



I went to the BKF Xmas bash and all my Dad got me was this chip. He had 3 Puddings.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

Well back in the latter part of the year talk went around about having a Xmas Dinner, joining forces with Team ELF, but with us based in Brighton and them in Ashford it could be hard to find somewhere to suit both. We looked at halfway, but no one knew the pubs or restaurants in those areas (not even the Manky Badger, hard to believe I know) and if we had it halfway we all had to drive or pay for a Hotel so a coin was flipped and Brighton chosen for the 1st ever ELF-BKF Xmas bash.

Where to have it, we have had the BKF AGM in the Badgers Watch for a few years now and the food and service has always been good, so a phone call and it was set for the 4th December. E-mails and letters went out and replies came back and it looked like there would be a good turnout.

The 4th soon came around and we all duly met up at the Badgers Watch. In total 34 members of the clubs turned out. Orders were placed and food was soon served, one person who we will not name, but for now we will just call him a friend of Robin's went to town and ordered 2 starters, one main dish (the largest they did) but the mixed grill was sold out so he went for the second biggest dish, once eaten he then finish it off with two puddings, and I must mention he still pinched some of my sausage as well, not to be out done by this Colin had 3 puddings in front of him. A good time seemed to be had by all. Most people once the sweets were seen, opted to have one as they looked so

TEAM ELF
AND BKF
MEET
FOR
XMAS
BASH



3 pudding Colin

good, even Big John who said no at first but when Alan said he would, thought he better have one rather than pinch Alan's.

It can not go without saying a big Thank you to the Badgers Watch for the great service and to Barry, the duty manager, for making the evening go off so well.

Talk went around the pub about Sunday being the club fly-in and with good byes being said and a promise of meeting for a fly the next day, we all headed off home.

The next day arrived when the kids were encouraged to play their recorders to wake everybody up (Thank you Manky Badger, just you wait), At 11.00 we headed off up the Tye, (I managed to fly my new Rombus Amun after owning it for 2 months, the wind and rain never being right) - but the wind was light and after struggling to fly kites for a couple of hours the cry went up that people wanted food, after not much talk it was decided where to go. A quick trip to Eastbourne was in order, to go to the Ice Cream Parlour, This was a great way to finish a great weekend, with a great group of friends.

Next year Ashford, here we come.

Simon Hennessey

See some of the photos on page 5 of Aerodyne.



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CERF VOLANT DIEPPE

Was it really 2 years since the last Dieppe Kite festival, well with the, what is fast becoming a customary, meal at the Tai Elephant on the Wednesday night with Kiteworld and Kiteworks and anyone else who wanted to come, this year Dave and Tracy came along. Kiteworld and Kiteworks set off early on Thursday morning for Dieppe. Following a stop over at our house by Paul Chapman and an early start for my Dad, the crew of K17E GB set off to Dieppe Kite Festival on the early Seacat from Newhaven on the Friday, A nice crossing was in store and even Corinne although head down the whole way failed to feed the fish on this crossing. We arrived to an emptier sky than normal as the wind was very light although there were still some fantastic kites on show.

Well it was Dieppe and Ray Oakhill was there already so off down the prom I drove, again this year to be flagged down and pointed into a very nice car parking space saved for me right on the seafront. A round of hellos and a cry of where are the kites I set about along with Ray putting up some of the clubs display kites. The Sherpa, oops Corinne offered to take the cloths etc off to the hotel and have a nap with the kids (is this possible with 2 young girls) while we did this. Teddy and Manta were put up and people knew we had arrived. The wind was iffy but soon the sky



filled up with some fantastic kites of all shapes and sizes from Peter Lynn's large display kites to kites made from feathers.



