



Nova

The Magazine of the Avon Hang Gliding and
Paragliding Club

July 2011

Cover Photo: Pilot above Bossington. The winning entry in the club photographic competition 2010 taken by Tim Pentreath.

Rear Page – Photo: Feet over Mexico. Ken Wilkinson.

Editor's Bit



Welcome to the latest edition of Nova.

What a strange sport this is. Only the other day I was longingly looking up at an epic sky. The cloudbase must have been about 6000ft, and under it were two sailplanes, two hang gliders and a paraglider all circling together. Meanwhile I was walking back up the hill for the umpteenth time, feeling completely knackered and knowing that it was, for me at least, the end of my paragliding aspirations for the day. As I was packing up on the top of the hill the wind picked up from a steady 15mph to a gusty 30-40mph – maybe it was just as well that I was still on the ground!

A couple of weeks earlier I had watched Jim Mallinson fly off from Westbury under a beautiful sky on his way to a superb FAI triangle – whereas instead I had struggled to get high, cursing the airspace behind me which stopped me from taking any decent climbs, and eventually limped around Keevil airspace in a futile attempt to go nowhere!

The amazing thing about our sport is that, despite all the days that don't go so well, it only takes one good day and suddenly everything else is forgotten. It's chucking it down outside as I write this but RASP is saying that Tuesday is going to be the day. I'm planning already!

In this issue we round up club awards from the end of 2010 and have a special feature on Mexico – where every day really is epic.

I hope you enjoy the magazine.

Rob Kingston

Chairman's Chunter – July 2011



Well it's another great issue of Nova, with tales of bog-induced dehydration, technical know-how, multi-media weather updates, foreign-travel dos and don'ts, and even a non-pilot's article on her first flight! I hope you enjoy it.

And talking of energy-sapping bogs, you also have my chunter to wade through, so I'll take the opportunity to update you on a couple of changes the committee has decided to make in the way we do social events. Firstly we've decided to hold the Mere Bash every other year. The committee first started discussing the future of the Bash well over a year ago because the attendance at the 2009 event was somewhat low. But we decided to hold it again in 2010 to see how it would turn out. Attendance at that event was again somewhat low, and there was a feeling that we didn't quite make the critical mass needed to make it the rip-roaring success it has been in the past when more people attended.

Each year, many club members help with the organisation of the Mere Bash, and those people need to feel that their hard work is worthwhile. Low attendance can take the shine off the satisfaction those people feel in seeing a successful event, and it would be a shame if that caused enthusiasm to be dented. Other people make significant donations to the event, not least Dave Coward whose field we always use, and Bertie Grotian, who has kindly donated the marquee for more years than I can remember. It will be good to give them a break from our regular request for help.

So we decided to take a break from the Bash this year, with the intention of holding it every other year. Hopefully that will mean that people's enthusiasm to attend will have had two years to build up, and hopefully those who put in the work will have had two years to build up their energies again. I know that there will be some disappointment, but we want the Bash to continue to be successful, and we feel this is the best way to ensure that.

But don't despair. The Wessex club are holding their Bash this year, and ours will be staggered with theirs in subsequent years. So there will still be a "local" bash every year – and both clubs can swell the numbers of the other club's event. The Wessex Bash is on 5-7 August, so get your tickets now at <http://www.wessexhgpg.org.uk/>. See you there!

Our second change to the social scene concerns the Christmas party. After some feedback from members, the committee has decided to return to holding a somewhat more formal event, involving a sit-down meal. Hopefully we can also re-instate some of the things that we used to do, such as awarding a prize for the most bent hang-glider uprights (or whatever the paragliding equivalent is) and giving a prize for the best-dressed pilot (at the event or on the hill, I'm not sure which!). But perhaps the most significant change is not to hold the party at Christmas! It seems that there are so many events in the lead-up to Christmas that the club event can add to the feeling of "party fatigue". So we've decided to hold the party in February, a bit of a low point for pilots when we could all do with a bit of a lift to the spirits.

And talking of the calendar of events, it's not too early to start thinking about the AGM, which will take place in the autumn. As usual there will be elections for the committee posts, so if you fancy a stint on the committee, do put yourself forward. Obviously I hope that the present committee members will be willing to stand again, but a bit of new blood each year is a good thing. And since this is my fourth year as chairman, and it's time for me to hand over to someone else, there's room for someone new there! Please do give it some thought.

I hope you're all having a good flying season, and I hope to see you at the Wessex Bash.

Regards,
Richard

Richard Danbury

Club News



Just a reminder about club sites.

To fly Morgan's ridge or Spencer's bowl at Mere you need to be a full club member, have the helmet sticker for 2011 (be 'Pilot' rated) and then only Monday-Wednesdays.

Two blocks of airspace can be opened at Westbury but people are reminded that these can only be used by **full** Avon members.

