



It's the only time i've got to look after the big kites & I can't see what all the fuss is about.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

# TELSCOMBE TYE FUN DAY

Well what can you say, for those of you who remember leading up to the festival, the wind blew and there were reports of heavy rain and flooding all week, but by Thursday the forecast was getting better. No rain and the high winds lessening for the weekend, well lets wait and see.

Well as the weekend approached this seemed to be the case and Saturday turned into a hot sunny day with a good forecast for the Sunday as well. A group of ELF came down on the Saturday night for the Fireworks which we headed off to with Paul and Beth, Dave and Tracie, and where Tina turned red when Manky Badger asked if he could borrow a Police woman's uniform as he fancied Tina in one. Then a F&C supper on the walk home and the day nicely finished off by a few drinks including Batty's Chilly Chilly and a few games of Jenga with the ELF/BKF modifications to the rules. (If you want to know the new rules just ask). So off to bed ready for the fun day.

Sunday started and Corinne became the chief cook and bottle washer serving up cooked Breakfast (bacon, egg, sausages, toast, mushrooms along with tea, coffee or hot chocolate) for all who stayed over. (Thank You). So off to the Tye for a 9.00am start and set-up.

The weather forecast could not be more wrong, unlike Saturday the sun had gone in and the wind had picked

up, gusting upto 32mph during the day. Well not to be down hearted we put up the Gazebo with a lot of extra lashing and took a few kites out of the bags. Manky Badger put up his favourite kite (single line) which is a Delta with a large pink heart on it, Brian a small bullet which pulled him around the field and took Victoria off her feet and into the 1st Aid post



(thank you to SJ's for the help). Not to be out done by this, Brian, now known as Mad Brian, put up the club 3m Blade and went skidding across the Tye coming back with a few bumps but no breaks. Although he now has a broken hand, rule 4.4 of the ELF constitution could be put in to

effect here, and it was not a kite related injury I might add. He lost his rag with some smart arse B\*\*\*\*\* who broke into his shed, so he thumped the wall and ended up in A & E, but that is another story.

During the day we even managed to put up the Club Penguin and had the Mayor of Peacehaven flying it. She kept on saying how much it pulled, so we thought should we put up the Manta to show how a large kite pulled, we discussed this for all of 5 seconds and the result was we were not that brave or stupid.

Although not the best of Flying days, good fun was had by all and the company as always was good. Thanks to all that turned up and put on a show. Thank you to Telscombe Council, same again next year only better weather please.

Simon Hennessey



# OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 13TH CHILDREN OF THE WIND KITE FESTIVAL

What can I say that I have not already said so many times over the last 12 years of being sponsored to this very unique one of a kind True Blue Canadian Kite Festival that is held on Windy Point at Old Man River Dam in Pincher Creek Alberta, the outstanding feature of this festival is that it is 100% family oriented, it is a gathering of families and kite flyers from Pincher Creek and outlying areas plus from Calgary, Edmonton, Nelson, Lethbridge which all are around a 5 or 6 hour drive a way, one gets the feeling that this is how it must have been like in the early settlers days when people used to gather a couple of times a year to catch up with all the latest news and whatever. The kite festival you might say is a kind of bonus to this wonderful gathering. This was my 13th time being sponsored to this festival and throughout the years I have had the great pleasure of getting to know the families and watch their children grow up. This year so many more babies have been added, so it looks like I will still be Uncle Ray for a while yet.

As always, this was a well organized kite festival thanks to Joan and Pete Rickard and all the great volunteers plus the Pincher Creek Kite festival committee who have been working on and off from the last years festival on ideas, this year the theme was for everyone to enjoy themselves. Besides the kite flying performances, there was Kids Tents - Make and Take

Crafts, Kite making, Face Painting and free kites to all children under 12 years of age, Flying Art Park, Sand Castles, Kids Carnival, Clowns, Tabloid Science Tent which was a hands on exhibition put on by the Science Alberta Foundation (very interesting to the young and old alike) and on the dam Force 10 Windsurfing Races. Also the ever very popular Roger and Janice Maddy Kite Puppet Show from the USA, entertainment by Herky Cutler from the Prairie Fusion Band, plus all day music from the DJ Supreme Sound, and the great favorite that brings people in from miles around the "Colors on the Wind" Fireworks display at dusk on Saturday night, this year was without a doubt the best one yet.

