

Introduction

Dawn to Dusk is a new challenge to me: I have logged two thousand hours flying a paraglider over a twenty-year period and in the last two years I have logged my first four hundred hours flying fixed wing powered aircraft. After being the first female to be awarded my LAA Silver Wings (presented at my local 'strut' earlier in 2016) I was looking for something else really challenging and interesting to do this summer - The Dawn to Dusk Challenge is it! My husband, Angus, agreed to support me in the challenge and take a 'P2' role.

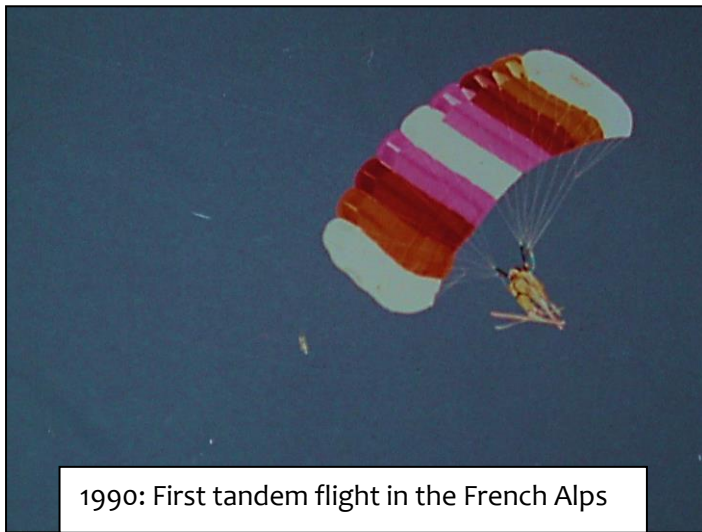


My 'former life' as a paraglider pilot

I carried my aircraft over my shoulder and stored it in a rucksack

Background

I started flying with a paraglider in 1990. I had four lovely girls, who were all by then at school and was studying to be a Design Technology teacher.



1990: First tandem flight in the French Alps

My father paid for me to do a tandem paraglider flight in the French Alps while on a skiing holiday. It was instant, passionate love! I had to learn how to fly so I signed up with Angus, my husband, to learn to fly a paraglider: it took a couple of weekends tramping around Welsh hills, looking for good places to practice under the eagle eyes of ex-SAS instructor, Andy Shaw, and we both got our 'P1' licenses that entitled us to self-launch a paraglider from a hill, unsupervised.

I now look back with some horror when I think how little I knew and how much I was allowed to do - but paragliding was in its infancy and over the years structures, systems and rules have been established to make the sport safer; together with improved design, the 'wings' have become much more user friendly. The early days may account for some of the many broken bones I had over those first years: 12 in all. I broke my collar bone several times, hand, leg, several ribs, back and pelvis. In 1996, six years after I learnt to fly a paraglider, flying became more important than my work. I gave up my teaching job (I had become deputy head of lower school and head of IT at a large inner city comprehensive school) and moved, with my family, to Chamonix in the French Alps.



Paragliding in the French Alps

120 paraglider pilots preparing to compete
at a European Championships



For the next fifteen years I travelled the world, competing in all the international paragliding championships I could: I usually competed in around eight championships a year in places as far flung as Australia, China, South Korea and South America, as well as numerous European locations. I had to take a periods years out due to injury but my passion for flying was unquenchable, there was nothing more exhilarating than thermalling up to cloud base, sometimes as high as 16,000 ft and speeding, with over one hundred other paragliders, across spectacular scenery to distant

My aim was to become an international competitor and a world record holder. I achieved both these goals while living in the French Alps in 1996 and returned with the family to the UK after a year, to become a sponsored, semi-professional, paraglider pilot. Toyota were looking for 'interesting' sports people and I fitted the bill. They gave me a brand new fully logoeed Rav 4 to drive and all the equipment I needed to compete.



One of the many awards



Preparing for take-off at a World Championships

turn points and goals, sometimes one hundred miles from our launch site. Competitions usually lasted a week and were always exhausting but huge fun. I often found myself on the podium and enjoyed being top of my game - several times British Women's champion, representing Great Britain in the World and European Championships on many occasions and gaining two British and four FAI World Records.

The beginning of the end of my paragliding

As I approached my sixtieth birthday my bones started to creak a bit too much, several of my paraglider friends had injured themselves in a life changing way and a few had died. I was beginning to think I should 'hang up my boots' and keep my feet on the ground: I had five lovely grandchildren and I wanted to live a few more years and see them grow up, not crash and end my life prematurely due to allowing my passion to get the better of me.

New beginnings

Angus, my husband, had been flying fixed wing aircraft for ten years.



2008: Angus's second aircraft: a Jodel 1051

In 2013 Angus bought me a flying lesson for my sixtieth birthday. It was fun and I enjoyed using an engine to gain height, rather than depend on finding a thermal to get me to cloud base. I also enjoyed having a fixed undercarriage, rather than depend on my own, rather weak legs to land on. The only problem was, having looked at the flying text books I would need to read, understand and pass theory tests on, I did not think I could do it: I'm dyslexic and I have always struggled with taking exams: my mental recall melts like the spring snow when I'm presented with a written exam paper and I have always had a fear and dread of taking exams. As a child, I failed a lot of exams due to my dyslexia and I did not believe I was capable of passing the PPL theory exams as I had to take nine written tests.

I did not think I would ever get my PPL however much I now wanted to fly an airplane. My instructor told me that he believed I would make a good pilot but thought it best to get all the theory out of the way first and then he would teach me to fly an airplane. He said I should just take it step at a time and with some determination, I would achieve my goal. So, the next six months were spent studying, memorising, practising and going over and over each subject, doing

an intensive day course with a very patient and understanding Bob McFee and passing all the theory papers. I then returned to John Warman, my flying instructor, and asked him to teach me to fly.



Passing my PPL on 12th September 2014 with examiner Dave Jelly and instructor John

It took another six months, 80 hours of learning to fly and much patience on the part of my instructors, before I was ready for my skills test.

I was still sixty years old, Champagne was opened and many thanks were given to Freedom Aviation, my flying school, for opening the door to a brand new and exciting form of aviation. I gave away all my paragliding equipment and closed the door on 'free flying' forever.

The first year of flying a fix wing aircraft

In 2015 Angus and I bought a Zenair 601: a low wing, two seat aircraft. It had a Rotax engine and was simple to fly.

The year was spent taking to the air as often as I could, solo flying, just for the fun of it, taking friends out for the day and really enjoying learning to be independent and fully responsible for my own flying.

I often needed to fly without Angus as it was important not to always depend on another pilot's watchful eye while flying as PIC.



Angus occasionally sits on the left!

We went on some great trips together in 2015, including flying to the south of France, through northern Italy and back through the Alps to Germany



Flying over the English Chanel to Cherbourg for the weekend

By the end of my first year of qualifying I had logged over two hundred hours as pilot in command.

What new challenges?

In the spring of 2016 we decided to fly round New Zealand. This required doing an additional five hours of 'Low Level' and 'Instrument familiarity' to gain the endorsement.



Flying around New Zealand in a Hired PA28

We flew around most of the North and South Island in a hired PA28, over eight days.

Highlights included flying over Mount Cook, into Queenstown and low level (500ft) around Auckland harbour.

On returning to the UK in March 2016 I took my night rating: I was now a part owner of a Tomahawk that was night equipped so this was a useful aircraft for such flying.

Having now logged over 400 hours I was wondering what would be a suitable next challenge. Dr David Joyce, a Europa owner and someone with whom we had shared a hangar, told me about his success in a past Dawn to Dust Challenge and suggested I should consider attempting one - so here I am, doing just that!

The Aircraft

It was my intention to fly the 2016 Challenge in our new (to us) Jabiru J430: a 2 + 2 seater. It's a high wing aircraft with a Jabiru 3300A engine.



At Kemble with our Jabiru 430

We purchased our Jabiru 430 in October 2015 and arranged for a panel upgrade. Alas, it turned out that our lovely Jabiru needed more work done on it than originally expected.

Six months later, after endless frustrations, waiting for it to become airworthy, Angus & I decided, that we could wait no longer and purchased another aircraft.

The RV9A is a lovely machine and is well suited to the Challenge as it can fly for up to four hours without needing to re-fuel. It also flies a lot faster than the Jabiru (comfortably at 130kts as opposed to 100kts in the Jabiru). This turned out to be an advantage as I was able to get the ETA and ATA within a couple of minutes on most flights: having power in hand enabled me to time the flight more accurately and speed up or slow down so as to keep to the planned timings.



