

Peter Jackson hard at work making bees, not for the honey, but to fly as kites at John Browning's workshop.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

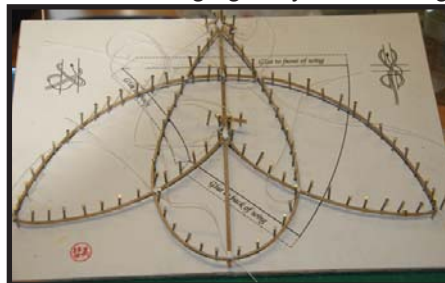
THE BANGING OF THE BEES

Brighton Kite Flyers have always tried to look at UK and International kite builders / designers when it chooses who to ask to run a workshop. This time it was suggested by Greenman that we looked even closer to home and pick one of our own club members. John Browning, for the autumn 2009 workshop. Many of you know John by sight, if not in person, as being the "WAN A BE" Grumpy Old Git I the red jumper and pipe. He also takes the group photos at some of the club events.

Soon John had agreed to do the workshop making his dancing bees, although not his own design, he has won international recognition for his variant of the "Bee kites" and won best of the festival in France last year. With great enthusiasm for the event the club and John went about getting people interested and soon we had enough to book the hall and confirm that it would take place. It was great to see the enthusiasm that John showed in his kites leading up to the workshop not only in putting the kits together, but in getting people on the workshop and publicising it where ever he went. This enthusiasm continued on the day when teaching, but more of that later.

On the first day of the event John had opted for early start compared with other workshop but even so when I got up to the hut he was already waiting to be let in along with a few other keen members of the club. With

willing hand the hall was soon set up with tables, chairs, and lights and of course the kettle was on and tea and coffee being made. John started off the course with us having to make the templates from nails and hard board so for the first hour at least the hall was full of banging, anyone walking



by would have had no idea that a kite workshop was taking place. The next stage was the bending of the rattan by heating it up and forcing it round the pins then leaving it to dry before removing it from the template. It soon became clear how the Orientals make their 3d kites, with bamboo and silk and how much work must go in to making each kite. All too soon the first day was over and most of us had at least made one finished bee and were well on the way to a full swarm. With another early start on the Sunday we headed off for food and a good nights sleep, Sunday was soon with us and we headed back up to the scout hut where we finished off the kites and John being John got to the bit he seemed like the most, teaching us some new knots. This is one thing

that still amazes me is just how many different knots there are and each one has its own strengths and uses and to learn two more that I can see lots of uses while flying made the workshop well worth while as well as learning some new kite making skills that I can also see, hopefully being put to use in the future. Thank you must go to John. Which just leaves one question so who and what next for a workshop?

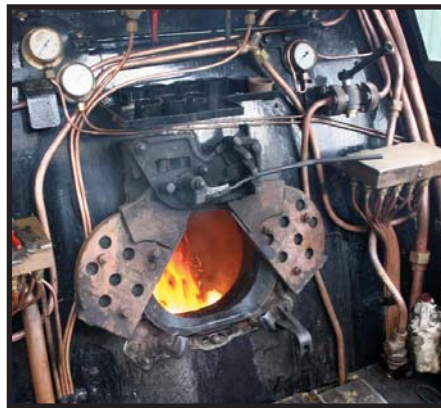


RIDING THE FOOTPLATE

One of the pleasant aspects of kite-flying is the variety of people you meet. One day Big John said he had shares in a Railway Steam Engine restoration outfit, Southern Locomotives, and that one of the perks was riding on the footplate. He was bored with this - "Been There, Done That"! Currently "his" engine was on the Swanage Railway, fairly near where I live, so would I like to take over this tedious duty next time? Would I....!?!?

