

TIGER RAG

NEWSLETTER OF THE TIGER MOTH CLUB OF NEW ZEALAND INC

May 2018

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LIFE MEMBERS: Simon Spencer-Bower, Jim Lawson, John Pheasant, Loretta McGarry,

John King, Alan Land, Les Marshall, Eddie Doherty, Jeanette Lei

New Committee Elected at AGM.

The AGM saw changes to the Committee of the Club, with President Jim Lawson, and Vice-President Jan Chisum not seeking re-election to their positions, although both remain on the Committee. Also the Committee was enlarged with Amanda Rutland, and Karen Drinkrow joining the group.

Well-known Pilot and club supporter Keith Skilling was elected to the position as President. Keith's experience and knowledge of the aviation and Warbird movement will bring some welcome fresh ideas and direction to the club.

The new Committee is: President, Keith Skilling. Vice President, Grant Wilson. Secretary, Graeme Wood. Treasurer, Grant Drinkrow. The Committee consists of Jim Lawson, Jan Chisum, John Baynes, Robert Gordon, Alan Land, Jerry Chisum, John King, Wayne Edwards, Ryan Southam, Peter McCombe, Glen Thompson, Amanda Rutland, and Karen Drinkrow.

Committee Changes

The 2018 AGM saw significant changes to the leadership of the Club, with the resignation on President Jim Lawson, and Vice President Jan Chisum. Jim has been a stalwart for the Committee for many years, and held the position of President for 13 years. Prior to that he was Vice President, being elected to that position in 1998. He remains on the Committee, making his wealth of knowledge in vintage aircraft and matters pertaining to the Club being readily available. Jan was elected to Vice President in 2005 and has been committed and active in that role. She has attended almost every Committee meeting held, either driving or flying her Minicab from Hastings to Auckland, in all sorts of inclement weather. Jan remains as a committee member, and we value her input to the Club.

Our sincere thanks go to both for the contributions made over several years.

The Good Oil.

The Club has been investigating sourcing 100 grade Aviation oil at more competitive prices, after some members have been reported paying up to \$17 per litre. Ardmore based ICEA Aviation, are recommended, with a present quote of approx. \$10.50c per litre. Contact leanne@icea.co Ph 09-2999289.

Scholarship Recipients.

The successful applicants for the Club Scholarships were announced following a meeting of the Committee in February. After deliberations, and in consideration of the funds available through the donations account, it was decided that there would be five recipients. They are Louis McNair, Olivia Henwood, Tracey Dixon, Bevan Dewes, and Ross Brodie.

Four of these applicants wish to get a Tiger Moth rating, or further their experience on flying the Tiger Moth, while Ross Brodie is to use the grant to obtain his AME licences. The Committee see the Scholarship Grants as a investment in the future of the Club, and the ongoing maintenance and flying of vintage aircraft, particularly the Tiger Moth. The use of the funds is strictly monitored. We congratulate the recipients, and wish them well in their pursuits.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING WHITIANGA 2018.

By Jim Lawson

My thoughts on the AGM, held in early March, were not without some misgivings. Had I done the right thing in resigning from my position as President? Who would be the next President? The questions went on *ad infinitum*, only time would tell. But for the immediate future, there was still a job to be done, the weekend had to have a successful and safe conclusion.

Neil McHugh, the now owner of Chipmunk 27, had offered to pick me up at Ardmore and fly me over to Whitianga which I would have enjoyed and appreciated very much in view of the fact that this would be my last arrival, to an AGM as President. Not only that, it would have been in a “real aeroplane,” tongue in cheek, the same aeroplane that I had the privilege to fly to all the previous AGMs. Unfortunately I had to turn down the generous offer in view of the fact that all the “stuff” I had to take to the AGM would not fit into the Chipmunk.



I had planned to arrive at Whitianga on Friday, the day before the competitions, so my accommodation was booked for Friday and Saturday nights. But on second thoughts there was such a lot to do that being there on Thursday would give me more time to prepare for the early arrivals. The motel was fully booked however the owner offered me a bed in his apartment, so it

was all on.

