

TVSF on the Lley Peninsular 2021

Saturday

Trevor and I drove the 5 hours in tandem, whilst singing that well known song, "Where's the pothole patrol?" We had a good trip to Montford picnic site, where the loos are just vile at present, but hayho, you can always use the bushes!

Then got stuck for 30 mins on the M6 junction10. New bridge being constructed. Saw the new RSJs as we went past onto the motorway again, they were so large, they were enormous, no, no, no, no, no they were much bigger than that!

Arrived at Cim 4 ish and had cup of tea, went to Cerriad and practiced scraping the Weasle over the gorse bushes. Very smooth as per usual, but also very light breeze. Chatted to chaps from Liverpoold-le.

Fish and chips was a great way to end the night.



Exciting sky on Saturday, but sadly little breeze to slope on



Above: a Liverbird Special drifts past on nothing more than a fart.

Right: the Weasle actually gained a bit of height for a few minutes!



Above: Trevor taking his daily exercise

My favourite bits

Tony
Flying my Twinstar on Saturday in the garden



Sunday

Great breeze from the south as you can see from Graham S's pic of his tongue-tangling anemometer. However, there were more slopers than I have ever seen before on Cerriad, so the air was seriously busy for most of the day.

I did manage several flights inbetween the mayhem, and successfully flew the Sblitz, cos I thought it could stand a mid-air with most gliders, and three flights with the Valenta Mini Twister, fully ballasted. I have never flown it so fast, and it was great fun.

There were several incidents during the day with at least three models hitting the deck, but fortunately no one else was involved.

In the afternoon we were graced by the presence of the members of the Gulag down the road. They were very up-beat about their new labour camp, despite having no heating, but they got around this problem by making Andy cook all day and all night!

There were two 1/3 scale Foxes in the air during the day, an Ash 28 of at least five meters, and several Valenta Saltos, so

the day was interesting even if not a very busy flying day.



Top left: models seemed to hit the deck, or gorse regularly during the day. Upper middle: one of several 1/4 scale foxes gets away. Middle left: the Fox always looks good on the slope in a strong breeze. Middle right: 1/4 scale ASW 28 gets away. Bottom: now that is what I call a positive landing!!



My favourite bits
Terry
Waving goodbye to the
Scallies on Sunday nite!!



No less than two PSS Lancs were seen flying together. Very sadly one succumbed to enemy anti-aircraft fire.

Bottom left: when it rains where do you store your TX to keep it dry, in your 1/3 scale Fox or course?



Monday

A brisk swesterly greeted the TVSF group on Monday, so we scoffed breakfast and headed off to Cerriad, to see if we could access the left hand edge of the slope. We could not despite Graham walking all the local fields to check. I chucked the Sblitz of the slope to see what it was like, and did not like it one bit!!!

We headed off to Annies

to find the slope flyable, if a little south erly. Mind you, with the wind around 20 plus miles per hour most things would fly! Graham and I headed off towards the point to find a more south westerly bit of the cliff, where we spent two or three



Annies has to be one of the best slopes we visit. The lift is always super smooth and seems to go upwards forever!



Graham practicing his supersonic Mac Loop passes down the valley.



hours of high speed sloping in the best of conditions. The valley next to the slope was especially good fun.



I flew the Valenta Mini Twister - nice. On landing I noticed several of these mushrooms, which are Parasol mushrooms and are edible when picked at a smaller size

Meanwhile back at the dugout the Gulag crew had arrived and we saw several models pop up over the horizon during the time we were away.

Dinner was at Tudwals, and was better than expected. A great days sloping.

Tuesday

Tuesday dawned wet and very windy. In fact it had been like that all night, with the wind high enough to rattle all the wallets in Cim, and seriously disturb the moths therein.

Not a great deal happened in the morning, but some programming was heard from the living room, well raised voices at least. I retired to my room to wrestle with the Taborca, which I had wanted to do since the last Wales visit, but had been putting off. I was really not sure how to solve the problem, but on switching everything on and opening the relevant parts of the TX software a solution miraculously appeared, and the problem was sorted in about 20 minutes.

