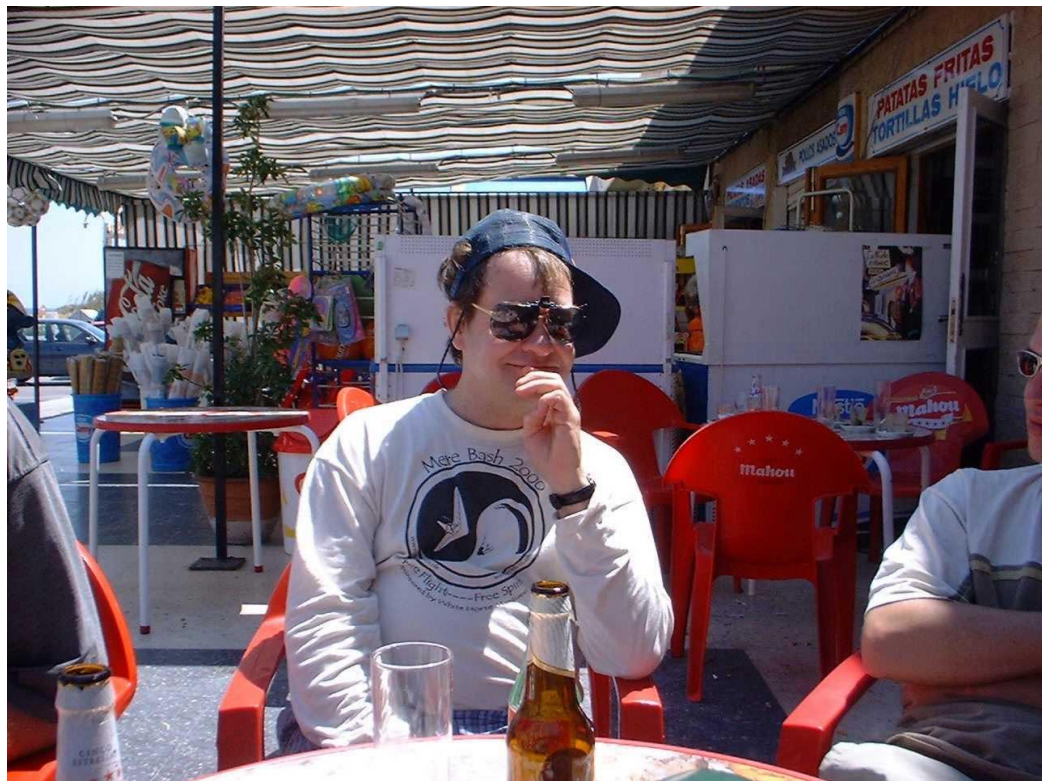
Dave's enthusiasm showed its self many a day on local hills, when he would be first at the hill for an early flight and would be packing up with a huge grin by the time we arrived, the wind having picked up to strong for "flopies".

All the time we knew Dave what shone through was his joy and keenness for life, mainly for his outdoor pursuits of which climbing and caving preceded his love of flying. It is hard to imagine that he will not be on the hill anymore.

His friends at the Hunters Lodge will remember the endearing way he had of avoiding buying a round, but they would catch him back when he went to the bar, with everybody ordering on his round. All of you who met Dave will have been touched by his friendliness and dedication to our sport, and he will be sadly missed by all of us.

Geoff & Kevin

Nova May 2002



## KIT FOR SALE

One of our "no longer flying" colleagues has kindly donated some flying kit which will be auctioned at the next club meeting (May 9<sup>th</sup>), the proceeds going to Flyability:

Skysystems PG harness with reserve (checked and repacked)  
Edel PG harness (brand new, suitable for training/passenger)  
Alinco DJ190 radio with charger  
Fairhaven analogue vario with digital altimeter  
Karibiners  
Ventmeter  
Salomon boots size 9  
Flying open face helmet  
Climbing helmet  
Skysystems bag

All of it is in really good nick so come along and make your bid!

# NEWS

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

**There has been a major airspace infringement recently which involved a paraglider pilot flying into the Danger area on Salisbury plain. He was circled by a M.O.D police helicopter and, on landing, was surrounded by various uniforms and given an official warning.**

**The M.O D are very worried about this incident, rightly so, and any repeat of it will almost certainly be taken even more seriously. As far as our club is concerned this could mean losing the right to fly Westbury as its very close to the edge of the Danger Area.**

**If you are at all likely to fly XC it is your legal responsibility to be aware of any airspace restrictions you may encounter. The way to do this is to fly with an up-to-date air map and use it. Can everyone be extra careful about this now, one mistake is far too many.**

**Alex Coltman (Safety Officer)**

## The Season starts.....

Well, it's time to dust off the glider, find the vario, replace the batteries and check over all your gear ready for those feisty spring thermals and some airtime. I do not claim to be an expert in hang gliding or paragliding; I have reasonable experience in the later and almost none in the former so the article below may contain glaring omissions! Read the recommended articles and learn from the experts.

For hang gliders there seems to be a major issue surrounding bottom-rigging wires. In flight these wires take all positive loads and keep the wings from "clapping hands". There has been much written in Skywings on this subject but I will repeat some of the details here: Last month at the Bogong Cup in Australia a launch marshal spotted a broken strand on a bottom wire, the pilot was lucky to have such a vigilant marshal as further investigation (involving removal of the plastic coating on the sleeve) showed that 15 of the 19 wires were broken! This glider was one year old with about 120 hours! It is very difficult to check a wire correctly as they seem to be most likely to break at the junction with the swage. If you don't know when your wires were last replaced then replace them now, and stick to the manufacturers' or the BHPA's guidelines.

Paragliders' major weak point is usually the pilot! How many "boring" laminar soaring days have you had? And on these days how many deflations did you pull? How many take offs and landings did you practice? How many pitch exercises did you do? These exercises are fun and will teach you loads about your wing, even if done on the ground.

