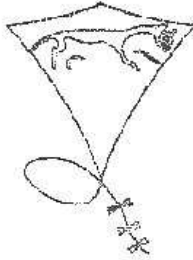


**Cowpat  
Hill**

*White Horse  
Kite Flyers  
Autumn Issue*



*1996*

*October - December*

## **Robinson's Ramblings**

Elsewhere in the Cowpat you will see a letter from Martin Blythman, an active member of the club, Martin is the member who painted the club logo onto the trailer. I must be honest and say that I was able to read Martin's letter prior to publication, so rather than wait until the next publication of the magazine I can answer some of the questions posed, I think they will also be very useful debating items at the forthcoming AGM.

One question asked is about club members attending committee meetings, let me explain about the club's committee meetings, because of the popularity of the club, committee members come from all parts of the region surrounding Swindon, some as far away as London! This means it is not easy to hold regular formal committee meetings so generally they are held at Barbury Castle around the boot of Neil's or my car, if there is something important to sort out and there isn't a meeting imminent then either Neil or myself will phone the other committee members to discuss the point. As we aim to be a democratic club then any member is welcome to attend one of our "OUTDOOR" committee meetings which normally take place when we meet at Barbury.

**White Horse Kite Flyers  
PO Box 585  
SWINDON  
SN3 4YR**

# STARVING Horse International Team Squad and Barbury Operatic Society Summer Tour '96

Orchestre Fromage conducted by Sir Malcolm (Flash Harry) Sergeant (Robbo Overture...

Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom...Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom...

Full Chorus, GO!

Oh we sail the Ocean Blue and our Saucy Ship's a Beauty, Lars Werd is on board too,  
cos his fast boat threw a whoopsie.

Sail away, sail away on the Briny Blue Sea, we stand with our Kites all Day-ay.....

Mrs Cripps, Little Buttercup (Marla Miller) Tattoo.

I'm called Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup, although I can never tell why.....

Capt Corcoran of HMS Pinafore (Martin Croxton) Mega Legs.....

My Gallant Crew, Good Morning...Oh we give Three Cheers and one Cheer more for  
the Jaunty Captain of the Pinafore.....

Ralph Rackstraw (Neil Harvey) False Teeth and Beast .....

A British Tar is a soaring soul (wot, no Kites).....

Dick Deadeye (Phil Scarfe) Albatross.....

Fine Captain I've very important information, sing hey, the fine captain that you are.

It concerns the merry maiden and the tar.....

Evil Eye Finkel (the BOF) .....

HOLD IT, HOLD IT, HOLLDD ITTTTTT! Since when did Gilbert and Sullivan have a  
character called Evil Eye Finkel, Soddit, there ain't no Kites in HMS Pinafore either, so what's going  
on.....

Ooh, err, where am I, wotcha mean I was a Kip, Gordon Bennett, I am on a boat, Sheet it's the Stena  
Parisien and the Starving Horse is about to be unleashed onto the unsuspecting Frogs. Hey Doug, that  
is a weird acronym, you sure about that? bit rude if you ask me.

No I dont wish to be reminded that I dumped a load of Crap Kites into the Oggin, besides they were  
made especially for the Back of the Boat Fest and the dumping was all planned, (He lied).

We're here, bobbing up and down like this, Hey they're having a bit of a Job getting that Hydraulic  
Footpassenger Gangway to Sync with the Boat, its going down as we're going up and Vicky Verky.  
Hey all the Vehicles have done a runner,PIG PANG PONG...Will all footpassengers be aware that  
there is a 20 minute delay in letting you off as the Gangway has Completamong gone for a Burton,  
Thenkyew....

Sodding Hell wot a swiz, the same thing happened two Years ago, aint they fixed it yet? Off we go into  
the depths, le Bateau and whoops, hey the boat is bouncing around a bit, ha! dry land at last and we're  
just in time to miss the Bus. Lots of Victor Meldrew type "I dontt beleeeve its", but not to worry, er  
whats the Frog for theres another one behind, and pretty soon we're off to be deposited very close to the  
Aguado.

Right first orf, lets get registered, no not in the Hotel, we've already done that, nope, registered for the  
Fest, haw, hee, haw, avec the Badges Officiel, Holy Cow, they've actually spelt by name right, but  
some por unfortuante appears well miffed at the spelling on his.

Yoo Hoo, Mr Sweet, are you free? I'm Free .....

TO BE CONTINUED

This played havoc with the spellchecker!!!! Martin **Croxton**??? - suggests "crouton" - rather  
appropriate don't you think (Jane).

# Event News

Hello Mr. Editor,

At last I've put pen to paper, to tell you of two perfect kite flying days. June 16th, BAITER PARK, POOLE, the sun shone all day and with a steady breeze straight off the sea. There was a very good turnout of kite flyers and general public. Baiter Park (without rain) is a perfect flying area, free parking, toilets and snack bar all on site. Good to see the local A.T.C. taking an active role.

