

"I've caught the reindeer, all I need now is the sleigh", says Michael Brady as he takes off.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

**B R I G H T O N K I T E F L Y E R S
G I V E A L A N T H E F I N G E R**

You all know the old saying "older and wiser" well this is not always the case. One of our favourite members, Alan Outram, otherwise known as "Capt. Bung" is such an exception to the rule. Back on the 1st Sunday of August Brighton Kite Flyers met on Telscombe Tye for the monthly fly-in. I phoned up Alan and was told he could not make it as he had a prior engagement. I thought nothing more of it until I had a phone call from Anne, his wife, to say Alan was at the Hospital, having gone to a steam rally (his other love) with his stationary engines. While he was tinkering with a running engine from one side he put his hand over the top and down the other to touch some part or another. Only his aim was not good and he missed the part he was going for and put it straight into the moving engine and trapped his fingers. Once he was

freed, he took himself off to the 1st aid post, who took one look at his hand and sent him off to the hospital where he was patched up and told to return the next day to see what would need to be done. On returning at the appointed time he asked what the scenario was, he was given the bad news that the top of his little finger was beyond repair and the damaged piece would have to be removed. Once this had been done it was time to start plotting.

Although we all have sympathy for Alan and hope he will go back to being called "Capt. Bung" soon, but for now, he has a new nick name of "Stumpy" as well.

Well what do you give a man who has just lost a finger as a get well gift, my mind raced and after a few phone calls to Alan's other so called friends, it was decided what should be done,

we would get him cakes and biscuits as we know he like these. So we all brought him different ones and then gave them to him as we saw him on the flying field. Dave was the first to do this at Capstone Park where he was presented with a packet of shortbread (fingers, of course). He was offered a buffet lunch again it had to be the finger type. This was just the start almond fingers, chocolate fingers, sponge fingers, rich tea fingers etc., followed by a lighter from Linda Howard in the shape of you guessed it a finger glow in the dark fingers for halloween by Mark Smith to name just a few.

What else can be found that has a finger theme which can be offered to Alan as a get well gesture!

Simon Hennessey.

Take care this does not happen to you.

T H E C L U B F L Y - I N S

Each month we send out e-mails and also advertise in every issue of Aerodyne about the club fly-ins, but we very rarely tell you what has happened at the event.

As some of you know Andy Beatte was possible going to move to New Zealand to work for Peter Lynn so the club brought his large Manta Ray in November, and there for the December fly-in was its 1st flight as a BKF kite. The usual crowd turned up

and the lines were laid out across the Tye and the Manta attached. Up she went and what a sight she is (see the web site photo's section).

Well the wind picked up and the ground anchor looked under strain so we set about taking her down after a very short while. It took 3 of us to walk her down and if she wanted to go left we went left. Finally and packed away and we continued to fly until the light faded.



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Those of you who managed to get along to the first joint steam and kite festival at Kingsfold last September will hopefully have nothing but good memories and some interesting stories to tell. For those of you who could not make it this year never fear, we have all been invited back next year, so take this as your advanced warning, get your 2004 diaries out and pencil in the last weekend in September 2004 if you would like to join in this quite unique and unusual event.

For those of you who were unable to attend this years rally perhaps I should explain why Kingsfold is a bit different to our normal kite festivals, firstly, the principle event is in effect a country show with most of the traditional exhibits, steam engines, vintage vehicles, including a beautifully restored steam wagon, about eighty or so smaller stationery engines which would have been used at one time or another on the farm and quite a number of individual collections of historical artefacts, nothing much unusual here. So what is really unusual about Kingsfold? Simple, if you look carefully you might just see the odd Red Indian, the

Marshal of Deadwood or a few Cowboys lurking somewhere in the bushes, the reason, Kingsfold is the official home of the Southern Area Wild West Society, do not laugh, these people are very serious about preserving the history of the Wild West and have spent most of their spare time recreating a permanent western town in the middle of the Surrey countryside. The town is called Deadwood (what would you expect) and is about as real as it gets. The town itself was built using traditional materials and tools and the buildings even include a full-blown Saloon with the expected "firewater" on tap. Every Saturday night, Deadwood opens its doors to the white man (kite flyers included) and several of our more intrepid kite flyers accepted the invitation and "went to town" to join in the spirit of things, in more ways than one it seems, the next time you talk to John Browning, just ask him what he thought of the high volume liquor that was being sold in the Saloon – when I saw John, late on the Saturday evening, all I could get out of him was that he was going back to Deadwood in the morning

to get the recipe.

