

Ray had to be the first to sit on the bench, but would you of had it any other way. Well done Ray, hope to see you on the flying field soon.

**THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS**

**WHAT AN HONOUR A NEW BENCH**

Thank you "Everyone" for the outstanding Honour you have bestowed on me.

What a total surprise, to be so Honoured by the BCKA and from Kite Friends from all over the World, plus one's Home Town which even makes it a more Heartfelt occasion.

I have never felt so Humble and so proud at the same time.

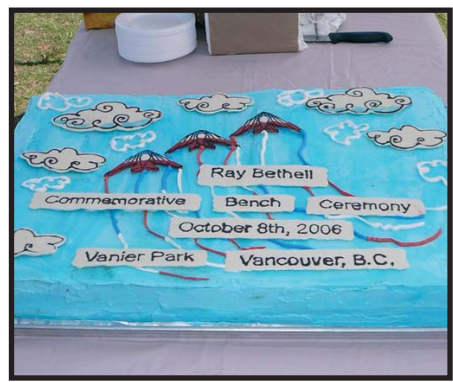
It is hard to believe that all this has been in progress for the last 18

saying "Thank you". People from all walks of life, stop me in the street, to shake my hand and give me a hug with the thumbs up sign. I thank the guy upstairs for bestowing on me the gift to make so many people forget their troubles even if it is only for a few minutes.

Very special thanks to Gary Mark and his wife Michelle from Toronto for their Inspiration idea and another special thanks to "The Committee", Cal Yuen, Gary Mark, Dianne O'Brien, Cathy Tung, Jeremy Perceval and Dan Millsip for making their Inspiration become a reality.

It "Boggles" my mind to think of all the generous people around the World, who supported this huge Venture with their encouragement and their giving of funds --- I thank you all.

I also wish to thank all the people that have sent so many wonderful e-mails congratulating me. I must apologize



to all the people trying to write in my guest book but we were getting so much Spam my Web Master closed it down for a while, I am sure it will be up and running soon.

Thank you for Listening  
Ray.



months and I never had the slightest clue. I have always thought that kite flyers could not keep a secret, but MAN was I WRONG! What a great worldwide family I have belonged to for the past 26 years. I have had the privilege of being fully sponsored to international kite festivals around the world, is full of beautiful people of every creed and race. The heartfelt joy I see in people's faces when they invite me to sit with them and share their humble meal, the bottle of wine that shows up at my table while eating at a restaurant with a little note



**BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL  
7th and 8th July 2007**



# KINGSFOLD GOES WITH A BANG

As the summer turned to autumn a hardy group of kite flyers made their way to Kingsfold in Surrey for the now annual kite and steam rally. This year we were in a different field which made things interesting as we had a lot less space, although we did have the field to ourselves yet still had



those overhead power lines (more to come on that later). We turned up early on Saturday morning as we were told no car movements on site after 9.00am and made quick work of pitching our new, and I must say after this weekend brilliant, tent at the top of the hill next to Michael & Linda (who were not trading but seeing how the rest of us spend our time!) and a select group of hardy campers mostly in campers or caravans but a few in tents. Having pitched our tent it was time for us to help Michael get to grips with a Kite festival where he was not selling his wares! First things first, Breakfast. Then a leisurely morning trying to fly various kites as the wind

was light and the sky was blue. The rev's were popular as were the "canard" kites and a very good selection of Robert Brasington. We tried our best with Manta but there was just not enough wind. Later in the afternoon a few of us headed off to buy provisions for an evening BBQ and left the rest of the kite flyers to fly what they could. The evening was a relaxed BBQ for us followed by talk of kites flown and tales of fun had in Dieppe, the previous weekend. Others put on a good light show as the wind had picked up a little. After a good night's sleep for some (others could not cope with being on the flight path for Gatwick with planes flying overhead almost constantly through out the night). Sunday dawned with light showers early in the morning, but this soon changed to a beautiful blue sky's but even lighter winds than on Saturday. The wind had also swung 180° which meant Neil, one of the White Horse Kite flyers, ended up flying over the power cable and



managed to prove that the power lines were live by catching them with his single line kite. After a big bang, and I do mean a big bang, a puff of smoke the kite eventually fell off the lines in a burnt out heap. The carbon had taken the full brunt of the shock and had become all fluffy and the ripstop had melted with the heat and was crunchy. We ensured that both children and adults were shown the



results and explained to the them why you should never fly near power lines. Neil was very lucky that he did not get an electric shock. After this, kites were brought in a little closer and people got on with flying, again the revs and "canards" and other light wind kites came out. As the weekend came to a close I can definitely say that Kingsfold was a wonderful weekend with good weather and great company. It is one I will look forward to doing again next year.