Our RV9A with race number 12: preparing to race at Sherburn, Yorkshire

Buying the RV also meant that I could fulfil another ambition: Air racing. So, I trained, signed up with the Royal Aero Club and have become 'Race12'.

Why this task?

Ever since I landed my paraglider for the final time in 2013, I have missed flying it. I don't think I will ever fly a paraglider again but I still follow my paraglider friends on various blogs, facebook, leagues and other media. The idea of researching and flying over as many paraglider launch sites as I could in one day seemed like the next best thing to flying a paraglider myself. I thought it would be a challenging aviation exercise, interesting and fun. Even better, if I managed to fly the Challenge when paragliders were flying some of the sites, it would be very exciting. As it turned out, during the first attempt, when there was a westerly wind there were a lot of paragliders flying at Devil's Dyke, north of Brighton. There were also a number of paragliders flying above the Westbury White Horse in. On the third attempt, the wind was from the east so different sites were being flown. We saw a few paragliders on a number of sites and when we decided to divert a few miles over Shaldon on the south coast of Devon to photograph Angus's former home, we saw a lone paraglider ridge soaring an unmarked but very good coastal site.

Preparing for the Challenge

Once I started researching the idea of overflying and photographing paraglider launch sites I realised just how many there were. Although I have flown many of them over the past 25 years I did not know that there were over 300 paraglider launch points in the UK. Many of these are recorded on a web site constructed by paraglider pilots. The site covers the entire world and is simply called www.paraglidermap.com. Any paraglider pilot can contribute to the site and add new launch points with comments: the site is marked and details given of the takeoff direction, access road/walk up, its altitude and often there are photographs added to the ever growing number of possible take off points. In addition, the current weather is displayed on each take off and it even shows whether the site is flyable or not at that moment - this is determined by the current recorded wind direction and strength. I found that there were around 130 sites just south of the M4 and if I flew at 100kts in our J430 it would take me over eight hours to fly over all of these. So, the challenge took shape: to fly over as many paraglider sites south of the M4 as possible. The task then got even more complicated. Having found, named and marked on my map around 100 sites from the paraglidermap.com web site I then went to the local paraglider club web sites. All paraglider clubs are run on an entirely voluntary basis. A huge number of hours are put in by hundreds of volunteers to keep the sport safe and sites accessible and clubs active. My own club, Avon hang gliding and paragliding club, have found, negotiated the permission to fly from and monitor over twenty sites in and around the Bristol area. I looked at every paraglider club web site and added a lot more sites to my map. Choosing the route was not easy: it was going to be tiring as each flight would require identifying and photographing at least twenty sites. I decided to fly anti clockwise around the southern part of England. As my home base is Kemble the first stop (for breakfast) would be Land's End, followed by landings, refuelling and nourishment at Dunkeswell, Sandown on the Isle of Wight, Lydd and then back to Kemble.

Many hours were spent preparing alternative, more efficient routes using Runway HD and I finally came up with a route that entailed five flights enabling us to fly over all the paraglider take off sites I could find south of the M4.



1st flight: Kemble - Land's End

202nm, 2hrs 5 mins, 26 sites



2nd flight: Land's End - Dunkeswell,

148m, 1 hr 45 mins, 32 sites



3rd flight: Dunkeswell - Sandown, IOW

197nm, 1 hr 56mins, 24 sites



4th flight: Sandown IOW - Lydd

148 nm, 1 hr 25 mins, 32



5th flight: Lydd - Kemble

193 nm, 2 hrs 5 mins, 22 sites

1st Attempt at the challenge (paragliders win - they don't need wheels!)

All we needed now was the 'perfect' weather for the challenge.

Looking at long term weather forecasts it looked like Tuesday, 9th August was as good as it could get. Light, north westerly wind and no low cloud or rain was forecast.



We arranged with Dr David Joyce to meet us at Kemble airfield to witness our departure at 06:30 and set the alarm for 04:30. Everything went perfectly: the timings of our landings were within a minute of two of our predicted times and we managed to photograph every single paraglider take off site as planned.

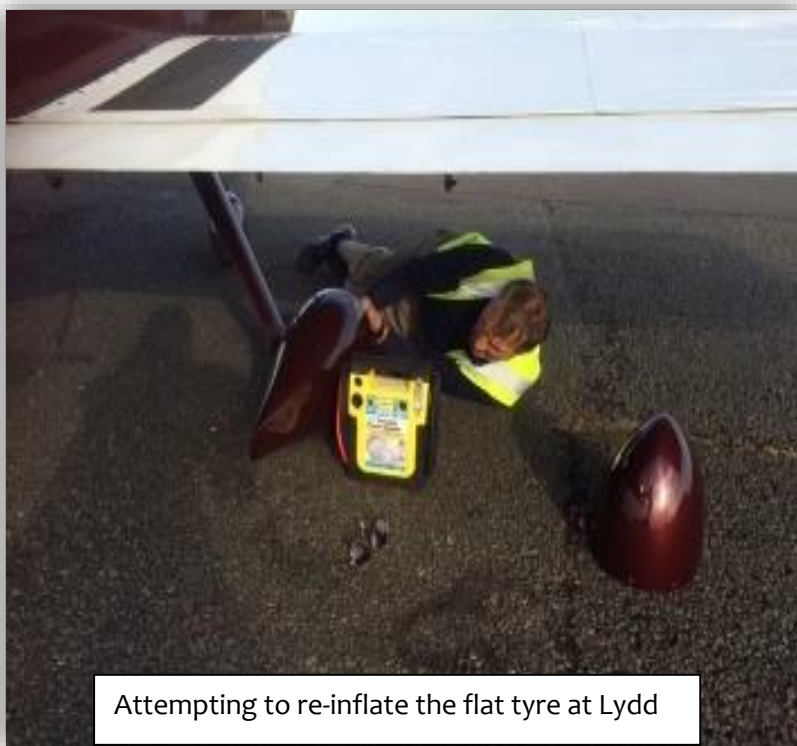


0900: Breakfast at Land's End (bacon butties and coffee)



1100: A short break at Dunkeswell (for a cup of tea and cake)

We landed on the Isle of Wight for a late lunch. I planned to arrive at Lydd at around 1730 as the airport closed 1830. We therefore thought we had plenty of time to refuel and refresh before the final flight back to Kemble. It was only as we refuelled at Lydd that we noticed that the right hand spat was almost touching the tarmac. Our internal alarm bells rang. We quickly removed the spat with the help of the 'standby' HM Coastguard and we found a flat tyre.



The very helpful Lydd Aero Club lent us an electric tyre inflator and we re-pressurised the tyre back to the required 40 lbs psi. The tyre deflated before our very eyes. My heart sank because all the engineers had gone home at 1700 and none of them could be reached on their phones.

As I'm not one to allow a problem to stop me doing what I want to do, I went round the entire airport asking if anyone had a car that carried an emergency tyre sealant spray. We thought that using the spray would get us home and we just might complete the challenge before dusk if we could get hold of a canister.

I tried the HM coastguard team in one of the hangars (6 men), a further group of men who were staying the night in the hangar who were on a training exercise with the air sea rescue team (4 men), the main desk (1 woman), Lydd Flying School (1 man still working at his desk) and TG aviation (1 instructor and 2 students) and several visitors. Alas, not a single person could help us and dusk was approaching so we had to admit defeat.

We found somewhere to stay the night and arranged for an engineer to fit a new inner tube the next morning. We were in the air by 1100 and flew the final leg in two hours as planned. All photos and routes were completed - shame about the night between flight number four and five!

2nd Attempt at the challenge (paragliders win - they don't need a battery!)

I thought that doing exactly the same route for a second time would be less interesting so I considered flying the same route clockwise instead.

