



OVERdaBERG

Volume 1, Issue 4

September 2006

UP TO SPEED

New Club Members

We would like to welcome the following new members; Enjoy being a part of the Overberg flying fun ☺

Antony Stone – getting PPG license with Keith, keen to do free flying
Bernie Kelly – crazy aussie, been around for awhile, keen on group XC

The Eagle Award

Last month Gene Lohrentz got the OPC Eagle for being a newly licensed pilot who flew from SLP to Hanskop twice in a month. Awesome flying, not many of us have achieved that – let alone twice in a month ☺

The Outhouse Award

Last month loel Shemtov got the OPC Outhouse for modelling his superb Y-fronts in the beanie show at the Koringberg flyaway. loel you were an absolute sport.

OVERdaBERG Gatskop

Still umming and aarring, get with it, the Gatskop is just over a week away and the Porterville season has already started. A special event is planned utilizing another example of flying, with the possibility of getting involved yourself ☺

The Saturday party is looking good with supper by Sue our chef extraordinaire (children's meals will be earlier, around 18:00). Fun prize giving will be on the Saturday night, with the main prizes being given at the club year end function.

If you fly with a GPS, bring your download cables, your tracks can then provide your score. This will be a first for a Gatskop, so we might have some technical issues, but let's still give it a go.

Wilderness Flyaway

Mid November in Wilderness, what a fantastic time of year to fly and see some of the best the Garden Route has to offer. Also, two new sites promising even more flying, Bergplaas, close to Serpentine and Louvain, 55km from George towards Uniondale. The club has provisionally booked accommodation with Deon

Borrett, places must be confirmed with Earl (earlvalentine@hotmail.com or 0725765294) by 27th October 2006

Overberg XC Ladder

Now that there has been some distance flying, the Overberg XC ladder is back in action.... ☺

Greg is currently managing the ladder; submit your flights (distance and date of flight) to greg@eternitypress.co.za. Only one turnpoint allowed, unless you've scored your flight through the OLC, in which case you are allowed four turnpoints. Now isn't that a reason to start using the OLC ☺ Greg will be publishing details on how to access and use the OLC

On the 20th, loel was on the top rung – go check out the current ladder, www.overbergparaglidingclub.co.za/viewtopic.php?t=330

Stofpad

Jaco Wolmarans is planning Stofpad clinics, the first one will be in the first weekend of November (4th & 5th), maximum of 6 pilots. The aim of the clinic is to introduce new and inexperienced pilots to XC flying, so no 'old ballies' please ☺ Pilots who fly DHV1, DHV1/2 and CEN Standard gliders only, a GPS with your download cable is required. There will be a debriefing on both days with recovery provided. For more details or to register for the clinic, contact Jaco (jaco@wordsource.co.za)

Next Meeting

The next club meeting will be on the 25th October 2006 @ Killarney Race Track Suites from 7pm

UP AND COMING

- OVERdaBERG Gatskop in Porterville, 7th – 8th October
- SAN Flatland Challenge (N vs S), 22nd – 28th October
- Wilderness (Louvain) Flyaway, 11th – 12th November
- Xmas Party & Fancy Dress Fly-In @ Glen Club, 25th November

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WHERE WE FLEW

This month we really started to see the beginning of summer. The SE'sters are becoming more prominent with far less cold spells. Here is the rundown on the weather and the sites flown.

28th Aug – 03rd Sept 2006

This was a week of medium strength winds and a bit of rain. The SE'sters were strong along the coast

- Porterville, Piketberg

04th – 10th Sept 2006

A week of light variable winds and some excellent flying

- Meerendal, LLH, Koringberg, SLP, Hermanus

11th – 17th Sept 2006

The summer SE'sters were teasing us again, mixed in with a small cold front

- LH, Signal Hil, Koringberg, Porterville, SLP

18th – 24th Sept 2006

A week of mostly mild SE'sters with both ends touched by rain.

- LH, Hermanus, Koringberg, SLP, Porterville, Franschoek

Weather SA Prediction Accuracy

Wind Direction	82%
Wind Strength	59%

IN THE CLINCH BAG

SAPC Update

The SAPC is currently in the third round at Wigwam and after two rounds the Overbergers are looking good. Craig is top of the intermediate class and Earl is top of the novice class. Go see the SAPC website for more results details, www.flysa.net/sahpa/sapc/html/results.htm

British Open Championships

Congratulations to Bernie, he has returned from the British Open Championships having achieved 16th place in the overall results. ☺ Go look at the results (www.pgcomps.org.uk), there were 9 South African pilots, what an amazing turnout for an overseas competition holding 3 rounds, each one in a different country....

