

Skylines

The official newsletter of the *San Diego Kite Club*

Vol. VI No.3

May-June 1995

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Texas Barbecue Is Finger-Lickin' Good!



Kite club members chow down on the tastiest fare this side of Amarillo!

YEE-E-E-E-HAW! That was some mighty good-tastin' vittles! For those of you that missed it, The Texas barbecue at the May meeting was dee-licious—tender beef, finger-lickin' chicken and oh those sinful ribs. Beans that challenged Larry Morgan's, three salads and sourdough rolls completed the menu. Did I mention the mm-m-m-m apple cobbler? And there wasn't a drop of precipitation recorded—who could ask for more?

John Rogers managed to take a break from tying his mile-plus of bridle lines for his newest creation, an enormous ringy-thingy. Lisa Schirmer was there with a couple new banners adding to her

ever-expanding flag forest. The Lindsays shared their photos from their recent adventure on the California gold rush trail. Fred Martin even made it, arriving on his brand new two-wheeler. All together about 35 club members enjoyed the feast.

Harry French brought a string of kite-shaped thank you letters from some kindergarteners he, Virgil, Slim and John Rogers entertained a few weeks ago [see "Dear Kitemen" story]. We all enjoyed reading them. The words "so cute" definitely got a workout.

At the meeting Ron was presented with a computer modem. Look out, information super-

See "Barbecue" page 13

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HEAD IN THE *Clouds*

SKYLINES is published bi-monthly by the San Diego Kite Club. All articles related to the sport of kiting are encouraged.

All opinions expressed are solely those of the individual author and not necessarily those of the San Diego Kite Club.

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July is just another turn of the calendar page from us. And you know what that means—other than the 4th of July, afternoon baseball games, or lots of weekend kiting events—it's time for the San Diego Kite Club elections. Last year we included a ballot in the newsletter. We thought this was a great idea. However, the response was disappointingly weak. In whatever method the new officers are elected, we hope that you at least vote, if not run.

I suddenly realized this is the last "Head in the Clouds" column I'll be writing as the '94-95 president. So, what have we accomplished during the last 12 months? For those who view the glass as "half full" we can say that we have sustained the existence of one of the AKA's stronger clubs. Many of our members are well known locally, nationally, and some even internationally. We have gained a few new members that have the potential to join an already elite SDKC "Hall of Fame." The events we've planned and the ones that we've attended have been good, some more than others. We have left our mark—so to speak—on many events we as a club were invited to. This has been our fifth year, and though we can't boast the numbers we had a few

years ago, we can still say we are part of the "tradition."

For those who view the glass as "half empty and a dirty glass to boot," all I can say is a lot of how you feel about something is your basic outlook. If you want to think the club has nothing to offer, then it has nothing to offer. Was there something you wanted the club to accomplish? If so, did you mention it to a club officer? Many have wondered how some of the decisions were arrived at. There's an easy answer to this. Attend one of the board meetings. Then you'll see how things are done, or not done.

Despite what many think, I accepted this position with some hesitation. I feel that as a club we've done very well, but there's always room for more. In summary, think about the future of our club and (for the umpteenth time) get involved. Kite flying is a recreational activity. It's supposed to be fun. Isn't it a much more enjoyable experience when a group of us is together, flying and just (no pun intended) "shootin' the breeze"? Of course it is.

I want to thank every one of the officers who helped maintain our club over the last year. It's a cliché thing to say, but really, we couldn't have done it without all the hard work.

Let's all welcome Dorine Imbach as the new editor of the newsletter. With her artistic gifts, I know she will put out an excellent publication.

See ya'

RON

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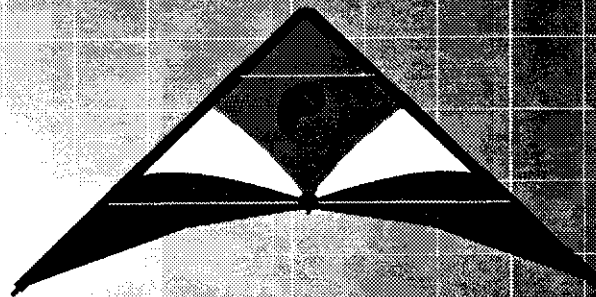


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BOARD MEETING Highlights

May 19, 1995

No summer kite festival—It was decided that we would not be able to hold a summer kite festival this year as it would be impossible to get a park permit once school is out for the summer. We will try to plan a "Celebrate the Kite" festival in early June next year. For this summer, we will try to reach spectators with a special "showcase SDKC talent" meeting in June.

Recruiting new members—It was suggested that we try harder to recruit new members at kite events we attend such as sport kite competitions and city kite festivals. Joanne M'Clary suggested we have a banner or sign made announcing "free kite-flying lessons" to encourage spectators to participate.

The Wave from Yokahama will come to the Broadway Street Pier again this September. We voted to attend this cultural event once again, as we had a great experience there last time and it is

good exposure for the club. More info to come later.

