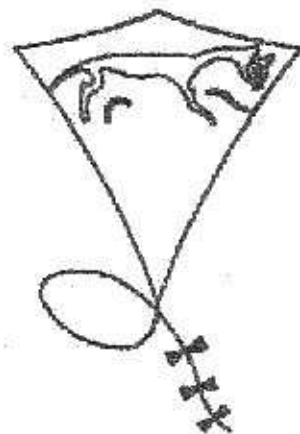


Cowpat Hill



WHITE HORSE KITE FLYERS
WINTER ISSUE 2001
JANUARY - MARCH

The new ed

Well here we are a new year 2001 is this the beginning of the millennium !!!
And a new editor. Thanks for all your support and good wishes now to get on
With the job. Thanks to Dave and Jane for all they're hard work over the past
years and happy retirement and I hope you enjoy your first read of this
Cowpat!. All new contact information is on the back if you did not get it with
your last copy.

So here is to the new year and a busy season ahead of workshops teddy
dropping and of course displays.

February workshop

Well its that time of year Wolfgang Grimsel has contacted me, the workshop
will be on the weekend of, 24/25th February. It will be a two-day workshop,
where the participants will take a given shape and then make a kite of their
own design, (Neil did the workshop at Fort Worden 2 years ago, and said "It
was brilliant") The cost will be £40 a booking form is attached to the back of
this edition so come on get your place booked today. You all should have met
Wolfgang at Swindon last year and seen his kites and how good they look so
nows your chance to make your own Grimsel creation so fill your form in
today and send them in as soon as possible .

Happy New Year to you all.

From, David, Janet.

White Horse Kite Flyers
PO Box 385
SWINDON
SN2 1YE

SWINDON KITE FESTIVAL

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Swindon Kite Festival, will not be held at the Science Museum, Wroughton Nr Swindon, next year! Some of you may be aware that we had use of the site free of charge, and they took all of the entrance fees. They are not prepared to do this in the future! So much so, that they let the site for the weekend of our event, next May, before they informed us that we couldn't have it. They did say that we could book it next year, for the sum of £4,500! I think we shall decline their kind gesture!!!!

The good news is that the festival will continue, albeit in a much smaller form, at Roves Farm, Visitor Centre. Sevenhampton, a village about 5 miles to the north east of Swindon, a beautiful village that Ian Fleming, the "James Bond" author used to live in before his death, he is buried in the local Church grave yard. We had a meeting today (3/12/00) with the Farmer and his wife. They have regular open weekends on the farm, so are well used to dealing with the public as well as animals! Being a Farm visitor centre the Farm is well equipped with a cafe, toilets, Children's play-ground, nature trails and lots more. We will have use of the Barn to the rear of cafe for our evening raffle/social. We will be having a Lamb roast in the evening, we will be taking bookings for this, closer to the date. The price will be £6.95 Each, that will be for a plated meal including salad, there will be a cheaper price for Children's meals, however we haven't established a price for those yet.

There will be a campsite adjacent to the flying site, (again no prices at this time)

All of the finer detail will emerge after our second meeting with the Farmer, in the new year.

Regards

Dave Robinson

WHO'S BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR

OK so who was it? After a few recent festivals I got out my chair to rest my weary bones and noticed that the frame had a distinct misalignment some where. I gingerly put a little pressure on and it started to collapse so I consigned it to the bin before sitting down.

Now there are a few theories. One suggestion was Rob but there was no way he could have got his bulk between the arms so he's out. Next I do remember the Chairman sitting on it but if he bends anything he straightens it. Have you seen any one else using it that I might have missed?

Diary dates 2001

February

11	Club meet barbary	
	March	
9\10\11	Ft.worden u.s.a	
11	Club meet barbary	
	April	
8	Club meet barbary	
28\29	Stowe gardens Buckinghamshire	W,D,T
	May	
5\7	Weymouth kite festival	
12\13	Swindon kite festival	W,D,T
19\20	Cleethorpes kite festival	W,D,T
20	Pool kite picnic	
26\28	Tewkesbury kite weekend	
	June	
9\10	Margam park kite festival	
10	Club meet barbary	
23\24	Southampton kite festival	
23\24	Shrewsbury kite festival	
30\1	Canterbury kite festival	
	July	
8	Club meet barbary	
14\15	Kennet valley kite festival	
15	Petworth kite festival	
21\22	Golden valley kite festival	
21\22	Brighton kite festival	
	August	
4\5	Middle wallop kite festival	
12	Club meet barbary	
18\19	Taunton kite festival	
25-27	Portsmouth kite festival	
	September	
1\2	Bristol kite festival	
9	Club meet barbary	
	October	
14	One sky one world barbary	
	We hope all dates are ok if you know otherwise Please let me know. For more dates please see are web page at www,whkf.org.uk	

GOOD LUCK TRACY

Welcome Tracy. So you have taken over the editorship of this august journal. What is the matter with you? Do you not realise what you are doing? But thank goodness for some one that daft. As you know I volunteered to do it as an interim until some other idiot took over and what a relief it was when you offered your services without pressure even after seeing the trouble Dave and Jane got when they tried to give up!

They have set you a daunting act to follow but I am sure a new hand will bring interesting changes but there is one change I shall try to avoid and that is the Dibble free issue. Of course the last word is with YOU and you may have a more selective cutting technique but I shall do what I can. What ever you can rely on my support. Good luck and many thanks.

Arthur

This is the first there are more to come

Can any one help

Hi Guys - First thing, happy New Year to one 'n all. Does anyone have a copy or know where I can get/borrow a copy of the video - I believe it was a Dieppe Fest' edition - which had the record breaking Flexi stack (208 (?)).

Reason I am asking, some nutter is looking to put 240+ Flexi's in the air and wishes to view the video. Can you believe that Flex' do not have a copy of their own achievement.

I think that it was circa 93/94.

Come back to me good buddies, no strings attached!!

Regards, Bob C

bobc@hikites.freemove.co.uk

or let me know thanks pete w

Trivia

"Did you know that the leisure activity of kite flying in Thailand is also a major competitive sport?"

Ron& Marla

I have my suspicions Particularly after seeing another chair fail due to a broken pivot. If you think you can supply information leading to the identification of the guilty party, please don't bother to contact me as there is no reward

Arthur

[STACK] URGENT !

Blackheath KiteFly is cancelled

With regret I have to come clean and confirm that Blackheath Kitefly [the way that I envisaged it] will not be taking place this year.

The reason is that I have not been able to find the time to do the organisation and I cannot see this situation improving. It seems sensible to let everybody know now, rather than run into major problems on the actual day.

The events that I was intending to run at Blackheath on the following dates

are cancelled:

- > 12/11/2000
- > 10/12/2000
- > 15/01/2001
- > 11/02/2001
- > 12/03/2001

Someone else is more than welcome to step into the frame and adopt these dates, or arrange something else. I will not be in a position to try again this winter. Apologies to anyone that is disappointed. I have to say that I am relieved more than anything else because it was starting to become a real problem for me.

Have a good winter.

andrew

The Kite Society has moved

The kite Society of Great Britain has moved to: email info@thekitesociety.org.uk or www.thekitesociety.org.uk

thanks

Gill and Jon

SKY CHAT

Well here we go into another year, some say another millennium, last year was a rehearsal. A new editor for "COWPAT", a new site for our Kite Festival a but you have still got Me. You can not win every time canyou.

