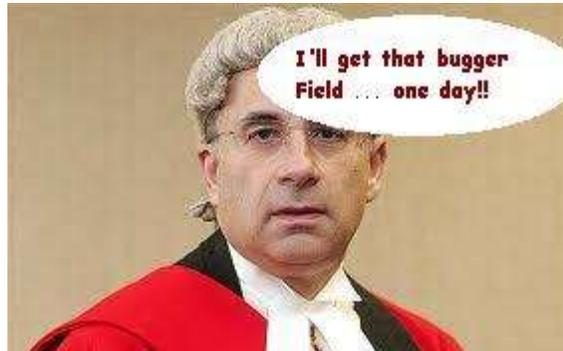


Cumbria Soaring Club

'Spoilt For Choice'

The Newsletter for Members of the C.S.C.



Well, it might be Christmas but all the talk in the **Spoilt for Choice** (still the **Nation's favourite read**) offices is about how Parliament and a gang of celebrities are out to gag the free press. The **Spoilt for Choice** management have decided to make a stand by forming an alliance with Ian Hislop, Editor of **Private Eye** and a self confessed devotee of this organ to fight for the freedoms of generations. All Club members are respectfully requested to contribute to our fighting fund. Donations, cash only please, may be deposited behind the bar of the **Yanwath Gate Inn**.

But whilst we have been fighting to preserve the future of our magazine, you the members have been out fighting the thermals. Better still, a few of you have taken advantage of our hard fought freedoms to share your thoughts and actions. In this bumper seasonal issue:

- Held over from the October Issue, our very own test pilot, **Dangerous Dave**, develops the paragliding bi-plane. It has to be seen to be believed!!
- **Meet the new Committee** – Newly elected and raring to go the new lot share their knowledge with advice for cold weather XC. Jolly funny.
- The much awaited **Ali Westle files** have come to light – what did happen in Spain? Who cares? Whatever. He reveals all and he's not the only one. (One for Judge Leveson, m'thinks m'lord!)
- **Richard Jennings**, exasperated by the tedious weather goes to Spain to photograph his boots – great beach shots and a free video too!
- **Are you a forum enthusiast?** Were you stirred to hatred when the fascist committee pulled the plug and destroyed your social life? All is well in this time of festive good-will and normal service has been resumed. John Hamlett tells how it will work; wicked!

Christmas 2012 Ho Ho Ho !!!

- If you decided to stay local for your flying, perhaps you attacked a few Wainwrights. Father/son team Malc and Rob Grout certainly did and they provide this Issue's 'guess the **Wainwright Comp**. Big prizes to be won.
- Don't, please don't plan your 2013 flying year before you have consulted your stars. **THERMALLUS** once again tells us what the stars have store – and it's not all good!
- **And lots lots more!!**

Getting To Know Your Committee

Here is the new Committee as elected by the AGM. They work for you, so to put this function to positive effect and provide the membership with the benefit of their accumulated years of experience and knowledge they were asked:

" What single item would you not be without when flying in the Lakes in winter?"

Most Committee members responded. Those that failed have the benefit of a choice made by the Editorial Team. This table shows the members of the committee and the items selected. Now here's the really funny part, the items are not matched to the person who selected them! This is so funny. Readers can look at the lists and using their skill and knowledge match the individuals to the item. The correct list is at the end of this issue.

Steve Giles	Chairman		Foggy – cos he's the best wind dummy ever
Ian Henderson	Secretary and Webmaster		Gloves
Jon Bennett	Treasurer		Whatever Ali Westle takes
Mike Cavanagh	Safety Officer		 Hot hands
Kitt Rudd	Southern Sites officer		Any Advance glider – they're brilliant

Gordie Oliver	Northern Sites Officer		A blow-up doll
Dave Ashcroft	Chief Coach		My husband
Rick Livingstone	Social Sec		Trousers
Alistair Westle	Comp Sec		a passport to get somewhere warmer
Richard Jennings	Minister without portfolio		My wing
Jackie Knights	Ditto		
James Harrison	Ditto		<i>I have a rather good, three part flask that is ideal for keeping meals hot, so on a cold day I would fill one of them with Beef Bourgeon, and can especially recommend the recipe on page 147 of Floyd on France. The Second insulated pot I would fill with some boiled Potatoes with parsley and butter, In the third pot I would take some Smelly Apeth a rather fine soft Blue Cheese from the Sadelworth Cheese Company near Preston. On the assumption it was for an after flight snack, I would also pack a Small Bottle of Red, as long as I could find a plastic bottle as it would be rather disastrous if it smashed with a bumpy landing, as I don't think Mountain Rescue do wine deliveries.</i>

Mission Impossible
Or is it? Richard Jennings relates...



On the southern coast of Spain about 100 kilometres east of Malaga is a seaside town called Alumeneca

In Alumeneca is a hotel, called Hotel California, it is a favourite of some Pilots. The Hotel California is owned and run by Dirk and Tracey. Dirk is the guide, while Tracey manages the Hotel

Nearby they have two flying sites, Otivar in the mountains, a thermic site, and La Herendurra a beach site for soaring. That is until a few years ago when Dirk worked out how to link the two together, and the great game started, flying to the beach.