The engine was 34070 Manston, Battle of Britain class, originally built at the Brighton Works in 1947 and Southern Railway's last engine before nationalisation. It is 67' 5" long with its tender and weighs about 86 tons and was "air-smoothed", Southern Railway's term for their streamlining. It was scrapped in 1964 and has now been rescued from the scrap yard and rebuilt. Originally it pulled full-length trains on the London - Salisbury - Exeter main line and beyond, so pulling a few carriages slowly along the 5½ miles of track at Swanage should not be a problem. On the appointed day I presented myself at Swanage. I and another "Guest Driver" were to ride in the cab to the other end of the line and back, dodging the public access trains running their normal timetable, while "helping" the driver and fireman in their duties. For the first half I "helped" the fireman: that is to say I

was allowed to turn on and off the valves to blow more water from the tender into the boiler when told, and I could try to shovel coal from the tender through the firebox door and deliver it accurately to the appropriate part of the grate. If I missed, the fireman took over and showed how easy it was. I was also allowed to shut the firebox doors to get more draught when more steam was needed to climb a slight hill, and open them again afterwards. Since the engine was perhaps somewhat overpowered for the job, the fire did not need much stoking. The railway is a single line track with passing places and the engine has to carry the appropriate token to allow it on each stretch.



The exchange of tokens takes place on the move, but somehow the fireman always did that bit himself: it is better not to drop the token.

At one stage the fireman remarked to the driver that he had forgotten to fill up with water and I wondered if we would get stranded. However, when we got to the station at the end of the line the fireman produced his nearly empty bottle of drinking water and went to the café for a refill.

The driver then took the engine round to the other end of the train, the fireman coupled it on to what was now to be the front end of the group of carriages, and we set off back, tender first. The other Guest Driver now took over helping the fireman. He declined the job of shovelling coal. I was now "helping" the driver. That meant that I could blow the whistle as we approached level crossings. I could also pull or push the regulator (accelerator) lever when told to, and adjust the brake lever when we needed to slow down. So I was driving! I think we were allowed up to 25mph and we did get up to 23mph on occasion - rather less than the design speed of the engine. Unfortunately the professional again took over whenever anything interesting was needed, such as stopping at a station.

We got back to Swanage after about an hour and we Guest Drivers had to say goodbye before the next pair were ushered on. It was a most interesting experience and a good day out.

Nicolas Wadsworth

J . B . H A S A F L A R E



Ages ago, I made a flare kite using Wolfgang Schimmelpfennig's plans. Made in ripstop with Ramin dowel, the kite is a superb low-wind kite. If you give it a long launch, then you can often get the kite up into a breeze where it will pull like a train. Often I have stood holding my "No Wind" kite in a dead calm with the smoke from my pipe going straight up and the

string pulling like anything. For a first-thing-in-the-morning kite, it is wonderful for catching that first light breeze.

I needed a low-wind lifter for KAP. I nearly went for a Fled but decided that, because there is no bridle adjustment on a Fled (such adjustment can be useful when carrying a camera rig), I would build a bigger and more robust Schimmelpfennig Flare. Ripstop again but carbon fibre tube in place of Ramin dowel.

I have yet to fly my new kite but if it behaves like my original smaller one, I shall be well pleased.

Out of interest, I weighed my new kite and compared it with the original.

Original Kite:-

Height: 100cm.
Sail area: 0.96m2
Weight: 140g.
Weight/Area: 145.8g/m2

New Kite:-

Height: 150cm.
Sail area: 2.16m2
Weight: 270g.
Weight/Area: 125.0g/m2

I suppose I have just re-discovered a basic principal. Increase size of kite and you get a more efficient one.

John Browning

NO RHYME OR REASON

FLYING HIGH

He is pulling my strings, and he is making me sing - we are as one in our dance.

There's a pretty girl there with a bang in her hair, but he doesn't give her so much as a glance.

The downs are spread out below me miniature squares of yellow and green

I can see the grass growing and hear full-uddered cows lowing, and notice a couple below quite obscene.

My carbon spine's fine as I ignore the time and my wings start to slap in the breeze, I am at one in the wind and the sun, and in thrall to the controlling hands that so tease.