As the day progressed we wandered around the field and bumped into more and more old friends who we have met over years from all corners of the world. (Kite flying just seems to take all the stress out of relationships as if you have a string in your hand people are much more relaxed talking to you). What to do next was Lets try our new friend the Blue Meenie, but the wind was a little too light and the only way to keep him inflated was to walk him up the Prom, tapping the odd passer by with his hands as we went, some people jump, by the time we had got to the area between the arenas the wind had picked up a little and the Meenie flew without us moving. So we found an area of grass and played bump the public. Soon a rather large crowd had gathered and were enjoying the Meenie and the kids loved to be chased around by him and screamed even more in delight when we managed to creep up on the odd parent (yes, you have to be odd to be a parent) and make them jump. Where the day went, I do not know, but soon it was off for dinner at a small restaurant on the harbour and off to bed for an early start the next day.

The wind was no better on the Saturday and it was threatening to rain a little but we had gone to fly kites so that's what we did and put up

some of the large kites. The soon threatened rain came and big kites were put away. So what do you do when it rains at a kite festival? You go public running with dragons and no, I don't mean the wife (I'm not that cruel). I mean the small puppet kind in the shape of Dennis and Puff. Dave H and I set off down the row of kite stalls with puppets in hand and had great fun with joe public (don't tell the wives but a puppet in the hand is great for getting kisses from young Brazilian girls, but that's another story not to be told here). We carried on playing until the festival seemed to slowly come to an end and so did our second day. Another meal and another night's sleep and another day's kite flying to come what more could you want. I must say that food seems to have gone up in price since the Euro came in, or is it just me.

Sunday dawned and I got up early and went out and flew some of my kites before the festival started, it's so nice to fly when no one is around some times, just the sound of the sea and wind to keep you company. Soon the field filled up again and off I went to take some photos of the kites,



having had my camera knocked out of my hand by someone in a hurry on Saturday and hitting the ground (it is now repaired) but I struggled all weekend with it so not as many photos as usual. George Peters had put up lots of his kites which filled the sky with colour and movement. There was then a Dragon fly, Jerry and

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CERF VOLANT DIEPPE CONTINUED

Caroline who had come over on the motorbike somehow managed to bring their rather large double headed dragon with them. This was flown along with some other very nice dragons.

