

COWPAT HILL



**The Quarterly Kite
Journal of the....
White Horse Kite Flyers.**

**Published during the
Spring, Summer,
Autumn and Winter.**

COWPAT HILL has been written, edited, produced, and
printed entirely by WHKF members.



SUNBURST

Custom Galaxy Schemes Available

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KREATIVE KITES

AUTUMN QUARTER 1993

October - December

Volume 3, Issue 8

COWPAT HILL

The kite journal of the

White Horse Kite Flyers

Kite n. a light frame of wood and paper
constructed for flying in the air.

Discount on kite sales from:

Dave Tomlinson of KREATIVE KITES

(inside cover)

offering WHKF members 5% discount

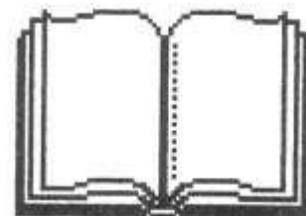
Richard Marsh of TRADEWINDS KITES

(back cover)

offering WHKF members 10% discount with 6% on

Dates for your Diary

October 3rd	Old Warden
October 10th	One Sky One World, Barbury
November 14th	Club AGM, Calley Arms, Hodson
December 12th	Xmas fly-in, Barbury
December 27th	Mince pie fly-in, Bibury
1994	
February 19th & 20th	Kite workshp at Porte Regis School
April 17th	Old Warden
May 1st & 2nd	Weymouth
May 7th & 8th	Swindon
May 29th & 30th	Bath
June 11th & 12th	Margam Park, South Wales
June 11th & 12th	Great Yarmouth
August 6th & 7th	Middle Wallop
October 2nd	Old Warden



Don't forget the monthly fly-ins at Barbury Castle on the second Sunday of the month.

All events must be subject to local weather/flying conditions.

Interested in any of these events? Want to know more? Why not phone David or Janet Robinson for more details.

Kite & Material Stores to Try

THE KITE STORE
48 Neal Street
London WC2
KITE & BALLOON Co
613 Garratt Lane
London SW18

MALVERN KITES
The Warehouse, St Annes Road
Gt Malvern
KITEABILITY
2 Garfield Road
Enfield EN3 4RP

Don't forget to send a stamped addressed envelope

Editorial

AGM Time

The AGM is upon us once again. After last year's successful event we have again decided to hold it at the Calley Arms, Hodson. It is on November 14th and this year we will be flying in the field opposite from about lunchtime and then retiring to the bar at about 3.30pm. What a great way to spend a Sunday. Don't forget that your annual subscriptions are due in November. As agreed at last years AGM this has been increased to £5. This includes flying insurance and your wonderful club magazine - what a bargain. Bring the enclosed renewal form along to the AGM where willing volunteers will relieve you of your money. If for any reason, and I can't think of one, you aren't coming then send the form and money directly to Janet. If you don't turn up you can't moan about the decisions that are made.

Another successful season is coming to an end but don't forget One Sky One World at Barbury on October 10th. Once again we will be having disabled visitors, if the weather is kind it promises to be a good day. We have 1000ft clearance.

Throughout the season WHKF has been present at a great variety of events. This would not have been possible without the help and cooperation of the members. Thanks to all of you.

This issue brings to an end my second year as editor. I thoroughly enjoy the job and I would like to think that the magazine has gone from strength to strength. Thanks to everyone who has contributed in any way, it's nice to see so many members sending in their offerings. A special thank you to Jane, my wife, for typing out the articles.

Congratulations to Martin Croxton and Andrew Rummings. Martin just failed to win the UK team Rokkaku challenge for the third year running but he did win the UK individual instead. Is their no end to



Dave Jones
15 Bucklebury Close
Stratton St Margaret
SWINDON
SN3 4JH

this man's talents? Andrew, one of our younger members, entered one of his own kite designs in the Kite Society cellular kite competition at Bristol. He has only been making kites since last October but he was awarded first place. Kites are judged on their originality, craftsmanship and flying. Watch out kite world we have a real "star" in the making. Andrew has promised to send me the plans for publication.

Fancy a weekend kite making in a lovely rural setting. Plans are in the pipeline for a kiteworkshop at Porte Regis School in Dorset during the weekend 19th/20th February. The event will only go ahead if there are sufficient numbers so if you are interested see David Robinson. Cost about £60 per person for the weekend. I'm told that Martin Lester may be there.