I had been going to the Hotel, for several years, but for various reasons, from lack of talent to never being there in the right conditions, had not cracked the beach run. On a recent trip all my mates flew it two days running and I ended up in the bottom landing field. I was getting really fed up. On the last day of the holiday, it looked like an Otivar day again, so Dirk declared Mission Impossible.

At the morning briefing he stated:

“We will get Richard to the beach today, Ken launch first, and mark the climb at the Pyramid, Wallis you follow and mark Sole Tree Ridge, Allan, Mark and Neil keep in our area and look for lift, I will take off with Richard and supervise, this is Mission Impossible, we will achieve it, do you accept Richard”

What else could I do but accept.

Perhaps the route needs explaining a bit.

The road winds into the mountains, and just beyond a village called Otivar beside some aerials is the take off, it is only about 500 metres to the only possible bottom landing field so you have to find a climb quickly. Behind take off, the terrain slopes back, until it

reaches some cliffs. Thermals kick off in front of launch, and you need to find these and climb with them, until you are 600 metres above take off. From that height you glide west to a Pyramid, a rock shaped like guess what, a Pyramid. You need to find another climb here which should not be too difficult as it is a natural trigger, facing into the sun, as long as you get there above the top, if not you need to head directly back to the landing field or you will be landing on a rocky path and have a long walk out. After climbing back to 1200 metres above sea level, you head west again, on a glide to Sole Tree Ridge, which is the edge of the Otivar Valley, and it's called Sole Tree because, guess what, there is one tree on the whole ridge. As you cross the ridge, probably quite low, you have to really tuck into the cliffs, and carefully soar up until you clear the top and can 360. Once again you have climb to about 1200 metres above sea level, and head west to the Twin Peaks, two stacks of rock, for your last climb, from there it is south along a ridge all the way to the beach.

Sandwiches were packed, water bottles filled, sun block put on noses, and we were off to take off.

The wind was on the hill, and the drift was in the right direction, the mission was on. Ken launches and climbs out, Wallis Launches and climbs out, Mark, Neil and Allan launch now it was my turn. Canopy laid out, all lines clear, wait for a breeze to come through, inflate the canopy, check it is inflated and over my head, turn, head down and run, get up to flying speed, with three long strides, and I am off.

The time is critical now, I must find lift.

The best bets are usually in front of take off, somewhere over the ruined building, hold your nerve and don't turn in tiny blips but wait for a decent climb. The vario starts to make its happy sound, bleep, bleep, bleep. Count the elephants, (not real ones of course its Spain not Africa) three in a row, we were in a decent thermal. Ease the left hand brake down a bit, shift you weight to the left, and start turning, Back to take off height, then over the top of the aerals, and let the drift of the thermal take you backwards towards the cliff.

The radio is buzzing

"Good climb at the Pyramid"

"Tricky on the ridge, I need to push on or I will be flushed down"

I am totally focused on my flight, as I gradually climb up the cliffs behind take off. I make good height, then lose the climb, and end up back at take off height, never mind try again. Three times, I climbed to the cliffs, and then lost it. Bang a big collapse as my canopy hit the edge of a thermal, and half of it tried to put itself back in the bag, enough is enough I thought, lets land, I am not meant to do this, but maybe this is the climb I need, let's try it. I turn in to the climb, tuck right in, and turn in tight. The happy bleep from the vario gets happier, and happier as I rapidly gain height. Suddenly my concentration is broken as Dirk comes on the radio.

"Richard that looks good, follow me"

We head for the Pyramid, hands up for maximum speed, a little bar in the sinking air, and all tucked in. Gradually the Pyramid gets closer and is looking well below me, it is all going well, and then it gets better. As soon as I get close, the friendly bleep starts chirping, and it is straight into a climb, a dozen circles, and I have sufficient height, and can glide towards Sole Tree Ridge.

We sneak past the tree, cross the ridge, and soar the cliff. This climb is vital, if you don't climb out of here the landing options are very limited, just on a track, but then it's a three our walk to the road you can be retrieved from. The pressure is on, but gradually I climb, back to ridge height, clear of the ridge, spot a bird circling, join it and I am in a decent climb. The bird takes me all the way to 1400 metres, and it is time to head for the twin towers, the final climb.

This glide is not so buoyant, and I am only just above the peaks, but my luck stays with me, and I immediately find a climb that takes me, all the way to a little cloud just forming, the beach should be in the bag now.

"Head for the ridge, stick to the top, and follow it to the beach" was Dirks final instruction.

Once again, tuck in, steer and enjoy the view. It is now important not to lose too much height as you have to cross a Motorway, and then the town before there are any safe landings, I start picking up my mates on the beach on the radio,

"Looking good, head for the middle of the beach, as it's a bit easterly and will be rough at the other end"

Motor Way crossed

Garden Centre Crossed

Houses crossed

Beach Road Crossed

Palm Tree Crossed

Nothing else is in the way I am over the beach and still at 300 metres above the sea.

Wingovers to burn off the height, line up along the beach, and touch down to cheers from my friends.