First and foremost I wish Tracey all the best as Editor, but do not forget she can only be as good as the articles that You write in. So remember when you have a few moments spare, use the time to write or supply something for "Cowpat".

As you are aware that we can no longer have Wroughton on the previous terms we have had to look for another site for the Festival. Luck has been on our side in that in October during Tree Planting week, we were offered a site at Roves Farm. It may not be as large as Wroughton but it has many features that will be an asset to a festival. Such as a large barn for the evening social, play area for the children and a theme farm to go around. So with your help we can make it a Festival to remember.

Well the A.G.M. has been and gone with no startling changes. But little did we know that it would be the last time that our hosts, Ross and Dawn would preside behind the bar and kitchen. They are going to pastures new in Cornwall (I think) to run a Chippie. On behalf of the club I wish them all the best and perhaps one day we may drop in for Fish and Chips. Going back to the A.G.M. I must thank you all for the donations to the Raffle and again to "Ticket Chick" Marla and he helpers for extracting so much money out of your pockets so that we were able to make a sizeable donation to The Wiltshire Air Ambulance Fund.

Keeping on the theme of Raffles, again I have to thank you for your support at the Mince-Pie Fly-in at Bibury. Help not just on the day, but in setting up, the "Girls in the marquee with the food and raffle. Martin with the fireworks (favourable comments from the Village, so far) etc. We were blest with fine weather and wind, although the temperature could have been a little higher. Good job it was not the following day with the snow. I was said that the weather was good to us because Dave and Janet were absent. But going to America to get out of the Mince-Pie Fly-in is going a bit far. Anyway the end result was that we raised over £200 for the Sleep Easy Fund towards Phil's machine. We will be having a Social Evening in the New Year to make the presentation. May be we could raise a little more that evening.

Do not forget the Kite Workshop in February with the Grimsels. There are a few places still available so get cracking. See Dave R's bit. Events are starting to come in and we will keep you posted on dates as and when.

Finally thank you all for your Christmas Cards and Presents to me and my family and wishing you all you wish yourselves in 2001.

Neil.

Here we go again!

Well here we go again a new year and another season is here well let hope it is as good as last year I know I had a lot of fun at the workshops and displays we did I hope you all did to? So to the new year time to get the trailer ready for the first festival which won't be a long time coming and I just work out if it needs a service the teddy trailer did 1000 miles last year and I did not take it all the time so I did not work out what I did?

And what about the main club trailer Mr Harvey most have clock up a lot more than me as he takes that one to most events we do so will have to give it the once over again this year. Well that's it for now as the ed want the computer to do her bit so happy new year to you all and see you on a dry field and good wind in the near future soon.

Good flying to you all pete willis

Is anybody out there?

My first real exposure to kites was a Don Mock's workshop a few years ago. I'd never sewn or done anything like that before but I guess Don's enthusiasm rubbed off on me and I've been making ever since. I now have a good collection of homemade single line kites and feel pretty confident about tackling most things in that area. But, there is something missing from my life and perhaps someone can help me. I want to learn stunts and tricks with a two-line kite. I have a power kite and a flexifoil, which are great fun and a vento for light winds. But I'm limited on what I can do. Learning from a magazine isn't that great really as you need three hands and four eyes-two hands to control the kite, the other to hold the magazine while you're reading it and another pair of eyes to make sure you don't crash! Would someone be willing to teach me some tricks and stunts? If my little vento isn't up to the task then I'm prepared to invest in something, which will do the job. I regularly go to Barbury on club Sundays but can manage other times by arrangement. If you wouldn't mind helping, give me a call and perhaps we can fix something up.
Jonathon Doney Tel 01793 617168.

Poole Kite Picnic 2001

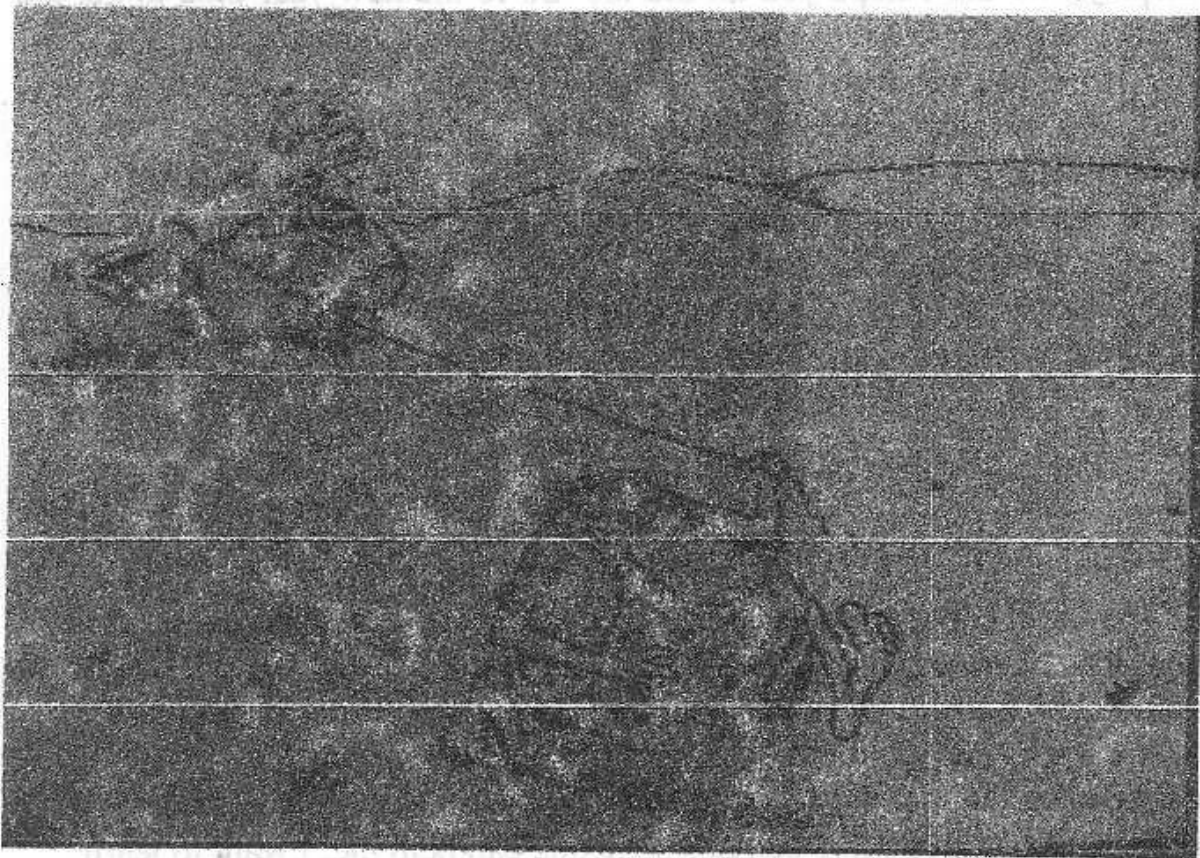
hi guys 'n gals For once, we can give a forward date for our 2001 "kite picnic" at Baiter Park in Poole - it is Sunday May 20th. As for 2000, this will be a joint venture with Poole Youth Services More details later.

Best wishes - Tricky Dicky

Re write the caption

Came across the enclosed when looking at a section of old Gary Larson cartoons and wondered if it would be of use? Perhaps someone would like to have a go at re writing the caption?