Kite Making for kids—Once again Slim and Virgil will be putting on a kite-making seminar for children, this time at the Kearny Mesa Rec Center. The date is set for July 19, with a kite demo to follow on July 21. I'm sure they would appreciate help from any club members available for the demo. Call Slim at 291- if you'd like to help.

West Coast League—Plans are in the works for a sport kite competition to be held in San Diego (probably Fiesta Island) next March.

Founder's Day—Our July meeting will be the annual club anniversary celebration and election of officers. Ballots will be available at the meeting, but members not able to attend may send in an absentee ballot. At this time, the meeting is scheduled for the regular third Saturday at the usual place, not at Dusty Rhodes Park as in past years.

We are always looking for contributions to the newsletter. If you have an article, photos, kite tips, kite making plans, artwork, poetry, words of wisdom or anything kite-related you'd like to see in the newsletter, please forward to:

*Dorine Imbach
14 W. Ave. San Gabriel
San Clemente, CA 92672
(714) 492-
email: skylines@speed.net
FAX: same as voice phone*

LOG OF THE

KYTE BUM

*On the road with Charlie
and Joanne M'Clary*

Santa Barbara Kite Fly, March 19

After leaving the SDKC meeting rather early for us, we headed north in order to be fully rested and at Shoreline Park in Santa Barbara bright and early the next morning. The fighter kite competition there is always an added inducement to attend the festival, as it is the only one in the area that is fought with cutting line or "manje" as it is called. This year the event brought out a lot of very good competitors.

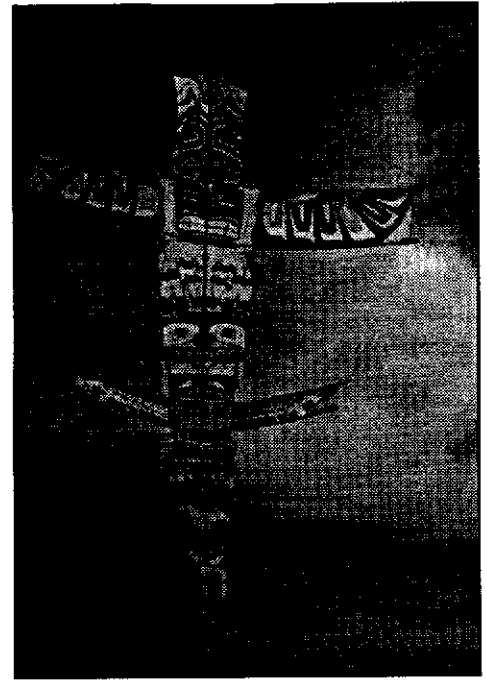
In addition to the Kyte Bum, other SDKC members that competed were **Vic Heredia, Johnny Hsiung, David Tan, Derek Moran and Walt Thompson**. There were several very good fights, but probably the longest and most exciting was between Vic and **Basir Beria**, with Basir the winner of their bout. Basir, originally from Afghanistan, was the final winner and went home with the first prize, a mountain bike.

There were other events and trophies for various things throughout the day, but the only other contest that was rather serious competition was the two-line precision event. The wind had gone down to practically nil by the time this event took place, but **Leo Torrevillas** from Ventura received a round of applause from the audience as well as the nod from the judges for his ability and surprising accuracy, thereby winning the mountain bike that was first prize in that event.

In a lighter type of competition, Vic Heredia's

*The event
brought out
a lot of
very good
competitors.*

2-year-old son looked very serious as he solemnly flew his little kite and was rewarded with a plaque for the youngest flyer (this undoubtedly will be only the first of many plaques this little guy will win). Michelle Hsiung, the young daughter of Johnny and Gina Hsiung, could hardly contain her exuberance as she danced to the music and energetically flew her kite to win second prize in the same event. Could this be a forerunner of future competitions between these two fighter kite heirs-apparent?



Larry Mixon's "Best of Show"

Club members should be able to guess who went home with the senior flyer trophy, and since the Kyte Bum is planning to attend for a number of years, he will probably continue to collect those senior prizes, unless the other members of SOFA start traveling!

Larry Mixon was really surprised (not to mention pleased and proud) to be awarded the trophy for Best of Show for his beautiful totem pole kite, after failing to win in the "largest kite" category. The wind cooperated and the kite flew beautifully. Linda Mixon's enthusiasm and pleasure in seeing Larry win was very obvious and she didn't waste much time getting the camera out to record the event! Congratulations are in order, as there were many lovely kites flown throughout the day.

All in all, the festival was a success—the wind could have been a little stronger and steadier and the park could be larger, but we'll be back next year. Hopefully the Kyte Bum will go home with a mountain bike some day.