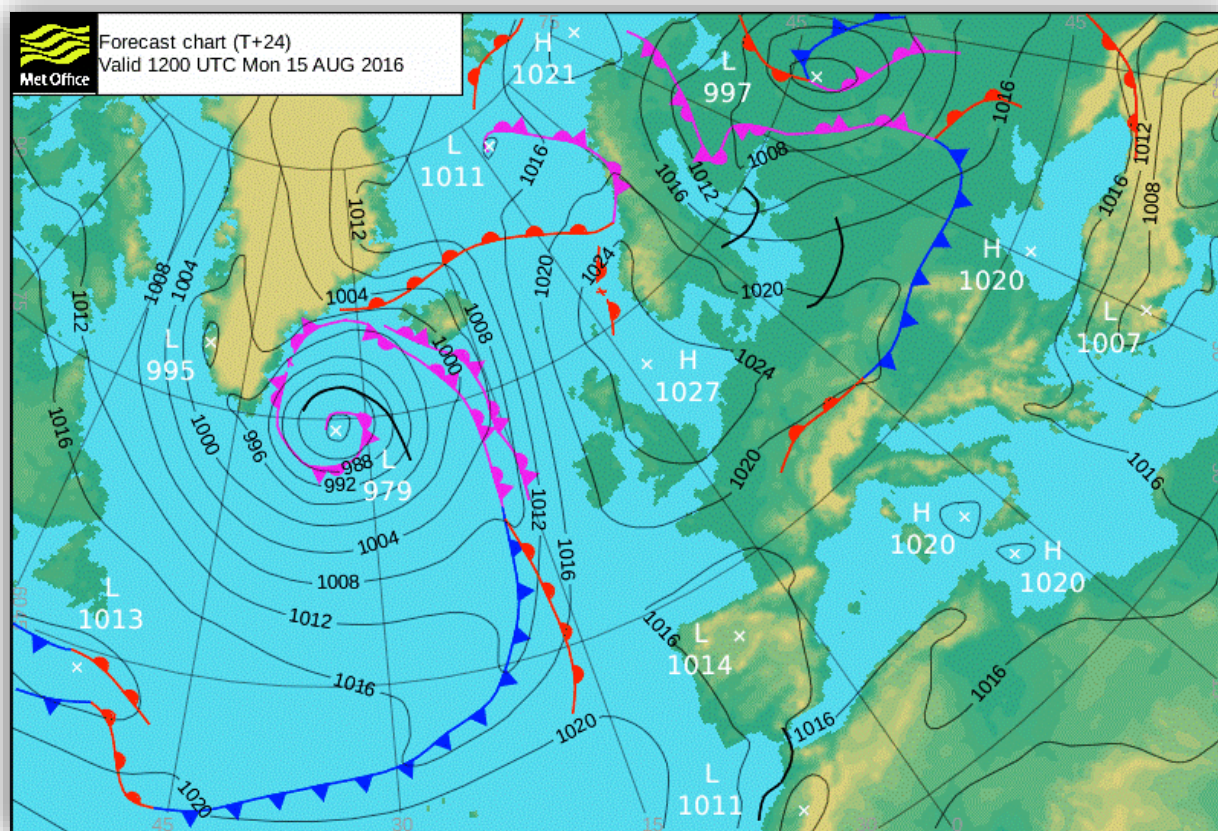
On reflection and having learnt from the previous attempt the week before, I decided that a new, longer route, but still using paraglider take off sites as the focus, would be even more interesting and challenging. So, after mulling over numerous ideas I decided to circumnavigate southern England and Wales, photographing all the coastal paraglider sites on the southern map.



After many more hours of locating all the sites, using paraglidingmap.com and various club site handbooks, I found there were at least 100 coastal launch points. This time the distance would be over 1000nm so I decided to use some of the extra power available in my RV9 and fly 10kts faster than the previous challenge. The time needed to complete the challenge went up an hour so I decided to make the most of the large fuel tanks (136lts across two wings) and only re-fuel three, rather than four times.

The sub title needed to be changed to **'Coastal Paraglider Sites on the southern map'**.

I left submitting the revised proposal until as late as possible because the direction of the circumnavigation depended on the synoptic charts: it looked like a nice high pressure system was building up over the North Sea to the east of the UK so I decided to fly clockwise, thus benefitting from a favourable tailwind for most of the route. This, again, made the challenge more interesting and very different from the first one that failed and had flown anticlockwise the previous week.



This time, we set our alarms for 04:00 so we could start our engine at 06:00. As the day was going to be very long, we wanted to allow a bit more contingency time so the earlier start seems sensible.



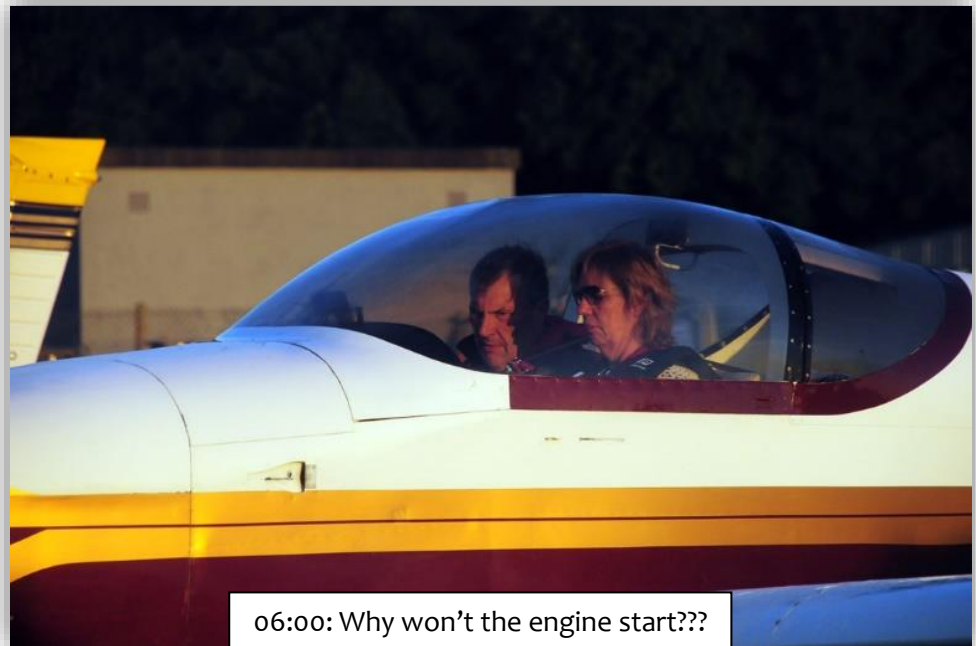
Dawn start from Kemble: 15h August

The weather was perfect! As we drove across the Cotswolds in the early pre-dawn light there was hardly a wisp of mist and no wind, the sky was cloud free: everything was going our way.

Our new witness: David Conolloy, a long term aviation friend and former paraglider pilot met us at Kemble, having negotiated security ahead of us, and we prepared the aircraft for take-off.

We did all the external checks, fuelled up, climbed in, donned our life jackets, harnessed up, pulled the canopy down, turned the key and ... NOTHING! Not a grunt or even a flicker on the voltmeter - there was absolutely no response whatsoever. I tried several times and decided that the only thing to do was to take off the cowlings and look underneath.

RV cowlings are secured by eight piano hinges: it's an art to remove them and a very fine art to put them back. One has to allow at last an hour to do this and we realised that we would not have enough time to inspect, solve the problem and complete the task before dusk that day. We removed the top and bottom cowling anyway but could not see anything obviously wrong.



David suggested we went for breakfast at the college he studied at in 1969. It was only a couple of miles away: The Royal Agricultural University just south of Cirencester. We had a splendid slap up cooked breakfast and he gave us a tour of his former college, now a university.

We made a few phone calls to other RV owners and on return to the aircraft found that the positive contact to the battery was very slightly loose.



Cowling off, full inspection of engine: a loose contact to the battery was found

A couple of minutes later the engine fired up perfectly and we put the cowlings back on. I went back to do half a day's work and Angus offered to take David for a scenic flight over the Severn Bridges as a thank you for turning up so early that morning. We hoped that he would do the same thing again the following morning.

The weather was set fair and I was keen to complete what we had started. By Wednesday 17th mists and haze were expected, by Thursday 18th rain was forecast so Tuesday 16th August it was!

3rd Attempt at the challenge (power wins!)

1st flight: 305.5 nm, 2 hrs 40 mins, 24 paraglider sites

Kemble to Darley Moor in Derbyshire via the Gower,

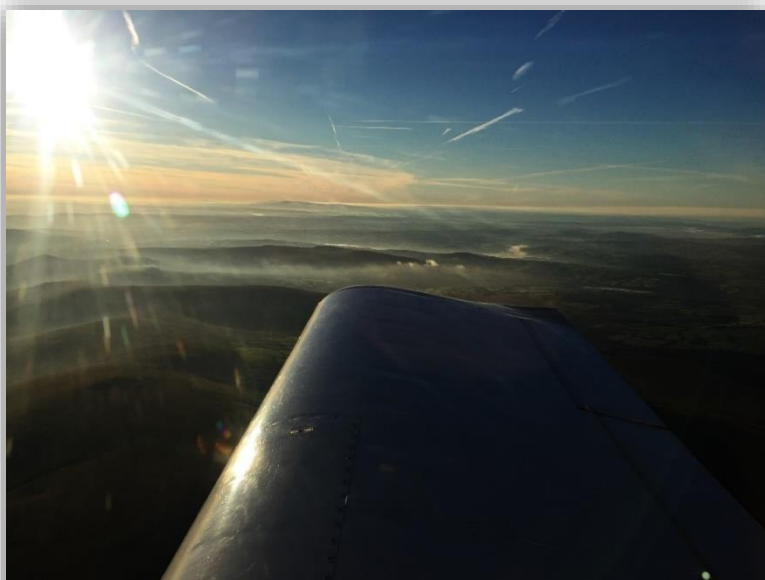
Welsh coast, Anglesey and Peak District.