Club Prizes 2010

HG XC league		Neil Atkinson
PG XC league	1 st place	Graham Richards (449km)
	2 nd place	Martin Nichols (345km)
	3 rd place	Ken Wilkinson (308km)
PG longest XC flight		Graham Richards (93km)
PG longest flight DHV1/2		Tom Mayne (61km)
PG most improved pilot		Tomasz Janikowski (207km)
HG most improved pilot		Luke Clifford
Best novice HG & PG	The Osbaldstone Memorial Cup	Wayne Buckland (77km)
Longest flight during Easter W/E	Dave Yeandle shield	Jointly: Pete Douglas Al Davies
Mere Bash challenge		Martin Nichols (77km)
Best Nova article		Simon Chippendale
Best photo		Tim Pentreath



Graham Richards – Club PG XC league winner being presented with the trophy by Ken Wilkinson (3rd place in league). Graham was also a member of the 2010 BCC team.



Tom Mayne - PG longest flight DHV1/2



Tomasz Janikowski – most improved PG pilot



Luke Clifford – most improved HG pilot



Wayne Buckland – best novice PG and HG pilot



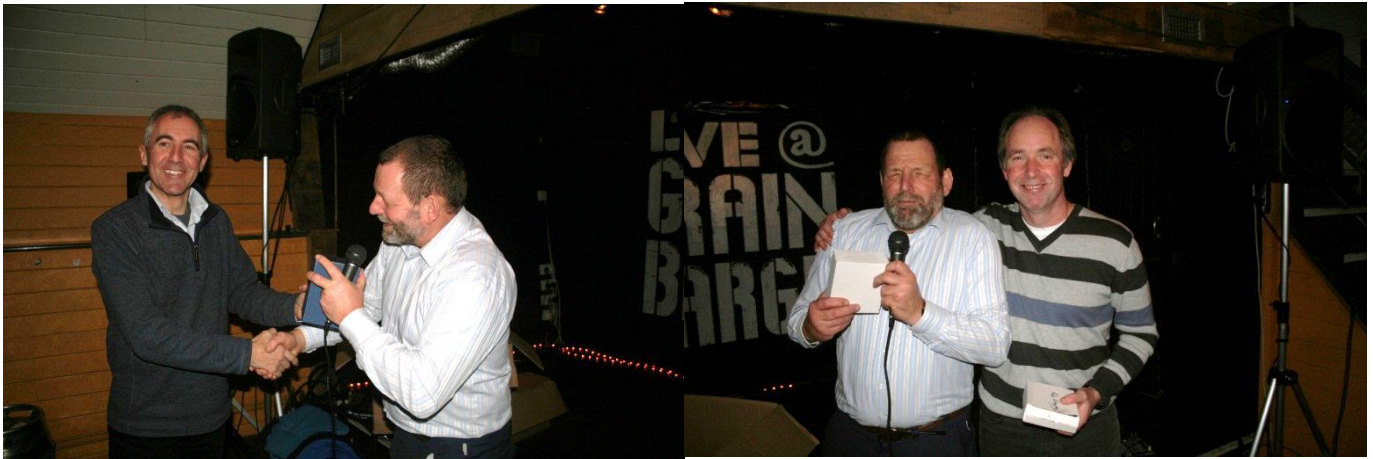
Tim Pentreath – best photo (see cover photo)



Al Davies and Pete Douglas – joint winners of the Easter Cup

2010 PG BCC

Even though the final never saw a completed task the Avon PG team had a successful season captained once again by Ken Wilkinson. Trophies were awarded by Ken to fellow team members – shown below :Richard Danbury, Robert Kingston, Mike Rosedale, Mike Humphries. Not shown Graham Richards, Rod Taylor and Alan Davies.





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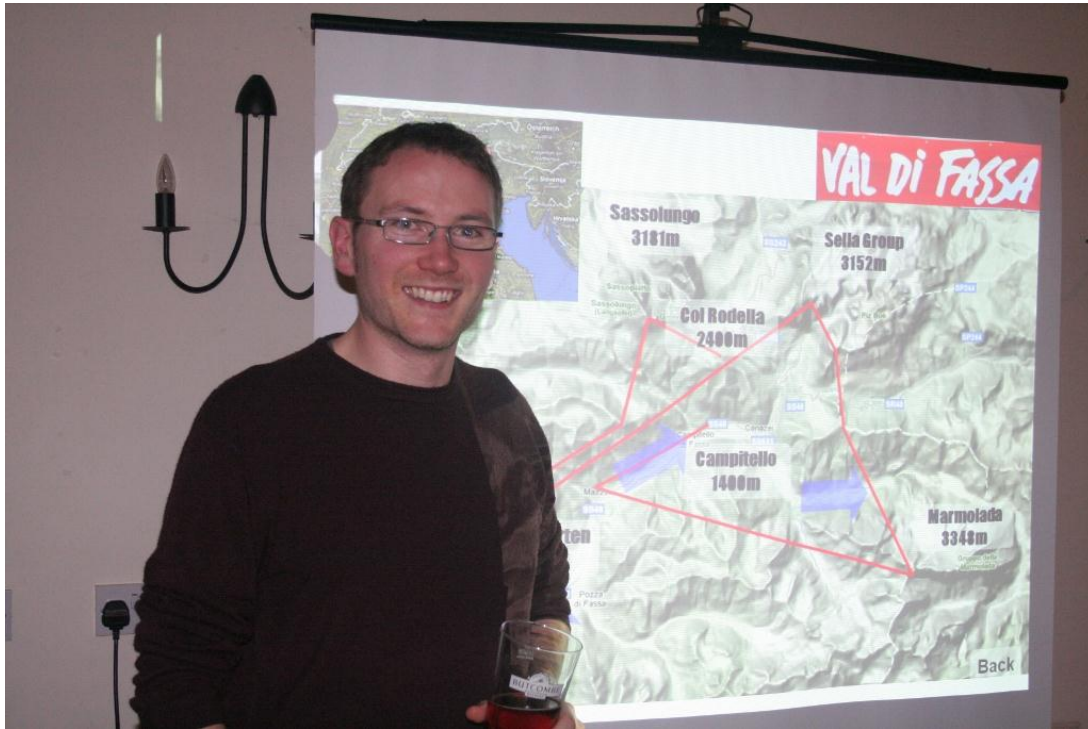
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Club Meetings 2011