Afghan New Year's Celebration and Kite Tournament, Azusa, March 26

Basir Beria invited a number of the fighter kite competitors to an Afghan fighter kite tournament he was hosting in conjunction with a celebration of the Afghanistan New Year. The printed program was scripted in Persian calligraphy, but thank goodness the map was in English! We accepted the invitation and welcomed the opportunity to attend this ethnic event. Basir informed us later that over 3,000 people attended the celebration. The SDKC members who attended in addition to the two of us were **Walt Thompson and Johnny and Gina Hsiung**.

Afghan kites are much larger than the Indian-

type fighter kite we are more used to. They are made of tissue paper and bamboo and are basically diamond shaped and quite flat. Some are ornately and artistically colored, but the design, size and shape are all basically the same.

They only fly with cutting line—or “tar,” as they call it. The tar is colored with natural dyes and the rather lavender color that I purchased came from red onion skin, I was told. The line is usually handled by one person while a second person does the maneuvering of the kite. No gloves are worn by either person.

There were 20 to 25 kites in the air at one time constantly throughout the day. The younger males naturally are the most successful when running to retrieve kites and therefore may have quite a collection at the end of the day. It is definitely a “finders-keepers” game. Many, of course, are destroyed, since they are made of tissue paper. The kites are flown very high, and where the kites come fluttering down after strings are cut is usually far from the flier. The kites are not very expensive individually, but it can be costly when losing several throughout the day. I’m afraid we lost at least our fair share. None of the club members were entered in the trophy tournament, and since that contest was held very late in the day, we did not stay for the final outcome.

Although we could not understand the language, we were made to feel quite welcome and enjoyed sampling the different ethnic foods, admiring the traditional clothing that some wore, listening to the music and watching the dancers. The greetings and social exchanges seemed to be exceptionally affectionate and warm. We considered it a privilege to attend this culturally different event.

The day was beautiful—So-Cal at its picture postcard best. When passing through Temecula on the way up, we could see the three highest mountains in Southern California—San Jacinto, San Geronio and San Antonio (Mount Baldy)—simultaneously. They were all snow-capped, standing out clearly against a brilliant blue sky. In what must be hundreds of times we have made that trip up Hwy 215, we had never seen all three so clearly before. The same clarity prevailed throughout the day, and as the Santa Fe Dam Recreation Area is practically in the shadow of Mt. Baldy, it made a lovely backdrop for the kites flying in the tournament.

Visalia Kite Fly, April 1 and 2

After what is always a rather long and boring trip (about six hours), it was good to pull into the parking lot at the motel around 4 p.m. on Friday to be greeted with many handshakes and hugs from kite fliers also checking into the motel prior to going over to the Gibians’ for their welcoming party. As usual, Ron and

Sandy Gibian were the perfect hosts.

The winds played April Fools with us on Saturday by coming up long enough for people to get a kite into the air, then going down to nothing—“sucker winds.” People didn’t seem to mind the temperamental wind, though, as time was needed to check out the new kites by some of the great kitemakers there. Late Saturday evening Bobby Stanfield gave a mini-workshop at his apartment for those interested before going back to the Gibians’ for a delicious barbecue dinner. Ron also gave a workshop in his very well equipped kite room, which is decorated with a fantastic collection of magnificent kites from around the world as well as a multitude of trophies, photos and memorabilia.

A video of the festival in Fano, Denmark, was shown, and it became evident why Gail and Ed Lindsay were so thrilled by attending that festival last year. There was a raffle for a Gibian kite, which was won by Jose Sainz, who graciously auctioned it (to his youngest son’s dismay) to help defray the cost for putting on the event.

One of the things that makes the Visalia event so special is the fact that it is attended by both northern and southern California kites, single-line and multi-line fliers. It is an event where much imbachin’ takes place in a very relaxed, non-competitive atmosphere. Quite a few SDKC members made the trip to Visalia, and most who attended this year plan to make next year’s event if Ron and Sandy host it again.

Sunday the wind was much better and a couple of buggies were able to make it around the track a few times. We know the festival is a lot of work for the Gibians—even more so this year since there was no sponsor—but everyone greatly appreciated it.

Quartz Hill Festival, April 8

Jon and Patty Small of the Kite Ranch (Palmdale and Valencia) were again disappointed with the velocity of the wind around Lancaster for their spring festival. Jon said the wind was 27 mph when he clocked it, but it was gusting even greater than that. It was amusing to see flyers ski without skis, buggy without buggies and sled without sleds as they were pulled around by their kites. A stack of 32 Trlbys someone was attempting to fly went soaring over the school buildings.

I believe all lost kites were eventually retrieved; no one risked putting up high-flyers. There were many broken lines and some torn kites, and planned events were cancelled because of the high wind. Everyone kept hoping that the wind would die down, but when it continued to blow, most left the field at around 3:00.

Jon and Patty had previously invited festi-

*Thank
goodness the
map was in
English!*



Aliens—or inlaws—by the Gibians.

val attendees to their home for dinner, so we adjourned to their house a little earlier than planned. Jon brought out pictures that most of us had not previously seen. This generated much talk, laughter, some good-natured teasing and banter. Some kites were unfolded in the living room which were inspected. Everyone enjoyed the Small's hospitality following the blown-away festival.