Cold Beer & Hot Prawns

Mission Accomplished



Film rights to this story have already been secured and it can be seen at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=syy6IOZloRg>



How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the CSC Forum

With a lack of recent flying weather in November I'd not been on the forum for several days and so when I found it was offline I assumed there was simply some maintenance jiggerpokery going on. Then out of the blue I got a request from Mr Webmaster to become a forum moderator and I heard I'd missed out on a most colourful thread that - for one reason or another - was decided too colourful for popular consumption. One thing had led to another and to avoid any escalation the forum's plug had been pulled.

Well, the course of true love never did run smooth, but now the forum's back online with a new and improved forum guidelines* to help ensure everyone behaves themselves and no one gets too flustered. There's also an appropriately named 'Beer Hall' section for the sort of non flying banter that has previously driven some members to ditch the forum and hurl themselves off the nearest hill.

Now that the dust has settled I understand everybody's hunkydory and we're all playing nicely again. We should never take it for granted that this sport is filled with more than it's fair share of jolly good chaps and chapesses with only the best intentions for their fellow free fliers. The forum is a fantastic tool for our community and particularly essential for developing pilots - helping provide knowledge in skills and safety as well as a social network - but it also needs the skygods and old timers to hang around providing timely tips and words of wisdom.

So if you ever chose to desert the forum please try it again sometime (though enter the Beer Hall at your own risk), and everybody, whether you're a regular user or not, please consider the new forum guidelines* so that the new team of moderators can keep a hands off approach and do what comes naturally ...buggering off up the hills.

*Forum Guidelines can be found at the top of the 'Flying in General' section of the forum.
Your moderators are: Ian Henderson (admin/webmaster), Tony Thompson, John Hamlett, Ed Cleasby & Richard Jennings

YOUR STARS BY THERMALLUS



Once again Thermallus takes a break from his highly lucrative job of predicting lottery numbers for the benefit of elderly clients to provide our flying community with the information we need to plan our flying year.

ARIES March 21 – April 19. Never one to plan, too much of little Mercury’s influence for that, the flying year for Aries pilots gets off to a chaotic start. This combined with your unquenchable optimism make for a hilarious series of escapades (hilarious that is for the other pilots who enjoy your antics - such as arriving on the summit of Skiddaw to discover you have left your carabineers in the car –ho ho ho) This will happen sometime in April and yes, in spite of this forewarning. Still, you will have the last laugh on this occasion as those pilots who are chuckling at your misfortune as you scamper down the fellside towards the carpark fail to observe a mighty cumulus nimbus developing and get sucked up en masse for an uncomfortable 40 minutes or so - ho ho ho! All will turn out well and how you will all laugh later in the pub.

TAURUS April 20 – May 20 This is the year for all Taurans to address their issues of over-competiveness and impetuosity. Both Saturn and the Moon’s nodes in Scorpio signal a time of endings and beginnings in your flying development so you need to work hard to harness this effect to your advantage. You will probably fail as your other characteristic of failing to listen to advice will overrule your better judgement. An example of this occurs in April when, whilst enjoying the misfortune of a pilot who has misplaced some essential equipment and is forced to run back down Skiddaw you rush to launch to rub salt into his smarting ego. Having failed to observe the sky you are caught out by massive cloud suck and only escape by Saturn’s last minute intervention on your behalf. No matter, back in the pub you are back to your cocky self, employing the rationale that you were attempting the CSC altitude record. Tossler!

GEMINI May 21 –June 21 Mars enters dynamic, airy Aquarius towards the middle of the year, blowing some fresh – or even thrillingly foreign – air into your world. While weighty issues won’t disappear, you’ll realise that there’s always more than one way

forward so forget your disappointing performance in the LCC (you will come in the bottom 10% if you want to know) and head for somewhere more interesting and challenging. The Karakoram is nice. It has lovely views and excellent local cuisine. Take gloves and a little oxygen bottle will be useful. Special tip for Geminis, avoid Fridays. No, not just from a flying viewpoint, avoid Fridays completely.

CANCER June 22 – July 22 Do you keep a dream diary, meditate, or simply take long walks in the fells? If you can find ways to drill deep into your imagination and intuition in the coming year, you'll be richly rewarded. For many of you, a powerful or dynamic teacher, mentor, lover or guru can encourage your flying creativity. You might not agree with everything they suggest, but if you compromise a little you'll see how to make the advice or suggestions work brilliantly for you. Late spring conditions, thoughts and events reveal a magical silver lining to those clouds you insist on seeing on every horizon. You'll see how love comes in many disguises too. People you've helped or impressed in the past are now ready to return the favour, much to your surprise and delight. Your own Cancer full Moon in late May magnetises seismic emotions, but clarifies many of the issues you've been wrestling with for many, many months. It's slow work, but sometimes that's what wins the race but sadly not for you in the LCC when you come even further down the rankings than that little gaggle of Geminis.

LEO July 23 – August 22 As all Leos will be aware, Jupiter is described in cosmological terms as a gas giant. Frankly Jupiter has been irritated by the prosaic implications of such terminology for many hundreds of years but as successive space missions deem to better understand the solar system at the expense of the millennia of knowledge accumulated by such experts as Mystic Meg and indeed I Thermallus, it all comes to a head in the year 2013. Jupiter gets a major cob on and ceases his watch over his precious Leos. So if your birthday is between July 23 and August 22 don't bother your flying year will be crap.

