



One of the clubs newest members find Portsmouth a little too much and takes a long earned rest and get caught on camera.

THE NEWS LETTER FOR THE BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS

PORTSMOUTH INSPIRED

Leaving Portsmouth last year Sandra and I felt we did not want to camp at kite festivals any more. Our tent was not 100% suitable for our needs, and the cold and windy conditions had drained us to the extent that we were not keen to continue camping.

But come spring we were willing to give it another go and invested in a new tent - with integral groundsheet - and extra camping equipment. Ok, we thought, we are going to practice this camping lark, and enjoy our kite flying and festivals.

Unfortunately, we started our year with a couple of very cold camping weekends - so much so that Sandra became quite unwell with the cold. Later weekends became increasingly more enjoyable as the weather improved and the temperature rose. Despite missing one weekend through ill health we found ourselves having a very busy and enjoyable season. But Portsmouth was still to come with the possibility of four days and maybe even four nights of camping and kite flying.

We arrived at Southsea Common on Friday afternoon giving us just enough time to pitch the tent and head off to Ken's for whale and

chips. We noticed that although skies were clear, the temperature for the bank holiday weekend had dropped. But we had a warm and comfortable night, and the following morning we were up bright and early(ish) and headed out to the flying field to find out what we would be able to help with.

This year seemed to have fewer slots in the main arena for us to



fly single line kites. Or at least, there didn't seem to be so much toing and froing between arenas. But maybe it was just me! Anyway there was no lack in quality of displays and lots of fantastic kites. Saturday was a great day and we finished it off with a night fly of one of our kites with some LEDs clipped on. It looked ok but needs a bit more work.

Sunday was much windier. It was

impossible to fly the larger display kites and some of the arena events were cancelled. I sat in my wheelchair by the club trailer watching people race about the field and wishing I could help, when one of the foreign fliers made a daft comment about my having the best job. We had a laugh about my being the busiest flier when, to my surprise, he then invited me over to help him.

He turned out to be Martin Blais, the creator of a stunning sea-themed display of a clown fish-covered lifter and bowl. He asked me to hold the line down while he adjusted his kites. I was soon whizzing up and down, propelling myself backwards at a great rate of knots. He turned out to be the designer of the air



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CONTINUED

guitar and at one point we were flying seven guitars, although the wind speed forced us to remove a couple.

After a while, we were joined by



Sandra. Martin decided to take a break, leaving Sandra and me in charge. All was going well until suddenly there was a loud twang as the line snapped and four

guitars and their lifter went sailing off over the festival ground in a matter of moments. Sandra shot off like a wee rabbit startled by a fox, speeding across the kite field. I have never seen her move so fast. Luckily the guitars were intercepted and soon Sarah (who had also raced after them) and Sandra were carrying back a large, tangled bundle of yellow ripstop. Despite this set back, Martin allowed me to fly a unique version of this kite - one decorated with flames and glittering frets.

We rounded off Sunday with kite friends at an all-you-can-eat Chinese, followed by a few drinks at an impromptu party in Roy and Hayley's "green room" marquee where we shared our (in)famous bramble brandy.

On Monday I was able to try a set

of tails on the mega delta which I had made earlier in the year - still a work in progress. We also mixed flying personal stuff and chatting with kite fliers. In the end, we decided to pack up later that evening rather than stay an extra night.

We reflected, as we drove home that, unlike last year, we were enthused and inspired by the weekend and the fliers and didn't want the season to end.

Andrew Scott



CEARPHILLY (CEARFFILE)

Back in May, Karl Longbottom asked The Grumpy Old Gits if we would like to help him with a kite event that he had been asked to organise in Wales. Always up to a challenge, Alan and I agreed to help. I for one, felt very honoured to be asked. But as more details emerged, Alan realised he would not be able to manage, as we had to fly constantly for 4 hours, Alan was very disappointed.

Now we had a problem, would The Apprentice be up to it?

We checked with Karl whether we could play our substitute. Though nervous about the situation, he felt it would be good experience for The Apprentice.

As we all know, the Kite Calendar is very full nowadays and time just flashed by, and before we realised it Aug 20th was fast approaching. Karl had sent the itinerary. We did not have to be at Blackwood Show Ground until 15.00 to get set up for the show at 18.00 and go through to 22.00 with a night fly.

Gits being Gits, we hate to waste a perfectly good journey. As the

Show Ground is only 10 miles from Caerphilly (Caerffili), we decided, the Castle had to be visited and if possible, to be photographed from the air.