The Smalls talked about their second store, which has recently opened in Valencia. Patty plans to run the shop in Valencia while Jon will remain in the store in Antelope Valley.

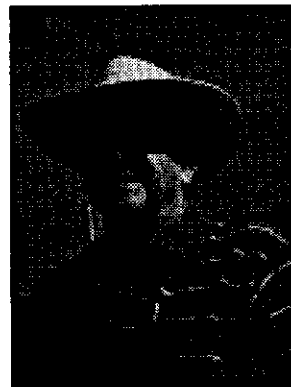
The graciousness of Jon and Patty compensated for the frustration of the excess wind, thereby saving the day. Hopefully the wind will be cooperative when they host their night fly later in the year.

Santa Monica - 4th Saturday Fly, April 22

The regularly scheduled kite fly north of the pier in Santa Monica was very special this month, as the group who regularly meet and fly there came together without one of the most faithful and long-time flyers, **Leo Eyman**. It was the intent of the group to release a kite as a memorial for him, but when the time came to release the blackbird kite, signed by all in attendance, the wind was not cooperative. Therefore, that kite, along with a white bird kite signed for Marian, went home with her.

The contention was that Leo wasn't ready to quit flying yet, so the kite would be released later.

"He was a friend and an inspiration to many of us."



The bird kites were two of several made by Leo. Many of his famous spinners were on display all day as we all remembered and relayed thoughts of Leo. He was a friend and an inspiration to many of us, and our sympathy goes out to Marian and the rest of his family.

Huntington Beach Kite Festival, April 23

After having gone to Santa Monica on Saturday, the trip to Huntington Beach seemed relatively short. A number of SDKC members were on hand for this event. It was another warm day, but the winds played a few tricks on club members. When the wind changed direction, **John Rogers' giant bol** bent the three anchors that were holding it and headed for the ocean. John went running and he, along with others, rescued it. The rokkaku with the tako kichi writing along with a new blue rok belonging to **Steve Bateman** began an unusual sky dance, and although they didn't come down, they had to be guided to prevent sky sweeps. [see "Divine Landing" for yet another victim of the wayward winds]

Throughout the day **Ron Despojado** and **Jim Hadzicki** gave Rev lessons. Ron took time away from the lessons to present demos, and little **Jessie Lawrence** made his public debut flying his purple Rev II with tales to Beach Boys music. It was not surprising that his demo went very well, and it amazed spectators that someone so small could fly so well.

The festival was well attended and children enjoyed being taught how to make kites and fly them. Of course the more experienced kite fliers had a good time as well!

Lake Poway, April 29

The City of Poway Parks and Recreation Dept. invited the club to fly at their park while members of the parks and recreation staff assisted children in building eddy kites for which ribbons and certificates were given. Some of the kite club members' children enjoyed decorating and building the kites; however, most of the kites did not fly well. **Julia Rogers** didn't think it helped the appearance of her kite any when her father, John, fixed that problem by attaching a plastic bag to the tail, but she did seem pleased that her kite was the only one that flew well!

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The park setting was beautiful, as was the weather, but the wind was not steady; so it was fly awhile, rest awhile. The field was small; fliers cooperated in sharing the air space. For instance, **Larry Mixon** flew his Totem Pole, but not at the same time that **John Rogers** was flying his "Lucy" or "Waldo" large inflatable kites. When there was no wind, **Don Johnston** got a good workout by doing 360s with his stack of five Corvette stunt kites, and **Linda Mixon** nearly ran into the fence when running backward with a new small static kite.

Imperial Beach Festival, May 6

In spite of the threatening clouds and unusually high winds, we headed south for the Imperial Beach Festival, as we had been told that guests from Thailand would be demonstrating their native kites. As we are very interested in attending any kite event where we can learn more about kites and kitemaking in other countries, we wouldn't let the dark clouds keep us away! A couple of times squalls came up and it was necessary to bring the kites in hurriedly. The only slight casualty to our kites was a failed spar on the big double rose delta.

Many kites were caught in trees and a few blew away, but that wasn't bad considering 200 plastic kites were given away plus additional sled kites were made by children attending using plastic grocery bags.

We were disappointed in the fact that the guests failed to bring any kites with them and it was necessary for them to borrow the Kyte Bum rokkaku kite made for us by **Dorine and Paul Imbach** to present to the vice mayor of Imperial Beach to officially start the kite fly. During the ceremony the kite was bowed to. It has always flown well, but it now should be blessed as well! The event received a lot of press coverage with one article appearing in the Sunday San Diego *Union-Tribune*. Interviews were conducted by reporters from the Los Angeles Times magazine section, but we haven't seen the article yet. **John Rogers** and **Kevin Houghton** of the SDKC received very favorable comments in the *Tribune*. The guests from Thailand performed traditional dances in their native costumes. The festival was complete with live music and other entertainers as well.



