

SKYWORDS

Email katerawlinson@hotmail.co.uk if you wish to submit anything for next month's mag.

Katex

Chairman's Chat



There was only one way the weather could go after the fine spell we had in early April: downhill. And it certainly did. We seem to have had weeks of unseasonably windy weather and you will have done well to get any flying in. The War of the Roses was a complete washout, and although the BPCup got a good task in on the Thursday, the rest of the weekend doesn't look promising.

147 of you have renewed your membership thus far, and you should all have received a membership card. If you haven't, then please get in touch with the membership secretary: dhpc.membership@yahoo.com As the schools qualify more pilots we expect about another 20 new pilots to join us, and if they do membership will be up on last year.

At the last committee meeting the treasurer produced an interim report. With only a third of the year to run expenditure is well down on last year (about £1K) and we

should have sufficient to cover the costs of the new club handbook.

The draft of the new handbook has been published on the website and if anyone has any comments we'd be delighted to hear from you before we go to print. We are currently working on the sites pages and the plan is still to issue every member with a hard copy. We had thought that it would be a good idea to allow members to print off and insert amendments in order to keep their copy up to date, but finding a suitable folder has proved difficult so we have ditched the idea. The previous version lasted for 11 years and I suspect that improvements in technology will mean that we will all be able to access the handbook electronically in the next decade, so this may be the last hard copy that we need to produce. I sense the committee breathing a collective sigh of relief!

We have invested £10K of club money into a savings account and even with the current derisory rate of interest this will generate a return equivalent to about £2 per member, so whatever your view of the 'Flying Fund' it's hard to argue that savings aren't a good thing.

The committee is working hard to organise events for you. We hope to persuade Mark Leavesley to come and give us a master-class in ground handling at one of the coaching days. Chris Scammel has offered to run a weekend XC theory weekend over the winter; and Trevor is preparing a programme of interesting club nights, which will start again on the first Thursday in September.

Fly safely,

Martin Baxter
Chairman

Thought for the month:

“If you can look yourself in the eye and honestly say that you could correct a collapse before hitting the ridge, then you are soaring at a safe distance.” - Berkhard Martens

SITES INFORMATION KILSNEY



Having flown Kilsney on few occasions I now feel a bit more qualified to make some comments about this site. I think everyone needs to be safety conscious when flying this site, of the 5 times that I have flown at Kilsney on 3 occasions although the wind direction and the weather conditions were good, the air was extremely rough and I would not have been comfortable in these conditions as a beginner.

If conditions are scratchy there are lots of hazards that you can easily get caught out in, these include electric wires, trees, buildings and the trout farm (see photo). If you do fly here and you don't gain height immediately after take-off you will not make the bottom landing field and you will need



to make a tricky slope landing trying to avoid the tree stumps scattered all over it. I have tried to show the tree stumps in the photo below, but there are far more stumps than appears in the photo. If you don't decide to do this immediately and lose 20m you will be in one of the hazards already mentioned, if you lose 40m there is a good chance that you will be getting wet and annoying the fishermen and the site owner. I do not know what the XC potential is from this site but for soaring I would say it is best flown in a moderate wind.



Pete Johnson
Sites Officer South

Pennine Soaring Club Announcement

The Bowland Gliding Club have contacted me regarding a number of paragliders they have seen flying over the gliding field in recent weeks.

As well as being against the rules, flying anywhere near the gliding field is dangerous. They winch gliders at 70knts to over 1500ft in just a few seconds. If the glider doesn't hit you, the +2000ft of steel cable probably will!

Fortunately the winch man has seen the infringing paragliders in recent weeks and has waited for them to fly away...

You may not get spotted next time!

So please don't go fly anywhere near the gliding field. And please remember to tell any visiting/new pilots if you are asked for a site brief.

Regards, Phil Wallbank

NOTICEBOARD

I found a fob for some kind of instrument, today, 4 May 2011, at Semer Water on the lower take off. I imagine the person will know they have lost it. It looks as if it was lost quite recently.