Just soaring up and down the ridge is not enough. It will teach you about your gliders handling (and currency is important) but you need to learn about instability, as you WILL get deflations - have a look at Adrian Thomas's article in this months Skywings. Next time you find yourself high on a ridge or are getting a bit bored with soaring up and down, find some space and try pulling just one big ear- its mellow isn't it? No massive diving or turning, so when you get a deflation of this size unexpectedly you KNOW you can handle it. Next, try pulling two "A" lines on one side (when high of course) and notice again how it's still a benign manoeuvre. The glider can be steered using weight shift alone, no need for opposite brake at all. Again, if this happens for real we don't need to panic, we KNOW we can handle this too.

I would not recommend a full riser deflation unless over water (with safety boat) but if you don't panic, any glider with DHV 2/3, or safer, should self recover if you leave it alone (assuming no cravat). So if you get a deflation when flying DON'T PANIC, don't apply lots of brake on the inflated side or you may spin the glider, use weight shift and only a small amount of brake for course correction (if required) and the deflation will either come out on its own accord or slow smooth pumps will pop it out.

Check out the March 2002 edition of Skywings for details on hang gliders wires and the same issue for Adrian's article on how many deflations you can expect!! **THEN PRACTICE**

Alex Coltman (Safety Officer)

## Model gliders at Mere

The Committee has been approached by the White Sheet Radio Flying Club over a potential safety issue which needs airing. Their concern relates to the use of radio control frequencies in the area, and the fact that there may be some of our club members wishing to fly models at Mere who are not aware of their method for controlling the use of these frequencies. The method in question is very simple. Firstly, they always use odd frequencies due to there being another group nearby who use only even ones. Secondly, they have a peg board which has a hole and peg for each frequency. The way this works is that before flying a modeller should check the board and remove the peg relating to the frequency they are going to use. If the peg is

already missing then that frequency is in use and they will not use it.

Some of the model gliders we see zipping around the sky are made of carbon fibre composites and are capable of speeds in excess of 180 kph. You don't need to be a genius to realise that if one of these models goes out of control it could do some serious damage to property or person, and the consequences of such an incident are potentially worrying. To this end, the Committee would like to ask any Member wishing to fly a model at Mere to go and chat to the modellers and check the peg board first. For safety reasons if your control frequency is already in use please do not fly on that frequency.

The question of insurance was also raised as a separate issue, it is worth bearing in mind that you may not be covered for 3rd party liability in the result of an accident occurring. There have been several incidents in the past which have cost uninsured modellers dearly through not having adequate cover. So for your own protection, if you are thinking of flying models when it's blown out, please consider the implications carefully.

The bottom line is, if you are intending to fly model gliders please respect the concerns of the local modellers, some of whom are also fellow Paraglider and Hang-Glider pilots. They are, overall, a decent bunch of guys who over the years have respected our space and use of the Rifle Range. Since we both fly the same hill it is in all our interests to maintain a good relationships between our two clubs.

Needless to say the same courtesy and consideration for the safety issues also applies to other sites we share with modellers such as Westbury, particularly when bearing in mind the large numbers of public that are present. We would not wish to see an incident involving injury to an innocent bystander.

Thank you,  
Simon.

## **Congratulations!**

Congratulates to Avon members Alex Coltman and Chris Harland for getting places on the British Team for the Bleriot Cup. Well done to both of you.

## **The Mere Bash**

There was no "Mere Bash" party last year due to FMD but we are planning on having it this year on the weekend of the 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> September providing there are enough volunteers to make it happen. Brent Pullen has very kindly offered to co-ordinate things *[anything*

*to get out of decorating - Ed]*. Please contact Brent on 01373 825737 if you are able and willing to help in any way.

## **New Lake District Business**

Hidden Valley is the name of a new business based in Keswick, run by instructor and paravouac pilot Chris Scammell. Hidden valley will offer services to the newly qualified paraglider pilot and beyond. This includes refresher/improver weekends, 4 day XC courses, Scottish mountain safaris, foreign trips, tandem courses, personal coaching/guiding and equipment advice and sales.

As an introductory offer Chris will be running refresher/improver weekends throughout March and April for only £25 per day, an ideal opportunity to get back into flying after foot and mouth. For further info contact Hidden Valley on 017687 80546 or visit [www.hiddenvalley-paragliding.co.uk](http://www.hiddenvalley-paragliding.co.uk)

## **Womens XC course with Kaz Harland**

Back by popular demand are these unique, women only courses run by former World Air Games Champion Kaz Harland, in conjunction with Hidden Valley. The courses will be run over 4 days and are aimed at female pilots of all abilities who want to progress in a non- competitive environment. The dates are June 1<sup>st</sup> – 4<sup>th</sup> for a lakes based course and August 3<sup>rd</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> for a Brighton based course. Places are limited so book early to avoid disappointment as these courses fill fast. For further info contact Hidden Valley on 017687 80546 or visit [www.hiddenvalley-paragliding.co.uk](http://www.hiddenvalley-paragliding.co.uk)

## **Avon PG XC League & News**

News just in - Marcus has confirmed that Ozone will sponsor the XC league this year, thanks guys! In addition Marcus has said he will personally offer a prize to the longest flight made on a DHV 1/2 glider - cheers Marcus! Also Nick Mallabar (System X, Swing, Icaro) and Gavin Foster (Advance, SkiWeekend) have just confirmed that they will continue to sponsor the league as in previous years - thanks very much! Details of actual prizes will follow, however prizes will be awarded for the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, and 3<sup>rd</sup> overall.

*Some great flying recently, especially in the week before Easter...(league table on the next page).*

### **Saturday 13th April**

My first XC of the season - 22km from Hay Bluff to Abergavenny - started with the most fantastic 8-10 up climb all the way to base at approx 5700'... Simon went part of the way with me, but ended up near



Crickhowell after 14km. Apparently Riz flew approx 30km from one of Robin's training sites in Wales too but I'm waiting for details.