I charged all batteries for the next day and went downstairs to find the programming being now lead by Chief Chef Andy (let's build another plane) Marshal. A solution to this problem soon appeared, and Andy saved the day. Programming then moved on to another plane and Andy provided guidance for this as well.



Sky as seen at 21.20 on the Tuesday, typically dramatic high contrast evening sky. Looking good for the Wednesday



Martin programming his Crossfire

On the way back from tea we stopped at the Gulag to find the likely lads prepping a Pink Flamingo for Wednesday. Perhaps that should have read pink Magnus, but whatever it looked very smart. The lads were very jolly despite not having eaten for several minutes. Andy (is that another transport box) Marshall was preparing a delicious meal, but despite it sounding delicious I can't remember what



it was they were about to eat.

Tea was had a St Tuds again, and the steak and ale pie was really quite delicious.



In the meantime Trev laid out the Scalextric track, and he and I raced a few laps. I was delighted to find that the iconic Ford Cortina 1600E ran really well, especially as this was the first time it had seen a track since Amazon delivered it late to the party in 2019. It beat Trev's super-charged high speed racer at least once, and made my day.



Trev set up the car track, and we discovered the motorbike combinations were fairly useless, but the Cortina 1600E was quite fast

Wednesday

30 mph almost due west, blue skies, fluffy clouds, meant another trip to Annies and the first outing of the pink hat and matching plane. It has to be said that the lift was unbelievable, strong, smooth and seemingly endless in width, depth and height, (reminds me of the 1/4masters sense of humour and the size of his sausages).

I was more than surprised on arriving at Annies to find the Gulag crew had escaped the washing up, the CBA lifestyle and were happily sloping. At 10 on most days they would be usually still in bed!



Is Spence smiling, or does he have indigestion?



Left: John Barrow arriving, and (below) gets away



Magus mania strikes the Gulag Crew. I am not sure if there is any cure, especially for the pink fetish. Love the hat, Paul



As usual the standard of flying was excellent, but there were some very squeaky moments especially when Spencer flew his Stingray!
It really was the most wonderful day for sloping.



Above: Tony composing another award winning photograph. Middle: first of the Magni gets away under the strong arm of Richard (The Discus Chucker) Thornton. Right: Magnuses do not climb when launched. Must be a zero angle of incidence??



Favourite bit
Tony Morgan
Flying the wizard, first fly in 2 years since last in Wales

Graham spent some time practising his flipping side slipping with his Flip. You could say, "To side slip or to Flip, that is the question."

Thursday

It rained all day, and the picture opposite tells the tale!

Friday

The weather was excellent today. 30 plus mph westerly, blue skies and fluffy white clouds. At times the gusts topped 35 mph, and the strength remained fairly constant until I left at just after 1600hrs.

To be at Annies for the last day was great. The lift was better than ever, and the landings surprisingly easy, just so long as you stayed in the strip just behind the



Least favourite bits

Andy
Posing with a frying pan?

Least favourite bits

Richard
I am no gardener! I tried planting my Magnus and all I got was twigs!!!



coast path.

Richard managed to plant his new Magnus at about 80mph in the face of the cliff, which re-kitted the machine in a twinkling. Perhaps I could do a deal with him using the broken parts of my Magnus.

I managed to break the flap linkage on my Mini Twister while carrying it back to Sleepy Hollow.

Above: I must have taken about 50 shots of Richard's Magnus before I got one in focus!!!

Right: Trevor's Crossfire passing Carn Fadryn, (I finally found the correct spelling) on it's way to a safe first landing



Above: cheers Tony, a lovely shot of my Valenta Salto. By Friday I had finally sorted the butterfly mix.



Above: it was such a lovely afternoon that even the seagulls in Annies field were flying. Right: female (I think) Kestrel sitting on a post as I left. Such pretty birds.



And finally



Top: last, very atmospheric view on Annies. Middle: view from the pub car park as we left on Frti-day. Bottom: Graham S's attempt at a group photo, adjusted by the Phantom Photoshopper