Corinne Hennessey

## fly-ins

These are held on the 1st Sunday of the month on Telscombe Tye, East Sussex, and the 2nd Thursday at 6pm in Stanmer Park (Summer only). Please do come along and join in these events. Members may well be attending kites festivals, so attendance could be low, but the fly-ins are still on, so see you there soon.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR YEAR TO ALL KITE FLYERS

The Brighton Kite Flyers Committee would like to wish all its members and fellow kite flyers "A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year". We look forward to seeing you on the flying fields around the UK and even the World through out 2007. Please do come up and

say "Hello" and join in as we hope to make this year a fun packed, relaxed and friendly year flying kites and enjoying ourselves. See you on the flying field soon.

Steady winds  
The Committee  
Brighton Kite Flyers

# DID YOU SEE LAST MONTH

"Free: Must reduce number of kites so free to a good home. 10 single line kites all ripstop and carbon. Can deliver to Woking/Guildford area of Surrey. Telephone John ....."

I did, and as it was for 'free' (drew me in like a magnet!) and local enough, I phoned John expecting to be too late as I always am! No, I was the first, and after the usual searching questions from the both of us agreed I would have first refusal on his 'hand made' kites as he didn't have room to store all his kites having just moved into a flat.

Saturday 14th.October, I phoned and took a drive up to Woking to meet John and see his kites. What a pleasant guy, he had all the kites packed and ready to go, so I never saw them assembled, along with a large roll of kite plans he had collected, some ripstop, swivels, tails, spare dowels and carbon, drogues, wind socks and other bits

and bobs that would come in really useful to me. He included a lovely hand painted/silk Chinese bird kite for Sabrina too! I had anticipated he would not take anything for them and had put some money in a sealed envelope at home and forced it upon him when he predictably said no, but he had to reluctantly take it and was going to give it to a charity!



During our conversation I determined his name was John Thornton, and has been flying kites for decades and had belonged to Brighton Kite Flyers in the past!!

Sunday 15th.October I assembled all the kites in the garden, WOW...what nice kites, not one duplicate of any I own either! Nice work John, beautiful stitching and well made, it will be a pleasure to see them in the air.

While I was taking the photographs and revelling in how lucky I was it came to me as to how sad it must have been for John to have to split up his Kites, even more so that they were unique as he had made them all himself, I don't think I could have done it, like most of us, I'm sure, they would be stored somewhere 'just in-case' in truth never to be flown again! Sabrina says thanks John, as do I, in this age of mass produced, over priced and 'same as' others on the field, we will be smirking inside knowing that our (your) kites are individual, under priced, and unique! See you on the flying field somewhere...

Collin & Sabrina



I am often stuck at what to get Corinne for her birthday, I have however learnt not to buy it till the last moment as she finds it hard to make up her mind and keeps changing it, but 2006 needed to be different, as I knew a kite she liked and Kelvin Woods was going to do a workshop for the White Horse Kite Flyers in October just after her Birthday making one such kite. I booked it up and said nothing about her being the one doing the workshop rather than me for a change (although I think she had some idea), I brought her a new sewing machine as well as a place on the workshop.

Well we set off on Friday night and stayed with some great friends in Burbage not far from Swindon, getting up early on Saturday morning to head for the school where the

## A GREAT KITE AND A GREAT BIRTHDAY TREAT

workshop was taking place. We met up with several other Brighton Kite Flyers for the workshop.

Kelvin was a great teacher and makes a great kite as well. The 1st day went very well and I am pleased to say that Corinne managed it with ease and seemed to enjoy not only her new machine but the sewing as well. The evening do was great and is one of the better carvery's I have ever been too.

Sunday soon

came around and again we headed off to the school for the second day of the workshop, as always there seems a lot more pressure on the second day, as you can see the end of the workshop in sight and wonder if you will ever finish in time, but Corinne again coped well and with the help of Kelvin and her friends soon had her first

self built kite sewn, sparred and bridled and ready to fly.