### Tuesday 9th April

Ken Wilkinson flies 11km from Blaenavon (I think)

### 26th-29th March

Three flights entered for Tuesday 26th - Tom Mayne's 39km from Leckhampton, and both Rich and Mike Andrews getting away from Pandy. On Easter Saturday Chris Harland flew just under 40km from Nant-y-Moel (details not yet submitted), so it looks like Chris wins the Easter Comp... (Initially we had thought that Dave Yeandle's 3km flight from Mere might have won it)

### 2nd-3rd March

Jim does the first big flight of the year - 39km from Coombe Gibbett - sounded great... Meanwhile Westbury was terrific fun - Tony and Stafford got just past Warminster, but back at the hill lots of pilots (myself included) were enjoying beautiful climbs up to 2,000'+ ato. A layer of cloud moved in during the afternoon which reduced the lift, but not the fun...

### 15th-17th Feb

Don't think anyone actually went XC, but lots of people had some great flying both locally and in Wales. I had three wonderful hours flying the cliffs at Rhossili, something I've never done in over ten year's flying.

### Tim Pentreath

Avon PG XC Online [www.fly.to/avonpgxc](http://www.fly.to/avonpgxc)

## 2002 PG XC League (most recent flight - 13/4/02)

Rank	Name	Glider	1	2	Flights	Top 6	Av Top 6	All	Av All
1	Tom Mayne	Nova Carbon	39.9		1	39.9	39.9	39.9	39.9
2	Jim Mallinson	Ozone Proton GT	39.4		1	39.4	39.4	39.4	39.4
3	Rich Harding	Airwave Magic	14.8	9.1	2	23.9	11.9	23.9	11.9
4	Tim Pentreath	Advance Omega 4	22.8		1	22.8	22.8	22.8	22.8
5	Simon Kerr	Gradient Saphir	13.7		1	13.7	13.7	13.7	13.7
6	Ken Wilkinson	Edel Atlas	11.8		1	11.8	11.8	11.8	11.8
7	Tony Moore	Apco Futura	8.0		1	8.0	8.0	8.0	8.0
8	Mike Andrews	Swing Astral	7.6		1	7.6	7.6	7.6	7.6
9	Stafford Evans	Airwave Magic	6.2		1	6.2	6.2	6.2	6.2
<b>Grand Total</b>			<b>164.1</b>	<b>9.1</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>173.2</b>	<b>17.3</b>	<b>173.2</b>	<b>17.3</b>

# A Guide to Flying XC from Westbury

## History

Back in the early eighties, Westbury was seen as one of the prime XC sites in the south. Many people traveled here for their first XC, particularly while we were lucky enough to occasionally gain permission from Salisbury Operations to cross the range. This permission was on the basis we set off with a minimum of 2000ft - a bizarre limit, as in a NW there are around 12 miles of ground to cross!

Unfortunately, in around 1990 we lost this permission after a non-Avon flyer (and not that local either) felt a more formal agreement was required with Salisbury Ops, after he (frustratingly) watched an 'illegal' crossing of the range whilst the flags were up. This individual meant no harm, but despite a firm "NO interference please" message from the Avon Club he managed to talk to someone quite high up in the MOD who was aghast such an arrangement had ever existed and withdrew it immediately.

However, even before our loss, permission was still only 'occasional', giving the same XC problems as today. Despite this, many legal XCs were flown; there were many 70 or 80 milers made to the Brighton area, and eventually extended to 110 miles in 1995.

# So what's the best way to go XC at Westbury?

'Going left' at Westbury used to be a reasonable option. There was still over 50 miles available to the Isle of Wight (where you could carry on flying at Afton Down!). It became a regular rat run, with even 7 people making it there once in the late 80's. Now the Class D airspace limits us to just over 20 miles (or say 30 down to Swanage).

'Going Right' has far more potential. The principle of how to do it is quite straightforward, but preparation for the first couple of steps can make life easy. The following assumes a typical NW 10-15 mph day at Westbury:

## 1. Starting

Easy, as you can do this at your leisure. Basically;

- Get high over the horse (or as far NE of horse as possible),
- Combine this with picking a time when the sky to the NE looks good,
- Commit yourself and head NE to your chosen cloud that will get you up.

It sounds simple and it is. You are at a superb soaring site (good thermals) and the NW air-stream is typically favourable for soaring, YOU choose when to leave (i.e. you are not forced into a hasty decision). Furthermore, you are heading to an area abundant in sailplanes, making spotting lift even easier. Remember to respect the ATZ though, and for this reason I'd suggest don't leave too early in the day to ensure you have an escape route; e.g. say when base is above 5000 (rarely before 12:30). This would work on mid-80's Gliders, so any 1990's HGs should have no problem (PGs may have to do their sums, but at 1:9 should be possible). Maybe contact the Keevil CFI if you are unsure, I'm sure limited permission to cross their ATZ could be arranged. Also note that Westbury is affected by 'Sea Air' on good days; basically a 'sea breeze' (supporting the Met wind) that introduces more strength, a more westerly component, but deader air. A good reason to leave.

## 2. On your way

Lets assume you got your first thermal. Successful XCs typically take you all over the place, deviating left and right - the only difference now is you shouldn't go any further right (south in this case) for a good reason. The good news is that you are now probably only about 10 miles from the village of Rushall (just short of Upavon) where the last third of the range has a 1400ft height ceiling (but up to 50k by Notam). But it is still 10 miles, so think carefully. If at all possible, go for one more NE glide to your next cloud, as this will almost certainly guarantee you the freedom to continue at will. However, you still have the possibility to glide directly east, but only if that choice is so obviously better, as you've just played your joker and your next glide probably will HAVE to be NE.

I have often been asked about usable ridges. I'd say don't do it, as gaining altitude and moving away from the ridge will be difficult. Also, ridges are often 'dogs chances' on XCs; you will have far more success following good clouds. The good news is the Pewsey vale works superbly.

## 3. The last bit of The Range

So if you are out in the valley with Rushall/Upavon to the South of you, you've done it (well, its been a good start anyway). If you are at Rushall (i.e. at the edge of the range) you need to think carefully. You've still an 8 mile glide to Ludgershall, at the Easternmost part of the range - a bit optimistic, even if you are very high with the luxury of a 20:1 glide. You now have three options:

- Consider going NE or ENE again,
- Staying with the lift/cloud, drifting SE (especially if a reasonable breeze, say >15mph,
- Gliding to an obvious (!) lift source in an ESE or SE direction, but always being able to scurry out and respect the 1400ft limit.

