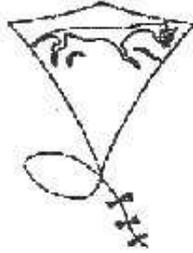


# Cowpat Hill

*White Horse  
Kite Flyers  
Autumn Issue*



*1997*

*October - December*

## **Robinson's Ramblings**

First the good news. We will have 16 participants for the Barry Poulter workshop which will take place at Headlands School on the 25/26th October 1997. Barry will be conducting a class to construct a Hexagon Kite with a Celtic Knot motif appliquéd onto it. Unfortunately, the Kathy Goodwin class has had to be cancelled due to the lack of interest in the sport kite workshop. I must say that this surprised me considering the great success that we had with the Sam Houston and Don Mock workshops in the past. Is it because fliers of sport kites have no interest in making them? I would be very interested in your comments on this and on the workshops in general. Perhaps you would like to make some suggestions on the sort of workshops that you would prefer? I await your replies with interest.

Janet and myself have recently entered the 20th century and have gone on the Internet. So, if you want to send us an E-mail, you can do so on [darjer@memail.com](mailto:darjer@memail.com) You can also send any W.H.K.F. items to this new E mail address.

Regards

Dave Robinson

\*Saturday 26th October there will be a social evening at the White Hart pub in Wroughton. This is open to any members who would like to come along.\*

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

## Thanks from Baby and Me

With end of term exam boards, final assessments and then a sudden trip abroad to lecture at a conference, I've at last found time to reply to some kind comments from a recent Cowpat concerning my new found talent of kite building. I'm still a fledgling flyer and member of WHKF after having years of interest in kites but not doing much about it. Taking part in the Don Mock workshop was a great experience. All the previous week I had been practising sewing on a piece of material given to me by Dave R and by the Saturday my seams were becoming reasonably straight. When Don revealed his creation from a small bag, well, smell it, I was sitting in it! There was no way I was going to do this. But, as we all know, Don is a very helpful, kind and patient man. I was being as careful as I could with my seams but I didn't really know how critical things had to be. Was there a bit of leeway for beginners? When I became dazed and confused the easiest thing to do was ask. Which I did - repeatedly. With so much fabric to manoeuvre I was constantly pleased to find that I hadn't sewn too many layers together. When I felt myself getting a bit up-tight, I stopped, went for a stroll and came back rather than continue and make a mistake. With a weekend's efforts completed all but sewing the dacron on the trailing edge I will never forget Don's words to me, "That's just fine, and d'you know what..... it'll fly too!" I could have kissed him.

Was I proud or what when it flew for the first time? I was really quite emotional! I even took "Baby" on holiday to Austria but the weather was horrible and she stayed in her bag. Pené and I camped there and back and there was no way that Baby was staying in the car overnight. In the tent she came so no-one would steal her! I'm waiting to get a good picture of the kite so that I can send it to Don by way of thanks, it's the least I can do.

I'm learning this flying lark slowly and made a four kite diamond shaped thingy-wotsit train for the Wroughton festival but the maiden flight never took place - and we all know why. Dave at Kreative Kites is very helpful and must get a cold feeling when he hears my voice on the telephone as I'm always asking him something. He doesn't seem to mind thankfully and the latest from him is that I need to make a drogue for Baby as it was seen to be a bit unstable at Barbury in July due to some difficult wind or something like that.

As for summer projects, well a drogue as I've mentioned and a creation from a book that was given to me years ago and goes under the name of a "Flare". It looks good and fits nicely into my sewing capabilities. I'm thirsty for knowledge on all fronts and I want to learn some basic tricks/stunts too which could prove to be expensive! Finally, thanks to all those regulars who I meet at Barbury every month for making first year with WHKF such an enjoyable one and when the next workshop comes along, please don't forget me - I've got the bug now!