Interestingly, while one of our contingent was discussing the authenticity of the town and the clothing of the incumbents, which by the way, many of them actually live on site for most of the year, it was mentioned that the local Sheriff was quite upset at the prospect of putting on "fancy dress", a business suit, the following Monday as he had to go to his every day job in the "real" world and we think that kite flyers are obsessed

One big bonus so far as I am concerned is that the majority of the visitors had come specifically to visit the country show, most of them having never been to or even seen a conventional kite festival and in that respect we all had the chance of introducing the visitors to our hobby and to my positive knowledge many of them left with a kite or two under their arms, sold and supplied by Chalky, who bought the Kiteworks van down for the weekend, a great weekend for all concerned.

John Dimmock

A N O T H E R D A Y F L Y I N G

Well as we woke up early on Sunday morning and looked out of the window to a beautiful morning with a gentle breeze I thought what more could we ask for. We arrived at the Tye having spent half an hour loading up the car with all the club kites and paraphernalia. We arrived to find that the council had roped off the Tye ready for the day. Ron Dell had followed us up there and Paul Hill turned up seconds later.

We decided that we would erect one of the club's double gazebos for members to use for shelter etc. Well these have not been used for some time We soon discovered that all the poles had numbers on so we then laid them out in piles of correctly numbered poles. Well the fun begun, do poles 1 & 2 go together or is it 3 & 1. In fact 3's went with the 7's, 1's went with the 2's and finally the 3's also went with the 4's. This done the gazebo went up quickly with all the help including now Alan Outram and Dave McArthur. Well this done it was time to put up kites Alan went off and

put up the teddy dropping rig, and Paul, Dave, Simon and I put up Olly and Teddy at about 500 feet. At last



with the gazebo and kites up, Michael and Linda from Force nine set up their stall and with the Red Cross in attendance, it started to feel like a proper kite festival. All that was needed now were more kite flyers and public. What with teddy and Olly being seen from Roedean Golf Course about 7 miles away it was not long before the public started to arrive full of enthusiasm for the day ahead. As did many of our kiting friends from around the country Team ELF, John Barker, "nice to see you John" also

G R E A T K I T E S

some new members who had travelled a fair distance to be with us, The Bradly's (without the E) and too many others to mention.

The day was a glorious one; any Festival organiser would have been thrilled to see such enthusiasm. Force nine kites seemed to be busy selling kites most of the day, as did the ice cream van that turned up in the afternoon. Teddy, Ollie and the Lobster flew well and were admired by all. Even the Mayor who turned up in the afternoon, after being there most of the morning to see it all again. After a wonderful late Summer's day the kites were put away. Then Alan Outram was presented with various delicacies (you'll have to ask him about that one!) and goodbyes said. Some flyers came back to our house for an impromptu barbeque and a few drinks then it was a final goodbye to friends, and the end of a wonderful weekend and fun event.

Corinne Hennessey

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LUNATICS GO TO LUNEN

When you get towards the middle of October the kite flying season is usually over as the weather deteriorates, so I was a little apprehensive to be setting off for the west of Germany to fly in the Lunen Festival. Last year's Festival had been washed out but the weather forecast this year was favourable as high pressure settled across Europe. The trip to Lunen is an annual event organised by Jerry and Carolyn Swift from Brighton & Midlands Kite Flyers who hire a mini-bus and trailer so there are places for up to fifteen flyers with plenty of space for kites and luggage in the trailer. On the evening of Thursday the 16th of October, we all met up in the car park by the Eurotunnel Terminal at Ashford. Simon Hennessey and I from Brighton and flyers from several other clubs.