In the meantime there was a posse of three Tiger Moths, Wayne Edwards and Louis McNair, John and Penny Baynes, Amanda Rutland and Jeanette Lei, on a Tiki Tour of the North part of the North Island, organised by Wayne Edwards. They had planned to finish their tour at Great Barrier on Friday and fly in to Whitianga in the afternoon, but some delays occurred at Dargaville in the form of a faulty magneto on Bill Lamb's Tiger, AON, flown by Amanda Rutland. Eventually the engine was coaxed into life and they got to the Great Barrier, albeit a little late.



A, just in case, SOS went out for the “Get You Home” magneto, Graeme Wood, our Secretary came to the rescue, he said that he would take the magneto out to the Barrier in the Beaver. So, along with all the gear, necessary for a magneto change and a plane load of passengers, he took off. While this was going on the “tourists” had hired a boat and were away out fishing, their claim was that fresh fish for the barbeque that night was a must. This indeed turned out to be the case.

With the magneto change successfully accomplished, the engine started, no trouble and ran sweetly, it was time for Woodsy and crew to return. This was not to be, the engine on the Beaver would not start, guess what, yes a suspected fault in the magneto. Despite all the efforts of the, in house, experienced, in this case, airborne engineers, it was a dead duck, correction, Beaver, so another SOS went out, “get us out of here.” Fortunately Phil Welcome had his Piper Aztec at Whitianga and offered to go and pick them up, sighs of relief all round. Thanks to Phil everyone got to where they wanted to be that day. This whole episode outlines and is typical of, the attitude of the Members in our Club, they are always willing to lend a hand if and when the need arises, long may it continue.



motor homes.

My “Man on the Ground” Ken Jones had arrived in his motor home way ahead of me and was all set to guide the various aircraft to their nightly tie down spots, his brother Colin, also in his motor home was willing to help so he got the job of welcoming the various aircraft and crew and recording their arrival. He enjoyed the job so much that he put his hand up to do the same job at our next Fly In at Taumarunui. By the end of the day we had 30 arrivals, including the fishing pilots and crew, comprising of 5 Tiger Moths, 1 DH 60 Moth, 1 Fox Moth, 3 Austers, 1 Harvard and numerous other groups who arrived in assorted aircraft, cars and

As well as the above arrivals, the Number 37 (Thames) Squadron also arrived, complete with their tents which they set about erecting in the allotted space. Grant Horn their Squadron Leader had approached me at The Walsh Flying School earlier in the year and asked if we needed help at the AGM and after consultation with the Committee it was agreed, provided all the appropriate paperwork was in place, they would be most welcome. It is important that an organisation such as the Tiger Moth Club, encourage these young people to be involved in our activities. They were given all sorts of tasks such as crowd control, where they controlled entry to airside, no mean task trying to discern the difference between members of the public and authorised personnel. During the day there were many groups of the public taken airside on guided tours around the parked aircraft and it was the Cadets job to arrange for these groups to be shown round. I congratulate them for their efforts, a job well done.

The Whitianga Aero Club have an in house café called the Departure Lounge, the manager of which was responsible for providing the barbeque, he also agreed to cook up the nice fresh fish, courtesy of the "Tourists." It was so good that despite the other options the fish was soon gone, never the less there was plenty food to supply the needs of the hungry bunch of pilots and crew and visitors. Thanks to the Whitianga Aero Club, their willing volunteers and the staff at the Departure Lounge, the barbeque was a great success, this was evidenced next morning by the late arrivals of the pilots for the competitions briefing.

Despite a later than usual start to the competitions they were ably progressed throughout the day by the usual willing band of volunteers. The bombing and spot landing competition, which is always popular, ran like clockwork under the guidance of Jan Crossan and Wendy Tantrum. These two girls proved their worth at Omarama doing this job and certainly lived up to expectations, on the day, at Whitianga. Wayne Tantrum "volunteered", along with Jim Evans to do the scrutineering of the aircraft that were to be awarded trophies for the best vintage aircraft, the best Tiger Moth, the most original Tiger Moth and the best return to service. This is no mean task as all our members take great pride in the presentation of their aircraft. In the background Karen Drinkrow was busy as usual selling our merchandise, making money for the Club which we put into the Scholarship Fund. Well done Karen.

