

Cowpat Hill



White Horse Kite Flyers

Summer Issue

July - September

Sky Chat

Well folks, the season is already half way through and the weather is doing its normal. Rain every other day, so most weekends we get one day that is possible. This was true for our Festival this year, still it would not be "Swindon" without a drop of rain. Good job we invested in a beer tent so that we could all get wet inside as well as outside. Thank you Gary and your helpers for making the beer. It is also time to thank everybody who helped with the Festival no matter how much or little you did, as for goat and when it peed in the sea, every little helps. Thanks again to you all for making "Our" Festival a great success and here's to 2000.

While on the matter of thanks, I have to thank you all for not letting me do so much of the physical work this season. I know that I am getting old and decrepit, you and my family have been telling me for years, but now it's official. I do now have to take it easier and not run around like a demented hare. Ah well, we can dream.

Our Club's fame seems to keep on spreading, especially our sled kites with requests from further afield every year, so much so that we have had to re-order. Not bad for a group like us. What on about workshops, extra help is always welcome. Don't wait to be asked just come forward. Dates can be found in the events diary.

Last issue I penned comment about waiting to see the winter creation that you have been working on. Well, I have not been disappointed, there have been some great kites made and the owners can be proud of their work. There is a thrill when somebody comes up and asks, "Where did you get that kite from?" and you can say, "I made it myself." Go on push your chests out. I wonder how many of you would have thought when you started kite flying that you would end up building such beautiful kites, I wonder!

If I'm not careful I will be accused of rambling like Robinson if I carry on much longer. So, here's hoping for clear winds and tight lines.

Neil

White Horse Kite Flyers

PO Box 585

SWINDON

SN3 4YR

"Jean, Jean the Raffle Queen"

It haunts, it taunts, but not as much as a kite called Silly Simon will. I sat there in my memory, on a rickety wet wooden bench, watching the sun take forever to rise over the hill behind the bay in Tacoma. The colours are magnificent, but the clock seems poised at 5.30am and Jeanne Mock takes forever in the shower. I can hear the running water and frustrated, I almost pray for the sun to rise that little bit faster just for today so that I can get inside and have a cup of desperately needed coffee.

You see Silly Simon locked me out last night.

But then it's a long story and perhaps I should start at the beginning.

In the beginning there was Marla: running around in her superwoman's outfit flashing little white cards under everybody's noses at Wroughton, the 1998 WHKF 'home' festival. Foolishly, I asked Rick (my world travelling husband) if he had any dollars on him so that I could buy a raffle ticket so Marla would stop pestering me. As it happened, he had three and so ticket numbers 104, 105 and 106 wormed their way into my hand at the same time as I asked, "What's it for?"

"A free registration for next year's Fort Worden."

"Where's that?"

I was greeted with the biggest Marla-sigh I think I have heard so far. The reply was classic "It's..." She took a deep breath and looked at me with real pity in her eyes; "It's where I live. A kitemaker's conference, I do the raffle."

Duly educated, I looked at the ticket, hoping I might be lucky. Usually I pay for others to win. I didn't win this time either.

In August the children and I travelled to South Africa to visit my family, and during the discussion about how many tickets we could claim on Air Miles, Rick blandly stated that he had more than enough to take me to Fort Worden if I still wanted to go. It always amazes me how many big decisions we make in the blink of an eyelid, and how we spend years mulling over the silly things. For example, it took us twelve minutes to buy our new house. We drove up the driveway, walked behind the owners through the entrance hall, into the lounge and through to the sun lounge, looked each other in the eye and nodded. Twelve minutes. Five seconds was all it took to decide to go to Fort Worden, and what a big decision that was. It will probably affect me for the rest of my childhood...

Heathrow and the fun already begins... Pat and Ron Dell and Simon Hennessey were just ahead of me in the check-in queue, but on the side and looking rather stressed out stood the Robinsons and Morn. Mother Madge now no longer appreciates passport jokes, and Janet is having a copy of Madge's passport put into a microchip for surgical implantation!