The overnight journey through France, Belgium, Holland and into Germany was not the most comfortable night's sleep I have ever had but I was thankful to Jerry and Andy for doing the driving. Breakfast had been booked at a hotel in Lunen and after that, refreshed and fortified, we set off for the flying field. It was a cold bright autumn day and having met our German hosts, most of us had kites flying in the strengthening breeze. There is a lot of room to fly at Lunen, the field is flat and lies beside the river that flows on through the town about half a mile away. Three large arenas were laid out, we had the one in front of the trader's marquees, the centre arena was for the programmed displays and the far end reserved for two line flying with a world mega-team record attempt scheduled for Saturday. Then we were told there was going to be a Press conference, a what? We are not used to such things at kite festivals in Britain, but kite festivals are more important over there as was to become more obvious over the next two days. The photographers needed something interesting and spectacular so large kites were quickly pulled from bags, we must have set a record time to get the Brighton teddy bear flying.

Accommodation was provided for visiting flyers in local schools just about to have their half-term break. We realised that we would not be able to settle in until late afternoon so some of us took the opportunity to visit Dortmund, the closest large town. I was impressed by the very large pedestrianised area in the town centre. I think our towns would be more pleasant with such a layout but most Britain's won't walk more than a few yards from their cars. German pastry and coffee sampled, it was back to the school to organise sleeping arrangements. Gym mats and sleeping bags for most, I was

glad I had packed an air bed. Meals were all provided by our hosts in a large hangar beside the flying field about quarter of a mile from the school and very good they were. It had been a long day with little sleep the night before so we did not stay too long after dinner, even though there was a bar in the hangar.

Next morning, bright and clear and if there are brass monkeys in Germany they must have been worried, it was very cold! A lavish breakfast got us moving and we met up with Ron and Marla Miller who arrived from their hotel. Ron has a wonderful collection of kite pins, I was tempted and added to my own collection. A visit to the trader's tents, more temptation, some good bargains, unusual items we don't see over here, then back to the hangar. There was a kite making competition, the kites were all laid out for inspection and judging. Some spectacular designs with bright colours and wind driven moving sections, it just amazes me how creative people are. Very interesting but we were there to fly so almost reluctantly we got set up in the arena. By mid morning a large crowd had arrived, and as there was a strong breeze, good displays of flying for them to see. The BKF teddy was drawing the children young and old. A very enjoyable day, with successful British representation in the Rok fights and a new world record set at fifty six in the mega team, saw us packing our kites into the trailer just after five. The programme scheduled night flying and then fireworks. We took one of the mini buses the organisers provide for guest flyers back to the school for a freshen up before the evening meal. It was a surprise, after our dinner, to come out of the hangar and see such a mass of people waiting for the night flying, but as I have said kite festivals are taken more seriously in the rest of Europe. Night flying over there is not a few enthusiasts sticking lights on kites, it is an organised competition with music, search lights and well illuminated kites. It was good to see most of the competition kites we had seen in the hangar actually flying. The winners were a two line formation team who flew an immaculate ballet routine. Spectacular fireworks closed the day. Our hosts had arranged a disco in the hangar for those who like that sort of thing but after a couple of warming mulled wines I took a walk into Lunen. Is this a wise decision I asked myself? I am in a foreign country, I am on my own, I can't speak the language and it's Saturday night. I should not have worried, the town was quiet, most people being in the many restaurants or at the kite festival. I had a good walk round the town and along the

riverside walk before returning to the school and bed.