Ian Anslow the Social Secreatry has been doing a first class job arranging a wide variety of guest speakers this year.



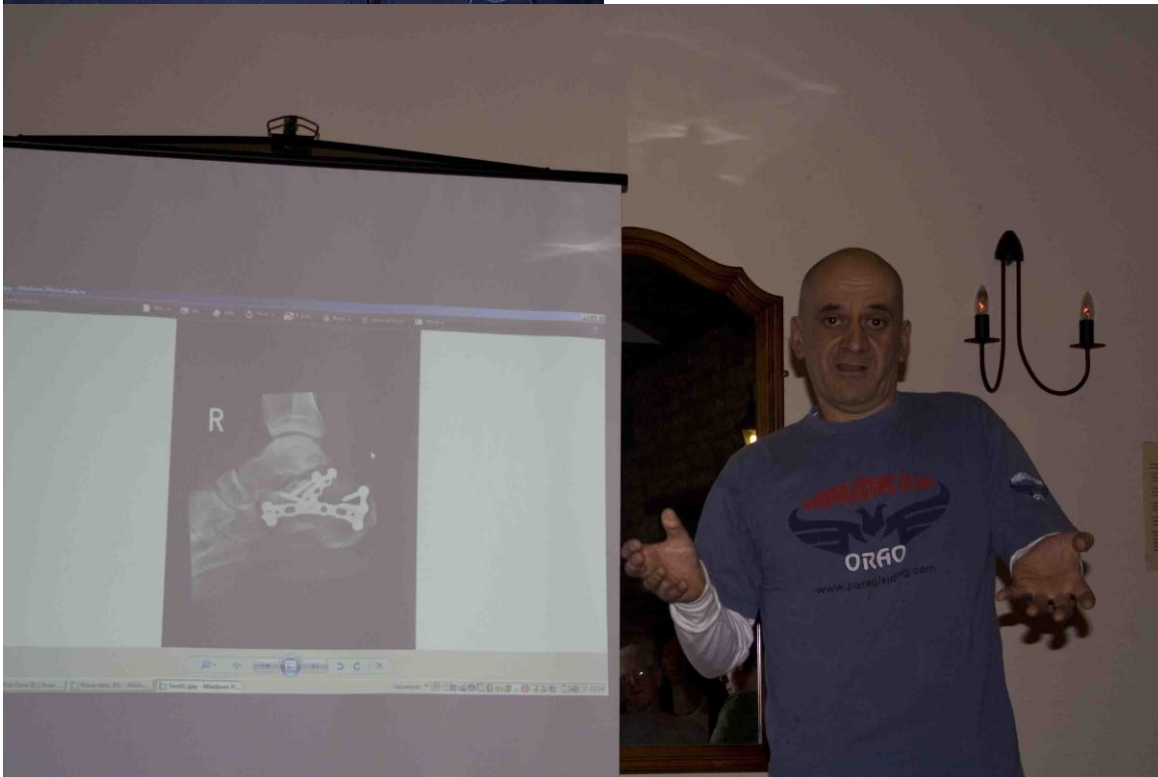
January 2011 Declan Fleming gave a talk on flying in The Dolomites



November 2010 Pete Moore told us about his 3 month bike journey through 14 countries all the way to Mongolia and back.



February 2011 Alex Coltman talking about local Cross country flying and how to avoid going down on Lord Hereford's Knob.



March 2011 Richard ('Reech') Stiling talked about flying from various sites in the UK and about his 'incident'! We even saw the video nasty.



April 2011 Richard Bungay talked about the Redbull X-Alps, where he will be the support team for Steve Nash(Team GBR1), as well as about flying in the UK



May 2011 Squadron Leader Maurice "Biggles" Biggs talked to us about his time and missions flying the Vulcan, and we got to hear how his flying career progressed from pistons to jets.

WHITE HORSE MARQUEES (Sponsors of the Mere Bash)

Why not try flying something different in 2010 like Bertie's new open-cockpit microlight (below left)?