Richard Sewell

Mobile number: 07974 384221

Hi All,

Here's what I'm starting early next week.

http://www.spotadventures.com/trip/view/?trip_id=251837

To get live tracking click on my mug shot. All the best.

Regards Dean

Site Status Warnings

Great Whernside

The club does not have permission to park, land by the parking area or overfly the land to the north of the wall you...

Nappa Scar

No XC flights between Aug - Dec (shooting season).

Stags Fell

Strictly members only. On potentially busy days temporary signing is available (under culvert to left of grid...

Whernside

No access or parking up the track leading to Ellerbeck farm like we used to.

Baildon Sod

It's that time of year.

I'll be looking out for the weather so keep your eyes on the website for some midweek mayhem.

Pete

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Annecy Pilotage/SIV

As the Hull/Zeebrugge ferry slipped quietly past the scrap metal pile, reversed back, slipped quietly past the scrap metal pile, reversed past it again, slipped quietly past the scrap metal pile....four middle-aged paraglider pilots realised that, although Hull/Zeebrugge/Annecy wasn't Route 66 and 'Bessie' the ten year old Vauxhall Zafira wasn't a pink Cadillac, this was going to be a road trip to remember.

It all started when Pat Dower gave a talk on Pilotage (SIV for softies) at a club night. It seemed such a good idea that a Dales Club trip to Flyeo in Annecy was 'organised'. Twelve pilots (about half Dales members) signed up and it was on.

Pete Logan, Chris Fountain, Richard "I used to be a Dales member but found it much cheaper to join North Yorks and fly Dales sites under the reciprocal agreement" Cardwell and I elected to take the Hull/Zeebrugge ferry rather than bother with trying to convince airport security that dental floss was not, in fact, a potential weapon. This turned out to be a good decision and we enjoyed the beer, the bingo, the cabaret and especially the look on Pete's face when he realised that the restaurant was an "all-you-can-eat buffet" (more on this later).

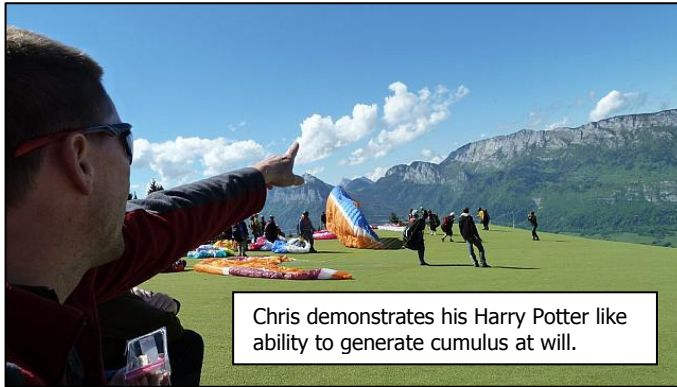
After docking and with minimal navigation errors, we headed south thankful for the fact that we had decided to pack our own MP3 players as Pete fired up his in-car MP3 entertainment system consisting of William Shatner "sings" Pulp's "Common People" and the theme from The Love Boat. With six hundred miles to go it would have been touch and go whether Pete would actually make it, or find himself drugged, tied up and abandoned in the WC of a French autoroute service station.



The last couple of hours were enlivened by Chris' introduction of the game "Digger". This is a game that the whole family can play. Basically, when you spot what you think is a digger, you shout "Digger!". You then argue about whether a back-actor on an excavator counts and whether the fact that the bucket is disconnected from the digger actually qualifies the digger as a digger. It was a long trip. No formal scoring was maintained but Chris proved to be a master of the game.

Arriving in Annecy we headed towards the campsite booked by John Lawson. The barbed wire, watchtowers and dobermann pinschers should have given us a bit of warning of what to expect. The gate at Stalag Lanfonnet was manned by Madame Berthier (or Comrade Berthiski, formerly of the NKVD) who showed us to our huts. We now knew why John had decided not to turn up after all. Fortunately, the use of a vaulting horse and copious quantities of soil down our trouser legs meant that we could make our Great Escape to the luxuries of La Chapelle Saint-Claude campsite next door after only three nights' incarceration. The rest of the group decided to stay put and wait for liberation.