SAHPA @ the Outdoor Expo

This year SAHPA have a stand at the Outdoor Expo promoting paragliding. The expo runs 29th Sept – 1st Oct @ Bien Donne in Franschoek. Several of the club members are manning the stand, so if you are at the expo come say hi. Go see www.outdoorexpo.co.za for more information. What a positive step in promoting paragliding ☺

SLP Windtalker

In case you hadn't realised yet, Wendy is broken again. She is reading the correct wind speed but the wrong wind direction. We are trying to get her fixed, so please be patient, volunteers with time are hard to come by ☺

WANNA KNOW MORE....

Online Forums

Don't forget, if you want up to the minute information and advice from the local community go and join the Flycape google group, groups.google.com/group/flycape, or if you paramotor join the Parabuzz google group groups.google.com/group/parabuzz

Flycast

If you are not always sure where to fly, subscribe to Greg's Flycast by emailing greg@eternitypress.co.za. He emails a great weekend rundown of which sites to fly based on the weather predictions.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Please feel free to contribute. The more contributions the better our newsletter will be. Send any contributions to lyndaoco@gmail.com

Thanks to

William Barker, Earl Valentine, Gene Lohrentz & Lynda O'Connell

for contributing to this newsletter

PILOT PROFILE

WILLIAM BARKER



How long have you been flying?

I have been flying for about three years.

Current Glider

Airwave Wave

Want to know more about William's glider, see these websites
www.airwave-gliders.com/en/paragliders/wave/index.html
www.dhv.de/odb/report.php?lang=en&qj=pub250011&item=6437

Favourite Site

My favourite site is Hermanus – I have never had a bad flight there.

Best Flying Moment

Best moment was high above Lion's Head, looking over the head down to my home in Oranjezicht, in a flight lasting three hours and 15 minutes.

Worst Flying Moment

Worst flying moment lasted half an hour: took off in a gust window from Lion's Head, climbed at impossible speeds, unable to get down, being thrown around, drifting right, unable to penetrate towards Camp's Bay and La Med. Managed to descend on big ears, and should have turned to land at the roadside, but in the last five seconds panicked and stalled going downwind at about 5metres, a hard descent. I just saw the ground, I thought close enough, and just wanted to be there.

Lesson: before taking off, make sure that at least some of the other pilots flying have similar skills to your own. That day, Craig and Stef were the only others in the air. Nuff said.

Why do you paraglide?

I paraglide because when I am flying, I am wholly there. Nothing else matters. I used to mountain-bike, and one day from the top of Constantiaberg I saw three gliders over Hout Bay. They must have taken off from Llandudno or Lion's Head, but they flew from Llandudno, over Hout Bay, climbed to the top of Constantiaberg, and then flew back over Hout Bay. I thought: "If God had intended

me to ride a bicycle, He would not have invented paragliders." Then one day a few months later I went to watch at Lion's Head. Barry was there, and he was taking Grace for a tandem. Barry gave me his card. Just as they were taking off, Grace found she had a water bottle in her hand. "Oh hell" she said, "Where can I put this?" It went down her front, and off they went, Grace whooping with delight. I thought: "Hey, I like these people."

Number One: The people. I have not met any paragliders that I dislike, and most I really like, and will (and have, Stef) gone to the ends of the earth to fetch, whether in Austria or the Karoo.

Number Two: The places. From dusty, barren Nieuwoudtville, to the fynbos of Hermanus, to the forests of Italy, to the splendour of the Austrian Alps, this sport has taken me places I would never have gone to otherwise. And wherever I have gone, whatever their language, I have met kind, helpful, skilled people, who have shared their skill by teaching me. There are no egos in this sport, I have found.

Something people don't generally know about you?

