

One of our members enjoying a quick snack while others threw themselves off a cliff top. Any other caption is up to you I am not brave enough to print some I can think off.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

THE BRASSINGTON EFFECT

One of the things we had to do at Portsmouth was meet up with Robert Brassington & pay him for Tracie's Angels Long Powers kite that Robert had so kindly posted over to us earlier in the year.

For any of you that have never met or have never heard of Robert Brassington, he is a quiet, approachable kite maker from



Tasmania who makes a variety of kites from flat panel to geometrically complicated boxes, but all are very pleasing to the eye.

At the flyers meeting at 10am we found out that he had only just got down from Heathrow at the last minute. So Tracie decided to give Robert some time to settle into the festival before talking about money with him.

Around lunchtime Tracie went and found Robert who by this time had his Macro Kinetic spinners set up on the other side of the arena & was also flying a couple of his delta stained glass windows.

When she told him that she owed him

for a kite he said "no you're all paid up, you don't owe me anything" She assured Robert that this was not the case and paid him for the kite.

She had only just paid for one kite when she started talking about buying some more from him.

A while later I got called over from the other side of the arena to take a look at a kite Tracie was interested in.

By this time it seemed that most of BKF were trying to relieve themselves of some hard earned cash, & at the same time relieving Robert of his collection that he had brought over with him.

We chatted for a while about his new Sode kite, using silk inlays on ripstop. Then it was time for Robert to show off his rapidly diminishing collection in the arena.

And what a collection it was. Flowing tails of organza from the flat panels of the stacks were flying under some of his amazing Gothic cell structures, with his deltas complementing the display.

At this point I realized that I too was starting to suffer from the Robert Brassington Effect and started to draw my plans together for my next kite.

Over the weekend I spoke to many of our members who were also sufferers.

They had either bought kites from him there & then, or had commissioned Robert to make something for them when he got home, or were saving up

for that special kite.

Me, well you will have to wait until next year to see how I was affected. It was in my mind & now it's in Robert's & it should be with me by Christmas (fingers crossed).

What is so special about these kites? The man who makes them? The wonderful use of colours? Or is it the little bit of Tasmanian sand in the bottom of the bag that tells you that he has tested each and every one? Probably a bit of everything.

All I know is that I will remember this Portsmouth 2008 for a long time, because when BKF fly together in future we will be able to fly so many more of his beautiful creations.

Thanks Robert for bringing your collection over to the UK & thanks for letting us relieve you of some wonderful kites. See you soon mate.

Cheers
Dave H



B A G S O F F U N

You can never have too many kite bags, and they are so quick and easy to run up that there is no excuse for not making your own (well maybe the lack of a sewing machine). In this article, I describe a quick and easy eight step method that works for both long thin bags for sparred kites and short dumpy stuff bags for soft kites and inflatables.

To make your bag you are going to need:

- Fabric: I always think using good quality Ripstop Nylon or Icarex is a waste so I tend to use cheap fabric oddments.
- Draw String: 500lb polyester kite line works for me.
- Thread: Just your standard sewing thread is fine.

If you are feeling extravagant, you could add a spring loaded toggle for the draw string, some webbing for a handle (useful for carrying dumpy bags) and for dumpy bags a toggle



button is a useful addition for securing the ends of the bridles for kites with lots of bridle line.

Step 1: Prepare your kite for packing; in the case of a sparred kite simply roll it up, whilst for the soft kite use a plastic carrier bag which you have taped down to roughly the right dimensions. Now measure the length and the circumference of the kite. For the circumference of the sparred kite make a loop in your measuring tape and make sure it passes easily over the whole length of the kite; there is nothing worse than having a bag that is too tight for the kite. Now measure it all again just to confirm your dimensions. Measuring costs you nothing, but once you start cutting fabric there is no going back.

Step 2: Now the maths: To the circumference, add 3 cm to give the cutting width of the fabric. To the length, add the circumference plus

6.5cm to give the cutting length of the fabric

Step 3: Mark out your cutting dimensions on the fabric and double check them before cutting.

Step 4: On the wrong side of the fabric fold in the two top corners fabric at 45 degrees, 5cm in from the top and sides. Pin and sew down the raw edges using a 3mm zigzag stitch.

Step 5: Cut your draw string, twice the



circumference is a good length, and lay it on the wrong side of the fabric parallel to and 2.5 cm in from the top edge. Fold over the top edge of the fabric by 2.5 cm, pin and sew along the raw edge using a 5mm triple step zigzag/zigzag stitch. Now with the draw string eased up to the fold sew with a 3mm straight stitch across the width of the fabric 1cm up from the sewn edge, back tacking the ends for strength.

Step 5a: If you are making a dumpy bag and want to add a handle, now is the time to do it. Cut a piece of webbing the same length as the circumference and position the ends on the right side of the fabric half the circumference in from the top edge and a quarter of the circumference plus 1.5 cm in from the sides. Now



sew using a 3mm wide bar tack (short stitch length zigzag) in three equally spaced bands: at the end of the webbing, half the width of the webbing in from the end and the

width of the webbing in from the end.

Step 6: Fold the fabric in half length-wise right sides together, and using a 1.5 cm seam allowance sew down the side and across the bottom using a 3mm straight stitch. Bar tack the top of the side seam to strengthen it at the opening, now over-lock the raw edges using a 5mm triple step zigzag/zigzag stitch or an over-lock stitch if your sewing has one. You could use an over-locking machine to do this but I find I can make several bags using a standard machine in the time that it takes me to setup my over-locker.

Step 7: Now roll/twist the fabric so that the side seam is running down the centre of the top face. The bottom should now form two points rather than being square, ease the fabric as necessary in order to shape them. Using a 3mm straight stitch seam across each point in turn halfway between the tip of the point and the fold across the bags. Back tack the ends of the seam for strength.

Step 7a: If you are adding a toggle



button, attach it to the top of the seam allowance near the opening.