The second perfect flying day, Saturday 27th July, BARMOUTH BEACH. Once again the sun shone all day, almost anything would fly in the steady wind, straight off the sea again. This is a lovely, small stretch of beach untouched by the tide at this time of the year. Unfortunately, there were not very many kite flyers. Barmouth is also a wonderful spot, lots of camping in the area. B & B is plentiful, parking is not expensive, added to all that, it's the first day of the REGATTA week. Lots of evening entertainment. Unfortunately, Sunday was WET and, in fact, the whole town was almost flooded.

The following weekend, 3/4th August, saw lots of kite flyers at ATTINGHAM PARK, not far from Shrewsbury. This is a wonderful setting, camping on site, plenty of room to fly, lots of general public watching from behind barriers. The wind was rather temperamental but lots of interesting kites were flying. A very enjoyable weekend.

Finally, can I put in a personal note? Just to say a very BIG thank you to all the members who were to very kind and helpful to us at Portsmouth. Joy is recovering quite well from the "bash" with the two Flexis. But, more important, is that everyone's concern and kindness went a long way to restoring our faith in kite flyers after the unfortunate incident at Tewkesbury. Thank you all, once more.

Brenda Purnell and family

## Guernsey Kitefly 1996

The International Spinal Research Trust, asked Kiteflyers to get together in 1992 and raise money for their cause with Kitefly '92. The result was a large number of flyers having fun and raising lots of money for ISRT. This particular charity is searching for a cure to spinal paralysis by reconnecting paraplegics broken spinal columns. As both my parents are confined to wheelchairs, this is a cure that is very close to all my family's hearts. Three years ago we were fortunate enough to be invited to take part in Kitefly '94 on the beautiful island of Guernsey. We must have done something right as we were asked back again last year and again this year. Our involvement has now changed to organising and running the kiteflying part of the festival. This year we were asked to run a kite workshop and looked to WHKF colleagues to come to the rescue. Fortunately, Doug (DougDoug) Manners and Carol Carter (plus husband) were free for the dates. Neil furnished us with 200 WHKF sled kits and together with buggies, teddies, kites and clothes we set sail for Guernsey. We decided to visit the island one week early to give us a holiday, we had been asked to give some talks about ISRT and Kiteflying to some of the schools on the island, this together with a radio interview and a Scout evening making Rokkakus till 10.30 took up most of our holiday!

Doug Manners arrived on the Friday before the festival and helped lay out (literally) the arenas. Anne Harris and her husband had arrived with Doug and set out their inflatables. The local newspaper arrived and took photos but had to rush off, promising to return for the festival. On the Saturday the weather was hot with a force 2 wind promising to rise to 4 later in the day. Dominic Early and Greg Eynon had arrived by air and Carol made it from the ferry just in time to take the first workshop. We had a great time with Dom and Greg giving demonstrations, an impromptu Rok fight (where most of the nine Roks were made by me), the buggy race from hell, where we spent more time tangled than flying and assorted games which made the audience laugh. The local television arrived and took lots of film which ended up in a fifteen minute T.V. special.

After everyone had gone, we decided that this had been the best festival yet. We made over £2,000 for ISRT and had a great time in doing it. I would like to thank all the WHKF members involved for their help.

Doug Irvine

# DO PANIC

The instructions printed on the cover of the Hitch Hikers Guide to Shrewsbury.

Four weary travellers had crossed Britain from south of the M4 where construction of a super galactic highway threatened to exterminate a colony of minute and hither-to unknown snails. A base camp had been established on the edge of a large green area and two of the travellers, Roy the star and Hailey not the comet, had started trading with the locals.

Meanwhile Arthur without a dent (or even broken leg) and Martin the parafoil android (the bristles down his left side still giving him trouble) stood in the middle of the green area where they held on to pieces of string and waved their legs in the air as this seemed to be the habit of other humanoids in the vicinity.

Air movement during the day was very unpredictable and failed to raise any enthusiasm with a red giant of large stratoscoop.

Mumblings carried on the air warned them repeatedly of the proximity of a large mythical beast known as Colin but the only thing they noticed was a change in the colour of the ground around them.

Having spent many hours doing that which they were wont to do, they found themselves requiring sustenance and, having noticed a suitable establishment close by, decided to walk to it. The locals had advised this form of transport as apparently there is a species of blue humanoids whose sole job in life is to wait close to these premises and pounce on poor unsuspecting travellers who come out and get into vehicles terrestrial or otherwise.

They entered the building and were met by maniacal laughter from a bunch of the local life form. This apparently had something to do with Roy's apparel and elicited the comment "---- me mate fair play." Roughly translated this means - "Good evening Sir. What a beautiful hat. Sorry, we are closed." Further discourse extracted the information that a suitable place could be found if they walked down to the island, turned left and proceeded to the traffic lights.