Now to the dinner, held at the Mercury Bay Club, a pleasant venue, the Secretary, Woodsy, certainly did a great job organising this and the various other events that took place

over the weekend, including the accommodation. The evening started with the usual round of drinks, a great way to relax after a busy day, which was followed by us being ushered into the dining room for the evening meal. We hosted 91 people for dinner that evening which would have been greater in number if the weather in some other parts of the Country had been a bit kinder to some really keen pilots who had intended being there. There was plenty of good food and seconds if you wanted, we also put wine on the table which always goes down well.

Then came the "serious" part of the evening, the presentation of the trophies, which is always accompanied with a lot of laughter. Some of the highlights included, young Daniel

Welcome, aged 12, who was awarded the trophy for being the youngest competing member in the bombing

competition. Amanda Rutland was awarded the time trial trophy, beating a well practiced competitor, Wayne Edwards,



to the finish by 4 seconds. Jan Chisum wrested the non-instrument circuit trophy, back from her husband Jerry. Then came the trophy for the most interesting flight to get to the AGM. This trophy was presented by the John Crosby family which could encompass distance travelled, and in particular incidents and or accidents on the way. This was awarded to a serial winner, John Baynes from Gore, who on rising to receive it, went into a long story about his ineligibility to accept it in view of the fact that he considered there was someone else more eligible to receive the trophy, he then passed it on to the writer, with words to the effect that it had taken me 20 years to get there, with a few bumps along the way. I then introduced ACE Edwards, AKA Donald Trump, suitably attired and stood back waiting for

more fun and laughter, but that did not happen. I will leave this part of the narrative for someone else to complete. When Ace finished his speech, I was presented with a magnificent trophy which already has pride of place in our lounge. For me the evening ended in a whirlwind of emotion, so much so, I was unable to reply to any of the comments that were made. I now take this opportunity to say thank you to John and Ace and the others for all that was said, which will stay with me forever. But the weekend was not over, I still had to officially resign at the AGM, something I was not looking forward to.



The Whitianga Aero Club made their hangar available to us for the AGM which was ideal, so we got the meeting under way. When it came to the election of officers, I made my valedictory speech and stood down. Keith Skilling was elected in my place as President. Everyone knows Keith and I am sure that he will carry on the good work in the Tiger Moth Club of NZ Inc., he certainly has a good Committee to back him up. Then came the surprise resignation, to some, of our Vice President, Jan Chisum. I must say that Jan was always there in times of need, she always came forward with a woman's point of view, much needed to stem the enthusiasm of a group of males trying to come to a decision on a course of action necessary in situations of a contradictory nature. I thank Jan for her loyalty and devotion to her job as Vice President, a position she has held for thirteen years. Jan and her Committee member husband Jerry live at Bridge Pa aerodrome and when Committee meetings were called, which were always held in Auckland, there was only very few occasions that they were unable attend. Sometimes they would be away from home for a couple of days, or more, attending the meetings. Both Jan and Jerry are champions of the Scholarship scheme and I thank them both for their input and enthusiasm.

Before I finish, I must thank the Mercury Bay Aero Club for making their airfield and Club premises available to us for the weekend and for putting up with the invasion of our rowdy bunch of itinerant pilots and crew. Special mention goes to the President of the Club, Bill Beard and his helpers on the ground, for keeping us supplied with fuel, running up and down to the bomb site, conducting guided tours around the parked aircraft, rescuing the "rescuers" from the Great Barrier and generally keeping an eye open during traffic movement. You made the weekend safe for us.

I must also thank the Tiger Moth Club Committee, as a whole, for all the work they put into making the weekend a success. It must be said, there is a lot of hands on input by certain individuals, in the Committee and it is to them that I make a special thanks, their efforts are seldom known about by the Club members at large.