One of the real high lights at this festival for me without a doubt was watching the faces of the children and adults of the Riverside Hutterite Colony that attend this festival each year and to see their faces light up with excitement as they watch the kite flying and all the other activities was priceless.

The wind on Friday and Saturday was great and all the kite flyers were able to really entertain the masses, there were a lot of new spectators that had heard and read about the kite festival and had come to see for themselves what it was all about and I can honestly say no one went home disappointed and returned again on Sunday, but alas the winds were very light in the morning but increased by

the afternoon but was very gusty at times. The weather through out the festival was awesome, to some a little too hot around 34C which is in the 90F, which is right up my street, Every one enjoys the Toonie (two dollar breakfast) of sausages, pancakes and coffee this is also a great time to socialize plus catching up with old friends and making new ones. It is also a great time for me to relax before setting up for the days flying, the beautiful picturesque scenery is unmatched one can so easily see, feel and understand why the Indians loved this land. I could sit for hours and just let my mind wander and imagine how it must have been before the white settlers arrived.

Well another great festival has come and gone thanks to the organizers, the festival committee, all the wonderful volunteers and the very generous donations from the sponsors and the community of Pincher Creek, for without them, there would be no festival. Thank you Pincher Creek for inviting me for the 13th time also thank you for your hospitality and friendship you Bet'cha I will be back in 2005. Oh and I want to add if I may, congratulations on a very nice write up and pictures about the festival that is in the July/August issue of Canadian Geographic magazine.

Thank you for listening  
Ray Bethell

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## C A N Y O U H E L P

I am not sure that anyone will be able to help, but since June 21 this year, I have been unable to find my dual lines. I believe I have lost it. The 21st was the last time that I definitely knew that I had it. I would have expected to have taken it to both Brighton and Petworth, although on neither occasion did I fly a dual line kite.

My wife and I are normally quite particular about checking for unpacked items before leaving anywhere. It is a small black travel bag. In the main compartment would have been a number of 'figure of eight' winders, both commercial and home made from plywood, with lines of up to 150ft, mostly marked with length and

strength, many with my name on. Other compartments contained finger straps, and short lines down to 4ft on cardboard winders. Has it by any chance been handed in? If you know where it is please e-mail [simon@bkc.org.uk](mailto:simon@bkc.org.uk)

Roy Martin

# OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 KITES IN THE GARDEN

A Kite Festival in the garden? Yes, really, and very successful it was too. OK, the house is Petworth House and the garden Petworth Park, but it is their garden, albeit a very big one indeed (the garden pond isn't bad, either!).

The "Kites at Petworth" festival is not a kite festival in the usual sense, but has developed as a major fund-raising event for local charities as part of the annual Petworth Festival. Kites at Petworth has developed with the assistance of the Brighton Kite Flyers and is now an established part of the Petworth Festival and the Brighton Kite Flyers calendar. I have only been going along for a few years but it is noticeable how the festival has grown. Although the excellent weather almost certainly helped, this year's festival was noticeably bigger than past years in terms of the number of traders - both kite and non-kite traders - and fund raisers present as well as the numbers of the general public. At the height of the afternoon, the Park was very busy indeed. From a vantage point at the top of the hill, the Park was a mass of kites, from the massive Manta Ray, Teddy and other BKF inflatables to the very smallest kites being "flown" (aka being towed around) by small boys, usually with a puffing father behind.