Step 8: Tie off the ends of the drawstring adding your optional spring toggle before doing so and turn the finished bag the right way out. Your bag is now ready for use.

Batchoy



THE KITE FLYERS SMILE

Those that don't fly kites often ask what do you see in kite flying, as kite flyers may well ask, what do train spotters see in trains or joggers in jogging. The answer for me has often been the "kite flyers smile":- So what is a kite flying smile, Remember that first time you pick up a kite out of the bag and launch it in the air, the smile that comes on your face whether you want it to or not, it's just spontaneous, The biggest of these is when that you have just bought, made or borrowed the kite you have always wanted and you launch it is the outcome is one of those thing I like to call the "kite flyers smile". That look of sheer joy and wonder as your kite float upwards into, what we hope is, a clear blue sky. The smile does not have to last

for long. Go on when you are next on the kite flying field watch people as they first launch there is always that quick smile as the kite goes up it can't be helped.

The other type of "Kite Flyers Smile" is more a "Kite Flying Smile" it is the smile that appears on both children and adults faces alike when they watch others flying your kites. It's just as amazing to see and again never fails to appear spontaneously when ever and whatever you fly.

As an idea for 2009 why don't we see if we can run a photo competition in 2009 to see who can get the best "Kite Flyers" smile onto film (OK it can be digital as well). So who will be up for a bit of fun send your entries to aerodyne@bkf.org.uk or post them to

the Brighton Kite Flyers. There may also be prizes to help put that "Kite Flyers Smile" on to your face again.

Simon Hennessey



PROFILE CORNER PROFILE CORNER PROFILE CORNER

Over the coming issues of Aerodyne we will adding a short profile of all the club kites and hopefully some of the interesting kites or kite related products you have seen, used or flown on your travels.

TEDDY FLIES AGAIN



The specially commissioned Peter Lynn Teddy is the oldest and arguably the most popular of the Brighton Kite Flyers Kites. He can be seen wearing his Brighton Kite Flyers T-shirt with pride at many a kite festival both in this country and in Europe. He is certainly a good crowd-pleaser. Whenever he is flown both young and old marvel at the site of a giant yellow and green Teddy bear, wearing a

white BKF T-shirt, and comments are made as he is seen flying high above them.

Teddy was designed and manufactured by Peter Lynn, a New Zealand Kite maker who is known throughout the kiting world for making large inflatable kites, power kites and buggies.

The club purchased Teddy back in 2002, and it was first flown by Ray Oakhill and Simon Hennessey on Telscombe Tye the day it arrived from New Zealand until it was dark. It came in a box 18 inches square, having been compressed and vacuum packed by Peter. Once it was removed from the box, to have a look at him, there was no way it was going back in the box so Ray gave up an old army kit bag he had and it was squeezed in that and so the fun began.

Teddy is approximately 20 metres long and comes with a Honey pot as a drogue for stability in high winds. Teddy has been flown at many events, and has helped support lots of local and national charities. On one such occasion the original honey pot was lost at sea many years ago, while a group of members were flying it for

"Children in need" on Hove Lawns and was replaced with one of a different colour but this new one is rarely used. There are so many fun stories about "Teddy" and things that the club has done with him, where he has been flown and travelled to.

He has been known to attract people miles around and one such tale goes back to 2003 where in a small village in West Sussex on New Year's Day after little Johnny who had got a telescope for Christmas and was looking out when he saw a flying Teddy bear over 8 miles away. He ran in and woke his parents up saying he had seen a flying teddy through his telescope, well what would you say, but finally his Dad got up and looked, sure enough there was a flying teddy. So soon the whole family got up, dressed and in the car to go and find him.

He has even been flown in the snow on another New Year's Day fly-in on Devils Dyke. The club has even been known to fly him when there is no wind (Charlie Brown) much to the public's amusement.

I am sure that if you ask any club member they will be happy to tell you their favourite

DIEPPE CERF-VOLANT 2008

Friday

Last night saw me firmly ensconced in Peacehaven, and after a good night's kip and a super bit of brekky, Anne & Alan arrived at 7am, and it was off to the ferry – Simon only lives three miles from the ferry terminal so after an uneventful journey (how far wrong can you go in three miles? – I'll return to this theme later!) we were



soon in the queue to board the ferry. However, due to the channel tunnel burning down overnight, pretty much everyone else who wanted to go abroad was also in the same queue. The port was heaving, and we were two hours late in sailing. Mind you, all was not lost. The time was productively spent sniffing round the "fit bit in the converted horsebox TM". We then settled down to play cards – the ferry takes four hours to get to Dieppe. After an hour or so there was an announcement on the tannoy: would I report to the information office. Now that makes you sit up and take notice. After a minor panic on my part, it transpired that Simon had had a word with the crew and seeing as in my forty-odd years this was the first time I'd ever sailed over the channel, he'd arranged for me to visit the bridge. It was huge. Probably about twenty yards wide, with three separate control consoles – one in the middle, and one on each side. We watched other ships on the radar, and chatted with the officer of the watch for half an hour before going back to play cards. I say "play cards" – it's fair to say we all had a bit of a kip before the announcement to return to our cars was made. Driving off was fun. The hippymobile in front of us had broken down during the crossing, and we had to help the hippies bump-start the thing on the ramp off of the ferry before we could get going ourselves. The festival area was only half a mile from the ferry terminal so we thought we'd sign in before finding the hotel. The festival was held on the beach

and whilst anyone and everyone can fly on the beach, there were grass enclosures for "official participants". So we got our passes, and spent a few minutes having a look around. We soon found some fellow Brits and spent an entertaining ten minutes winding up the local officials by flying Indian fighting kites from the top of lamp posts. For some inexplicable reason whenever this chap found a kite tied to a lamp post he would take the thing down. So with a bit of "really skilful kite flying" an Indian fighter was soon flown from the top of a lamp post.

And then to the hotel. Fortunately we'd programmed the postcode of the place into the sat-nav. Unfortunately any given French



postcode covers a much larger area than a British one does, and the dulcet tones of Joanna Lumley claimed we'd found the hotel somewhere up a dingy French back street. Earlier in the day I wondered how far wrong one could go in three miles. Now I had the answer to my question.