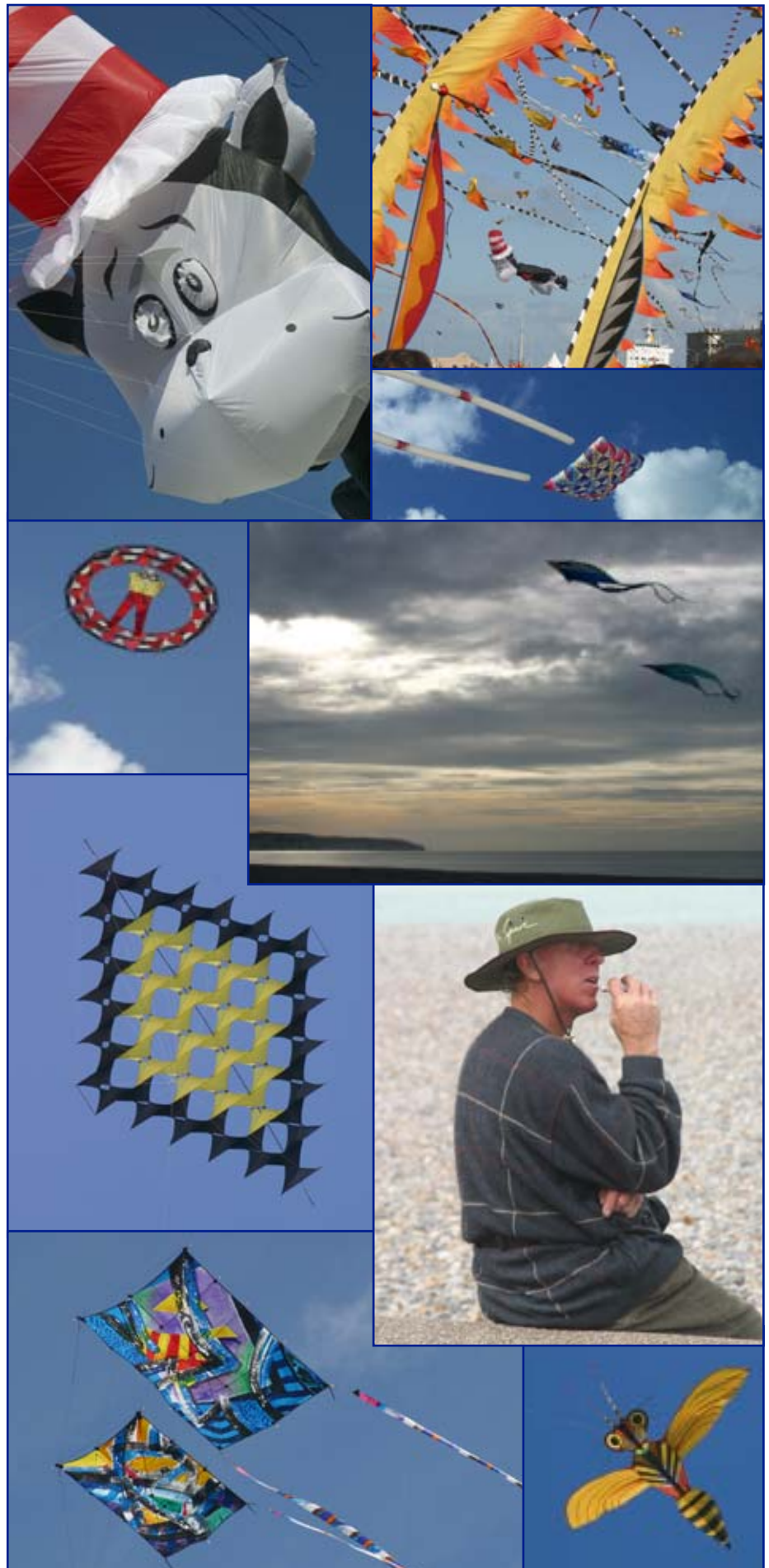
The top image is the kite by the way.



Well the day moved on more kites were flown and more friends made. As the time to pack up came closer - a quick run round the field for a final good bye to everyone. We bumped in to Robert van Weers and his amazing Cat in the Hat kite, which he has repaired since it ran off at Portsmouth, it was looking as good as new. Then came the big mistake I said to him "You don't want to take that back to New Zealand with you do you" So it now belongs to the Brighton Kite Flyers as he offered it to us at a price we could not refuse. (This is definitely one for the kids to enjoy). It will fit in the car along with all the other kites and bits, just.

Well the deal done and the final fairwells said we piled into the car using a shoe horn, off to the port and a fairly smooth crossing back, although this time the fish did get a quick feed. Back in good Old England and back to work, only to come home on the Monday night to hear that Kiteworld and Kiteworks who had stayed over till Monday could not get back on the Dieppe crossing and had to drive to Calais. Only problem Kiteworks car was parked at Newhaven so a quick trip to Tonbridge to pick them up. Can't wait for 2006.

Simon Hennessey



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INTERNATIONAL DE L'AIR BASE NATURE FREJUS FRANCE.

The Theme for this year's festival was the country of Portugal; there were 380 invited guests from 18 countries from all over Europe plus flyers from Canada, USA, Singapore, Brazil, and Cuba, this is also Europe's last kite festival for 2004, I arrived in Nice France on Friday and was picked up by my friend and the owner of the hotel where I have been staying for there last 6 years, and the rain was pelting down, his car windscreen wipers could not keep up with the down pour, but by the time we arrived at Frejus which is about a 45 minute drive from Nice it had eased off considerably. I was very pleased in a way that because of the rain there would be no one at the festival site, it was great to sit back and relax sipping on some of France's fine wine after a long flight.