Sunday morning, not quite so cold, not a cloud in the sky, the prospect of a good day. Over breakfast I had a long chat with Phil Scarfe who outlined his kite making philosophies and techniques. When we got out on the field we realised it would be one of those days when flying was difficult, the wind was light and kept changing direction. However we did have some fun particularly when Simon, in spite of a wind direction change, decided to fly our large octopus. Have you ever tried untangling eight times forty feet of inflated rip stop from a trader's tent? Simon also nearly managed a 360 flying the octopus from the bridles but stopped rather than bring down Jerry's and Carolyn's bear dropping rig. Just as well, as they managed to get one large bear to descend from a great height, much to the amusement of another large crowd. One thing that is the same in Germany, you still have new flyers trying to fly kites they have just bought. So that is how my festival came to a close, trying in sign language and by demonstration to help the Germans fly their new kites. We got the trailer packed and Jerry hitched it to the minibus for the short drive to the school. That evening we had a very pleasant meal with the festival organisers at a local hotel. All weekend those who had done the trip before had been telling me about the ice cream parlour in Lunen where we were headed after the meal. "You won't be able to finish them" they said. I should not have been sceptical, they serve the largest sundaes I have ever seen and the ones we had were not their biggest. Half way through our ice cream bonanza we were joined by the flyers from the USA who were more modest with their selection. I would have been happy to stay longer but we had to rise at four in the morning for a five o'clock start and the drive back to Calais. Well you know how it is, you have had a lot of new experiences, your mind is whirling and you can't get to sleep. Eventually I did sleep, but so deeply that I found my sleeping bag being dragged off my mattress by Carolyn at ten past four, a rude awakening to a group of grinning faces!! Managed to get organised and packed and we were away by five. Jerry and Andy did another grand driving job, breakfast in Belgium, a visit to a chocolate shop and brief hypermarket visit for essential liquid supplies, saw us homeward bound in the early afternoon. I had a great time and if you haven't been to a continental festival, I recommend you try it given a chance.

Dave McArthur

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BRIGHTON ROK

I quite like Rokkacus, better known as Roks. OK, I like Roks a lot. I imagine that most kite flyers have a favourite type of kite. A kite can become a favourite for a variety of reasons. In my case, I guess the main reason is that a Rok was one of the first kites that I made from scratch, but there are a number of other reasons - it is a kite with an identifiable history, they are relatively easy to make, and fairly easy to fly in a wide variety of wind conditions. They are also easy to make attractive, either by simulating the traditional Japanese designs or by more modern designs.

I like flying my Roks, and I quite like keeping them, which is why I rarely enter Rok fights, a strange admission from a Rok flyer. Weymouth is somewhere that usually has good Rok fights. Many years ago, I summoned up the courage to enter my first Rok fight, and lined up with about a dozen or so other flyers, with my then very young daughter with my reel in her hand - this was when 2 man teams seemed to be the norm, whereas nowadays it seems quite unusual. The instruction "get ready to launch" boomed out from the bus on the promenade, immediately followed by an audible crack as one of my bow spars broke, fortunately not breaking through the fabric. A rather short first fight! My next attempt, again at Weymouth, lasted quite a bit longer, but with a similar result of the kite not getting more than a few inches off the ground as there was virtually no wind at all. Despite some sterling efforts by the assembled flyers tearing around the beach, the kites barely got off the ground, and floated down as soon as the flyer ran out of steam. To me this seemed like an omen, so I gave up Rok fights after that.

At this year's Brighton Kite Festival, I had a couple of old friends staying with me for the weekend. When the Rok fight was announced, I was asked to explain what was about to happen. This I did, but was immediately faced by some quizzical expressions. I was a Brighton Kite Flyer, they had learnt what a Rok was and knew that I had several Roks which had already flown during the day, so why was I sitting on the grass enjoying a beer in the sunshine rather than being in the arena? Well, the wind was quite kind, being a good strength and in the right direction to make recovery fairly straightforward should I suffer a line break, and better still, there was absolutely no sign of Ray Oakhill whatsoever, so it was on with the gloves and into the arena. There were only a few flyers waiting for the fight, so while the call went out for more, there was an opportunity to launch and get a good

height before the fight started. This turned out to be key, as the height allowed me to drag the other kites down and win the first round. Cheers from family and friends at the edge of the arena persuaded me to remain for the second fight of the afternoon, even though some more experienced flyers had joined the fun. By a combination of targeting who I perceived to be the weaker flyers (unsporting, I know, but it is a fight, isn't it?) and otherwise keeping out of the way, I managed a credible second after a long tussle, so finished the afternoon first overall.