Pat, Ron, Simon and I had a pleasant flight. The crew was good, and the babies who wailed and the seats that wobbled all seemed to have been reserved for Jan, Dave and Madge's end of the plane. The Outer Hebrides disappeared into the distance and as Greenland gradually became more dark than white, the excitement of the unknown told me once and for all that I AM my mother's daughter - the thrill of satisfied wanderlust struck with a vengeance!

Superwoman Marla was there with her entourage to meet us and to the bemusement of fellow passengers, we Brits squeaked our way through customs, the train and into the people movers.

When I was a child our family holidays were often in places like Knysna in the Cape of South Africa where the sumptuous Sequoia Redwood forests grow. There they use wood to build holiday houses. Houses that look very similar to those in Seattle. I tried hard to see it at a town, but all five days I was there, the holiday village feeling stayed with me, adding to the enchantment of the place.

Seventeen people round the dinner table that night made for a wonderful time. Seldom have I felt so at home away from home. Then it was to the 'Palace' for the first night's kip. The beauty and sheer grandeur of the authentically restored home took me by surprise, and for someone who sympathises with the Pea Princess about strange beds, I climbed into mine, closed my eyes and slept like a baby. I woke the next morning to a glorious view across the bay and feverishly sketched all I could see, lest I forget anything as I grow up. Ideas and inspiration for decorating our twelve-minute house suddenly thumped home, and my camera flashed away.

Breakfast out was huge. Sticky sweet, rich and delicious, and as I licked my lips on the way home I believed I would never be able to eat again in my life. Until about 10 minutes later when I found an American size packet of M&Ms on Marla's dining room table. Crunching our way through the day's planning, we slowly filled the camper with boxes for Marla's pet raffle.

Ron repacked the van so it would drive smoothly and in a straight line, and we eventually set out for Fort Worden, to find five minutes later that some poor depressed soul (bare dropper?) was trying to do away with himself on the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. We turned back to do some shopping in the Queen Anne emporium. Some twenty minutes of therapy and an embarrassing number of dollars later, Ron sighingly offered to repack the camper for me.

Fort Worden beckoned and off we went down the highway at slow-motion 55mph. Stopping for the pits, we were alarmed to see Ron's camper about to catch fire! While stinking smoke poured from the engine, Ron sat calmly munching pretzels and murmuring normality noises at us. So we named his camper the SV. (Like RV, only meaning Smelly Van)

When I was 21 I was forced by my friend who was in love with Richard Gere to watch 'An Officer and a Gentleman' five times in a row. (She paid for the tickets.) I liked the ending, the scenery and setting, the views out to sea and the open roads as he rode his bike during the good music bits. And so with a bit of an anti-climax, we drove into a rather unkempt Fort Worden Military Base. I think I recognised one building, but can't be sure. Now a conference centre, half of the base is under renovation but is still a pretty place. We registered, found our digs and ate dinner. I liked the meals, but then I was a foreigner and so everything was new and different.

Marla snaffled us for the raffle. I folded hundreds of bags for the tickets to go in, it was about all I could manage, jet-lagged to the point of faintness. The raffle grew as more and more people donated prizes.

Friday brought a beautiful day which belied things I'd heard about rain and Seattle. That was my day for Don Mock's MockForm class. On Don's machine, I sewed and cut and sewed some more. By the end of it I could make the machine go more or less straight. The biggest problem was the reverse button that was in the wrong place! It's like driving a car with the wrong gears! By the end of the day, with a little chilled Glenmorangie to help it flow more easily, I had produced my Mexican Chilli. At 8.15pm it flew.