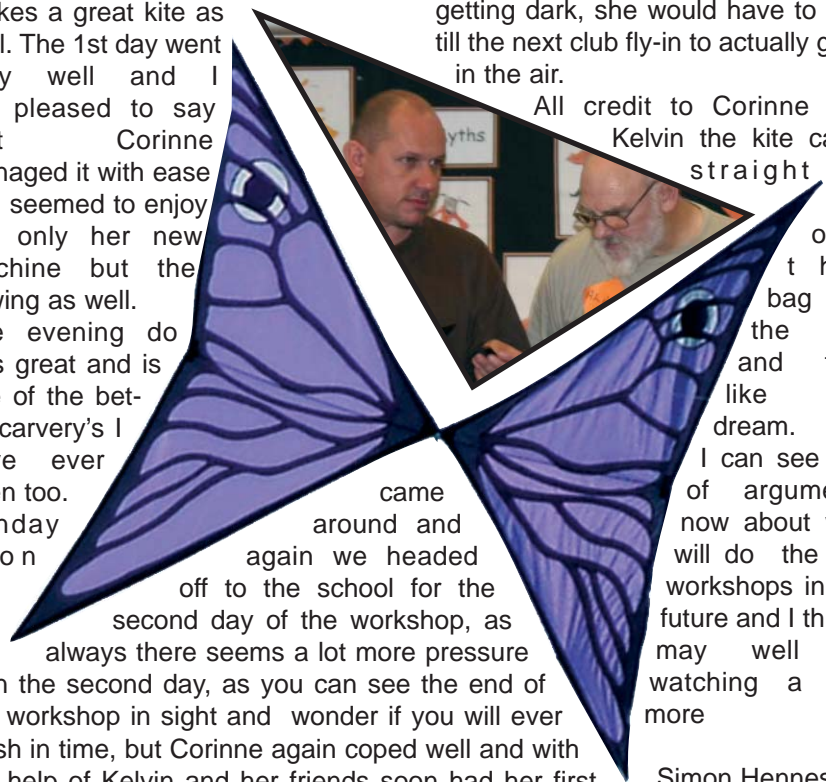
Although she finished the kite in time the weather was so bad, and it was getting dark, she would have to wait till the next club fly-in to actually get it in the air.

All credit to Corinne and Kelvin the kite came straight

out of the bag into the air and flew like a dream.

I can see lots of arguments now about who will do the kite workshops in the future and I think I may well be watching a few more

Simon Hennessey



# ADVENTURES OF A DIEPPE VIRGIN!!!

Finally the day had dawned; (well not yet - at 4.30 am it is still dark in mid September.) The trip to Dieppe starts with a cough and splutter as the Land Rover roars into life, waking half the street and all the local dogs. Still I



don't care, I am off to the International Kite festival in Dieppe France. Although I had to stop off at almost every red light on the way. Can anyone explain why red lights happen even when you are the only vehicle on the road?

My first stop en-route (see the français is starting already) was Peacehaven to meet up with Simon and another Paul. Paul Chapman had arrived the previous evening from his home in Bristol and they had spent their evening making sled kites with hordes of Cub Scouts. After transferring all my kites into Simon's car we set off to catch the ferry at the port of Newhaven.

We boarded without major incident although it was a close thing when asked by a customs officer if we had any sharp instruments and we ALL pulled out razor sharp leathermen. The crossing was largely uneventful other than it being the last shift for the English crew who were being made redundant that day. They were being replaced by French nationals, so as



I'm sure you can imagine the service left much to be desired.

Eventually the ferry approached the coast of France we could gradually make out the large inflatable's of Peter Lynn et al through the sea mist. The very short road trip from the ferry to the esplanade to where the kites were being flown was only made acceptable by shutting your eyes and not looking at the other drivers. My first impression of Continental driving was not good, in fact it scared the life out of me.

As we arrived on site our next few hours were taken over with meeting old friends and making new friends from all over the world. The Nations of the world were represented by rows of stalls that seem to go on forever. Designs of kites ranged from pants to tigers, leaves to dragons, and every manner of kite in-between. As the afternoon wore on the wind became so strong that a train of Peter Lynn's kites were dragging a one tonne bag of pebbles up the beach, only being stopped by the combined mass of several kite flyers acting as ground anchors.

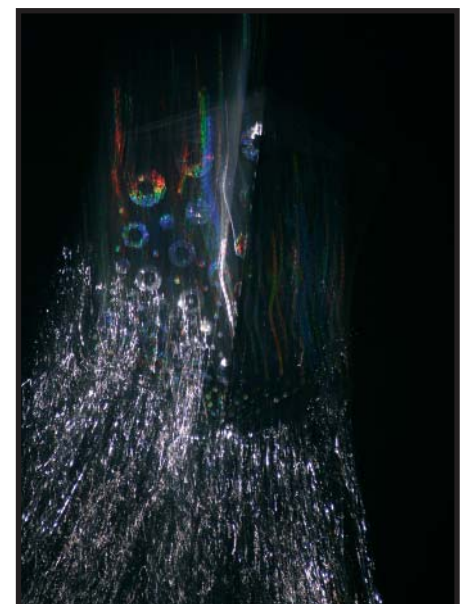


We met up after flying finished and went out for our evening meal. After struggling with both the set menu and the a la carte menu, the waiter produced a new set of menus - in English, well a sort of English. With Simon's prior knowledge and the Van-Weer's experience as Head Chefs, food was ordered. When it arrived it excelled expectations or was it that we were so hungry anything would have tasted like maner from heaven. We sampled a starter, main dish, cheese and dessert. Although masquerading as coffee their dark thick liquid called café au lait? was unrecognisable as such to a poor Englishman. As an after thought for those Dieppe Virgins following in my footsteps: when ordering steak in France it comes in rare and bloody or, rare and bloody