Thanks For The Help

I'd like to thank all of you who helped me out at the meeting on Saturday. I needed all the hands I could get and I appreciate all those who volunteered without being asked.

—John Rogers

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Dear Kite men...

By Slim Warnke



John, Harry, Virgil and Slim displaying some of the thank you letters received from the kindergarteners at the Francis Parker School.

In the early part of March, a representative of the Francis Parker School contacted Jim Nettles at All About Kites about putting on a Kite demonstration in conjunction with the Kindergarten kite-making project. The demonstration would be put on at the kite field on March 21 from 10:00 to 12:30. Jim contacted Virgil, who of course said yes.

Virgil contacted John, Harry and me to see if we would help, which of course we said we would. It was a beautiful Tuesday in March and we met at the kite field about 9:30. Virgil brought his K-9P Flexifoil, John brought Walter the Kite, Harry brought his Tracer and I brought my Rev.

The children arrived, trying to fly some kites they had made in school, without too much success. John was master of ceremonies and spoke about the different types of kites that we had brought to demonstrate to the children. John demonstrated Walter the Kite first, awing he children with his big funny kite.

Harry then demonstrated the fine art of flying and landing a Delta kite, impressing the children greatly. It was Virgil's turn to fly his K-9P to the delight of the children, who couldnt believe that something so soft could fly. Finally it was my turn to fly and I did the usual Rev things. John suggested

that I land the kite on Virgil's head, and Virgil agreed. The wind was so squirrely that I had to land the kite horizontally on his head. The kids found that very funny.

After the demonstrations we let the children fly some of the kites. John let them pull one of Walter's lines while he held onto the other one. The children really got a bang out of that. Virgil let the boys and girls do the same thing with his foil and got similar results. Too soon the morning came to an end and the children left us. Our opinion was that we had never seen so many well-behaved children in one place at the same time. We enjoyed it very much.

Some time later an envelope containing 55 thank you letters was received at All About Kites to be given to us. Following are some of the letters we received, exactly as written:

Dear
Kitemen
Thank you. I liked the
dubl kite. Thank you
for shoing
me how to fli
that kite.
Xavier

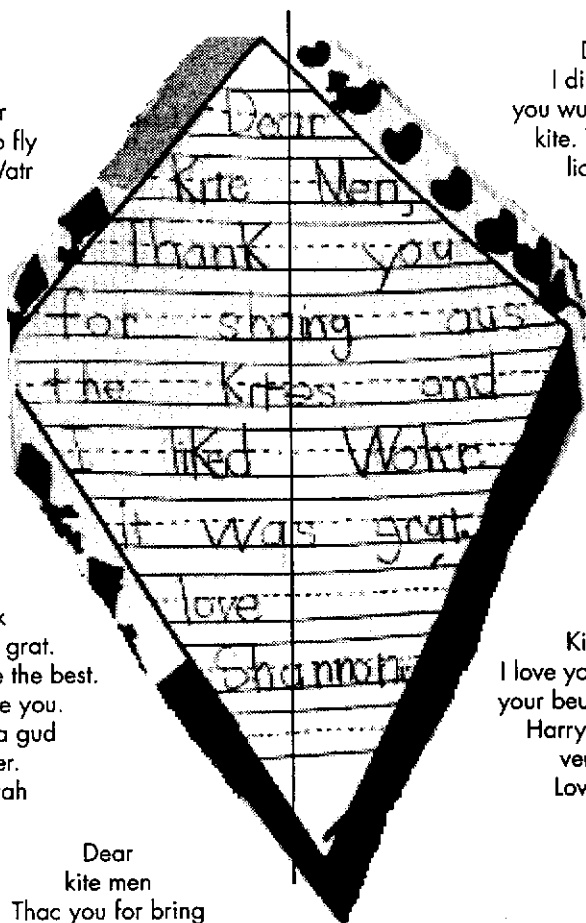
Dear
kite flirs
Thank you for
teaching uos to fly
kites I liked you
fling the kite on
his hed. Love
Danielle

Dear kitemen
Thank you for
tehing us how to fly
a kie. I liked Watr
and all the
ur kites
Love Dana

Dere Harry
Slim Virgil &
John I like your
kites. They are prite.
Thank you for show
ing to us
Love
Natalie

I think
Virgil wus grat.
John you were the best.
Harry I love you.
Slim wus a gud
kite flier.
Luv Sarah

Dear
kite men
Thac you for bring
Woltr. I like that
kite that was
pink and
green strip
Katie



Der Jon
I didnt no yet
you wud let us flie ur
kite. Thank you I
lict ur kite.
Luv
Kyle

Dear
kite club
Thank you for
teaching me the kite
roots. I liked your
kites. Luv
Danny

Dere
Kite Men
I love your kites I love
your beutiful kites best.
Harry Thank you
very much
Love Aaron

With the receipt of those letters, it sure made
our day. We all agree we would do it again.