VIRGO August 23 – September 22. Once again a glorious year for pilots flying under the star sign of Virgo; it will seem you can do no wrong. Your lucky number is 6, not coincidentally the sum of 2-0-1-3 so you should exploit this to the maximum. Perhaps you should aim to make the 6th June the day for a record breaking Wainwright flight. A large thermal will break through a weak inversion at around 600 metres above Hopegill Head at around 13.02 hours (Unfortunately Thermallus can't be any more precise than that) Interestingly Hopegill Head is the 6th summit in Wainwright's *North Western Fells*, his 6th volume. Whilst conditions may appear weak you will be surprised how easily you can link up the tops and break the Livingstone/Cavanagh stranglehold at the head of the Wainwright league. (Thermallus is also a qualified numerologist, call any time for a personalised reading, special rates for CSC members)

LIBRA September 23 – October 23. Scary to contemplate but with the support of feisty Mars and a rejuvenated Pluto in the second half of 2013 you can begin to build something new on firm, lasting foundations - whether you want to develop your flying talents, improve your knowledge or get more involved with the running of the club. Mars and Venus have a bit of a thing going at the moment and the juxtaposition of war and beauty makes for some raunchy conditions. Useful tips might be to get a second reserve parachute and one of those clever little tracking devices. Socialising around the Autumn equinox opens up the

possibility of sparkly, lucky coincidences to speed you on your way. Lucky number - $\sqrt{\pi} \pm (\infty \times d)$ where d is the chord of the glider and ∞ is the price you paid in Euros.

SCORPIO October 24 – November 21. A generous helping of Scorpio energy opens January on an intense note which makes your hangover all the more excruciating. It's time to do some serious soul-searching, thinking deeply about life, love, and the universe and in particular whether you are really ready to purchase that pod harness you have been eyeing up for the last couple of years. Decision time! Thermallus can advise but the decision rests with you. *(A standard astrological disclaimer comes with all Thermallus's predictions. Whilst he will always predict in accordance with the Astrology Trade Association standards and protocols the stars can be tricky little buggers and very occasionally errors occur. If you feel that you have been misinformed the first course of action is to validate the authenticity of your birth certificate. Most reported errors, on investigation have turned out to be caused by the inadvertent mixing up of babies in maternity wards resulting in inaccurate birth dates)* Back to the pod harness. Don't buy one; you'll look silly and you'll be denied the all-important boot shots when you visit more interesting sites than Silecroft.

SAGITTARIUS November 22 – December 21. Sometime early next year, when the new Moon rises in Sagittarius your ruler, Jupiter, travels backwards for a spell; Jupiter can be contrary! This suggests that things generally and flying in particular might seem to move at a snail's pace. This will become particularly significant in March when a pleasant soaring opportunity on Blease becomes a major drama as you are hooped up and back by strong wave. You will move at a snail's pace; unfortunately towards the ridge. Because of the on-going shenanigans between Mars and Venus the outcome of the incident is blurred but best of luck. Lucky piece of equipment – speed bar.

CAPRICORN December 22 – January 19. The prospects for Capricornians is fairly speculative for 2013. Given your preference for small gatherings and romantic dates over crowded parties or noisy bars, Thermallus would normally guide you towards long lonely XC flights over the more remote and challenging parts of the Lakes rather than crowded rumbustious flying around the honeypot sites of Blease, Jenkin and Clough. The dilemma for Thermallus is that the looming presence of Uranus in opposition to Saturn with the support of little Pluto (still seething from the downgrading) is likely to cause astrological chaos. In flying terms this means extremes, being on a glorious glide over the central fells or being drilled into the unpleasantly rocky terrain around Great End. Hard to say. Best suck it and see, nothing ventured etc. Let Thermallus know how you get on or if necessary get someone to write on your behalf. Lucky number, ooh er .. hard to say really. Lucky colour definitely red .. or maybe a light aubergine .. depends on what you're wearing with it.

AQUARIUS January 19 – February 20. Overcome your impatience; you can often learn a great deal by simply observing, as some Taurans are about to discover in April. Spend more time, effort and perhaps money in the all-important preparation phase. The ideal way to start the flying year is to make a visit to Stevie Giles's flying emporium to peruse the lovely flying things on offer. If you can get there before Christmas you may have a chance to visit Santa's Grotto where you can whisper in his ear all the lovely things to enhance your flying year, whether it be the latest glider, harness or a pair of jolly socks or one of those useful pee tubes as a stocking filler. While you're there why not have a look at the exciting collection of snow boards in the latest colours and designs .. oooh suit you sir!

*The Star Sign Aquarius – Sponsored by **The Sick and the Wrong** for all your flying and snowboarding needs. All star signs welcome! (Thermallus welcomes sponsorship arrangements for star signs; terms and conditions on application)*

PISCES February 19 – March 20. FYou're a Piscean and this is the Lake District – brilliant. Whether you're in the air or on the lake you're happy as a pig in muck. Everyone likes a Piscean, great company, great with chips. Be prepared for a storming year. Thermallus confidently predicts that a Piscean will win both the A comp LCC and take honours in the Wainwright League. It's all about Venus who receives some very positive news from the Moon. Sadly it's a bit saucy to pass on post- Leveson but suffice to say you are being watched from above by the evening star. Obviously you need to limit your flying to early evening to make the most of the situation and it might be worth carrying a torch for some long dark walk-outs. Lucky Lake – Brotherswater. A wet suit could be advantageous.