Paul Demuth. (Is this the new club project? Ed)



“okay hob! Go! Go!”

WORLD SPORT KITE CHAMPIONSHIP

HI THERE,

We are please to inform that the “**WORLD SPORT KITE CHAMPIONSHIP**” will be held in **LANGKAWI, MALAYSIA** on the **25TH FEBRUARY 2001 to 3RD MARCH 2001**. For further information please visit our web site: www.worldkites.com.my or contact your nearest association for further information.”

THANK YOU.

WITH REGARDS.

From:Chong K.K.(Mr.) - organising committee

If you have an old Roller and want to check whether it might be by an Alick Pearson – it might not be made of ripstop. Anyway it will be edged with tape, almost always in white. – Poor stitching and odd materials/reinforcing products is a good sign. – The front sail is especially square. – The Pelham design is not an Alick Pearson, firstly it's too narrow, and secondly Alick's Rollers never had the front keel & rear fin just the rear fin. The story is that 'a lady' approached the Round Pond and asked for the plans of the roller. Someone gave her a kite, which wasn't one of Alick's. Surely it can't have had an aluminium rod (!) spine, which is specified in Pelham Page 204.

(6) Gabriel was generally acknowledged as the maker of the finest 'Deep sky' reels. His had 4 bolts – Dan has one with the bolts concealed. Alick of course felt that his 6 bolt reels were better.

We did fly some kites in very light wind conditions on Sunday. Bob flew a Dan Leigh bird (pic.7), which he saw as a development of the Alick Pearson design. We didn't get a standard Roller up but had a Dan Leigh Diamond Roller & Ernest's Split Malay (pic.9) also one of Ralf's Roloplans. (Pic.8).

My thanks; to WHKF, Bob & Dan and their families who made it possible.

David and I have talked about next year. Assuming the Festival goes ahead, I'm hoping that the WIKF will agree to an exhibition of box kites. Primarily Hargrave & developments to date. Also included would be Bells and Lecornu's – but not Conyne's, as will have enough from the first three. We would like to get more advanced information on what you intend to bring so that we can plan the exhibition to be more informative to the public. More in the Kiteflier, later.

Regards
George Webster

At least we had one bit of luck for the weekend - because we were up so early for the morning ferry, we caught a garage just opening and got the petrol to get home before the fuel queues formed.

So, no repeat of all this for Lünen - it was going to be the Euro tunnel or nothing! Arrangements were duly made to get the two of us, car and caravan on suitable crossings. The week before Lünen brought some atrocious weather, so we were glad we had made that decision.

Anyway, on the Wednesday night we set off for Folkestone amidst blustery winds and squally rain. We had planned to stop overnight at a place as close to the Tunnel as we could find. The selected spot was a small Caravan Club site about two miles from the terminal. We arrived there OK and got the caravan on to the highest, most sheltered part of the field. Even so, the amount that the caravan sank into the rain-saturated grass was somewhat alarming! Since we had to be up very early to catch the 06.20 train, I didn't think that there would be much chance of calling out the local farmer and his tractor!

Oh, oh - Dieppe was coming back to haunt us! So, there wasn't much sleep, what with the lashing rain and the worry of how to drag the van out in the morning.

5 am next morning - and thankfully the latter fears were unfounded. The van came out leaving only minor ruts in the field and we were on our way to the tunnel. We had never used Euro tunnel before but can thoroughly recommend it - efficient, fast and so smooth that you're never, ever going to need the sick bag!

In fact, the 06:20 train is a little too quick, since you arrive at the Calais supermarkets well before opening time! Still, it's worth waiting for the chance to stock up on all that cheap booze! So, suitably provisioned, we set off on the long haul to Lünen.

We seemed to leave the bad weather behind us in England, resulting in a pleasant and uneventful drive through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. In fact, the timing was just about perfect as we were amongst the first to arrive at the site on Thursday evening. It looked as if we were in pole position to bag the best spot to pitch the caravan. Just one problem - everyone was hanging around waiting for the field's owner to give the OK for camping. Germany had also suffered a good soaking in the preceding weeks and it was rather soft under foot. We eventually got the go ahead just as it was going dark - ideal for setting up the 'van! By now of course, loads more people had arrived and in the ensuing scramble for places we didn't get the best spot, but we didn't do too badly either! One thing to remember when you take a caravan to Lünen - make sure you remind the marshals that the awning is on the other side to theirs. Otherwise you'll find yourself erecting it over the adjacent car and tent!

As best as we could ascertain, we were going to be the sole British representatives at Lünen this year, so it was even more important that the Union and St. Georges flags were in good, prominent positions over the 'van!

Friday started with a quick trip into town to re-acquaint ourselves with the Lünen shops and to stock up on some of the local produce. On our return we discovered that the flags had proved their worth. George and Jackie Penny had arrived and spotted them, so the British representation was now doubled!

The rest of Friday was a fairly leisurely affair, bridling Franchesca's new "Every Woman" kite and giving it its maiden flight, having a general fly and checking that all the beer tents were up and working properly!

Saturday dawned crisp and bright, although the whole weekend was noticeably warmer than last year. Before long it had developed into a glorious sunny day and with the lightest of winds it was even possible to go about in short sleeves and shorts!

Apart from the general flying, the main activity for Saturday was the individual Rok fight.

Franchesca was very disappointed to find that there was to be no ladies competition this year. She had been looking forward to this, as she had a third place trophy to defend from the previous year. So, we both found ourselves amongst the massed ranks of the individual competitors. There were also a few other changes from last year; we were not issued with standard flying line and the general competition rules were a lot more "laid back". Sad to say, neither of us distinguished ourselves, even though we were mixing it with 2 metre kites and people flying on rope!

Oh well, the only things left for today was the night flying, the firework displays and the kiter's party!

Note that I did say firework displays. The Lünen fireworks are always spectacular, and this year we had two displays. The first was by an outfit who do a combined kite and firework display. Many of the fireworks are carried aloft by kites whilst at other times kites are flown through the flames. I wish I could afford to write-off kites like that! The second display was just an "ordinary" one – about 20 minutes of non-stop high quality fireworks accompanied by suitably loud music! Truly spectacular!

I have to say that the kiter's party was a little subdued from our point of view. We were the only Brits at the gathering and with only a smattering

of German, couldn't follow all that was going on. The biggest problem, of course, was that we didn't have the Swifts present to lead the British party into the usual Feihling drinking, general carousing and debauchery!!!

Sunday was a total contrast to the day before – the sun had gone and it remained fairly grey and overcast for the whole day. However, it was by no means unpleasant and slightly higher winds gave much improved flying conditions. We kept the British end up by putting on a display in the main arena. Thanks are due to George and Jackie who flew our large dragon Edo, whilst Franchesca and I flew the Alice in Wonderland and Every woman appliqués.

As it turned out, the highlight of the day was the team Rokaku competition – although we were not to know that at this stage. We had gained a fifth place certificate last year but in view of the previous day's performance weren't too hopeful for this time. Further doubts arose when we all lined up against the rest of the opposition. A quick look at the opposition revealed some deadly serious competitors, flying on anything from ordinary line through to heavy sisal, and some on ropes that wouldn't have looked out of place on the back of a tug boat! Thankfully, the winds were fairly light, so getting cut wasn't as bad a problem as it could have been. I didn't have a tape measure with me, but I'll also swear that some of those kites were a lot bigger than 2 metres! Oh well, let's just line up and treat it as a bit of fun!