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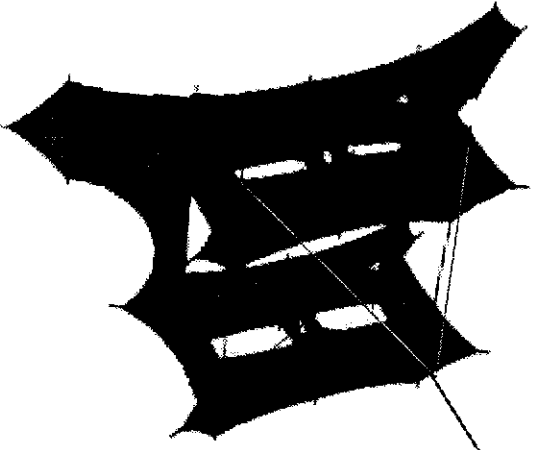
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The Divine Landing

By Gale Beaufort



THE WINDS were unusual that day. Even the airplanes were taking off and landing backward at Orange County airport. Strange winds indeed.

The offshore breeze had swept the normal coastal smaze far out to sea, producing a dazzling bright sky. It was an ice cream and lemonade kind of day in April. It felt more like the Fourth of July.

The hot, dry weather, a surfing contest and the rumor of a kite festival all contributed to the unseasonably large crowd around the Huntington Beach pier. Sun and surf bathers of every possible dimension and persuasion were tightly knit to the sand. It was difficult to walk without stepping on someone's towel.

Two patches of sand were "strung" off to provide areas for sport kites. Impromptu mini-teams, sans signals or routines, were courteously formed and disbanded out of necessity for space. Singleliners staked out a high-flying claim on a piece of real estate to the north.

Just as a loud blast from an air horn signaled the start of the surfing semi-finals, the high-pressure area responsible for the summer-like conditions slipped silently past the coast. This may have gone unnoticed except for an exaggerated lull in the wind. High-fliers began to flounder as if gasping for air, like fish left out on the pier too long.

The wind doubled back on itself, and the temperature dropped 10 degrees. Kite fliers scrambled from all directions to help their airborne creations make the transition without catastrophic entanglements or collisions. Most were successful, a little out of breath perhaps, but happy to have survived. A few of the less fortunate resigned the beach for the day.

Now that the wind was blowing in a normal direction, it slowly began to gain momentum, in keeping with the region's reputation. About this time, Mike Charles' large green Cody emerged above the crowd and began a long, slow march toward the launch area. There were appropriate oohs and aahs emanating from people up and down the beach. Even though it was a relatively new kite, it took to the sky

like a veteran, immediately assuming a strong attitude and proud angle of attack. It rose rapidly and "parked" at an altitude just shy of the regal position it deserved. And there it remained, unwavering, the picture of perfect flight.

After about a half hour of flawless flight, Mike had to answer nature's call. He handed the line to his wife, Laura, and headed off toward the nearest portapotty. The wind slowly continued to increase.

What a glorious moment, she thought—a beautiful day at the beach and me standing here holding both of my husband's most prized possessions: his newest kite in one hand and his equally new first-born son in the other. Life was good.

However, this was no ordinary kite. It was a BIG Cody War kite at least 10 feet in span. As the wind gradually grew, it felt more like 10 Goliath feet. She began to understand why it was called a war kite. It was pulling like a Kenworth in low gear, and tomorrow her arm would let her know she had been in some sort of battle. She wondered how much business Mike had to take care of.

Laura mentally compared the careful hours of labor her husband spent making the big green beast with the labor she'd gone through bearing her infant son. She quickly calculated which of her arms bore the more important load, in case she had to choose between them. Her hand began to feel like a claw.

In the distance she saw Mike's head emerge from the little green room, gasping for a big breath of fresh air. Just as she smiled in anticipation of relief, the line slipped from her grasp. She glanced at her husband in disbelief. His mouth dropped and his face flushed with a mixture of panic and rage. A hurricane of horror swept through Laura, and her life flashed before her eyes. She had inadvertently made the wrong choice. They both stood there, frozen in helplessness as the big green kite drifted over a jam-packed Pacific Coast Highway, toward the snow-peaked San Gabriel mountains and Kansas.

From somewhere deep down in Laura's Lutheran upbringing, a small

voice emerged, "O Lord, please help!"

The line winder snagged on a power line. The nose of the big green kite kicked up slightly in response, and it gracefully resumed its noble flight — about 18 feet higher than before.

Someone pointed, and as heads turned, one great gasp was emitted. The crowd held its breath. Mike rushed to a point directly below the meeting of the lines. "Call the fire department," someone offered. "No! Call the power company," someone else corrected. Laura quietly wished someone would call a lifeguard, for her sake.