Cumbria Soaring Club 2012 AWARDS

CSC Pilots in the National XC League

- 1st : TROPHY & PRIZE Mike Cavanagh
- 2nd : PRIZE Ed Cleasby
- 3rd : PRIZE Alex Butler
- 4th : PRIZE Steve Etherington
- Highest Sports Class Glider: TROPHY & PRIZE John Hamlett

CSC Pilots in the Cumbria XC League

- Highest placed pilot flying an EN D Glider: PRIZE Mike Cavanagh
- Highest placed pilot flying an EN C Glider: PRIZE Chris Little
- Highest placed pilot flying an EN B Glider: PRIZE John Hamlett
- Highest placed pilot flying an EN A Glider: PRIZE None entered
- Highest placed Female Pilot: PRIZE Jackie Knights
- Best XC scoring flight from Club site: TROPHY & PRIZE Mike Cavanagh - 114/FlatT/Wolf/June

CSC Pilots in the Lakes Charity Classic

A Comp:

- 1st : PRIZE & JOINT TROPHY Gary Stenhouse
- 2nd : PRIZE Alex Butler
- 3rd : PRIZE Simon Baillie

B Comp:

- 1st : PRIZE & JOINT TROPHY Paul Clarke
- 2nd : PRIZE Edmund Bewley
- 3rd : PRIZE No One

Wainwrights Competition

Pilot/s flying the most summits in the XC year:
Cavanagh (48)
Pilot completing the most summits in one flight:
Pilot completing the most scoring flights:

Rick Livingstone/Mike
Mike Cavanagh (16 on 5/4/12)
Tony Eadington

Special Awards

- Best newcomers: TROPHY & PRIZE
Harrison Jackie Knights, James
- Keenest Pilot: TROPHY & PRIZE Jaysen Metcalfe
- Best Spoilt for Choice article: PRIZE Andy Paulson
- Chairman's Award: TROPHY & PRIZE Jon May, Jim Stilling

Crash Test Dummy.

(By our very own head coach)

LFE (learning from experience). In theory you're supposed to benefit from other peoples mishaps. Well I'd like to take this opportunity to complain - in that I feel I'm having more than my fair share of experiences, OR are others having cock-ups too embarrassing to mention! However, I'd appreciate it if someone would pick up the gauntlet.

Being a club coach I feel duty bound to confess the consequences of not carrying out safety checks before launching - might even add it to the '7 Ways to **** it up' list usually reproduced in the spring edition of **Spoilt For Choice.**



Saturday the 8th of September. The sun is shining and 4 sweaty topless men are walking up the right hill on the right day - just picture the scene. Conditions look perfect, and they turn out to be perfect all

day. We stop before the grass turns to heather and prepare to fly. I'm the first to take off as a gentle breeze returns to the hill, and I worked to slowly gain height with figures of eight, scratching the heather just for fun. I turned back while in some lift but sank big style into the hill where two sheep stood glued to the spot. I guess they chickened out because I bounced off heather and not wool just a short distance up the fell from the others. Slightly embarrassed, I stood up, gathered my wing off the wiry heather and waddled in my pod harness a short distance to the nearest patch of grass. Throwing out my wing I built a wall and immediately took off again. The mistake had been made and was to be become clear; however one of my accomplices came over the radio straight away "Your reserve handle is hanging out". I felt for the handle and then took a look - the following image remains with me vividly today. As I looked over the right hand side of the harness, almost directly below me, was a perfectly straight line of green cloth 10 inches wide pointing at the ground, which was where I would be in a second or two! What was forefront in my mind, slightly obscured by an inaudible Ahhhhhhhhhhh, was the thought 'I am too low to be deploying a reserve'. The lanyard was still velcro'd to the side of the harness, I instinctively reached down and managed to grab the collection of white lines and hauled them in quickly hand over hand. For a moment I felt I was going to be quick enough, but in an instant the parachute popped open. The load was immediate and I had to let go and reach forward for my handles. My glider accelerated forwards as the as the reserve slammed the 'air brakes' on behind my shoulders. I braked to stop the glider diving forward and down towards the ground, the leading edge stopped level with the horizon. I had a second to prepare to PLF and kicked my legs out of the pod, but something wasn't right - I was suspended from the maillons and the shoulders like in a hammock, still in a supine position as the glider pulled forward and the reserve pulled back. I couldn't get out of a sitting position before impact and so quickly straightened my body to pancake off the floor rather than land on my bum, and bounced.

The second thing I did wrong was jump to my feet slightly embarrassed before the 3 figures running up the slope. I should have taken a little longer to check for damage rather than be so image conscious.

I remember hearing an expression "if you can walk away from it, then it ain't a crash". Sounds like a lot of my landings!



(Alistair Westle reveals all ... as does Ed)

The Invitation.