I am as high as a kite and know I am right when I think I'm on top of the world. I can conquer all no matter how tall, but then the string parts and I spin for the ground. Below there's no sound, but the boy tries to rescue his toy and he grabs at the line, but the kite swings around and I flutter on down towards the rough ground and the sharp branches reach out...

And I start and come out of my dream and the sky it is blue and in the distance there's sea with attendant yachts and there's me. I stare at my dear boy and I leap in pure joy, and inwardly rejoice that I'm free.

DEVILS DYKE

It is ready - I am ready.
My thumbs rotate - and it rises.
Rises into the window
it spins and I jerk my wrist.
It swoops across the sky and my heart stops, nearly.
It stops and goes back.
People laugh - but I do not.
It's much too intense for that.
It is all. It is everything.
There is nothing else.
Finally the kite hovers.
It is mine; broken in,
on the leash, and
I pause - ready for my next trick

Mike Bliss

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.

RED, YELLOW, BLUE & GREEN



A few years ago Brighton Kite Flyers met up with Dave Gomberg at Berck International Kite Festival and got chatting, we found out Dave was heading over to the UK after Berck to Weymouth so we said we would see him there and have more time to chat as we were only in Berck for the day and wanted to make the most of the festivities. Before the final goodbyes were said in the normal way of Brighton Kite Flyers, we had been asked and agreed to meet up with

Dave at the end of the day and take one of his large kite bags from Berck to Weymouth for him. At Weymouth one thing led to another and we ended up with David offering us a really great deal on some of his kites so he would not need to take them home. We knew the Geckos are one of David's favourite kites and if someone who has the choice of almost any kite in the world likes them then that must be good recommendation indeed. So after looking through his kite bags and looking at all his kites the club opted for 3 Peter Lynn design Geckos, in Red, Blue and Yellow (if you look closely it's really black). These are midi sized Geckos about 5m wide and 7m long (for those that like good old feet that's 16' x 46'). After a quick committee meeting on the beach, and the odd phone call, the club went for these, not only that they are one of David's favourites, but as they are great to be flown as a stack of three, two or individually. They can also be flown by hand in arena displays the club are asked to do, without too much difficulty. This gave the club great versatility and display impact as well, in one foul swoop. These were often seen flying and when the

opportunity to add a baby Gecko (3m x 6.5m or 8" x 25") in green to the stack the committee jumped at it giving us a stack of four. What it also gave the club was the chance to encourage more club members who do not want to fly the big kites, or find them just too much like hard work, the opportunity to join in with club events and the arena displays we put on at festivals as well, a theme we want to encourage. The Gecko's have proved popular with club members and with the variants of colour each member has their favourite one and/or favourite way to stack them. What yours by the way? Also, with the various colours, the display can be visually changed quickly and almost effortlessly, just by changing the order of the geckos. It's amazing to see how different the stacks look by just changing them around on the flying line.. They can be seen flying often at events, both as stacks, of various numbers and colour ways and also in the arena displays, as planned. With their recognisable shape, people think it is a lizard rather than a gecko. The flowing movement of their tails and their walking feet in the sky give a highly visual display catching the eye of the public, young and old.

ONE WORLD SKY ONE HEAD

It was decided, as last year had been so much fun, we'd celebrate OSOW 2009 somewhere where kites are not normally flown.

To this end Hindhead Commons was selected. Google Maps are very useful for finding Kite flying sites.

10 O'clock was the time, the National Trust Devil's Punch Bowl car park the place.

A very nice coffee was had at the National Trust Cafe, where we discovered they do the Full English, something to remember the next time.

We were very disappointed to find the Common Car Park, which we had selected as the place for Base Camp was locked, never mind we can walk, do us good.

So armed with all the gear, we crossed the road and ventured into the unknown.

After a 10 to 15 min walk we found a good open spot to launch the kite, wind quite strong but manageable, Alan makes a good anchor.

Camera loaded to KAP rig all plugs and connections checked and away the camera went, I have recently added an A/V transmitter to rig, so we were able to see what the camera could see.



Well John, what have we got, "boring, heather, gorse and some trees".