We were woken to the dulcet tones of our alarm at 0400, re-checked Notams, weather, TAFs, METARS, and the AIS information line and left our home hoping for a success this time. We arrived at Kemble at 05:15 and turned the starter key (successfully this time) at 06:00. We were off!



06:16 flying out of Kemble to a clear sky and light winds (Takeoff witness photo)

Flying out of Kemble and over the Cotswolds, the River Severn, South Wales, the Gower and up the west coast of Wales before 0730 was spectacular. The shadows were long, the light clear, the colours crisp and golden.

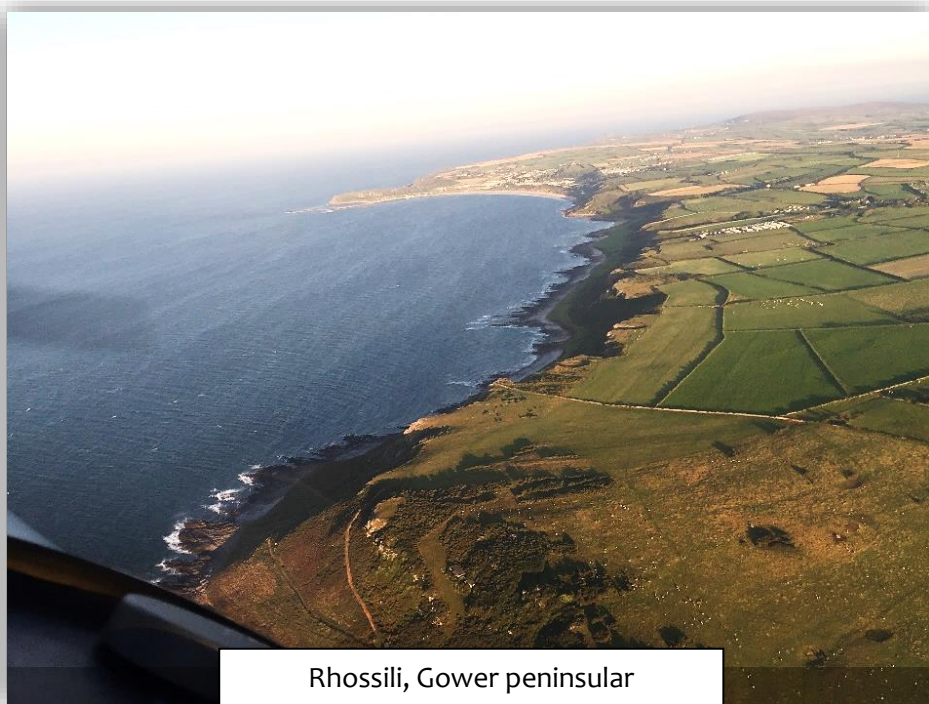


A windless start to the day: The Brecon Beacons, S Wales

London Information on 124.750 was quiet. We explained our day's intentions to them and they were almost chatty and very positive about our challenge. I have never known London Information to be so quiet: we did not have to wait for an interval to talk to them, they were interested in our route and gave us clearance through danger zones D117 (Carmarthen Bay), D201E & D201 (Cardigan Bay). We kept in contact with them throughout the day and they enabled us to fly through a number of 'cold' danger zones.

We flew over the Welsh valleys: these were some of my favorite paraglider sites, and one of which was the launch point for my first British record (distance to declared goal in 1998).

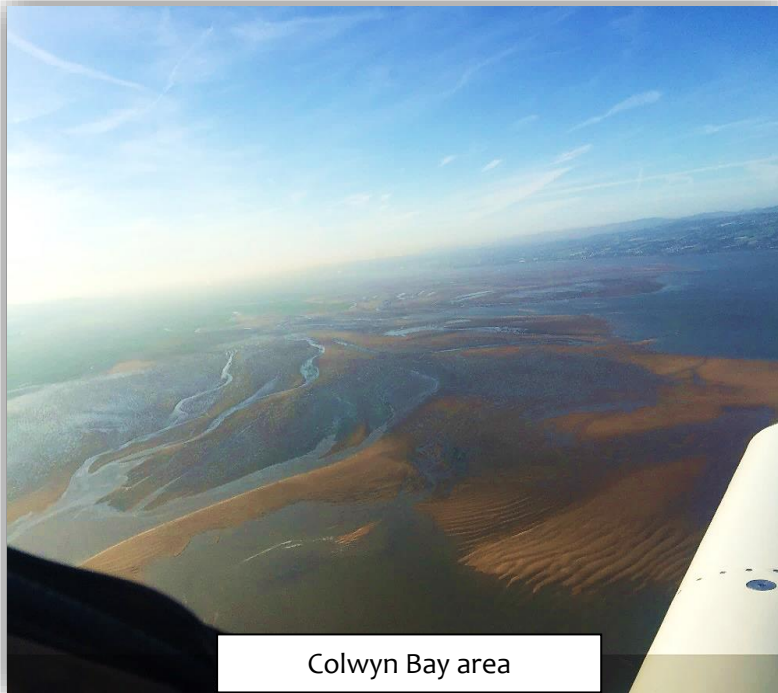
The landscape became more rugged, with rocky cliff faces and empty beaches. We flew over Rhossili on the Gower peninsula where I took my very first paragliding lessons in 1990. I remembered the day I landed on the



Rhossili, Gower peninsular

beach near Worms Head, thinking it was fairly flat but found, as I came in to land, that the pebbles were in fact boulders and my trainer clad feet ended up very bruised. That was the day I ordered my first pair of paragliding/walking boots: a very good investment that lasted me many years.

We continued up the west coast of Wales, past Fairbourne towards Anglesey. This is an area that my parents often took me on holiday as a child. The railway track is clearly visible from the air and seeing the line brought back happy memories of riding on the narrow gauge railway with my father (or is it just the photo of me, as four-year-old, smiling and waving to the camera that makes me think I remember the holidays there?).



Colwyn Bay area

Passing the recently built windmill farms in the shallow waters in Colwyn Bay we turned east, flew up the mud flats of the River Dee estuary.

We overflowed more urban terrain, along the River Dee, passed south of Liverpool, looked down on industrial sprawl, factories and motorways.

Routing south of the Manchester CTA, we flew over the M6, flew south of the Peak district into Derbyshire.



River Dee

I did an overhead joint at Darley Moor airfield and decided to land on runway 01. There was no significant wind and my approach was too high and too fast. At 100ft I decided to go around and give myself more time. The second approach was fine, the grass was smooth and the landing bounce free and gentle.