At that point we had the first of our near disqualifications! We were lined up and ready to go - me and the end of the line and Franchesca at the other to launch the kite. A marshal came over and started telling us (in German of course) that we couldn't compete! A quick translation from a nearby competitor revealed that for this year, "team" was being defined as two flyers and one "launcher". We grabbed a intelligent looking bystander and told him that he had just been co-opted in to "Team Caton" as official launcher. This was a trick that we (and some others) had to repeat for other two heats! The fight duly started and before long only six kites were left flying. What's more, to our great surprise, we were on of them! Eventually we got into a bridle tangle with another kite and, with no control, we were brought down. I think we actually ended up in fifth place. Given the opposition we were delighted with this.

We lined up for the second heat and found a marshal wrapping a piece of tape around the flying line just in front of me. "What's this for?" In English, only brought an unintelligible German reply, so we carried on regardless. It later transpired that they thought that some of us had been flying too high and had put the tape on as a maximum line length marker.

Interesting really, since at the line up, some competitors already had more line reeled out than our “marked” length – and that was before the launch! During the second heat, we concentrated on fighting with those guys that we thought we could beat.

It turned out to be a successful strategy, as the “sisal and hawser” brigade had by this time all trashed themselves into a big heap on the floor.

Before long we were still up as one of the last four, and in spite of the line marker (which mysteriously kept slipping down), had some height advantage. The resulting pull down was touch and go – I’m still not sure who came down last – but we were either second or first in the heat!

On to heat three.....

We hardly dared think that we could repeat the effort, but a reasonable display here might just get us another certificate! All the heats had started with 20 to 30 kites and none of them ended particularly quickly, so some 30 minutes after first starting we were still running around and holding our own in the final heat. Kites were continually dropping until we were in the last 8 then the last 6 again! Eventually we lost control and came down in third place. We were very tired but very pleased that we were possibly in line for a “mention in dispatches”. The judges went into a huddle to sort out the final placings. About 10 minutes later they came out and ordered six of the teams back into the field - and we were one of them! It was to be a fight off for the final placings!

The final fight soon broke off into two parts – four kites in one group and ourselves fighting a Dutchman – the same guy who had been in the final tussle of heat two. The guy was good – we had the better position and made repeated attempts to tip him, but whatever we did he managed to recover and keep flying. The fight merged back into one, but by now there were only four of us left. The fight had been going on for about 15 minutes by now and we had all moved up to the front edge of the arena. The marshals had periodically moved us back but we inevitably started creeping forward again. By this time the marshals were increasingly irate, but the Dutch team and ourselves were concentrating on flying so much that we really weren’t taking any notice of them. Eventually, a lady came over and told us in English – “. Your kites are flying low over the crowd and if you don’t move back right now they will disqualify you”. This brought a brief truce whilst we all edged back into the middle of the arena. The fighting resumed, and number 4 soon lost control and was out. Down to the last 3! Apart from the Dutch, and ourselves the third kite was a blue one-metre Rok, which had a height advantage over us and appeared to be in a much better position. But then we heard somebody say that it was actually out of the competition! I’m not exactly sure what had happened to it, but it seems that it might have

grounded and relaunched. In any case, it was tied into the tangle and was definitely detached from its pilots.

So, it was just the Dutchmen and ourselves. During the ensuing melee, the stray kite dived to earth and so it was definitely two of us battling it out. Lines were fairly tangled and neither of us had full control, but we did have a height advantage of them. We repeated the earlier efforts of trying to tip them with our flying line, but to no avail. Each manoeuvre was bringing us nearer to the ground, so the only tactic left seemed to be a pull down. Unfortunately, the lines were not fully locked and as we started the pull the kites slid together and started to spiral down as one. It was now going to be a matter of luck as to which one touched down first. For what seemed an age, we watched them spiral down and were overjoyed when the corner of the Dutch kite grounded moments before our own.

Against all expectations we had won!

The whole team event had lasted almost an hour and by now we were desperate for a rest and a well earned beer!

We flew some more in the afternoon, but it did seem a little "flat" after the titanic effort of the Rok fight!

The fun wasn't all over yet though – we still had the ice cream parlour and the kiter's meal to look forward to. Lünen has the most wonderful ice cream parlour in the centre of town – if you ever do go to the festival make sure you do visit this place. We pushed the boat out a little and had a couple of wonderful creations – several flavours of ice cream with umpteen different fruits arranged into the most artistic of displays!

On the final night of the festival, the organisers usually book tables at a local hostelry for a final meal. It's not actually part of the festival, but all-comers are welcome and it certainly makes a very social way of rounding off the event.

All that remained now was an early start next morning to hitch up the van and head back home. And so to our only disappointment of the trip – on our return through Calais, we found that PJ's Belgian chocolate shop was CLOSED! The shop was locked up and dark, despite assurances that our return visit would be during their normal opening times.

So, how can we summarise this year's Lünen?

As with the previous year, the facilities are good, the hospitality excellent, the organisation outstanding and yet, we find this one of the friendliest and most "laid back" festivals of them all. It's already in our diary for next year.

..... How about adding it to yours and joining us there?

Jon and Franchesca Caton.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting White Horse Kite Flyers

12th November 2000

1 Welcome

In the absence of the president who is still not in the best of health the chairman welcomed all members to the AGM. Ron sends his best wishes.

2 Apologies

Ron Günter, Jan Poulter, Les Owen, Franchesca Caton, Joy&Paul Methven, Les & Len Purnell Martin Dibble.

3 Minutes of the 1999 AGM

These were published in the January 2000 edition of cowpat hill. Accepted as a record of the meeting.

4 Matters arising from the minutes.

There were no matters arising from the minutes of the last AGM.

5 Chairman's Report

The full chairman's report is published in this edition of cowpat hill.

6 Honorary secretary's report

The American Representative's report was read by our American representative Ron Miller. WE have spent a lot of time promoting the club. It's a great club and we've enjoyed coming over for the festivals. We have lost a few members but have also gained a few. We will continue promoting the club.

The Grimzells have agreed to do a workshop in February. More people are asked to attend 20 people are needed and so far only 3 have shown an interest. I find it hard to believe we have lost our festival site. A report last year said there were only 1600 people on the Sunday. They have only had good things to say about the club. But here's looking forward to another busy year.

7 Honorary Treasurer's report

Copies of the accounts were passed to the members at the AGM .A profit was made throughout the year. The club now have a new accountant who commented they were a really good set of accounts. Acceptance of accounts was proposed by Don Baggett, seconded by Pete Willis and carried.

8 retiring Editor Report.

With only 20 minutes warning Dave Jones gave a brief report thanking everybody for their support over the last 9 years. Special thanks to Arthur for never having a Dibble free edition. They are looking forward to receiving their first magazine. Good Luck To Tracy hope she enjoys it as much as they have. A presentation gift was then made on behalf of the committee and the club.

9 welcome To The New Editor

Tracy was welcomed as the new editor of cowpat hill.