People generally might not know that I have two children, of whom I am greatly proud: Jean is an editor and writer, Danny is a doctor working with HIV patients in Khayelitsha. Neither of them ever want to watch me fly. Both are more successful than I am, which is the way it should be. My other passion is pottery, and I do only hand-building. I have never been interested in working on the wheel. And I am happily married to Jessica, who I met about nine years ago. She will watch me fly, but she has better things to do usually.

Looking Forward...

I am now revisiting parts of my flying training, under Barry's eye, as a basic licensed pilot. I want to do an SIV course, either overseas or at Midmar, when Barry thinks I am ready. I hope to earn my Sport licence once I have done 300 to 400 flights. At my age, 60, I think I must progress slowly. I want to fly at De Aar, Bulwer, Spain, Croatia and Turkey next, in that order.

CLUB CONTACTS

New Members

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LEARNING TO FLY

By Gene Lohrentz

"Sorry guys, have to go to a Friday afternoon meeting, cant join you for lunch" - that's the best excuse to use when you get an SMS saying that the flying is great at SLP, even better when your glider is in your car waiting for you. So I slipped out of the office and broke the sound barrier in my little bakkie to get to SLP. I'm met by Barry who urges me to get my stuff ready. "Today you are going to have a great flight, Peter Salomons is on take-off and you can go with him to Hanskop"

What you should know is that up until this point I have not done any real XC flying and so the idea of finally getting to it was very inviting indeed.

While I was getting ready Peter took off and went for the ridge above the road. I proceeded to take-off, waited for a nice cycle to come through and away! Onto the ridge I went, only to see Peter sink out below me. My hopes also took a drop to zero. Flying was good though and a few minutes later someone announced that they're giving Peter a lift to the top (thanks Candice!). I was flying on the ridge and gaining nice height. Peter joined me a few minutes later passing me on the right with a clear hand signal pointing to Hanskop. Here we go!

I took careful notice of his altitude every time we circled up before jumping the next gap, and then followed his route all the way. We got to a point just before the last big gap and Peter worked his Shaolin up for some altitude. Time to learn some lessons.

I followed Peter up, but in my eagerness to keep up with him I jumped the gap while still way too low. I ended up scratching along the cliff face leading to Hanskop, while Peter was going for it way above me. The top of Hanskop was covered in cloud but he went to base then turned around. I was left with a turn at the base of Hanskop and the constant "where do I go if I sink out" question in my mind. I finally got back to a point where I could work the lift. Peter came back overhead and the Shaolin breezed back towards take-off.



SLP looking over to the Steenbras Dam

I followed behind, gaining good altitude and I arrived back over take-off with some to spare.

I saw Barry and asked him to talk me in for a top landing. 58 minutes later I landed next to my bakkie, my 1st XC flight complete with a big big smile!

Just a week later I got to test my solo skills as I went for Hanskop again. It was a clear day with fantastic conditions. The flight was easy with my 1st turn at the base of Hanskop. Up I went.

I took a moment to snap away some great pics and went back to landing.

As so many other paraglider pilots, I now travel everywhere with my eyes towards the sky and my thoughts on my next XC flight.

Learning to paraglide = A few thousand smackers

Buying a paraglider = some more of the same

Slipping away from work AND escaping the bounds of earth = **PRICELESS!**

Photo by Gene Lohrentz

GATSKOP PARTY MENU

Saturday 7 October 2006

Barbecued beef fillet with béarnaise and overberg sauce together with a selection of 4 salads

Fresh strawberries with chocolate dip, meringues and ice cream cones

For our vegetarian guests:

Spanokopitta with the same salads as above (please advise if this is your preference to ensure sufficient portions)

For our younger guests:

The same menu as above

Cost:

Under 12 R25
Over 12 R50

Gatskop Design by Jacob Krynauw - K2Design

FLYAWAY ADVENTURES

Calvinia Flyaway (25th - 27th August)

By Earl Valentine

I'd been working for two weeks flat, a characteristic lapse in planning. Fortunately, the end of this period coincided with our anticipated trip to deepest Karoo.

A pilot's drive up the N7 can be quite a nostalgic affair and wont leave you dreaming. Koringberg started the flights of fancy followed by legendary names like Pools Silos (I'll make it there one day), Eendekuil and then on up the pass looking up at places you've been and reliving past moments. Over the back to Citrusdal and the sight of the big mountains, more places you've thermalled and then on towards Constriction. From then on it was pure imagination and by the time I made it to Van Rhy'n's I was in another world, stunned by the oranges and reds of desert cliffs, first sight of Namaqualand's flowers and the possibilities of awesome flying.