To avoid the traffic, we decide to leave early and so arrived in Caerphilly by 9.30am. After negotiating the one way system, we eventually found a car park. We decided to explore the castle to get the lie of the land before attempting our Kite Aerial Photography. (KAP)

Caerphilly Castle is one of the largest castles in the UK, built in 1268-1271 by the Anglo-Norman Lord Gilbert de Clare. One of the first things of interest to the Gits was the fine collection of working examples of Siege Engines,

including a trebuchet (which the Gits have wanted to make for a long while).

The leaning south-east tower has always been a fascination of mine and finally I have seen it. We were reliably informed that the prognosis is not good for the tower. It is expected to fall down within the next seven years. Better get there quick!

We heard stories of three ghosts, but we saw only one.

Eventually the sun came out and we decided it was time for some KAP but sadly by the time we had got to the van to get the KAP gear, it had started to rain. This was some sort of omen; apparently it always rain in Wales.

As it was too early to go to the Show Ground, we thought it would be a good idea to have some lunch and a quick wander round Caerphilly. It looked as if the rain was here to stay.

While eating our lunch and discussing the buttressing of the Castle, we spotted a statue that required investigating.

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CAERPHILLY (CAERFFILE)

I didn't know, but Tommy Cooper was born in Caerphilly. It's quite a scary statue.

About 14.00 we headed for the Hotel to check in. Several of the kite flyers had already arrived and had gone up to the Show Ground, so we decided to join them.

On the way, we saw several big signs advertising the Big Kite Event. Would we be up to this billing?

It was still raining.

On arrival at the Show Ground we were directed to the kiting arena



where we met Sara and Karl and lots of new kiting friends. If it did not stop raining, this was going to be a very challenging afternoon and evening.

We spotted Andrew & Kathleen Beattie and the team AWITA from France doing their utmost to keep their kites flying under the most horrendous conditions. They were all very, very wet and still they kept trying.

We were reliably informed by Karl that the rain would stop at 16.00 and that the sun would shine. Daft thing, I actually believed him.

Karl and Sara had drawn up a packed program of kite flying, including an Altitude Sprint, Rok and Indian fighting, Artistic Kites, Dragons and then the night fly with search lights. I have to hand it to everyone involved, considering the rain did not let up and the wind was ranging from pulling arms out off sockets to almost nothing, I think we put on a pretty good show. The people who did turn up, (well wrapped up

and under umbrellas) appeared to appreciate our efforts. As John said towards the end of the evening, just think what we could have done, if we'd been given the chance.

I think the organiser took pity on us, as they bought the firework finale forward to 21.30. No one complained. I'm not sure how many people watched the fireworks; most had either not come or had already left.

You can't but feel sorry for the organisers of events like this. All the work through the year and then only a handful of hardy people turn up. The amazing thing is that they will do it all again next year. I must say it was great to be flying with such a wonderful group of kite flyers. No matter how wet they were, they kept flying. Well done everyone.

Then started the folding and packing of very wet kites, I did feel for Awita and Andrew & Kathleen. Huge wet kites must weigh an awful lot and how do you dry something like that?

Back to the Hotel to dry off and a very well-earned beer and curry in the Pub next door. I didn't realise just how hungry I was. All too soon it was last orders and we were asked to leave. It was still raining as we made our way to the hotel. It rained all night and was still raining in the morning!

After a Full English (or Full Welsh) we said our good-byes and started for the border. Do you know it cost £5.50 to get into Wales, but it's free to go home?

John finally got himself organised and took some pictures of the Bridge. As we crossed the Bristol Channel, the sun came out and shone the whole way home!

As I said earlier, the Gits hate to waste a good journey; so on the way home, we visited the Hungry Horse, (the Uffington white Horse - the Logo of the WHKF). Again we were hoping to do some KAP. Once in the car park we collected

all the KAP gear and headed up the hill. It's quite a climb, but the views are well worth the walk; even nicer when the sun shines - and it did. We wondered if it was still raining in Wales.

It was far too windy for Kap, but having dragged all the gear up the hill, we had to give it a go, so kite assembled, we launched. It didn't take me long to realise that I was not going to be able to hold the kite. John says "I'll walk it down" to which I replied that I would not be able to hold the line with any more force on it! Luckily there was a stout man willing to give us a hand and so while he and I held the reel, John walked it down, not something I want to do again. A big thank you to that very kind gentleman.