Sunday dawned, with the fine weather continuing. The Rok fight planned for the afternoon was deferred to allow those helping with the children's workshop, including myself, to join in. It eventually took place late in the afternoon with a good crowd watching and a much bigger field in the arena. Unfortunately for me, Ray Oakhill was there with a new Rok, some evil looking line, and a quiet confidence. I decided to follow my technique of the previous afternoon, and placed myself on the opposite side of the arena to Ray and a group of other flyers who were clearly targeting Ray. All went well until I had disposed of the relatively easy targets on my side of the arena, and Ray had disposed of all the others on his side. As on the Saturday, I had good height, and so entered battle with Ray with some confidence. This seemed well placed for a good few minutes, but trying to take the fight to Ray proved my undoing as his technique made me lose control of my kite and I crashed just outside the arena. Still, a first and two seconds was not too bad.

And so on to the final and decisive battle. This time, it seemed to be "gang up on Ray time", and it was not long until Ray and all but three other flyers, including myself, were on the ground. The stage was set for what turned out to be an epic battle - unfortunately epic in terms of how long it took rather than epic in the sense of skills employed. The three of us left skirted around the arena for a while, sparring but with no decisive moves. One was then caught by me, and the other competitor joined in and between us, we got him on the ground. It was then mano a mano, but the wind was dropping, and our lines were well tangled from the earlier battles, so it was not easy to make much progress. We battled away, and ended up stuck in the corner of the arena. Even the announcer got a bit bored after a while, and got some other events underway while we still battled manfully against the increasingly light wind and each other. Eventually, age won, and

exhausted from running around trying to both keep my Rok in the air and get my opponent on the ground, I was dragged to the ground, followed only seconds later by my opponent.

So as far as I am concerned, although this was very much a fun event, I ended up the overall winner over the weekend, so it really was a case of third time lucky. There were no further opportunities to test my new found skills before the winter was upon us, but I am now planning what to do during the dark evenings. Building a new kite of course; a new Rok quite possibly. The question is, will it be a nice demonstration kite, or do I make one that I will not get too attached to, one that is robustly built, and one that will be entered in the Rok fight at Weymouth in May

Peter Jackson

SOME 2004 EVENTS

These are just some of the event we are going to next year.

BKF AGM, 7th March 2004

Club fly in on the Tye followed by the AGM in the Badger Watch Pub.

RNLI Fete, Newhaven Fort recreation ground, 5th June 2004

The date for next years annual summer fete has been set, and the RNLI have said they would be delighted if we could join them for this again. It will take place in the same place as last year but a booking for the football ground and the recreation ground has been made so we will have plenty of space and no cricket team to bother us.

Lark in the Park, 28 - 29th June 2004

Just a fun place to fly kites and chill out no competitions or arena.

Brighton Kite Festival, 10 - 11th July 2004

One to remember as it's our own festival again in Stanmer Park. So please come along and have fun.

Petworth Kite Festival, 25th July 2004

Well it's booked and the weather has been ordered for another fun packed day of Kite flying. Please let me know if you want a pass for the day.

Telscombe Tye family fun day, September 2004

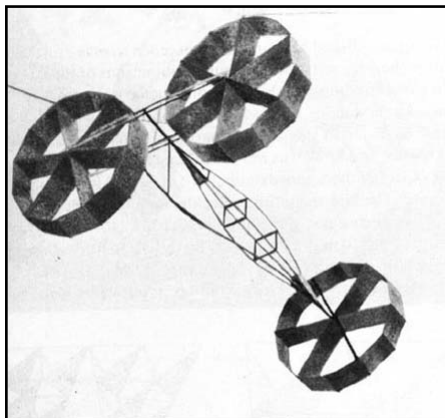
Date to be confirmed.