One of the First Plateaus just before Van Rhy'n's

I finally found the launch site. The little purple streamer was probably what decided it. Loads of butterflies and birds flapping about suggested it wasn't going to be epic but the streamer raised itself rather lethargically on occasion and each time pointed up the mountain. I was going to fly a new site! I laid out the Sunset quite carefully and convinced myself that a forward launch would be possible. For those unfamiliar with this spot; launch isn't massive. You have two steps before a drop and then the hill starts again.

I reckon I stood ready to forward for about 20 minutes, trying to summon the slightest of breezes when I was overwhelmed by the 'Fuck It' sentiment and pushed A's and ran both of the two steps really hard before diving off the lip. I recall that slowing of time effect as the glider gathered speed and I started accelerating towards another fynbos moment when we pulled out of our swoop and were off.

Highlight of the flight had to be the little thermal I almost managed to beep all the way round in, once, and then off down the road. I spotted a clearing on the side of the road about halfway down, and being retrieveless, picked the spot, only to overshoot by a couple of metres and ensure a close study of the local vegetation.

I packed quickly, put my helmet back on and tried to convey to the passing traffic that I wasn't some nutter with his thumb in an unnatural posture that was walking up the pass for pleasure. It was

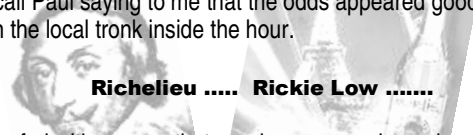
then that I spotted Liaan flying past. Wicked. In later conversation with him and Lynda I'm told he'd managed an effortless reverse followed by a trip to the bottom of the pass. I was suitably impressed.



Liaan flying Van Rhy'n's Pass

With daylight waning and a change of sounds I tried to see how fast the car could go, all the way to the Calvinia roadblock and the official welcome to the Hantam Vleis Fees! I pulled into town and at the first sight of smoking drums stopped and climbed out to ask directions to the campsite. I was greeted by a shout and looked up to see Arnold, Des and two others. Colyn from Carnarvon introduced himself while clutching his brandy and coke (the two were never parted after dark), as did Andre from Bloemfontein. We ate, pitched tents and were met by Paul Penning.

After meeting Rickie Low, a spirited lass that would have Cardinal Richelieu turning in his sanctimonious French grave, Paul, Colyn and I headed off to see what the festie was all about. It started well. I recall Paul saying to me that the odds appeared good that we'd be in the local tronk inside the hour.



Richelieu Rickie Low

We windsurfed with anyone that was brave enough, spoke endless shit to anyone that would listen and drank. R10 for a double and mixer was simply an opportunity that it would have been foolhardy to ignore. The people were unbelievably friendly and rarely have I been to a gathering of so many people where there's been such a chilled vibe; no brooding undercurrents of menace or mischief, just plain enjoyment and complete tolerance.

Colyn, I'm told, staggered into camp, opened the door to his bakkie and then collapsed over Andre's tent. Andre said he heard him approaching and when he was about twenty yards off screamed 'Fuck Off Colyn' but to no avail. Empathy prevailed and he decided to get up, put him in his sleeping bag and roll him into his tent. That's what friends are for.

Paul did a tour of the town trying to work out where his tent was and we'd all just about crashed when a bakkie load of very pissed and loud people from Worcester arrived and decided that it was a good time to have a braai. This was 4 in the morning. A loud 'shut up' from Des was greeted with an almost embarrassed 'But this is the Vleis Fees', and so they carried on drinking and braaiing in hushed, drunken tones that could be heard two blocks away. They were good enough to make us coffee in the morning though and even appeared slighted when we moved all our tents to the other side of the campsite after breakfast.

The wind was coming from the North East (I think) and getting

stronger and stronger all morning. We sat around, contemplated Greg's directions to the various sites and tried to work out what to do. It took a long time. Lynda and Liaan had joined us after a peaceful night's sleep in Niewoudtville and after much deliberation we ventured off to find the site closest to us.



Deliberation Moments

We met Jaco and Nicky while getting lost, but then found the SE site. A beautiful place and no doubt it would be stunning to fly there in completely different conditions, a fact confirmed by a hawk type bird that kept falling out of the sky (maybe he'd also been to the festie?).