After a nerve-wracking half an hour we were firmly ensconced in the Hotel Formula 1. It might be described as "basic", but so many hotels offer so many facilities that you never use. A bed for the night, brekky in the morning, and a loo & shower just down the corridor. At less than twenty quid a night you can't complain. Even if it took a while to fig-

ure out how to work the light.

And then to the supermarket for some odds and ends. I needed toothpaste. I got a tube of stuff – it was either toothpaste or haemorrhoid ointment. I took a gamble, and it tasted like toothpaste, so it probably was. However having said that, I've never eaten any Preparation H before, so you never know. By now, time was getting on. There was a dinner for kite fliers at 7.30pm, but realistically we wouldn't get there in time so we thought we'd find somewhere by the harbour for dinner. There was a minor panic when Alan missed his footing on a kerb and came down heavily. For a terrible moment I honestly thought he'd dropped dead. It was one of those schadenfreude moments – highly amusing all the time it is happening to someone else. A nasty sprain to his shoulder, but he was otherwise OK. We soon found a restaurant and settled down to "moules au curry avec frite" and chips. And found fellow kiting Brits in the same place having their tea too. It transpired that not many people had gone up to the "official" dinner. And then back to the cart, and to bed. It had been a long day...

Saturday

Following a good brekky, it was back down to Dieppe. We spent at least two hours wandering round the open air market getting bread, cheese, ham, blood pudding, all sorts of stuff for dinner, before going to the festival. We spent a little while seeing the sights – not only were there shops for kites and souvenirs, there were formal delegations from some thirty countries each with their own displays. We had heard reports that due to some internal politicking and



DIEPPE CERF-VOLANT 2008 CONT

civil war, half the Chinese delegation had moved in with the Spanish lot, but this was never confirmed.



Seeing all there was to see took a while, and all too soon it was time for a picnic on the sea front. Dieppe sea front is one of the more scenic coasts, and to have the place alive with kites was wonderful.

Once stuffed with bread and various meats and cheeses, we took the spirit kites on to the field and spent an hour flying – or trying to fly. Despite the best of long launches, there was very little wind at ground level. Eventually we gave up, and spent time chatting with various celebrities of the kite work, including a world champion. I didn't know that kiting has a world champion – one lives and learns. Following another mooch around the festival and two more ice creams we drove to the chateau at the cliff top. I'd had this idea that the festival would look rather spectacular from the top of the hills. The view was good, but most of the kites were too far away. I was glad we'd driven up there and not walked and climbed, as was my original plan.

A quick trip to the supermarket, and then time for a call of nature. The French lavatories have a mind of their own. When you want to flush the things, they don't want to know. But sit down on the kharsi, and it flushes and comprehensively soaks your undercarriage. Twice. I mention this information in a spirit of helpful warning to any British lavatarian contemplating a continental excursion. All too soon it was dark, and time for dinner. This time in a restaurant specialising in "Moules au

marmite". Which is fine for those who like marmite. Me – I went for the "moules au curry avec frite" with chips again. In retrospect they weren't as good as those of the night before – even if they were more expensive. But the drinks in this place weren't bad.

And back to the flying field for the night flight. Literally hundreds of kites being flown in the dark. I would have thought this was a never-fail recipe for a knot, but all went well, with various spotlights picking out individual kites. I joined in by high-lighting kites with my green laser, before flying a Lidl's 25p kite. After swapping a few insults with some old friends, it was time for bed.

Sunday

Up early, breakfasted, car packed and we were back at the flying area by 9.00am. Bearing in mind that this is French time, back home 'er indoors TM would have still been snoring like a thing possessed. We needed an early start because we'd been invited to take part in the carnival procession that morning. It was great fun. We



marched around the streets for over an hour. I got to carry a Brighton Kite Fliers banner. It got heavy after a while, and I did get it caught in a couple of overhead phone cables, but there was no damage done to the banner. I don't know about any damage that might have been done to the cables. I expect I'll never know. After the procession we had a quick shop for more picnic stuff, and another feast on the sea front before having a fly. I flew one half of a pair of dragon kites, and then we got out an



inflatable. "Kinky Boots" – a starfish about three metres wide wearing thigh-high boots. I was photographed so many times with this kite, and recorded for French TV too.

The plan was then to have another ice cream and a bit of a wander, but it came up in conversation that the ferry was leaving somewhat earlier than we thought. Added to which, whilst we'd been flying a French car had parked directly behind our car, effectively parking us in. After a nerve-wracking few minutes we were on our way. Have you ever tried to drive through a French crowd? – They don't get out of the way at all. All too soon we were back on the ferry, and sailing home. I slept for quite a lot of the journey back to good old Blighty, from where it was but a short hop back to Simon's. A slightly longer hop back to Kent, but this time I did it in less than two hours – the quickest I've ever done Brighton to home. I must do the journey in the middle of the night on a Sunday more often. I got to bed at half past midnight and slept like a log. It had been a long, tiring weekend. But fun. I'm looking forward to going again.

Dave Styles (Manky Badger)



THE GOGITS TOUR 2008

What a year we've had so far, it's enough to make a Grumpy Old Git Smile

February

Woodworking Exhibition

We started the year in fine style, John Browning took us all to Alexandra Palace for the Woodworking Exhibition, we had a wonderful time, looking at all the super woodworking tools and watching various woodworking demonstrations.

Maurice bestowed a new title on John, The Admirable Apprentice, for managing to get us out of North London after getting lost on the way home.

March

We did not have a full compliment of Gits for Brenzett, but Alan & I felt we constituted a Grumpy Old Git's outing, It was probably a good thing John & Maurice were not there, I have never known it to be so cold. One thing can be said for Brenzett, I found I could sleep in the Cab of the Pickup and I do think I was the warmest person that weekend, as everyone else found all the drafts in their campers & caravans.