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NOT A LOT OF FIRST PEOPLE KNOW THIS ABOUT THIS KITE

When you ask most people what Alexander Graham Bell was most famous for they will probably be able to tell you that he was the inventor of the telephone. Some people may even know that it was invented in 1876 and that he later invented the gramophone. Very few people realise that Bell had a great passion for both aeronautics and kites. He used kites to further his knowledge of man assisted flight. Bell designed, made and tested many of his own man-carrying kites himself.

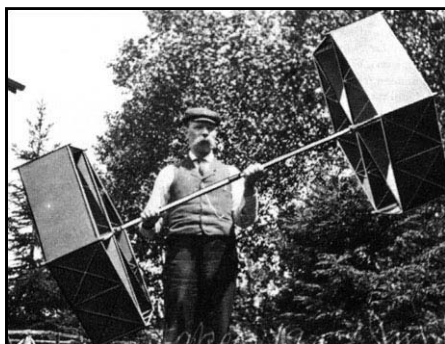
To begin with Bell concentrated on the lifting aspects of the kite and experimented with rotors and winged flying wheels. Some of these were able to reach a height of more than 150 feet.



Bell used a variety of geometrical shapes in his kite designs. Geometry is a branch of mathematics concerned with the relationship between points, lines, surfaces and solids.

The kite above is a huge twelve-sided giant radial-winged kite. A man is holding the tail or landing-line and is controlling the kite on the ground.

The image below shows Bell holding one of his kites. The kite is made up of two hexagons (a six sided shape).



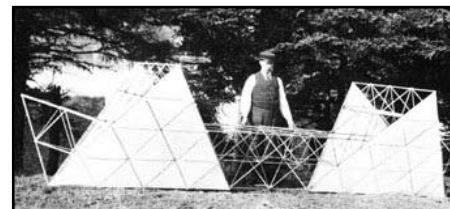
Each hexagon has six radial divisions or wings. The two hexagons are held together with a centre pole having a moveable weight in the centre of it. The adjustable weight could slide along the pole in order

to find the centre of gravity. At this point it is perfectly balanced. The photograph below shows Bell with one of his tetrahedral structures. A tetrahedron is a four-sided solid, triangular pyramid. The two large tetrahedral shapes at the ends are attached together with a framework of smaller, hollow tetrahedrons. This design was later made into a winged boat in 1902. Bell found the tetrahedron to have a very good strength to weight ratio. This simply means that an object is structurally very strong but at the same time is very lightweight.

Metal girders and beams in most modern buildings are made of hollow steel beams. Centuries ago beams in houses were made of solid wooden beams. They were much heavier than the metal beams and were not as strong.

Bell continued to experiment with the tetrahedron. He built a kite called the Frost King, which was made up of 1,300 tetrahedron cells. The kite accidentally lifted one of its handlers some 30 feet above the ground.

The kite, including all of its tackle weighed just 125 lbs; the weight of the handler was 165 lbs. 10 miles per hour wind was recorded. The pull of the kites was measured using a standard spring scale. These can be found in most school



science laboratories.

From this Bell concluded that a much larger kite, carrying an engine, providing a 10 m.p.h. thrust would easily carry a man. The first controlled man-flight, in one of Bell's kites took place in 1907. The kite was named the Cygnet, a much larger version of the Frost King. This kite contained 3,393 cells and carried floats to enable it to land ~on water.

It was towed behind a steamship to a height of 168 feet. The pilot Lieutenant Thomas.E. Selfridge survived the seven-minute flight unfortunately because the winding crew onboard the ship were too slow to unwind the towrope the Cygnet hit the water and broke up on contact.

Selfridge died seven months later while flying as a passenger of Orville Wright. He became the first person to die in the history of powered flight.