After walking for what seemed like half a light year, they encountered another life form. This one seemed to have had a surfeit of Pan-Galactic-Blasters and was of little help, so they continued on their way.

A much later meeting with other locals advised them that they were on the correct route but they must accelerate to maximum warp as there was still a further light year to go and only ten minutes before food ceased to be served. Their pace quickened and, with weary legs but glad heart, they reached the Ale House at the End of the Universe just in time to order food and drink before time stopped.

Some time later, suitably refreshed and knowing the trek required to return to their base, they called for a ground effect machine to transport them there. This took about two minutes as the pilot knew the short route. They were then heard to discuss the parentage of the Zaphod who gave them directions and warned that if they ever saw him again they would punch both his heads.

Before retiring they spent some time in reviewing the day's events and attempting to master a ridiculous form of transport with only one wheel and no stabilising anti-gravs. Total failure.

They were only allowed a few minutes sleep before speakers left over from a concert by 'Disaster Area' crackled into life and informed them that breakfast was now being served. Those should have warned them of things to come. Shrewsbury's answer to Startibartfast (wearing the weekend's winning SW look-a-like competition entry) had arranged competitions. The most pointless of these seemed to be - who could wreck the most expensive flying machine for the least reward. They were also privileged to witness the world record of dropping a plastic bag without spilling any of its contents.

Then on to the unsuspecting world came Colin. The ground around their feet turned to shades of many incandescent hues. They surrounded him and, with much puffing and blowing, his body and tail inflated to alarming proportions. Then, as he was about to take off, strange popping sounds were heard and the air was filled with pieces of string. As they looked behind the gargantuan head they saw his tail disappearing across the land rapidly pursued by two of their group. Gradually he shrank until he could crawl back into the bag where he lived perhaps to emerge another day. Perhaps not. We must wait and

see. They all returned to their travel machines to head off into the unknown, hoping to meet again some day in the strange world of Kites.

My apologies to Douglas Adams and those of you not fortunate enough to have read his books. My thanks to Tony Slater and all the rest of you who made this such a friendly, laid-back, enjoyable festival. I had a great time and will be back next year, God willing, complete with hiking boots and 'C' rations.

Arthur.

## "A funny thing happened on the way to fly kites"

We landed in England! Our eldest daughter Kim came with us for part of the trip. First on the agenda was not only to introduce her to friends and England, but to the world of kiting which we have tried to do so for some time. Starting with a trip to Cirencester and hence almost missing the kite workshop in Salisbury. The day ending with a wonderful evening of night kite flying, with music set to dancing waters and fireworks. An extremely impressive evening and a brilliant day for Superwoman to make her first appearance in England.



On to some touring and sightseeing via Cirencester. We managed to find our way to Bristol and not to our disappointment. We were once again surprised and entertained to the wonders and colours in the sky. The joy of watching our daughter fly her first kite and having a personal lesson from Robert Trepanier (way to go Kim). Lots of effort and energy for a wonderful event with old and new friends.

The ferry ride to Dieppe with the White Horse Kite Flyers an experience to behold. Watching Barker giving of the kites to the ocean god, right down to Neil's new teeth! After all this how does one explain Dieppe? You should have been there. The creativity is almost beyond belief, but the overwhelmed man from a village in some jungle making his kites out of the leaves he brought with him, this all twists your brain into new challenges.

We cannot begin to repay you or thank you for our holiday that was a dream come true. Our home is always open and you are welcome anytime. It is the kite lines that brought us together, but it is the heart lines that will always keep us together. You are such a great family.

We cannot tell you how grateful and appreciative we are to Janet and David Robinson and Madge for introducing us to all of you.

*Love  
Arthur, Jan & Kim*



P.S. The legs are flying!!!!

P.P.S. Aren't mini holidays great?? Close your eyes and enjoy one with all of our memories together.

### Festival workers relax after a hard weekend!



# Thank You

144 Camelot Close  
King Arthurs Way  
Andover  
Hants  
SP10 4BQ

Dear Kite Flyers,

When you were at the Winton fete I bought a kite from you and it is really, really, really good. My name is Heather Moore and I am eight years old, I am nearly nine. My school is Knights Enham Junior School. I have got two older brothers, Richard is 11 and Daniel is 12.

When I want to play with it my mum or dad help me. I would really, really like you to reply. I really want you to come to a fete again.

Yours sincerely

Heather Moore.



Many thanks to all of you who made it to my birthday "bash" at Bibury Football Club. Also for all the cards and presents, they were very much appreciated. A big thanks to Neil Harvey for organising it all. I hope everyone had a good time, one thing's for sure - the beer was certainly cheap!