Chris demonstrates his Harry Potter like ability to generate cumulus at will.

We had a three day SIV/Pilotage course booked and five days for free flying. We flew every day with first and last days being particularly good with “Le Petit Tour” being done by a number of us including a first one for me. One day we travelled to Saint Hilaire, where we flew an out and return to Grenoble having first braved the main launch (top tip – when the four windsocks are all pointing in

different directions it’s perfect to launch). How on earth people get away here dressed up as cucumbers, 2CVs and traffic cones during the Coupe Icare is a mystery to me!

When we checked in for the course we were split into two groups. Tony, our instructor, had us test that we could actually extract our reserves from our harnesses and made modifications where people had difficulty. We were equipped with lifejackets, waterproof headsets and sandwich bags for our radios (it being more important that we had dry radios than sandwiches if we ended up in the lake). A briefing was done and it was up the hill for our first exercise. The exercises had been tailored to our experience of SIV so that those of us on our first course did pitching exercises followed by dynamic turns and controlling the surge while those who were on a second or third course did rapid exits from spirals. All the exercises were videoed from the ground accompanied by Tony’s voice as the soundtrack “more brake, more brake, more brake, releeeeaasse annnnd duurmp”. The debriefs whilst watching the videos were excellent as you could see exactly what you did right and what you did wrong. Despite what it felt like seeing your glider in front of you, the videos showed that we were still well within the limits of our wings.



“I WANT ME MUM!”
Pete after a particularly exciting ‘learning point’

Once Tony was happy that we had mastered the basic exercises he took us on to what he regarded as the most important learning point – being able to stop rotation after a collapse and exiting the rotation in the direction of your choice and under control. This was where it got interesting. We were told to induce collapses of more than 50% and control the direction using opposite brake. We were all pleasantly surprised at how well our gliders flew with half the wing missing as long as you countered the turn. Then Tony had us fall into the collapsed side “OK, now take all three risers, pull hard, fall into the collapse and BOOOOOOMMMMM!”

At this point Richard’s wing earned the nickname “The Widowmaker” as it went from level flight to ground facing SAT/spiral in less than half a turn. I was glad I was flying a relatively benign wing that refused to go into rotation unless I really abused it. I could put up with the comments of “you’ve got a girls’ glider” when I landed.

We all got our wings into autorotation and could exit the rotation quickly, when we wanted and in the direction we wanted. This was the most valuable thing we learned on the course as it could be directly applied to our day-to-day flying – exactly Tony’s



“The Widowmaker” – Richard goes ground facing

aim. None of our group ended up under a reserve or in the water although David Hedley did perform some tree surgery on a small tree in the landing field.



The ethos at Flyeo was exactly what we wanted. Rather than concentrating on doing extreme manoeuvres, Tony took us through exercises that pushed us so that we fully understood what we were doing and why. With only three days it was better for us to do a small selection of tasks and understand them well. However, the course could be tailored to your own requirements as well as former Dales member Tony Blacker had done SIV before and so was doing full stalls, tailslides and

SATs (yes, you can SAT an Ozone Delta) under Tony's direction. Unlike the second group (who did a more traditional SIV course under their instructor) we hadn't done stalls, spins and SATs (at least not voluntarily) but at the end of the course we all felt that we had learned a lot and that we would be back (although Richard may be back under an EN A when his wife sees the video).



On the final morning we packed up "Bessie", waved to Madame Bethier as we sped past the gates of Stalag Lanfonnet, picked up a hearty breakfast of pain-au-chocolat and quiche and prepared for another six hours



of William Shatner, the Love Boat and "Digger!" (top tip – Central France is devoid of diggers so don't bother staying awake). The return ferry from Zeebrugge suffered from probably the worst country and western band in Europe (funny for the first couple of numbers, excruciating after) but we were entertained by Pete demonstrating his ability to consume seven courses (plus coffee) in the "all-you-can-eat" buffet. We were the last to leave (much to the relief of the manager who was later seen putting Pete's face on a 'banned' board

and heard muttering in an old-salty-seadog kind of way "'tis not a man, 'tis an eating machine") and, luckily, our cabin was towards the centre of the boat so the list was not too pronounced.