Full training up to NPPL given in this fantastic fun flying machine!
Or how about flying on water with a Sky Ski Hydrofoil (below right)?
Trial flights by appointment.



Tel. 01985 840705
whitehorsemarquees.co.uk
foilflyer.co.uk



June 2011 Rod Buck (shown with Lynn) told us about the Wendy Windblows weather reporting system and future plans – see advert in this magazine

If Only I'd listened to Ray Mears

Ben Friedland

The Flight

Bother! I'd taken off with my car keys in my pocket, so if I went cross country I would have to hitch all the way back again. But hey, that might never happen and there was nothing I could do about it now. Four hours later, I indeed had a big retrieve problem as I started looking for somewhere to land near Swansea. The flight had been exhilarating, over the loneliest parts of the Brecon Beacons, but I was exhausted. Added to the normal fatigue, I had not slept well for the last two nights as we had been camping at Builth Wells and it had been very cold. I craved a safe ending to this adventure, somewhere large, flat, and not too close to the sea.

The Landing

I spiralled down to what looked like the ideal site, then squeezing another kilometre out of the day I pushed out to land in its centre. Just as my feet touched down I noticed the "grass" getting a lot taller. Finally, and far too late to change anything, I realised that this ideal site was in fact a large swamp.

This was the start of a new adventure, but as a veteran of two previous swamp landings I expected to be out and celebrating my flight in a very short time.

The first task was to tell Nia where I was. With feelings of premonition I asked her to call back occasionally just to check that I was alright and followed that up by sending my coordinates – a text that she never received.

The next step was to loosely bundle the wing into the rucksack and choose a way out. With the harness over one shoulder and the rucksack over the other, the unwieldy kit weighed a ton, so I lightened up by dumping one of my two litres of water.

There were two possible directions: east via some woods to a hill or west through reeds to a more distant rise. I choose the shorter route, towards the hill.



East

Soon I was getting hot, and struggling to stay upright. After a short time I got to a very wet area and my feet began sinking in. The idea of getting stuck did not appeal so I went back to the landing spot to try the other way.

West

The alternative route was longer and more demanding as the saw tooth edges of the reeds bound them together, each step requiring a huge effort. The heat and my predicament were making me feel panicky so with impaired judgement I discarded three brand new fleeces and my helmet which had been acting as a pressure cooker on my head.

West would take hours, if I made it at all, as for one thing I vaguely recalled seeing a channel out there, so I headed back to the landing spot for the third time.



Back Again

By this time I was extremely thirsty, but the drinking end of my Camelbak had been trailing in the mud, so I unscrewed the large opening to drink from that instead.

On the first attempt, almost all the water rushed straight past my lips and disappeared into the bog. With only 200ml of the original 2 litres remaining I set up the second attempt very carefully. I slowly raised one end of the blue bag, but nothing came out. I raised it a bit higher, still nothing. In frustration I hoisted it up abruptly. Predictably, but to my dismay, the remaining water rushed past my gaping mouth and was lost.

For reassurance I decided make a call. I could see that I had missed some calls, which was great, but when I tried to use the phone, the touch sensitive screen did not respond. Looking at the fully illuminated display, I could see that the inside of the phone was half filled with water. My new hi-tech phone momentarily got hot, and then packed in forever.

With no water or phone and having failed to get out in both directions things the mental pressure was building, so I abandoned the glider and tried east again. Unencumbered I quickly got past the wet area and the woods proved much easier going. Now a lot happier, I decided to go back for my kit before resuming the journey through the woods.

The Woods

The woods were dark and swampy and obviously not the kind of place that people would normally enter. I knew that if I got stuck I would not be found for days as I had moved from my original position and was not visible from the air. Best to block out those thoughts and continue towards the hill. After some time I neared the edge of the woods 😊

When I emerged I was shocked – reeds, loads of them, more than I'd seen all day and no sign of the hill. I was totally disorientated; I'd been wandering around for ages and was completely knackered. What would Ray Mears have done? I remember something about staying put and waiting for help, but this was ridiculous, I was only a few miles from Swansea and surely his advice was meant for this type of situation?

I abandoned my glider again, keeping only the flight deck and followed my compass east through the woods.

At one point my left leg went “right in” and in true Hollywood style I watched my other leg slowly submerging in the struggle to escape.

Deliverance

Two hours after landing, I finally made it to the village of Jersey Marine where I knocked on the first house and asked them for water and to call off the (non-existent) helicopter rescue. They were curious about why I had gone into the bog, but as my kit was still out there I kept things deliberately vague.

Late that night I finally got home to Bristol, no car, no glider but I still thrilled about the flight and happy to be out of the bog.

Ben F

Wendy Windblows Major Overhaul 2011!

Rod Buck

It's hard to believe, but I've been looking after the Wendy Windblows chain of weather stations since 1987; that's 24 years!