Oh!, by the way, there is a rumour going around that it's a certain person's 60th early next year so maybe we'll have to do it all again.

Martin

# Club Merchandise

We have just received a new price list from JMM Embroidery, the supplier of our club sweatshirts etc. there have been some increases. The prices are as follows:-

Round Neck Sweatshirts.	S/M/L/XL	£15
	XXL	£16
Sweatshirts with Collar	M/L/XL/XXL	£20
Festival Sweatshirts	M/L/XL/XXL	£25
Poloshirt	S/M/L/XL	£12
	XXL	£13
Tee-shirts	M/L/XL/XXL	£9
Festival Tee-shirts	M/L/XL/XXL	£12
Baseball Caps	One Size	£7

For any of these items see Janet Robinson, Treasurer, at club meetings, many of the common items and sizes are in stock if not, they can be ordered, taking about two weeks, if there is an item you would like to give to someone for Christmas please don't leave it to the last minute in case it needs to be ordered.

## BYE BYE, FOR NOW - Martin Dibble

Yes, it's true, you're getting rid of me at last. I'm leaving the fun life of kiting - the early mornings, the standing out in pouring rain being thrashed around by howling gales, or getting sunburnt whilst running madly around trying to get something to fly in no wind, the camping out in tents, sleeping on hard ground and being woken up at god-forsaken hours by someone snoring (not mentioning any specific names). Those lovely quiet workshops where you can sit and relax whilst you instruct other people how to make little sleds and the calm days dropping a few teddies for the public, and those nice socials down the Chinkey talking over a two-course meal so efficiently served - to go to Uni. However, before you all start partying, I should warn you that I will be around now and then during the holidays, so you haven't got rid of me forever. As most kiteitis sufferers know, when you have the bug there's no cure.

For my A-levels I got a B in Physics, a B in Maths. and a D in Music, which is just enough to get me to my first choice of Aston Uni. to study Electrical and Electronic Engineering, starting on October 2nd.

Around eight or ten years ago, when I was just starting kiting, I was a typical person who thought that all kites were diamond shaped and had tails with bows on them and were generally fairly boring because they just sat there doing relatively little. But I stuck with it and that initial view was quickly smashed out of my mind. As the years progressed, kiting became more and more fun with so many different things to do. Thus, of course, our collection of kites grew and grew and grew and grew. Then there were other things we needed like teddies and parachutes and big line and camping equipment. Nowadays, even with a trailer and an estate car utilised to their maximum, my dad and I have to leave a lot of kites at home. About four years back, I started entering some of the competitions at the festivals, the rok fights and altitude sprints, to add to the enjoyment I got out of kiting. As other rok fighters should know, my dad and I, as Team Garfield, and both of us having individual roks with pictures of the other Garfield characters on, soon showed ourselves to be reasonable competitors. We now have won at least one of each of the three types of competition. Anyway, you've probably heard enough of the fun I've had over the last eight or ten years and want to get flying yourself. So, it just remains for me to say thanks for all the fun and see you out on the flying field.

# Hello Arthur

It's Martin, Martin Blythman, I've forgotten what Dave from Newbury told me, how far do the bridle lines come in on a 3:4:5 Rok?

That's how the conversation started. What was going to be a quick 2 minute call ended up an interesting 45 minutes or more. In that time he convinced me to put pen to paper and submit something to "Cowpat". So here goes.

Arthur said I was the only one to give any feedback on an article he wrote three issues ago concerning a midweek fly in or evening gathering.

Although I attend only a few festivals a year I notice not many cater too well for the general public in the sense that they only have kite stalls. I believe that once people have made the effort to attend we should encourage them to stay longer. Why not have craft stalls, clothing stalls or a small fair? It may be nothing to do with kites but it may be enough to get them to return next year.

Did anyone go to Middle Wallop for the festival of "Free Flight"? I think it was called "Free Flight" but I got totally stitched up, with two children under 6 and myself it cost £6.00 to get in. All this for 12 stalls and a flying field. There was a reduction on the entry to the museum but I didn't think my 2 young girls would be interested. One to be missed next year. Does anyone know if people felt the same about paying to get into the Swindon festival? If so, how can we overcome it?

Would anyone like the idea of a monthly raffle at Barbury or at our evening gatherings? Maybe the prizes could be vouchers to spend on kite materials?

Is it possible to attend a committee meeting as a sleeping club member? Maybe meetings could become part of our evening gatherings. What about a Christmas party or a Bonfire night fly in?

I know I have not told a story or written a funny poem, but if I can get a response to my questions or something happens then I feel I have achieved something. If you thought reading this was a waste of time then why not enter something yourself.

Oh!, by the way it was  $\frac{1}{5}$ <sup>th</sup>, thanks Arthur.