"'Tis not a man, 'tis an eating machine!"



Looks like Richard also enjoyed the food!!

A final flurry of “Digger!” as we passed the JCB distribution centre in Hull and we were back on the M62 towards home. We made a solemn promise – “what goes on in Anney stays in Anney”. This lasted about two days as we each took the opportunity to rat on our ‘friends’ to their wives and girlfriends!

I would certainly recommend the Flyeo course to anyone who wants to learn more about their wing. Anney is a

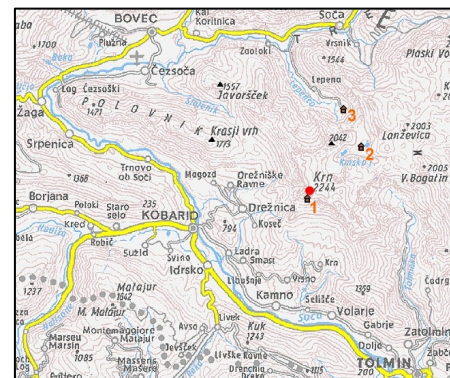
great place to fly (how I managed to do ten years without going there I’ll never know) and is also good for your non-flying partners. Go there with a group of like-minded friends, an open mind and an idea of what you want to learn and you will have a great time. And if you find yourselves in “Stalag Lanfonnet” the coordinates for our, as yet, undiscovered tunnel are N54.02.03 E03.24.01

Neil “Girl’s glider” Plant



The Soca Valley in Slovenia by Martin Baxter

Whilst you were watching the Royal Wedding I was on a 10 day paragliding trip to Slovenia. I have flown there 3 times before but this was the first time I had stayed at the Jelkin Hram hotel in Drezhnica (centre of map). Klavdij (Claudi) is the chairman of the local club and an experienced guide who I have used before. His parents run the hotel and his wife acts as retrieve driver, which is handy. The package price was 600 Euros including B&B, transfers, transport, guiding and landing fees. Beer was 2 Euros a half litre and wine about the same. Flights are extra.



www.jelkin-hram.com

The Soca Valley between Kobarid and Tolmin (see map) is something of a paragliding paradise with a launch (Kobala) just to the north east of Tolmin and another on the Stol mountain west of Kobarid (beyond point 1368). The glaciated valley has steep sides and a flat bottom with plenty of landing options and roads on both sides of the river.

Ryanair flies into Trieste (from Stanstead) which is about an hour and a half away by road, and Venice airport is only a little bit further. In spring the conditions normally give a high

cloudbase and pretty fierce thermals. The summer brings longer periods of good weather and more mellow conditions until the flying season finishes at the end of September.

If you haven't flown with Ryanair recently – beware! Stray more than 1kg over your weight allowance and you will be charged £20 per kg. They are also likely to charge you another £40 if your cabin bag is too big or too heavy; and you have to fit everything that you carry onboard into that bag – helmet, laptop, handbag, airport shopping, etc. A friend of mine was stung for an additional £95 at the airport. Oh what fun I had with the tandem as well as my own wing.



Photo taken from Kobala looking west along the Soca Valley. The town in the foreground is Tolmin with the landing field to the left of the obvious 'Witches Tit'. The Stol Mountain looms at the end of the valley.

The weather forecast on arrival was dreadful. The area can be subject to a north easterly 'Bora' wind. When it blows it is too dangerous to fly, and the bad news is that it blows for several days at a time. On the first day we drove 50km into Italy in a vain attempt to escape the wind. There was no flying on the second day either so a number of us visited some spectacular caves about a 2 hour drive away. There are plenty of other activities in the area including walking, cycling and white water rafting. The area is also particularly interesting from a military perspective in that some of the incredibly inhospitable terrain was heavily fortified when the Italians fought the Austria-Hungarians during the First World War. The award winning military museum in Kobarid was very popular, especially since it contained a 3 dimensional map of the Soca valley and was particularly useful for plotting paragliding flying routes!