Both lines were black, making it impossible to tell if the kite line was securely tangled, or if the next gust would pop the great green Cody free again. Mike anxiously paced back and forth, alternating desperate glances up, then around the beach. There is never a ladder or a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar around when you need one. Meanwhile, the kite seemed to be enjoying all the attention and continued to fly on its best behavior.

Laura's lips were moving rapidly, whispering a prayer, "please, please, please, please."

Without any perceptible change in the wind, and after having flown so well for so long, the big green Cody inexplicably decided to make a giant end-around

run to the right. Reaching the apex of its sweep, the kite paused for a moment as if to correct itself before shooting skyward with all the power of a space shuttle launch. Would the line hold?

Maintaining perfect attitude and trim, it mysteriously began to descend at an ever increasing rate. Faster and faster it headed straight for the snack bar's tiled roof. It appeared as though it would explode into a million pieces and burst into flame like some spectacular special effect from a

Die Hard film. Just before impact, it suddenly paused again, side-slipping to the left just about the right amount. A wing tip grazed the edge of the building and it gently fell into the waiting

arms of an alert spectator. An angel couldn't have brought it down much better.

The spectator quickly pinned the green monster to the ground before it had an opportunity to relaunch. Most everyone cheered and applauded. Laura glanced up and said "Thank You" with a deep sigh of relief. A few wondered, had there been some divine guidance at play here? But then again, the winds had been unusual that day.

As for the planes at Orange County airport? They were landing normally by now. Strange indeed!

Faster and faster it headed straight for the snack bar's tiled roof.

'Net News



Are you out there surfing yet? Have you at least waxed your board? Well, I've read all the how-to books and talked to several experienced "surfers," but you really can't learn until you get your feet wet...until you feel the spray of the wave in your face...until you "wipe out" a few times. Has this metaphor gone far enough?

I'm a clueless neophyte newbie gremmie (sorry, I had to throw one more in), amazed one minute and frustrated the next. But I should be reaping the benefits of being "connected" soon.

We've already enjoyed perusing some of the kite sites out there (Winslow Colwell's page is excellent)—not to mention going to Jupiter and back—and there's just so much more to see. A good jumping-off point on the web for kite related stuff is:

<http://www.kfs.org/kites/index.html> (Why are these addresses always written in italic?)

Walt informs us that the SDKC home page will soon be a reality. The elves are working on it as this is written. Also in the works is a list of email addresses of kite fliers.



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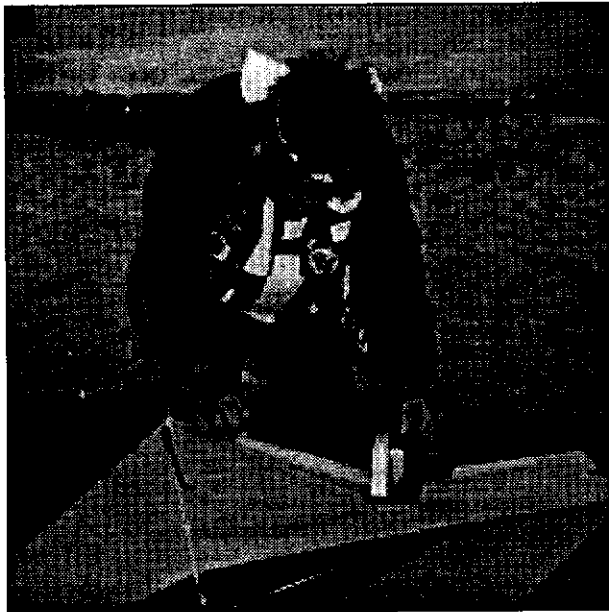
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Just For **F**un



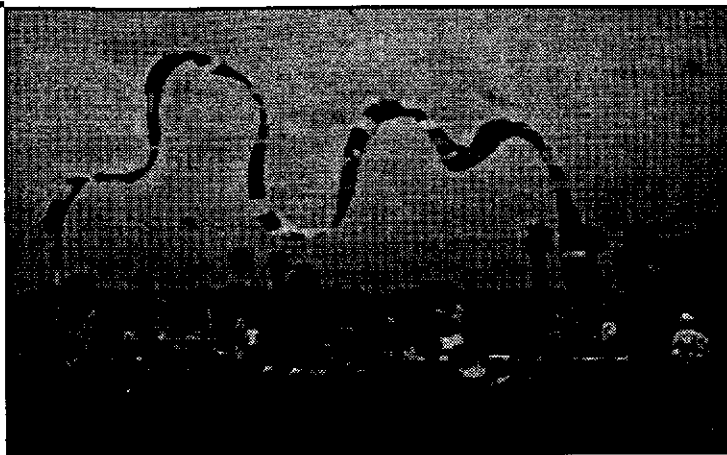
Gibian "trims" kite with a power saw.



"Where's my kite?"



Have you noticed that sometimes people resemble their kites?



First attempt to launch John Rogers' new "ringy thingy."