Jonathan Doney

## Mouse With a Mission

**Question -** What is the connection between Margam Park, South Wales and Nairobi, Kenya?

**Answer -** A fluffy orange mouse!

"How so?" I hear you ask! Well, at the last Margam Park Kite festival, Len (my husband) won a prize in the raffle. Yes, you've guessed it - a fluffy orange mouse! I was not best pleased as our house already looks like Steptoe and Son's living room and I could foresee yet another item to add to the clutter. Anyway, the radical rodent was named 'Margam the Mouse' and taken home where it lay on the sofa waiting to be permanently housed. However, fortune was smiling on the unknowing creature - he was soon to embark on the journey of a lifetime. I spotted an article, in our Church magazine, written by a lady who was very touched by the fact that children in Kenya have no teddy bears and she had decided to do something about it. She explained how and where to send teddies and urged us all to post a cuddly toy. The answer was obvious - Margam had a purpose to fulfil and was about to embark on a mission never before dared by an orange mouse. We duly said our "Good-byes" to Margam, wrapped him in a strong, brown envelope, filled in the appropriate customs declaration and handed him over the Post Office counter, his epic adventure had just begun! I hope that Margam survives the journey and arrives safely at his destination to bring a little orange, fluffy joy to a deserving boy or girl. So, you see, there is a link between South Wales and Kenya and next time you donate a prize for a raffle it might be worth thinking about where it could end up and whether, like Margam, it might be the start of an international adventure!

Jenny Furnell

## Solutions to Brenda's Puzzle Page

Boys Will Be Boys

A Watched Pot Never Boils

Rome Was Not Built In A Day

Better Late Than Never

United We Stand, Divided We Fall

Red Sky At Night, Shepherd's Delight

You Never Know What You Can Do Till You Try

Charity Begins At Home

A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss

Share And Share Alike

The Grass Is Always Greener On The Other Side Of The Fence

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

Empty Vessels Make The Most Sounds

## Not a happy shopper!

Recently I took some friends up to London to catch an early morning EuroStar from Waterloo. This coincided quite nicely with a meeting that I had to go to later in the day so it gave me the opportunity to have lunch with an old friend, see some in(out)laws and do some shopping. I needed to go to Covent Garden to check out three specialist shops. One that sold maps, one that sold only art books (well I am a teacher in an art school!) and the other - The Kite Store! Now my conscience was being torn a little cos, since I've been making and flying I've only ever got my materials and advice from Dave at Kreative Kites in Newbury, but being so close to a "specialist" shop in the Big City, suggested to me that they must be so brainy and helpful about kites it should be awesome for a new boy like me. (Not saying that Dave doesn't of course!) But how wrong I was. The previous day I found a plan for my latest masterpiece, sketched it up on a piece of paper with all the measurements and list of bits and walked into the shop in Neal Street. I might as well have been a bit of dirt on the floor! If I had been stark naked with my Mock kite flying of my wotsit I doubt whether they would have raised an eyebrow between them. The guy was so preoccupied with yawning and his partner with reading the newspaper with her feet up on the counter that I thought they must have some intuitive sense to spot those who ask really difficult questions like, "Have you got any swivels?" I found myself continually answering my own questions. "I'd like some material please, what colours do you have .....(waiting for a reply).....Oh, only those over there, I see," and so it went on. Halfway through they started serving someone else and never came back to me. So I wandered around the shop gathering stuff on my own and dumping it on the counter. Finally I looked at the bloke and asked how much? He sighed heavily again, as if I'd asked a question more suited to a professor of quantum physics, rested his chin on his hand and tapped away at the calculator. When he'd finished he just held out his hand. "Well how much is it then?" I asked just as my annoyance was beginning to bubble its way to the surface. Remaining calm and polite I signed the chit, said thank you and goodbye. They never replied and vowed as I walked out of the shop never to return. I broke my vow ten minutes later as I'd forgotten the end caps then renewed it on exiting for the second time!

As I arrived home very late, I checked my bag of goodies the following morning. Did they fold up or roll the material neatly? Did they hell! It reminded me of what you do with fish and chip paper. You know, you start with all good intentions of neatness by folding it in half, then in half again and then say, well blow this and just screw it up in your hands. The word crease has taken on a whole new meaning for me now.

