COWPAT HILL



Vol. 1, No. 6

NEWS SHEET OF THE WHITE HORSE KITE FLIERS

July 1990

PRIVATE SKY

Oops Factor No. 1.

Well, you should all have read the last issue of COWPAT, did you notice the 'Back To The Future' date mess? yep, I gave all the dates as JUNE when they should have been MAY... sorry!

Oops Factor No. 2.

Ok, I'm sorry. In the last issue of COWPAT I asked where all that written copy was, well, I found it on top of Barbury Castle on the Sunday fly-in. Martin handed me over a thousand words and Neil gave me about another 500. Thanks to you both, you'll see the results in this, and following issues.

About Those 500 Words On Kites

If you were thinking of sending in some written copy to COWPAT, 500 words is just over a quarter of one of these columns. So go on, have a go! Now, has anyone got a report from Poole/Manchester Festivals?

Bridle Path

A few months ago we made a small 4' x 5' Parafoil, no amount of wind made any difference, it just wouldn't fly. At work the other day I was looking through the David Pelham book of KITES when I saw the answer to the Parafoil's problem! Simply that I hadn't set the bridles lines at the correct angle. Getting home that night the parafoil was recovered from under the stairs, the dust blown off and a new bridle set put on. With a strong wind blowing I took the Blue and Orange Parafoil out onto the field and after months of frustration I watched it fly for the first time.. magic! Ok, now, where's all the Ripstop for that big ONE! - Ed.

June Fly-In

A steady wind on Sunday 10th June saw large numbers of kites flying on the castle site, Ron had his Parafoil flying, Martin also had his large Parafoil up (see later), Doug walked his Delta and camera rig round the Castle mound taking photographs, me with my rebridled small Parafoil and Sled and David and Neil with their Snowflakes. A friend of mine Alan Leather came down from Bicester with his family flying a selection of home made kites, a small Hexagon giving a real pull! David Tomlinson had his (now much shortened) Multi-Flare up and dropped his small Nookie Bear from it using one of Vic Walkers parachutes.

That Worm! It's Turned... Again!

David and Janet Robinson have made Martin a new worm. The last one was a hundred feet long, the new one is TWO hundred feet long with a 15" diameter! Martin put his winged Box Kite up and we put the new tube on about one hundred feet below the kite, below that we put the one hundred foot tube. This combination flew for most of the afternoon at about a thousand feet above the Castle, the two tubes looked just like small tails flying from that height! Well done David and Janet.

How It All Started

By Martin Croxton

Kite flying really started for me back in 1980, it was then that I saw the Mettoy 'Barnstormer' Kite in a model shop (a two line piastic job, load of rubbish really) I must have been the first victim of 'Mad Cow Disease' to have bought it (no, the second, I bought one as well! - Ed), seriously, I was only 12 at the time. That same afternoon I took it to Horsenden Hill, which is only 5 minutes from my house and tried to fly it but to no avail.

It was then that an old chap (who I later named the 'Colonel' because of his military manner) started talking to me. This small man marched across the top of the hill, puffing his pipe and barking out orders to the amateur kite fliers, it was then that I knew I was in the presence of an expert! Apart from giving me the history of the Second World War in graphic detail he also found time to tell me about a kite shop in Covent garden. I was later to pay this store a visit.

I ended up buying a small Delta, plus various books and I also found out about a kite festival being held in Milton keynes (yes, there really is grass in Milton Keynes). The kite festival at the Bowl was a great

Remember, when our flying your kites, look up and give them a SMILE, they get lonely up there!

WATCH THOSE POWER LINES!

success which I thoroughly enjoyed, and I was hooked from then on!

Since that time I've acquired over 30 kites, of assorted shapes and sizes, some made, some bought. These kites range from a 1' Indian Fighting Kite up to a 20' Man Lifting Parafoil. (Mind you, I have yet to beat Vic's 30 footer!). Martin, just a thought here, I assume we're talking about his kite? - Ed.

Obviously with the larger kites great care is needed, especially with the anchoring of these 'Monsters', this I found out to my cost, the hard way 5 years ago! I'd just acquired a very large 18' x 14' Stratascoop and thought it would be a good idea to have a go at flying it. With the help of a friend we took the kite up to Parliament Hill in Hampstead. We unrolled the kite and got it inflated, then hitched the rope up to the bridal point (that's the technical stuff over with) we then tied the rope to a nearby park bench which appeared to be firmly located in the ground and let the kite go. After about 15 minutes of swinging on the rope and general messing about we noticed one end of the bench had started to move, but we thought it was well concreted in so didn't worry about it, how wrong we were... two minutes went by and the park bench, complete with two hundred pounds of concrete attached came flying out of the ground and started heading towards the trees with the kite still attached and towing! Luckily the kite defiated before hitting the trees and the bench landed at the bottom of the hill. As you can imagine there wasn't much left of the bench!! Fortunately there wasn't many people about at the time!!

And to prove the last point, just see what our Martin gets up to with his Stratascoop 7 in the next issue of COWPAT!

WHITE HORSE HOOLIGANS?

A Letter from Alan Leather

I work in the next office to this guy called Richard Everett. (Who me? - Ed) He flies kites you know! Working where I do, if you didn't know you'd have to be dead. Anyway, he caught me off guard one day, I didn't manage to escape ov: of the office when he came in. He bullied me into making a couple of kites (five to be exact) and kept going on about this bunch of people called the White Horse Fliers and a place called Barbury something or other. (Sounded like a bunch of hooligans from the local pub to me, and someone that I should avoid at all costs.) Realising

that I was in serious danger of having to make an appearance I began formulating excuses in my mind. You know, things like 'The car broke down...' 'The mother in-laws ill...' or 'The cats had kittens...', but it wasn't easy to keep it up. You lot only see him once a month, I see the little b----r every day! So, on Sunday 10th June, the wife and I packed up the car with kids, butties, wellies, waterproofs; toys, sick buckets, kitchen sink, and oh yes, the kites, those were packed too, and off we went. An hour and gallons of petrol later we discovered why you call it 'COWPAT HILL'. (I think I now know what it taste like! I'm sure Richard will enlighten you on that tasty subject.) My tatty little Bin Bag kites actually flew and I was chuffed to bits. The sun scorched my face so it glowed like a pillar box (though not as much as Richard's), and it cost me another tenner for bits and pieces to make some proper kites. The wife, kids and I had a great day out, you gave us help, advice and encouragement and we were made to feel very welcome, thank you for that (thanks also to those who gave my little girl a seat to take forty winks in when the going got really tough!). You're a friendly bunch of people and we all hope to see more of you when we can. Thank you all for making our day out'a great one!

PS. Just a thought. Have you ever asked yourselves why those cows spend most of their time at the bottom of the hill?

Articles For COWPAT HILL

The editor would be pleased to see articles for possible publication in COWPAT. Hints, comments, plans even the odd moan! we'll try to make use of whatever you send! See Ron on the Second Sunday or send it to:

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The Who Did What Bit

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Helped by various WHITE HORSE KITE FLIERS

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Another issue of COWPAT HILL in August