only. Saturday saw me up bright and early, is there any other way with Simon about? Off to the street market in the town of Dieppe although the less that is said about the items purchased the better. Or maybe a better story will be told at the next festival meeting! Setting up the kites on the beach



proved a severe strain on the patience when I was harangued by a native for flying on HIS beach and using HIS ground anchor. Even when the bag of stones was left for him he continued to berate us for flying in HIS space. His sense of humour completed deserted him when we flew a PL Union flag kite from the aforementioned bag!!! During the afternoon the organisers had organised a Roc fight as with everything in Dieppe this was done on a grand scale. Out of the 40+ entrants the eventual winner was a French national, who I could have sworn lost his kite out of the arena at one point before re-launching it again, still the rules of roc fighting must be different in France.



## ADVENTURES OF A DIEPPE VIRGIN!!!

continued

As darkness grew there was a noticeable buzz around the site as the night fly drew near. Having been used to the English experience of flying in the dark I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. Well I was blown away with the spectacular sights that greeted me at this event. Search lights, especially constructed kites of reflective Mylar and rip stop were absolutely breathtaking; I think we should re-think our night flights at festivals having been so impressed by this spectacular sight.

Sunday - we awoke to no wind, but still we put a display on the beach



with Michael again providing the majority of the delta kites and tails. Gradually the wind increased and more and more kites flew until all of a sudden there were NO kites in the sky and loads of rip stop over ice cream stalls and visitors on the beach. All too soon it was time to say good bye to all the new friends that we had met over the weekend. Taking so long we were soon hurtling along the streets of Dieppe in an attempt to not miss the ferry.

The return journey back was like chalk and cheese in comparison to the outward journey. This boat was very luxurious with delicious food and sumptuous surroundings the return 4 hour crossing passed in no time. We spent our time reviewing the photographs we had taken over 2000 in the 3 days of the festival.

As I arrived home, reality hit as a slip from Royal mail awaited me. A new kite had arrived on Friday and no one was at home to sign for it. I will have to phone round to see who will come out flying tomorrow night - no it is actually tonight now.

So off to bed, but I can not sleep, I am too fired up. I want to paint, I want to try to design and make more kites.

Paul

No longer a Dieppe Virgin.

# K I T E

When I'm in bed  
In the middle of the night.  
I am dreaming  
of my favourite kite.

High up my kite flies  
Up in the sky.  
As it gets higher  
I say goodbye.

The naughty wind  
it blows my hair.  
as my kite gets higher  
in the air.

As my kite  
is happy flying  
I am happy  
Singing

As I see  
A big Teddy Bear  
I am thinking of  
A kite in the air

As I say  
Goodbye.  
Finally I got  
To fly.

The day I fly my kite  
is the day of fun  
All the string is tangled up,  
Finally I'm done.

By Deanna-May  
Published in A Pocketful of Rhyme  
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February 2007

# MAXIMUM HAND BAGGAGE



Thursday. The Plan  
Recently, in response to the threat that someone might blow up an aircraft with a mixture of contact lens solution and toothpaste, the british authorities restricted to size of hand baggage to a paltry 45cm x 35cm x 15cm.

I wrote to Samsonite asking if they might launch a case that fitted precisely within that measurement with no extra fittings so that we could carry the maximum amount in the allotted space. They didn't get the clue. They wrote back listing existing cases that are smaller than the limit.

But good news, at lunchtime today, they announced that they will raise the arbitrary limit to 56cm x 45cm x 25cm in the morning.

And we are off to fly kites in Austria tomorrow evening.

So we need to pack as many soft kites and lines as we can into that space. Everything is crushable, we just need to get the size and shape right. We decided to make our own luggage.

But we have a dilemma. Hard cases and boxes are heavy. Soft bags tend to bulge towards a sphere shape when packed hard.

So we took a leaf out of Peter Lynn's bridling book and built \*bags\* with internal bridling. They are as light as possible and they are a bit fiddly to pack round the internal lines, but they provide maximum capacity and minimum weight within the regulation size and shape. They balloon out

slightly beyond the regulation guide but with 8kg of kites inside you can squish them a bit to make them fit.

Friday. Hand baggage victory!

We had loads of fun with the bags.

First of all, you need to understand that these bags do not look small. They are bright red and as you can see in the picture with our anonymous model, they are more than sufficient to hide one's modesty: So, we get to Heathrow.