10 Elections Of Officers

President –Ron Gunter (elected for life)

Chairman- Neil Harvey (proposed Arthur Dibble, seconded Pete Willis passed)

Vice Chairman-Arthur Dibble (proposed Dave Robinson, Seconded Jon Catton, Passed)

Secretary- David Robinson (proposed Arthur Dibble, Barry Poulter, Passed)

Treasurer- Janet Robinson (proposed Don Baggett, Seconded Pete Willis, Passed)

Editor – Tracy Willis.

Committee;

Janet Poulter (has resigned), Doug Jones, Martin Croxton, Brenda Purnell, Ron Miller, Phil Scarfe, Pete Willis, Don Baggett, Donald Capewell, Jon Caton. With the exception of those who have resigned all are willing to stand for a further year. Di Baggett, Dave Jones were proposed for the committee by Donald Capewell and seconded by Doug Manners and passed.

11 Quorum for committee meetings

The proposal for a quorum of 7 was put to the members this was proposed by Neil Harvey. A quorum of 9 was proposed by Phil Scarfe a vote was taken the majority went with 9 this was carried forward. It was said please could all committee members remember the quorum was 9 and try to attend meetings.

12 Festival 2001

A new site needs to be found. Wroughton have let the site for the May dates. A letter of confirmation has not come through. A proposal was made that we scrap this year's festival but guests have already been invited. Phil Scarfe proposed the members give a mandate to the committee to find an alternative site. All members agreed to wanting a festival in 2000. Suggestions were made for possible sites. Neil proposed a small committee be formed to find an alternative festival site. Dave Jones, Dave Robinson, Neil Harvey, Pete Willis were voted to form this committee. Pete Dawson Proposed maybe the committee looked further afield. The main objective is to find a site for W.H.K.F we are not tied to Swindon.

13 Other Events

26th November the club have been asked to do 2 tree-planting workshops! In Bath and the other at Roves Farm South Marston. Volunteers were asked for Pete Willis to go to Roves Farm.

Mince pie fly in 27th December Bibury in aid of the Peaceful Night Fund. To help purchase a breathing aid for Phil Scarfe. The day will finish with Fireworks.

14 Equipment For 2001.

With the festival being flexible it was decided not to discuss this, as there may be cost in putting the festival on and other costs that have to be looked at.

15 Projects For 2001.

Arthur would still like to break the world record for teddy bear dropping. A request was made for flight line of 3000 feet in length and 9000lb-breaking strain if anybody knows of any please contact Arthur. 3 members have made the Millennium shute. Ideas for a dropping mechanism are needed. A train of kites was suggested by Neil last year maybe Komine deltas are an idea anybody who has one or can fly one is most welcome.

16 Any Other Business.

Don Baggett has purchased mugs with the club logo on these cost £3.50

Kenny Fund. Ron Dell reported that an arrangement had been made to see Kenny Over £2500 has been raised by the kite fraternity. Thank you to all who have supported this fund.

A Donation of £50 will be made to the Wiltshire Air Ambulance from today's Raffle money.

17 Close Of Meeting

In The Absence Of The president the chairman closed the meeting and thanked all the club members who attended the meeting and wished them a happy Christmas and New Year.

Chairman's Report

At the beginning of last week I thought that someone else would have to give this report, my back was not playing fair and doing it's best to lay me up. Still here I am fighting but not fit.

Now onto last year with "The White Horse Kite Flyers". The club seemed to be out most weekends and some we did two events on the same day.

This stretched us a little, but with the membership of some 160 we should be able to find 12-15 people to man both events. We have the equipment to do it and no doubt it will happen again this coming year.

Our reputation is travelling farther afield every year, especially our workshops. There have been enquiries from the far north of England and from the border of Scotland. But nothing has been done yet. Most

Workshops that we did last year were well attended and we must have made more than in any previously. As I have said before we must have got them right, they may take time to make but they do fly.

New equipment we purchased in this year included some music speakers so that when music was played to kite flying displays it did not sound so tinny and had some depth to the sound. I make no apologies to the choice of some of the incidental music as it puts a smile on most people's faces.

Sorry Dave. We have also bought a new marquee which I hope will give us as good if not better service than the old one. It has already been tried in strong winds at Halloween and they were strong. No doubt that we will be looking to new equipment to make life easier at shows. Ycs ladies we know about the washing up bowl, etc., not forgetting the microwave. As to mentioning all the events I think that is too long winded and most have been mentioned in "cowpat" during the year. It only goes to thank all those who have helped through the year very much without any names.

Then I cannot miss anybody out.

I must thank Dave and Jane Jones upon their retirement from the editorship of "cowpat" after 7 years (or did it seem longer). I know that it is hard work trying to get articles in with the deadline fast approaching or even gone by. Many thanks again and now you can sit back and await your copy, hopefully with some articles from you both. Not quite in the same breath I would like to wish Tracy Willis all the best in taking over the editorship and I hope that you all will support her with articles. Some of you may not know how well thought of "cowpat" is with the kiting world at large. As I said in the last "cowpat" I will not be able to so much this coming year. Even after delegating more jobs out and sitting down more. Anno Domini is taking its toll. My body will not take it, I feel a bit like Steve Redgrave without the gold medals but with all the memories.

Yes, yes I know that I said that things take two people to do, but I can do it on my own. That is not quite true these days, sometimes I need help. So if you feel that you want a more active Chairman please feel free to do so.

I will not be offended and will still work for the club to the best of my ability.

I have left the bombshell until last; we cannot have Wroughton this year.

I was told this news on last Tuesday, although we had been warned a month earlier. The site was booked by us after our last festival and I protested that we start organising our festival as from then and to give us 6 months to try and find another site in that short time was a tall order.

This was to no avail; we do not bring in enough money in at the gate, what can we say especially after being asked to bring a kite festival to the site 6 years ago? Answer change of management. So between now and item 12 on the agenda, put your thinking caps on (or in some cases your thinking heads on) to where we can move to at not too great a cost.

Once again thank you all for all your help and camaraderie during the year and to the excellent fry ups during the course of.

Still here's to 2001 with now a lot more to be done. Now we will have to roll up our sleeves and set to and here's hoping for a brilliant year.

Neil

Boot Camp II Report – or – What have I let myself in for now!!!

After the first Boot Camp and the start of Matrix Management as an active team, I've now done some team flying, albeit in a demo level where we all learnt what it's all about. It soon becomes clear about the amount of dedication that is required! We now know that practicing regularly is just that – virtually daily by rights! We try for every two weeks to work on it, seems we fly best when no one's watching... I wonder how many others have found that?

On getting through some of the toughest flying conditions for demo'ing in – from no wind and tripping over camera crews at Stowe, to gales (will Kathy ever forget Guernsey!) we called a stall to the flying. This gave us all time to think about what we can or can't do. Doug (Irvine) and Doug Doug (Manners) were keen to follow through and compete next year. I, on the other hand, could see that to achieve that level meant much more time than I could spare at present. So we hope to get together occasionally to demo, but now it's 3D into the Pairs competitions for next year.

It was about this time that we heard about Boot Camp 2, the "Doug's" soon signed up, but I was too broke (nothing new there!) and tried not to think about it. As luck would have it, some unexpected moneys come forward, covering the bills and allowing me to talk my wife

into letting me go (honest, it was her idea!). So I put my name forward and asked if there was a team I could join.

So here we go, all into the car and a "run for the rain"! Down to Weston in time for the dinner, hang on – this is the same map from last year, with the same mistakes!! "Pete, you're a Scouter, you can navigate". So along the front and keep to the left, round the corner and.... Phone Kathy. We just had to go round the next corner to find it.