Saturday morning was for Achim Kinter's History of kites which was totally awesome. This guy is a wow - a German engineer with a love for the Cody kite and its derivatives. His replicas are incredible though he regretfully admits using stainless steel screws instead of the original aluminium ones. The rest is authentic as possible - the research effort put into each kite is staggering! In the afternoon, I attended Dan Kurahashi's course on working with bamboo and mulberry paper to make a kite that had to weigh in at less than 0.75g. It also had to fly! We learned how to split bamboo, and I came away with a much wanted splitting knife. Dan demonstrated the how-to, which made it look so easy. We also learned how to bend bamboo using heat, something I'd wanted to learn for a long time. My kite was a success, it weighed in at 0.74g and it flew! A few minor adjustments by Dan on the bridle and it flew straight. My biggest challenge was how to get the kite home safely!

Sunday morning was a little more sober. The weekend was almost finished and only one course left to go. Johnny Hsiung (pronounced shee-oong) makes hi-tech lighter kites out of mylar and carbon fibre for the spars. To create the bow in the spine, he uses a fine-walled aluminium tube that goes over the spine and then is bent to shape before the kite is flown for the first time. Already recognising that I would have a problem

getting everything home in just two suitcases, I opted to make a version of the kite that uses line to create the bow. It is an original concept by Johnny which is still in the developmental stage. Interesting though, and the adaptation of which has interesting possibilities in other kiting areas. He is a stickler for detail, something some of my classmates could not handle, and tongue-in-cheek I told him he needed to sign my completed (and balanced) kite twice, once on each side, so that there would not be a weight discrepancy! I still don't know whether he thought I was serious or not, but he graciously did it all the same, to the point of lining up his signatures!

Sunday afternoon we went our weary way home and after a delicious dinner out went home with Don Mock, who was our host for the night. It was during a conversation about gifts for the family that I realised I did not have a kite to give to my youngest child. Don suggested I go and make one in his workshop and off I went. Sometime during the evening, Simon Hennessey came to see how I was doing and then went off to bed. I finally finished up at 12.10pm and went to the house to my bed for the night only to find that I was locked out! I knocked and shouted until I decided it was hopeless. Back in the workshop I figured with no blankets, pillow or anything remotely resembling a mattress, I'd better just get busy and stay up until Jeanne was due to go to work the next morning. During the same fatal conversation that evening, Don mentioned it took him four hours to complete a MockForm. I dug around in his Fort Worden box until I found a kit and cut the few bits I needed to make the kite and started timing myself.

Four and a half hours in a kitemaker's heaven and many appreciative glances through the window at the stupendous view across the bay later, my kite lay just about complete on the table. It was beautiful - the graphics I'd chosen worked well, and apart from the trailing edge fabric and bridling which I couldn't find, was finished. I'd also not made the same mistakes I made in the workshop on the Friday. I sat around reading everything I could lay my hands on until I noticed the sun starting to rise. Then it was that I stood outside in the steaming air watching the interminably slow colour changes and listening to the running water from the shower.

At 6.15am I frightened the life out of the newspaper man and just before seven I woke Simon by banging on the kitchen window. A few choice phrases, coffee, laughter and breakfast later, the new kite was finished, bridled by Don, and duly christened "Silly Simon".

The Bulls Eye Shooting Gallery in Tacoma was our next stop Monday morning. For some reason someone in our group made a point of standing between Simon and me all the time we were there. My target plates are going to be framed in the entrance hall to dissuade any intruders into my twelve-minute house! After lunch it was a sad farewell from Marla and Ron's house back to Seattle airport courtesy of the Robinson Taxi Service.

The flight home was fine. Coffee at regular intervals, made extra strong by the crew especially for me once they heard my story, kept me going to Heathrow. My drive home was in the shape of Bernie, our local taxi. His job of keeping me awake was tough as the caffeine wore out half way home! Rick pumped me full once more when I got home and I managed to stay awake long enough to hand out all the presents I had brought and made, and fly the Mexican Chili and Silly Simon in our back yard.

I'm going back next year. It's already decided, only this time I plan on sleeping in that delightful room in Don and Jeanne Mock's home. They have promised that they will show me where they hide their spare key!

I bet if you've read all this that you're still wondering about the Raffle Queen bit...? Simple really - I won about twenty prizes in all.