KBSM

We had a fantastic day at the Stirling engine exhibition at Kew Bridge Steam Museum, where John was hoping to get some help with his Stirling Engine. There we met Julian and Jim and we learnt about furkling & firkling and a bit about Stirling Engines.

April

Streatham Common

This is a really lovely local (for Alan & I) Festival. The day started with sunshine and a light wind, Alan & I were hoping to put some bears in the air, so we launched my very stable White Mega Sled Delta. Then the weather front started to move in, followed by rain and gusting wind, the Mega Sled Delta took a nose dive, missing the road by 2ft, luckily nobody was under it, only problem, after doing the repairs required, it leans slightly to the left. Despite the weather we had a great time and after watching the various attempts to rescue a kite from a tree, Alan, C2llin and myself felt we had to show them how it's done. This we did with the aid of a piece of rope that Alan found in his car. (He always has whatever is

required) Alan makes a good anchor man.

Houlgate

We found out about this festival from John's accountant, and what a fantastic festival it turned out to be. Houlgate is turned over to kites for 4 days, the shops, restaurants and bars are all decked out with kites and kite flyers are made very very welcome.

We even managed to change the world, as the kite flyers team from Chine, did not arrive. Angleterre replaced them, complete with our own sign; some of you may have seen this sign at various festivals.

John created quite bit of excitement after he managed to attach one of his kites to the Church Spire; it was still there when we left.

There is something very satisfying about French bread with smelly cheese washed down with 2.50€ Beaujolais at 10.00 in the morning

We had an amazing weekend in Houlgate the memories will be with us for a long time and we can't wait to get back there next year. We're hoping to be invited as the English contingent.

MACH 2008

On this outing we were joined by Alan Powell who very kindly drove us.

If you're into big machine tools this is the place to go. As suspected we did not manage to see the whole show, there is far too much to see in one day.

We did come home with a souvenir, a flame cut teddy bear very kindly donated by High Performance Machinery. Many of you may have seen this superb teddy.

Jolly Up II

What can you say, great field, great kites, great people, great beer, great BBQ, great weather, great day. Kite festivals don't get much better than this.

KBSM

And to finish off a superb April, we had to go back to the Kew Bridge Steam museum as they were going to fire up the big engines. What marvellous pieces of engineering. We were joined for the day by Margaret & Malcolm and I still don't know how they got up the 261 steps of the standpipe tower so fast.

May

Horton Farm

I thought this was a new venue for us, until I drove into the farm, I can't remember when, but I had been there before, for a kite festival.

The weather was brilliant and it was great to meet up with friends we had not seen since last year. A big thank you to Big John for organising this event, if it carries on as it has started, it will become a real favourite.

Swindon

Thanks to the lottery funds lack of forethought, WHKF's have had to move their festival back to Lydiard Park, although there is not as much room as at Wroughton, the festival took on a more cosy feel, if moving to Lydiard Park means it's not going to rain, then that's OK with me.

Saturday was a real struggle virtually no wind, but we did manage to do a bit of TAP (tree aerial photography) John catapulted a line up into the only tree tall enough, we then managed to pull Alan's Teddy rig up into the tree and the photography could begin.

Rougham

Due to the fact that we had had 7 weekends out on the trot, it was felt that we should only make a day of it at Rougham, but we did manage to pack a lot into it, we did fly most of the day, but the wind and the rain was definitely not on our side. As evening fell The Shatterer made her debut. Thanks to Moz of SKFC for the brilliant photo.

Tewkesbury

You can only feel sorry for GVKF's although Friday night was good, including the Bottle of Jack Daniels, courtesy of my brother in-law Stan, the weather took a turn for the worse, wind & rain, which was showing no sign of abating and by Sunday morning most kites were making a move for home, we left about Lunch time. Thanks to Dick Abbs for the shelter on Friday Night & Saturday morning. What was such a shame about leaving early, we didn't manage to meet up with Jim, whom we had met at KBSM.

June

Teston

This was my first camp at Teston and to tell the truth I was not looking forward to it, as the weather forecast looked dire, but whatever Ron did to put it right, it worked, we had a glorious weekend. John even

THE GOGITS TOUR 2008

managed a bit of TAP. We even picked up a new sign, we think courtesy of C2llin. See it at a festival near you soon. Thanks Louise and John for letting us keep it.

Southampton

Alan & John were the Grump Old Git Contingent for Southampton Dingy on Saturday. Sunny & warm with very strong & blustery wind on Sunday.

There was one highlight, Alan took Possession of his very fine Yellow Git Coat ready for the Cultural event, check out the website.

July

Sneaky Teston

Our first rehearsal for the 1812 Overture, we had hoped to do an International Kite Rescue, but someone beat us to it. We had a very sunny afternoon with a nice wind, did a bit of KAP before finishing off the wiring of our firing board and running through our first firing, before a very appreciative local audience, many saying they would be coming back on the big night. Just picture the scene three Grumpy Old Gits sitting at a picnic table surrounded by various cables, relays and batteries, you would have to find out what they were up to. We did get side tracked several times that afternoon. After our test firing, one of the spectators, a primary school teacher, said she would have to go and pick up her daughter so she could see what we were up to. The said daughter took great delight in exploding another test balloon. The teacher commented that it was such a shame, that this sort of experiment would not be allowed in schools.

Brighton's 30th Kite Festival

Yet another Super Duper weekend, we did lots of kite flying and beer drinking; it is so lovely to see the public enjoying themselves, even though some of them need a little help with bridling and sparring of their new kites. We didn't do many Teddies, but the children who did have a go, looked as if they enjoyed themselves. I know this child did. I even managed to launch my KAP rig, so now have some great shots of Stanmer Park from the air.

My highlight was flying Sara's Knickers in the main arena.

Tewkesbury

Due to a mix up over booking GVKF's

moved their Festival to Newlands Park near Cheltenham race course.