The third day saw a slight improvement in the weather. The wind was still from the north east so we ventured up a hill on the south side of the valley (Matajur – see map). Under overcast skies we watched some Germans take off in the rain and cloud, but eventually it cleared enough to tempt us off. I had a rather pleasant flight thermalling around the clouds that were condensing as they were pushed up the hill. It's probably the closest that I will ever get to 'seeing' thermals and the formations were surreal. I was forced down by the cloud after about half an hour. We drove back up and again had to wait out a shower. Once it had cleared the sky looked brighter. We launched just in time for it to start raining again, but hung around waiting for the shower to pass. It didn't. I flew down taking care to be smooth on the controls of the wettest wing I have ever flown. Our group then split up. Half went back up the same hill whilst we went to test out the 'usual' Kobala take off. Kobala is a spine back ridge. The south west face is the thermic side but with the north east wind we were forced to consider the 'back' – with the associated risk of flying in the rotor from the mountain in front. I was first off and although I didn't have any great dramas it wasn't particularly enjoyable, with massive sink all the way. The others watched me have a small collapse after take off. Three waited for the conditions to improve and the rest drove down. I managed to soar the 'Witches Tit' by the landing field whilst I waited for the others, stole another half hour, and dried out my glider. Lesson 1 – If you are paying a guide; go to the same hill as him!



Day 4. More wind and the threat of over-development. We drove down to Lijak on the edge of the flat lands and had quite a rush to get off before it over-developed. However we were

all caught out when, instead of hoovering us up, the clouds spread out, shutting off the sun completely and forcing us down.

Day 5 and the Bora wind finally died. We flew from Kobala along the north (sunny) side of the valley all the way to Stol (about 25km). There was plenty of lift to cross the gap around Kobarid and a group of vultures helped us to find the way. As we arrived at the summit of the Stol it was clear that it was raining in the mountains to the north. By the time we got back to Kobarid the rain had advanced to Bovec. The sensible pilots landed at Kobarid whilst a few of us pushed on towards Tolmin. There was plenty of lift (!) but every time we paused to thermal the thunderstorm got closer. Lesson 2 – don't try to outrun a thunderstorm.

I had a rather hairy moment as I scratched in low over some trees to land for my first 50km XC. Trying to outrun the thunderstorm had suckered me into thinking that I was into wind. To my horror I realised that the normally reliable valley wind had switched 180 degrees. I was too low to do anything about it and had to accept a downwind landing (legs up!). Lesson 3 – never assume that you know what the wind is doing: always check.

Understanding valley winds is a vital step in any decent XC in the mountains. On the map shown the big mountains are to the north so the valley winds tend to flow from south to north (if you are ever unsure a general rule of thumb is that the valley wind normally blows the opposite way to the flow of the rivers). But it isn't quite that simple. The valley wind normally blows from Tolmin to Kobarid (east to west), but to the west of Kobarid the wind blows west to east. These two valley wind converge around Dreznica before heading up the valley towards Bovec. This convergence around Dreznica can help us to cross the gap around Kobarid. To the west of Matajur is a valley running south to north. When this wind hits the Stol ridge (west of Kobarid) it can generate useful lift (and turbulence!). Understanding the combined effects of the prevailing and valley winds, and the slopes facing into sun will get you a long way in the mountains.

Day 6 took us to the Stol launch via Zaga. The upper sections of the track are not for the faint hearted, and most of us considered flying to be the safest way down. Unfortunately the sky was overcast and I wasn't able to get much further than the Kobarid gap (even with the help of the vultures) for a distance of 23km.

Day 7 took us back to Kobala. By the time I got to the 'pyramid' (point 1359) there was a big black cloud overhead and I found myself going up in a straight line with big ears and full speed bar. Run away! Those that had pressed on initially got to the Kobarid landing field but I returned to Tolmin (16km). The valley wind was again playing silly buggers due to the CB and I watched the windsock switch though 270 degrees whilst I did my landing approach. Another downwind landing – but not my fault this time. Mind you the hang glider that did the same a few minutes later was even more entertaining!