Well, I did consider retiring a little while ago, but so many people said they'd miss her too much, so I decided it was time for a major overhaul. Technology has moved on, and we will now be able to do lots of things that we couldn't before. Like webcams, new stations in new places, and new Text reports... Let's have a look at a small sample of what Wendy is doing, and will do this year...



Weather For Specific Flying Sites!

Some people have always found it hard to interpret what the local Wendy station is saying into what it might be at half-a-dozen local sites nearby. Well, we've automated that process! The new Wendy will give you specific predictions for ALL the local sites, based on a self-adjusting algorithm.

Local Pilot Reports Fed In!

You can stand at take-off, and text in to Wendy:

Westbury SSW 15 - or whatever and this info will be added to the Westbury site page on Wendy's website (yes, each SITE will have its own page and weather report!) and what's even better, the report will be sent out by text to all the Wendy members who've registered an interest in Westbury!

Text Reports Too!

Yes, Wendy now reports EACH SITE or EACH CLUB AREA by text! Instead of ringing up, and maybe getting the Engaged tone, you can text:

Westbury Weather? to Wendy's text number, **07797 806 671**

- and within a few seconds, Wendy will text you back the weather for that site. This works for all your local club sites. Or, you can ask for the whole club area:

Avon Weather? -and get a report for whichever club sites are ON!

Free Ads, Groups, Webcams, New Stations, and other Stuff!

We'll have a free ads section where you can sell your spare equipment, arrange holiday trips, discuss comps, and set up special-interest groups, where you can pass messages around to your mates. Sort of like a free-flight Facebook. Only without the trivia, I reckon.

And I plan to add webcams, and new-technology stations in new places if you, the fliers, subscribe and so give me the money to do it all!

I can send the data in from the hill by cellphone now, which means much-more frequent updates of



Rod, hard at work making Wendy behave!

weather, and webcam images. We will be able to put stations where it wasn't possible before, for technical reasons.

Improved Phone Service!

You won't have to phone two or three different stations to get an area report any more - we have amalgamated all the stations onto **ONE** phone number. You can get the reports from several stations with one call.

No Passwords Needed!

Yes, for all the phone reports and text updates, and **you won't need a password**. The system will know who you are from your phone number. That means easier access, and unlimited access - all the old call limits will be gone.

Wendy Is Cheaper, Too!

Do you realise, Wendy can cost as little as 8p a day? And with the cost of petrol now, CAN YOU AFFORD TO WASTE ANY?

[Sign Up To Wendy Here](#)

Further information about all the changes and new services is at: [Wendy's New Services Page](#)

Rod Buck

Valle de Bravo (Mexico): First Flight

Lindsay Rossdale

As I walked up to the landing field bar to meet Daniel, my tandem pilot, the entire Norwegian national paragliding team turned round to look at me, which was nice, and burst into guffaws of laughter, which was not. I may not be Kate Moss but I didn't think it had got that bad. Anyway, once I'd calmed down and they'd put the chairs back it turned out to be about how Michael had described me when setting up the meeting. The hair, or something. They didn't go into details. (Note to spouse: flowers alone will not sort this out.) Despite this initial setback, Daniel and I got on fine, and I must have passed the tandem test - not over 20 stone, not too obviously neurotic, no sharp objects etc etc - because the next morning I was pacing the El Peñon takeoff field trying to look relaxed. It turns out paragliding is mostly parawaiting, parachatting, and parasnacking with a bit of a flight thrown in if you're lucky. Some foolish youngsters flung themselves into the early morning air and sank like stones towards the landing field; the wiser ones bought a coffee and watched. A poor American chap tried again and again to take off while his group leader filmed every attempt, which can't have helped morale.

Eventually watching that got boring and Daniel, having been given the Norwegian team mission, decided we should go. I looked around to see him stripped down to his underpants, which gave me a bit of a turn, but he was soon warmly clad again and ready for the off. I was strapped in, adjusted, and clipped firmly in front of him before I even had time to ask what I was supposed to do. Just run down the hill, apparently. And then, with a flick of his wrist, he got the wing up and we were off. I'm not a great runner and it was more of a precipice than a hill, but I did my best. There was a millisecond of uncertainty over the harness (I really should have asked) and then a firm shove from behind saw me safely in. More of a bucket than a seat, it turned out. Too late now to wonder if my bum looks big in this. Finally, I realised I was flying. It had taken that long to sink in.



There were trees below, scary trees, getting (I thought) scarily close at a scary speed, but Daniel soon had that in hand and we began to circle upwards. There is a strange bureaucracy of the air here; one day you all thermal left, the next right. It's a bit like a giant folk dance. No wonder Norwegians are good at it. We were among so many other spiralling wings I felt like a starling. Luckily we didn't roost but after a while scratching around we found enough height to risk traversing over to a cliff, where I was slightly freaked out as we swooped around six inches from the

rock face, but on a positive note I did get a pretty close look at the fossil record. Here we got up high enough to go to (I think) Crazy Thermal (how I laughed) where we banged around, up and down, round and round, lots of wind, lots of noise, a few other wings, and Daniel reassuringly saying only experienced pilots should fly here. (That is us, right? I didn't ask.) Some bloke nearby folded half his wing up for some reason, showing off I expect. We got up high enough here to go to Three Kings (I think) and had a nice go up to 3200m in a big thermal where we were joined by some other wings, including a rather anxious Michael. (Ken was showing off in the distance somewhere as usual).