What a fantastic site, flat with just a few trees down one edge and the view of the surrounding hills quite superb. The wind was very very light, so it was only no-wind kites that we still struggled to fly. Having said that we all managed to get our KAP rigs launched, with varying degrees of success. This time we did manage to meet up with Jim, he brought along a lot of very interesting toys, including an RC helicopter, and he got to see first hand what a Grumpy Old Git does at kite festivals.

First Dress Rehearsal

After getting permission from Roy & Hayley, we had our first full dress rehearsal with Music and cannon in Roy's field. After our initial success, we were quietly confident this was going to be a walk in the park (or field). We could not have been more wrong, the sound system was just not up to the required standard and many of our balloons went off prematurely, we had major problems, we even thought we would have to cancel the performance, worst of all the posters had been printed & laminated.

August

Jolly Up III

Alan held up the end for the Grumpy Old Gits, I was hoping to get there for Sunday, but what with the cost of diesel and the weather looking grim, I decided to earn some brownie points at home.

Dress rehearsal two

After some major changes to the firing board and with Teston only days away, we were back in Roy's field again. This time the sound system, after a shaky start did the business and really gave us the sound we were looking for, would the firing board do it's stuff?.....YES!

Teston here we come. Would John be able to hit his marks?

Teston

(the Cultural Event of the season)

If only we could have had Friday's weather all weekend, but it was not to be. What a great weekend, Friday wind was perfect we even launched the camera rig to see if we could find Big John's Rocket which went missing near the Medway. We didn't find it.

Saturday we had to make the most of

the morning as we knew the rain was moving in fast, but even once it had arrived we still managed to amuse ourselves. Anne, Joyce and Margaret had prepared a fantastic curry, as the rain was still persisting we decided to eat our meal in the Kent County Council Tent, which John was also using as his bedroom. Thanks ladies, as ever you put on a magnificent spread. My only disappointment with this fantastic meal, was we were not able to savour it, because (I'm still not sure how we came up with the idea) we were to put on the Cultural Event of the season, The last part of the 1812 Overture complete with cannon accompaniment.

Right on time the rain stopped and our well planned and secret event slowly started to take shape. All in all, we were ready within an hour, considering there were a few problems with some of our high tech equipment, which being the professionals we are, were soon overcome. Just as the music started rain gently sounded on the roof of the gazebo, under which was our control centre, but it was just in the wind and very soon the cannons were resounding around Teston. Even though I do say so myself, I think the 1812 went very well and was well received by the hardy audience who appeared despite the weather.

Thank you to everyone for your congratulations and encouragement.

Finally I must say a GREAT BIG THANK YOU to all those people who have organized and arranged all the festivals and events that we are privileged to be involved with. Without your splendid efforts we would not be able to have so much fun and enjoyment. You are all very special.

To keep track of our exploits please log on to www.grumpyoldgits.org

Many thanks to Anne, Alan and John for proof reading.

Keith Boxall (aka Toad of Toad Hall)

PROVISIONAL DATE

Brighton Kite Festival

11th - 12th July 2009

Stanmer Park

A fun packed weekend for all who attend.

SAMUEL F. CODY

While Dave White was trawling the net his interest in kite brought him across an article on Samuel Cody which he felt was worth sharing with other like minded kite flyers. So with permission from the Author, Andy Davies here is the article on Samuel Cody lifted from Andy's website <http://www.design-technology.org/cody.htm>

As well as being one of the early pioneers of aviation Cody is also remembered as being a flamboyant wild west showman.



There is even a high street shop named after him called S.F.Cody. Appropriately this chain of stores sells novel gadgets, toys, gifts and ingenious electrical products. Perhaps this is one of the best ways of honoring such an important figure of the last century.

There is even a Cody Society. "It actively promotes the education of young people in the topic of aerospace and learning about this first man to fly a powered aeroplane in the UK. This objective aims to foster the interest of young people in the aerospace industry and encourage their entry and future careers in this important area of business". Quote taken from the cody Society.

Cody was born in the state of Iowa in the United States of America in 1867. Throughout his youth he lived the typical life of a cowboy. He learnt how to ride and train horses, hunt buffalo, shoot and use a lasso. Cody lived until 1913 when he died in an air crash.

Cody was born with the surname, Cowdery. He changed the name to Cody in order to follow his hero 'Buffalo Bill Cody'. Throughout his entire life this caused confusion and many people thought that he was the original wild west hero Buffalo Bill.

Cody experienced real hardship throughout his youth during which time he prospected for gold in an area which later became Dawson City. This was the centre of the historically famous Alaskan Gold Rush.

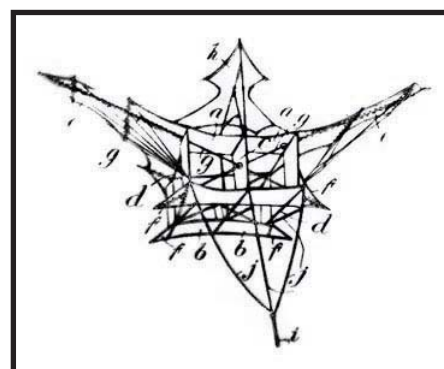
Unfortunately like so many others Cody made no strike but instead toured America with a Wild West show. He starred in the show and was billed as 'Captain Cody, King of the Cowboys'. Cody decided to take the show to England and settled there in 1890.

Whilst in England Cody and his company toured the music halls, which were very popular at the time. He gave demonstrations of his horse riding, shooting and lassoing skills.

Many people believed that they were actually watching the great William Fredrick Cody alias 'Buffalo Bill'. Samuel Cody dressed in a very similar way to his hero, he wore a stetson, buckskins and cowboy boots. He even grew a beard, moustache and shoulder length hair.