A warm welcome by Chris Dawes at Darley Moor

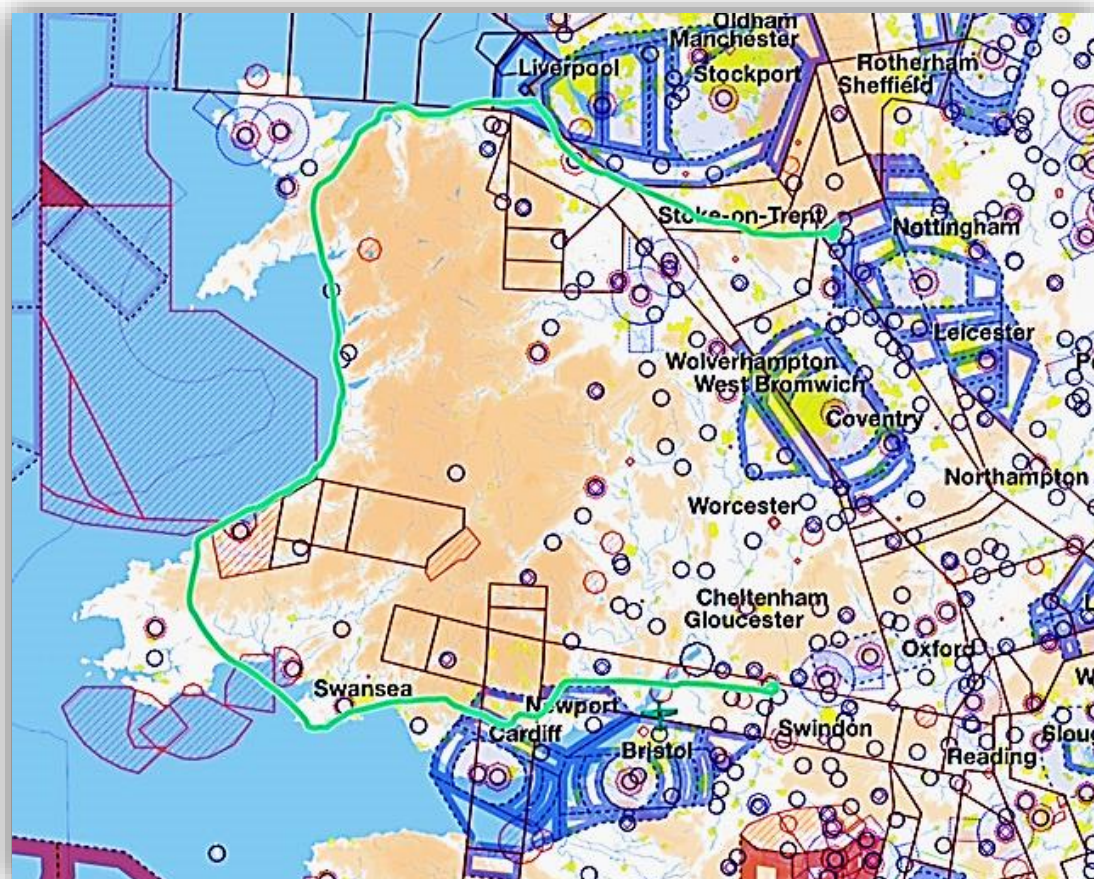
We were greeted by a fellow world record holding paraglider champion, Chris Dawes. We became friends when we were in the British Paragliding team together in the 1990s. He now owns Darley Moor airfield with his wife Judy Leden MBE who was my paraglider mentor and has been a world champion in both hang gliding and paragliding. They have developed a thriving flying business and a variety of flying disciplines are taught at the airfield.

Chris is also a founder Director of DEA (Diamond Executive Aviation) based at Gamston EGNE where they fly their many DA42's in various survey, calibration and surveillance configurations all over the world under their 'White Knight' call signs.



Chris showing us Darley Moor's well-resourced club house

1st flight: Kemble - Darley Moor 305.5nm, 2 hrs 40 mins, 24 sites



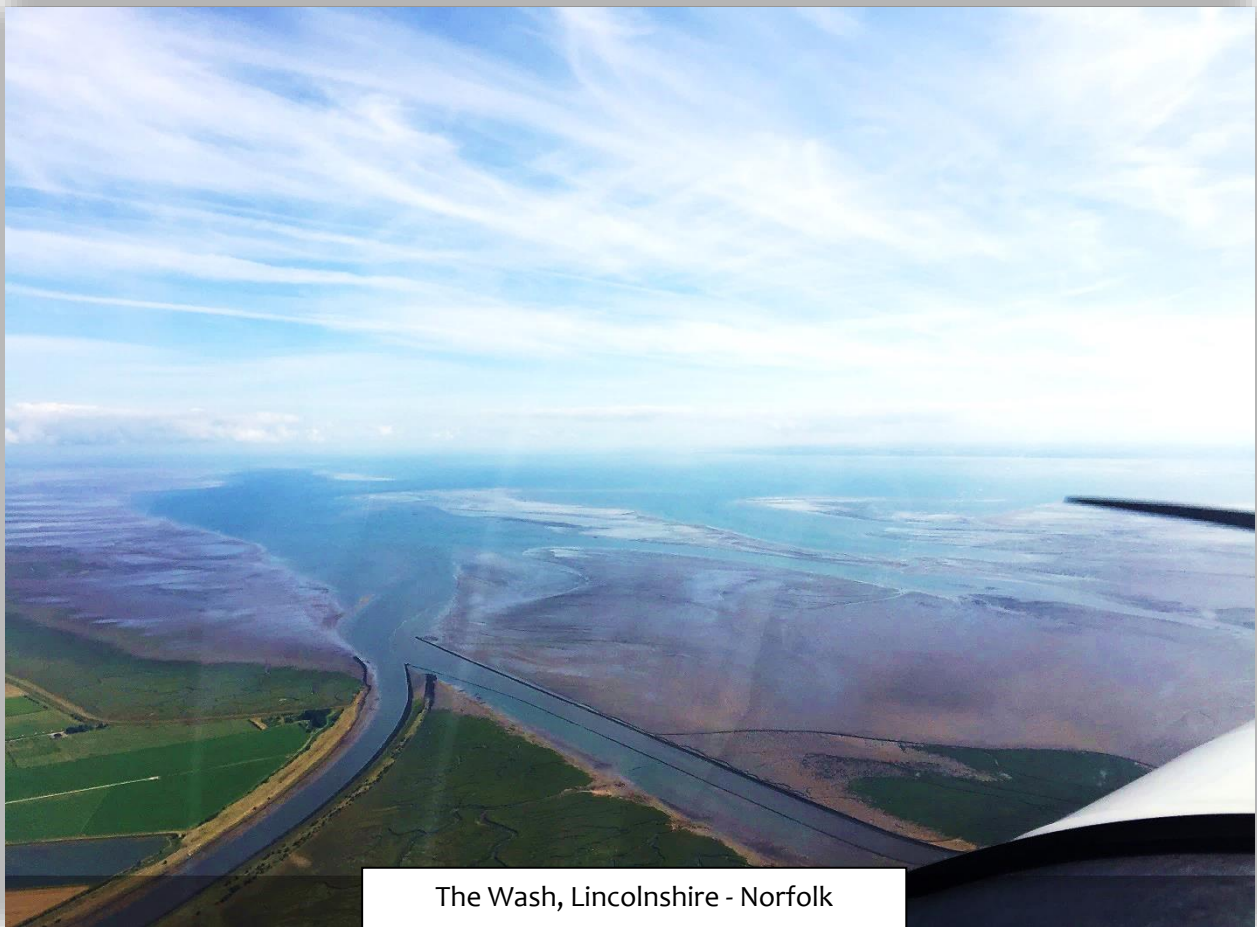
2nd Flight: 375 nm, 3 hrs 15 mins, 19 paraglider sites

Darley Moor, Derbyshire to Sandown, Isle of Wight

via the Wash, London & Kent

We only had an hour on the ground to eat our breakfast and refuel. The mobile bowser caused some anxiety as the truck had a low battery and would not start. We were offered Mogas but eventually the bowser was jump started from a car, we refuelled and were back in the air by 10:10 heading for the Wash.

The terrain became flat and rural: huge fields of monocrops lay before us until we reached the mud flats of the wash and the gentle terrain of the sandy flat east coast.



The Wash, Lincolnshire - Norfolk

East Anglia is another place that evoked many happy memories. As a teenager my father took me on numerous sailing holidays to Morston, staying with my uncle who owned the old coast guard's cottage. Angus & I spent many happy days, when engaged (in 1973), sailing "Twinfly" in the Morston Estuary, owned by my uncle, the architect Sir Bernard Feilden.

