

Skywords

Monthly Newsletter of the Dales Hang Gliding and Paragliding Club

Www.dhpc.org.uk

July 2009



From the Editor, Dennis Wray

No need to have any waffle from me this month as we have a Chairman's Chat instead!

We received quite a few articles for this issue of Skywords, so thanks to all the contributors! All the same, please keep your contributions coming in!

Happy flying!

Please send your contributions directly to me - my email is d.wray@leeds.ac.uk

Martin Baxter writes:

Chairman's chat, June 2009

John is somewhere between the PWC in Turkey and his annual summer paragliding tour of Spain and France so I'm standing in as your Chairman for the next couple of months. Actually you may get me for a little bit longer because John has announced his intention to stand down from the committee at the next AGM in Nov, and unless there is a stampede of people wanting to take over as Chairman, it'll probably end up being me.

But they are a good bunch on the committee and that should help a lot. As you can see Dennis Wray is doing a sterling job editing the Newsletter. Pete Logan (Secretary) and Tony

Pickering (Treasurer) are the experienced 'old hands' who keep the engine reliably ticking over. Neil Plant has done a fine job of streamlining our membership, and Pete Balmforth (safety) has already organised a very successful reserve re-pack and first aid night. And who could mention 'old' and 'hands' in the same sentence without thinking of Trevor Birkbeck; an ex-chairman himself. He is the sole hang-glider pilot on the committee and therefore also responsible for the social side of things. It is him you have to thank for the annual party and the variety of club night presentations: Jocky Sanderson, Rod Buck and most recently a fabulous presentation by Melise Harland about climbing and then paragliding down from Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Andes.

James Watson is our webmaster and librarian. The website has undergone much development over the last year and whilst there is still more to be done (online sites' guide) I am sure that you will agree that it is something that we can all be proud of.

Kate Rawlinson is doing a cracking job of running our comps team, as well as keeping an eye on our silverware. As if that isn't enough she is organising the Dales Northern Bash later this month. She has been ably assisted by Dave Coulthard who is one of the unsung heroes managing our sites.

Final mention must go to Sean Hodgson (Ogi) who, as chief coach, has organised a very successful coaching package to help our newer members build upon their basic skills in a safe and structured environment.

Rest assured you have a great team serving your interests.

Club Nights

Club nights now continue at the Ilkley Moor Vaults Pub, Ilkley. This is located just off the A65 at Stockeld Road (LS29 9HD). Club nights are now on the first Wednesday of the month (instead of Thursdays), meeting at 8pm, notices at 8:15, and events starting at 8:30.

Next club night – 1 July

The programme for this meeting has not yet been finalised on going to press with this edition of the Newsletter. Please take a look at the Dales Club website for further information if available. If a speaker is not arranged, we will still meet to have a beer and chat.

Walter's spot!



Kate writes:

Dales Northern Bash – Reminder!

Come and join us for a weekend of flying and fun in the beautiful Yorkshire Dales. The Dales Northern Bash has now been definitely confirmed for 27th & 28th June 2009, at the Green Dragon Inn, Hardraw, Hawes, DL8 3LZ

There will be a BBQ on Saturday night (£6). Tickets will be available from the bar (a vegetarian option is also available - numbers in advance please). Camping is £5 per person per night. Please pay at the bar on arrival before pitching your tent.

Northern Paragliding – will be bringing lots of lovely Demo wings, so bring your cheque book ;-). This weekend will also host the Dales Airwave Club Challenge round.

For further information about this weekend, see the club's website at <http://www.dhpc.org.uk/forum/> or email katerawlinson@hotmail.co.uk

Looking forward to seeing you all, from Kate n Dave on behalf of the Dales Club Committee

Dales Northern Bash Paragliding Competition 27th/28th June

Briefing for this comp will be at the Green Dragon camping field/car park on Saturday 17th at 9:30 am.