We didn't show the bags to checkin. We were saving the fun for security.

There was a huge queue to get through security at the entrance to the departure lounge. It stretched all the way across the building. The first official wasn't security at all. They have "information"

people in bright yellow sweatshirts with questionmarks on.

Clearly, they were the "soft" end of the process, to tell you what would and wouldn't be permitted further on.

They had a luggage gauge. We were keen to check the bag and they were amused and surprised to see how neatly it fitted:

So we queued for another 20 minutes or so. We were half-way through the zig-zag section when we were singled out by security. They pulled us out of the queue and said that the bags were too big. We dropped the bag into their gauge and they were immediately satisfied. They aplogised and directed us down a side passage, short-circuiting the rest of the queue where we showed our



boarding cards and passports.

Next we we put our gear on the conveyor for the x-ray. They immediately objected and refused to let us through. Having proved our legality only 2 minutes before (but round the corner), we protested, stating that the size was ok. The guy sat at the x-ray machine said that the bags should go through the machine so that we didn't hold up the queue but called a supervisor to deal with us.

The supervisor had clearly spent all day dealing with customers who were irate about the rules and was slightly surprised when my first words were "take me to your gauge". She clearly expected that the gauge would prove that our luggage was too big and that she could then send us back.

It was most satisfying to once again drop the bag into the gauge and then proceed to the departure lounge, undefeated.

Monday. Back home

We had a great weekend flying on an island in the middle of the Danube as it passes through Vienna: The hand luggage included Neptune (bottom right), 2 small pilots, most of the lines, a 34m tubular tail and all our clothes. The bags did exactly what we needed them to do. They carried a full 8kg of gear each without difficulty and passed the security restrictions at



every challenge. In retrospect, it would have been nicer if they had handles, bigger openings with zips and were a colour other than "look-at-me-red".

Andrew Beatie

# GATE CRASHED A PRIVATE PARTY. GOT IN SEVERAL FIGHTS. ENDED UP CUT AND BLEEDING AND VERY SORE KNUCKLES!

## WHAT A GREAT WEEKEND!

Just started 'winterising' the camper, usual drain everything before the first frost, bedding out, unload the usual accumulation of 'stuff' from another good kiting season, Kites to the loft etc. when browsing the Suffolk Kite Fliers web site I noticed an 'all welcome' to Rougham airfield weekender on the 5th/6th/7th October which coincided with OSOW. Didn't take me long to decide to go, my preference is a whole weekend of kiting rather than the one day events which for me take just as much preparation. First use of my newly acquired sat-nav, destination programmed in and set off, 121 miles later arrived at a garden centre near Ipswich at 10pm with "you have reached your destination" proudly announced by the thing. NO I have not, never again will I leave the good ol'map at home as I now had no idea where I was! As my brother had made his way there in daylight I had to phone for directions and he talked me in from some three miles away!

There were only a handful of campers/caravans there and a lot of familiar faces but this was a private birthday party for Graham Jackson's big 50! As I was the only uninvited guest I was not left out in the cold and duly 'invited'! It was really nice to see all the friends I had said 'Happy Christmas' to at Bristol as 2007 would have been the next time I'd have seen any of them. I had seen Graham and his wife Lynne at events but this was the first time I had met them along with a lot of new introductions

to people I had seen 'around' but never met before. What a friendly bunch, all with a passion for fighter kites...wow another treat, as that was mine too!

Saturday was a 'Fighter Kite' Day...Graham supplied the 'manja' and everyone participated in a free for all fight, weather and wind perfect for a change! Never having been to Rougham Airfield I was impressed with the space and scenery. Never



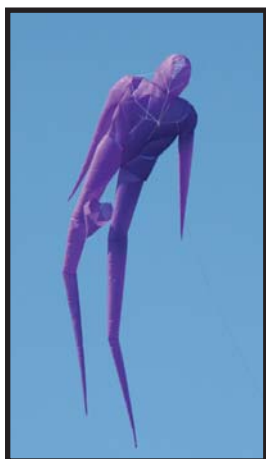
having had a proper 'kite fight' I was hooked by the concentration, skill, camaraderie needed to fly competitively. By the evening my fingers were cut and bleeding from the manja, indeed so was everyone else! The evening entertainment was even better than the day flying that I thought would be hard to beat. A superb three course meal, prepared by Lynne, Gary and Di Neal, Mike Harrison and Lisa Woods, to name just a few, a champagne toast to Graham and birthday cake was followed by a 'silent auction' that was anything but! Everyone (except me) brought something to raffle, the item was given a number and a corresponding piece of paper along with

pencils were put on the table, on which you put your name and bid amount, anyone bidding more put their name and amount on below the previous bid etc. SILENTLY (supposedly) and to a pre-set time limit when the winning bids were announced. Needless to say there was a lot of pushing and shoving, bid tampering, pencil hiding as the clock ticked down. All in good humour and considering there were only a couple of dozen people £325 was raised to pay for the hire of the marquee. The evening was finalised by a conker competition! Not having swung a conker since 1975 I was a little out of practice but my best full blooded 'wack' (you can feel when the shot is good) unfortunately hit Martin Corries square across knuckles...hard...sorry Martin. My knuckles didn't escape injury either during the rest of the fray. What a brilliant day and in superb company!