You may think this is all a bit scathing, but my wise father, now in his mid eighties bless him, gave me some advice many years ago when I was contemplating being self employed after being made redundant. All fathers give advice to their children and sometimes it sinks in. He said to me, "Just remember, you're in business to provide a service and if you don't deserve to be in business." If you know these folk in London then they really should be told. The service was appalling, their help and advice nonexistent. Maybe they have a captive market but even then this is not an excuse for fundamentally poor customer care. It's not worth making a trip, take my word for it. Spend your money more wisely at Cafe Pacifico, a brilliant Mexican restaurant just around the corner. Square foot for square foot, it's not much bigger than Kreative Kites. I should have stuck with my instincts and gone to Dave in Newbury, after all it was on the way

Jonathan Doney

Anyone had a similar experience or is this just a one off? I look forward to hearing your tales of kite shops, good or bad.

No room for me to say much this time, thanks for the articles, few as they were! -  
Ed.

## Sports Kite Team? Why not!

I know that this has been mentioned in the past (about two/three years ago by Doug Manners as I recall), I certainly didn't class myself capable at that time, but a new member just in asked the question "is there any team flying in the club?" and this time I've taken this a little more seriously and with some possible support being mentioned I think there is a chance to see this started.

I don't think we should talk of setting the size or form of team, its more a case of who's interested, and working together to see what happens, if nothing else I'm sure we will all learn from the experience; variations of techniques, improving our tricks, etc.

So the next step is to see if there is enough interest from the club members who consider themselves as "passable" Sports kite flyers, to go for it! I know we hear of 'Personalities' in Teams, but if we hide away and just hanker as individuals, we don't get anywhere - Team flying is a challenge that can improve the individual, without having to commit yourself to the team at this stage. Lets just consider it as a forum of like minded souls to start with, out to improve their flying, with a long term target of setting up a team (or two!).

Sure I would like to be there in the team, many of us do! but first things first, who's interested? Lets chat about it, call me on 01793 710791 and we shall see about a date to get started on the project - one that could take YOU to Guadeloupe, or Miami, or .....

Peter Dawson.

## The Editor's Revenge

Something for all those members who have suffered at the hands of our "Social Member".



## Frodo Goes To England (or the Fellowship of the Carrot)

The time had finally arrived. After months of scraping together coins to be converted in a new realm the group climbed aboard the "Big Bird" to fly to the land of King Arthur, Lord Nelson and a more contemporary group, the White Horse Kite Flyers. A group, while not nearly as famous as the two former individuals, which is much more esteemed by this band of travellers.

The group consisted of Frodo and his Lil' Bit of a wife, the left over American hippy and his wife the Cadbury addict.

The "Big Bird" began to flap its wings and they were off. After an interval that tested the circulation of blood to their glutei maximi they arrived in London. Upon alighting Frodo and company were greeted by an impressive entourage, two members of the government, a stone cutter and one of the fairest ladies in the land. Unbeknownst to Frodo and his companions, one of the aforementioned greeters was a great wizard, able to whisk tourists from place to place via huge underground tubes, high buses that often seemed to tip more than gravity would allow and trains passing so fast they blew one away from the tracks. Immediately the grey bearded wizard caught the weary travellers up in a whirlwind and they were gone, bouncing from place to place throughout London and surrounding areas for nearly three days.

It was at dinner one night in London that one of Frodo's great weaknesses was discovered, he hates cooked carrots. Frodo considers them evil, sent by the devil to make his existence miserable. Frodo's friends, noting his poor eyesight, refused to allow him to hide from his nemesis seeing to it that he was confronted with carrots at every turn. At one point Frodo found himself accompanied by a woman carrying balloons advertising Ronald McDonalds while he ate the carrots that seemed to come from everywhere. No matter where he went, it seemed all of London knew of his dislike and had turned against him. Even when dining out waitresses served him cooked carrots, when refused they often returned with raw ones to taunt him. This trip was obviously going to be much longer than originally planned. AGH! The wizard had taken careful note.