Jean Turner

ELECTRIC LIFTERS

Following last issues article from Doug about relay interfacing of electric winches I should like to make the following observations:- I'm sorry Doug but the circuit given can never work. I can see what you are trying to do so I think you have a mistake in your drawing.

I also feel the same result could be achieved with only 2 relays instead of 3. I therefore append my suggested circuit. Perhaps some better qualified engineer can fault find mine.

Why use relay at all ? The answer to this is reasonably straight forward. It gets rid of the voltage drop in the switch cables and hence gives more power to the motor. I use a heavy duty motor and the resistance in the cables makes the motor much more controllable. If you have seen Jerry Swifts' rig where he uses the same motor with relay interfacing you will note how much faster his runs but then he gets the problem of early release due to the start inertia.

Doug's motor however is much lower rated and therefore to get the required lifting power he has to have minimum loss elsewhere and the relays have proved to work for him (watch at Hengistbury).

My other belief is that the more parts there are the more there is to go wrong. So keep it simple.

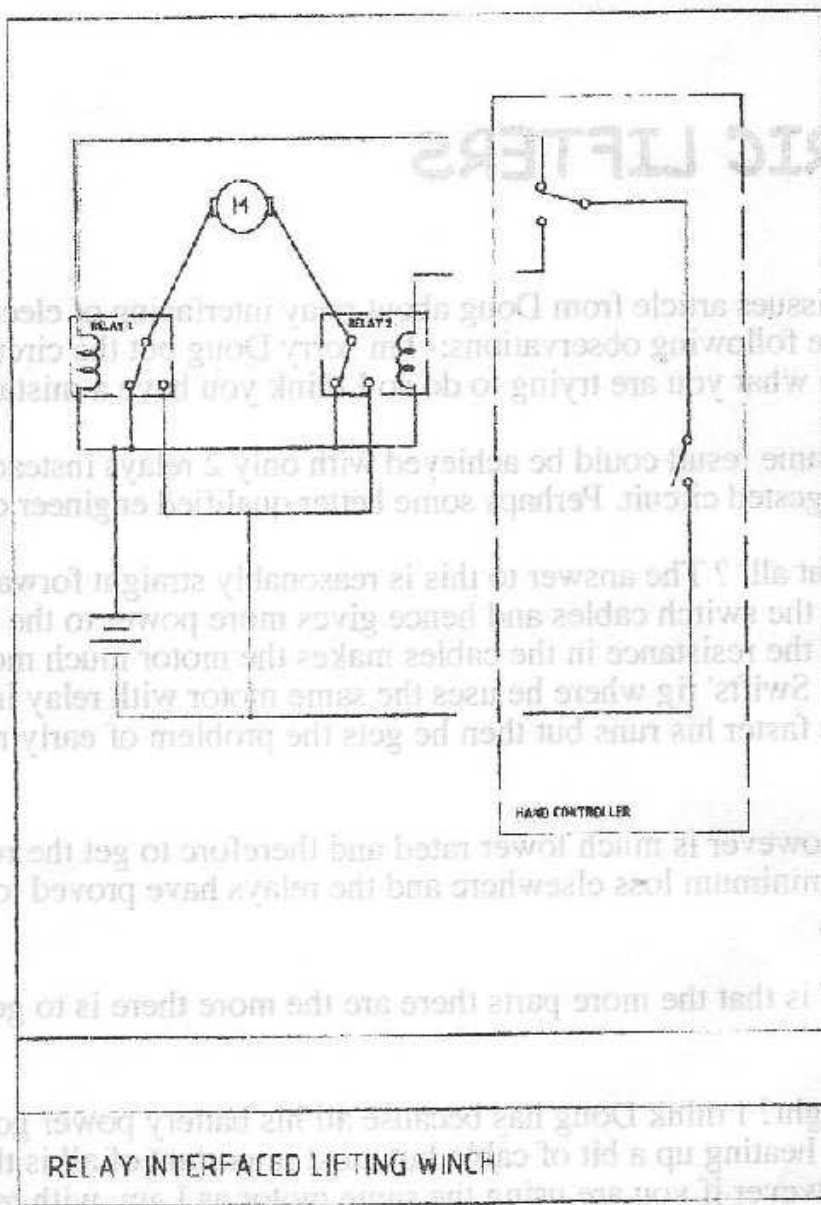
So who has it right? I think Doug has because all his battery power goes to lifting Bears not as mine does to heating up a bit of cable but most important of all is that if it works for you it is correct. However if you are using the same motor as I am, with relays, warn the Bears about the "G" force on take off.