I also thank the many volunteers who made themselves available for jobs over the weekend, many of you did not get something to do, but don't let that stop you from coming forward again, which I am sure you will do. To those that did get a "Job" you were again successful with your efforts, especially those with their running shoes on at the bomb site. I have said this before and I will say it again, it is you, volunteers, that *make* our weekends away, as successful as they

are, keep up the good work. I will end with the words that the Tiger Moth Club of New Zealand is in safe hands. Jim Lawson.



Valedictory.

[4th March 2018.](#)

[By Jim Lawson](#)

I would like to begin by saying it is not without some regret that I am not standing again for the position of President. After holding the position of Vice President for seven years and subsequently the position of President for thirteen years, I feel that now is the time for someone else to take the Presidency.

I was elected Vice President in 1998 at the annual general meeting held in the then, RNZAF base at Wigram. During my time as Vice President I was fortunate to have as mentor, the then Secretary, John King who, for years was the face of the Tiger Moth Club of New Zealand. John guided me through those early years and along with a very capable Committee, I feel that we achieved some noticeable successes.

When I was elected President in 2005 at the annual general meeting held at Ashburton, I had no idea of the complexities and responsibilities that went with the position and what the future would hold. It has taken me thirteen years to find out.

During that time, inevitably, there have been many highs and lows. On the low side has been the passing of some of our members, who after a time moved from being members and became friends. In particular the tragic accident at Taumarunui, when Nola Pickard and her husband lost their lives, that brought home the real value of friendship.

On the high side, attending the many fly ins we have, making new friends, cementing old friendships, seeing and encouraging young people into the age old art of flying vintage aeroplanes, is particularly gratifying. The scholarship

scheme commenced in 2007 with a generous grant made by a long time member, Gerald Grocott. Since that time the Committee has continued to support the scheme using funds from donations and from the profits of sales of merchandise. This has been of great benefit to both the Club and to the young members involved, long may it continue.

In addition to this another member of the Committee has taken up the responsibility and committed his time and energy, organising pilots with their Tiger Moths to be present at the Walsh memorial Scout Flying School at Matamata. For one day, without remuneration, the pilots donate their time and Tiger Moths giving students from the School their first flight in an open cockpit aircraft. The results are rewarding for both students and pilots.

Our very popular Spring fly in at Taumarunui came about as the result of a chance meeting in 1994 at Taumarunui, between the late Ross Duncan, myself and Jeanette Lei the Secretary of the Taumarunui Aero Club, wherein we were invited to hold the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Tiger Club of New Zealand, as it was then known, at Taumarunui. We were fortunate to have four of the founding members at that meeting. Since that first fly in, to date, we have been invited to return the roots of our beginnings another 24 times.

Another popular activity is taking part in the Clubs anti spin programme. This programme came about as the result of many hours of flying/spinning and a massive amount of work, put in by a group of our highly specialised pilots and instructors. They engaged the services of photographers with highly technical equipment and between them came up with a very concise document both on paper and on DVD. This document is the basis for an introduction into the art of recognising the advent of a spin and the recovery process. The success of this document was such that the Civil Aviation Authority of NZ took it up and is in evidence as a GAP booklet.

The Tiger Moth Club of New Zealand is nationally and internationally recognised in the aviation community which has come about through the hard work of the Committee with which I am proud to have been involved. I take this opportunity to thank the Committee Members, one and all, past and present, for their input and assistance which has taken the Tiger Moth Club of New Zealand onto the World stage. Another thanks must go to the many and loyal members of the Club, especially those who were prepared, when necessary, to lend a hand in the running of the various events that we have held throughout the years. Special recognition I give to my Wife who has had to endure my numerous disappearances on behalf of the Tiger Moth Club. Thank you.

I leave this position of President, knowing full well that whomever succeeds me will be given the same support that I have had throughout the years.

Jim Lawson. Ex- President. 4th March 2018.

FROM OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

What great pleasure it was to have the Tiger Club visit Whitianga, I hope you all enjoyed it as much as the locals did. A special mention to our newest member, Peter McVinnie who mowed and prepared the runways, bombing and landing areas for us.