Not wanting to be defeated, we thought we might just get a shot of the White Horse - from "just over there". We were disappointed because there is nowhere near the horse from where you can see that whole thing. Never mind. We'll get back there another time and get the shot from the kite.

Thank you, Sara & Karl for invitation. It certainly was a great experience and another big thank-you to all the other kite flyers for your assistance and encouragement. This will be an event that will never be forgotten. I wonder if it's still raining in Wales?

Keith (because John wouldn't do it) with correction and Photo insertion by John, proof read by

Anne & Alan



THE REAL LAST MINUTE KITE FESTIVAL

A tale of nerves, tenacity and roadworks.

5 Months: I first spoke with Abdulla Maliyekkal at the Ahmedabad Kite Festival in India in January. He was gathering information to organise a new Kite Festival in Southern India.



3 weeks: Abdullah calls me at the Berck Festival in France - would I like to go to Calicut in Kerala? Yes, of course, but wait until I get home and look at my diary.

2 weeks: The preliminary negotiations, are done, I decide to go. Then there is space for one more person. Time is short, have to arrange time off work, get the essential Indian visa.

So, who do I know who is self-employed or can get time off at short notice, got a decent kite bag, up for anything, and GOT AN INDIAN VISA?



9 days: "Hi Collin, we're off to India." "OK, when?" said Collin. Notice he did not say things like "What you on about?" or "Just been there. You mean next January" or "Who you kidding?" Then we try to negotiate dates and flights with India. Not a problem, they do all that at their

end, what a relief.

7 days: They offer the dates we suggested, and then they book completely different ones. "No," we say, "No 28 hour stopover at Dubai, thank you!"

6 days: Next attempt at dates mean we arrive on the Saturday morning, go straight to the beach to fly. "No," we say, "Too tight. We must recover from the flight." At that point we start looking for the flights ourselves.

4 days: How about this day, this flight, gets us there the day before? (to acclimatise) and one day extra at end to recover and shopping. "OK" they say, then Nothing.



3 days: After some more Nothing, another proposal arrives. "Here is your reservation," meaning we go from the wrong airport, arrive late, leave during the last day of festival. "No thanks," we reply. "No stopping, and we don't like Heathrow."

24 hours: "How about this - it's what you wanted." and offer us the times and dates we asked for in the first place. "Great," we say, "Send us the eTicket" (Which proves it is really booked; we just have to turn up at the airport and fly away.

Then silence.

12 hours: "Hey guys, we on or not?" "Yes, yes, just making final arrangements." Collin is getting nervous. I passed that ages ago.

11 hours: The eTicket arrives by eMail. "Hey Collin, it's on." He is sceptical - "Are you sure?" "Yes, got the ticket, checked the reservation online". "OK," he

says, "I'll pack." I get ready to drive to Colin's house; he is only 5 minutes from Gatwick airport.

5 hours: I am on the road with a big problem: the motorway is closed ahead - how to get to Colin's and to the airport in time to check-in? Aaaaarghhhhh!

2 ½ hours: Arrive at Collins house. "Hi!" Dash to airport (thanks Sonia!) and check in - phew, just made it. Now there is a long pause while they try to find a way to make 59 ½ kilos of kite luggage a bit bigger so they can charge us.

20 minutes: By this time, of course, we are hungry. Cheesy Chips - why did I never experience this before? - specially made for us. Delicious. Halfway through, what time do we have to be at the gate? "Ages," I say, "we still got 5 minutes." "Yes, says Collin, "but it's at the other end, takes at least 15 minutes to get there." So off we stroll, then walk, then march briskly, then run. And arrive at the departure lounge - no waiting, straight on the plane. Caught my hind foot as they shut the door behind us.

So we are finally settled and



wondering if it is all real. Are we actually going? "Yup, guess so," said Collin as we roll out.

And he was right, we got there. We had the most fantastic, unusual, spectacular, outrageously hot festival ever. But we never cut it so fine. Was it worth the effort, the stress, the 3am phone calls, the brinkmanship?

You bet.
Derek Kuhn

OCT 2010 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE WE ENDED UP CHOOSING JOLLY-UP

Jolly up or Lingfield? This was the hotly-debated question in the run up to these two equally appealing events which were due to take place on the same weekend at the beginning of August.

For Andrew and me, Jolly up has become an eagerly anticipated favourite. The friendliness of this kites-only event, its relaxed atmosphere, great flying field, the auction fun, Linda's bar, the breakfast rolls and barbecue all made it hard to pass up.