ACC Team:

Saturday	Sunday
Sean Hodgeson	Sean Hodgeson
Kate Rawlinson	Kate Rawlinson
Dave Coulthard	Dave Coulthard
Anthony Pickering	Anthony Pickering
Kev Mcloughlin	Kev Mcloughlin
Peter Balmforth	Peter Balmforth
Dennis Wray	Dennis Wray
Stephen Mertens	Stephen Mertens
Steve Brigg	Steve Brigg
Richard Shirt	Richard Shirt
Rob Boyle	Rob Boyle

Reserves: Andy Byrom (Sunday?)

Radio frequencies

Martin got the following text third hand from the Avon club, and thought it might be useful to publish it in the newsletter.

The following was loosely agreed between Rod Buck (the BHPA's Radio Officer) and the Radio Agency in the UK a while back. Whilst not strictly legal, the RA agreed to 'leave us alone' if we stick to the below:

143.950 Main calling channel
143.925
143.900
143.875
143.850 Alternative calling channel in busy areas
143.825
143.800
143.775
143.750
143.725
143.700 Also used as calling channel by PG's in some areas

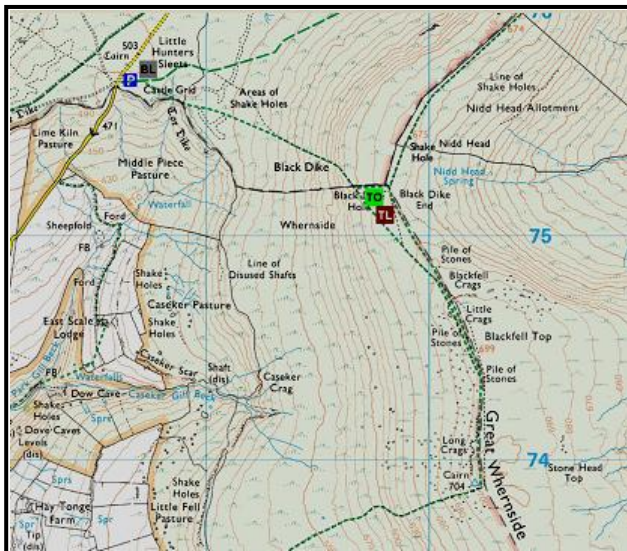
Martin suggests we had better use 143.95 as the primary Dales frequency.

Sites officer Martin writes:

Great Whernside

Great Whernside (as opposed to Whernside) is a majestic west-facing hill above Kettlewell. Some of you may well have flown it, but it doesn't appear in our sites' guide. I have been trying to re-negotiate permission to fly there for the last 2 years. Let me explain the situation...

We used to have an agreement to fly there and it used to be in the sites' guide (requiring permission from the landowner before flying) but over the years ownership changed and the agreement was lost. Then on New Year's Eve 2007 a non-member had an accident there and was air-lifted out by helicopter. This prompted the gamekeeper to get in touch and I was introduced to the owners.



Look at the map above. I have attempted to mark the original Parking area (P), Bottom Landing area (BL), Take-Off (TO) and Top Landing area (TL). Note the wall that runs West/East near TO. The land to the north of that wall (*Black Dike*) is part of the Coverdale Estate. The land to the south of that wall (*Whernside*), including TO, TL and the soaring ridge, is managed by a gateholder's association. The secretary of that association is David Plews who is very much 'on side' and came to the last Dales Club Party. The problem lies with the Coverdale Estate to the north.

Stephen Mawle runs the Coverdale Estate on behalf of his mother who lives near Oxford. When I first made contact he asked us not to fly the site for a year as an act of good faith. We complied with this request and I met up with him earlier this year to try to thrash out a

deal. Grouse shooting generates most of the Estate's income and we managed to come up with an agreement based upon the following restrictions:

1. Only full members (initially at least).
2. Limited to 8 pilots on the hill at any one time. We may be able to negotiate more for comps.
3. Cars must display a DHPC sites guide, with member's name on it, on the dashboard.
4. No flying during the breeding season 15 Apr - end Jun.
5. No flying during the shooting season: Aug 12 and every Mon/Tue thereafter until end of Oct.
6. No smoking, no dogs.