## Southampton Festival

Alex from the Southampton Club was very good to us, lending us his P.A. System and generator for our festival. I, therefore, tried to help their festival by going down with some of my large pieces (kites and windsocks) and perhaps a few parachuting fauna.

Well, for me, the festival must win "The Duck Foot" award of the year. Saturday it p\*\*\*\*d down in a howling gale and the event was called off mid-afternoon.

As the run is less than one hour for me, I decided the weather was so bad I would not camp but return home for the night.

On Sunday I returned, in similar weather conditions, to find most of the stalls and tents had blown away. As the organisers had been up half the night rescuing these poorly bridled kites, of course they were in no condition to carry on with the event.

A few of us more hardy souls (idiots?) stopped on in hope of an improvement in the weather and this arrived about 14.00 hours. One of their members was attempting to buggify but his 3.5m "Flare" was too big for the wind, so I offered my 2m. Mirage. He eventually accepted on the understanding that I would take the pillion seat of the Beatty tandem. With a little trepidation, I got into the rear seat, and was amazed at the antics of the driver who sat down in front of me and then shot straight up in the air and 5 metres sideways without the buggify moving an inch (notice metrication is here to stay). A second attempt and we were off across the field like the proverbial bat out of hell. What a sensation! It is fantastic and I am hooked!! Has anyone out there got a buggify for about ten pounds? Sorry, I bought a



Strat 9 and that is all I can raise.

By the time we had made a couple of runs across the field, the public are starting to arrive, so my pilot suggests that we give rides to anyone with the nerve.

We made a few quid for the Club, but I don't suppose it made much of a hole in the budget deficit but we had some fun, and the spectators had something to watch.

We know how disappointing a bad weather festival can be after all the hard work that goes into the organisation so commiserations to Alex and his crew and better luck next year. I shall be there.

Arthur

## Tewkesbury '96 (The Earwig Festival)

On a beautiful Friday evening I drove across country to Tewkesbury. Just the far side of the M5 I found signs for the festival site. So far so good.

Driving in I started to become concerned as the route seemed to be through the middle of a cricket match. Carefully following the boundary to mid-off, I located one of the organisers who directed me to a camping spot close to the hedge behind long-on. This had two benefits:- one, if there was to be any wind the hedge would provide some shelter and two, during the night the facilities were about half a mile past long-leg. (One of the few down points of the weekend). Having pitched my tent, I went in search of the chuck wagon. Down point number two; it does not arrive until midday Saturday. Hurried enquiries located a supermarket open until 9 p.m. and a good chippy within five minutes drive. Once refreshed, I noticed a good breeze so launch a mega-delta and with that in one hand and a can in the other it's off to socialise. About 11.30 the wind drops so line is reeled in and we all retire to our tents. This is when I find out just how far I am from the facilities and you can't brush your teeth in the hedge. After this trek I am about to crash out when I realise that I am not alone. How they got past the fly screen I don't know but there are earwigs in every conceivable corner. Fortunately they don't worry me so I crawl into my sleeping bag and get lulled to sleep by the roar of traffic on the M5 and the flapping of bedding being shaken to remove the livestock.

Saturday is another glorious day and, as long as you don't start too early, the sports centre is open where you can get a hot shower to dislodge any hangers-on. As for most of this summer the wind has its ups and downs, sometimes enough to life fauna, and then everything is on the ground.

After a very pleasant day, we all went across the field for the Bar-B-Q which was excellent particularly as there was free beer, pop and ice-cream. This was followed by an auction with some great articles for sale culminating with a magnificent Rok from Stretch Tucker.

Following a little more socialising, it was back to the tents and find out where our companions had crawled into this time. A few less hardy even decided to leave and find accommodation elsewhere.

Sunday the wind was much the same but with such lovely weather and friendly atmosphere - who wants to fly a kite anyway?

So as to avoid the worst of the Airshow traffic, I left early that afternoon and had a pleasant run home.

It only remains for me to say congratulations to Golden Valley Fliers. Thanks for a great weekend perhaps next year the freebies could include some insect repellent. I for one will certainly be there.

Arthur

## Sky Chat

My how time flies, it seems like yesterday that I was urging you all to voice your opinions at '95's A.G.M. and here we are coming up to '96's.

This year has been an active one for the Club, what with Festivals, Displays and Workshops most weekends we have been busy. We as a Club have been showing "The Green" all around the country to great effect. The White Horse Centipede has flown well and has been a credit to all of you who helped make it. The comments from the general public and other kite flyers makes me feel proud to be part of W.H.K.F. The large Parafoil (nicknamed the Albatross) by Phil as he did not want it hung around his neck, has flown magnificently and drawn similar comments including a rapturous round of applause at Southsea when we flew it under difficult conditions. The New Banner has been flying at the last few meetings and it looks splendid, well done Jean and Rick. It may have been a little later than hoped but well worth waiting for. Jean has had a hectic year, whilst making the banner, with the birth of her third son and, as everybody knows, a new baby and two lively sons is a full-time job plus a trip to see parents is not conducive to having a lot of spare time with a sewing machine. So I hope that you all, after seeing the banner, will make time to thank Jean for all her time and effort.