I've used all three successfully, but the first gives the best opportunities.

## 4. On to Winchester

Well, we used to do this, but now the Southampton Class D airspace has crept a few miles north of Winchester, but at least now the average track required of ESE is more comfortable. Oh, Look 'up' as well, as the London TMA is at 5500 ft, and good Westbury days easily exceed this.

## 5. Down the South Downs

If you've got this far don't even consider the ridge! As you near Petersfield you need to consider your expectations. If its late, and perhaps its not the most epic of days, then Brighton may be your best bet - if this is the case, just continue at your leisure, and respect the stubs of airspace as you approach the north of Brighton (i.e. Gatwick).

If your hopes are post Brighton, then assess what effect the sea breeze is going to have. This is because you have to pass through a narrow gap to avoid Gatwick airspace (about 5 miles wide at Brighton) and this will dictate getting any further. It would be a bit off the subject to go into detail of sea breezes and convergence here, but some relevant pointers are:



- The sea breeze is pretty regular down these parts,
- The lift can be pretty strong and reliable, but
- The sea air comes in as a wedge, underneath the upper, unstable NW'ly.  
Drop into the sea air and you are likely to go down (sea air is usually quite stable).
- The line of convergence can be anything from a visible line of 1000's of feet of 'dark hanging tentacles', to an invisible line of lift in clear air.
- This line of lift exists parallel to the coast.
- The line of lift can be way inland or (surprisingly) out to sea.

There will be loads of sailplanes marking thermals. In fact, once while being a mile out to sea (and getting nervous!), I had my first serious introduction to 'out to sea' convergence as three sailplanes cruised past, to around two miles further out than me!

## 6. Brighton & Beyond

Eastbourne is the limit of my experience here, but far more is attainable. Michel Carnet made an impressive flight from the Dyke (Brighton), following the convergence around Kent, and crossed the Thames (going north) and into Suffolk! (remember to define that turn-point before takeoff). Seriously though, with a light NW, the sea-breeze does have a tendency to set up with a westerly bias (i.e. towards the east) which can really accelerate progress.....the air's going up and away from the hill.

**Neville Almond**

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# A Brief History of the World including the Real Truth about the Mendip Tow Group

Back in pre-history, before any significant mountain-building activity had occurred, the World was cold and flat and airless. This grim state of affairs generated an absence of discernable ridge lift and made it nigh on impossible to achieve any significant height gain by normal free-flight means.

"This is intolerable", said the demigod Ge (from the far south wastelands of Ro) (who even in those early days was known to be an angry demigod - hence his nickname "Grrr") (can you see where this is leading?). "I have less than 8 hours airtime this year - and that obtained only by jumping between continents to establish whether mountains yet exist which are worthy of crampon and ice axe! Now am I become Death, the destroyer of Nations! Or at any rate, immensely vexed. Furthermore I have imagineered and constructed this delta shaped aluminium and mylar structure in pleasing colours - which I now find distinctly non-pleasing because of its arrant purposelessness. There will be a day of reckoning which will be remembered through time immemorial if matters are not mended in some manner within this millennium!". (N.B. academic opinions differ as to the precise words used by Ge because documentary records from those days are poor and because the last sentence contains a distinctly heavier use of the character "m" than was usual in those days. Whatever the truth of the matter, this is the only version that is fit to print).

Ordinary mortals were disturbed to hear that Ge of Ro ("Grrr") was dissatisfied. It boded no good for their futures. Whilst Ge hurled himself in anger and frustration from continent to continent, breaking plates and disturbing tectonics (small furry animals who used to live under the plates but who are no longer seen on this planet), the mortals met and resolved to devise, action and expedite several "Great Resolutions". These resolutions lose some of their grandeur when translated from their original interlaced runic text but might nowadays be expressed in modern idiom as:

1. Air was so cool, far out and solid as a concept that it should be invented, manufactured and installed on a global basis without delay;
2. A science to be known as "Phy" [sic]s should also be invented immediately to deal with the repercussions;
3. The science could be foolishly spelt but must be brilliant at devising rules of universal application;
4. The rules devised under Resolution 3 should be separated into specialisms, at least one of which such specialism should deal with the dynamics of the new air (and therefore be called "Aerodynamite" or similar);

5. Some of the specialism's rules should explain how delta shaped aluminium and mylar structures might be caused to fly using the solid nature of the far out cool air and thereby enhance the joy of Ge;
6. Such engines and further essential apparitions as were necessary to substantiate Resolution 5 should be engineered;
7. It would be acceptable for Resolution 6 to be followed by a Resolution 7; but
8. There should in no circumstances ever be more than 7 resolutions, not made all at once anyway.



*Photo: Early days at Middle Wallop*

And so it came to be. The air was installed and it pleased even Ge by its solidity and coolness and the manner in which it would bear the weight of the delta shaped aluminium and mylar structure which Ge would wear like a big coat (a big coat with an enormous coat hanger left in it) and then hurl himself into the sky at high velocity. In order that Ge could be accompanied whilst flying by ordinary mortals, more aluminium and mylar structures were built and (to give them altitude even when flown by pilots who could not jump between continents) an engine was devised which ran by the combustion of sweet smelling oils (later known as diesel). The engine pulled a long piece of string to which the mortals' aluminium and mylar structures could be attached, enabling them to be fired with terrifying rapidity into the new air. Everyone who experienced the fly by wire system agreed that it was quite good.

The mortals became extremely fit as a result of the need to run huge distances at 30 mph across all surfaces and in all weather conditions. Over the course of a few decades they developed long muscular legs and immense muscular feet. As a result some flightless mortals, jealous of the flyers' talents, began to mock their immense feet by referring to individual flyers as "big toes" and to the group collectively as "the toe group". But none of the flyers minded the insults. They enjoyed being hurled into the air on the end of a piece of string and they were proud of their physical attributes and their skills. Also they were able to drop heavy objects on mortals who visibly mocked them so after a while there were fewer visible mockers.