I made a remark on the forum one day about how I needed to escape the poor weather of the UK in favour of sunnier climes, and before I knew it there were 7 of us going on a Summer Holiday - minus the big red bus! *(A reference to Rock and Roll legend Sir Cliff Richard for the benefit of the younger reader. Ed)*

I came out here with Baz & Sam last year for 2 weeks and had a great time. On my return, my ever patient and understanding ('Long Suffering'!) wife said that I wasn't allowed to go for 2 weeks again as she had struggled without me there to do everything around the house. I didn't go against her wishes and just booked 13 days this time - she'll be much more specific next time, I am sure....

I was going the day after Jackie's Surprise 60th and returning the day my kids' half term started. KenKen, Ed & Steve joined for these dates, with Mark, Phil & Tom deciding to only go out for a week starting the Friday before our Sunday!

The Journey.

Ed kindly agreed to drive, and pick us up at Steve's House in Kendal.

We arrived at Liverpool Airport with time to shop in Duty Free, have a bite to eat and a drink, relax and chat about our aims for the trip - oh, hang on a minute..... that's not as I remember it...

We walked briskly from the carpark, had to wait for one of us to get the EasyJet treatment

(having to pay excess baggage for not declaring his Paraglider!), went through the baggage check and ran to the gate with 5 mins before the plane was due to fly!!! Phew, that was close.

On arrival at Algo, there were high winds and at 1:30am we unlocked the house door and the big metal doors started banging wildly. "High guys. We are here!" we said as the semi-conscious 3 came out of their rooms to see who was robbing them! It came as quite a shock to see that Mark didn't just have dreadlocks on his head h

Monday morning. First Flight.

It was a lovely but windy day. We had to make a 10 minute downhill WALK to get to take-off today. Baz was most apologetic as everything is top driveable here - just what Ed is used to in the Dales. As we rigged and waited for the conditions to become 'perfect', Ed took off as wind dummy. It looked good but Baz suggested we wait until it got better. With the wait the wind decided to veer right off the hill. KenKen was next in his Brave-Pants and worked it hard before making a strong wind landing after 15 mins. Baz & Phil got off and went down, but they both made excellent low saves and got about half an hour before losing it and landing. Mark was next. Straight to the deck, poor boy. Steve and I had a couple of failed launches as the wind was now about 70 degrees off the cliff take off, OMG (that's for the youngsters that may be reading - all inclusive we are!). We both got extended fly-downs, landing almost vertically.

Baz said that we would get better flights over at Montellano, so we packed and drove the 30 mins over there. The wind was on, but quite strong. Gliders looked pinned most of the time, but we had great fun watching lots and lots of really bad (and scary) take offs. After half an our or so, we launched and had a great boat about and watched Ed & Phil go over the back. Could this be our first XC of the trip? on day one?

Mark and I were next to leave the hill. With 1000' ATO we made the hop. Phil had landed 13km away so, despite being able to go much, much further, Mark & I landed near him to keep him company. Ed, on the other hand, thought he'd make us all green with envy and fly 38km! The others had a nice time on the hill.

Back to the house for a quick wash before heading into town (a 5 minute walk) for a swift half.

Tuesday.

The weather was much kinder today, with light winds and a South East launch from Lijar. This has a massive bottom landing field and a good 10 min TTB flight time - ask Mark, he had a good

10-12 min trip! Ken Ken also made it down, with Tom, whilst Ed and Baz flew over to the Twin Peaks and back (that's a 13km Out and Return).

Phil and I tried for the Twin Peaks but didn't quite make it. We had a few attempts to get in close but, on looking at our tracklogs later, we were about a Km short. On our way back to the landing field I found a great thermal and decided to close the Out & Return close to the take off - Phil made a good landing.

Wednesday.

A similar day to yesterday, but on my way back from the Twin Peaks I picked up another thermal above the landing field. I got higher and decided to fly North along the ridge whilst everyone else went for lunch! About an hour later I was still in the air and debating going off the end of the ridge to see how far I could get. I was all alone (not even in radio contact with Baz) and quite apprehensive about heading into the unknown, mainly because it all looked like Olive Groves and undulating ground - not to mention all the power lines around.... I thought I was going to land and found a relatively clear spot, but saw a pair of Vultures circling about half a Km away and headed to them. Up I went again - this really is ACE. I caught 2 more thermals (quite hard to find as it was a very blue day) and made it to Olvera. I didn't mind waiting in the baking sun for the guys to finish lunch before being picked up and taken back to launch!

The Hiatus

The next 2 days were not flyable. Needless to say, it got very messy, with the beer getting opened at 11am! This was the point at which everyone started getting very silly, with Ed playing the Bongos. This made him very hot and needing to cool down by removing some of his clothing (well, all of it to be exact). I was on a video call to my wife. Not realising what was happening in the living room, I came through.... I was just explaining to Helen that, although the beer was REALLY cheap, we were all being sensible. I think she quickly saw through my lies! I hope she didn't see through the Bongos.....

Complete with severe hangovers, Mark, Phil and Tom drove back to Malaga on the Friday morning - after waking us up to say goodbye at 5am - cheers lads. I'm sure that was the best flight that Mark got in all week, but they did tell us of 2 days of 7-8m/s thermals before we arrived!