The skies cleared a little in the afternoon and we ventured to the Kuk take off on the south side of the valley. Claudi calmly announced that he could see, on the radar, a row of thunderstorms approaching from the west. They would arrive within the hour, but if we got off NOW and flew straight down we would be OK. You have never seen a group of pilots prepare, take off, big ear, speed bar, land and pack up so quickly in your life. 55 minutes later, whilst we savoured a beer in the bar opposite the landing field, it started to rain.



The author looking pensive (and cold!) at the Stol launch

We didn't fly the following day, which left us with only one more day to fly before returning home. But Claudi promised us a cracker, and agreed to bring in a couple of comp pilots to help us get the most of the day...

We awoke to blue skies and light winds. The comp pilots turned up at breakfast and gave us a briefing on the route to Stol and back (100km). Essentially Kobala to Stol and then follow the ridge to Italy with only couple of tricky bits, and 6km with no landing options. What could possibly go wrong?

Well, it didn't help that the leader forgot his vario, knocked his radio onto the wrong frequency, and then wondered why we didn't follow him! I nearly bombed out at the base of the pyramid. I saw a friend land and set up to join him, before a low save took me back up to 6,000'. The crossing to the Stol was OK but it then became apparent that the wind was south westerly making for a turbulent ride to the summit. One minute the escalator was going up like a rocket and the next it was in free fall. It wasn't worth staying with the thermals because you drifted away from the target and then had to do it all again. We all had collapses and the worst of it was that you could see that the pilot in front was getting a kicking and knew that it was your turn next. Interestingly the pilots on the lower performance wings seemed more able to cope with the conditions than those on the hot ships who spent most of their time trying to keep the wing above their head.

Most of us made it to the summit of the Stol and took a look around the corner to Italy. A few km further on the ridge turned more into wind and was likely to be even more turbulent. And this was the bit with no landing options! Reluctantly we headed back. A number of pilots landed at Kobarid, but an equal number returned to Tolmin to complete a 50km out and return.

I sat in a field eating my lunch, looking up at the wooded hills and the paragliders drifting gracefully (!) over. I contemplated the 10 days: 3 days of no flying; 3 days of mediocre conditions and 3 boomers. Without doubt it is a truly beautiful country and the Soca valley between Tolmin and Kobarid provides a safe environment for all levels of pilot. The spring weather is fairly unreliable and pretty 'full-on'. Perhaps I'll venture back later in the year. Anyone want to join me?

Martin Baxter

North South Cup 2011

The brainchild of Hugh Miller, Jim Mallinson and Jocky Sanderson, the North South Cup was created partly in response to the British Championships cancelling the UK round and also the general lack of was without much anticipation that I arrived on Thursday night. The briefing was held in the Powis Arms, the base for the comp, 10mins from the Mynd's



takeoff. It really was a who's who of the UK high-level comps in the UK. The idea they came up with, was to have a less serious competition attracting both top UK pilots, and budding XC hounds looking to learn and advance under the wings of the skygods. The dividing line between rival regions was set as the middle of the Lond Mynd and registrations were invited from all pilots to their respective "Squadron Leaders", Jocky for the North and Jim for the South. The teams were hand-picked by each SL and a date set, the comp was on!

The comp was held over 3 days, Fri 13th - Sun 15th May. The weather forecast for the whole weekend was looking fairly dodgy and it paragliding scene, with infamous pilots sat around the room such as Mike Cav, Mark Hayman, Rich Westgate, Kirsty Cameron, Bruch Goldsmith and Tom Payne to name but a few. They announced that the forecast for the next day looked poor for the Mynd area and they had decided that we should all go down to Milk Hill near Swindon, a further 3 hours drive. Pete Logan and myself had already driven 3 hours to get to the Mynd but they were very optimistic about us all getting airborne with their plan.