I arrived later than intended, but well before the festival opened to the public. As many kite flyers commented during the day, sunshine and wind were present in abundant quantities. Approaching the festival through the town, the Manta Ray could be seen floating high over Petworth Park. I drove into the Park and parked alongside the arena along with the other early arrivals. The wind was not only a good strength, but in an excellent direction. It was an easy decision to fly a big kite, so out came the fish delta; suitable for the conditions, not flown for a while and a very good demonstration kite to get the public interested in kite flying. Getting ready to launch I realised that I had left all my stakes at home, but Paul Hill came to the rescue with a massive steel stake which proved necessary later in the day as the wind picked up. This sorted out, the delta

was launched and was soon at a good height flying high over the Park. Simon and Paul had most of the club inflatables in the air tethered to their cars; the Manta Ray, Teddy, Octopus and Penguin, all looking most impressive. The two of them wanted the opportunity to look around the trade stalls, so I was left in charge of the real kites while Dave McArthur was flying some of those funny kites that need lots of lines to make them fly! This wasn't too much of an effort as the wind was as near to perfect as possible for an enclosed, inland site. It dropped a little from time to time,

but the pilot kites and the top kites were high enough that as soon as the wind picked up again, everything was up in the air once again. Once Simon and Paul returned, I went back to tending my delta. By the time the festival opened to the public, the

wind had picked up so that there was no possibility of kites dropping out of the sky and the sun was quite soporific, so the rest of the morning was spent simply lounging around watching the kites and working on the sun tan - as near perfect as could be for a summer Sunday.

By the early afternoon, the wind had picked up considerably and the Park was getting very busy. With the kite traders doing good business, there were lots of new kites in the air, many with very little control. Being at the "public" end of the arena, it was not long before an enthusiastic stunt kite flyer had his lines wrapped around mine, and was enthusiastically sawing at them in a fairly futile attempt to release his kite. I pulled the delta down sufficiently enough to disentangle the stunter, to find that the braiding around the "Weymouth Kevlar" I was flying on had been completely cut through. Although the kevlar itself looked fine, I decided to take no chances with the strong wind and cut out the damaged portion. Had I not been flying on Kevlar, I am in no doubt that I would have been

spending the rest of the afternoon searching Petworth for my released delta. Many kite flyers do not like kevlar, but there are occasions when it is definitely invaluable. The delta was launched once again, but as the wind was by this time getting quite fierce, I decided after a short while to bring it down and spend some time going round the rest of the festival.

There was plenty to see (and plenty to buy - all in a good cause!), and I had the opportunity to catch up with Alan Outram and the other teddy bungers who were based in the middle of the main part of the Park. A



few, ugly looking clouds started to build up later in the afternoon, causing the public to start to drift away and Simon and the rest of the crew to get the inflatables packed away before they got wet. Fortunately, the clouds passed, the sun returned and the wind became more manageable again. This was a good excuse to get some different kites out, and as the Park emptied, I even managed a good session with my new Nasa Wing, purchased with much encouragement from Simon at Weymouth earlier in the year. As the witching hour of 5 o'clock arrived and the formal closure of the festival, the wind dropped almost on cue, so it was time to pack up and make our way home.

A good day? No, a really excellent one that will not be bettered for quite a while. So, if you have a house something like Petworth House, and a reasonable sized garden like Petworth Park, Brighton Kite Flyers would love to hear from you and give you a hand to establish your very own kite festival!

Peter Jackson

# OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004

# B R I G H T O N K I T E F L Y E R S

# V E R Y O W N F E S T I V A L

After a wet week, the weather took a moderate turn for the better as the Brighton Kite Festival got closer. As Friday dawned, there was a fair amount of sunshine (why is it that kite flyers are obsessed by the weather?) as I set off for Stanmer Park, camper in tow. I was the first camper - sorry, member of the security team - to arrive, but locals such as Simon, Paul and Dave were already there as was the first of the kite traders. Picking my spot, I was soon pitched and ready to start helping to set up the Park ready for the weekend. After a slow start, other flyers and traders started to arrive and we started