After three exhausting days the wizard had become very weary of his charges and took them to Heathrow placing them on a motor coach to Swindon. Even as he smiled and waved farewell the wizard's thoughts were turning to other more secret tasks ahead.

The group truly enjoyed the peaceful and relaxing ride to Swindon. Upon arrival a taxi was hailed and it was off to the rental car agency only a block from the delightful Robinson elves home. All went well and the group was nearly ready to assume possession of the car when a strange but somehow familiar voice echoed from behind a side door. Before anyone could gather their thoughts enough to ascertain the origin of the voice, the door swung open to reveal the Marla gnome! The group was stunned beyond words, but not the Marla gnome. She immediately began "clucking and cackling" about the bewildered looks on the face of the nonplused travellers. It should be noted here that Marla gnomes possess strange and magical shopping powers and have on occasion transformed themselves into chickens to further their goals.

As the atmosphere slowly settled and others were again able to speak, it was discovered there had been treachery within the group. One of the members had previous knowledge of this ambush. Frodo, it was found, not only was aware of the surprise but may have had a hand in planning it as well. It was quickly decided that serious penance would need to be performed to absolve Frodo of this sin. Further, it was discovered that another accomplice was to arrive shortly. Ron gnome had arrived at Heathrow only moments after the bus had departed for Swindon. Of course, the wizard!!

Well, as you might imagine, this little adventure left the travellers in quite a state. So much so it took twenty minutes to drive the six blocks to the Robinson elves abode. Though it may have been more due to Marla gnome's keen navigational skills.

No sooner had the group arrived, exchanged greetings than it was off to Portsmouth to satisfy Frodo's need to commune with his idol Lord Nelson aboard the Victory. A day in Portsmouth and off to the fine sanded beaches of Weymouth. Here in a beautiful setting by the sea the weary travellers truly began to relax. Time to visit with old friends and make new ones. The winds were not as favourable as they had been in the past but what a glorious setting for a kite fly.

Frodo, however, was not totally able to enjoy the serene atmosphere. Once again he was beset with an endless barrage of carrots. Carrots at every meal. Strangers offering carrots. Carrots on his pillow.

Every place he turned the orange vegetable was offered. Frodo became certain there was a "Great English Carrot Conspiracy" aimed only at him. The breakfast of chocolate covered carrots, offered to Frodo by the innkeeper as a special treat, proved only to add to his torture. The passing toddler who asked innocently "are you going to eat your carrots?" had Frodo writhing in agony. By this time even the stoutest of the other travellers was starting to feel Frodo's anguish and thoroughly enjoying it.

At last it was time for Frodo to at least temporarily elude the conspiracy. The group was to strike out on its own. A four day foray into Cornwall to visit relatives and explore castles. Perhaps the plot had not spread that far yet. With Frodo at the wheel and the old hippy navigating, they were soon heading in the direction of Land's End with the nearly constant reminders "look right, stay left" echoing from the back seat.

Frodo's hopes were realized in the remote corner of the country but, all too soon, it was time to head back north and the Swindon festival. The route lead through Marlborough where the "starving" travellers could replenish themselves with a huge cream tea. It worked, the group wallowed into Swindon.

Obviously pleased to be on the eve of another kite festival, Frodo seemed nervous. He knew he was back in carrot country. He did not have long to wait. Dinner that night was attended by a large number of familiar fliers all much amused at Frodo's disgust of the orange root once again showered upon him. Just as it seemed the assembled rabble rousers had exhausted their pockets of nasty veggies and a respite was in store, the wizard appeared. Under his arm he carried the largest carrot Frodo had ever seen. The wizard grandly presented the three foot root to Frodo, obviously intending it to be his personal albatross to be carried for the duration of the trip. Shaken, but not wanting to offend a wizard, Frodo inquired about the unusual topknot and was told that this was the tip of the parachute to be used when dropping the root from a kite. Frodo did want to drop his new prize didn't he? Oh yes, of course he would just love to fly it surrounded by hundreds of people. What a thrill, aarrgghh!!