We set off for Milk Hill on Friday morning after a 6.30am awakening and made good time down to the site. On arrival the Niviuk boys were already soaring having travelled down the night before. The sky looked good and a task was quickly set to Cromer on the Norfolk coast. This was an unrealistic yet fitting 270km away - the emphasis for this comp was to push all boundaries and to basically just get as far as you could. There weren't going to be any puny 150km goals that may limit the potential to go further!

Waves of 5 Northern and 5 Southern pilots were sent off the hill to limit overcrowding and soon gliders were climbing and gaggles forming. I left in a group 2nd or 3rd behind the first one and quickly climbed to base. I was in good company and had already sussed out the likes of

Bruce Goldsmith, Adrian Thomas and Wayne Seeley. Pete L seemed low and struggling to find a decent climb after drifting over the back, I was willing him up as we set off on glide. The sky was filling out fairly quickly and most of the ground was in shade with a decent few areas of sun. Base was about 4000ft and the climbs fairly good, getting weaker as we went along. With each climb and glide I was dropping slightly behind the aces in my group, some tricky flying was had, pushing upwind at times to get under a dark tendril of cloud marking a climb, or someone picking up a climb behind us that we'd missed.

There were a few early casualties who left the gaggle out of frustration to find something better, only to get a slow glide to the ground. The key was about sticking together and working every scrap of lift. The top guys were eeking out the better lift and buoyant glides and as I fell behind I noticed Pete L and Helen Gant bringing up the rear. I was chuffed, well done Pete, he must have fought hard to get up from where I last saw him and then catch us all up.

As the flight went on I was struggling and the climbs seemed to be dying at 3200ft every time. Helen, Pete, Kirsty Cameron and myself were split up and for me the flight was nearly over. Pete somehow worked some very weak climbs getting decent height and Helen was on fire as usual, making it to base at the end of a decent looking cloudstreet.

Kirsty the lowest of us, landed just the other side of Oxford. I made it slightly past her chasing sunny patches on the ground, but I wasn't getting any height and turned into wind to land near her - maybe she had a retrieve sorted? Fortunately she did but they had to collect Richard Bungay first. He had flown the furthest at 116km so it took a while for the guys to pick me and Kirsty up.

Back at base, it soon became apparent that Pete had done brilliantly well. This was confirmed when we downloaded our GPSs and Pete had flown 100.1km - the furthest Northerner and a PB! However the South had won the day, on home territory they had managed to get 1427 more points than us and the spirited banter was flying around more than ever.



The following day the weather was showery and windy. In a make-shift fashion, Jocky, Hugh and Jim managed to get some speedwings together and created a race along the Mynd to a turnpoint and back, with 50 points going to the winner of each race. It provided great entertainment for those watching and probably brown trousers for those participating judging by the dynamic nature of the wings and the rough conditions!

This was followed by a good old tug-of-war. A and B teams with 10 pilots each were chosen from each side with 3 grueling rounds for each set of teams. Various forms of cheating sparked good-natured arguments and the banter was hotter than ever. Then a final round with all 20 pilots from each side competing. This was followed by a women's round with 3 vs 3. The end result was equal wins for both sides, 300 points for both the North and the South.



The next round was any health and safety inspector's nightmare. A "tight-rope" had been suspended a couple of feet off the ground between two trees with various pitfalls underneath such as branches, bricks and a dead crow. The area was "made safe" and 5 rounds were had. Mark Wilson of the North getting the furthest along the rope and bagging 100 points. Kitt Rudd had a go after the official competition and managed to roll over his ankle with a resulting "click"! The next day he was in a lot of pain and out of action, however as far as I know he should be fine.

That night Judith Mole had a great party at her home at the foot of the Mynd. An official "dance off" was called between the rival sides, and 100 points to be awarded to the winners. Martin Sandwith of the North pulled out his best moves and the points were ours! They had a brilliant pizza guy who had a traditional wood-fired oven on the back of a trailer and produced extremely tasty pizzas all night, if a bit slow.

The last day dawned with many tired souls and aching heads. The sky was full of wave bars and sure enough the day was canned with very high winds and anticipated showers

creating rubbish conditions.