Saturday morning started very well with a lot of the big Club kites in the air and a good showing of other kites from BKF members as well as from many of the visiting flyers. The public drifted in continually during the morning, although the overall numbers seemed to be lower than last year. As the early afternoon arrived, it was time to take my place in the Children's Kite Workshop tent. I am very pleased to be able to report that the new Kite Workshop supremo, Paul Hill, had everything under control and beautifully prepared for his team. Even the arrival of previous organisers Mick and Norma House

the day and some arena events such as the Rok fight had to be cancelled. As a result, Mr and Mrs Public and family started to drift back home or wherever it is that non-kite flyers go in the evening. Kite flyers are hardy beasts, though, and no one was going to let a little bit of arctic wind get in the way of enjoying the Saturday evening Outram barbecue, even if it meant putting on several coats and using paper clips and anything else that came to hand to stop the lettuce and other bits of salad being whipped off the plate. The weather being what it was, as soon as the barbecue was over, we retired to our camper where we were enjoying a pleasant game of cards, assisted by a bottle of brandy being used for some medicinal warming up until a flasher started tapping at the window. Happily, the flasher turned out not to be the usual Stanmer Park inhabitant with a loose raincoat, but Simon Hennessey with night flying lights attached to various parts of his body. You will all be pleased to know that even after this experience, we all still managed to sleep well.

Sunday morning dawned - well it usually does, even in Brighton - and we awoke to a better day of more sunshine and a rather more modest wind. The wind was a bit up and down during the day as some fairly evil looking clouds skirted Stanmer Park, but a good bit of flying took place. Rollers and other light wind kites were the order of the morning, but by lunchtime the wind had dropped to the extent that not even genkis and double rollers could be launched and flown for more than a few minutes at time. There was some determined flying in the arena, and as 3 o'clock drew near, I took my now well trimmed Rok and fan club over to the arena ready for the Rok fight. Just as we arrived, the rain that had threatened for most of the day finally got its aim right and soaked the Festival for a good 10 minutes. The Rok fighters took refuge in the PA tent or under Ray Oakhill's awning, but many of the spectators were not so fortunate, and despite the shower being quite short lived, it put a



marking out the arena, cordoning off the road and putting up the usual, bossy signs such as "Fly Here", "Do not Fly There" and so on, all of which started to make the sleepy Park look alert and ready for the public to start arriving on Saturday morning.

Once all the work was done, there was ample time and daylight to get the evening meal, wash it down with a few recuperative beers and do some practice flying. The value of being a member of a Club was again apparent when John Dimmock wandered over to give a hand with the trimming of a recalcitrant Rok. With his advice, the Rok was soon flying very much better, so much so that it won the Rok fight on Sunday, of which more later.

did not put Paul off his stride at all, so it looks like he may have the job for a few years now. An interesting question, though. Over the years, I have started at the "finishing" end of the workshop with bridling, but by this year had progressed to the "top table" and was allowed to deal with the tricky task of sellotaping spars onto plastic bag remnants. Does this mean that you start at one end of the tent, work your way up to the other end, and then escape Kite Workshop duties in the future? I only ask out of interest, you understand! (Not on your Nelly, the festival team) By the time the Workshop was over, the wind had picked up very considerably, so much so that many kites had to be brought down and packed away for the rest of

## OUR VERY OWN FESTIVAL

continued

metaphorical damper on the proceedings.

Once the rain had passed, the Rok fight was called, but the limited amount of wind meant that it was some time before all the flyers managed to launch at approximately the same time and we could have a fight. I managed to win, but I would be the first to admit this it was more due to the ability to run around the arena keeping my kite in the air for longer than anyone else than any superb kite flying or fighting skills.

As the festival drew to a close, there was still time to watch some of the invited flyers including the continually amazing Robertshaws before the big clear up started. It did not seem to be

that long before the park started looking like its usual green and open self once again and yet another Festival was over. We can only wait until next year and hope that the Park is still green and not a car park so the Brighton Kite Festival can continue. Although I am fortunate enough to be able to take time off work to help with the Festival itself, Brighton Kite Flyers are very lucky indeed to have Simon Hennessey and the rest of the Festival Committee who are all prepared to put in so much time throughout the year to make the Festival its annual success. All I can say is "Thank You, and roll on next year"!