On Saturday the first day of the festival was a beautiful sunny day with a perfect 8-10 mph wind, and the sky over the huge festival site was a mass of kites of every description from the giant Mega Ray to the smallest diamond kite, and the Sport Kite demonstration arena was on the go all day, some great performances were given by pairs, team and individual sport kite flyers, which was greatly appreciated by hundreds of spectators, just like all of Europe's kite festivals it was well supported by the local people.

Sunday, the 2nd day of the festival was just like Saturday until around noon and it clouded over the wind stopped and it started to rain a little but enough to make the spectators disappear and all the single line kite flyers to pack up there kites before they got soaked, but all was not lost as it was a great day to catch up with old friends and make new ones. This

festival is great for that, especially with all the Italian kite flyers, as they always seem to come prepared for days like this, being well stocked with all kinds of goodies, wine, cheese, etc to share with everyone,. As I have mentioned so many times in my other articles about this festival, that it is very family oriented. In fact it is much more than a kite festival it is a huge family gathering and the kite flyers all over Europe are one big family, it is like Thanksgiving without the Turkey.

This year there was a misunderstanding with the organizer of the festival and myself, I had accepted the invitation last July to his festival but for some reason he said they never received any of the 5 e-mails I had sent, so I could not be reimbursed for the cost of my air fare but they did offer food and lodging, ...But no worry!! Two people who had heard that there was a problem who wish to remain nameless paid fully for my air fare, and the owners of the Hotel L'OASIS sponsored me to stay at their Hotel not only for the 3 day festival but for as long as I wished to stay, it was indeed a offer I could not refuse after such a very busy year it was a great opportunity to relax so I stayed on for another 7 days, the Hotel is owned and run by a husband and wife, two very beautiful people Isabelle & Gabriel Specht and just like the last 6 years that I have stayed at their hotel I was treated like one of the family, The Hotel is pleasant, warm and very friendly, the same people return year after year, it is also perfectly situated in a very quiet area surrounded with shady trees yet it is only a 5 minute walk to the beach and just a short distance to the town. It is an ideal hotel to stay while vacationing in Frejus, as I have said

this was my 6th year staying there and I highly recommend it. Relax I surely did as Frejus is on the French Riviera which is 120 mile long from Bandoc all the way to Menton the drive, which I have done many times, is stupendous which follows the continuous winding road of the coast line, the brilliant Blue Mediterranean is never out of sight, it is no wonder the rich and famous choose The French Riviera to relax and do their thing.

I really liked the old town of Frejus



because it has a beautiful charm of its own with its narrow streets and pastel house fronts; ancient Romans erected some of the buildings. History is evident around every corner.

The market places are filled with the scents of every kind of fruits and vegetables abound, The brilliant coloured stalls are piled high with garlic and olives, which is the basic ingredients of the local cuisine

One of the things I liked was while strolling through the town it is a great reminder of the Roman past, which was founded in the 1st century.

I would like to thank the two people that so kindly sponsored me with airfare and my two very dear friends for not only inviting me stay as a special guest at their Hotel but also for their Hospitality and friendship.

Thank you for listening,
Ray.



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WHAT DID YOU DO IN 2004

Although we have been keen kite flyers for many years, we have never had the time to spend a summer flying almost every weekend. With the arrival of our daughter last year, our usual summer ritual of riding our bikes all summer long, are making way to accommodate our new arrival. We like a full life so after a quiet spring we decided that being BKF members we would give more time to helping out at club events.

We made a start at Haywards Heath Rugby Club on May bank holiday, had a great time & met some new friends. Newhaven & Tonbridge followed this the following weekend.

Having bought a trailer tent earlier in the year we then went on to Teston Bridge in the middle of June to make a weekend of it. Here we met the Kent division of the BKF, aka ELF (the nicest bunch of nutcases you will ever meet in a field).

After that we needed a weekend break. Then on again to "Eastbourne fun day" and we had some real fun with the club donut. Then it was time for the big one Stanmer Park. Having taken a couple of extra days off work we were able to give up almost the whole weekend to the festival.