Daniel got a bit worked up about some of the people flying above him. I naively thought it would be helpful to see where they were going, but apparently the helpful ones are below you in a thermal, and they show you where it is. The ones above are using you. The imps! There was one dastardly pilot who gave us some scary moments, piling in on the thermal randomly and generally getting in the way. It's obvious to me paragliding technology needs to move on a bit to embrace air-to-air missiles. A few sidewinders and the thermal is yours. That would improve stack discipline. I gave him a Look anyway, but being American (as it turned out later) it was wasted. Also, I suppose my helmet and glasses got in the way a bit. We did hear him being roundly told off by the Norwegian team captain later though, most satisfying.



Off we went with joy in our hearts over to a grassy clearing on a plateau and instantly began to sink down. What a depressing sound that is from the Down (Gordon)Brownie: 'Oo noo! doown we goo... Oo noo!', not like the Going-Up Fairies: 'Yay! We're going up up up! Whee! Bip bip bip!' (Actually that was me, I did get a bit cheerful what with the altitude and that. And I was strapped to a very nice young man).

It is really windy, paragliding. And it's not what i mean by 'gliding' when you are never still for a minute, up and down and round and round, always adjusting, always judging. Daniel could obviously read the ground easily for thermals, we found some over and over again but they petered out on us. (There was lots of twiddly flying stuff going on here for some time, which you will have to fill in for yourselves). Weirdly, when the wing drops you feel as if you have lurched up slightly, but I was taking pictures like a maniac by now and really enjoying myself, hardly noticing the bumps any more.

Daniel was beginning to think we'd have to land and face a huge walk out but eventually we got back up to around 2900m and although this was apparently not high enough it was either that or leg it through the forest so he decided to risk going over to El Thingy, a big pointy hill in the direction of the lake. Anyway, we made it by the skin of our teeth and attempted to get up again, zigzagging along the hillside, about two metres from the trees, and limped up to just above the summit. We began to glide over the farmland in front, which was full of luxury ranching spreads definitely not owned by drug barons so perfectly safe to land on. Here we found the Going-Up Fairies again and we got back up to about 3000m and set off confidently to the lake, all worries past.

High over the sparkling water, Daniel suggested a few acrobatics might be in order. I was so euphoric by now he could have suggested getting out on a nearby cloud and walking home and I would have said yes, so off we went. Asymmetric tucks and spiral dives; I have no idea what they are but they took us down at 18.5m/s towards the lake. I was pinned in the harness, G force pushing the breath out of me and the lake bouncing around above and below us. I could hear some nutter shouting whee! whee! whee! and it turned out it was me. I was glad that Daniel waited until we'd finished before he admitted that sometimes everything goes black for a few seconds, but I would still have done it.

We came in very sensibly (relatively) after that over the town and swung down towards the absurdly small landing field, with its pointy yachts moored nearby with their pointy masts, and its pointy trees with their pointy branches, and with no fuss at all Daniel stepped lightly onto the ground, and I, trying to be helpful, sat down like a sack of potatoes at his feet. I still felt cool however, despite the video evidence, and soon it was beer all round and jollity. Two and a half hours on a bit of nylon and some string. But now I know why.

Travelling to Valle de Bravo - the details (and photos) Ken Wilkinson (1 pound = 20 pesos approx)

The best months are reported to be December and January. February is OK but then it gets increasingly windy. Summer has a rainy season. The days are almost always flyable in the peak season. It's a bit chilly in the morning, then tee shirts from 10.00 onwards, and blue skies guaranteed.

The airlines that have the best routing from Bristol are Air France and KLM, both of whom fly direct from Paris and Amsterdam, after an early city hopper flight. Air France run 3 flights a day and the 6.45 Bristol flight can have a connection at 10.30am, 1.00pm or 4.00pm. The better the connection the greater the price. Canadian Airlines also do deals and the route there goes via East of Canada so it's on the way. If the price makes it worth it... Obviously going via Heathrow offers other carriers, like BA, but the convenience of Bristol makes it a winner. Having said that we had 6 hr stopovers both ways so there may be better options.

Do NOT go with a stopover in the States as you have to do all of the onerous US entry requirements, as they do not seem to understand the concept of 'Transit'.

It's best to get a hotel in Mexico City, and stay the night as you will arrive in the evening, very tired. It only cost about 20 pounds a night for very respectable accommodation supplied by your airline, and you will want to chill out after a long day. Taxis from the airport are fixed price; about 6 pounds (120 pesos) to the main downtown areas. The exchange booth in the Arrivals has a terrible exchange rate. Try to bring at least a little cash, or change the minimum, and use an ATM as soon as you can. They are everywhere.