Let's move down the path; still more heather and gorse, I did wonder if we'd see Holly and Ivy.

Just then we had our first encounter with fellow commoners, they were intrigued with the kite (don't think they had ever see anything like it at Hindhead) and then amazed that there was a camera hanging off the line, even more exciting they could see what the camera was looking at. It was very lucky we found these people as they pointed us in the

direction of our final destinations, being Grumpy Old Gits we don't need maps and compasses.

On our journey we encounter many groups, couples and families who were intrigued to find three grown men out in the country side with a Minkey, taking photographs of wonderful scenery, Minkey, fungus, toadstools and ourselves.



After many detours we arrived at Gibbet Hill where there is a superb viewing point. The wind was picking up but we felt we had to give it a go, not only that, we had an audience to entertain, many of the people we had meet on the way were there.

All went very well at first, we had sunshine in the valley below and all looked good for KAP, but as the wind picked up we had to tie the kite line to a sturdy National Trust post, so we could have a rest.



With the wind stiffening I was wondering why I had not retired my 15 year old line yet, not only that I have never seen my kite so distorted against the wind.

OK, time to retrieve the camera, this took some doing, but we managed to remove the KAP rig from the line, good job there were three of us.

Then while packing the camera away disaster struck, the wind suddenly shifted and before we could release the kite she landed in a tree.

How embarrassing.

Let's pack all the gear up, and then have a look.

On inspection of the Kite and tree it was felt the only way to salvage the kite would be to cut the bridle lines.

To this end, John used his knotting skills to attach my penknife to a roach pole. WELL DONE John.

I should explain that using the local knowledge from our new friends we were able to bring the van right up to Gibbet Hill, so that we had all the rescue gear on hand.

After a lot of sawing, hacking and the odd cramp, (not easy bracing oneself against the branches of a tree and holding onto a roach pole) the bridle lines were cut.

What a relief, that's a lot of kite to abandon to a tree

During the rescue it started to rain so now we were wet and cold, but Alan had promised hot soup and a sandwich, so we retired to the van, luckily now only a few feet away

Did that food taste good, Alan always looks after us, but this time it was extra special, WELL DONE Alan. Once we were fed and rested we embarked on the last part of our journey.

Sadly this last bit was to defeat Alan, It was too steep, he may have got down, but I don't think we would have got him back up, and I didn't want to be the one to tell Anne we'd left him behind.

John and I pressed on to the North bore of the Hindhead tunnel, an amazing piece of engineering with Tonka toys littered all over.

Back up the hill, we found Alan sitting on a log



and then up to the van for fresh brewed Coffee and Bread Pudding. (Thank you Anne)

The perfect way to end a perfect day (well nearly)

I hope we have some good photographs

Keith Boxall

RNLI NEED HELP - SO BKF HELP

Way back in May this year, boy it seems a long time ago, we were in Hastings for "Jack in the Green", a great event for all the family with lots to do and see and mostly for free. It is a real English country event to



welcome in the start of summer. It starts with a parade round the old town and ends with a festival up on the top of the cliffs at the old castle. While at the event we stopped off at the RNLI station and got chatting to the fund raisers who asked what we did and we told them we flew kites in our spare time. We mentioned that as a club we had done displays in the past for the RNLI in Newhaven, but with the building of new houses and a change of location of their fair we could no longer put on a display for them. Soon after I got an e-mail asking if we would come and fly kites for the Hasting RNLI at the end of "Hastings week" in October to attract people to look around the RNLI station to help raise the profile of them to the public. With the RNLI being popular with members, the possibility of a good days flying and some evening entertainment to finish off the day we had no problem in getting a good response and being able to confirm we would attend. A few changes in the committee at the Hastings RNLI meant that with just a few weeks to go before the event we had heard nothing from them about what they wanted. So after a few more e-mails to my original contact I got a reply and discovered that although he had been dealing with it,

he had moved to sunnier climes for a few months and no one else had heard about us coming along to the event and thought it was a bit late to organise anything now. With the thought of it being off, which would have been a shame, as lots of club members were looking forward to having a good day out I contacted other members of the fund raising committee and after several phone calls to different members of the committee and finally the coxswain of the lifeboat, it was agreed it would be nice for us to come along and fly. As we did not need them to do much it would not cause them a problem. Seems this year has been full of eleventh hour ring-a-rounds and as with the others the outcome has led to a great event well worth the effort. With it all now agreed and some free parking as well, an e-mail was sent out to club members seeing if any more would like to come along, camping was also offered although the site was about 1 mile south of the lifeboat station it was free no-one took us up on the offer.