I am still being asked about the batteries and charger I use. They are 12 volt sealed lead acid rated at a total of 24 Ahr. These must be charged using a charger specifically designed for them and not a car battery charger as this will cause them to over heat and split. The circuit for a suitable charger was published in an earlier edition of this magazine. This size of battery pack gives me a full day of lifting and if not too busy a second day as well. The main advantage of this type is that there is no chance of spillage of acid. If any body wants some I still have a few spares.

I have seen several rigs using car batteries which have a much larger capacity and are much easier to charge but must be kept upright which I find difficult during transport and in the chaos of hurriedly packing up at the end of an event.

Happy bombing

Arthur



Dates for the Diary

17 th & 18 th July	Kennet Kite Festival	W/S, Dis & TD
17 th & 18 th July	Tewkesbury Kite Festival	
24 th & 25 th July	Weston Super Mare ??	
7 th & 8 th Aug	Middle Wallop	W/S
15 th Aug	Blackwater	W/S, Dis & TD
15 th Aug	Hengisbury Head	Dis & TD
22 nd & 23 rd Aug	Cleethorpes Kite Festival	W/S & Dis
22 nd Aug	Wanborough	W/S, Dis & TD
28 th -30 th Aug	Portsmouth Kite Festival	
4 th & 5 th Sept	Bristol Kite Festival	
12 th Sept	Castle Cary	Dis & TD
26 th Sept	Old Warden	
9 th Oct	Sam Huston Workshop	
10 th Oct	One Sky One World	
27 th Dec	Mince-Pie Fly-in	

I hope this list is accurate, but please check beforehand.
Also disregard Ed's comments. Neil.

KITES OVER GOSPORT

This is the name of a new club near Portsmouth and they were passing out leaflets at earlier events advertising their first festival on 17th May. As we had nothing scheduled and the weather looked good I decided to give it a try.

I arrived at about 10 am. to find Ann & Mike with one of their distinctive Genki kites the only people flying. There was a Hewit flexikite and a delta but they were having little success.

I managed to launch a 2m rok with ultra light spars and once this got high enough there was a little breeze. Unfortunately, this did not last all day.

The site is beautiful being a large grassy park right on the coast and according to the local flyers can be guaranteed to have a good steady wind, southerly being the prevailing direction. It is not huge but is certainly very pleasant.

There are toilets at each end and a nice little cafe/bistro/bar serving good value food. Even when the wind died totally it was a great place to sit and relax.

The event was very informal with no set program, no traders and no PA. Arenas were small and only defined by flags which did mean that the public tended to wander into these areas.

A good display was provided by the local 3 man team (sorry guys I can't remember your name). It was a pity there wasn't a better turn out but there was some sort of football match on that day. As long as it continues to be a low key event I shall try to go again. Love the venue, shame about the wind.

Arthur

CLEARING-UP STORMS

Last year Shipton Bellinger gave us the definitive clearing up storm which lead to a number of articles in this magnificent publication. This year managed to provide a variation:- The weather was good all day until we started clearing up.

Then we had a storm, is this the type 2 ???

Perhaps this will be clarified during the autumn workshop?

Arthur

MILLYENIUM YOO WOT.....