The AGM didn't quite turn out as I would have preferred, but we have ended up with a very committed and capable committee to see the Club through the next year. The most important issue was the resignation of Jim Lawson after many very successful years at the helm and his expertise and enthusiasm will be sadly missed. However he will still be a big part of the club and he hasn't got off totally free because part of his resignation included a commitment to continue the jokes at all dinners....thanks Jim!

I have some thoughts on the future direction of the club, nothing too drastic, and hope to suggest these to the committee at our first meeting. In the meantime if you have any concerns or ideas that you feel will benefit or help the club progress, please contact me. I have already received some communication from members and look forward, hopefully, of being some help.

I've just returned from Wanaka and what a pleasure it was to see the Tiger Club perform so well. Of particular interest to me was seeing our younger members display to a very high standard. Lucy Newell, Andrew Love in the Tiger Formation, and Bevan Dewes doing a very polished aerobatic display in his Chipmunk. The Tiger Club is certainly leading the way introducing younger members into display flying in New Zealand, an issue very dear to me, and long may it continue. As well, Dave Phillips did another of his energetic displays, and John Baynes did a great job of putting together

and leading the formation. Several other members displayed as part of the 'Classics' segment with special mention of Cam Handley in his Staggerwing, and Peter Hendrix in the WACO, sorry if I missed any other members.

Special thanks to long time member Ace Edwards who allowed me to share his Harvard 98 with him for my last (planned) display at Wanaka. What a thrill it was to get back into 98 with Ace and together we had more than 89 years of flying it between us. I first flew 98 during my wings course in 1966!

As advised at the AGM, I am leaving for England again in May for several months and I will be catching up with some DH people over there. If anyone is there for the Duxford Flying Legends and the September RAF 100 years anniversary airshows, please contact me, I'll be there in a Hurricane this season, sorry not DH but close.

I'll see you all at Taumaranui in October.

Keith

2019 Annual Fly-in.

Next year the Club celebrates its 50th year since inauguration.

To mark the occasion, the Annual Fly-in and General Meeting will be held at Hawera over the weekend of Friday March 1st to Sunday March 3rd, and will be hosted by the Hawera Aero Club.

Centrally situated in south Taranaki, Hawera is a perfect location for our 50th anniversary. It has a strong and supportive Aero Club, perfect amenities and facilities, and a large airfield with good all grass runways.

Quality accommodation is available at Kerry Lane Motel, a few minutes drive or an easy walk from the airfield. Located in a quiet rural setting, the Motel has great mountain views. Website is www.kerrylanemotel.co.nz Motel host, Lynette Barnes recommends booking direct with the Motel for the best price, and advise that you are with the Tiger Moth Club. Contact details are Ph. 0800 537795, or book@kerrylanemotel.co.nz

Recommended alternative accommodation for those on a budget is at the Furlong Motel, 256 Waihi Rd., Hawera, Ph. 06 2785136, or email manager@thefurlong.co.nz This Motel is approx. 3km. from the airfield. Website is www.thefurlong.co.nz

The committee are striving to make this our best ever fly-in to celebrate anniversary. Plan ahead, and book early!

TIGER TRIP.

By John Baynes

Tiger Moths were not really designed with long range touring in mind but are surely the most rewarding form of long range aviation that I know. That said, it's always a box of chocolates when I decide to head off. There's no telling what will transpire along the way. That's what makes a Tiger voyage so special and I'm pretty sure that John Crosbie would have felt the same way. He was a great exponent of Tiger Safaris and always had some kind of adventure on his trips. He gave us reason to remember his zest for exploring this exceptional country in a Tiger Moth. The John Crosbie Memorial Trophy is truly beautiful and is a worthy tribute to his lead. The club committee awards it each year to someone who has put a real effort into getting to the Annual Fly In with points awarded for adventures and misadventures along the way.

So, there I was, all set to head north from Otamita International. First mission was a solo trip through the South Island mountains, up through the rugged King Country and on to Puni to celebrate Wayne Edwards' coming of age and partake in his planned northern safari. The half secret plan would take us all over Northland and around the top stopping overnight in selected spots, back down to the big smoke, around the Sky Tower and out to Great Barrier before returning by Friday to Whitianga for the Fly-in. The plan went off with and without the usual hitches and apart from me trying to destroy BAH landing at a breezy Kaitaia, we all got back with the Tigers in flyable condition.