I spent the best part of the weekend on top of the hill either trying to keep kites up or preparing to buggo down it, whilst Tracie spent the weekend

managing to juggle baby, stall and relatives. The weather mostly stayed fine & we only broke two Manta's (it wasn't me).

The following weekend the BKF road show hit the sleepy Sussex town of Petworth.

This is probably the best kite flying field we know, not for it's wind but for the stunning surrounding's that we are allowed to fly in (come along next year & find out why).

A couple of week's rest then back of to Teston again, this time to celebrate our daughters first birthday, & to do some more flying of course.

Capstone Park followed the weekend after. This is a lovely site, unfortunately under the threat of the bulldozer. "KEEP KITES OVER CAPSTONE".

August bank holiday was looming fast and another long weekend was in order.

With our daughter at her Nan's for the weekend we could let our hair down, for a while at least. The wind started with just a breath, not even enough to lift the worlds largest kite (We had to Charlie Brown it).

The wind built during the weekend into a real howler, dragging kites, cats, and people into town.

So what to do, ahh, Team Flic, these guys are a marvel to sit and watch, especially when the winds up, then

they can fly their G string Revs. September already. Bristol, Oops. Sorry guys maybe next year.

Back to the plot, a local fun day at Telscombe in the middle of September. Well we had fun holding down the Gazebo, Brian, and the Mayor!

By now you have probably realised that we have not had time for a proper summer holiday. Well as luck would have it, Dieppe were holding their bi-annual kite festival.

So we book into the best hotel only to find it already full of the friends we had met during the summer. We had a great weekend, next time we are booking in for the whole week.

There was just enough summer left for a couple more local events before winter started to raise its head and end our fun.

Thanks to all of you who have made us feel so welcome, a lot of you now feel like family.

If your thinking of becoming more active within BKF or any other kite club, then come and find us in the spring. We always need help with all aspects of what makes BKF tick. And we can only keep doing this if we keep getting new people involved.

All the best, we are off to hibernate now.

The Green Man & Red Haired Woman.

SOME PHOTOS OF BKF - ELF XMAS BASH



BRIGHTON DO OSOW 2004

Taba Heights - Egypt. Well, we knew this would be a typical OSOW wind, but not how much. We arrived at Taba Heights 5pm Thursday 7 October; four hours later the Hilton Hotel in Taba, just a few clicks down the road, was bombed. Thirty four people were killed, but fortunately none of the sixteen Brits involved, who were moved to our hotel, was seriously injured.

So early(ish) next morning off to the beach to inspect for flying sites. The first thing you notice is the wind, gusting about Bft 5 and up, beautiful blue skies though. Having found a suitable anchor point for my new Gomberg lifter it almost destroyed the

Friday and Saturday. Come OSOW day, it was gusting up to Bft 7, but despite this we managed to fly eight kites. We've not had a lot of experience flying in this sort of wind, so it was all a bit trial and error. We couldn't get the lifter up, winds close to the ground kept flipping it over, and there wasn't really enough space to try a long launch. A little pocket sled from M&S flew well, but after 2 hours in the wind had had its non-ripstop tail reduced to a knotted mass of fabric that is beyond hope of redemption. Two 6ft flexis got the adrenaline flowing for a while, and a short lull in the wind after lunch tempted me to get out the Rev. Silly boy - up came

A small Symphony 1.4 flew well and dragged me about a bit, as did the Jam Session (thanks for the bridle



roof of the beach bar when the winds suddenly changed direction. Perhaps it was for the best, as soon after a helicopter gun-ship came over very low from the direction of Jordan. The high winds continued through

the wind, and the Rev disintegrated in mid-air. The spars are ok, but 5 of the six plastic spar sleeves came off and are somewhere in the Gulf of Aquaba. I'm sure that 'active' bridle it came with isn't right.

adjustments Dave). The Xtro was very skittish and lumpy and not much fun to fly, but the star was a little freebie Energy promotional diamond from the last BKF festival, which flew amazingly well considering the strength of the wind. After about six hours on the beach we were feeling a bit battered by the wind and, as all good kites do, retired for a frosty brew or two.

