The drought is well and truly over. Well, rain wise anyway. The temperatures have been pretty mild and the grass is slowly growing. The Club has purchased some new cattle and these are being fed some baleage to help them through to the spring.

It’s been a trying season and as previously mentioned that the AGM is coming up in August and the annual accounts will be available for perusal, don’t be fooled by the large trading profit that the farm made. This was due to us selling nearly all the cattle at the start of lockdown and these had not been replaced at balance date.

The flying has been relatively busy although with the changing fortunes of Covid 19, a few people are watching their $. The Cub, KSS, still seems popular and our greatest accomplishment with buying her is that our past CFI, Don Macdonald has made a welcome return to the flying ranks. Sporting a shiny new medical he turned up a few weekends ago and after a local flight and 3 circuits I let him go on his own to do some more circuits. After 1 or possibly 2 circuits, he disappeared . Scanning the skies and surrounding areas for columns of smoke, we couldn’t spot him. Some time later he reappeared from the direction of his old farm and promptly landed. He’d obviously forgotten about the stress caused to instructors when students bugger off on their own missions. He went away seemingly happy with a law book tucked under his arm with the intention of resitting the law exam and renewing his BFR. Brilliant.

The Feilding Dawn Raid a few weeks ago was an intended visit although the forecast was for strong winds. I had organised a BFR with one of the Micro instructors over there so felt bound to attend and help him out . Reuben wanted to do some time flying from the back seat in the Cub in preparation for him doing some instructing in her so we decided we’d battle the elements. Wendy, upon hearing that we were going to have a look, decided that flying to Feilding for potential bacon and eggs was in preference to staying in bed and anticipating cereal and toast, and came out and launched her pride and joy, JDP, ahead of us. We hit the wind and turbulence at the usual spot around Takapau and going past Dannevirke, the radio crackled into life with Wendy announcing to all who were tuned in, “I wish I’d stayed in F%#$@n bed” The smoothest part of the trip was as we crossed the ranges over the northern most windmills near Wharite but with a 17kt groundspeed I suggested to Reuben that we may have to sacrifice some height for some forward speed and penetration. This worked out fine and we arrived at Feilding to a nice day and great breakfast. Some other hardy souls from Hastings also braved the wind. To Wendy’s credit she nailed the spot landing on arrival and also received the “Intrepid “award for coming through in her little microlight.

The return trip later in the day was a little more pleasant as the wind had died a little. Character building stuff.

The Dannevirke dawn raid was a washout although a carload of us drove to enjoy the breakfast and the launch of a book describing the 100 years history of the Dannevirke airfield. A couple of our members purchased a copy of this excellent book and presented it to the CHB AC library. It’s there and available to be borrowed, along with the growing collection of other books donated by members.

As previously mentioned, the Hasting Dawn Raid was due to be held last Sunday, 26th July. It was a great day. Frosty start with a gorgeous day to follow. Good showing from CHB aeroclub and 50 plus aircraft in attendance. Great breakfast from our Hastings friends. I took Callum Sutherland with me in Cub KSS and fluked the spot landing on arrival. Nice bottle of Mission Estate red was the prize which we opened at the bar later that evening. The Frogley Cup is planned as special day on possibly Sun. 16th of August. This will be confirmed.

Our old Tiger BEF, arrived on the Saturday before the dawn raid and spent the night in Ron’s hangar. She went on the next morning to the dawn raid with owners Darren and Christine Luff. They called in to Waipuk on the return trip and very generously allowed me to reacquaint with the wonderful old girl. Callum came with me for the first flight and then lastly Wendy hopped in the front seat and we went around the block and back to the field . Very special.

Remember that Tail Dragger Weekend is planned for Sat September 5th. Venue Waipukurau and co-organised with Hastings. We’ll need some helpers for this weekend so mark calendars please and let us know if you can help.

On the helpers required front, the sheep yards are in need of some repairs and gates re-swung so a working bee may be called in the near future. The farmer who grazes his sheep on the field has contributed to club funds significantly over the last few years and the least we can do is supply him with some safe and working yards.

As mentioned previously, the aircraft are apt to get muddy and sheep-shit soiled at this time of the year. I have bought a new long handled brush which the hose clips onto and the easiest time to wash aforementioned accruements is when they are fresh. Please don’t put the aircraft away with mud and shit under the wings and tailplanes. There’s some “simple green” in a squeeze bottle for more stubborn oil or dried on extras.

Terina has been helping me out with some of the flight training on the weekends and this is much appreciated. It’s great to have a young enthusiastic instructor on the field.

We have some new and potential new students about the place. News on them as they become confirmed.