Thanks to Iain, another of our younger members, for the knitting pattern. Maybe this could be the start of a new kiting craze. Could this be the end of of pin collecting as we know it?

Finally our friends at Westport are looking for a new editor for their club magazine. I hope you find someone, if you are thinking about it why not give it a go? It's a great way to make new friends. To whoever takes over, good luck. I hope that we continue to swap magazines for many years to come.

Puzzle Page

KITE - A - GRAMS by Arthur Dibble

Rearrange the following to make the names of well known kites.

1. RIP A LOAF
2. LADEN BURNER
3. GET ME A LAD
4. I LOVE TO RUN
5. WEDGE PINS
6. KNOW FALSE
7. I BRING LOGS
8. TRAP ALL EDO
9. NO COP SIR
10. SO STOP A CART
11. MOTH PAN
12. RACE OVER U
13. POP TREE WELL
14. LAST CRY

PHOTO COMPETITION by Doug Manners

Who's been a Silly Billy? Isn't Doug enjoying life?

He has managed to get his 4 line spectra tangled. Each line is 75 feet long and over half of each line is in the tangle.

How long did it take him to untangle this mess?

Answers to the editor, a club pin to the closest.
No bribes, I don't know the answer yet.



LOCAL HEROES

The saga of Neil's imaginative horizontal conversion of Gerard Hoffning's "Building Labourer with Barrel of Bricks" episode, into the latest in a long line of experiments with kite traction, certainly made riveting reading.

Will it go down in history as the ultimate refinement in the art of kite bugging? A stripping down of the sport into its bare (and sore) essentials, thus producing bugging in its purest form, or could it perhaps be the start of a new craze? Buggy racing without the buggy!

Masochistic participants, equipped with American football type protective clothing could be dragged at high speeds across the roughest terrain in competition with each other and the local mountain-biking fraternity.

Whilst we ponder the possible developments which might derive from Neil's field experiments, we should perhaps take a look back at another local hero. I refer to George Pocock, gentleman, schoolteacher and all round good egg, who kept the inhabitants of the countryside around Bristol both amused and amazed in the years immediately following the Napoleonic wars.

Gentleman George, being much more of a wimp than Neil, elected to do his bugging with a suitable carriage and being worth a bob or two, had a special lightweight carriage built to his own design.

This fine example of the carriage maker's art was drawn not by horses but by two large English "Arch-top" kites flown in tandem and controlled by George from a raised postillion seat.

George's great contribution to kiting history was to develop a system of controlling his kites by using not two but four lines.

George Pocock therefore became not only the first kite buggist in the Western World but was arguably the world's first quad-line stunter also.

Using his unique system, George was able to tack to right or left of the wind and could therefore travel in almost any direction.

George also designed his kites with collapsible frames based on the umbrella principle and continued to refine his system throughout the early 1820's until, in 1826, he took out a patent on his design - by now called a "CHAR-VOLANT". This of course means literally "flying-carriage" but sounds much more posh!

Local Heroes cont'd

It is recorded that George's invention was capable of carrying four or five passengers at up to 20 miles per hour and since no turnpike trust in the area listed a toll applicable to vehicles drawn by kites (as opposed to horses, donkeys or asses), George and his amused guests were able to travel freely in both senses of the word.

One wonders how George dealt with the problem of over-hanging trees? We shall probably never know although in 1851 George recorded his experiments for posterity in his "TREATISE ON THE AEROPLEUSTIC ART". Dear old George, it seems, was capable of inventing words too!

George's fascination with the traction and lifting qualities of kites continued throughout his life. On one occasion he succeeded in moving a heavily laded waggon whilst at the same time lifting an observer to a considerable height above the waggon. On another occasion he transported no less than 16 young lads to a cricket match, among them his own grandson the immortal W. G. Grace.

George had a touching faith in his own inventions. No parachuting teddy bears for him! Only the real thing would do. Thus it was that on a much earlier occasion he had lofted his own 13-year old daughter Martha to a height of some 300 feet, seated in an armchair. Martha Pocock was almost certainly the first person to be lifted by a kite in this way.