The next day of course was all gentle breezes, up went the lifter and floated gently at fifty feet, and so it continued for the rest of the week.

For next year's OSOW we think we'll hang out on the Dyke with BKF, less chance of getting into trouble, unless, of course, the Ramblers Association decide to dynamite the ground anchors!

Terry & Irene Golding

WHERE CAN I FLY IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

Simon's been nagging me to do an article for Aerodyne for some time now... And I keep saying yes, I'll do something. Well that is I actually say out loud "Yes, I'll do something". What I actually think is that I'd like to do something, but I haven't the faintest idea of what I'm going to do.

I was standing in a cold field this weekend flying a kite for the first time in months, marvelling at what fun it was, and wondering why I hadn't done this for months when I

realised why.....

What's the most important part of kite flying after having a kite ?

Having somewhere to fly it!!

And that's not so easy, is it! All you need is a flat field somewhere with no overhead obstructions. Does it have to be a field? - I hate flying on a beach. Sand gets everywhere. I once flew a super-10 on a beach for ten minutes and got at least a pound (in

weight) of sand in the kite. So we want a field..... Easier said than done. My mate's got a farm. So you would think Sorted!!! Have you ever flown on a farm? The animals have churned the ground up so much that the moment you take your eye off the ground to look at the kite, you daren't move. If you do it's either a boot full of cow poo or a twisted ankle, and then a boot full of cow poo.

So we're talking public fields & parks. There are places, fields in my county

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MEMORIES DE DIEPPE

It was very doubtful if I would be able to visit the Dieppe International Kite Festival this year even as I was taking the very large Peter Lynn kites owned by the club in my camper van and despite e-mailing and writing a letter to see if it was possible to park on the seafront, there was no reply. However, at the last minute I discovered that The KSGB had been offered a passage on Transmanche by the festival organisers very late on, but as they had already booked, it was going free. I got in touch with them, and in turn the organisers, and booked the reservation which came through by e-mail from Transmanche, except that I had asked to travel out on Sunday, but they call that Friday! I was due to return on Saturday, but they call it Monday, although my dates were correctly entered. Just one more thing, it appeared that my first sailing was from Dieppe to Newhaven and I was returning from Newhaven to Dieppe! Are these guys really organising an international kite festival?

At registration I requested a pass for a camping car and was very surprised to get one very easily, thanks to Simon Hennessey asking for a pass on the BKF application. So there I was for the rest of the week in the place of my choice, just to the rear of the Alternative UK Kite Pavilion, kindly organised by The Beccles Bunch, who proved extremely hospitable throughout the week and it was nice to be able to invite my friends to have a bite to eat and a glass of wine.

I chilled out for the first two days,

because the wind was rather extreme and not conducive to flying kites, but things improved on Wednesday with a clean onshore wind and nearly everything must have been flying - just nailed to the sky - WOW! The wind for the remainder of the week continued as it had begun, but not as strong and it was flyable. Peter Lynn had the usual problem with ground anchors being in the wrong place most of the time and the organisers were not very amicable about moving them, so very large kites were relegated to the beach and anchored to the promenade wall - not the best of situations considering that parties of school children were picnicking on the beach with teachers, who appeared to ignore the possibilities of an accident when a kite fell out of the sky! At least one of the BKF kites is smeared with jam sandwiches!

It was very enjoyable to meet up with old friends from the USA once again - Marla Miller, Don and Jean Mock, George Peters and Barry Nash of Bay Area Sundowners fame, who gave me more advice on tuning Hyperkites. I was surprised to learn that Randy Tom is making them again in the States, so if that guy in the North East (sorry but I have forgotten your name) still wants some, now is the time to buy. I met up briefly with Ray Bethell once again and he tells me that he will have flown in twenty four countries this year. Is this guy ever at home?