By the time you read this our new venture of a Club Workshop with Sam Huston will have taken place. I hope that it goes well and is the first of many. We may have aimed high but the rest of the kiting fraternity is looking on with great interest. Many thanks to Dave and Janet in doing most of the hard work in getting it off the ground, (and hope all the lucky participants get their kites into the air).

Dieppe saw a large contingent from the Club over there for an enjoyable weekend and one of the contingent suggested that we should be called the Starving Horse International Team but nobody was willing to display the initials! Also that weekend, we had a contingent showing the Horse in Guernsey and, by all accounts, they had a good time with nice winds at the festival.

Now, with the A.G.M. coming up next month, I will not berate you with my usual comments as you now know what I think A.G.M.s are for. So, I hope to see you there and hear as many as possible of you that day at the White Hart with ideas etc. to keep the W.H.K.F. in the forefront of Clubs in the U.K. Where we lead others try to follow.

This year's Mince-pie Fly-in will take place on Saturday 28th December at Bibury all day. I have been asked to provide a brassière, sorry I mean a brazier, to keep the tender ones warmer. I will do my best. The event will run as before with food available. Also, we will have a competition for the best made and flown kite. Age limit 15 (sorry Dave - that counts you out). Any profits from the day will be going to "Village Life", the Bibury organisation which prints Cowpat Hill. So make it a date.

Neil

## W.H.K.F. at Dieppe 13/9 - 15/9/96 - à la Doug Jones

About 16 members of W.H.K.F. Starving Horse International Team went to Dieppe this year, accompanied by Ron and Marla Miller.

The Festival really starts on the ferry at Newhaven, please don't tell the French though, with kites being flown from the stem of the ship.

There are two approaches to kiting on the ferry. One being the "Neil Harvey" approach where the kite actually flies. The other is the "John Barker" idea where the kites are underwater. This tends to be a good talking point, which is all it can be as the kite cannot be seen.

As we approached Dieppe, sheer panic broke out among all kite fliers aboard because the "World's Safest Kite Flier's" creations could be seen flying above the town. There was no need to worry though because, on arrival, we learned there was a site set aside for "Very Large Kites". This is a euphemism for Peter Lynn.

Registration caused some amusement. We found out that Barry Smart's real name is Sweet or Sweety, he is now going into the wholesale confectionary trade.

Once settled into our hotels etc., it was time to find something to eat. Young David Robinson had the name of a restaurant recommended by his hotel. Unfortunately, we could not find it. Eventually, we settled for a place with a menu in English. This was a mistake. I came to the conclusion that a menu in English is a sign that they cannot sell their food to the French.

8 a.m. Saturday morning Neil Harvey, Martin Croxton and the Rummings brothers were out flying. I saw them as I ate my breakfast in the hotel restaurant.

It is very difficult to describe kites at Dieppe as there are many thousands and they are varied. Probably the most spectacular and most talked of were the ring kites. They are about 10 or 12 feet in diameter and about 18 inches in length, made of a ring of glass fibre rod with a mylar body. The rigging is probably the most complicated part of the construction. Andrew Rummings managed to get the main construction details and I am sure he will reveal all in future ramblings in this most esteemed journal of kite flying.

Another couple of kites that caught my eye were ghost-like white veteran aeroplanes, looking very flimsy. Other eye-catching sights were cans half-buried in the gravel on the beach, a telephone kiosk converted to an aquarium, rather frustrating for urgent calls though.

At the dinner that night everyone had to die of thirst to enable Joan Barker to smuggle wine out for consumption at the firework display.

The firework display was at least better than Weymouth 1993. The let-down was that the wind was non-existent.

Other than a photo-call from the entire British Community of Kite Flyers not much happened, lack of wind being the problem until the ferry sailed away with the majority of us.

My main achievement was to fly a kite all the way from Dieppe to Newhaven. Ray Oakhill's attempt started later but still achieved a flight all the way. John Barker dispatched quite a lot of junk to the deep.

Overall, it can be said that Dieppe is an exceptional kite festival and let's hope that it is only rumour that it may not last because of the expense to the Dieppe authorities.

## Winter Projects!

1. Dave Robinson is looking at the possibility of making some Mega-legs. Help needed for marking and cutting out.
2. Arthur is investigating the requirements of a big Yakko stack and completion of the fourth centipede section.
3. An attempt at the BMISS class 1 record, currently standing at 29 teddies. Possibility of getting Record Breakers interested.