But the real stumbling block was payment. He was adamant that a payment of £350 + VAT was appropriate. As a concession he suggested that we do work in kind as a contribution to the upkeep of the estate. This would equate to about 60 man hours of manual work, so if 15 of us were willing to put in 4 hours work (pulling out ragwort etc) around Sep time that would earn us another year's flying.

This could have been done as part of a DHPC event, but aside from the issue of whether enough members would turn out (especially if it was flyable) the committee considered that this would set a precedent which could jeopardise our agreements at other sites; and rejected the offer.

So where does that leave us? We can walk to take-off using the public right of way. We have permission to take-off, soar the ridge to the south of the wall and top land. But we do not have permission to park, to overfly the Coverdale Estate or to land near the car park. I have tried to find alternative parking/safe bottom landing areas (without a huge walk up) but there just isn't anything suitable.

If you choose to risk parking illegally (as many walkers and tourists already do) be aware that Stephen has threatened clamping, although it is difficult to see how this would be enforced. Perhaps a greater threat is that if you disrupt a shoot (or breeding) he may sue you for losses (£Ks) in the civil court. The BHPA's 3rd party insurance is unlikely to cover you.

However Stephen has made it clear that "any individual pilot looking to fly Great Whernside in return for some of their time each year is welcome to contact him". His email is

steve@lightandmotionuk.com If anyone does contact him, I would be very grateful for any feedback.

I have published some other details about Great Whernside on the website:

<http://www.dhpc.org.uk/sites-more.php?site=170>

Lost Property

We received this message following the recent BPCup event:

"I left my compact camera on Wether Fell yesterday afternoon [14 June]. It's in a small bright blue nylon bag. If anyone has found it, or knows of its whereabouts, please let me know.

Many thanks,
Barbara"

If anyone found it, she can be contacted at barbara.st.aubyn@googlemail.com

News from the committee

Preamble

JE is away until the end of July, and MB is standing in as Chairman. JE has indicated that he does not want to serve on the committee next year so this was an opportunity to discuss new ideas and reinforce some old ones. MB emphasised the need to make committee meetings more concise and less repetitive. Various action plans for this were agreed. Future meetings will start promptly at 7.30pm and finish at 9.30pm, with the emphasis on 'business before beer'.

Sites

Great Whernside. Information was produced for Skywords and for the Site Guide on the website.

Ilkley (ground). DC is monitoring the situation.

Ilkley Both Ilkley and Baildon are within LBIA CTZ. MB has approached LBIA to see if they have any record of a local agreement, or possibly to negotiate one. Ilkley is to be used as a test case before raising the issue of Baildon. Eddie Royal (who thinks he has sole rights for teaching at Baildon) is happy for us to deal with the airspace issue.

Nidderdale. PL has identified a potential flying site in Nidderdale. Dean Crosby offers the following advice: 'I would leave it alone; there are a few locals that occasionally frighten

themselves on it. I flew it several times many years ago, bit of a washing machine, wouldn't recommend it as a club site.'

Website

There was a bug preventing display of site records; JW to supply bugfix. JW also to provide online calendar.

Sites guide for website

Update still in progress.

Skywords

The deadline for receiving articles for publication is 21st of the month. The aim is to publish by 28th of the month.

Coaching

Over a dozen people were booked in for the coaching days on 20/21 June. Tony Blacker has offered to do an accuracy session. This could be included as a coaching activity.

Safety

PB is planning a joint training event with Mountain Rescue, simulating a real incident.

Competitions

The Dales Northern Bash is booked at the Green Dragon for 27/28 June. Details have been published. PL is to 'call the ball' on the Baildon Sod.

Social

A possible programme for future Club nights was discussed. The future of the Dales Club Party will be discussed after the Dales Northern Bash.

Membership

The club now has 130 members. Membership packs and the website have been updated. The issue of non-members flying members-only sites (Stags Fell) was raised. The club's policy remains one of tactful persuasion, although MB did offer to write to persistent offenders if the details could be established.

Library

JW is reviewing the library with a view to thinning out old material. It was recognised that committee members sometimes come across 'bargain' items suitable for the library but do not have time to seek authority for the purchase. In such cases committee members are authorised to use their discretion and may spend up to £10 for such items.