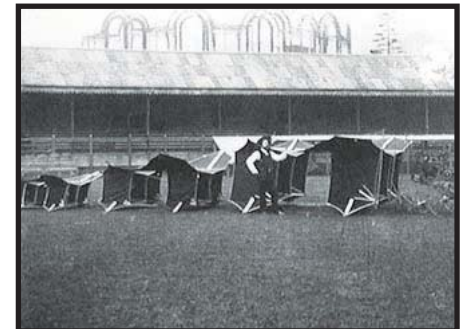
In 1898 Cody's latest show called 'The Klondyke Nugget' became very successful. It was around this time that Cody's son Leon became very interested in kites. Cody also began to share his son's fascination with kites and the two of them competed to make the largest kites capable of flying at ever increasing heights.

After a great deal of experimentation, financed by his popular show Cody patented his first kite in 1901. It was a winged variation of Lawrence Hargrave's double-cell



box kite below.

The kite was quite a complicated system. It consisted of a steadying kite or pilot kite. Connected to this



were a series of lifting kites, which were responsible for actually lifting its human pay load. The number of lifting kites depended upon the wind conditions.

These lifting kites were attached to the main kite cable by towing rings. One of these rings was placed at the head of the kite and the other at the point at which the kite was towed, called the towing point. This towing point consisted of four-legged bridle.

As soon as the kites were released they would be blown, by the wind up the kite cable. The cable has a series of stops running up it. These stops were cone like in shape and they progressively became larger as they reached the top of the cable. The size of the cones corresponded to the size of the towing rings on the kites.

As the first lifter kite travelled up the cable, its larger towing ring would pass over the smaller cones until it reached its intended mooring point. At this point the cone was larger in diameter than the towing ring. The kite's travel would stop at this cone.

The next kite with a smaller towing ring would travel up the cable, passing over the smaller towing rings until it reached its mooring point. This continued until eventually the carrier kite which was attached to a trolley travelled up the cable. The trolley contained wheels which ran against the top of the cable.

Suspended from the trolley was the passenger carrying basket-car. The basket-car and its passenger were carried up the cable until they reached the lowest lifting kite where it would stop.

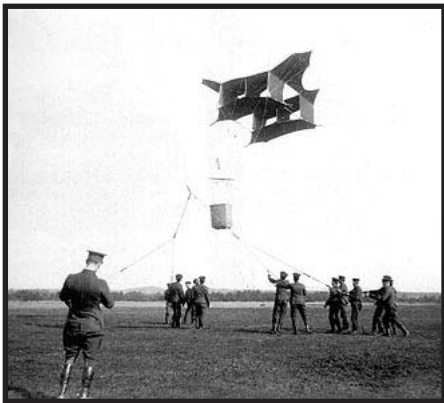
The passenger inside the car was able to control the rate of ascent and

S. F. CODY CONTIUNED 2008 KITE

descent by operating a complex system of lines and brakes. The adjustment of these lines also allowed the basket to be aligned with the horizon, keeping the car and passenger in a horizontal position.

Cody proposed to the War Office that in a military situation the passenger be equipped with a telescope, telephone, camera and gun. If the telephone did not function correctly messages could be blown up the cable and returned by the passenger in weighted bags. These would simply slide down the cable.

Unfortunately the War Office did not take Cody's proposal seriously at the



time and they did not use his man-carrying kite. They were however so impressed by his marksmanship that they offered him the post of Shooting Instructor at Aldershot. Cody did not take up the position.

Cody was a showman at heart and he understood how to grab the attention of the public. In an attempt to demonstrate the traction or pulling potential of his kite he successfully crossed the English Channel in November 1903 in a small,



collapsible boat, drawn by kites.

An anchor was dragged along behind the boat providing resistance to the pull of the kites in order to keep the kite cable taut. Cody made the

crossing from Calais to Dover.

The publicity that Cody gained from the crossing seemed to have the desired affect. The War office expressed interest in Cody's kite. Tests were carried out from 1904 to 1905. The Admiralty even even allowed Cody to use their warships in his experiments.

Cody successfully lifted a passenger to a record height of 2,600 ft on the end of a cable 4,000ft long. In 1906 the War Office agreed to use Cody's kites for the purpose of observation. Cody was not only given the position of Chief Kite Instructor at Farnborough but became responsible for designing and manufacturing war kites.

Cody's War Kites continued to be used for some years until they were replaced by the aeroplane. Cody began to experiment with aeroplanes and in 1908 he became the first man to build and fly an aeroplane in Britain..

Cody's kites were not only intended to be used in warfare. In 1907 Cody demonstrated how a kite could be used to carry meteorological instruments.

The meteorograph developed by the Meteorological office was capable of measuring height, temperature, humidity and wind velocity. A Cody kite once lifted instruments to a record altitude of 14,000 ft.

On 7th of August 1913 Cody and his passenger were killed while flying his latest creation, the Waterplane. It broke up in the air over Laffan's Plain, Aldershot.



M A K I N G W O R K S H O P

29th - 30th November 2008 could be seeing a kite making workshop by Karl Longbottom. Where you will have the choice of making One, Two of even 3 of his designs (if you are very quick at sewing) The Brighton Kite Flyers have arranged for Karl to come down to make his Swan, but as quite a few of our members have already made the Swan Karl has agreed to run a more open workshop and will include a pair of his pants and his bee in designs that can be made.

The plan is that as each kite when precut-out should be possible to sew together in one day (for the average ability and sewing) so if you would like to make two then that is possible or if you want to have a more relaxing workshop make just one (one it is for me then). If you really want to put yourself under pressure you could go for all three at a push.