The Wolmarans' hunger saw us going to see the daytime festivities. Porcupine skin isn't that tasty and there was no way I was going to swallow a sheep's testicle after having seen one. Meat there was plenty and Andre, having decided no flying was to be had, had consumed a half bottle of Rickie and in an inspired moment spent most of his money on smoked bacon flavoured, beef biltong that was surprisingly pleasant.



SE Site (looking back & looking forward)

Between Jaco and Arnold they decided winching was on the cards and so we headed off to the airfield for some flying. The airfield's runway, being perpendicular to the wind direction, was not considered the wisest of options and so we traipsed off to the Ceres road. We could not have designed a better road for the occasion. The electricity cables had long since been sold for scrap and the wind was blowing straight down the road.

When Jaco asked who wanted to winch I got all excited and started spluttering 'me, me, me' and so it was that I got pulled smoothly up to about 200m only to turn and fly equally smoothly back to where I took off. I tried again with the same result and convinced myself

there wasn't a thermal anywhere on the great expanse of the Hantam Vlakte.



Let's winch

Well I wasn't right but I was wrong again as Paul so expertly pointed out as he hooked into something that made him dwindle into the atmosphere. He worked for it though, cause as I watched him I kept seeing him flying straight in different directions and then connect again only to lose and find it again. He eventually disappeared into the distance and covered 30km in about 4 thermals including crossing some jagged mountains about 10km out. Max height was about 2,400 asl if memory serves me right. Flight of the day without any doubt.



Earl coming into land

Jaco, being Jaco, told Nicky he was just going to bob around and see what was up. He was pulling asymmetrics and fiddling about when he set up to land, it was then someone must have said the magic words, 'Jaco's about to land', and so he started turning. One thermal, 40 minutes later and a climb to 2,200 asl at 4 in the afternoon saw him landing 10km beyond take off.

By now we had 2 winches on the go with Des and Nicky at the helms. Colyn and Liaan had a couple of flights each between the passing traffic and the inconsiderate plane that decided to take off from the airfield. Colyn, being a Fly De Aar 'learner' (the politically correct term, I believe) had Arnold talk him through his flights while Liaan played thermal to a monster that may just have cracked the 0.5 up mark at some point. He extended his float above the road to a good 12 minutes, very similar to my last attempt of the day.



Paul on his way



Liaan landing

Mark M turned up just a bit too late to fly while Fly slipped through my fingers to chase a glider about 2 km down the track. Fly needed water and it was high time we were reacquainted with Rickie and her good friend Coke, so back to town for a braai.

A while later, and in a very relaxed frame of mind, I headed off to the sakkie dance with Colyn. The mighty Klipwerf were making their dvd again that night and we thought we'd feature, so once you've all rushed out to buy their latest (presume they've made others) effort have a close look. Colyn comes from 200km away, which makes him a local and the nice thing about going to a festie with a local is they know loads of interesting people. The 'Engelsman' had a good evening and even the Vleis Fees has an after party!

After breakfast Paul and I parted company with the Northern Capies and headed off to Van Rhyn's which was starting to work according to our ultra optimistic informant who cannot be left nameless, Jaco. The Niewoudtville crew had braaied and talked into the night and had a good time by the sounds of things and so perhaps forgiveness is in order.

I met up with Liaan and Lynda at the top of Van Rhyn's to stare into a white blanket that stretched to the horizon. As we sat on top of the cliffs by the old view site (no access by vehicle anymore) we were enveloped in waves of misty clouds that would then recede. With every wave, 'enlightenment' appeared as we could see our shadows on the road below surrounded by haloes. I've only ever seen glories while flying since to see them while still on the ground requires a special geography and sun, cloud combination. Cosmic.