Sunday saw a big turnout for OSOW from Suffolk Kite Fliers and buggies galore, warm and sunny with a perfect wind, even an unannounced light aircraft put in an appearance, doing a low fly past to clear the shocked buggies off the runway before landing! 98 kite fliers flew 401 kites between 3 and 3.15pm!

A long way off from Brighton we were made to feel welcome by the SKFC so thanks Martin, Graham and Lynne for one of the most memorable kiting event/events of 2006 for me.

C2LLN



## A MARTIN LESTER SPIRIT WORKSHOP

Brighton Kite Flyers will be running it's first kite workshop for some time on the 17th and 18th March 2007 where we will be making a Martin Lester Spirit, places are limited and will be open to club members first and then to other kite flyers if there are places left at the end of January.

The workshop is planned to be held in Newhaven. a few miles outside Brighton and

the cost will be £75 per person.

Please contact by e-mailing to shennessey@brightonkiteflyers.co.uk or write if to the Aerodyne address at the back.

We will hopefully be arranging a mass fly of Martins Spirits at Brighton Kite Festival 2007 on 7th & 8th July 2007 so if you have a Martin lester spirit please bring it along and join in the fun packed weekend,

# LIGHT UP THE SKY AT BABYSOAP

During the Kelvin Woods workshop at WHKF, Alan and I were wondering when we could get up to see Maurice, for another camper weekend (3 Grumpy Old Gits and a Camper), and Glenn and Glenys, whom we had met at festivals during the year, they live near Great Yarmouth.

It was remembered that there was a light up the sky event at Rougham organised by Suffolk Kite Flyers, that would be the place to meet Glenn and Glenys..... Sadly, on checking LUTS website the SKF event was on the same weekend of the Kelvin Woods workshop. We will have to think again. While on the LUTS website I noted that Roy Martin was organising a LUTS event with North Hants Buggy Club & Lodden Valley Kite Flyers (the web is a very useful tool for the kite flyer) this would be a great opportunity to check out Roy and Hayley's new flying site.

After several emails to Roy Martin (I do apologise Roy, I know I kept on) the master plan came into being. Glenn and Glenys would come down to Basingstoke and stay over Saturday night on field, Alan and I would drive up to Maurice on Friday in the camper, camp on his drive and transport him to Basingstoke for LUTS on Saturday. Realising that The Apprentice Grumpy Old Git (John Browning) lived minutes from the flying site, an Invitation was extended. No reply, was forth coming..... Then out of the blue a reply, emails had been Antispammed. (Suggestions please as to what we should do with Spammers!!!!!!!)

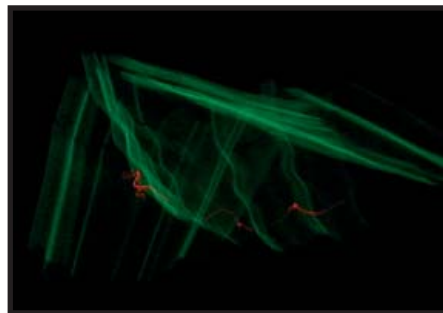
John apologised for the lack of response, but was unable to attend due to a prior engagement, but the prospect of Alan's Hospitality in the camper bought him to his senses, he remembered The Alan Full English, these are taking on legendary status, so he had re-scheduled his engagement, he would indeed be travelling to Babysoap for LUTS. After more emails and phone calls it was all falling into place.

We would all meet at KITES UP at about 1 o'clock. None of us had ever been there before, so this was going to be a real treat. Sadly, we would be missing Glenn and Glenys's company as Glenn came down with a cold, all

that night flying with lights, finally caught up with him. *Sorry Glenn for waking you with the phone call from Sainsbury's.*