What Karl says about his designs

SWAN:-

New for 2008. The prototype was seen at One Sky One World in October 2007, a larger version was designed initially to be made at a White Horse Kite Flyers kite workshop. A very attractive white kite with orange/yellow and black detailing. It is a steady flier in low winds. Available in Whooper or Mute varieties. 2.08m span by 1.22m high,

BEES:-

This kite is a tribute to the kite making skills of the Japanese. As a fan of the Abu-dako style of kite, but being unable to get hold of one Karl decided to make his own version in carbon fibre and ripstop nylon. This kite is the result. It flies well in light to medium winds and looks particularly spectacular when several are flown as a swarm. 0.62 m,

PANTS:-

These fighting pants first made their appearance in 2006 in France, but soon became a hit at UK Festivals. So much so that Karl was asked to produce a female version, featuring seductive lace decorations. Available in a variety of tasteful colours, also other desired styles can be requested. 0.6 m

A MULTIFACETED CLUB

After a long lazy snooze the brightonkiteflyers.co.uk forum had breath of life kicked into it and is now a regular place to communicate with members with up to date news, gossip, and the odd debate! Most users look but don't comment and use it solely for obtaining



information on upcoming events, luckily a few members do actually add information so that the voyeurs have something to look at! One such topic, posted in June caught my eye. "Sponsored abseil at Peacehaven, in aid of the Anthony Nolan Trust, September 7th. Anyone fancy this, its also the first Sunday of the month and a Club fly-in day?"

Not really, descending down a Cliff face from 80feet up is not my idea of fun! For the sake of saying something in reply to the post, I calculatedly said I would do it if I thought I could raise the £120 sponsorship required. A safe bet, even if every single club members sponsored me £2 each it wouldn't be enough, at least I made the token gesture of offering, in a public domain. I'm not so much scared of heights it just makes me extremely queasy, apprehensive, and draws me in to get closer and closer to the edge, to the point I want to jump off! Ok then, this means I am scared of heights!

Within a couple of days I was shocked to see offers of £10 sponsorship come trickling in, nothing to worry about, until they started flooding in, £20, £25... £120 was pledged in no time!! Oh pants, (clean but for how long?) how do I get out of this one now? Heck, go with the flow, September is a long time away and having foolhardily rippled the surface I decided to dive in, and gave it my all. Most kites will know of my persistence in getting them to sponsor me as I filled my spare time at most kite festivals since June

walking around with a pen and paper and very little official literature to confirm I was collecting for the Anthony Nolan Fund! I was impressed with how many generous kites there were out there, 98% of people I asked made a donation....Kite fliers from around the country, kite traders and Club members, bet the 2% feel a bit guilty, but to be fair they didn't really know me. The Trust labels itself with "Taking back lives from leukaemia" and specialises in helping Leukaemia patients and compiles a worldwide data base for bone marrow, matching donors with recipients. A lot of people I spoke to knew of their good work, and I was surprised just how many knew of someone close who had used the services the Trust provides. Never having raised money this way, and new to everything, including what happens on the day, we headed off with trepidation to the Club fly-in at Telscombe Tye on Sunday September 7th. Due to light rain the fly-in was short and quickly abandoned, which meant more time in the pub, being only a quarter mile from the Peacehaven cliff abseil site. As my daughter Sabrina had helped in collecting sponsorship she was given the opportunity to do the Abseil at the last minute by the fundraising organiser of the trust! Several club members turned up to encourage us, add their support and I say it in the best possible taste, gloat at the stupidity of deliberately putting myself under pressure in such a public way! The sponsorship was for me to 'Challenge' myself to do something I would not ordinarily do, not for me to have fun. I can honestly say it was not fun at all, I was as reluctant as a man putting his head on a chopping block to step towards the edge of the cliff! Sabrina admitted later she was

scared but put on a brave face and went over first....I felt sick just watching her. With a big gathering of Brighton Kite Flyers cheering her on she overcame her fears, and having done it once confidently said "Come on Dad, I'll do it again and come down with you!" Isn't it supposed to be the other way round, me encouraging her? Leaning backwards over a sheer drop and fear of the unknown has to be experienced first hand to be appreciated, my kite lines and carbinas looked in better condition than the well used items I was trusting my life to! Someone decided



to hold open the BKF playsail at the bottom of the cliff and shout "Jump we'll catch you"....I couldn't look down but it looked like a handkerchief in the photographs! There was even a members KAP rig flying from the bottom to above the cliff, struggling in turbulent winds up the cliff face to get a unique picture. Slowly and with all the camouflage of outward confidence I could summon I leant back and descended, against my better judgement and natural instincts, forgetting my pathetic little



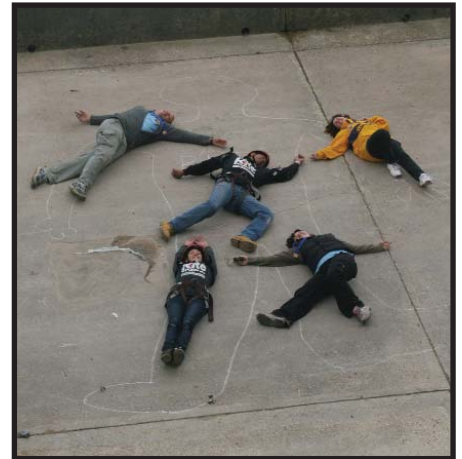
A MULTIFACETED CLUB CONTINUED

apprehensive steps and false smile gave away how I was really feeling inside!! I did do it twice too, the second abseil down was only marginally less scary...it sure wasn't as easy I thought!

A bit of a rant but there was so much more to this episode than just Abseiling down an 80ft cliff. The Anthony Nolan trust received publicity and £550 from your sponsorship, thank you all, I learnt about people and myself and the attending Club members had their

laugh at my expense. The event was brought to light by members of team ELF from Ashford in Kent, three of their members also took the challenge....two girls who made little fuss and one big fella, who like me found it challenged your rational survival instincts to the absolute limit!! Looking back now, yes it was fun as well as challenging, DO IT AGAIN...no thanks, it's YOUR turn now!

C2LLN



TALES FROM THE TEAPOT

For all you readers' who wonder what kite widows' do when their beloveds are flying kites, please read on.....

Arriving on a previously agreed flying site and greeting everyone we saw only 7 days ago as if we hadn't met for years, one female will always offer to make coffee or tea while leaving the hunter gatherer to provide sustainable shelter for their stay. A small group of like minded men will appear, as if from nowhere, and offer advice on the positioning of caravan, tent, motor-home or groundsheet. On agreeing a suitable solution to this nonexisting problem, the drone workers set about to erect tents, awnings or porches until they are all satisfied with the finished job and stand back in admiration of their work. I have to add that all this is naturally thirsty work, so refreshments flow freely during erection time.