George also lifted his young son from a beach to the top of a 200 foot cliff, whereupon the boy released a specially - designed mechanism which allowed him to slide back down the line to the beach - a system similar to that used in more modern times for ship to shore rescue.

Some of George's many other achievements included successfully competing in sailing races using kites instead of conventional sails and, in 1828, the sailing of a comparatively large vessel (a two-masted barque) across the Mersey. During this latter episode he successfully demonstrated that using his four-line system it was even possible to tack directly into the wind.

So there you have it! I wholeheartedly commend George Pocock to you as a local hero worthy to stand alongside Neil in the annals of kite history.

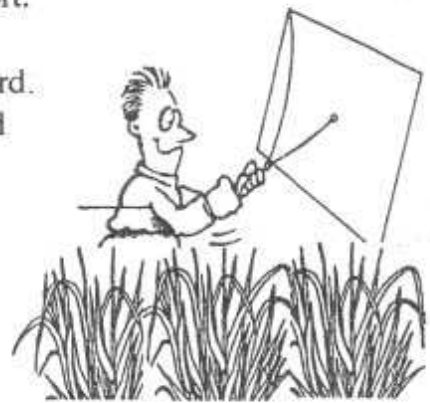
I'll bet when Neil was ploughing his lonely furrow though, he didn't realise that he was really practising the AEROPLEUSTIC ART!

TOM BIGGS

Gloom at 10th Hengistbury Festival - Anon de Plume

Right from the start we knew that the day would be an unmitigated disaster. Hopes were dashed at the outset. The horrible truth became apparent when the Top Official arrived from Southampton. He was, in his own words, "gutted". On this day, on this 10th anniversary of the first Hengistbury Head Kite Festival, on this day of all days. All was lost. All was ruined. It was the end of the festival as we knew it.

Until about 9.45am, the hopelessness of the situation was known only to a few. But then the public address system crackled into life and immediately the ghastly truth was out. The first words we heard came from a broken man. The Top Official choked back the tears, summoned up all his courage and announced that, despite his most careful arrangements, things had gone horribly wrong. Arrangements had been made to have the grass cut. But, the grass had not been cut. It had been allowed to flourish. It had grown well. It had conspired (along with Negligent Authorities) to ruin the festival. It was a travesty. We all felt deep resentment, burning anger, against the Negligent Authorities. There were no extenuating circumstances from which to draw comfort. It was our awful destiny to become members of the Hellawi tribe. Did we really hear this? Could we believe what we heard coming from the loud speakers? Was it a nasty dream? Could we comprehend the enormity of the situation?



The Top Official was unable to offer us any consolation. His bleak words rang out. "All I can ask you to do is to try and make the best of it." How could we? How could we spend the rest of the day trying to fly our kites under these conditions? Universal gloom hung over the flying field.

Gradually, more people arrived - lots and lots of people. As they arrived, and at regular intervals of about four minutes, they were told the same gloomy message. "The grass has not been cut. It is a horrible disaster. All I can ask is that you try to make the best of it."

Whilst I was drinking a cup of coffee and considering whether I could face the rest of the day, a couple stopped and asked why, if kites went in the sky, it should be such a shame that the grass wasn't cut. I was not able to answer this. The philosophical implications were too complicated. I said something about the seriousness of it all and hoped they would understand that, like all the gloom-ridden kites, I was probably not in a fit state to give them a rational answer. They moved on.

More people arrived. They all learned about the grass. The Top Official had a very strong sense of responsibility. He had to tell them. It was no use trying to pretend that this festival was going to be a success. The grass had not been cut and that was that.

When faced with impossible circumstances, the human creature can behave in a totally irrational way. So it was with the people of Hengistbury Head that day.

They were told. They knew that the grass had not been cut. But despite this, they persisted in trying to enjoy themselves. The wind cooperated with them and supported their delusions. It was a perfect wind - straight off the sea and as clean as clean. The sun came out. There was mass delusion; probably never seen on such a scale before. Any observer who was deaf or could not understand English would have gained the very strong impression that all was wonderfully well. Hundreds of kites were flying. There were all the signs of enjoyment. Whole families were intent on ignoring reality. It was really a most strange phenomenon. Eerie.

