

I grew up in the Mount in the 1960's and 1970's, my parents were Jim and Alison Sutherland and they owned the J and A Motel on Tweed street. My father built the motel in about 1969, it is called Blue Haven now I believe.

In about 1974 there was a kite competition held at Blake Park which is just around the corner. With my fathers help, I made a huge kite from layers of newspaper that were stuck onto a frame with flour and water paste. When it was dry I painted the whole kite with a giant Whitchy Poo face. It was actually pretty amazing. I entered it in the competition and I won first prize! The prize was a crate of cococola, in those days a crate consisted of the small glass bottles and I think about twenty four of them. I am ashamed to say I drunk most of them myself apart from giving a few to Dad.

The kite proceeded to have an interesting demise which I will explain. My family were good friends with another Mount family the "Knights" and one Saturday we all headed out to Kaituna Cut for a spot of fishing and I took my kite along too. The wind was very wild and I had no trouble getting my kite in the air, but I had to hold the string very firmly as it was cutting into my hands because the wind was so strong, the kite was whipping around the sky.

My frien Paula wanted to fly the kite so I carefully passed it to her, she had only been holding it a minute or so when a gust of wind came and ripped it from her hands.

The kite sailed out across the water waving with the wind, we watched as it raced out to sea, then travelling the forty miles to the horizon where it disappeared from view.

I think I was disappointed to loose the kite but was also amazed to see it travel that far flying high all the way and I will always remember it.