At the onset of this ritual the newly arrived female of the species will join the other females at a respectable distance and sit and watch her man providing her with shelter in the way that her ancestors would have done in bygone days. (However we have chairs and a cup of tea or coffee provided by an earlier arrivals.) Although no advice is offered to the male group, we, the kite widows exchange small glances and rye comments about the spectacle before us. But as always we know our place in this male dominated sport and we watch in amazement as our new homes unfold before our eyes. We chat about our men folks' latest

acquisitions which are chosen to impress other fellow flyers. These purchases can include radio controlled cars, boats, helicopters and even on the odd occasion a new kite. Very few ever master the complicated art of the instruction booklet and in due course some new toys have been known to become entangled in trees. This spawning another phenomena of kite flying...the often asked question, "how many kite flyers does it take to climb a tree?"

When the home is set up to the satisfaction of all we take our farewell from each other while the new arrival retreats to make restoration of the devastation made by the hunter gatherers who now go off to play. They can be overheard discussing weather forecasts as heard on radio, seen on television or have been read in the tea-leaves and on some rare occasions by water divining! This is hotly followed by discussions as to who has or hasn't got the requisite kite to match the expected conditions. All these events take place at regular intervals throughout the day until all the expected arrivals are safe and secure within the fold for the weekend.

Seriously though – what we do spend our time doing at festivals and meets is supporting, feeding and providing succour for our families and anyone who drops in at "nose bag time". We have more than one member of our ladies circle who always arrives laden with cake, (they are both welcome sights to us all.) On the whole we

have a wonderful time enjoying the fun and mayhem that is kite flying, and we can thoroughly recommend the sport to all. It is good family fun, a way to keep fit and meet some of the friendliest people you are likely to come across in a field. We spend time sunning ourselves if the weather permits and occasionally we help launch a kite or two, but mostly we do as little as possible because we are there to enjoy ourselves as well. Our children disappear when they arrive only returning to be refuelled, fall into bed to be up again with the larks the following day and start all over again. This is the ideal scenario for war worn mothers during those long summer breaks from the rigours of school.

Although I have said earlier that part of the female role at kite meets is to provide succour for her family, do not be alarmed. We do very little food preparation as women the world over will understand when I quote the old adage that "a group of men together will always want to out do each other at the ancient art of Barbequing." With very careful shopping and planning a whole weekend can pass and some of us can get by with nothing more strenuous than pouring cereal into a bowl at breakfast-time.

I do hope that this goes some way to dispel any myths that may have grown up around the mysterious clique of ladies who periodically appear at festival time and through out the year, or maybe there are other ladies out there who have their own interpretation of what we do?

Sue Scott

APRIL 2008 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

Useful Contacts: Merchandise

Coordinator/Chairperson:

Simon Hennessey
T 01273 582309
E chairman@brightonkiteflyers.co.uk

Treasurer:

Peter Jackson
T 01444 451076
E treasurer@brightonkiteflyers.co.uk

Aerodyne/Website:

Simon Hennessey
T 01273 582309
E Aerodyne@bkf.org.uk

Club library:

(BKF members only):
Dave Hollingworth
T 01273 421286
E books@bkf.org.uk

Club Kites:

(BKF members only):
If you want to use any of the clubs kites please just ask any member of the committee.

Membership Secretary:

Matt Jones
T 01444 451076
E membership@brightonkiteflyers.co.uk

Thank you to all that made this issue possible

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible, Batchoy, Dave Hollingworth, Dave White, Dave Styles Keith Boxall. and Sue & Amy Scott. who have helped to make this edition possible. I must also say a very big thank you to those who have edited parts of Aerodyne this month in one form or another.

Simon Hennessey



T-Shirts/Sweatshirts:

Alan Outram
T 01737 767188
E alan@BKF.org.uk

Pins/Cloth Badges:

Simon Hennessey
T 01273 582309
E simon@bkf.org.uk

THINGS FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT

With the 2008 kite flying season fast coming to an end, not only is it time to look back over the year, which I think has been fun packed and enjoyable, but to also look forward to the winter of 2008 and what is coming up in 2009.

Still being planned for 2008:-

Karl Longbottom Kite making workshop:-

Swans, Pants and or Bee's.

Club Rok workshop:-

A get together where we make roks ready to fly in next years Rok fights.

Club Christmas party:-

A fun packed evening for club members to relax and join in.

2009:-

Provisional dates for the clubs very own Brighton Kite Festival are 11th - 12th July 2009

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

RECIPE CORNER

For the Brighton Festival I made Spinach and Cheese loaf to serve with the main course many people came up to me after the BBQ and asked for the recipe. Here it is.

Amy Scott

Spinach and Cheese Rolls

Makes 12 rolls Ready in 2 hours

Ingredients

½ tsp cayenne pepper
½ tsp dry mustard powder
495g pack white bread mix
25g butter, chilled
125g mature Cheddar, grated
50g Pumpkin Seeds
50g Sunflower Seeds
160g pack Baby Spinach
flour, for kneading
oil, for greasing

1 medium free-range egg

Method

1 Stir the cayenne pepper and mustard powder into the bread mix in a large bowl. Cut the butter into small pieces, add to the bread mix and rub in with your fingertips until it resembles breadcrumbs, Add the cheese, seeds and spinach, and mix well. Add 300ml tepid water and mix well with your hands to make a dough.

2 Put on a lightly floured surface and knead for 18 minutes. Shape into 12 rolls and put on a greased baking tray. Lightly oil some cling film and use to loosely cover the rolls, Leave in a warm place until doubled in size (about 1 hour),

3 Preheat the oven to 220C/200C Fan/ Gas 7, Remove the cling film, brush the rolls with beaten egg and bake for 20 minutes until golden brown. You could bake this as a large loaf, which will take 35 minutes to cook

Amy Scott

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.