The whole trip north was awesome but is a bit too big to cover off today so to cut it short, I was lucky enough to be awarded the John Crosbie Trophy at the Annual Dinner. This is a great honour and one that I truly appreciated but as I thought about my last week of fun and pleasure, it occurred to me that the trophy is all about the trip to arrive at the Annual Fly-in. With some imagination, I realized that there was someone amidst our ranks who had come to be at the event the same as me but his journey to get there had started decades ago and featured some huge efforts and outstanding attainments. Our retiring President Jim Lawson has come from being a Scottish born youth defending our free world, through a long and ever demanding profession of aviation that has seen change like no other time. I don't know what the first aircraft he worked on was but I know that he has done them all at every level since including the world changing flying boats, the pioneering airliners and through to the supersonic capability of the Hunter. We all know him best today though for his close association with the Gipsy Major powered aircraft that draw us together. His journey has been notable for the work ethics, diligence and wisdom that we know him for and there's not too many of our aircraft that haven't benefited at some time from those qualities. Jim came to be at the fly in via that hard yet rewarding route and there wasn't any fanfare about his arrival. How much more deserving a recipient than me after my trip that took a brief week. I had a great time and enjoyed every bit of it but here was an opportunity for the Tiger Moth Club to acknowledge someone that has made it all possible.

We had a great turn out at the Fly-in and after our usual active day on Saturday, the evening began with a fabulous buffet before the trophy presentations. The John Crosbie trophy was the first to be presented and the stage was set. Jim gleefully lifted the coveted John Crosbie Trophy and with his well-known delighted smile announced me as the recipient. Naturally this was a moment that was very special to me but so was the chance to show our appreciation. As I took it from him, I don't know if what I wanted to say came out as I wanted it to but I certainly saw Jim's smile change to a jaw-drop as it dawned on him what was going on. We all saw his genuine surprise and humble appreciation as the trophy was re-awarded to him. He was almost lost for words and for a moment it looked like we might have to resort to one of his famously risqué jokes to get him back on the job. It was a good way to begin our thanks to Jim for his time at the top and I know the trophy will hold the pride of place that both it and he deserve. Well done Jim. Your trip to Whitianga, and every other flying, was truly a big one.

GIPSYING TO THE TIGER CLUB AGM.

By Jan Chisum

Without doubt for Jerry & I, one of the most anticipated annual flying events is the Tiger Moth Club AGM, held at a different grass field each year. It will be of little surprise that the other 'must' for Classic aircraft 'Nutters' is the spring gathering at Taumarunui. For some reason we get invited back, to be hosted by the Tm Aero Club each year – maybe something to do with the loyalty of Jeanette Lei who was there at the very beginning of the Tiger Club in 1969. Where?– at Tm! For her ongoing hard work, support and enthusiasm for this nationwide organization, she is the latest to be inducted into the Hall of Life Membership, an honour well earned.

Having long ago learnt to ignore long range forecasts this saved wasting time worrying about the inclement predictions for our destination over the first weekend of March. The only hindrance was a strong headwind (isn't it always?) which had the Gipsy take 3.3 hours from Hastings to Whitianga.

I can understand how the pioneering aviators suffered from very sore posteriors when flying crazy long hours day in, day out since no astronaut's memory foam seats in those days.

Uneventful trips are what we like & that's what we got, managing to avoid controlled airspace the whole way. Showers & low cloud inland of Waihi pointed us to the coastal route which was a bit longer but always spectacular. Jeanette's sister lives at Hahei, necessitating a circuit there followed by a closer investigation of a

wedding further along. I'm improving as not for the first time we were not the last to arrive! I reflected that here was the first place we'd seen our Gipsy in public – at the 2009 AGM when restorer & long-time owner, Lee Middleton flew her in, creating much interest. It is a long held dream I relive every time I fly the Old Girl that Jerry and I are Her custodians for as long as possible.