Thanks, Diana.

Finger-Lickin' Barbecue

from page 1

highway, here he comes!

Meanwhile, back at the bridle lines...John managed to tie the last knot, and a delegation carried his newest big thing that flies out onto the field. Somehow the lines got fouled in the transit and about a half hour of disentanglement followed while several onlookers helped hold the many yards of fabric down.

Finally the last twist was freed and an attempt was made to launch the 80-plus-foot ring. Unfortu-

nately, the ring appeared to be larger than the wind window, and although parts of it took off and began rotating, it was not able to fully inflate and get off the ground. John says he will make his next attempt when the wind is more consistent. It still was a sight to behold. Watch out, Bob Anderson!

The sun never made much of an appearance all day, but it was an enjoyable day nonetheless. We all owe Diana Martin a "well done" pat on the back. Once again she came through with the goods. Thanks, Diana!

ARE
YOU
PAST DUE
PLEASE
RENEW TODAY!

Treasurer's Report

Corrected balance from last report (Nov. 18, 1994): \$896.69

INCOME: From food sales, shirt sales, pin sales, raffles, pin auction & memberships: \$3171.47

EXPENSES

Newsletter Printing Costs:	\$990.55
Mailing Fees:	\$288.46
T-Shirts:	\$437.36
Permits:	\$ 56.00
Food:	\$172.00
Phone:	\$ 99.75
Storage:	\$160.00
Bank Fees:	\$ 67.68
Miscellaneous Expenses:	\$182.26

Total Expenses: \$2454.06

Balance as of May 15, 1995: \$1614.10

Calendar Of Events

J
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- 10-11 Los Angeles Sport Kite Championships, Santa Monica Pier
Contact: Sunshine Kite Co., (310) 372
- 16 Board of Directors Meeting, Fabulous Inn, Mission Valley, &:30 p.m.
Contact: Ron Despojado, 587-
- 17 Monthly General Meeting: Showcase of Local Talent, South of the Hilton on East Mission Bay Drive, 1:00

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- 14 Board of Directors Meeting, Fabulous Inn, Mission Valley, 7:30 p.m.
Contact: Ron Despojado, 587-
- 15 Monthly General Meeting: Founder's Day (club anniversary), club elections, South of the Hilton on East Mission Bay Drive, 1:00
- 15 Quartz Hill Night Fly, Quartz Hill High School, at dusk
Contact: Jon Small, Kite Ranch, (805) 274-
- 29-30 Berkeley Kite Festival and West Coast SKC (national)
Contact: Tom McAllister, (510) 525-

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G

- 18 Board of Directors Meeting, Fabulous Inn, Mission Valley, 7:30 p.m.
Contact: Ron Despojado, 587-
- 19 Monthly General Meeting: South of the Hilton on East Mission Bay Drive, 1:00
- 21-27 Washington State International Kite Festival, Long Beach, Washington.
Contact: Kay Buesing, (360) 642-

(Events subject to last-minute changes, Call (619) 685-2885 for latest updates.)

* * * * *

Tidbits

This year's **L.A.S.K.C.** (Los Angeles Sport Kite Competition) is being held at the beach on the north side of the Santa Monica Pier—same location as the regular 4th Saturday fly. As this will be the only Southern California competition this year, you should try to make this one. Many of the West Coast's best fliers will be there, and several contestants from Japan are expected, including one of their top teams, Aftershock (formerly Team Banzai). Also, Miguel Rodriguez has formed a new five-man team including the likes of Coby Eschen and John Morrison. They should be worth watching. If you've never been there, it's a great beach for flying—plenty of room for everyone.

Speaking of Santa Monica, everyone is hereby invited to join us the **4th Saturday** of every month (except December). It's worth the drive just to see what new masterpiece Tyrus Wong (a national treasure for sure, if we have such a thing) has come up with.

Our **June meeting** would be a great time for you to invite your friends, neighbors, co-workers and relatives to come see what this "kite thing" is you keep talking about. All SDKC kitemakers are asked to bring their creations and display them. And if there's wind, we can even fly them! Hopefully we will have some press coverage; it should be a photographer's delight.

Latest word is that the **UP Sports fly** at Manhattan Beach usually held on July 4th has been cancelled. There is no alternate date or other information available at this time.

ADVERTISING RATES

The San Diego Kite Club is accepting ads for its newsletter, SKYLINES, to offset printing and mailing costs.

The following rates are now in effect per issue:

Quarter Page	(4"x4.5")	\$20
Half Page	(7.5"x4.5")	\$40
Full Page	(7.5"x10")	\$70
Half Back Cover		\$60
Full sheet insert		\$75

Interested parties should contact:

San Diego Kite Club
 P.O. Box 7977
 San Diego, CA 92167
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or call Roger McComb at (619) 483- for additional information and submission dates.

Advertisers should have camera-ready artwork. Inquiries welcome for multi-issue rates.

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