No matter how many times these people were told about the grass, they continued to fly kites. They seemed to have a collective insensitivity. The whole day had an unreal quality. The atmosphere was superficially festive. But the message had to be driven home time and time and time again. The grass had not been cut. It was not possible to enjoy the day.

My pick of the festival was a happy man who had invested a fiver in materials the day before. He had bought large quantities of black plastic, garden canes, heavy duty PVC tape and parcel string. He arrived with a diamond and a box. They were really nasty specimens. The diamond flew well once a (purchased) rotating multi-coloured windsock had been added to the horrible black plastic tail. The box was tricky because the happy man did not have any idea where to put the bridle. Once he had been shown where the parcel string had to go, it was flying. The happy man was even happier. He had won his pint. The box only came down long enough for a dreadful True Malay to be constructed. It too flew perfectly. Then the box, with all its ghastly bits of flailing black plastic was in the air again and stayed there for hours. The happy man and his happy family were having a truly happy day out.

Lunchtime came and picnics came out. Hundreds of kites were in the sky. The sun shone and the wind was perfect. Teddies dropped. Strings tangled. Clowns mingled. Children were lost and found. Little boys dragged plastic stunters over the grass (that had not been cut). Holiday folk were amazed at how many different kites there were these days. Grannies patiently held up kites for Little Ones. There were children (of all ages) having a lovely time. George and Ernest were among the deluded. Their kites flew well like all the others. The afternoon passed and the final announcements were made. I think (but maybe I imagined it) that there was an apology about the grass.

Now we cannot thank the Top Official for the perfect weather conditions. Nor can we thank him for the incessant reminders about the grass. But we can thank him for arranging a wonderful festival - this year and all the other years.

The Hengistbury Head kite festival has been a delight and a joy to thousands of kite flyers and we are sincerely grateful to the Top Official for making this festival a happy and successful event.

Jersey Boiled Fruit Cake

Ingredients

8 oz. flour (S.R.)
4 oz. margarine
4 oz. sugar (brown/white or a mixture)
4 oz. fruit
1 egg
small cup milk

Method

Put margarine, sugar and fruit in a saucepan.
Heat gently until the margarine is melted and the sugar and fruit soft.
Leave to cool.
Stir occasionally to stop it setting.
Add the egg (beaten) and the flour and mix together.
Add sufficient milk to make the mixture of a smooth, dropping consistency.
Pour into a greased loaf tin.
Bake gas Mark 4 for approximately 40 minutes (test with skewer).

Thanks to the mother-in-law for this recipe, it really is worth trying. Almost as good as the Banana cake -Ed



**Friends
of**

Ruskin

The Kite People

Ruskin County Junior School
Wordsworth Drive
Upper Stratton
SWINDON
SN2 6NG

25th June 1993

Dear Kite People

Just a short note to thank you all for your hard work in helping us to make our fete a tremendous success.

As you may know, we managed to raise over £1,100, due to the wonderful support of everybody involved.

Thank you once again

Iain's Legs

Fancy a pair of WHKF legs. Too expensive? Why not try Iain's solution, they look great sewn onto the famous green baseball caps. Could this replace pins?

All in DOUBLE KNITTING. Size 11 needles. Toy stuffing/wadding.
Colours required:- Red, pink, black and white.

Abbreviations - k. (knit), p. (purl), St. st. (stocking stitch), tog. (together) and Inc. (increase).

R. leg Begin at base of right foot, using black cast on 7 stitches. Mark 7th stitch with coloured thread, then cast on 10 more stitches (17 sts). P. 1 row.

Next row Inc. K. wise into every st. (34 sts.). Beginning with a P. row, continue in st. st. and work 9 rows.

Shape foot Next row K.4 (K.2 tog.) 9 times, K.12 (25 sts.). P. 1 row.

Next row K.4, (K.2 tog.) 5 times, k.11 (20 sts.).

Break off black and join on red or colour required for socks. continue as follows breaking and joining yarn as required.

St. st. 2 rows red, 2 rows white, 2 rows red, 2 rows white. Knit 2 rows red.

Break off red, join on pink. St. st. 20 rows. Break off yarn and leave stitches on spare needle or large safety pin.

L. leg Begin at base of L. foot, using black, cast on 11 sts. Mark 11th stitch with coloured yarn, cast on 6 more sts. (17 sts.). P. 1 Row.