Peter Jackson

## RAY GETS MORE AWARDS AT LONG BEACH

Ray Bethell received two major honors this year at Washington State International Kite Festival. He was inducted into the World Kite Museum Hall of Fame. He is the first Sport Kite Flyer to ever attain this high honour. Secondly, after winning the People's Choice award for the last 12 years in a row, the award has now been given his name. It is now known as the "Ray Bethell People's Choice Award". The only down side is that he is no longer eligible to win it...

*Congratulations Ray from all the BKF we are all very proud to have you a honoured Life Time Member of our club*

# ELFS JOIN THE BKF

Who are we? Energise are a Star Trek/Sci-fi based group of friends that have been meeting in Ashford for over 11 years now. As well as meeting to watch videos and films, we often get together to go out to "play". Sometimes to the beach, beer festivals, walks on warm evenings, picnics in the park, etc. Once at the beach we were watching people having fun with kites and thought we'd like to have a go. First of all we wasted a few quid on the cheap plastic ones. Later we went to Bluewater, where we found the Flexifoil stackers and the Deltas in Airborne Kites.

Although we still like the stackers and deltas, in retrospect it would have been better to have spent a bit more money on the Blade range that we now love. There is so much to choose from. It is very difficult when you first start out. That is the advantage of belonging to a club. You can "have a go" with other people's kites before you buy. We welcome anyone to come along to us and see what they like before they buy.

To start with we used to fly up on Wye Downs. It was OK, apart from having a few trees and sheep droppings to avoid, and being on a slope. We may also have crashed a kite in the road on one or two occasions!! In the winter, we sometimes go to Dymchurch beach, as there are not

many "normal" people around then. We have been known to have the beach to ourselves. Most of the time, we like to fly at Morehall Recreation Ground in Folkestone. It is convenient for us from the motorway and for our members that live in Folkestone. It also has the advantage of being near to Burger King for food and drink.

A couple of years ago, a friend in Maidstone told us about Teston kite festival. We went along not knowing what to expect. With our big kites, we walked to the back field - out of the way. After having flown a five-stack of Flexifoils, we got out our one and only blade and set ourselves up for our people-lifting. Having a great time, we saw someone striding over looking very "official" and thought we were going to be told that we could not do it. This person introduced himself as "Simon" and even took some photos while we were chatting. We were invited to go to Brighton Kite Festival and do our people-lifting in the arena. From there, and Simons Daughter kept calling us the Lunatics. the name Energize Lunatic Fringe was born, and we met lots of new friends. The kite festivals that we have been to regularly since then are: Teston in June, Brighton in July, Teston (Pronounced "Teeeston" and not "Test on" as we have now found out.) in August and more recently

Capstone in August. These are most local for us. We have also have been going to to Berck in France in April with the BKF and have now joined the BKF



Our presence on the web can be found at:

<http://www.e-l-f.org.uk>  
(Takes you to the webmaster's page)

For Tina's many pictures:-  
[http://www.energizelunaticfringe.free-serve.co.uk/kite\\_index.htm](http://www.energizelunaticfringe.free-serve.co.uk/kite_index.htm)

For Richard aka Batman's website:-  
<http://freespace.virgin.net/r.mannering/ELF-index.htm>

Tina

# OCTOBER 2004 PORTSMOUTH IS FUN

We arrive at Southsea Common at around 9.15am, the place is already a hive of activity, stalls are all in place (well almost all, James Hartley was still setting up), some kites are up but the arenas look decidedly smaller than we all remember. As we look up the field we soon discover why. Taking up the far end of the common is the largest Peter Lynn flag I have ever seen. It's lying on the grass billowing ever so slightly into the air. It turns out that Peter had been commissioned to make the world's largest kite (approx. 1000 Sq. metres) by a Kuwaiti family. They asked for it to be the Kuwait national flag, and today is to be its first public flight. Well this is too good a chance to miss, we (Simon, Alan, Paul, Beth & yours truly) rush up the field to help with the inaugural flight. As we arrive the sheer scale takes your breath away, this thing is huge. It starts to inflate in the light morning breeze, but just as it nears take off the breeze dies and the it deflates. Peter is not going to be beaten by mere wind, he instructs four of us to grab the main line & as it starts to reinflate we pull like men possessed running up to the end of the field, as we reach the main road the kite finally lifts into the air. Mission accomplished the record has been broken. Having flown the world's largest kite (all be it for a few seconds), we head down to the marquee for the flyers briefing & safety meeting. These formalities over we head for the field to find a good anchor point. In a reduced arena space it is tight but we tuck ourselves in as the wind rises, and help to fill the sky. The Big One is now flying at about 70 feet, it's not the prettiest or the most interesting kite you've ever seen, but it does a fine impression of a solar eclipse. As Lunch time approaches the big one finally comes down and the top of the field is opened to other flyers. This extra space is soon put to good use as three more Mantas join ours in the sky along with countless other inflatables. Later we head off to the arena to display with Avon Kite Flyers. and fly what ever kites we can in the light winds, after the arena display we spend half an hour untangling our new transition tails from