Details in the next issue of Cowpat, parts should be available at the Minec Pie Fly in and January club meeting. Projects to be completed for Weymouth.

Interested, then make it known by ringing one of the contact numbers on the back cover or at the AGM.

Let us know of any other projects you may have in mind, maybe we will be able to help.

Neil says the bamboo will be available soon from the large Edo, donations to club funds

## Portsmouth '96

Yet another great Pompey Festival but whatever happened to the mega trashers on kevlar and four hours per day bugging in the arena??

The accommodation was back to what it was two years ago, but the breakfasts did not measure up and space was "limited". However, all very comfortable and my son hopes his accommodation for the next three years will be as good. The size of breakfast made us glad of a BOF special midmorning. (See details elsewhere in this issue.)

The wind was very strong and we had to shorten the Albatross's line to 5m during the display on Saturday, but on Sunday we were able to put on a good display of parafoils and windsocks.

On Monday the wind was much better and the Centipede flew for more than two hours drawing many unprompted congratulations to Neil and myself while we flew it. So my thanks to all of you who took part in this project.

Saturday evening was a well-controlled event, not overcrowded, with an excellent buffet. Sunday night Gill and Jon Bloom must be thanked for getting us all together and let's not hear any complaints about service as they were not responsible for the restaurant taking so long to produce our meal.

I was very pleased to hear my son say he hopes to attend the festival with us in the future although he will be spending a lot of time in similar accommodation. I can only recommend this festival and hope we will soon be back to having the K.S.G.B. convention at the same weekend.

Arthur

## Salisbury '96

Have you ever watched a display of illuminated fountains synchronised to music, with fireworks busting above them revealing large kites flying high in the dark? No, well get to Salisbury next year, it is absolutely magical, particularly if you are flying the kites and the wind is dropping.

This was the end of a busy Saturday morning following a workshop in the town centre where we made 200 sleds in just over 2 hours, sponsored by the local authority. Due to serious jet-lag Ron, Marla and Dave arrived late but we were delighted with their assistance when they got there. This finished at about 3 p.m. and we went back to the site of Sunday's festival to pitch tents etc. It is a very good camping site with excellent facilities provided you go to the proper site and don't use a marquee pitched in the middle of the field.

A bundle of bacon butties and beers and it's off for the night fly. It was a long hike to the field but well worth it being very close to the fireworks display.

Sunday followed the example of previous years with very little wind and it was down to the die hards who ride the backs of various vehicles to get enough wind speed to put on a display. We tried the Beast and the Albatross from the back of my car but with very little success.

I still hope to go to this festival in the future as, by the law of averages, they must have suitable weather in the near future.

Arthur.

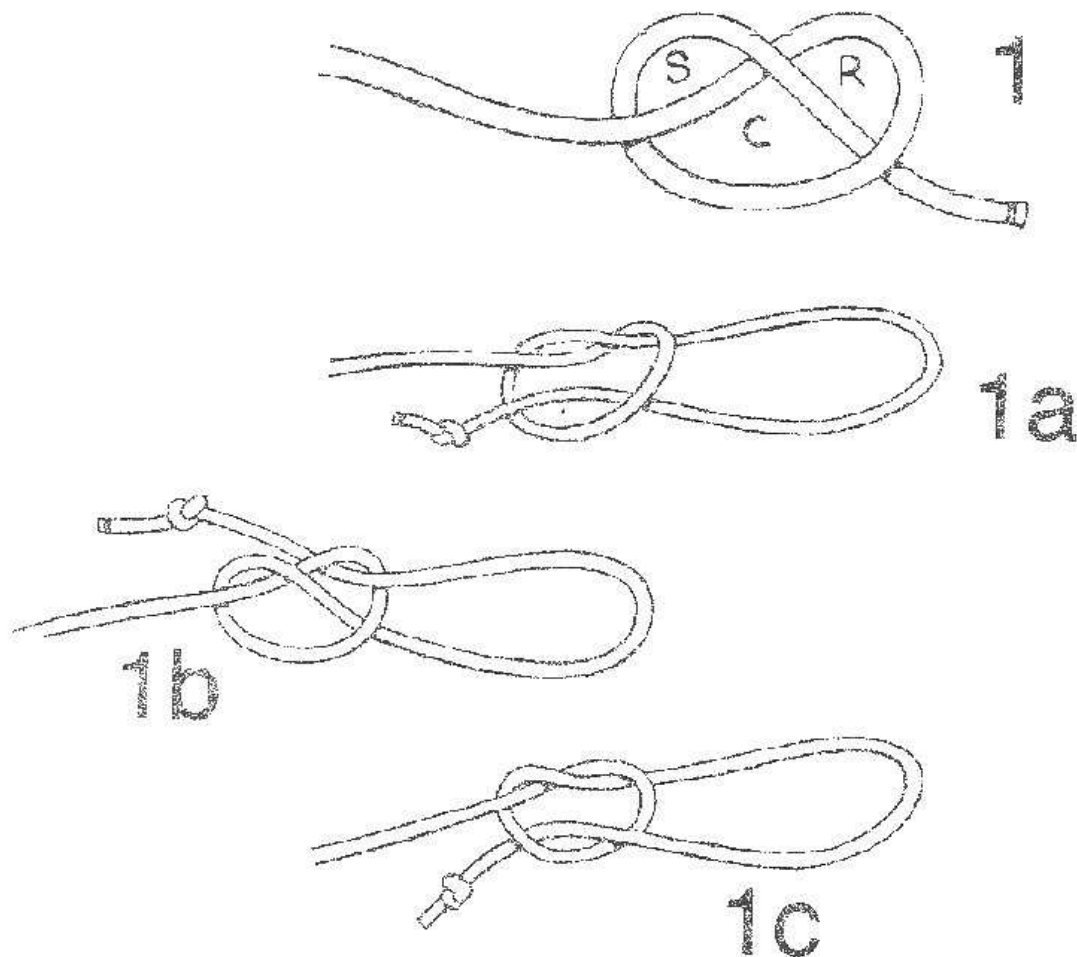
# Get Knotted!

