Just a quick note to finish off the year,

Terina and Reuben completed their C cat instructor ratings a couple of weeks ago which tops off a very busy year for them at Air HB. Since March they have completed CPLs, Instrument rating and finally C Cat instructor ratings. Huge congratulations to them both. Reuben will help me out over the summer months and has already started. He’ll be a big asset to us until he starts back full time at Air HB next year. Twin ratings then Multi Instrument ratings and build hours to employable numbers.

Six of us had a very enjoyable overnighter to Raglan recently. Two Rans S6s and ETJ. We joined up with our good friends Neroli and Bill Henwood there and on the way home on Sunday, called into TeKowhai for fuel and a look at Neroli and Bill’s nearly completed PA 18 150 project. They already operated a PA 18 90, BQV, which CHB Aeroclub operated many years ago. On the PA 18 subject, the one we mentioned a couple of emails ago that CHB AC is looking at, is still on the board but a few hiccups have stalled the final decision. Watch out for the new year.

The following from CC Ron Day.

*No doubt everyone is dealing with the phenomenon that time seems to accelerate towards Christmas. This year has been no exception.*

*The Club's Raglan trip went well (I'm told) while my own mission - to fly to Hood to celebrate 50 years of Jodel D9 activity in New Zealand - was thwarted by November's fickle weather.*

*The Breakfast Fly-In to Koputaroa was similarly affected, which meant the next event was the Club's Christmas Party.*

*As I had never previously attended this annual occasion, and now found myself organising it, my stress level was right up there with venturing into controlled airspace. It shouldn't have been, as everyone pulled together as usual to ensure that the day was a great one. Wendy's suggestion to book a bouncy castle was inspired, as the 20+ children (and big kids who pre-flight tested it) were entertained constantly. This was something of an eye opener for me as my own children pre-dated their invention and my granddaughter has only just attained the age where she is addicted. How the creator has never received a Nobel peace prize is one of life's enduring mysteries.*

*Our Father Christmas was so convincing I suspect it is his ‘regular’ persona that is the act. Living under the radar in Waipukura for the rest of the year is pure genius.*

*The food provided by Peter, then cooked (where needed) and presented by a team of volunteers too numerous to name, was delicious. Our barman “Little“ Ross kept thirsts satiated on what was a cracking day weather-wise.*

*Even the slight navigation error by Santa's sleigh pilot added to the fun. All in all a memorable day and proof that the club is in good health.*

*Of coming events I remind you that 2020's first Fly-In is at Masterton on New Year's Day and a flyer is attached. Also bear in mind the Te Kowhai Country Market is happening on 29th Feb and could be good to fly in to. Names on the board please.*

*All that remains is for me to wish you a happy and safe festive season and to look forward to more adventures in the New Year.*

*Ron*

Thanks Ron and I agree with you that the xmas party was a beaut. 20 plus kids and 40 adults for dinner. Brilliant. Lots of our new members and their families along with some of the more familiar faces.

The following has become a bit of a tradition for me to add to the Dec newsletter.

***Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp,   
Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.***

***The aircraft were fastened to tie-downs with care,   
In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.***

***The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots,   
With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.***

***I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up,   
And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.***

***When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter,   
I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter.***

***A voice clearly heard over static and snow,   
Called for clearance to land at the airport below.***

***He barked his transmission so lively and quick,   
I’d have sworn that the call sign he used was "St. Nick";***

***I ran to the panel to turn up the lights,   
The better to welcome this magical flight.***

***He called his position, no room for denial,   
"St. Nicholas One, turnin’ left onto final."***

***And what to my wondering eyes should appear,   
But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer!***

***With vectors to final, down the glideslope he came,   
As he passed all fixes, he called them by name:***

***"Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun!   
On Comet! On Cupid!" What pills was he takin’?***

***While controllers were sittin’, and scratchin’ their head,   
They phoned to my office, and I heard it with dread,***

***The message they left was both urgent and dour:   
"When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower."***

***He landed like silk, with the sled runners sparking,   
Then I heard "Left at Charlie," and "Taxi to parking."***

***He slowed to a taxi, turned off of three-oh   
And stopped on the ramp with a "Ho, ho-ho- ho…"***

***He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk,   
I ran out to meet him with my best set of chocks.***

***His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost   
And his beard was all blackened from Reindeer exhaust.***

***His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale,   
A nd he puffed on a pipe, but he didn’t inhale.***

***His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly,   
His books were as black as a cop dusters belly.***

***He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red,   
And he asked me to "fill it, with hundred low- lead."***

***He came dashing in from the snow-covered pump,   
I knew he was anxious for drainin’ the sump.***

***I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work,   
And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.***

***He came out of the restroom, and sighed in relief,   
Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.***

***And I thought as he silently scribed in his log,   
These reindeer could land in an eighth-mile fog.***

***He completed his pre-flight, from the front to the rear,   
Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, "Clear!"***

***And laying a finger on his push-to-talk,   
He called up the tower for clearance and squawk.***

***"Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound direction,   
Turn right three-two-zero at pilot’ s discretion."***

***He sped down the runway, the best of the best.   
"Your traffic’s a Grumman, inbound from the west."***

***Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed through the night,   
"Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."***

[](https://1.bp.blogspot.com/_iKcZ3qcCmyo/R2z7_jP8Q5I/AAAAAAAADpQ/YY5LO2hABW0/s400/santatower3.jpg)

The New Years Day fly in is at Masterton this/next year **.**

It’s a lunchtime affair so no need to be up too early. Names on board or contact Ron Day for seats and if private owners have spares, also.

Sunday Feb 29th is a market day at TeKowhai airfield. Names on the board for that one as well please.

Lastly I wish you all a relaxing holiday season and look forward to seeing you all in the New Year. Remember that the acceptable alcohol consumption for a pilot is no more than 8 standard drinks per week. ( Good luck with that)

Take The Spoon Out Of The Sink.

Ross Macdonald