Next day travel to Valle de Bravo (pronounced "Baya de Bravo"). Get the taxi to the **Observatorio** bus station, (about 6 pounds). Walk through the station to the end and on your left is the **'Zina' bus company**. They go to Valle every hour at 20 past the hour. Cost about 6 pounds. It takes 3 Hrs, though they will say 2 Hrs, as the jams in Toluca are terrible.

Mexico has lots in the news about crime and drug wars, but Valle is a posh and rich place, with loads of VERY expensive weekend retreats from the city. It is crawling with police and security. Outside of the town, crime is not a problem. The locals are very friendly, and support the sport, and we had no dodgy incidents at all, nor did we hear of any.

Flying is easy, get a taxi to El Peñón (pronounced "El Penyon") - 6 quid for one person, or 2.50 each with 3 in a car) for 150 pesos. It takes half an hour, and you drive up past the various land out fields. Just after turning off the Toluca road, there is a restaurant 'Jovans' which is a very popular eating spot after a morning flight. You can get a lift up to the El Peñón for a 'glass off' flight for 30 or 40 pesos. The times to fly are from about 11.00 to 12.00 take off, and do a wild and woolly flight with lots of XC if you feel like it. If it's too rough, you can always land in the bottom landing field and get a lift to Jovans, and wait for an evening flight. After 2.00pm, it gets quite wild and its best to wait for 'glass off'. A 'glass off' flight can still have 4m/sec thermals in it! Take off after 4.00. We had some excellent smoother lift up to 4000ft ATO in these flights! As it all calms down later, a float up the 1000ft vertical El Peñón rock face in 1's and 2's is a delightful experience, followed by a landing in the bottom landing field. The local site of Torres is minor and the access is longer than El Peñón. You may also have to walk a long way, and it's a rubbish site. Don't bother; you can fly it when you get to the lake anyway.

The standard rate for two kids to pack your glider is 10 pesos each. They are not all great at it!



Landing back at the lake in Valle has caused problems, as this is a very tight area. It's fine in the day when the ambient thermal induced wind gives you easy access against a headwind, but it's not fine later in the day after an evening flight when the wind has dropped. There were several incidents when we were there. Look at it before you land there! Nice sandwiches and beer there, and the sunset is lovely! It's only 14 k, but can be very involved, and the most reliable route is very circuitous.



There are loads of other things to do in Valle as well. It is a delightful place, and very reasonable. The Monarch Butterflies are a must, and the local (extinct) volcano at 4700m will get you puffing. There are also climbing, mountain biking etc and lake type boat activities, but the water does look a bit dodgy for swimming!!



Valle is mainly a place for experienced pilots, unless well briefed. There are a load of low airtime Americans there and they do OK with coaching, and landing early. The lift, sink, and turbulence are nothing like anything you will find in the UK, or the Alps. It's a full on place if you explore. 'Crazy thermal' has seen many reserve throws, and you will often get lift of up to 10 on the averager. Expect full collapses! Enough said..... It can also offer wonderful XC flying which we were only just starting to explore when our time ran out.

There are agents to help sort out a house, and we have some contacts. Hopefully that's next Xmas and New Year sorted!!



Ken W

Using an iPhone for XC Navigation

Rob Kingston

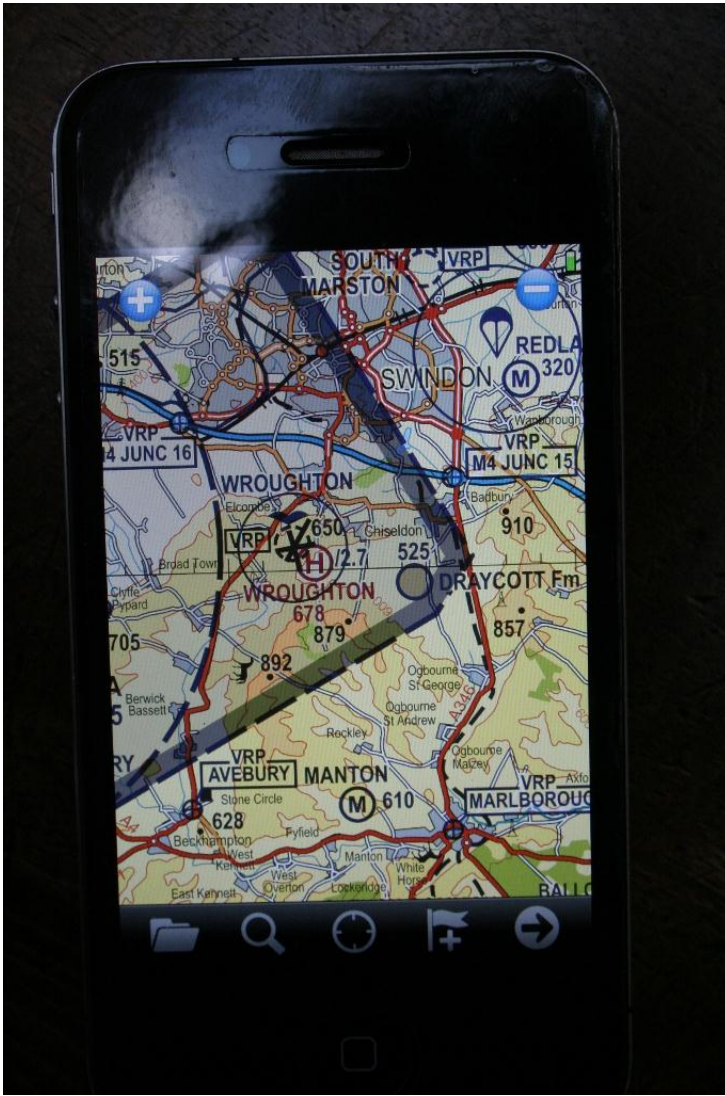
I fly with the Garmin 76Cx GPS with the standard air maps loaded, and supplement this with a paper copy of Ben Friedland's www.simpleairmap.co.uk to more easily make sense of the airspace. I also want to be able to see the CAA maps when I'm flying for extra detail and identification of towns and features.