Nice to see a number of old faces from last year; you could hardly miss Ade in his clown get-up, right down to the kite tattoo on his cheek. But some new victims as well: A chance to meet my team members before dinner. I was to join a German couple, Udo and Heike Jeromin, that had heard about the event at Bristol and had come over especially from Berlin for the weekend. They spoke better English than me! And we were soon joking about the British fascination on the weather (Don't mention Fawltly Towers, I did say it once, but I think I got away with it!).

Having been before I'd soon primed them over the niceties, about the penalties of not carrying the notebook and pen, the coaches beer fund, etc. not that we were trying to worry them or anything! But they took it all in their stride, they were keen to learn. The conversation soon degenerated into what kites we flew and what tricks we can perform, I realized that I had some advantage over them on my abilities (who am I kidding!) and I initially thought I would be held back.

Anyhow, 'twas time for dinner, and straight into the first training section, Intro's. We were sitting with Team Echo - Nick and Cathy Taylor, and we had to swap stories of each other so that we could give a talk about them, and not ourselves. Then the coaches started on the figures (Diamonds and Eights) and the precision routine that we would be doing on Saturday. Next time we looked up it was 11:30, time for a quick social drink and off to bed for midnight!

We were well pampered last year, the hotel was one of the best in the town, this years was good, but for me the street lighting directly outside my room was bright! Anyhow I did get some sleep. So it was up with the lark for 7 a.m. down for breakfast, a nice Full English, of course! And then off to the beach at the other end of the front. Get together, and are passed a set of Sizzles to fly. The wind was off the land and low, but with ever increasing beach as the tide went out we could move away from the buildings and get to work. A nice change from last year was that we were given a coach for the whole day, and we were lucky to get Mark Bretherton. With his support we got to work on the figures and tried to get together as a team, I was nominated to be the leader for the start of things, and we would rotate this as we went through the day.

It was a little difficult for me as a "Tail-gunner" in a team to leading one. From getting used to listening for a call, to having to make the call and then turn, was one I struggled with. It's a question of timing that we all know, but for the uninitiated it's a case of getting the hang it.

That, coupled with us all trying to get used to the kites, learning the maneuvers, and the experience of formation flying, we struggled! Set figures we were working on were: Team Eights, Team Diamonds, and Rollback. Eights-I broke down to 7 steps, so we could get an idea of when to fly the straight lines of the cross of the centre. It was our size of the figure that let us down. But we persevered and were getting something the judges could recognize. Diamonds, well, it's getting a sharp 45-degree to start with that messes up the shape and size of this. Rollback, speed control is the key here, and it just didn't jell! I was weak with the calls I suppose, our timing was bad, and positioning was getting worse! We could not get this right.

More stick practice, Mark has the patience of an saint with us, encouraging us on, setting the major faults right, calling for us at one point. He worked on all of us, correcting our mistakes, seeing us right on how to set ourselves up for the spacing, timing, and placement to go into each maneuver. By the time Lunch came we were ready for a break. One grand spread of food lay before us. The ravenous hordes fell upon it, but there was more! I've never seen a picnic of such grand proportions as this, but Ade spotted something missing? "Don't worry" called Kathy "They're on tomorrow's menu!!!"

Pilots meeting, and the sequence for "who's up when" to display. We go seventh! Now to panic on the precision routine! Because I've played this last year, we could quickly cobble the set maneuvers with some boxes, infinities and a leading edge landing to look good. So we quickly swept majestically around the sky and – got lost! Don't panic, when all else fails, follow the leader – err, hang on, I'm still leading!!! They were comfortable with me at the front, so carry on!

Time for a team conflag! Eights and Diamonds are now getting bearable, but we still were suffering on the Rollback! Let's get the first two right and trust our luck attitude for the last!! So that was it, we just go for it. During the competition we also moved around the field shadowing the line judging, field director, ring judging, support for other teams, seeing them in and out, and sitting with Carl Robertshaw who was videoing the event, to be played back to us later!!!

Then it was our turn... Well, we tried! Eights were in different sizes! Making it difficult to time the manoeuvre. Diamonds seems to work, but we were getting out of synch for the turns, Rollback was something else! Our snap turns were out, we had different heights between us, spacing was all wrong, we weren't in line on the vertical, but we tried! Then we just ran a routine of squares, diamonds, and infinities. Nothing spectacular, but we seemed in unison at the start of the routine, but we were tiring, something failed, we just muddled on, and just about made up our time! I was told afterward that during the routine I'd called "out" just to confuse things. To be honest, I can't remember how we did

on this, it was more a case of surviving the day's work, and we'd only broken one spar.

Mega-Team to finish, what else! But with some 25 kites this looked decidedly shaky, so we spilt on two and worked a few maneuvers to wind up the day just for the experience.

Back to the hotel for a wash up and a well-earned dinner. We met in the bar first, and there was a game of "Just a Minute!" and total chaos ensued! Dinner was delayed, so what the hell. If any other residents were in the hotel they hid! Then we moved to our private room to eat a hearty meal – that's one thing to be said for these weekends, we sure eat well. The scores are read out, we didn't do too badly really, but we were last!

Now for more talks! Details on team flying, writing ballet routines, what music you can use, or more of how to use it. It was interesting to watch both the Robertshaw's when a certain piece of music was played, it must be 5-years since they flew to it, but the hands just moved and twitched along to it as if they were flying their kites. Novel as they were sitting 20 foot apart!!

Now the Ballet for tomorrow, to be done to the Imperial March from Star Wars. It looked OK on paper, the stick practice soon showed up the weaknesses of all of us! It's fine when the paper is in front of you, but we had just 14 hours to memorize this!!! What! It's midnight again.... Time for bed, see you (the street light didn't seem to matter this night!).

Slightly later breakfast this time, we had to give the tide some time today! But we're down on the beach for 9am anyhow. A swap around of coaches and we have Kathy Jarvis. Onshore winds and rather light. No time to worry, it's on with the routine, a number of us are using radio headphones so Kathy sets up her headset to a CD player, but it sounds weak! I'd found this problem myself with cassette players, but I'd got around this with a pre-amp modification, so my headset is used to play the music (hey Kathy, did I get that extra point for this? ;-)) so that everyone could listen anywhere on the beach.

So all down the beach there are some eight teams and pairs flying the same routine at the same time, not a sound could be heard but the calls for the turns by the one with the loudest voice – err, me! Honest it's all to do with being in command, so Kathy said.

It was now I start to realize what's going on, I'm still leading!

Something that takes more than just calling, I'm starting to realize that I'm watching the last kite to get us into position, that the spacing between 1st and 2nd kites is not the same as 2nd and 3rd. We are listening to the music and anticipating the beat, sometimes wrongly! Our turns are not synchronized, using push and pull turns at the wrong time, let alone remembering the routine... Kathy, help!! She cajoles us, we press on, and we get to the end of the first sheet with only minor errors finally. We want to do the burst, just three steps on in the routine, our target for the Afternoon is set.

We find we are more settled between us now, I'm starting to recognize the work of a leader, a challenge that wasn't really what I'd set myself for the weekend, but something I could sink my teeth into! I start to appreciate some of the bark of Kathy, why she's a little demon when she leads a team, any team! It's a state of mind that was new to me, I'd been quite happy trailing along at the back. I'll acknowledge now what Doug Irvine's been going through leading me for the past year and a half!!!