At the start of this year's season, Dave and Neil popped up with a new know that could be used on the Club sled kites for tying the bridle line to the kite. At first I thought it was the one known as the "Advanced Englishman's Knot", but they were calling it the "Department Store Knot". So I thought I'd find out - I was wrong, they were right (the shame that a scout leader shall bear...)

So, here are the details of the knot, and its variants, that we are now using. There is a comment at the end regarding one variant not named, any suggestions?

## Loops from Overhand Knot + Stopper

Fig. 1 illustrates the three spaces within an overhand knot: 's' the standing space; 'c' the central space; and 'r' the running space. In the **Department Store Loop** the stopper runs *up* through the 'c' space (Fig. 1a); in the **Honda** (Fig. 1b) which is the small fixed loop used in making a lasso or lariat the stopper passes *down* through the 'r' space, and in the **Farmer's Halter Loop** the stopper passes *down* through the 'c' space (Fig. 1c); a fourth but unnamed loop (not illustrated) is made by taking the stoppered end *down* through the 's' space.



Omission from Mince Pie Fly-in:-

There will be a competition for innovation in kiting, so put your thinking caps on and get working.

## And finally a note from the Editor.

Another kite season has come and gone, lots of good festivals and some not so good. As the year has gone on I've become more convinced that there is a serious accident waiting to happen. As festivals become more popular I see more and more people buying sports kites and, without any thought, launching them in the air regardless of other people's safety or property. There were some very near misses at Portsmouth. The problem needs to be addressed before someone is very seriously injured. Glad you are on the mend Joy.

It will soon be AGM time again, usual format, flying in the morning and down the pub in the afternoon. The date, in case you didn't know, is November 10th and fees are due.

I am looking forward to Sam Huston's workshop and the meal in the evening. Thanks to all of you who sent in your replies. The overwhelming majority voted for basket meals.

Finally a special thank you to everyone who submitted articles. Every post over the last week seemed to bring a new batch. Don't give up! More are needed if we are to keep Arthur out! We've got to make sure he still pays full subs. He's already claiming a rebate because he's read most of the mag before he gets it! Articles for the next issue by December 20th please.

I hope someone will have time to write to Heather Moore.

## Kite Flying Safety Tips

### The NEVERS of Kite Flying

- Fly a kite in wet or stormy weather, try to keep your kite line dry.
  - Fly a kite near power lines, transmission towers or aerials.
  - Fly a kite with wire or anything metallic in the line.
  - Fly a strong pulling kite without wearing GLOVES.
  - Leave odd bits of flying line etc on the flying site.
  - Fly a kite at over 200 feet\*.
- \*Kite festivals may have C.A.A. clearance to fly higher.....ASK!

### The Things to AVOID

- Motorways, roads, car parks railway lines or buildings.
  - Airfields and low flying air traffic patterns.
  - Members of the public...stunt flyers please take care!
  - Those kite eating trees.
  - Animals, they can be frightened by kites.
- Remember...your kites can get really quite lonely up high in the sky, just occasionally, look up and give them a little SMILE.*
- ...AND PLEASE, MIND THOSE POWER LINES!

## Where the WHKF go to fly their kites

WHITE HORSE KITE FLYERS fly at Barbury Castle Country Park, Wroughton, Swindon, Wilts on the SECOND Sunday of each month

Will YOU be there?

Local WHKF contacts are:

Ron Gunter on: (01793) 770784

Neil Harvey on: (01285) 740295

Arthur Dibble on: (01635) 865976

and

Dave Robinson on: (01793) 824208

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