The annual Club dinner which had a false start a week or so ago is now planned for Saturday September 12th. That’s now plenty of notice for you to mark your calendars and register your intent to attend either by adding your name to the list on the board at the Club or txting/phoning Ron Day on, 0272104043. There is not going to be a guest speaker as such however there will be a series of videos taken from old super 8 movies of local club events from the 60s. I’ve seen some of them and they are very interesting and entertaining. Venue will be at Oruawharo Homestead at Takapau with hosts, Dianne and Peter Harris. There will also be a special presentation and tribute to one of our patriarchs who is retiring from official duties in the club.

I have recently completed a type rating in the Cub for a young pilot from the Wairarapa who was due to start a new job with Susi Air of Indonesia about the time we went into lockdown. He has been put on hold as you would expect and awaits the eventual call up. He thought that while waiting he’d get a tailwheel rating so that eventually he’d be in a good position to advance onto the Pilatus Porters that Susi operate. He came to us because we are one of the few Clubs able to conduct Tailwheel ratings in the area. I think this is a good validation of the committee decision to purchase the Cub. Taking on these “outside the club” jobs might seem irrelevant for our own members but remember that non club members pay a premium on the rate, plus more hours means less cost per hour for fixed overheads like insurance and do benefit our members in the long term.

I still haven’t resurrected the duty pilot list however the current system of people with spare time on Sundays helping with, dishes, lawns and aircraft cleaning is working nicely at the moment.

The following from CC, Ron Day;

*Some people I meet are surprised to learn I have lived in New Zealand for well over*

*fifty years. The first eight years of my life spent in England were obviously*

*fundamental in establishing who I was, and how I think. Of course the immediate*

*outward sign of this is my accent. Arriving in NZ in the ‘60s when “Pommie Bashing”*

*was a national sport was somewhat daunting. There were two options: learn how to*

*speak nuzild and keep a low profile, or stand up to the bullies. My Father taught me*

*to fight and said, “Be one in a crowd, not one of a crowd.”*

*That’s all very well, but we must also learn how to belong.*

*It was after a great deal of consideration that I offered my services as your Club*

*Captain. I knew that I wouldn’t be happy to just polish the seat. In the last year I*

*haven’t exactly set the world alight, but I have been learning how things work, what*

*works well, and (more importantly) what doesn’t.*

*If I am able to continue in this role I would like to be more pro-active. I will of course*

*continue to draw your attention to up-coming events:*

*The Frogley Cup will be contested at YP on Sunday August 16th*

*The Tail Dragger weekend will also be at YP on September 5th & 6 th. In addition, there have been a few ideas floated for club trips and I intend to follow these up. But before I do I think there needs to be a little more effort made towards safety.*

*The HBECAC Dawn Raid was a great day, well patronised and held in near perfect*

*conditions. It was the best possible debut for KSS, and a Spot Landing success rate*

*that will be great to maintain (no pressure Roscoe). But on the other hand there*

*always seems to be an incident in the circuit at events like this.*

*We are all only human, and it matters not if you are a novice like me, or have been*

*flying since Moses played fullback for the Israelites, there is a procedure that we all*

*must comply with.*

*In future I won’t be just listing events, but will circulate a few days before each one*

*some essential details from Volume Four about the destination: runway vectors,*

*radio frequencies, elevation, any special joining procedures etc. It is what we should*

*swat up on before going anywhere, so please don’t be offended if you’ve been there*

*many times before, and know all that stuff. A reminder can’t hurt, but it may well*

*help.*

*So why did I start by stating the obvious that I’m a Pom? Because being an*

*immigrant makes me see New Zealand through an immigrant’s eyes – every day. I*

*am forever indebted to my parents for making that brave step into the unknown.*

*There were sacrifices, but I’ve not missed an opportunity to make them worthwhile.*

*​Being a member of and flying at CHBAC is something that other pilots are surely*

*envious of as skies become more crowded. It is a magical place, and I have to rein*

*myself in from being too evangelical about it.*

*I was downwind in FLI for two-zero late on Saturday afternoon when I saw the*

*unmistakable profile of BEF joining overhead. How wonderful to be able to offer*

*hangarage with J2 AGD. We are lucky that Darren and Christine live within striking*

*distance, and that they love to bring BEF back “home”. We are also thankful that*

*they are generous in allowing the experience to be shared.*

*We should not take the opportunities we have for granted. We should also work at*

*protecting what we have, and not let our freedom be eroded by complacency.*

*As Fred Dagg so rightly said, “We don’t know how lucky we are”.*

*Ron*

﻿ 

The following is shared from Andrew Watts:

*Air Chief Marshal Sir Michael Beavis obituary*

*RAF Vulcan bomber pilot who captained the first nonstop flight from England to Australia and then had ‘a nice cup of tea’*

*Monday July 27 2020, 5.00pm BST, The Times*

*Beavis in the 1960s. He decided to fly aged seven when he saw a biplane overhead Michael Beavis’s grandson was browsing YouTube one day when he came across a black-and-white Pathé News clip from June 1961. It showed grainy images of an aircraft piloted by his grandfather emerging from the sky after a record-breaking journey, both in time and distance.*

*“Coming into land at Richmond, near Sydney, as calmly as on a routine flight, Squadron Leader Beavis completed the 11,500-mile nonstop flight from Scampton, Lincolnshire,” declared the clipped tones of the Pathé newsreader. “The RAF Vulcan had flown halfway round the world in 20 hours, three minutes, refuelling three times in the air.”*

*It was the first nonstop flight from Britain to Australia, though for Beavis it was just another day at the office, albeit a satisfactory one. “It was a copperplate trip,” he told the waiting press. “Everything went according to plan, and there was not one hitch in the refuelling . . . At times we flew at more than 600 miles an hour. Most of the 11,500 miles were covered at more than 60,000ft.”*

*None of his crew from 617 “Dambusters” Squadron could sleep during the flight, which was kept a secret by the RAF until just before they landed, but they occasionally dozed in their seats. The two pilots flew on an “hour-on, hour-off” basis. They had brought along packed meals and the first thing they asked for after landing was “a nice cup of tea”.*

*For Beavis the feat might have been just another day, but it was also part of a lifetime dedicated to flying. Five years later he took command of 10 Squadron, flying VC10s. “We started with just one aircraft and two crew at Brize Norton,” he recalled. There were soon ten aircraft and a commensurate increase in personnel. “Among our varied duties we took on royal and VIP flights as well as our conventional role as troop transporters,” he recalled. On one occasion he had to drop everything at short notice to fly Harold Wilson, the prime minister, to Washington.*

*Eventually Beavis made his way into the senior echelons of the RAF. His final promotion was in 1984 to deputy commander-in-chief Allied Forces Central Europe, serving under a German general. “We enjoyed a lovely home near Maastricht and the chance to entertain countless international dignitaries, blue-sky thinkers and movers and shakers,” recalled Beavis.*

*By the time he retired two years later he had logged at least 5,750 flying hours, accumulated on more than 60 different types of aircraft.*

*Michael Gordon Beavis was born in Kilburn, north London, in 1929, the only child of Walter Beavis, who worked in the post room of a nearby factory, and his wife, Mary (née Sarjantson), who was of Dutch origin and was housekeeper for a local family before working in a munitions factory during the war. He recalled at the age of seven being taken for a picnic near an aerodrome. When a biplane flew low overhead he declared: “That’s what I want to do.”*

*He was educated at Kilburn Grammar School, but during the war was evacuated to Northampton, recalling that he joined the Air Training Corps there at the age of 13, “falsifying my age in order to do so”. The upshot was the opportunity to strike relationships with some of the charismatic characters in the US Air Force based at nearby Molesworth, who were flying B-17s. “Thanks to their willingness to take us under their wing, so to speak, I had completed 100 hours’ air experience and eight hours’ ‘stick time’ by the time I was 15,” he said.*

*Back in London in 1945 his weekends were spent at Herts and Essex Aero Club near Broxbourne, where he gained his private pilot’s licence. Meanwhile, he was employed “in a less than exciting job as a junior clerk-cum-reporter on Boxing News”. On the floor below was an antiques magazine where Joy Jones worked. They were both 17 and would often meet on the staircase, but it was not until they were 21 that she agreed to marry him. Joy briefly ran a florist while her husband was flying Vulcans out of RAF Scampton, but mostly she was an RAF wife, supporting him on his tours of duty. She died in 2017 and he is survived by a daughter, Lynn, and a son, Simon, both of whom went into journalism.*

*Beavis had joined the RAF in 1947 and quickly gained his wings. Two years later he was commissioned. His first posting was to 43 Squadron, flying Meteors as number two in a five-aircraft aerobatic team. That was followed by 608 Squadron, where he flew Vampires for two years. He later recalled how he was “very much a younger man among older chaps, most of whom had served in the war flying heavies”.*

*Among his favourite postings was a two-year exchange with the Royal New Zealand Air Force (1954-56), although the rules stipulated that Joy was not able to join him until he had turned 25.*