Next row Inc K. wise into every stitch (34 sts.). Beginning with a P. row, cont. in st. st. and work 9 rows.

Shape foot Next row, K. 12 (K. 2 tog.) 9 times, K. 4 (25 sts.). P. 1 row.

Next row K. 11 (K. 2 tog) 5 times, K. 4 (20 sts.).

Break off black, join on red or alternative colour, cont. as follows. St. st. 2 rows red, 2 rows white, 2 rows red, 2 rows white. Knit 2 rows red.

Break off red, join on pink. St. st. 20 rows.

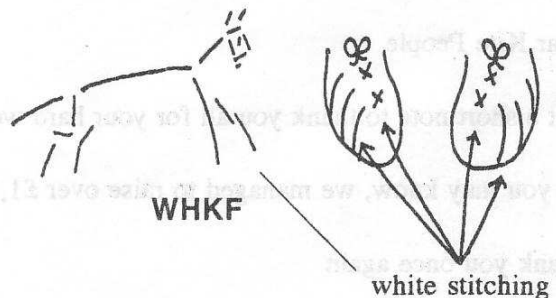
With right side of the work facing and using red, K. across the 20 sts. of the L. leg and then across the 20 sts. of the R. leg on the spare needle (40 sts.).

K. 3 rows. St. st. 20 rows.

Next row decrease every other stitch.

To make up The coloured thread at each cast on edge marks the centre FRONT of each foot. Beginning at each of the coloured threads, oversew cast on sts. tog.. The leg seams will now be turned slightly to the inside leg positions. Sew up both legs, making sure all row ends match. Turn right side out. Stuff legs firmly with toy stugging. Sew up shorts, back and top.

Stitch White Horse logo across the front of the shorts.
W.H.K.F. on lower front of left leg. Stitch white lines on outside of boots, put crosses on front of boots and finish with small tied laces.



Guernsey - 11/12th September - Janet Robinson

We left Swindon at 5 p.m. on Friday 10th September to get to Poole for the ferry across to Guernsey. We arrived there safely and queued for the departure at 9 p.m. The ferry loaded all the cars, so we went straight to the bar for a pint each, then made our way to the cafe where we had a choice of grease, fat or pasta!!! David and myself had pasta but Martin and Neil went for the soggy, greasy chips. After 6 chips, Martin's face turned pale and he made headway for the door for some fresh air, followed by Neil. David and myself made our way to the cabin which we were all sharing. Opposite, a couple was complaining of not having a key to lock their cabin, and so were moved to another cabin. This was the opportunity to ask at information if we could use this cabin for Neil and Martin (which they allowed us to do). So, as we were walking along the cabin corridor, we found Neil and Martin heading straight towards us with Martin with his head in a "sick bag" heading straight for the loo. This was becoming a "chunderous weekend". The next morning after some sleep, David and myself refreshed and raring to go met Neil and Martin in the corridor to find out that Martin had spent time in the loo and Neil sat on the bunk being sick in his hands, unable to get there. What a sight!

We docked at Guernsey at 6 a.m. where we then had to find the B/B, it was dark so, using a torch we tried to follow the map but got lost. We now know every road around the airport. As we were stationary at a cross-roads deciding which road to take, a taxi driver pulled up behind us, David jumped out and asked where the Ruh Coho B/B was. He said "Follow me". so, after 10 minutes we arrived for breakfast, a much wanted meal after the journey.

We then made our way to the flying site. Luckily, after a heavy rainstorm, the weather cleared to be a nice day with some wind. On the site we met up with the Midlands fliers Derek Khun, Don Eccleston and Stafford Wallace and Airwave team. Neil, David and Martin put on some good displays of tubes and large kites all day but the afternoon was a bit awkward because the visitors gathered in the big kite display area.

After a very quiet morning in the workshop I had only made 6 kites up to 1 o'clock but had a burst of people from then on and ended up making 87 kites. I was exhausted. At one stage the 3 boy helpers disappeared and left me alone. We cleared away at 6 p.m. after quite a good day with special guest Gavin Campbell who made a sled kite at the workshop. We made our way to the B/B for evening dinner and at 8.30 p.m. we all went to the pub for a get together. We were invaded in the lounge by a coach load of girls on a pub crawl celebrating a birthday, they sang at the top of their voices and then left for the next pub. Martin was nearly going to join them but didn't fancy the walk back to the B/B. He said "This is a nice lively place".