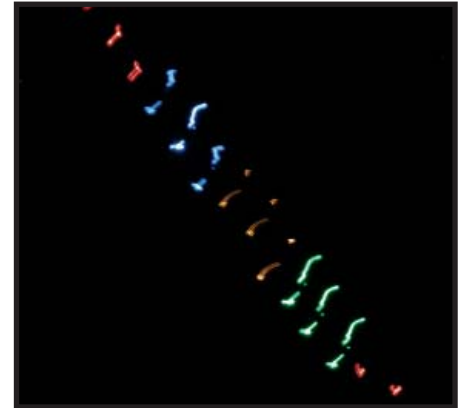
It's not fair!!!!!! Roy and Hayley have a GREAT KITE SHOP it has all you need to make and fly kites. It was a bit like going to Hamley's when you're 10 years old. John Browning could not believe there was a kite shop so close. I think he could be making a few more visits, look out Roy and Hayley. Although we could have spent all afternoon perusing the delights of Kites Up, eventually the urge to fly kites became too much, and Roy very kindly took us up to the field, he also showed us the gap in the hedge, which is the short cut to the Jolly Farmers. (could somebody explain the relevance of this gap)

But as always when out in Alan's

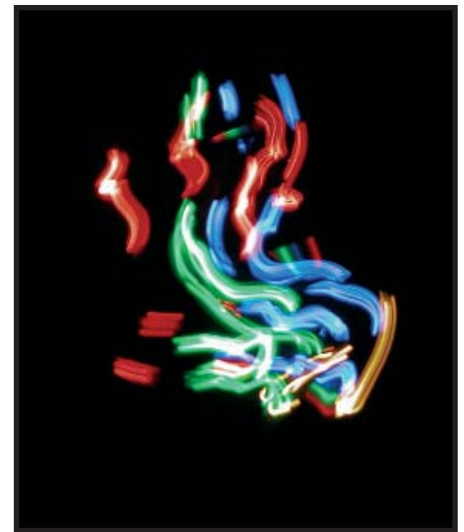


camper, food comes first, and if we are not too careful the afternoon would be lost in in depth discussions on all forms of very important topics such as Computers, Cameras, WiFi, Big Boys Toys, LED lights and occasionally kites. Thanks Alan for the very tasty soup combination, it certainly does make for a great day out when you take the lounge, dining room and kitchen with you. John and I decided to launch Danny's Mega Sled Delta (well I decided and John was standing too close and thank you Danny for the loan), this was possibly a little, foolhardy, but we needed lots of lift for some of the lights. After release it was all I could do to hold on, it bought back memories of my 5 metre Peter Lynn Peel (some of them not happy) "JOOHHNNNN need some help here!!!!!!", kite safely down I picked my Raindrop Ugly Kite, it's very stable and does not pull too much, "that's better". After some test flights the consensus was that we were in the wrong place, we needed to move up to the top of the hill, the wind was a bit smoother up there, not

a lot, but some. So that we did not have to walk too far, Alan bought the camper up to the top of the hill, we had to have our creature comforts close at hand. There seemed some sadness at leaving the gap in the hedge. As darkness descended more



people started to arrive among them Dave McArthur & Sue, sorry Sue do not know your surname, Alan & Jenny Powell (glad you could make it) and Roy Martin with the all important BBQ. And others whom I did not know.



Soon the sky was lit up with kites and lights, and on occasions fireworks, this was going to be fun. The wind was not being very kind to us, sending kites soaring about all over the sky, great as a spectacular light display, but heart stopping for those flying kites, in one of those daring manoeuvres Maurice's large delta encircled my Ugly Kite and before anything could be done, had cut my kite line, Panic ensued..... kite heading for houses and worse the road, (this was one grumpy old git who was getting grumpier by the minute) have you ever tried following a kite in the dark, what made it worse

## LIGHT UP THE SKY AT BABYSOAP CONTINUED

was the light attached to the kite had been damaged in the collision, so light fading, dark kite silhouetted against the night sky, all I could do was try and keep my eyes on it until it was down. I was convinced it had come down in the road. The road not being well lit, it was decided to return to camper for torches and some more help, it was then I noticed a small light flashing beside a garage, looking skyward I realised Maurice had managed to cut two of my kites, the light flashing was my sunshine Eddy. Once back at camper torches and help collected, we were ready to go find what was left of the kite, just then a man approached the camper saying "has anyone lost a kite".

My kite line was wrapped round his aerial and the kite had indeed landed in the road, well at least it had not caused an accident and we did not have to track it down. Thank you to everyone for your help in the retrieval and a VERY BIG THANK YOU to the couple on who's house the kite had finally come to rest, for your kind

understanding and another BIG THANK you to the lady of the house for climbing out on to the flat roof to rescue my kite. I can only hope that this incident will not put you off kite flyers or kites.

Back to camper for coffee and a warm, something a little stronger would have gone down very well, but someone had to drive.

We did fly some more kites and lights, but kept them small and well spaced. Soon the BBQ was ready so we cleared out Alan's fridge and headed up to the warmth of the BBQ. There's something about a hot sausage wrapped in warm garlic nan bread, on a cold evening, tasted absolutely marvellous. (eat your heart out John) Good company finished off a very exciting evening of kite flying and having checked the LUTS website the grand total of £230 for Children in Need was collected, well done to everyone involved, I think Pudsey will be pleased.