I also gained another signature on my Revolution kite - Charlie Sotich of the USA, World renowned expert maker of miniature kites. Eighty eight people

have now signed this kite since I bought it at Washington State International Kite Festival at Longbeach in 1993. Only twelve more to go to get to a ton!

Meeting Ceri, Jan and Sian Jones from Barry, South Wales was good too, after a long absence and it was pleasant to talk over a leisurely French meal.

Of course The White Horse Kitefliers were there in force and too many to name, but they are always so friendly, especially when we get to the bar! Need I say more? I hope you recovered Phil.

Finally - the Friday night banquet - well what can I say about that? The Malaysian dancers were extremely good, but did they have to dance for nearly two hours before we could eat? The first course arrived at 10.30 and main course at 11.00! Most people could not wait for the sweet - if there was one. The white wine was virtually undrinkable and the rose was probably similar judging by what was left. Most French folks drink red wine - so where was it? I always vow to give these events a miss, but seem to end up there despite all my intentions. I really must be stronger in future.

So, there it is, another Dieppe festival over for another two years. All there is to say is that it was extremely enjoyable both from a social and kite flying point of view and if you have never been, think seriously about it in 2006 because you must go at least once in your life if you are Tako Kichi (Kite Crazy).

Ray Oakhill

WHERE CAN I FLY IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND CONTINUED

where I've found that I can fly kites. I say that I can fly kites - what I mean is that they aren't totally obstructed by overhead cables & football goals. Six - not many - I've counted them. But of them: One is on a forty five degree slope with barbed wire half way up. One is in a swamp. One is an hour's drive (involving two motorways). One (the closest) is no good for the lone kiter. I tried it once. Never again. You

need bodyguards to stop the illegal immigrants trying to take the kite from you. One has never ever had any wind in the area. And the last but not least is OK provided the wind blows from the north or the south, as the field is ten times longer than it is wide.

If you know anywhere in the middle of Kent that I can fly my kite, please tell me.

Manky Badger
Team ELF



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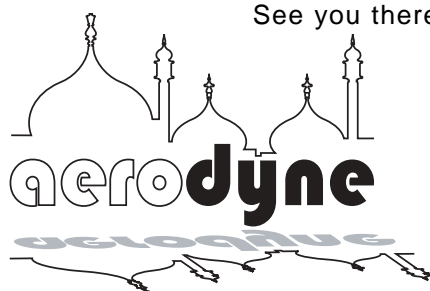
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Fly - in reminders

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 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



OSOW

While Terry and Irene were off in Taba Heights, which sounds great fun, some of the club met at Devils Dyke for OSOW. The wind was as always for OSOW strong and very gusty with the threat of rain. This did not stop us getting out kites of all shapes and sizes and then putting them away in the "To be repaired over the winter" pile. In the end we resorted to tying string to a carrier bag and in some cases attaching tails, by the way thank you to M & S who's bag flew the best. A total of well over 100 kites were flown including the bags.



When was the 1st kite and what was it.

Since the beginning of time, man has dreamed of bird-like flight; a dream that is manifest in texts and illustrations dating as far back as 500 B.C. It is not known precisely where or when the first kite was flown, but it is popularly held that the Chinese led the way with early aerodynes copying the form of birds. It is certain, however, that more than two millennia before Isaac Newton discovered the force of gravity, the invention of kites was already fueling mankind's desire to defy it.

One popular belief about the beginning of kites is an old Chinese legend telling of a farmer whose hat was blown off so many times by gusts of wind as he toiled in a paddy field. He retrieved it again and again and was eventually intrigued by the ability of his headgear to fly, that he attached it to a length of twine, thus creating the first kite.

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

Thank you

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Ray Bethall, Manky Badger, Ray Oakhill, The Green and Red people and Terry & Irene Golding for articles. I must also say a very big thank you to Anne and Alan Outram who have been editing the text of Aerodyne now for over 2 years quietly in the background unnoticed but not forgotten.

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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