Even Ge was happy and, for a brief period, harmony reigned over all the World. Then came another demigod, created from the violent mixing of the primordial soup with the nightmares of the tribe of Aghnost Khan. The tribe had until that time worshipped only one god, a mild natured and pleasant force created from their happiest dreams and called Att Khin. But the new deity, although strikingly similar in appearance and strength, was not sweet tempered like Att Khin. It was a violent and antagonistic force emanating from the darkest realms of the Eastern wastelands. The mild mannered Att Khin became nervous of the unending ferocity with which this new force made its presence known and decided to seek a quiet life on an outer planet. His departure left vast areas of the Eastern wastelands open to the demands of the new demigod who immediately assumed command of all of the territories which were not under Ge's direct protection. And the new force became known to all as Att Khin Son.

Att Khin Son could find nothing to recommend in the harmonious world of Ge. Indeed, he raged against its flatness and sneered at the efforts of the mortals who flew with Ge. He stirred the air so that the mortals could no longer fly

smoothly and he laughed when some of them made poor landings in the rough air. He craved unflatness and stamped on many of the plates previously broken by Ge, causing them to tilt and slide and wedge themselves at steep angles. Parts of the World ceased to be flat and harmonious; huge unflat bits arose. The air stirred by Att Khin Son moved and flowed violently over the broken, tilted plates causing still more confusion in the atmosphere. Mayhem ensued and disturbed the peace - even in Ro where Ge dwelt. And Ge, feeling the disturbance in his domain, began to lose his recently acquired feeling of harmony and to become, once again, Ge of Ro (Grrr).

Att Khin Son cared nothing for the harmony of Ge. It mattered not to him that fast moving air and uneven terrain caused fear and repair bills. He stirred the air more violently and added heat to some parts of the land causing the air above to become warm without uniformity. In the process he created a kindly force called Thermal – and two new demons, most unholy terrors, twins of horror, which would forever stalk the unflats. They were called Turbulence and Rotor.

Turbulence was intelligent - but malicious and without pity. Rotor was a moron. Whilst Turbulence roamed far and wide destroying uprights and bending even the most sturdy aluminium leading edges for the mere sport of it, Rotor would sit motionless in the shadows of the unflats or behind a tree and wreak destruction without any conscious thought. And when some irresponsible flyers, tired of unending repair bills, abandoned their expensive aluminium leading edges altogether and took to the skies wearing only floppy wings and brightly coloured clothing, both Turbulence and Rotor leapt to the attack, destroying all but a lucky few by contriving tucks and folds and dumping the brightly coloured ones into cow dung and other unpleasant environments.

In the meantime Att Khin Son began to raise an army, a new group of mortal flyers, with whom he hoped to challenge the rule of the toe group. Att Khin Son's mortal army did not use engines and string to launch themselves. They wore the same delta shaped aluminium and mylar structures as did the toe group flyers (some even copied the floppy structures and bright colours of the unwise) – but they hurled themselves from the unflats and used the moving air forced up the slopes or the rising air generated by Thermal to climb above their launch points. This form of flying was perceived by the toe group as unnatural. They prophesied that ill would come of it - and the flyers who practiced it became known to all as "ill flyers".

Ge would not tolerate such a challenge to his dominion and struck violently without warning or mercy. He blocked prevailing breezes, killing the ridge lift and causing many ill flyers to land on their behinds (known to ill flyers as "bottom landing"). He would then quickly increase the wind speed causing floppy flyers to be blasted right out of the World's atmosphere ("blown out") and the other ill flyers to be severely startled. Thus was much of the joy of ill flying lost. Att Khin Son retaliated by creating cross-winds and tail winds as toe group flyers were trying to launch, causing them to have to run at 50 mph or more to take-off. Several were unable to achieve the necessary speed despite plastic surgery to enhance the size of their toes. Winch motors often overheated, toe group pilots often gained no height and everywhere, neither ill flyers nor the toe group were able to enjoy their flying. The war between the demigods continued but neither Att Khin Son nor Ge of Ro (Grrr) were able to obtain supremacy (for a detailed history of the first and second series of wars see volume 2 of Dr Straubbsnotten's memoirs "Free Flight Combat in the Dawn of Time"; pictures of the flight suits and other uniforms from that period can be found in volume 1).

After several thousand years had passed during which the toe group and ill flyers alike experienced nothing but bad flying, poor landings, floppies in space and bent tubes, a peace accord was inevitable (see volumes 3 and 4 of Ulysses Bergerac's "Camping for Boys" for details of peace time activities between the first and second series of wars; volumes 1 and 2 were predominantly photographic but have now been withdrawn following legal proceedings). Under the terms of the armistice Att Khin Son learnt the art of toe launching (and became expert in its applications) whilst Ge of Ro(Grrr) learnt the art of ill flying and became equally adept (even taking to the air in a floppy in the hope of annoying Att Khin Son with his total mastery).

Most of the mortals soon learnt to fly both ways, firstly by hurling themselves from the unflats in the manner of ill flyers – who as a result of an excessive affectation later became known as "hill flyers" - and afterwards by being dragged with string across large fields - which later became known as "toe launching" and then inevitably as "two lurching" [note to author – check the spelling of that last bit?]. Because the toe group flyers were based at Middle Wallop they became known as the Mendip Toe Group. Four millennia of developments in spelling and pronunciation eroded the title and resulted in the title by which they are known today – The Mendip Two Grope.

Although the demons Turbulence and Rotor still terrorise the unwary, most mortals have learnt to deal with their attacks – and indeed some mortals even enjoy being molested by Thermal. Everywhere in the World, peace, harmony, tranquility, co-operation and kinship ensued and have continued between all mortal free flyers even unto this day (except where stiffies meet floppies of course) and the demigods Att Khin Son (which is now called Neil) and

Ge of Ro(Grrr) – which is now called Geoff Rogers - became good friends and never again spoke a harsh word to each other.

- The End of the Beginning -

### **Recommended reading on this era:**

"A Class Too Far" – an examination of the first series of wars between the toe group and ill flyers including the emergence of the demonic rigid technology of the Nes brotherhood, Chrisjo and Johnjo.

"Leading Edges" – a guide to satanic rituals essential to the successful use of paragliders.

"Going PG. Bad thing or Very Bad Thing?" – an unbiased examination.