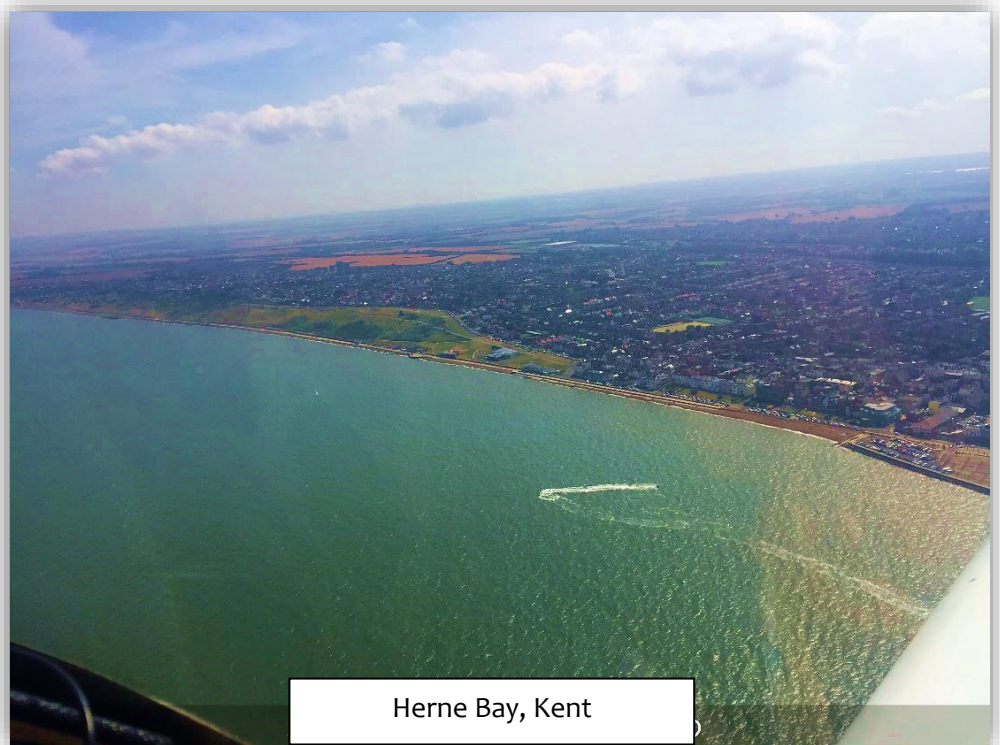
Norwich allowed us a transit and we were off to Suffolk.



Southwold, Suffolk

A former paraglider friend was holidaying with his family at Southwold and he lay out a large 'Hi' with surfboards on the beach. We said we would look out for him when we passed his spot at around 1040. We arrived exactly on time and did three 500ft fly-bys waving our wings as we passed them: their video footage was on Facebook by the evening!

We flew on south, gaining permission to overfly Southend on Sea, avoiding the danger areas, across the mouth of the Thames and south to Herne Bay and the Kent coast. We avoided landing at Lydd this time, (not wanting to risk 'fate' by getting another puncture there!) and passed over the South Downs, north of Brighton where I spent many hours honing my paragliding skills.



Herne Bay, Kent

We saw a few paragliders ridge soaring at Whitewood before turning south to the Isle of Wight.



I started a downwind join at Sandown and heard another aircraft on the radio saying that they too were flying down wind. We said that we could not see them and they said similarly so they decided to return to overhead and give us the opportunity to land. This we did but once again, the nonexistent wind and unfamiliarity with the airfield resulted in me deciding to do a go around as I was a little too high and fast on the approach. The second attempt was perfect and we landed gently, despite some roughness on the strip.

The other aircraft did just the same, deciding that a go around was the wise decision when they realised they too were too high and fast for a safe landing. It was only then that we realised that the student pilot who was flying the aircraft was being taught by Angus' & my aerobatic instructor from Lyneham Flying Club: Roger Milburn, who has been taking us through the basic AOPA aerobatic course in his Bulldog. We had lunch together, re-fuelled and prepared to fly the third leg of the day.

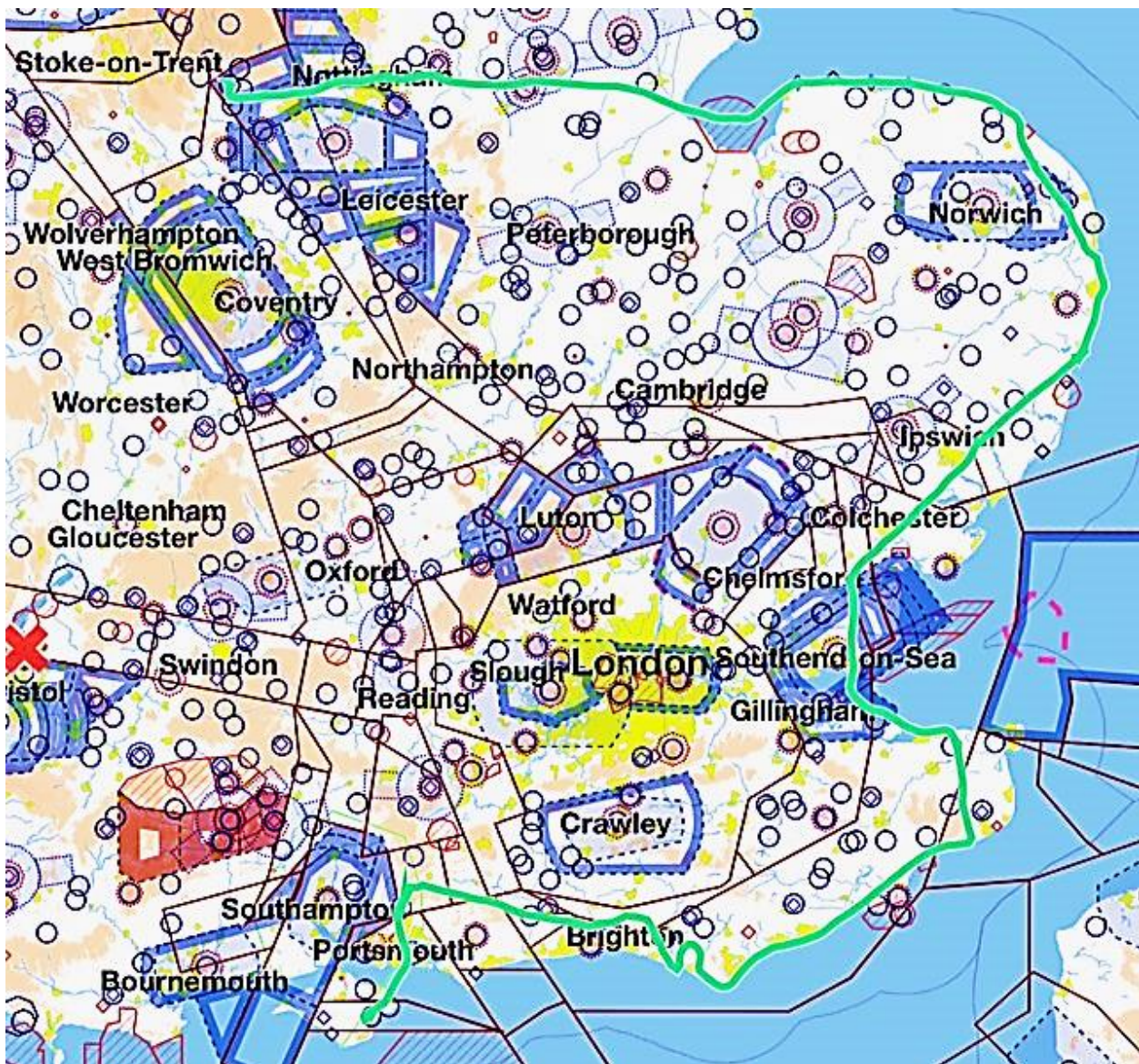


By now, I was getting tired. I had flown for six hours and had a further four to fly. As P1 I decided that because we were on time and had allowed for some contingency time, I should use some of this to have a half hour catnap before the third leg.

This I did and awoke refreshed and ready to fly again.



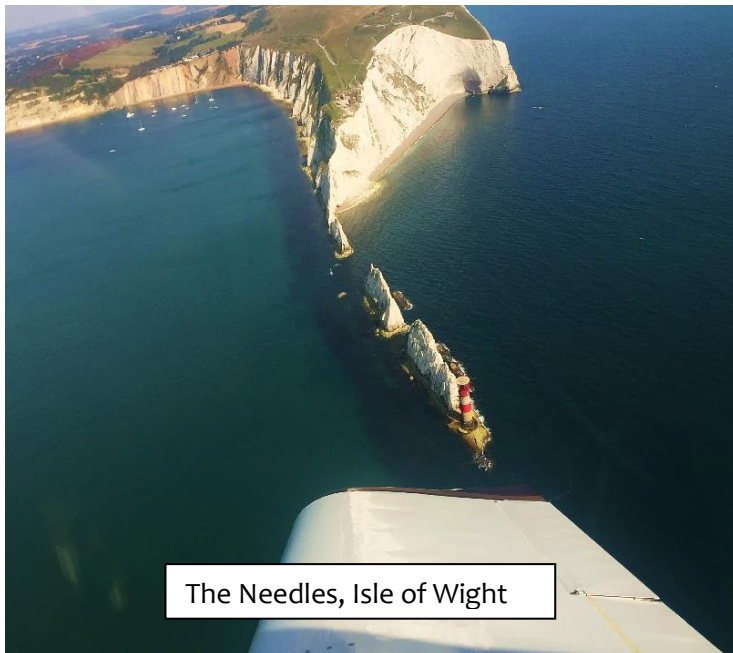
2nd flight: Darley Moor - Sandown, IOW
376 nm, 3 hrs 15 mins, 19 sites



3rd Flight: 240.2 nm, 2 hrs 4 mins, 36 paraglider sites

Sandown, Isle of Wight to Land's End via the south coast of Devon & Cornwall

I knew the third flight was going to be demanding. We wanted permission to fly through numerous controlled areas and possibly some danger areas. We had a lot of paraglider sites to photograph, many of which I had flown in past years.