Finance

The Co-op current account is now setup and working, both paying and accepting money. We now need to find a savings account that gives a better return. To that end TP is authorised to close the Yorkshire Bank deposit account moving all available funds into the current account, where it can be more easily invested. TP made the point that we normally pay about 4 speakers per year and couldn't afford this every month. MB agreed and

stated that an annual budget should be set for club nights.

Committee appointments

All those present gave a tentative indication of their willingness to stand again at the AGM in Nov (DW happy to remain on the committee in another capacity but does not want to continue with editing the Newsletter). MB has approached Graham Laycock to stand as Sites (N) Officer and Ian Sadler to stand for Newsletter Editor. Those not present at the meeting are asked to indicate their willingness to stand again at the next AGM.

Martin Baxter writes:

Paragliders go underground

Gaping Gill is perhaps Britain's most famous cave. From the moor on the flanks of Ingleborough, Fell Beck plunges 105 metres (360 feet) into Britain's biggest known cave chamber.

Whilst there are actually 7 principal entrances, non-cavers can only enter the cave on selected weekends (including a week over the Spring Bank Holiday) using a specially constructed winch set up and run by the Bradford Pothole Club (BPC). I have wanted to make the descent for many years but have always been put off by the need to make an early start to avoid the lengthy queues over a Bank Holiday Weekend.

However whilst sitting on a hill one day, either waiting for the wind to pick up or to calm down I got talking to Dennis Wray, PG pilot and editor of Skywords. I mentioned my aspiration and he explained that he was a member of the BPC. A few weeks later I got an email from him asking if I was up for Gaping Gill the following weekend. The weather forecast was pants (BCC round cancelled) so we agreed to meet up.

We parked in Clapham. Obviously I had left my sandwiches in the fridge but managed to replenish supplies from the local shop. We embarked on the walk up in a typical Yorkshire drizzle, arriving at Gaping Gill about an hour later. We 'signed on' and I paid my £10 fee (the old joke is that the winch ride down is free; it is the ascent that you pay for...). It struck me that Dennis seemed to know quite a few of the organisers and I soon found out why: Dennis first joined the BPC 49 years ago!



We got changed in the beer tent (Dennis later advised me that whilst caving was a great sport, you did need to be able to drink a lot of beer!). Whilst I donned my luminous green overalls and white helmet Dennis revealed the contents of his rather large rucksack. As well as all his own pot-holing gear he gave me some red knee pads and a torch. And then we were ready...



Dennis had arranged our trip for the weekend before the Bank Holiday. This is normally reserved for BPC members, so there was virtually no queue (compared with a wait of perhaps 4 hours during the busiest period of the Bank Holiday). I have to admit to being slightly nervous walking across the platform to the winch chair, especially when I realised that I was being recorded by a BBC film crew. The trap door opened and the floor was over 100 metres below me! It was like descending into a different (rather damp) world. As I went down I could see experienced potholers

abseiling down a route adjacent to the main shaft – amazing.

The beck is diverted before the winch is set up so that you arrive at the bottom in relative dryness. Even though the main cave is illuminated with floodlights it takes your eyes a while to adapt to the darkness. As they do, the true extent of what lies before you becomes apparent: a shaft of light from the surface illuminates the huge waterfall as it cascades down into a massive cathedral-like underground cavern. After its 100 metre descent Fell Beck makes a tremendous noise as it impacts with the floor of Gaping Gill. Members of the public are free to wander around the main chamber in relative safety but I found myself just standing and looking in awe at the waterfall crashing down the main shaft. I would have been happy to pay my £10 just for that. But then Dennis asked me if I wanted to explore a bit – absolutely!