The day dawned as blustery as could be imagined and the crew headed for the flying field. Frodo soon learned that the weather would be no reason to beg out on carrot flying. Carrots, Frodo was informed, love high winds. After one abortive attempt, the drop was completed and he tucked his "prize" under his arm and retreated from the field. Conditions during the day never moderated to ideal kite flying weather. Rain and hail had kites scrambling for the tents periodically. Despite the bad luck weather wise, the hospitality of the White Horse group kept the spirits high.

The next day turned out to be much the same but not one of the group of four seemed the least bit disappointed, there was just too much fun to be had with the other fliers.

After the festival it was off to Wales and to roller coasters up the coast but all too soon it was time for Frodo and the others to return home. This left the group very sad. The idea of

leaving their British friends behind was not a happy one, but plans had been made and more work-a-day lives were waiting back home. There would be other trips though. Frodo guaranteed it. As he walked down the ramp to the "Big Bird" he was heard quite clearly, "I'll be back, to get even".

Gentle breezes to you all

Greg Clark and Sonny Hammer.

## Festivals Report

Since our last issue I have attended a number of festivals and the thing which is most memorable about them is the weather. This year we seem to have had more than our share of poor festivals due to bad conditions. For those of you who didn't get to some of them, here is a brief report on ones I went to.

In the last issue I covered our own event and Basingstoke and was surprised no-one else had done anything on Weymouth (or have I missed an issue?). However, we did get a little bit in Kite Passion and hope that Hailey appreciates the advertising value for those great trousers. I love the comments of passers-by who see me wearing them. All I can say about the event is that I had a good time but, with the wind coming over the hotels, flying was not easy.

The next event was Wyntern School at Andover where we were attempting to do a workshop and flying display. I must thank both the other Club members who turned up to assist and the friend of Anne's without whom nothing would have been done. The wind was very difficult and swirling badly so flying was difficult although we had been allocated a large area. Unfortunately, this was not roped off and, as soon as the fete started, it was filled with spectators making flying impossible. The workshop was well patronised and a few very hard hours were put in there to make over 70 kites.

Next came Southampton, which I could only attend on the Sunday, and my sympathy goes to all who worked so hard to have yet another festival cursed by rain. We all jumped in and out of cars or marquees as storms came and went and tried to fly something in the dry bits but had to get kites down very fast before lightning got there. I hope that this second successive wetting won't stop them trying again next year as it is a very friendly group and nice flying site with lots of potential.

Then came Monmouth which is always like trying to fly in a bucket with all the surrounding hills, helped this year by very low wind speeds. The hi-light for the commentators seemed to be when the anemometer actually did a complete rotation without stopping. I had to admire the Decorators who invented a new routine while running 360s. This year was an improvement in that the fun-fair was reduced in size so at least you could hear yourself think.

This was followed by the new event at Thatcham which the organiser has promised to report on so you can catch up on this elsewhere.

Middle Wallop was another festival with very little wind for the two days until it

was almost time to go home but who is going to complain about having to spend two days sitting on a deck chair on the biggest lawn in the country? A Loddon Valley member did manage to get a parascending ascent but Martin C. and I didn't due to lack of wind on Sunday. The entry fee was much more reasonable this year particularly for those of us who have been round the museum in previous years. I look forward to next year's event.

Now I have a chance to thank everyone who remembered by birthday, which coincided with the Hengistbury bash. I don't know if it had anything to do with the early Buck's Fizz, but I remember this as a good day. We were there to do a bit of bear binging and, with my rig set up next to the Irvine team, we were ready for serious work. Much to my chagrin, Doug managed to get his multi-flare high and started dropping very soon. What is your secret? Is it Inn hollow carbon frame or 0.25oz Icarex sail? Whatever it is I want some as I failed to get any lift from my multi-flare or large deltas until much later when we tried a lightly sparred Rok. By the end of the day, we did manage to drop about 600 fauna between us and raised a goodly sum for the St. John Ambulance. It made a nice way to celebrate so thanks again.