We photographed six sites on the Isle of Wight and then flew past the Needles and back to the mainland.

I modified the route when London Information told us that D026 was cold so we flew along the coast to Weymouth and London Information told us D009 & D009A were also cold: this shortened our route a little and enabled us to cross Plymouth sound rather than divert inland to avoid the danger area.



Paraglider
at Shaldon
S of Teignmouth
NB: Angus' parents
lived in Marked House

With time in hand after Exeter, we decided to fly over Shaldon, just south of Exmouth, to look at Angus's teenage home: Shaldon House, a stunning, beach side house with views across Teignmouth estuary and out to sea. To our amazement we saw a lone paraglider ridge soaring the cliffs to the west of the house. The site was not marked on any paraglider map so this was our 101st site!

All the beaches along the south coast were full of sunbathers, swimmers and sailors. It seemed like the whole world had come out to play on this lovely day.

Blackpool sands with Strete behind

Salcombe harbour

The sun was shining, the air was clear, there was not a cloud in the sky: who could ask for more?

It was the perfect day to fly around the English and Welsh coastline.

Land's End: A final rest before the last flight

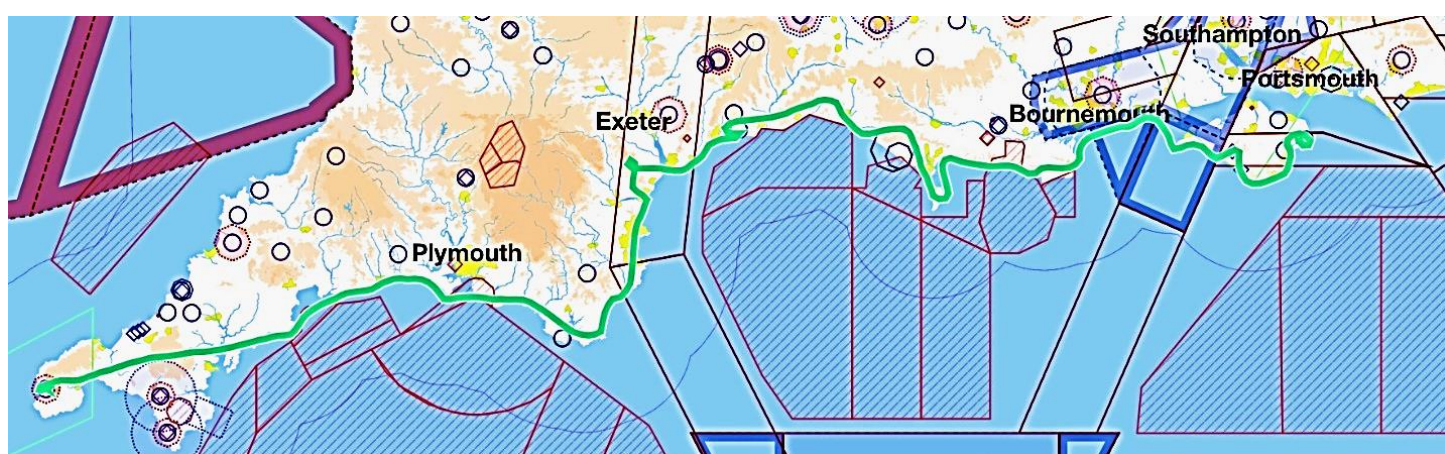


We arrived at Land's End to find a fairly strong wind. The landing was straightforward, we re-fuelled and enjoyed excellent coffee and cake before embarking on our final flight.



We took advantage of the long opening hours so rested until their closing time: 18:30 and were the last aircraft to depart for our final flight to Kemble.

3rd flight: Sandown - Land's End 240.2nm, 2 hrs 4 mins, 36 sites + 1



4th Flight: 182.2 nm, 1 hr 50 mins, 21 paraglider sites

Land's End to Kemble, Gloucestershire via the north coast of Cornwall, Devon & Somerset

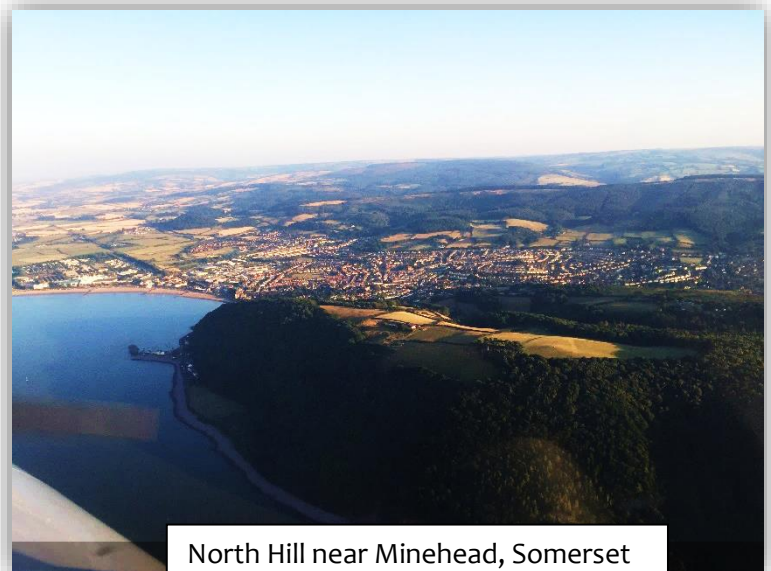
The sun was now lower in the sky. The north coast of Cornwall and Devon were more rugged and steeper than the south and east coasts. The Cornish towns were packed full of tourists enjoying the glorious weather. However, as we flew northwards I did not realise just how many beautiful, inaccessible bays and sandy beaches there were along this part of the coast.



Near Lynton, North Devon

We took some video of a beautiful old manor and youth camp, nestled in the steep slopes at Lynton. This brought back memories of my teenage years when I used to holiday at Lee Abbey Christian centre. We got up to all sorts of adventures in those Devon nooks and crannies.

We then flew on to Minehead and North Hill. This, again, is a site I have paraglided from many times and flying along it in a powered aircraft invoked many memories of soaring high above the water and sandy beach with only the rising air to keep me aloft.



North Hill near Minehead, Somerset

As we flew above the Somerset Levels towards Bristol we spotted some balloons landing at Maes Knoll. The sun was now very low and the wind had dropped to virtually nothing.



Balloons landing near Maes Knoll

The final section of the flight required permission from Bristol to fly through their airspace. We explained what we were doing and were told 'not above 2,000ft'. This we did and managed to