Some of you might have seen Peter Lynn's new sting ray at Margate, the black one with the rainbow wings, it arrived with the club just before Hastings, via Holland, London and many other places. It got its first flight with the club early in the morning and drew in public from all over Hastings, a great looking kite that at present is quite unique on the flying field in the UK. The Geckos were next to fly followed by Meenies, Lobster and many other kites both club and



personal, each and every one giving the public a different view of kite flying, from the giant inflatable to the tiny single line kids kites and almost everything in between including two and four line flying, despite the light and very turbulent winds. We flew for the whole day, it was really relaxed, I know I lost track of the time and all too soon it was time to pack away, have fish and chips and get ready to watch the bonfire parade and fireworks. Bonfish had managed to have a break from flying at lunchtime and popped off to get fish and chips from a shop he recommended that we should all use that one in the evening, a good choice.



We watched the bonfire procession, and then headed off to the lifeboat station to watch the fireworks on the beach. A great place to watch from as you could see everything without the pushing and shoving if you tried to get close. With those finished and good-byes said, we headed off home with a good feeling from a really good day out with friends.

I believe, all who went had a good time and managed to have a good day out. We achieved what we had set out to do, attract people over to the lifeboat station; we even managed to raise some monies for the RNLI by having a collecting tin for them. It was good to see so many members support such a good cause, and thank you to all those that turned up and had what I hope was a good fly and a good day out.

Simon Hennessey

APRIL 2008 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

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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, Keith Boxall, John Browning, Mike Bliss and Nicolas Wadsworth 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, supplied images or just put up with the panicing to get articals in this month in one form or another.

Simon Hennessey



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BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL 2010

Brighotn Kite Festival is planned for the 10 - 11th July 2010 in Stanmer Park, Brighton, East Sussex. The date is now confirmed by Brighton and Hove City Council and all systems are go for another great festival. So please add the date to your diaries and come along and have a weekend of fun.

Just a a but the way, it's not too early to offer help leading up to the event and/or on the day there is always lots to do as well a flying kites. That make it one of the best event held in Stanmer Park.

Please be aware that if coming this year the Park has road works at the enterance and you will need to enter from the west as there is no right turn ant more from the east, more detail nearer the event.

Parking again should be in the univervity car parks.

10 - 11th July 2010, Stanmer Park, Brighton, East Sussex

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

A TRICK WITH YOUR ENDS

Carbon fibre tube really needs end caps to stop the end of the tube eating into the end pocket. Solution is to use an end cap. Naturally, the end cap, when fitted on the tube, has an outer diameter bigger than that of the tube.

Now say you want to push the tube through a long snug pocket. Pocket has to be big enough to accommodate the end cap diameter – in which case, it is too big for the tube.

Solution: don't use an end cap. Push a plastic mushroom into the end of the carbon fibre tube and, hey presto ! you have a nice round end. Since you have a constant diameter all along the length of the tube, you can sew your long pocket to be a really snug fit around the tube.



I made my mushrooms out of polypropylene rod. Push rod into tube with about 10mm protruding. Melt the protruding bit and then push the tube down into a PTFE former (shallow, round-ended hole drilled in PTFE). Excess polypropylene forms a ring which can be pulled off. Outer diameter of mushroom head is automatically the same as the tube outer diameter.

One day, someone will make and sell end cap mushrooms.

John Browning

Sorry if you found that your scratch and sniff did not work.

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.