There are only a few kite fliers in Guernsey who are really keen and would like to make this an annual festival. With a few alterations and more helpers than this year's, it would be a nice venue.

We woke on Sunday morning to a really heavy rainstorm which got worse during the day. We left the B/B and drove along the coast road towards St. Peter Port for the ferry which was due to leave at 12.15 p.m. It was late, we sat in the car in the ferry queue for ages, watching the boats in the harbour bobbing around and the rescue plane and dinghy circling it.

The wait was long so we entertained ourselves by looking at all our photos from Bristol and Portsmouth. The weather was getting worse and still the ferry wasn't loading, now we were getting really worried - would we get home? Martin remarked "I think I'll get some greasy chips and put them straight in the sick bag and cut out the middle man."

Guernsey cont'd

At last, about 12.45 p.m., we started to load the ferry, leaving Guernsey around 1 o'clock. We pulled away from the harbour to be met with high waves and to be told that the ferry had had difficulty getting from Jersey because there was a force 9 gale. We found a good place on the stern where we huddled in a group in the rain and wind. Neil flew a windsock, but gave up when he was lifted off the ground.

We all made our way to the duty free shop. Neil wanted to buy some perfume for Sue so we went along with him. We chose what Neil wanted to buy and, as I looked around, he had vanished out of sight. I went looking for him and found him leaning over the staircase feeling "sick". At this stage Neil and Martin went out on deck for some fresh air, David and myself went to the reclining seat lounge at the bow and fell asleep but the whole journey was awful. We rocked from side to side and didn't see anything of Neil and Martin. We later found out that they had been seasick. At one stage, when we sighted land, the ferry hit a swell which took it over sideways at such an angle that everything fell to one side and everyone thought that we had "gone over". From then on it was really rocky. I went out to the loo and bumped into Martin, who had been sitting inside the door to the deck. He said that he saw the fruit machines moving and thought "God, I hate seasickness, it makes everything look as though it's moving".

I reassured him that it was real, everybody's belongings moved from side to side in the lounge as well. It was a really frightening experience. After this we all said "Never again, we'll fly next time!!" We docked at 6 p.m. and were all starving hungry so we stopped at a fish and chip shop outside Poole. It was yummy yummy. Just what we needed after a chundering journey.

To end the story, we thought that we had all gone deaf because we hadn't heard a murmur out of Neil but we think that he was wanting some of Jeanne Mock's Fisherman's Friends for a lost voice. We'll have to speak to Sue and ask her if she enjoyed the silence!!

If music be your food of love - skip this article- Arthur Dibble

For the past two years many of us have been attending fetes and shows around our area. At these events we have been entertained by very a informative commentary, given in a dialect which has become very dear to us and has become part of the trade mark of WHKF. Provided this voice is kept well lubricated it seems to be able to continue indefinitely. Be that as it may I have been thinking (*careful -Ed*) of something the rest of us normal mortals can use when HMV is not harvesting (or is it Harveysting).

To this end I am compiling a tape of suitable background music. To date my list is as follows:

My personal favourite	Simon Dupree's Kites
For our treasurer	Now I've seen an elephant fly
For her husband	Here's to you Mrs Robinson
For Martin Croxton	Let's go fly a kite
For Dave Tomlinson	Those magnificent men and their flying machines
For Andover Barrett	The owl and the pussy cat
For our "chair"	I've got a brand new combine Harveystir
Or as my son suggested	The muck spreaders song
For the Brighton Rok team	Come fly let's fly away
Perhaps after my choice of kites this year	Hi Ho Hi Ho it's off to fly we go

That is the limit of my ideas, how about a few from out there? I am sure there are hundreds of appropriate titles, try fitting them to people or groups.

How It All Started

You know how it is. When people know that you have a peculiar liking for kites, they like to say knowing things about kite flying. "oh, yes ..." (the voice drops and takes on a tone meant to prepare the hearer for the profound nature of what is to come) "We had a kite at home that was made of an old tea cosy and it never did fly properly" or, "My Dad couldn't fly a kite. Ours was always crashing". A great favourite (brought on by gales is, "Good kite flying weather, eh?"