Lunch, and some! Ade is happy, the doughnuts have arrived! We squabble over them like little kids, Kathy tries to guard them, but to no avail, the box is handed around, but even we two gannets can't eat them all!! I must say a heart felt thanks to Kathy's sister for these wonderful lunches. She's done us proud.

Stick practice continues, more flying, we creep closer to the burst, if only we can get the routine in our heads, we're still making silly mistakes. I feel my partners, Udo and Heike, (yes, we're a team now) are getting frustrated, so another team chat, we'd broken another spar anyhow, so suggestions are made for contingency plans, we have to complete our 4 minutes of flying minimum. But the wind is dropping again! We get to the burst in the routine, our target, then we'll fly a couple of lesser tricks, may be a wrap, and get into the arch and land.

The amassed selection of Judges appear on cue from their own training session (the Judges Workshop) back at the hotel, the field is laid out (Is it to size this time? Yesterday's was a little short!), and we try to relax a little before our entry – we're 3rd this time. The wind drops right off, the question is put, do we fly and die? I feel that we're not strong enough to pull this off, so I went for the soft option! But the judges overrule it, the wind is playing with us, the tide has turned and there is sufficient out there, honest!

We're up for it, but the Sizzles we are flying are a heavy set, PANIC, change kites, judge's talk between themselves, they're not ready, call for a wind check, anything to make time! Kathy's on our side, so we have a quick fly, and land, get into position and, we're off.

Simple ground work of nodding kites, then up and into right hand and left hand squares, then a split to squares in opposite directions, weave up, and fan to the top of the window, outer kites drift to TDC. Then it's the outer kites down, curve up to thread with the 2nd kite coming down – we're out of sync again! Turn to weave again and nearly collide, try for the third and we're getting out of position totally! Don't panic Peter, call fire drill, and we're there within a moment, follow into a infinity, we've lost our "burst" but we're together, try for a ground pass, diamonds up, and across for the arch over the top, and a team leading edge landing that was close, but for us, good.

We were well chuffed at our attempt, we had made our time, and it seemed well received. Our mistakes seemed minor, we had kept our

heads, and got back into the timing of the routine, be it a new style! But what the hell, we'll let the judges do their worst!

Better fun was to follow, after we had all competed, the coaches were forced to fly the routine and be judged by us, the campers! Having put up with watching our haphazard attempts, and not flown it themselves, Stephen Hoath lead a team of four (Carl and James Robertshaw, Kathy Jarvis) to show us what can be done! Needless to say the marking was somewhat biased, but light-hearted.

Time to close down, back to the hotel to debrief, the final scores, and the presentations. Team Echo showed the way this year, T-shirt's for all, and of course our thanks and a box of chocolates to all of the coaching team.

I didn't really have any targets on going to the event this year other than trying to progress, but I learnt more about team work, and especially team leading, that I'd let slip by me last year. It's put a spirit back into my flying that was slipping from my grasp, and has given me personally new emphasis to my sport. Udo and Heike want me to go to Germany and keep up the good work – I obviously didn't shout enough to put them off. They have gone away with an understanding of what team flying is really about, so in my small way I've put something back into the sport, that makes me feel happy.

Kathy has promised another Boot Camp next year, if her nerves can stand it! – With two camps now under my belt I can only say this:

If you really, really want to try any form of team flying, then come along. It doesn't matter what level you are, you'll work your socks off, it's chaos throughout, and you wonder what's hit you, but you will always leave with a warm glow within you from what you've learnt and achieved in just one weekend.

Go on, give her a call!

Pete Dawson

DAIMON KITE FESTIVAL 2000

Diamon, which is situated on the West Coast of Japan and not far from Toyama, fourth annual kite festival. Mark Bennet (another Boop Troop member) was in Boop Troop lads on their own in Japan. Em! Time for a party me thinks. Anyway, I'm getting too far ahead of myself, this is how it all began...I picked up John and we headed for Heathrow. "So, what shall we do today John?" I enquired. "I know! There's this kite festival in Diamon, fancy goin'?" "Well it just so happens I've got the kites and me passport." There are times in life when 2 thirty something males can really look about 6 years old. It looked as if we had both tried to swallow coat hangers. As we approached the airport John told me once more all about the town of Diamon the year before and had the privilege to be asked back for a second year running, a great honour. After parking in the

second-mortgage car park at Heathrow we caught the bus someone to drop you off at the airport or catch a train/bus. OK, so I'm stupid! Don't be as naive as me to think that parking at the airport must be a reasonable price cos' everyone else must do it. Seventy quid for 6 days!!! I've payed less in rent, it's disgusting!) So we walk up to the check-in desk and get the kite traveller nerves... How heavy is this little lot on my trolley? Did we remember to pack all the heavy stuff in carry on? I'm pretty sure my case and kite tube is underweight! At this point John admits that he doesn't know how much his case full of Boop stuff weighs. I start remembering our last Boop Troop trip to Uchinada 3 years ago...how much did the kites weigh? Play sail 6.5k, Legs 3.5k...Oh how the little Buzzer internal pressure cooker went off the dial! So, on goes my case and tube...19.5k.

Now the Ogden portable weights room.... 23k...Oooooops smile. No comment from the other side of the desk! We WIN! The prize, 2 tickets to Japan!!!

At this point the waiting begins. Have a pint and twiddle your thumbs. Isn't it strange how minutes seem like hours when you're waiting for a plane to load? Then, before you know it, you're sitting there reading the in-flight magazines, checking your seat belt. As the plane starts to taxi you suddenly realise that you have finished the only reading material for the whole flight. Those crash instruction cards have deliberately been printed on separate cards so you are forced, at some point during the flight, to read them through out of sheer boredom.

The JAL flight was excellent! Camera in the nose wheel for take-off and underbelly camera too. Even a Play station-type handset for games and films, which were shown on the LCD screen in the headrest. Good food and most excellent service over the 12 hour flight! After immigration we were met by the Nippon Travel Agency Reps. and put onto a bus to the Ginza Daiichi Hotel Tokyo. Off to Mr. Modegi's for dinner. Now then, normally when I travel somewhere I don't get lost. Put the combination of me and Ogs in the same town I become totally disoriented. We embarked on a simple trip to Nihon Bashi underground station, emerging up from the subway, cross the road; walk down the street and we're there! Ern no! "Let's try turning down that street?" "That one over there looks familiar." "No, there it is!" "Over there down that street we first looked down!" "NO... OH?" "Well it's definitely not down that street John!" "OK, so you're right! I'll shut up."

Great meal that night with a trip to a local hotel for ice cream and then a quick walk back to the hotel...well kind of! I've always wanted to see that side of Shimbashi station at eleven o'clock at night! The neon signs did look amazing though. If we hadn't got lost, we wouldn't have seen them. The thing is, we never miss by very far, just far enough. That takes style and practise.

The next morning we were back on a mini-bus with Mr. and Mrs. Modegi

to Haneda, Tokyo's second airport for internal flights. We hopped onto the plane for a 45 min. flight to Toyama.

Toyama airport has probably one of the smallest runways ever to receive a Boeing aircraft. As the wheels hit the ground the brakes come on so hard that you rest your head, with some force, onto the headrest of the seat in front of you. It's so short that when the plane stops the ground crew turn the plane around by a tractor unit! We grab our bags and meet with Mr. Oyea***** and get on the bus for Daimon and lunch.