each other. Tracie (my wife) arrives just as we are packing up for the day ready for the evening BBQ.

Two huge gas barbecues are lit and the food was cooked by BKF members & rapidly eaten by all



present, this was followed by an old cine film showing kite and flyers, from 1988 (I think). The evening then moved on to a hilarious auction hosted by none other than George Webster & Andy King, as we came out of the marquee we realised it was late and an early start was called for if we wanted to get a good pitch tomorrow. Time for bed.

After a huge breakfast at our lodgings we soon head for the field to get a good flying site. We manage to secure two concrete ground anchors for our large kites and put up very small kites on all the rest as no one else was up yet. The field soon fills up. From little wind on the Saturday it had increased overnight and is now a steady force 4; so we launch Teddy & Ollie on separate lines and settle in for another days flying. (Oh, how wrong we were). The wind slowly but surely increased all morning. The first sign of things to come was the giant inflatable Cat in the Hat flying next to us drops out of the sky, its pilot kite has disappeared into the town (probably thirsty). As we are about to eat lunch we realise that Ollie's anchor has moved slightly, as we watch it is suddenly dragged the anchor 15 feet across the common (these anchors weigh over 1ton). We quickly set to & brought Ollie back to earth. (Note to the Flying Squad "we

told you not to leave your Revs there."). No damage to Revs or Olly, Phew.

With Olly safely packed we make a quick check on Teddy who seems fine, not as much pull as Ollie, (6 fewer legs). So we sit down for lunch, not 15 seconds later Teddy's anchor takes off across the field; we drop our sandwiches and run after him. We catch up and bring teddy back to earth, but deflating him proves much harder than with Olly. The next few minutes were eventful to say the least. So I will just give you the result. Teddy is back in his bag. The picnickers got scared & ran away. Paul is holding himself below the waist and wondering if he has become Paula. Simon & I are heading for the town to look for the pilot kite. Pilot kite soon found (thank you, local kite flyers). With all kites packed away lunch at last. By 2.00pm the wind is now gusting 35mph; we admit defeat and pack up the large inflatable for the day. Meanwhile some of the more Adventurous kite flyers carry on regardless (Guess Who). The rest of the afternoon was spent chatting to other flyers & watching some Fabulous displays in near gale force wind. (Flying Squad & Team Flic).

Although Monday is not an official Festival day, we were not going home yet. The wind is still a bit strong, so we put up a power sled & some of the clubs new tails. Looking around most people were thinking the same, soon there were tails and wind socks all over the place, including White Horse's Kite Flyers beautiful Koi carp wind socks. Later in the day as the wind mellowed or we just got braver we flew Teddy for a couple of hours, as much to check for damage as anything else. As the day drew to a close Simon pulled out his 9m donut for a silly half-hour. As the weekend ended we say our goodbyes and head for home very tired, very happy, and very relieved that we lost no kites. A big thanks to everyone who helped us in our moments of most need, you all know who you are.

Only four days until Bristol. I may have to sleep that long to recover.