Saturday

The Saturday brought great weather again, with cloud streets forming from take off towards Ronda. Baz was up. Then Ed. Next went Steve followed by Ken and then me. A couple of beats along the ridge in busy air before we contacted the one that got some to base. Sadly, both Ken and I got the down cycle! Ken made a great escape to the bottom landing field - by the beer van. I stuck at it and became more determined to get up once I saw the other 3 heading off downwind. I made it after about 5 mins to see them disappearing into the distance. Ed was at the back of the pack because, well, there was this German girl on an Artic 3..... It had outclimbed him for the last few days and he was determined to bet on top of her (one way or another) before the end of the trip! The air was too rough for me to reach for my mike to tell them that I was hot on their tails, but Ed saw me and waited - cheers mate.

We skirted the side of the Twin Peaks, staying close to the edge of the building clouds. Steve, unfortunately, fell out of the lift and made a superb landing next to 2 bars. These 2 bars were the only buildings for miles - spot on!

A little further on and I also dropped out of the lift. Picking a safe (ish) spot to land, I spotted what I hoped would be a trigger and headed over. It was! I made it back to base with Ed - Baz was way in front. Just before Ronda, Ed and I found some strong sink. We decided to have a little competition to see whether my hook 2 could outperform his M4 on a glide in sink. Needless to say, Ed lost less height!

Baz knew that I was desperate for 30km (29.9km just isn't enough when you've got this far!!) and directed us to the other side of town (to one of his favourite bars). He briefed me on the landing field - a small field next to the main road and surrounded on 3 sides by power lines. I decided to hang back a little and watch him go in, but drifted too far back in the strengthening wind. I was going to land short in an olive grove so decided (too late) to turn away. For information; Olive trees are quite small and have smooth branches and are quite soft. You don't need to ask how I know that....

We had a brief rest period of bad weather and headed off to Cadiz. It's a couple of hours drive, on the coast and is a nice old town, not that we know that 'cos we found a bar for Tapas and stayed in it a while!!

The next 2 days saw pretty much the same as the flights before - Twin Peaks and back and a fly down the ridge and - almost - back in very strong winds. Full bar and coming down vertically! I did get to 7000' that afternoon though, brilliant.

Some thoughts

To round up my thoughts on an Algo trip;

Who is it for? - a new CP through to a big XC hound. Ken was just off his red ribbon and gained tons of useful tips and skills.

Best time to go? - I would say early Spring or late Autumn. Ed commented on the thermals in October being better than anything that we have had this year in the UK.

Is it expensive? - EasyJet was £180 return - declaring Paragliders, the beer and food can be about £15 a day. Guiding and accommodation about £275 a week.

How long to go for? - I've done 2 two week trips. Going for one week at this time of year could mean only 3 days flying. Obviously, if you go for longer you have a better chance of more flying days.

Thanks to Baz & Sam of Andalucian Experiences, Ed for the airport transfers and entertainment, Steve for the sandwiches - and cooking every night!, Ken-i-pedia for his knowledge, Phil for being wind dummy, Mark for the craik and Tom for smoking the sausages!



Asi's Holiday snaps - feel free to add yur own captions

Secretary's Notes **(Ian Henderson keeps tabs)**

A warm welcome to the following new member of CSC, joined since October:

James Pierce Ambleside

We've almost completed the November membership renewal month and the membership has dropped from 218 to 205. We've got to do some work on the stragglers but we usually lose a few people this month as they decide to stop flying. Thanks to everyone who switched to standing order; it does make life a lot simpler.

The bank saga still drags on. We want to use a bank where we can get our statements on line - not difficult you would have thought. At the moment the only way that we can find out who has paid by standing order or electronically is by Jon Bennett going down to the bank in Ambleside and getting a bit of paper. We've been trying to persuade Barclays to give us on line access but in spite of the Ambleside bank staff filling in the form, Barclays head office keep telling us that the form is incorrect! After numerous attempts, we've given up and are now trying to set up an account with a different bank. Again, this is taking a long time but I hope to be able to tell you about the new bank before too long. Unfortunately, this will mean that you will have to change your standing orders. Our apologies for this but we want to make it quicker and easier for the majority of payments

A new committee was appointed at the November AGM. One of the main changes this year is that Jon Bennett has given one year's notice of standing down as Treasurer. This gives us time to transfer Jon's expert knowledge of financial wheeling and dealing to a new treasurer. In this case, 2 treasurers as Jackie Knights and James Harrison come as a set!

Pilot Exam

7 members took the Pilot Exam earlier this month and we're currently waiting for the results. So if you see someone looking a bit quiet or a bit rowdy, you know why!

Photos

Thanks for those of you who sent in photos last month. You can find the November gallery in the Info >> Gallery section of the web site. Winter conditions can provide spectacular photos; if you take any then let me have a copy

Another Sunny Day In Cumbria

Malc and Rob go a' Wainwrighting ... but where? Spot the Wainwright and win a mug

A gentle walk through woodland brings us above the intakes. The way now becomes a steepening path beside dead bracken, giving way to a heathery ridge. On the ridge, time to sniff the wind, NE ever so light. Upwards and onwards.