Off we went to the far end of the cave and up a rock scramble which led to a horizontal tunnel. We didn't have to go far before the noise of the main chamber was replaced by absolute silence. It also got substantially drier too. Initially we were able to stand up but the roof gradually got lower and lower. My helmet prevented the jagged rocks from tearing large chunks out of my head but I soon had to concede that my crouch had to give way to a crawl and then a wriggle. The tunnel then opened up a bit and this was the way of things: sometimes you could walk normally; sometimes you had to crouch and sometimes crawl. The knee pads stopped the rocks tearing into my knees. Dennis kept checking with me if I was happy to go on. It was quite hot and surprisingly tiring but I figured that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity so the answer was always yes. Some of the tunnels were bone dry and others had streams in them. Some were muddy and other full of rocks. All the tunnels we went down were roughly horizontal although there were some

scrambles up and down. On a couple of occasions we passed ominous holes and Dennis warned me to keep well clear since they opened up into vertical shafts that dropped tens of metres. In particularly dangerous areas there were ropes to guide you around the obstacles.

Most of the time we were by ourselves but we met quite a few people coming the other way. They all seemed to know Dennis! As we went along he told me stories of the previous times he had been past certain memorable points. We didn't have a map but Dennis knew the way. (Actually we did take a wrong turn once but soon discovered our mistake and were able to retrace our steps).

We weren't equipped to follow other cavers when the route required ropes to abseil or climb to another level. Instead, Dennis led me along all the 'safe' passages and eventually we emerged back to the noisy and relatively busy main chamber. Again there wasn't much of a queue for the ride back to the surface. We had been underground for about 2½ hours!



I was very glad to get out of my wet and muddy clothes. The sun had come out and we had a leisurely picnic by the entrance before walking down to Clapham.

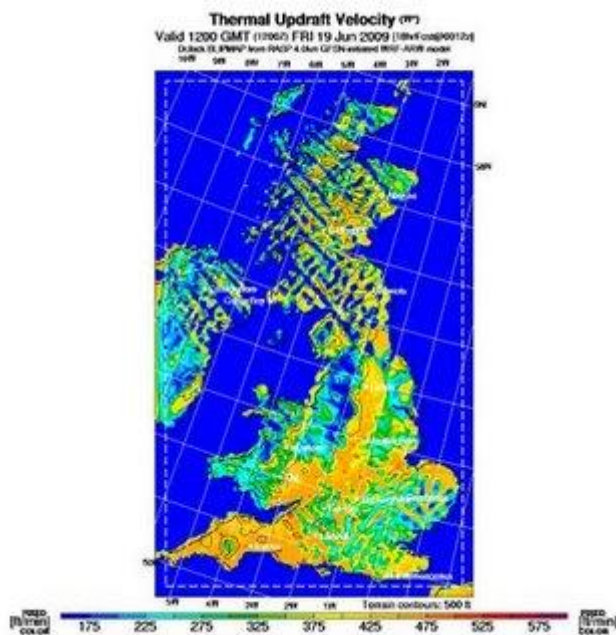
What a fantastic experience! Potholing isn't for me (too wet and cold) but the descent on the winch into Gaping Gill should be in your top 100 things to do before you die. You can find out more at: http://www.bpc-cave.org.uk/gaping_gill.htm

Thanks to Dennis for motivating me to go and for providing the 'added value'.

H.H. Tsai writes:

Super Sunday: 131.7k from Bradwell to Boston HH Tsai's first 100K flight on his Axis Vega IIS (EN B)

Saturday was an OK day at Eyam, with winds on the strong side and rough, bitty thermals that seemed not wanting to get organised. Eventually I got away with secondary climbs, really rough and horrid and eventually fizzling out north of the M1. With RHADS airspace ahead to battle, I gave up the struggle and landed at Hickleton Golf course, 40.2K.



But RASP was predicting that Sunday 14th June 2009 would be a good day. Predicted soundings look great with a good lapse rate and inversion over 6,000ft. Dry air mass and low dew points meant cloud bases were going to be over 5,000ft. The only fly in the ointment is that it was also predicting spread-out by mid afternoon especially over Lincolnshire.