Now, picture John and your average-sized Japanese man. See the size difference? It was so funny! Over the next few days John was nearly force fed. Big man must need a lot of food...they just didn't ease up on him. (Bazzer tip for Japan trips: Chopstick use is a must. Get used to eating raw fish. It's OK after awhile, honest. Remember to always have a drink ready to wash down stubborn sushi in a hurry!) We met the mayor's officials at the town hall and received our festival Happi Coats and golf towel (handy for this golfer, by the way John if you don't want yours?).

We were then shown around the town centre of Daimon. Every shop had a kite outside of it and wrapped in plastic for protection from the weather. Rokakus, Edos and many other kites lined the streets, filling them with colour. The whole town was like John had told me, absolutely kite crazy, even the cast iron drain covers and bridges had kite designs on them. So where did they fly? As we drove down to the festival area we could see the long row of open-sided marquees running the whole length of the site (so very typical of Japanese kite festivals). Under this 200m cover is where the serious eating and drinking occurs during the weekend.

We were then scheduled to fly kites with the local schools. The kids had spent the last few weeks making Rokakus, decorated with self-portraits. As we started to fly our kites we suddenly became aware of some of the children having bridle problems, dropped our stuff out of the sky and began re-bridling. "There, finished that one!" Now back to..."Oh, yours needs fixing too?" Twenty minutes later John and I compared tallies, I beat him by just 3 kites! We stood back and saw close to 200 80cm Roks soaring into the sky. It's a great feeling to watch the children's proud faces. It doesn't matter what nationality, the look in the eyes and the smile on the face is always the same. Bliss. We then went to our Ryokan, a wonderful Japanese-style inn that had a courtyard garden with Koi carp and all the paper screened windows facing into the garden centre. First things first; hide all the baggage behind the screens to keep the room as empty as possible, then sit at the low central table on tatame mats and have some green tea. Secondly; change into a yukuta (a type of house dressing gown), find the shower and hot tub, get clean and relax. This Ryokan's bathroom floor was below the surface of the pond and as you sat relaxing in the hot tub, the Koi swam by...very pleasant indeed. Then time to watch John get force fed again and a chance to meet the local heads of the two kite clubs. It turned out that one owned a local bar

(what a shame) and it was in this bar that Mark appeared, hot foot from Tokyo. He soon caught up with John and my drinking 'pace', while they poured whiskey into him we tucked into another small 'snack'. The other club chief owned the Karaoke bar (yeh HA). After 20+ Beatles' songs and Mr. Modigli's favourite after-dinner song, 'Diana', it was time for bed. We swayed our way back to the Ryokan, arm-in-arm with our new friends in perfect harmony. (Well, it sounded like that way to us!) Morning...Mark doesn't look too good! John and me are fine! (Ha Ha) After breakfast it's time to go and fly. The first order of the day is to get as much built as possible in the time before the politicians arrive. Once they do, it's official meet and greet, introductions and speeches to a few thousand people. Before anyone asks, I did NOT tell them I was a Big Onion in Japanese...that came later during Karaoke! So we flew our stuff. I flew my Rabbit and Wave kite amongst the giant Edos which gradually filled the sky. The first day was the big competition day; each kite was scored on construction, how straight it flies on take off and the final marks came from stability in flight and how well the flying crew work together. To fly these giant kites take great skill and training. Until the bridles have taken tension, the kite is very unstable and timing the pulls and run on the line is crucial. The man at the back of the row holds the kite reel and is responsible for paying out line and not tangling up the team's feet. The next two forward have a metal bar, around which they wrap the flying line, which enables them to pull together at the same point of the line, exerting more force than just by using their hands. Sometime several lines are tied onto one point of the line allowing many people to pull from that one point. (As seen in Dieppe on the larger O Dako Kite.) The next people are the more experienced and add more pull to the line. The front flyer is the chief - whatever he says goes, heaven help anyone who is caught day-dreaming. These kites can be very dangerous and must be treated with the respect that they deserve. To watch a good team working together is an absolute joy. Every face a picture of concentration apart from the poor bloke at the reel end, who often looks as if he's been the last man chosen in the school football game, and knows that he is going to end up in goal.

Lunchtime provided a good time for walking and talking to the people who have massed in the tented food halls. Every time you stop and talk you were offered drink and food, usually in that order. You soon learn how to say 'no thank you' to the food. The ability to do the same with the drink somehow was beyond my grasp. As the end of the day drew near, we headed back to the ryokan to freshen up and then walked into town to the evening bash. Official ceremonial opening with the Mayor and more speeches. I was tempted this time to say 'I'm a Big Onion', but held back. A great night with many reunions with old friends, many of which had travelled long distances to be at the festival. This city has an amazing respect for anything or anyone with a connection to kites.

They all have great pride in their heritage and traditions and will not let the 'hustle and bustle' of modern life push them into the background. At the end of the night the harden core go a singin'. Oh yes, the Big Onion singers were in fine voice. I think, however, my rendition of AC/DC's 'Back in Black' was maybe a bit lost in Japanese culture. At 1:30 AM we retired to the hot tub and talked to the fishes as they bobbed by.

Next morning...Mark was OK! So were John and I (Hurrah!). Breakfast was western-style with bread so thick it was nicknamed 'Futon', four or five of those and one had a full mattress. Delicious! As we crossed the Bridge, there were already large Edos taking the sky and after the usual ceremony we flew once more. A day of perfect wind.

At lunch I took another great gastronomic walk. On reaching the end of the field I bump into Mr. Modegi and Ogi and we're ushered to a tent for BBQ eel and brown trout. Oh yes! and Sake. Well it would've been rude not to. Just to our right was the O Dako team from Osaka who had attended Dieppe ('98) and off we trot, sake in hand and began chatting.

At the end of the day it was time for the final ceremony. With Rabbit and Wave flying high we said our goodbyes. A truly great event which I hope to return to soon. During one afternoon I gave a kite workshop in the local school using the green tadpole kites of the WHKF's and afterwards we jumped on the school bus to travel to the festival site where we flew the kites. All perfect...no failures...a great success! The Japanese workshops and schools all fly on cotton line which doesn't burn your fingers. Maybe this would be a better idea than our nylon? Very many smiling faces of very happy kids. A big THANK YOU to Neil and the White Horse Kite Flyers for making this possible.

Bazzer

Thank you

Well that's my first magazine completed. Thanks to everyone for your good wishes and support. Hope you like my first edition. I am really pleased with the response of articles let's keep it up. Remember the magazine is only as good as the articles that get sent to put in it. I will print anything from a side of A4 to your life story so come on keep them coming in, it's your magazine maybe your only chance to have your say or to talk about kites. Here's to the new season and many more events to write about see you in the workshops and may you all have dry days and clean winds and not too many clearing up storms. Beware I am looking or should I say listening for quotes. One heard from our chairman' It takes two but I can do it on my own.

Tracy.

And Finally

The deadline date for the next issue of "cowpat Hill" is the 25th of March. I look forward to hearing from you all. So keep those articles coming. May I wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Tracy

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 cutting 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:

Neil Harvey on: (01285) 740295

Arthur Dibble on: (01635) 865976

Dave Robinson on: (01793) 824208

and

Lynn & Brian Simpson on: (01793) 845346

COWPAT HILL

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