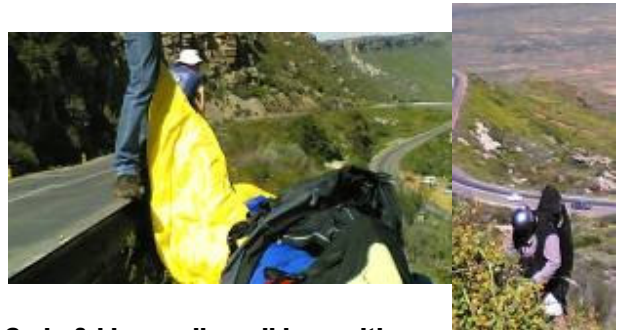
Van Rhyn's Valley

While waiting, and then waiting some more for the clouds to dissipate and the expected wind to blow up the slope Paul and I headed off to see the local waterfall on the Doring River. We were not disappointed, the recent rains produced a mesmerising display of patterns as they dropped into the gorge below. A place you could certainly sit a while and well worth the detour.



**Niewoudtville Waterfall
(with police chopper)**

Back to Van Rhyn's through fields of whites and yellows and oranges and then the multicoloured fields to find Craig strapped in and looking down the hill for a sign, any sign that wind was approaching. He gave up after a long while with the customary Craig muttering of 'Stupid Sport'. Jaco stepped into the breach and after an equally long pause seized the moment to two-step into the air for a foefie down the pass and into spiky plant territory.



Craig & his very limp glider, waiting

Craig's moment finally arrived and he managed to launch and fly over the power lines into some trainee thermals. He stuck doggedly with the broken lift until he was on the slope that had been in the sun all day and then started working that patiently upwards. Apparently, there was quite a strong lid on the valley and each time he got to almost the top of the mountain he got a little slap telling him to stay down. He flew for an hour and a half, an impressive feat when you consider the rest of our flights.

Mark, Liaan, Paul and I all flew to pretty much the same part of the world; some of us had more tree moments than others on launch but all flights ended in the bushes below the pass road. Jaco collected a thermal about halfway down and joined Craig for a moment before descending to the base of the pass. Thank you to Lesley for yet another retrieve, your karma must be monumental by now.



Jaco, Earl & Mark flying off Van Rhyn's Pass

All that was left to do was negotiate the road blocks, speed traps and incompetent motorists on the speed run back to Cape Town.

Flyaways are made by the people that go. The flying is what we're there for, but it is not essential. I had a really good weekend that I will remember for quite a while and much of this was due to the above-mentioned personages coupled with the Karoo locals and the stunning surrounds. Bring on the next trip!

Photo's courtesy of Liaan Van Der Merwe & Lynda O'Connell

EASTERN CAPE FLYING

By Lynda O'Connell

Port Elizabeth, better known as the windy city to the rest of us, can actually provide a fun spot for paragliding

Having just done a few days there, I was pleasantly surprised by the variety of sites they have available to them. While we were there Liaan and Richard managed to fly at Maitlands. After some scratching and perseverance, some height was gained, and then soaring the upper ridge was easy. For those of you who know Macassar, well it's similar to that. It's a large dune, right on the coast where strong winds are required. It is however more friendly because of the many more landing options on the beach and in the car park.



Maitlands – Below the road



Maitlands – Above the road

We also got to experience Graaff Reinet, and an experience it was..... Nevil gave us the site briefing and Andy re-confirmed. We all flew off the S side but the thermals were just not strong or big enough to get us going. This site is awesome, but be warned the landing is hectic. Once you hit town, it feels like you are flying through a million champagne bubbles which are determined to push you any which way they choose.

While the inland sites are quite a far drive, they are worth a visit if you can. The PE sites are closer together and offer pilots the opportunity to fly in various conditions. Lady's Slipper reminded me of a big Sedgeview. The ridge is alot longer and only broken by a river. Maitlands is the site for those typical windy PE days, it is somehow more protected than the others allowing you to soar in the strong winds. Rondebosch is a small site, but Nevil told us that it is magical and there is amazing and unexpected lift.

Our trip was made easy by the helpfulness and friendliness of Nevil. He wanted us to fly and made every effort to get us to the right site on the day. Without him our PE trip could have been completely uneventful. If you are ever in the area, don't just pass by, it has lots of potential for fun flying and XC. It is however, at its best in summer and launching tends to happen from around 11am. The flying is quite different from the Western Cape as most of the sites work best in thermic conditions. For me, the thing I remember most about Nevil is him saying 'what do you care about the ridge, it's just a place to launch to get to the thermals' ☺



S face take off



Town and landing

Graaff Reinet

Photo's courtesy of Lynda O'Connell,
www.encounter.co.za & www.blusky.co.za