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**Phil Jolly**

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## **2002 - Time to convert?**

How many PG pilots have sat on the hill time after time, too windy for them to fly and had to watch the hangies having all the fun? Never thought of joining them? ...If not why not?



One thing that initially put me off learning was being cold in the winter. I used to get such cold hands and feet on a PG, I was convinced it would be much worse on a HG. I am pleased that is not the case, your hands keep warmer as they hang below your heart, and the rest of you is enclosed in the harness. I find the use of that great fashion accessory 'the balaclava' (most fetching in black or blue) works miracles in the head department!

OK, so it's harder work to carry one around, and it's trickier to store, but the satisfaction of flying a HG is so much greater. Anyone can bumble up and down the ridge on a PG all day, but you have to admit that it does get boring after the first ½ hour or so.

When I started HG after about 8 years of PG, little did I think that I would actually enjoy HG more than I did PG. But flying a HG is more technical than flying a PG, it takes practice and determination to achieve the necessary skills. It also takes a little time at the outset to build the necessary muscles, but that is true of any sport. But if I can do it, anyone can.

If you get the chance to take a tandem flight, do it. It is the best way to get a feel for what HG is all about, and remember that the pilot is the lowest to the ground - so he or she gets it first, should it all go wrong! Think about it, have you just got stuck in the PG'ing rut? Are the challenges getting less for you each year? Could you stand some more excitement in your life? If the answer is yes, I heartily recommend some kind of towing training, depending on what you can afford. Go on give it a try, you know you should...

**Angie Weir**

Nova May 2002



# Northern vs Southern – One all!

On Feb 17th, a huge high pressure sat centered over the midlands. At last a spell of fine sunny weather amongst this gloomy winter dross, but alas the stagnant stable air mass keeps me grounded.....

Short of winching what does one do? I remembered Bob Dury once saying that when this happens and there's not a puff of air to fly in, don't despair - go and check out the sites in North Wales. Luckily a new found business associate of mine (and fellow pilot) Jon Gammage had just moved down from North Wales to just outside my home town of Oxford. We decided to take full advantage of nature's godsend, and packed both bikes and gliders and set off for a weekend adventure! Saturday morn I rose to see a sheet of blanket cloud with a light north-westerly, not being put off by the cloud cover Jon drove us around most of the Snowdonia flying sites, which was an educational treat in itself. By the afternoon we eventually flew off Moel Winion and had 2 1/2hrs of smooth thermic lifts up to 750ft ATO surrounded by the beautiful Gwynedd landscape. Sunday's sky was full of wave lenticular's indicating high wind speeds aloft meaning flying was off the agenda, so we made the most of a non-flying situation and trekked through steep forested valley slopes on the bikes which was a great adrenalin fueled alternative.

Impressed I returned home to Oxford convinced that I would be straight back to North Wales at the first sign of fine weather, and that Jon's pre conceived impressions of 'southern flying' as being very dull compared to the big mountains might well be true! Sooner or later I would have to show him around his new local Thames Valley/Avon sites in return, and hope that he would not simply give them up and lust back to his mountain playground. But oh how I was wrong!!!.....

Friday 1st March forecast looked great for Saturday and we arranged for me to show Jon what the south had to offer. Initially I opted to check out Coombe being closest but soon changed my mind as the wind was forecast to back to the NW in the afternoon, so second in my list was good ol'faithfull Westbury. We arrived at 10am when just a light puff trickled through, and by 11.30am the trickle turned into a consistent soarable breeze studded abundantly with juicy thermals. Pilots were queuing up anxiously to get

airborne. Things were looking VERY PROMISING! Jon and I soon got airborne and fought for space in the elevators in the sky. All the usual Westbury thermal triggers were working magnificently in the true textbook manor, and before long I was reclined back weight shifting over in awe as my vario screamed 6-up baby! Within seconds I rocketed past any previous personal maximum height gains and watched in shock as the altimeter sped up from 3 to 4 figures. I topped out with 2400ft ATO and tried to comprehend the achievement. The view over Salisbury plain was awesome with the browned terrain mottled with cumulous shadows interspersed by sunrays piercing down from my level. I could see a new Airwave Magic and a class 2 thermalling together amongst the spacious backdrop at the same altitude as me! And everyone else including more class 2's far below. I was in heaven! Later Jon climbed up to join me and we circled up over the edge of Westbury debating whether or not to break free and glide off round the Military no-fly zone. But not today, the lift slowly died and we glided back to the mother ridge knowing that soon we would return to really go XC as escape the white horse's clutches once and for all. The afternoon was more overcast but buoyant and I gained a further 2 hrs airtime. Later on the way home Jon, Karl, Dad and I sat in the Red Lion pub in Avebury to celebrate the days triumphs with a well-deserved pint of ale. I was in a state of euphoric trance grinning with ecstasy - what a day!

Sunday sky brought in a weak decaying warm front with lots of cloud but a light 6-9mph WNW so Jon, Karl and I chose to check out the Malvern's as we are all associate members. We arrived at Kettle sings west take off to find no-one else flying. After assessing conditions we took off and had 45 minutes of soaring and playing around in the one thermal that popped out of the small quarry car park every 5 minutes!

All in all Jon was very impressed with this 'southern flying' but now thinks that this weekend was the 'norm' down here and im worried that he has got a false impression. But what this weekend has proved to me is what I always knew of Westbury – that it is one of the best sites around and im determined now more that ever to go XC! That's 3hr 45 in one weekend in March, a total of 5hrs 30 this year in the UK already. I gained more trust in my relatively new Epsilon 3, and I love that wing its fantastic - I flew her efficiently as if on rails feeling the air through her break lines and it paid off. She really can take me as high and as far as any hot ship with re-assuring safety.

Always think UP not DOWN!

**Andrew Hancock, Oxford** - Yellow & Black (tiger) Epsilon 3.

# The Airtopia Repack

Sunday 10th February 2002

Airtopia Repack, Cattle Country, Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

I wasn't feeling up to anything much when I called Airtopia first thing on Sunday morning. I'd gone to bed early the night before with a headache and didn't call the school to find out if it was all on for the previously cancelled repack. It was a goer, 10am at the Cattle Country near Berkeley. Robin's message on his phone stated 'bring everything except your wings, we need it to be as realistic as possible'. The weather, which caused the first cancellation, still looked a bit of challenge. The alto cu looked great but more often than not brings a lowering cloud base and rain within a few hours, especially with the wind averaging at least 15 to 20 kts. Still, it had to be done.