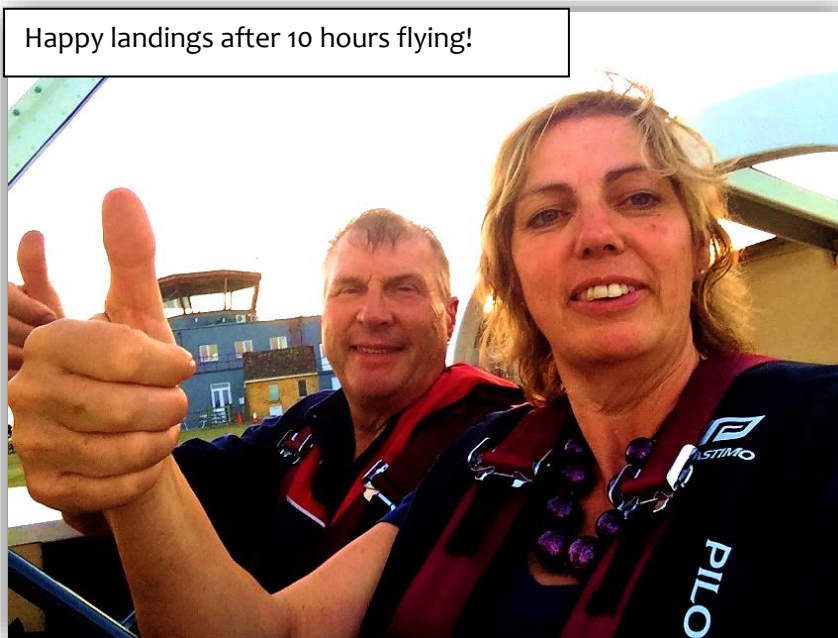
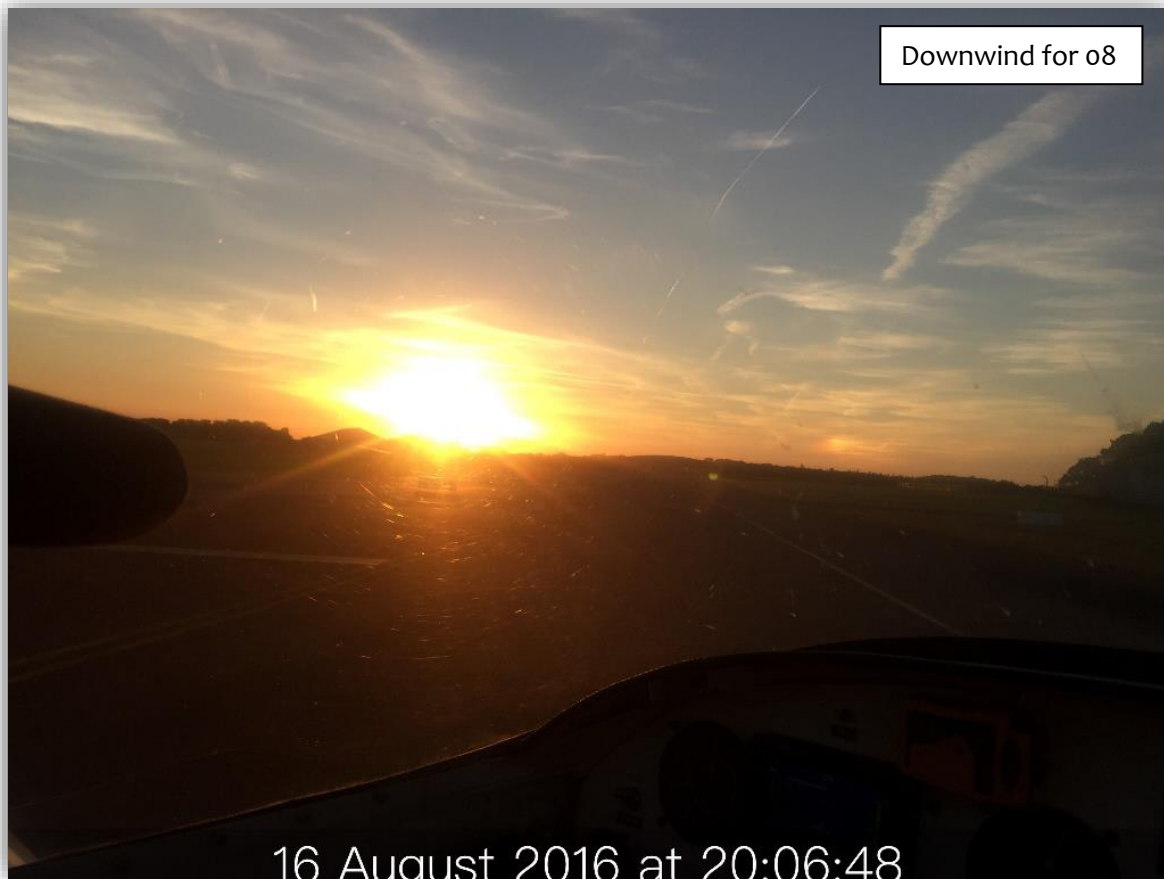
over-fly one of my most favourite sites: Ubley, just 4nm south of the airport. 'Free Fliers' need to contact Bristol Tower by phone whenever they wish to fly this site with a paraglider.



Ubley – one of my most favourite paragliding sites

I flew some of my first cross county flights from Ubley and had one memorable one when I landed just outside Glastonbury. I rang my sister, who lived in Shepton Mallet at the time, and she kindly collected me, gave me dinner at her home and then drove me back to Ubley so I could collect my car!

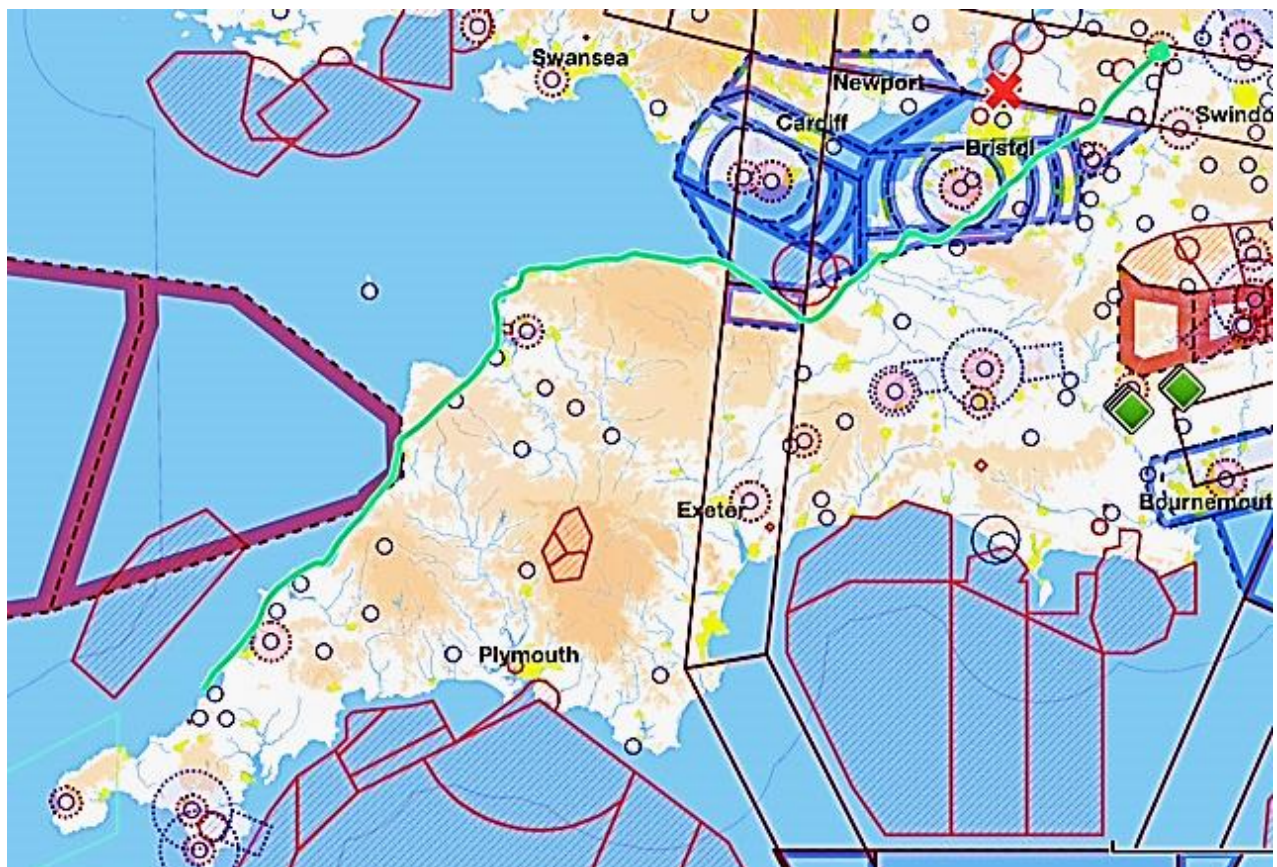
Arriving at Kemble, I flew downwind towards the sinking sun and landed on 08 with good visibility at 20:06



We landed on time, safe and happy. We concluded that we had had one of the best, if not the very best flying days of our life!

4th flight: Land's End – Kemble

182.2nm, 1 hrs 50 mins, 21



Conclusion

Dawn to Dusk has proved more difficult, challenging and demanding than I had first expected. It has also been more fun! Seeing such a large part of the English and Welsh coasts in one day was extraordinary. There were several totally unpredictable events during the day which added further highlights such as meeting our aerobatic instructor on the Isle of Wight and seeing a paraglider flying next to Angus's old home.

Our third and final Dawn to Dusk attempt lasted 9 hours 52 minutes, we flew 1,104 nm. We averaged 111.9 knots (chock to chock) averaging 21.6 lts per hour and used 212 litres in total, achieving 5.21 nm per litre.

As a relatively new pilot (less than two years with a PPL) I felt I learnt a huge amount by preparing and finally completing the challenge. It would have been very difficult to have done it without Angus who took all the photos and did most of the en-route radio work for me, whilst I concentrated on flying the aircraft and flying the plan. We did not fall out, really!