Alex Colbeck suggested going to Wether Fell. However, Wendy readings that morning showed Wether to be blowing 15 mph. Too strong. So we headed for Bradwell instead. By the time I got there, there were already a dozen or more gliders in the air, many climbing well. I was further delayed by forgetting my boots and had wasted another half-hour. By the time I got set up, at just after 11am, the first gaggle had left the ridge a good half hour. Winds were slightly off to the N so most regulars were looking for lift in the left bowl. It was crowded so I tried the right bowl instead

and found a lazy climb out. It was a weak affair and I got only 1500ft ATO before it fizzled out. I was committed, so headed towards Eyam where I was confident something might work. Over the aerals at Eyam it pinged and I was climbing now in a good core up to base already at a lofty 4,500 ft. A top up over Froggat and I was on my way out of the Peaks. There followed a superb cloud street. I could fly fast, pushing my bar hard when I reached the whispies and glided to next cloud. It was easy just topping up and gliding fast. It was a strategy I learnt from Tom Payne: to push on instead of lingering when the day was good. I was even leaving climbs well short of base. When I emerged north of Chesterfield, I could see that I had caught up with the first gaggle. They were struggling over to the north. The sky over the whole area was very blue indeed. A lone pilot, (Mick in his yellow Sigma7) was doing much better over to the south. It was a no-brainer. I headed south. It would turn out to be my most significant decision. Sat images would reveal a great big blue hole north of Bolsover/Mansfield where many would deck it.



(picture by Simon Gant)

Still, it was a long glide with just scraps of lift as I crossed the M1. Here I passed another glider (Yellow Gradient), but soon lost him. But it was not till I got to Shirebrook before I picked up a decent climb back up to base. It was back to cloud chasing. I continued this southerly line as it was working well, over coal workings east of Mansfield and then towards Newark. On one occasion a flock of soaring birds pointed the way and on another a sailplane helped me out. There was time to soak in the views and relax a little; climbs were well spaced but reliable. There were grand views of Newark as I passed over the north end and over Winthorpe, the disused airfield. There was an aircraft museum there and I could clearly make

out the huge Vulcan amongst its exhibits. Seems like it might be a fun place to visit sometime. It was now past 2 o'clock and clouds were more distantly spaced. I glided past a small danger area to 1,500 ft with a grand to spare and now we are into MATZ country. An easterly line would take me neatly between the ATZs of Waddington and Cranwell but it meant flying somewhat crosswind and into a sinky line. There were only scraps of lift and cloud after cloud was not working. I was heading for the deck. My GPS showed 88 km from TO so it would be my best XC by over 30K so I was not too disappointed. I spied a sleepy looking village of Navenby so headed there with the intension of landing. By now, I was only 450ft from terra firma when I spotted a farmer ploughing a field. I went towards it and there was lift but only very marginal, but I felt that there must be thermal releasing nearby. There were power lines just behind the village. Could that be a trigger point? The answer was a sharp 4 m/s smack and away I went. All the thermals so far were nice and smooth. This was a little beastie, the roughest thermal all day but I worked it to base. With that low save, I knew that the ton, that elusive 100K flight was mine. On the glide out I counted down my GPS as it ticked from 99.9 K to that magic number.



Low save or close shave?

But the day was not over yet. There were loads more climbs and actually very easy flying from there to the coast. A smooth easy climb over the South Kyme Golf course and I could see the coast and Boston in the hazy distance. By now I was singing to myself: "How I do like to be beside the seaside"!

As I approached Boston I could see sea-breeze convergence taking place. The moist sea air formed wispy clouds at 3,000 ft compared to the inland clouds at 5,000ft. Two air masses with different moisture content

meet. Over Boston I climbed up the convergence to 6,000ft, the highest point of the entire journey. The port with a ship in it and from above the city seemed very pleasant. I was happy to call it a day. At least I could take a train back from here. But with so much height, am I not selling myself short? Is it possible to surf this convergence over the Wash? I turned my radio on and with no chatter I kind of knew no one behind me was still in the air. Apart from Mick over 3 hours ago I saw no other pilot. In the end indecision saw me lapse into sea air and I knew the game was over. I chose a village just outside Boston to land out. 123 K straight line and 131.7K with turnpoints; five and a half hours! My best XC, more than double my previous best.