With all my kit packed in my Ka (best paraglider carrier around) I sped off to Berkeley, about 25mins away, to meet the rest of the willing Airtopia/Avon participants. Robin told us that the zip wire being used was 40ft high and at least 100ft long. I didn't think twice when I saw a bloke up a telegraph pole, in a field, stood on what looked like a pallet. As I pelted passed him I thought to myself, 'I'm glad I'm not fixing telegraph wires today'. How wrong I was. The bloke up the pole turned out to be Rizz, Robin's Romanian instructor and general hard nut. The pole, which was completely devoid of any user-friendly ladder, was what we were expected to climb and launch ourselves off.



I'm pretty crap with heights, not as uncommon a trait as I thought in paraglider pilots, as I was soon to find out. About twenty or so had turned out to take part in the repack. Nervous laughter and boisterous banter bounded around the bottom of the pole. After quite clearly announcing he was 'bricking it' Robin slowly ascended the pole up towards the pallet. To be fair it wasn't a pallet; it was a wooden platform with two huge holes in it and no rail. Once Robin had reached the top using the metal loops bolted into the side of the pole, he commented on the general wind speed, 'It's blowing a bloody gale up here'. Great, I was second in line, once Robin had gone I was meant to look dead cool climbing this thing. Rizz, who was already up there and seemed to be enjoying it, connected Robin's harness for a test run. The plan for pilot retrieval had yet to be worked out. It turned out to be; grab the reserve once they've stopped and drag them using the attached rope to a ladder, unhook everything, then climb down. Test run went swimmingly. Robin sat in his harness and flew down the zip wire, out flopped his chute, which thudded on the ground rather impotently, and then POP it was open.

Right, it was my turn, oh shit. Just stare at the wood, don't look down, it'll be easy...yeah? The first few steps were easy; there was a proper ladder for the first six-foot. My mouth went dry; I was getting that headache I had last night again. I decided that looking up was just as bad as looking down, so I repeated a relaxing mantra 'god, it's windy, god, it is windy'. I slowly gained altitude. The rest of the chaps were encouraging, Rizz was helpful 'Hold on, put one hand up at a time.' a classic gem of advice. The brace arms, which the 'pallet' was mounted on, were a bit of a chore. The steps increased in distance away from each other. I was stretched to the maximum anyway, my mantra changed to 'must take up yoga'. I had to lean right back to get my leg up higher than normally femininely possible. I looked up, yep it is as bad as looking down, so instead of getting a face full of ground I got Rizz. He heaved me up. My forearms were no longer functioning, my hands had cramp, I screamed out just to use some of the adrenaline that was making my legs wobbly. I tried looking down, oooo it's along way down. Robin was grinning. He shouted something up at us but it was blowing a hooly, I was deaf. It took a while to pull my harness up, the Edel Corona isn't very lightweight, and it got wedged in the hole I'd just come through.

Now for the scary bit. Rizz helped me unclip from the safety harness and put my harness on. In fact he did it all, I was too petrified to let go of the pole just incase a rogue gust blew me off, well, anything over the 25kts we were getting anyway. The cloud base was lowering all the time and as I bravely looked over to the hills across the Severn I saw the first shower approaching. I was initially looking in that direction to take my mind off the frantic East European trying to find my straps between my legs...err nice. So I was finally in my own homely harness. We shuffled around the pole so I was at the front. Rizz dived towards my chest... to dig out my karribeanas, then he finally clipped me to the relative safety of the zip wire.

I was actually looking forward to the ride down. I pushed off from the pallet, grinned wildly at the crowd below and grabbed my reserve handle. Weeeee, plop, 'What the flamin' Nora was that?!', WACK, 'Hurumf!'. I exhaled forcibly as the chute quite clearly worked and decelerated me. But wait, where the hell was I going? 'I'm going up!' I yelled at the pilot retrieval crew. My chute had caught the feisty wind and was now higher than I was. Marcus, Robin's right hand man and sky god, made a grab for the rope to slow me down. Needless to say he fell on his arse and got a stunning rope burn to boot, but it had worked. My chute dropped below me, I stopped some ten-foot of the ground and I was dragged towards the waiting ladder.

I'd made it, and I was still in one piece and best of all my reserve chute works. It was slightly annoying watching the lads shin it up the pole like a bunch of over enthusiastic lumberjacks. Men! Still at least Robin was as scared as I was and Howard wouldn't even entertain climbing the damn thing. Only another four made it up before the skies let rip to spoil the fun. We repacked in the converted barn, Colin showed me how it should be done and amazingly it fitted back in to its minute package. It was all signed off and I was officially safe for the next year. An excellent day.

Hopefully, when Robin does the repack again shortly, everyone will get to have a bash ....I sure as hell won't be doing it again for at least another twelve months.

**Penny Robinson**

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# Paranover & Hang-Ups

## Evans' Anagrams

See if you can tell who these very mixed up club members are (answers at the bottom of page 19):

**Thermal Sage**  
**Mean lax clot**  
**Margin suck**

**Romeo Tony**  
**Alias manic folk**  
**Ain't them pert**

**Pull rent Ben**  
**Nero smirk**  
**Slim John Milan**

Scribble box

## Caption Competition



*Photo: Stafford Evans*

Why not pass some time whilst you are 'parawaiting' or 'hanging about' on the hills by thinking up some clever, witty or daft captions for the new Caption Competition. Entries will be judged by the Committee and will be published in the next issue along with another interesting photo (if you send some in). The winner will receive a bottle of bubbly kindly donated by Par-Avion.