And so it was over. The North had fought respectfully and valiantly however the South had triumphed! The presentations commenced with a few booby prizes awarded such as "Biggest Pimp" going to Bruce Goldsmith and a special commendation for Tom Payne bombing out to the landing field during the speed-flying task.



All in all it was a brilliant comp. A lot more laid back and well humoured, with friendly banter and less restrictive tasks - competition flying with a festival atmosphere.

Next year it was rumoured that there may be two sites confirmed as possible locations for the comp, with the decision about which one we would go to, announced the week before and depending on the weather forecast.

Facebook page: http://www.facebook.com/home.php?sk=group_160916610606165

Website: <http://northsouthcup.wordpress.com/>

Flights: <http://www.xcleague.com/xc/leagues/view-1.html?vx=200513>



Library News- Melise Harland

The library catalogue is now on the DHPC website! To access it go to the homepage and you will see the library listed in white lettering on the blue band at the top of the page. If you click on the word Library it will take you to the catalogue so you can have a look, see what we have and have a wish list ready for the next club night. If you would like to pre-order any item from the catalogue feel free to send me an e-mail (Melise_Harland@yahoo.co.uk) and I will reserve it for you. I will try to keep this online catalogue up to date so you can see if items are available or already out on loan. I am working on putting the reviews on this page as well so you can get some idea of what the books/DVDs and videos are all about. Some of the items are now getting a bit dated so if you have any suggestions for things you would like to see here let me know.

Dales Hang Gliding and Paragliding Club – May 2011

Hang Gliding Coaches

Name	Availability	Location	Email	Contact Telephone Number
Trevor Birkbeck	Various	Ripon	trev.birkbeck@virgin.net	01765 658486
Alistair Irving	Various	Huddersfield	aliirvin@msn.com	01484 844898
Steve Mann	Weekends	Kirkby Malzeard, Ripon	steve.andbex@virgin.net	01765 650372
Kevin Gay	Various	Ripon	krGay@talktalk.net	07794950856
Ed Cleasby (Senior power coach) Chief Coach	Various	Ingleton	edcle1@tiscali.co.uk	07808394895

Paragliding Coaches

Name	Availability	Location	Email	Contact Telephone Number
Sean Hodgson	various	Haworth	sean@ogi.me.uk	07999606084
Rob Burtenshaw (senior coach)	Sun+various	Oxenhope	burtenshaw@fsmail.net	07747721116
John Lawson (Safety)	Various	Leeds/Horsforth	johnklawson@googlemail.com	07747081978
Peter Balmforth	Weekends	Leeds	peter.balmforth@ntlworld.com	07714213339
Noel Whittall	Various	Leeds	noel.whittall@googlemail.com	01132 502043
Alex Colbeck	Weekends	Harrogate	alexcolbeck@hotmail.com	07717707632
Steve Mann	Weekends	Kirkby Moorside	steve.andbex@virgin.net	01751 433130
Pete Logan (Secretary)	Various	Shipley	pete@logans.me.uk	07720 425146
Peter & Sara Spillett	Weekends	Skipton	sara@petensara.com	01756 760229
Tony Pickering & Zena Stevens (treasurer)	Various	Otley	anthonypaulpickering@hotmail.com	01943 466632
Kevin McLoughlin (Comps)	Weekends	Lancaster	Kevin-mcloughlin@hotmail.com	07767 652233
Martin Baxter (chair)	Weekdays	Skipton	mrBaxter@hotmail.co.uk	07814 599754
Ronald Green	Weekends	Hartlepool	ronaldgreenpilot@hotmail.com	07403068944
Fred Winstanley	Various	Higher Bentham	fredwinstanley@sky.com	0777041958
Richard Shirt	Weekends	York	rshirt@advaoptical.com	07786707424
James Watson	Weekends	Leeds	james@primaryictsupport.co.uk	01132 825827
Andy Bryom	Weekends	Keighley	andy.active@unicombox.co.uk	07796 421890
Dave Couthard	Weekends	Leeds	d.couthard2@ntlworld.com	07595895149
Ed Cleasby	Various	Ingleton	edcle1@tiscali.co.uk	07808394895