*Moving in 1958 to 617 Squadron based at Scampton, he practised long-distance flying with nonstop flights to Nairobi, the Maldives and Karachi, and in 1961 he and his crew won the annual Bomber Command award for best crew in bombing and navigation.*

*There were also periods at Staff College and stints at the MoD. “Few people enjoy a desk-bound posting and I was no exception, but good staff work is essential to successful operations,” he observed. In 1974 he spent three years at Rheindahlen in Germany, where mid-tour he was promoted to air commodore.*

*In the late 1960s he had been based in the south of Cyprus at Akrotiri, then the largest operational RAF station in the world. “That posting was the start of a lifetime association with the island of Cyprus,” he recalled. “Joy found a lovely cottage holiday home in Pissouri village that she enjoyed renovating.”*

*In retirement, during which he was a non-executive director of Alliance Aircraft (US) and Skyepharma, the couple built another house that gradually became their main home. From the sitting room he could enjoy the view across the bay to the Akrotiri peninsula and its runway, where in 2007 he was invited to open the RAF Akrotiri Station Museum.*

*Beavis, who stood almost 6ft tall and whose hair remained dark into his sixties, enjoyed sailing, a round of golf and a flutter on the horses, while for extra fun he would take to the skies in a glider. He wore his military bearing lightly and saw no conflict between being both patriotic and liberal minded.*

*In 1983, while still in uniform, he gave an interview in which he called for the RAF to accept and train women in senior roles. Eleven years later the RAF introduced the world to its first female operational pilot.*

*Looking back at the 1961 Pathé News clip with his grandson, Beavis heard the announcer describe how only 42 years earlier the brothers Ross and Keith Smith had made the journey from London to Australia in 27 days and 20 hours in a modified Vickers Vimy bomber, before concluding: “Shall we live to see the Vulcan updated and 20 hours from England to Sydney reckoned a slow time?”*

*Even in 2020 the answer is “not yet”. Two years ago Qantas began a nonstop service from Perth, in Western Australia, to London, which takes a scheduled 17 hours, but there is still no direct service between London and Sydney.*

*When Beavis’s grandson showed him the YouTube clip documenting his remarkable record-breaking flight almost 60 years ago, he said gently: “This has made my day.”*

***Air Chief Marshal Sir Michael Beavis, KCB, CBE, AFC, was born on August 13, 1929. He died on June 7, 2020, aged 90***

The following from Derek Simmons who is feeling his age.( as we all are)

Checking out at the supermarket, the young cashier suggested to the much older woman that reusable grocery bags were a good idea as plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized and explained, "We didn't have this 'green thing back in my earlier days."

The young cashier responded, "That's our problem today - your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations."

She was right our generation didn't have the 'green thing' in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, lemonade bottles and beer bottles to the shop.

The shop sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled.

But we didn't have the "green thing" back in our day.

Grocery shops bagged our groceries in brown paper bags, that we re-used for numerous things, most memorable besides household bags for rubbish, was the use of brown paper bags as book covers for our schoolbooks. This was to ensure that public property (the books provided for our use by the school), was not defaced by our scribbling. Then we were able to personalize our books on the brown paper bags.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have a lift in every supermarket, shop and office building.

We walked to the local shop and didn't climb into a 300 horsepower machine every time we had to go half a mile.

Back then, we washed the baby's Terry Toweling nappies because we didn't have the throwaway kind.

We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy-gobbling machine burning up 3 kilowatts …….. wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids had hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing.

Back then, we had one radio or TV in the house - not a TV in every room and the TV had a small screen the size of a big handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of Scotland In the kitchen.

We blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us.

When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We pushed the mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity.

But she's right; we didn't have the "green thing" back then.

We drank from a tap or fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull.

Back then, people took the bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their Mums into a 24-hour taxi service in the family's $70,000 People Carrier which cost the same as a whole house did before the "green thing." We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances and we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 23,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pub!

But isn't it sad that the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the "green thing" back then?

Please forward this on to another selfish old person who needs a lesson in conservation from a smart arse young person...

We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to piss us off...especially when the “advice” is being offered by a tattooed, multiple pierced smartarse who can't work out the change without the cash register telling them how much it is!

Here endeth the bloody lesson! Have a nice day!

The cones will be out on the runway from now on for people to practice their spot landings in preparation for retaining possession of the Frogley Cup. Remember, this is for everyone. Students included. Ask me for some tuition if you think you need it. (you do, believe me) As always, I’ll forgo the dual fee for competition tuition.

Take the Spoon Out Of The Sink.

Continue to wash your bloody hands. (remind me again why we ever needed to remind people to do this)

Ross Macdonald

*​*