Aldershot can best be described as very light winds interrupted by long intervals of flat calm. The only display that W.H.K.F. could put on was when Martin joined in with the jugglers and helped to put on a very entertaining display. Once again the team in the marquee did a great job with the workshop while the B.O.F. showed that he had lost none of his skill with the wok.

Portsmouth was another venue where I was dropping bears and, with the help of Doug and Rosie, and Carolyn (when she wasn't busy autographing magazines) we had two very enjoyable days. I was sorry not to spend more time with other Club members, but they seemed to get on very well without us from the view we had of their displays. Monday started off wet but those of us who stayed on were rewarded by a good afternoon. The Club Centipede flew well and was much admired and then Martin C. decided it was time to do his thing. Out came the parafoils and all his sky garbage. Spectators couldn't believe it when most of Southsea Common was filled by just one display which we know to be only a small kite compared with what Martin could have launched. Yes, W.H.K.F. were at Portsmouth!

We have now rounded off the season with a new one day festival in Castle Cary where the Club was engaged to do a display of big kites and bear dropping. Having stayed with relations locally, I was on site for 9 o'clock when the wind had risen to zero m.p.h. (sorry not sure what that is in k.p.h., knots or Beaufort). It picked up slowly during the day and we managed to get the Legs airborne lifting a windsock and, with Don's doughnut and a reasonable quantity of falling bears, we put on a reasonable show. It was a nice friendly little event and, although there is not a lot of space, we look forward to going back next year.

OK, that is where I have been. How about you? I look forward to seeing more W.H.K.F. members at more events next season and to reading about them in Cowpat.

As this is the last edition this year, I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, look forward to seeing you soon.

Arthur

# Sky Chat

Well, another season of festivals, displays and workshops just about over. Run out of W.H.K.F. kite kits and awaiting new stock, problem with getting the film. We could get half a tonne but we don't think 50,000 kites would be a wise buy. I'm sorry that I have not been about as much as I would have liked to have been, but the good news is that Amie is improving and is allowed home for the weekends. This does curtail my free time at the weekends so that I can transport her about.

As I usually say around this time, the A.G.M. is coming up, the time for your voice to be heard. This year we hope to have our American Rep. attending with his wife, better known as Ron & Marla Miller. As always there are many things to discuss and little time to do it all in, but I do hope that you all will have your say. As I have said before, it is your Club and any Club is only as good as its members. I hope that the Kite Workshop by Bazzar Poulter will be as successful as previous ones and I will see the lucky ones there.

Better not ramble on too much or the Ed. will moan and I will not have anything to say at the A.G.M. But just two little things with regard to The Daisy Appeal:-

1) The 11th of Oct there is a fun run/walk from The Mason Arms, Meysey Hampton to The Spotted Cow, Marston Meysey at 11.30am. about 2 miles. Then in the evening at The Spotted Cow there is an Adult Children's Party, Child's dress to be worn, or punishment will have to be paid. Buffet, live band & disco, party poppers and games. Tickets £4.00 beforehand or £4.50 on the night, from The Spotted Cow, 01285 810264 or The Harveys, 01285 740295.

2) The 1st of Nov Christmas Sale at Bibury Village Hall at 2.00pm

Get your presents and cards, etc. Any donations towards the sale would be appreciated, you name it we will sell it, collection can be arranged. See the Harvey's again.

This year's Mince-Pie fly-in will take place on Saturday December 27th, in aid of the Daisy Appeal.

## DO NOT FORGET

White Horse Kite Flyers Annual General Meeting on 9th of Nov. 1997 at 2.00pm at The White Hart, Wroughton. Refreshments available. **NEIL**

## Where the WHKF go to fly their kites

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

Will YOU be there?

Local WHKF contacts are:

Ron Gunter on: (01793) 770784

Neil Harvey on: (01285) 740295

Arthur Dibble on: (01635) 865976

and

Dave Robinson on: (01793) 824208

The COWPAT HILL Journal

Journal of the White Horse Kite Flyers

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