On the summit a light NE on the steep shaded flanks, too light to be able to soar. Sun on the lee. So again upwards and onwards. High onto snow clad big sister, majestic above a ribbon of glass. Our second summit, still the wind oh so light. Nil really.

The sunny sides now giving the game away, with ragged wisps of low cumulus rising above ridges into the distance. We forward launch off snow into the slightest westerly breeze. Gentle sink all the way; passing over the summit of our Wainwright, and one less obvious one on the way. We fly onto the steep sunny face.

Rewarded with the gentlest of thermals we spend almost an hour sometimes wingtip to wingtip. Soaring the light thermals, which unfortunately never get us back above the summit. Never the less a fine reward for the efforts made.

We land on the lower slopes of this north south facing ridge. Only to find a very light NE still over the back when thermals are not drifting up the hill. No wonder that approach felt fast!

A short detour on our initial glide could have made a third Wainright possible.

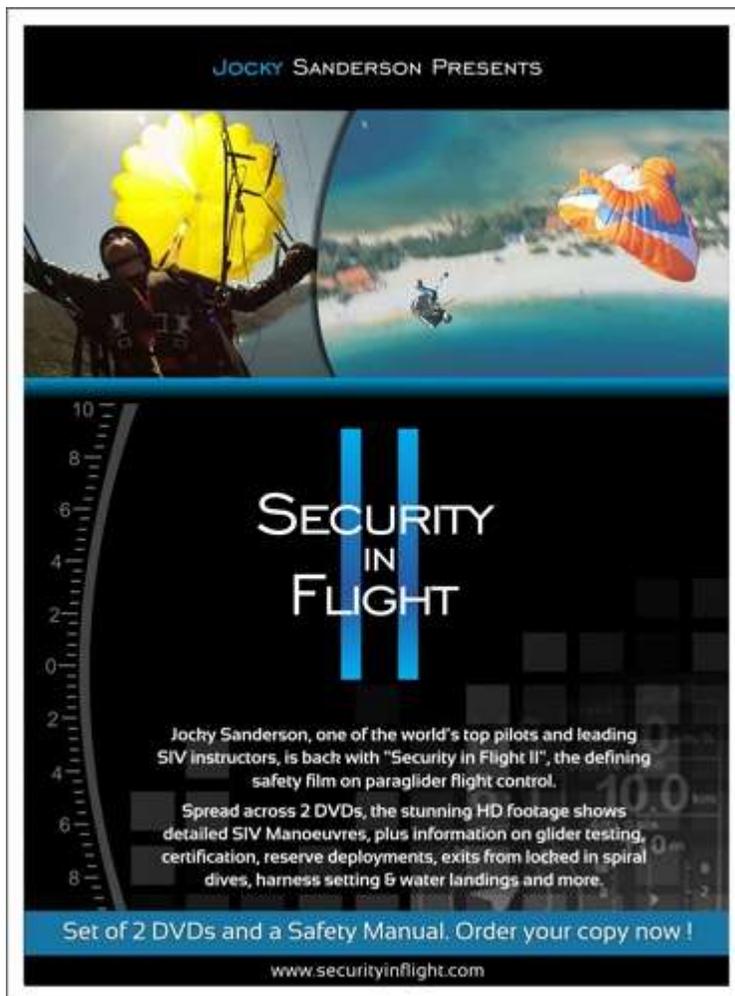
Where were we? Rob and Malc Grout. *(The first correct answer sent to the editor will win something)*

Here are the responses actually provided by committee members. Three are false, just the editor's best guess at what the individual might have said had they been arsed to reply. Can you work out which are false? Nor me.

Steve Giles		Gloves
Ian Henderson		 Hot hands
Jon Bennett		A blow-up doll
Mike Cavanagh		Any Advance glider – they're brilliant
Kitt Rudd		a passport to get somewhere warmer
Gordie Oliver		Foggy – cos he's the best wind dummy ever
Dave Ashcroft		Trousers
Rick Livingstone		Whatever Ali Westle takes
Alistair Westle		
Richard Jennings		<i>I have a rather good, three part flask that is ideal for keeping meals hot, so on a cold day I would fill one of them with Beef Bourgeon, and can especially recommend the recipe on page 147 of Floyd on France. The Second insulated pot I would fill with some boiled Potatoes with parsley and</i>

		<i>butter, In the third pot I would take some Smelly Apeth a rather fine soft Blue Cheese from the Sadelworth Cheese Company near Preston. On the assumption it was for an after flight snack, I would also pack a Small Bottle of Red, as long as I could find a plastic bottle as it would be rather disastrous if it smashed with a bumpy landing, as I don't think Mountain Rescue do wine deliveries.</i>
Jackie Knights		My husband
James Harrison		My wing

Surprisingly, no one suggested Jocky's excellent new DVD which many of us had the pleasure of viewing at the recent Rheged event. No matter, it's not too late to bag yourself one for Christmas -



And on that blatantly commercial note we come to the end of another **Spoilt for Choice** and another flying year. Let's hope for better weather in 2013 starting with a good crisp white winter, dry warm spring loaded with bouncy thermals, a glorious hot summer with mellow climbs and long glides and a fine hop harvest in the autumn.

All the best for Christmas and the New Year from the Team.

Chris