Clarence T. Newtstuffer?, do me a favour, it's that sodding Long John O'Shaunessey, the notorious one legged flat earthist, UFO debunker, semi-professional Pothead and defiler of the Great Sam's memory, blessed be his name, up to his tricks again, whatever, is he some kind of smartarse spin doctor or what? 2000 wotsits up in one go? 2000 square yards of postage stamps, jeez is that some sore tongues, 2000 members?, get out of here, and as for his suggestion of flying the Huge Megalegs over the War Criminals Ego Massager at Greenwich at midnight on the wrong date, that's a joke surely?

What happens when all the lights go out, the end of the world as we know it Riot breaks out and in the confusion the Starving Horse Committee, plus the huge legs disappear down the exhaust pipe for the Blackwall Tunnel, to emerge shortly, covered in soot and tastefully draped across the front of a Fortyfour Ton Frog Arctic, bound for Festung Europa, though on second thoughts maybe that's a Kite first that the ever expanding Mr. Slater could not top, or could he?

Perhaps a small digression here is in order. Only in KOOL BRITTANYA ... with all the sites available along the Greenwich Meridien, where did the Tossers decide to Plonk the Billion Quid White Elephant? Give the Gent a big Cigar, you've guessed it, right on top of the Blackwall Tunnel's southern Exhaust Vent, which is now artfully arranged to poke through the roof of the Dumbing Down Dome, and when a downdraft starts to Gas the Mug Punters therein, no doubt the GRINNING ONE will tell them that the fumes are produced by Greener Vehicle Fuels.

Notwithstanding the fact as "Clarence" reminds us that we have to blame Dennis the Shortarse for the cockup over the dates, 2001 Kites is definitely more than 2000, so I go along with Clarence in his proposal that the Starving Horse celebrations should be atop Ye Olde Cow Pat Hill, and there is no need for a Temporary Paddling Pool Type thingy as Cow Pat already has a permanent Crater type fixture, you know, the one that half the members think is a Marl pit, half the members think is an old flint working, half the members thinks is an Iron age Kharzi for Barbury Castle, jeez what a bummer literally if you had to run all that way in the Pitch Black, back in 3000 and freezing stiff B.C.

In reality we know that the crater was actually formed by a direct hit from a cruise missile, launched from a B52 equipped with the wrong A to Z map of Baghdad. This hole would make an ideal paddling pool for a Starving Horse Millyenium Beach Party, no doubt about it, and to be really Right-On radical we could just fly one Kite, whilst Mr. Dawson, who, having set up his Computer in outside broadcast mode (sod having that P.C. going off bang indoors if that millenium bug kicks in) could supply 2000 virtually real ones on screen whilst all the Members set about collecting 2001 Cow Pats, Oi, no soggy ones and constructing a Millyenium memorial Cairn, very Kool Brittanya Baby.

The more I think about Clarence's, or should that be Long John's idea, the more I like it, though there is possibly one potential fly in the ointment, how do we fill that crater? Got it no prob, we arrange for a 5000 Gallon Tanker of the Amber Tonsil Tickler and a bottle of Lemonade for the one serious boozier in the Club, then we could all stand around the pool and Bobs yer Flipping and it would be filled in no time at all.

Of course, as we know, there is some debate as to the correct date of the Millyenium. Is it 2000 or 20001? Personally I think Dennis the Shortarse Barsteward completely cocked it up. Look everybody seems to agree that the Chippy was born during the reign of Herod, who we know for a fact kicked the bucket in 4 B.C.

Holy Single Liners does this mean that the actual Millennium occurred in either 1996 or 1997, and we all flew Kites and missed it?

BORINGUSOLDEFARTICUSADINFINIUM

P.S. HUGH WHO What are you like boy? Kites in History, yes a very good tale, but I must take issue with you over the Naturisti going Naughty Naked Nudette Naturelle, smothered in Coconut oil on a Sandy Beach. Gordon Bennett Hugh, would you have us Believe that Robert Oakey got the idea for his famous Sandpaper from these very irritated Naturisti who were in the process of discovering that Sand would find the parts even the Coconut oil hadn't, sodding Ada that would make the old eyes water a bit dontcha know

KITE FANTASTIC

A 100-foot-long kite, believed to be the world's biggest, will be launched by 50 people in Sapporo, Japan, later this month.