I called Alex to hear an excited voice "101 K to Woodhall Spa!" he exclaimed. "Welcome to the 100K club!" I retorted. I texted Helen (86K) who told me Andy Wallis (132K) also landed near Boston and a retrieve was already being organised. Oh how I love the Derbyshire Soaring Club. Such a great bunch of dedicated, committed and generous pilots. Phil drove Andy's car all the way from Bradders to pick us up. Huge thanks to them. Three pilots made 100 + K from that westerly site, Andy Wallis, Alex Colbeck and I. Many others would fly PB's. It was one of those days that would stay in the memory of all who flew. A truly remarkable day!



Fred Winstanley writes:

How to Satisfy Your Wife While Flying.

This is not a sex manual for tandem pilots but an idea of how to impress your wife and still get to go flying. Like all good flights, preparation and planning is the key. Book a holiday somewhere where there is good flying, you can fly to a fairly secluded spot and your

wife has got easy transport to the same place. Butterfly valley in Olu Deniz is ideal. Part two of the plan involves buying a bottle of champagne at the airport duty free, whatever you do don't leave it until you get to Turkey, the cost of quality champagne there will spoil what is really a good plan. Ensure you have two radios, tuned to the same frequency, one for you and one for your wife.

Once in the resort ensure that the water taxi is running and you know the times and place of departure, and also the return times. Arrange transport up the hill, at about the same time as the water taxi departs. The night before the planned flight make sure you can either get a load of ice in the morning, or you can fill an ice cube tray and freeze it over-night. On the morning of the planned flight, place the champagne in the duty free plastic bag and pack the ice around it, and seal the bag around the neck of the bottle with tape. Get hold of a couple of suitable glasses and get your wife to take them with her to Butterfly Valley. Switch on both radios and make sure you both know how to use them. Kiss your loved one goodbye at the water taxi and then head off for your transport.

At the launch site, wrap everything you can around the champagne bag before stuffing it in your harness, to try to protect the bottle as much as possible. Cocking up the take off, smashing the bottle and then arriving on the beach covered in stale champagne from the waist down not only will spoil the day for both of you but you may have trouble convincing her that you haven't necked it on the way down and then your bladder couldn't take the pressure build up! It's terrible stuff to wash off your reserve as well, and let's face it, after such a disaster she isn't going to help with the repack.

Make sure you know where Butterfly Valley is. You may be able to console yourself with nice cold bubbly after landing on the wrong beach, but don't think she will be in the mood to find it funny when you do finally meet up, and if she is the kind of woman who find sympathetic hippy types irresistible you may be on a bigger loser than you thought.

Once in radio contact make sure you know whereabouts on the beach she is. Landing at the opposite end to her and then jumping into the arms of any woman who looks vaguely like your wife, but who turns out to be a dress size smaller, blonder and Swedish, will ensure a trip to the divorce courts on your return; after

you've been let out of the Turkish jail after the Swedish stunner has reported you to the police for molestation.

Once you have established contact don't try to impress her with death spiral across. Fairly fast three sixties and gentle wingovers are great; just nothing that is going to frighten her or even worse you. Opening a bottle of champagne with hands shaking as your body tries to lose all the excess adrenaline doesn't add to the image of cool sky god. Quite often there is a volley ball net strung across one end of the beach. This can be used as an emergency arrest net if you cock up your approach and are in danger of smashing into the cliff, but once again cool sky god image has taken a bigger bashing than you did when you hit the net.

Your landing has to be spot on. Practice spot landing, and once perfected pick a spot two metres in front of her, and nail it! Drop the glider to one side and then embrace her passionately. Try to arrive towards the end of lunch time. Tourist boats quite often tie up and have their lunch there and it adds to the overall impression as they burst into spontaneous applause. Now is the chance to really shine. Casually lower your harness to the ground, pull the chilled champagne from its covering, ease out the cork, and gently pour into the glasses she proffers. Milk the applause, revel in the cries of "007!", "James Bond!" from the anchored boats, look deeply into her eyes, entwine your arms and drink deeply. This is the moment; milk it for all it's worth. If the day coincides with a special date, birthday, anniversary etc., now is the moment to strike, suggest to her that you make this an annual event – a suggestion will have you both smiling with satisfaction.