I've set up my iPhone4 with airmaps to help navigate when XC flying and find it a useful tool. Here's how:

- You need Memory Map (MM) loaded on your PC and also buy the MM app for the iPhone (c£20). This allows you to transfer any maps from your PC onto the phone using iTunes. Whilst it is possible to buy just the MM air maps I've got the complete OS 50k mapping to the UK and find that very useful to have on your phone, especially when you land out (be warned that if you transfer large files >2Gb to the iPhone it doesn't recognise them due to a single file size limit on the iPhone – in this case split the map into two within MM).
- Buy the MM air maps that you require – all of the CAA charts (in 1:250,000 or 1:500,000) are available for c.£20each . Transfer them to the phone. The choice of the 250 or 500 map is a personal choice but remember the 250 maps don't have all of the necessary information on them but are easier to navigate on – you can of course load both and switch between maps.
- I mount the iPhone onto my flight deck using a velcro'd on hard backed (rubber sided) case which I also tie on. There are loads of cases for the iPhone on the market that cost between £10-20.
- The navigation is simple as you get a very clear red circle on the map as you fly. You can zoom the map using the +/- buttons or by pinching. I find the screen easy to read whilst flying, even in bright sunlight with sunglasses on.
- I generally have the setting such that the screen shuts down after 5 minutes (if you don't use it) to save battery. I also fly with a PowerMonkey backup power supply (£25) so that you don't run out of power and can still get retrieved! There are several other external power supplies you can use, some specifically for the iPhone.
- To use the touch screen on the iPhone using gloved hands you have a couple of choices. You can either buy a purpose made glove which allows conduction through the finger tips or you DIY by sewing conductive thread into the appropriate fingertips on your favourite flying gloves. Both work just fine.
 - I have a pair of North Face e-tip gloves for warm conditions (£25) which are purpose built.
 - If you are going to do it yourself then buy 2m of conductive thread on ebay for £3. I found that to do just the index finger and thumb of my RH glove took over 1m of thread. There's a nice video on youtube to show you how to do it. You need to do the index finger and thumb and what I found tricky was figuring out what part of the thumb to sew.

Good luck!

Rob K



iPhone4 showing 1:250,000 Memory Map CAA map.

Below: flight deck complete with iPhone





North Face E-tip gloves and below DIY gloves.



July Caption Competition

This month: Ken Wilkinson on the not so straight but narrow. Any captions should be sent to: editor@avonhgpg.co.uk



And Finally

Provided by Ian Anslow – original source unknown.

A Paragliding Dictionary (A-M)

Aggrobatrics

Annoying stunts by (other) pilots in front of the launch site

Alpine Blanch

Anxiety resulting from not having done a forward launch in ages

Alpine Lunch

Mouth full of grass, a.k.a. 'Face Plant' - result of aforesaid anxiety

Also-Stratus

Shape shifting cloud layer

Aspect Horatio

Someone who gets overly dramatic about how skinny his glider is

Ass-metric

Wing collapse demonstrating level of pilot obtuseness, e.g. 40% ass-metric. :-P

Belicopter

Unintentional spin, inducing nausea

Bridge Soaring

More challenging version of soaring, especially difficult due to absence of dynamic lift and likelihood of imprisonment by authorities

Carabinere

Graffiti left by Cara

Crapatte

Serious cravatte

Cumulobimbus

Attractive, well developed cloud

Faltimeter

Defective flying instrument

Fink Warning Tone

Audio indication to let you know there are a**hole pilots nearby

Free Riser Design

Marketing innovation whereby you only pay for the cloth and lines

Glib Ratio

Marketing savvy divided by measured performance

Grim Speed

Full bar on a hot wing

Guest Front

Arrival of unexpected visitors, making flying difficult

Landing Flair

Elegant landing

Lee side

Universally acknowledged as unsafe area for PG pilots. Keep a safe distance and call the authorities if you see him

Maximum Peed

Practice of emptying bladder before launch to ensure a comfortable flight

Minimum Think Rate

Threshold qualification for a career in aviation

Misty Flap

Collapse at cloudbase