I can (just) remember the time when I too knew all about kites and knew that violent gales were ideal for flying them.

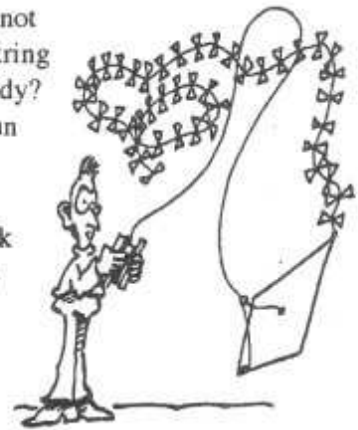
The scene: Cornwall. Family holiday. Appalling weather. Staying with good friends and getting a little short of ideas for outdoor pursuits. It seemed the natural thing to say ... "There's a good old wind out there. Why don't we make a kite?" I knew this to be a sensible idea. My Dad couldn't fly a kite. Ours was always crashing. I had the right background and was therefore an expert. I knew two things about kites: nothing and damn all.

"Bamboo. That's what you need. Got any old tea cosies? I'll pop down to the ironmonger's and get some string. We'll make a start now." In a garden shed, you can always find bits of old weathered and discoloured bamboo. Tea cosies are more difficult. We found a sheet of erstwhile clear polythene and some semi-dried Evostick. All materials were at hand and in no time, we had constructed what is called in some circles, an abortion. Even taking our supreme ignorance into account, we were secretly ashamed of it. But confidence is a wonderful substitute for ability.

Fine judgement was called into play at the ironmonger's. "What we need isn't string at all. The best possible thing to use is fishing line. You get miles of the stuff for next to nothing. There seems to be a choice of thickness. This is the one." (7lb breaking strain) "Perfect!"

That same day, we were on the beach. Howling gale. Perfect. Success was not ours immediately. We had to go through the stages: "Which side does the string go?" "It needs a bigger tail." "No. Weight is what you need." "Right. Ready? You hold the string. I'll chuck it up as far as possible. When I shout, you run like hell ... That way" (with the wind of course).

After what seemed no time at all (the wives were huddled behind a windbreak in the physical and mental state brought on by extremes of discomfort. They knew exactly how much time had passed), we had signs of possible success. The only thing missing was an enormous wodge of seaweed. This was the final and fitting appendage for the tail. It added that last grotesque touch. It was the thing that did it. The result of our creativity **TOOK OFF**. The Force 8 did its stuff. The 7lb line did not have to demonstrate its design strength until the pay-out slowed. It then broke. **BUT**, not before the kite had been blown out of sight. We called it flying and a fitting reward for our efforts. We didn't demean ourselves by trying to retrieve our creation (only for fear of the ladies' justifiable and cold wrath). We were ecstatic. The ladies were relieved. Now we could all return to the warmth and comfort of Indoors.



Almost as soon as I got home after the hols, I had another go. This time, with brown paper, more care and a reasonable breeze. It flew perfectly. I was hooked.

Forgot a knot.

Odds & Ends

For Sale

SUPERB FIGHTER KITE REELS

Crafted from the finest materials, these reels are beautifully balanced, the ideal size for manipulating line, made to last a lifetime and to be a pleasure to use and own.

Price:- £20 Tel. 0962 734372 (John Browning).

Anyone else with kite related goods for sale or maybe there is something you need? Why not let me know, maybe we could make a wanted/for sale column a regular feature? Kite related goods only please - Ed.

Puzzle Answers

1. Don Mock
2. Kiteability
3. Yakko
4. Oregon
5. No wind
6. Diamond
7. Design
8. Neil
9. Lester
10. Ripstop
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COWPAT HILL - The WHKF Journal

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: (0793) 770784
Neil Harvey on: (0285) 740295
Arthur Dibble on: (0635) 865976
and
Dave Robinson on: (0793) 824208

The COWPAT HILL Journal

Journal of the White Horse Kite Flyers

Editor: Dave Jones

Club Subscription: £3.00 (One year UK)
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Whilst every care is taken when compiling this journal the WHKF cannot accept responsibility for any errors or omissions which may occur.