**Send your entries to:**  
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# airtopia

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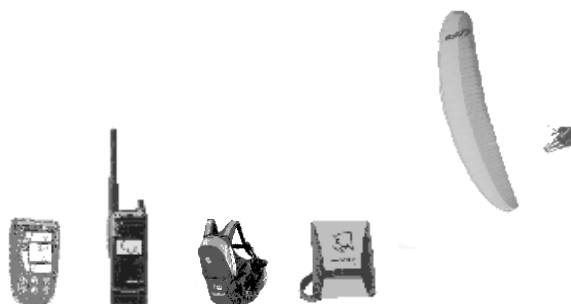
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# Flying diary for April 2002

## 1-April-2002 - Brevant - Chamonix

Thermic. Great flying in Chamonix for past week - mostly tandem flying with family / friends - got to 3000m one day. Blue skies, light winds, lovely snow for skiing when not flying ... wish you were here! **Fiona**

## 1-April-2002 - Col de Bleyne

Thermic. Got to site at 12 no wind, but soon enough to hop off. Climbed immediately out to base, jumped to ridge behind, got low pushing along valley then climbed into cloud. Met up with Bob, got cold landed at St Andre 30km, Bob did 140km on Vibe. **Marcus King**

## 1-April-2002 - Mere, Rifle Range

SSW 23mph. A variable strong wind, slightly off to the west causing turbulence off the spurs in front. Hopped across to the Cowards Bowl, didn't fair much better there, landed after 30 minutes. Only two of us flying here on a Bank Holiday!  
**Alec Linton**

## 1-April-2002 - Milk Hill

SSW 20mph+. Got there late after wasting time on rainy Mendips. At least 6 HG on front ridge and a couple in the bowl. Had enjoyable flight, able to fly from back of bowl, straight to front ridge despite the strong wind. **Neil Atkinson**

## 4-April-2002 - Coastal sites near Alicante, Spain

A bit strong. Second day of no flying - utterly blown out so here I am in an Internet cafe drinking wine. Out here with Robin and Nick. Did manage a few flights on the coast which was nice. Just found out I might have won the Easter Cup with a 3 km bunny hop. **Dave Yeandle**

## 9-April-2002 - Bloreng

ENE Mod. Excellent day, with 5 up thermals and lots of people getting high and away. I got to over 1000ATO then went for the car park, where I got a 10 up thermal to 2500ATO (lucky, as I got it 400ATO!) Got 12 km, passing over Bleaenavon at cloudbase! Lovely. **Ken Wilkinson**

## 12-April-2002 - Monksdown

ENE 16 mph. Flying my Topless. Got away after 30min or so, passed over Blandford 5160'ATO, reached the coast at Ringstead Bay, and then glided along to Weymouth, landing at the Rugby Club. Lovely flight! 47k. **John Jones**

## 13-April-2002 - Hay Bluff

NNE - N fresh at first becoming lighter. Great sky but nothing working over 750ft till 3pm when the mother of all thermals arrived. Tim P, myself & 1 other found base at 5500 on top of consistent 11 up monster. Tried to spiral out of cloud but still climbing. OH SHIT. 14km later landed.  
**Simon Kerr**

## 13-April-2002 - Monksdown

NNE-N 15ish. Good day for boating about the hill but couldn't get away. **Tony Moore**

## 13-April-2002 - Westbury

NNE. Fun and relaxing days flying in light lift with about 10 other paragliders but looking at the other entries for Saturday, wish I'd been at Hay Bluff! **Will Price**

## 13-April-2002 - Hay Bluff

NNE-N. First xc after 18 months, and bloody wonderful it was too! What a climb to base - never had one like that before! Reached 6200' asl - highest ever! See <http://www.avonpgxc.freemove.co.uk/flights/tp20020413.html> for photos. **Tim Pentreath**

## 15-April-2002 - Hay Bluff

NNW 5-18 Thermic. Late start meant sky already past its best but found plenty of lift to 4,500 ft. Three lumpy thermals 4.5m/s av. got me almost to the Skirrid 19.7km. Mountains were in shadow so dog-legged over valley to East. Beautiful but b. cold. Best flight for 2 years. **Mike Andrews**

## 15-April-2002 - Selsley

NW light. Took off at 11:45 straight in 2 a big smooth climb and reached 3600 ato but only made 10km, Tim Crow flew over me on his way 2 about 20km. Got back 2 the hill quick but didnt really get another climb all afternoon. **Wayne**

## 17-April-2002 - Mere, Rifle Range

20-26 S-SSW. was all on my lone some. Air was rough at times and the winds strong. Broken thermals lifted me to 600ft ATO. An enjoyable hour and a quarter. **Alec Linton**

## 20-April-2002 - Mere, Rifle Range

S - SSW 15 -20. More like a wrestling match than a flight but at least I didn't bend any aluminium. Stuck it out for 1/2 hour, as did Ron. **Tony Moore**

## 21-April-2002 - Mere RR

S 20 + howling. I didn't fly, left it to the sky gods (dogs?) Kevin Geoff and Colin, who all flew one at a time for about 30 mins, landed, said it was great but funnily enough didn't fly again! **Tony Moore**

## 25-April-2002 - Bell Hill

NW - NNW 10 thermic. Lovely afternoon flight to base at 4K2 asl. Great views of Poole harbour and Portland. Blue downwind so only 18k. Thanks for the loan of the glider Garry! **Tony Moore**

## 25-April-2002 - Bloreng

W 8-12. Wind off to the west and not producing much ridge lift. Took off anyway and after a few minutes found some lift off the trees on the NW face. Gained 200ft ATO before losing it. Small pockets of lift on the way down, bottom landed castle meadows. 25mins. **Alec Linton**

## 25-April-2002 - Selsley

V Light- NNW to W. I hate this site. Have flown it twice and both times there has been one thermal and I have missed it! Howard, Robin, Rich Harding and Richard Westgate all got away, Rich did well to do 25km before the High level cloud shut down convection. **Alex Coltman**

Don't forget to log your flights in the flying diary on the club website [www.avonhpgg.co.uk](http://www.avonhpgg.co.uk). If you haven't got access to the internet please ask someone who has to do it for you.

Answers: Graham Steel, Tony Moore, Brent Pullen, Alex Coltman, Fiona Macaskill, Simon Kerr, Marcus King, Tim Pentreath, Jim Mallinson.

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