Dave H

OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004 OCTOBER 2004

# A SLICE OF HEAVEN

## A kite's personal story with Ray

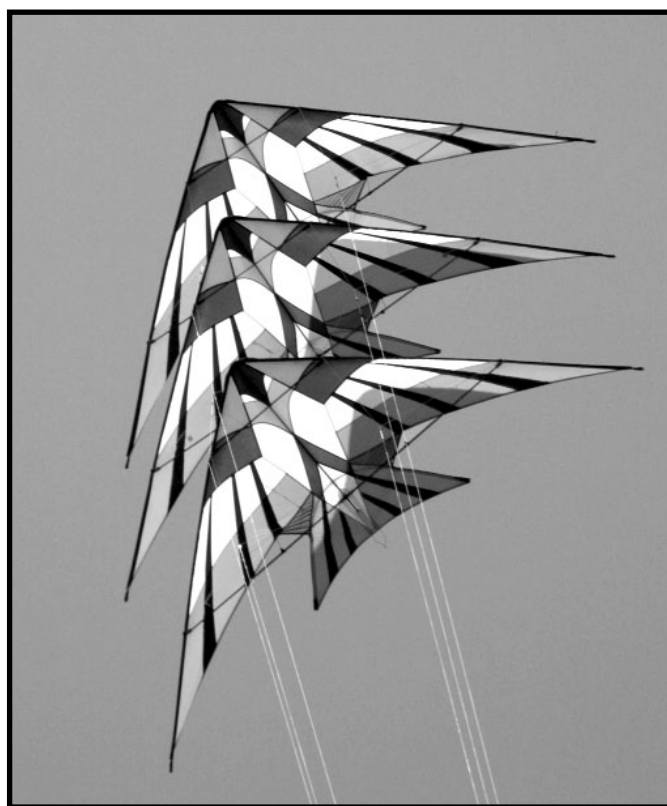
"I am a Kestrel kite with a rip-roaring story to tell! Although I do not know how it feels to be a homosapien, I do know how it feels to be controlled by one! As one of three Kestrels owned by my master, Ray Bethell, I wholeheartedly want to share my personal experience of being manipulated on hundreds of feet of blue line! You have to be a kite to comprehend these magical moments! If you are in doubt, please read on.

Ray, a grand celebrant of human spirit and ingenuity, takes me out mostly every day along with my two identical twins. But tonight seems electric with Ray scurrying about. My friends and I are being wrapped more snugly than usual in our kite bag feeling like a soft black cocoon where we are being cushioned for flight to a strange land. A kite festival must be somewhere and upon the plane's landing, strange languages reveal what country we have entered. Once again it is France!

Early, the next morning, I welcome the bright sun bathing my skins and the cooling winds airing me out. Ray lovingly assembles me with attention paid to my every need. Soon I'm standing upright on the sandy earth, anticipating take off. The crowds watch closely as one of my cohorts is connected to Ray's hips, I am now in Ray's right hand, my friend is in his left. In high speed, we roar upwards with our tails fluttering and whipping through the air currents that rush over our nylons.

Once in the air, time stands still. Time becomes non-existent. Nor are we affected by gravity for us kites are air pushed with constant pressure at our bridles. Our fly lines resemble cables or umbilical cords connecting us to our master. A connection so important, so crucial, that I periodically glance down at him for reassurance! Ray stands tall, bronzed, and like an orchestra conductor, he gracefully performs

body/muscular movements so we can fly according to his commands. His flashing white teeth smile at us to reinforce complete trust and confidence while his blue eyes are twinkling beneath his famous Malaysian hat. He is richly handsome as we are while embracing one objective: Aerial perfection must saturate the soul.



Some manoeuvres surely challenge my endurance, like when the earth rushes towards me in a Mach 1 dive, where I stop on a dime for a fling toward the sky! The high acceleration is dizzying. My spine shudders and at times, I feel that I'm coming apart, but we are made for this. However, our most peaceful period comes during refuelling. Aaah, refuelling!! The crowd pleaser segment where us Kestrels are gracefully stacked with our faces in between each other's blue lines! The lines press against our front spars radiating a soft subtle vibration. Cold and magnetized, they maintain a steady hum like cables on a suspension bridge. Our relaxation in this 'refuelling' mode is pure love