<http://www.design-technology.org/bell.htm>

During the long, hot school holidays of Summer 1942, my grandmother, with whom I was living, casting about for something to keep me amused, asked "Shall we make a kite?" Presumably I answered yes, because next day we collected bean sticks, brown paper and bailing twine (!) and my grandmother, working from memory - and despite my help - produced a kite.

In those war torn days we lived in Porchester, way up on Portsdown Hill, just where the houses stopped and the wild hillside began, so we didn't have far to go to test 'our' new creation.

Well fortunately there was a good wind blowing along the hill, because looking back I realise that our kite was rather heavy, and I think Grandmother's memory probably didn't include details like bridling.

The test flying was rather a disaster, as no matter how hard I threw the kite into the air, I can't remember any flight lasting more than a few seconds.

So we came home to tea and Grandmother said she would ask around at work to see if anyone could help.

Next evening as we mowed the lawn, we heard a loud knocking on the front door - and there stood a large, hot police sergeant (remember the hill?)

"Good evening Mrs. Godley, I believe you were flying a kite on the hill yesterday?"

"Yes sergeant - although I'd hardly call it flying"

"Well I really must tell you not to do that again. Didn't you know that kite flying is banned for the duration of the war?"

"Well, no I didn't. I was only trying to keep the boy amused".

"I think you'll have to find something else, because I have to confiscate your kite so there is no chance of you signalling to enemy aircraft!"

And so I lost my first, and for about forty years, only kite.

(And Grandmother made me a little sailing boat to play with instead)

Alan Crag

**HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL FLYERS
FROM THE
BRIGHTON KITE
FLYERS**

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fly-in reminders

Our Monthly fly-in is where we try and get as many of the club members to fly together. These are held on the 1st Sunday on Telscombe Tye, East Sussex, 2nd Thursday Stanmer Park from 6pm. Remember that during the summer members may well be attending kites festivals, but the fly-ins are still on.

See you there



Merchandise

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Pins/Badges/Pens:

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Thank you

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Peter Jackson, John Dimmock, Dave McArther, Alan Crag for articles, and Simon for articles, design and putting up with me as editor. I know, I keep going on, but Aerodyne is only possible with your help, so thank you again to those who help.

Corinne Hennessey

Next Issue

What would you like to see in the next issue. Let us know or better still let us have an article. Ideas for next years festival.

A G M

March 7th 2004 Badgers Watch Public House, after the fly-in on the Tye. Agenda will be posted out early next year.

Please contribute to your club newsletter - even the smallest of items is welcome. Anything sent to the 'Editor' will be considered for print unless marked otherwise.

Contributions should be sent to:

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Deadlines dates;
January issue - 1 December
April issue - 1 March
July issue - 1 June
October issue - 1 September

Next Year Festival 10h & 11th July 2004

Not long to go now. By the time you read this we should have the poster and flyers designed (I hope), let me know if you want some to put up, The date is confirmed as the 10th and 11th July 2004.

We have not heard from many of you about what you would like, but there is still time so let us know what you want.

If you would like to help, or fly in the arena, please also let us know and we will fit you into the arena timetable.

Paul Hill has kindly offered to take over the children's kite workshop after Mick and Norma moved to the west country, and as usual we will need your support on the day to help in the kite workshop. If you see him between now and the festival, please offer help.

Simon Hennessey

OSOW

OSOW - EXTRACURRICULAR Family commitments in Essex prevented Irene & I from attending Devil's Dyke, but the OSOW directory indicated a reachable gathering at Tiptree, Essex hosted by the Essex Kite Group. Gusty winds, but a beautiful sunny afternoon, with about 12 single-liners in the sky and numerous 2 liners on and off for the couple of hours we were there. Even the tree was forgiving when my Symphony landed in it!

Our thanks to Colin Kill and the other members of EKG for the warm welcome extended, it was a pleasure flying with you.

Derek Hanks

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