Saw this article in the Daily Mirror. Has anyone got any information about it? If so, let us know.

Martin Croxton

Thank you time - festival

There have been several letters of thanks, here are just a few.

Firstly an email from afzal ali

Just a quick email to thank you guys for putting on the Swindon Festival a couple of weeks ago (only now found an email for you!). Although the winds were big and the rain came down on Saturday, me and my friend came down from London, blatted the Physco around and then had a fun filled night in the town before coming back on Sunday for another session. Although I didn't try it, the buggying looked excellent along the runway, and it gave me a chance to hook up with some old friends for a bit. A superb site for a festival, and even when your tent was blown over on Sunday, the commentary continued - respect!

Anyhow, as I said, just a quick thanks for organising a great event.

Cheers

Dear Dave & the White Horse Kite Flyers

Just a small but belated note to thank you and the White Horse Kite Flyers for letting us come down and spend the weekend with you at your festival.

It was a real pity about the weather but it was a fantastic festival put on by the club. The vast array of kites on display, all available within the club, the site and the fact that you managed to have an 11 man super-team available more than compensated for the high winds and rain!

I would like to thank you for the mentions you gave us over the public address system but would ask that if you ask me again to talk about trick flying to the public I will refuse on grounds of being microphone shy!

Thanks again for a great festival and an excuse to come home once in a while

I look forward to catching up with you on the flying field soon.

All best wishes

Mike (Wind Things)

And finally:

TO JANET, AND ALL THE WHITE HORSE
KITE FLIERS

WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE WE HAD
WHEN THEY ARRIVED WITH THE FLOWERS
YOU ARE ALL SO KIND, WE FIND IT
A PLEASURE LOOKING AFTER YOU ALL
PLEASE PASS OUR THANKS TO ALL THE
MEMBERS.

It was just the
sort of gesture
that's so typical of you,
Such a kind and thoughtful,
extra-special thing
to do.

Thank You

Kind Regards,

Lew and Barbara.