where we all glide together in perfect unison so hypnotic and sensual. Suddenly, a strong pull separates us and like an opening up of a ladies fan, we skim in opposite directions while the hum increases in volume. Our tails give off pleasant snapping sounds when slicing through the breeze and in turn our cables switch to several octaves depending on the

speed of flight. Only kites hear this hum and whew, it's habitually noisy up here with the familiar music below!! In other manoeuvres of tumbles and twists, the crowds appear to be above our heads with the sky below. We become disoriented, cold, and then plunge into an altered state of suspended animation. At times, we don't know from a bag of beans what wind" Is beneath our wings! But seriously folks, no amusement park ride could ever challenge or

duplicate these riveting moments! I often steal quick peeks at the thousands of humans gazing mesmerized at our sky dances. At the end of each performance, we float down one by one to their ecstatic applause and whistles that thunder from the Earth to the heavens. Exhausted, wind blown, and dusty, we still have the energy to utter breathlessly: "Ray please put us back in the air." He always does. I thank you for flying with me"

A Kestrel Kite

Joan H Laurino  
April 30, 2004

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**Aerodyne:**

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**Club library:**

(BKF members only):  
Paul Hill  
☎ 01273 421286  
✉ paul@BKF.org.uk

**Club Kites:**

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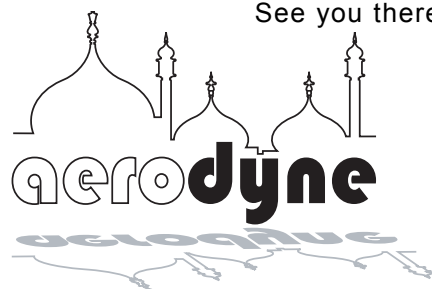
**Membership Secretary:**

Peter Jackson  
☎ 01444 451076  
✉ Membership@BKF.org.uk

# 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 at Stanmer Park 6pm. Remember that during the summer members may well be attending kites festivals, but the fly-ins are still on.

See you there



**Merchandise**

**T-Shirts/Sweatshirts:**

Alan Outram  
☎ 01737 771196  
✉ alan@BKF.org.uk

**Pins/Cloth Badges:**

Simon Hennessey  
☎ 01273 582309  
✉ simon@BKF.org.uk

# Thank you

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Ray Bethall, Peter Jackson, Dave H, Joan H Laurino for articles. I know it seems we keep going on, but Aerodyne is only possible with your help, so thank you again to those who help.

Simon Hennessey

# Trailer

Thank you to Ivor Williams for help in getting a new club Trailer more information and pictures in the next issue.

We have a range of sizes in all club t-shirts and hooded tops for sale T-shirts £10 hooded tops £25.00

**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:

Aerodyne  
c/o Simon Hennessey  
11 The Sheepfold  
Peacehaven  
East Sussex. BN10 8EG  
aerodyne@BKF.org.uk

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

# Kite Making service for B K F Members

As many BKF members will know, I make a lot of my kites. I admit to enjoying making kites as much as I do flying them, the only problem being is that I already have more kites than I can fly! The solution - make kites for BKF members who might like single line kites but do not want to make their own.

I am currently building some more Roks - my own favourite - and have decided to sell them. All are 1.2m Roks, ideal for fighting. I have a single colour, plain one at £30, a simple appliqué design at £35 and a patchwork and "face" kite, both at £40. All are carbon sparred and come with bags. Anyone interested, ring me or see me at Kingsfold or Ardingly.

I am happy to make kites to order. Roks and Rollers can be made in any size and pretty much any design, so if you have an idea for a design but are afraid of making it, now is your chance to have your own, personal kite. Any other type, just give me a ring.

Peter Jackson

# Paul Hill Takes up farming

After a slight mis-hap with Teddy, by not following one of the basic rules of flying the big kites. (never put one foot on either side of the line when trying to land or take off) Paul has been given a couple of Acres. Luckily for Sue no lasting damage.

Whilst every care is taken to get the details correct in 'Aerodyne' the Brighton Kite Flyers cannot accept responsibility for any errors or omissions that may occur. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editors or of the Brighton Kite Flyers.