On the other hand, there was Lingfield. We didn't know much about this one. We understood that it was a steam rally at which there would be kite flying. It would be open to the public. It would be closer to home. And it seemed as though most other kite friends we asked were choosing it over Jolly up.

We dithered for weeks. In the end, we decided on Jolly up. This was partly through apathy - we didn't get round to asking for a pass. It was also partly because we needed kite-making supplies and Jolly up would be a great place to get them. But it was mainly because we became increasingly concerned that Jolly up wouldn't receive support.

Jolly up is a fundraiser for the North Hants Buggy Club. It allows the club to continue to rent - and so have exclusive use of - the marvellous 20-acre field in which

the Jolly up is held. If the club had to let the field go, a wonderful resource for the kiting community would be lost.

As it turns out we needn't have worried. Numbers may have been down a bit but there were still plenty of people there, including lots of familiar faces.

I had one of the most relaxing weekends of the season. It started before we'd even arrived with a phone call from Simon (who wasn't even at Jolly up) asking if we wanted to put in an order for fish and chips. Typically, we were running late and were still en route. But thanks to Dave, phone calls were whizzing across the south of England to ensure we got our supper!

One of the biggest laughs of the weekend was provided by a beer lift. This was something new to Andrew and me. Not knowing what was involved, we weren't sure whether to join in. But, as is typical of Jolly up, we found ourselves involved before we knew it.

Andrew's homemade mega delta acquitted itself reasonably well in the competition, keeping the bag of beer off the ground and within the marked area for about 30 seconds. But sadly the wind dropped and so did the beer.

Roy Broadly tried to steal the show - and the beer - with a train of three Cody kites. These had a powerful pull and it took



considerable effort before Colin could attach the beer. But the train proved too difficult to control and in the end the competition was won by Martin Croxton, a White Horse member, who very generously shared the beer with the rest of the contestants.

There was more fun at the auction, with Roy modelling several items and flamboyant telephone bidding from an anonymous source (who was busy setting something up in the middle of the field).

The something in the middle of the field - the Grumpy Old Gits tribute to the 1812 - followed the auction. It was one of the best performances we'd seen (although I understand this may have been surpassed at Teston). Although I don't know what we missed at Lingfield, I'm glad we went to Jolly up. And we look forward, with eager anticipation, to Jolly up 8.

Sandra Fletcher



We are still planning to hold

BRIGHTON KITE FESTIVAL

in 2011 at Stanmer Park, Brighton but with changes in the parks usage the date cannot be the normal weekend we have in July. As soon and we have an idea of a date we will let you know and publish it on.

www.brightonkiteflyers.co.uk

OCT 2010 BRIGHTON KITE FLYERS AERODYNE

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Thank you

I would like to say thank you to all those who made this issue of Aerodyne possible Derek Khun Keith Boxall Andrew Scott and Sandra Fletcher for articles. I know we keep going on, but Aerodyne is only possible with your help, Come the club AGM the members are offered the choice of not continuing and supplying articles for publication in the club magazine and each year it is voted to be kept and that articles will come in. So please do write an article as we can not keep the publication going without them.

So thank you again to those who help and keep the articles coming and those that haven't if you want to keep aerodyne going put into action the good words said at the AGM each year

Editor

fly - in reminders

Our Monthly fly-in is where we try and get as many of the club members to fly together. These are held on the 1st Sunday at Saltdean Vale, East Sussex, 2nd Thursday at Stanmer Park 6pm. Remember that during the summer members may well be attending kites festivals, but the fly-ins are still on.

See you there



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

NEW CLUB MEMBERS WITH EDDY AND CO

For some time now members of the club and committee have admired Robert Van Weers Eddy kites and this year the club commissioned a progressive set of 3 eddy's from Robert, but rather than being all being male Eddy's we asked if he would come up with a family the largest being Dad the middle one Mum and the small one a child. Robert jumped at the idea and between us we soon had designs colours and Robert was starting to make them ready for their official launch at Brighton Kite Festival the year. A little close to the wire and a lot of nerve racking days leading up to the festival we finally got the large kite on the Friday before our festival, Not Roberts fault he sent them in good time but UK customs let one package through and the other one got stopped and no one knew but that another story.



Next Issue

What ever you want as long as you write it up for others to see. Dieppe could be there as could South of England Show or even the BKF Christmas party.

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

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