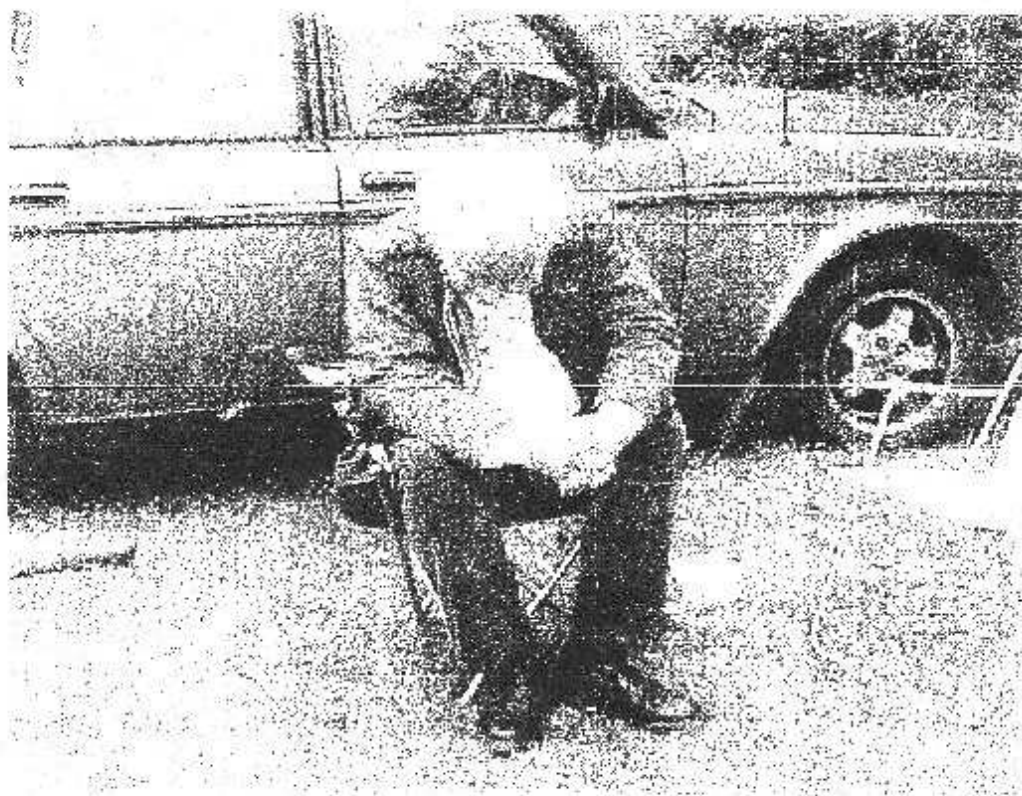
Robinson's Ramblings

Here it is, Sunday night and I've been up to the Science Museum at Wroughton all day making children's kites and thinking, "I must ring Sam Houston, haven't spoke to him for some while and let him know how things are going about the workshops in October." We've got twenty bookings now so that makes him happy because, in his eyes, we're full. We would have space for four more if you want to book last minute but don't leave it any longer than now. Then, guess what, the phone rings and there's Sam on the end of the line. Small world really isn't it? Sam asked me how things are going, how many bookings have we got? I tell him, he is pleased. So, we then get talking and he's on about colour combinations. We decide that, on colour combinations, we'll work that out on the day. What he did tell me is this is going to be a full day. So, we need to start sharp at ten o'clock in the morning and it could go on until six in the evening. It's going to be an intense day, so be ready for it. Don't forget of course, lunch will be pot-luck style. That is, you bring some food or we all bring some food and we share it. With some smashing kitchen facilities so you can bring food that you've cooked yourself, prepared or food that you've bought. We do have some ovens in the school so that we can reheat food. As I say, don't go overboard with it because we're only having to have lunch for the one day. This is not a two day event. On the Sunday it's One Sky One World and we'll all go up to Barbury and hopefully those people who've made their Roller kites, Sam Houston Roller that is, can fly them.

Sunday evening comes, we go to bed, get up very early the next day because I have to go to the Isle of Wight to work. Two smashing days in the Isle of Wight because the weather is fine. Janet came with me. Get home. Surprise, surprise! It's that Miller woman, the tattooed lady. She came over, completely surprised us. I mean, gobsmacked is the word that we need to use. She just loves England so much. She was only here four weeks ago but she couldn't stand it any longer. She kept badgering her husband, Ron, who in the end gave in, bought her a plane ticket. There you go. What can you say. What a surprise for us though! Getting back from the Isle of Wight about 5.30 in the evening and there's Marla in our house. Stickers all over the front of the house. Such comments as "Is my bed made?" "You knew I loved England this much." It goes on and on. This lady is amazing! Whacky, amazing, full of life but I don't think any of us would be without her. She's great - what a fantastic person. Puts a lot of joy into lots of people's lives. Puts a smile on lots of people's faces. Well, this is my ramble for now.

David Robinson

I was told that I would get rubbish on my new email, here's my first... thanks to Ron Dell!



And finally a note from the editor

What happened to all those articles for the club brochure, I hope you managed to get them done!

Are there no events going on? No one travelling to festivals? Are Arthur & Jean the only members who can write about their travels? Thanks Jean, for a fantastic article! Remember all those promises last November? You can't put together a magazine without articles. Maybe it is time for a change, time for a new editorial team?

Should anyone wish to send an article we can accept disks as well as the written word. We have even pulled out of the lay-by onto the super highway. You can email us on:-

dajjmj@tesco.net

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 aeriats.
- 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!
- These kite eating trees.
- Animals they can be frightened by kites.
Remember...your kites can get really quite lonely up high in the sky, just occasionally, look up and give them a little SMILE

...AND PLEASE, AVOID 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 WIKF 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

Journal of the White Horse Kite Flyers

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