If you ever have the opportunity to fly in this very special kite flying field, I'm

sure you will come away with some great memories, I already have mine and can't wait to return for some more adventures.

Roy is looking for Single Line members to use the field, he is asking £54 per Annum, can't be bad to have a field just for kites at just over £1 a week, and if you break anything Kites Up are just through the gap in the hedge, providing they are not in the Jolly Farmers.

PS

Everyone will be pleased to hear I have forgiven Maurice, but he had better watch out next year, I'm practising with my Indian fighters !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I should also Thank WHKF and Kelvin Woods for the fantastic Butterfly workshop if we had not been there LUTS at Babysoap may not have happened.

Thanks Kelvin for my Christmas Celtic Knot you certainly know how to sell.

Keith Boxall

## B K F CHRISTMAS BASH



First off I must say a big thank you to all that made the event possible, Those that hand made the food to those that cleared up at the end, not forgetting those that came along and had a good time without each of you the event would not have been the same.

The planning for these events seems to take ages and when it started it seemed like Christmas would never come but all too soon the day was upon us. We had planned to meet with Alan at the scout hut at 3.00pm to put up some decorations and make it more festival, on arriving Alan had already been in and finished off what the scout's had already done. So I had nothing to do, as Marion had the food in hand as well.

The evening started with the normal chit chat before dinner and a quick game of guess the baby, it's surprising how many of us still look like we did as children OK a little older but still the same.

Dinner was soon served with a great home made soup to start (note Sue, Paul has two helpings) Followed by a posh ploughmans with homemade Pate and cooked Ham. Crackers were pulled, prizes swapped and hats worn (some dressed up as Howard and Hilder with the same hats and cracker prize).



After some sweets, coffee etc it was time for some party games that Paul had organized, including pass the parcel, and a great game that Keith & Alan must have spent hours getting

ready wrapping up. It involved a die and a quantity of (sorry Alan & Keith) Tat wrapped up in Christmas wrapping but if you want to know more just ask someone who was there about the custard and sweets.

John had some of his hot air balloons which we let off and watched as they flew off. This could be something we could do at Brighton Kite festival on in the evening of 7th July 2007 after the BBQ as a bit of entertainment.

As time drew on those that were not staying over-night drifted home and the kids off to bed, a small poker school (just for chips) started. The men got rooked by Corinne who had beginners luck and cleaned some us out in style.

As we had a couple of hot air balloons left we thought we would launch them at just pass midnight and then head to bed. One went miles and disappeared from sight still going up the other faded out and we watched it fall to the ground.

It was a great end to a great event and we look forward to next years do.

Simon Hennessey

# JANUARY 2007 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

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## N O R E E N K I N G

It was with much sadness to hear that Noreen had died at the early age of 60 years on 6th October 2006, from congestive heart failure.

I first met Noreen in the Kent Kite Klub territory at one of those early Spring Rallies on Blackheath. I can't remember the details of our meeting, but we just had a lot of fun together and she was always up for a laugh, despite the fact that she suffered poor health for most of her life, although I was not aware of that at the time. The most memorable occasion was when Noreen was sitting on my lap under a blanket (it was cold, really!) and we were caught by my late wife returning after perusing the kite and gift stalls. Doreen insisted that I make amends by spending money on a pair of silver kite ear-rings that she had seen previously.

Noreen was never a kite flyer, but she was an active social member of KKK, the reason being that her friend Peter Swan (aka Pylon Pete) was the one who flew kites. After they split up, Noreen kept in contact with Doreen up until the time my wife died and I was pleased that Pete contacted me to convey the sad news.

Peter and I were the only kite flyers at the funeral and I was pleased to be able to pay my last respects to a very good friend.

Ray Oakhill.

## AERODYNE

We are thinking of running a new competition for the club members where you can win a membership for a year free of charge.

*(To be confirmed or not at our AGM in April 2007)*

It could be along the lines of everytime you send an article to be published in Aerodyne your name will be entered into a draw and the draw will take place at the AGM if you are the lucky person you will win a great prize of your membership for the next year free. So get writing as the more articles you write the more chance you have of winning.

**Try not to forget  
BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL  
7th and 8th July 2007**

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

# Thank you to all that make this

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Andrew Beattie, Colin Marshal, Paul Hill, Ray Bethal, Corinne Hennessey who have helped to make this edition possible. I must also say a very big thank you to those who have edited Aerodyne this month in one shape or form.

Simon Hennessey



**BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL  
Stanmer Park  
Brighton, East Sussex**

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