Already by Friday evening, Sir Geoffrey was represented by his DH60, DH82A, DHC1 (the DHC2 was sulking over on the Barrier), DH83 plus with his Gipsy Major engine powering the Auster in attendance. Little could he have imagined that his early designs would be show pieces over 100 years later when you include his BE2 which first flew in Feb. 1912. Flying reproductions of these can be seen at Ardmore with Warbirds and with TVAL in Masterton, recreated by Sir Peter Jackson's aeronautical craftsmen. It was fabulous to have 2 Fox's in the line up again plus there were several other interesting non deH's joining the ranks.

The usual conviviality was had over the opening evening with our hosts, members of the Mercury Bay Aero Club. We enjoyed an upmarket BBQ created by Alfred who was still at that stage running the AOPA Award winning Departure Lounge Café. There was however, something ominous hovering in the ether.....

Saturday morning started with the briefing at usual 'Tiger' time when our Ringleader finally managed to corral us all to 'Listen Up'. As WT is a popular port of call, keen look outs are of prime importance but then I think, as many of us spent years of NORDO ops, this is always a given – reminders are always good though. The grid team went to work in its usual diligent manner, with the best view of the many 'interesting' arrivals in the variable crosswind. Members of such (grid) teams are a special breed as they often have to endure very hot or cold conditions far from the luxury of comfy seats and latte bar.

Members of the Thames ATC were helping out by escorting interested visiting parties to the various aircraft for close scrutiny. They were also of great assistance by keeping participating pilots from chopping anyone up in the fairly tight manoeuvring area. For their good works, they were all taken for rides to experience the thrill of open cockpit flying.

We were again given a Master class by Dave Phillips who makes defying gravity seem so effortless. His is a display that one can never tire of watching, making seemingly impossible movements look so serene and easy. Now what was that whirly thing on top of the loop again?!

Then came the big night – The Last Supper. This was very well attended and although splattered with much hilarity, there was also a most emotional declaration from our President 'The Godfather' that this was his last Rally as Head Honcho – an almost unthinkable situation. Even though the committee knew of this, I still had trouble actually digesting it after so many years of his incredible leadership. Jim is what you call a 'one of a kind' the like of which isn't made anymore. Where do I start? Well, having an encyclopaedic knowledge of the inner workings of anything from old stringbags to classic jet fighters is a start and he is still operational! Dave Phillip's Hawker Hunter may be retired but not Jim from his workshop at Aero Tech, rebuilding engines about the same vintage as himself. Until he and Nanette needed to start their downsizing a few short years ago, I know he had a Fox Moth project amongst other things in their basement but think he is maybe down to just a few Vincent motorbikes in the back shed by now. I could well be wrong of course. At least he may get some time to work on them now he's also downsized to being a mere committee member. Of course all this knowledge has had him leading from the front on many a technical issue, either within the Club or in dealings with higher authorities, aka as CAA.

Now it was Jim, in his 8th decade the one to state that the Club would have to enter the age of Facebook if it wanted to encourage young people look at us. I'm a hopeless facebooker but it does appear that's the way the under 40's decide things so we're apparently going in the right direction there. Another of his great attributes is his smooth way of dealing with personalities to the extent that there really are no 'factions' within the Club - a rare asset with such a group of independent individuals.

Jim is a great communicator to the extent, am sure, that even when he is at home, his poor wife rarely gets to

catch up as he's being rung by people from many different time zones so you get the overall picture.

I can only hope that I still have enough of a medical along with enough nous in 20 plus years hence to emulate his example as he flew 'his' beloved Chipmunk 27 from Te Kowhai to Omarama in 2017 with the new owner Neil and to Tm earlier on ,solo.

This has been merely an overview of Jim's attributes but another of prime importance is his ability to come out with the most outlandish jokes, often reducing the assembled company to sore rib cages. Well Jimmy, you are still the Minister of Naughty Jokes!

Thank you for your unwavering devotion to the Tiger Moth Club – hardly bad for someone who has constantly been trying to get those Chippies to outnumber the Tigers at our events! It certainly has been a pleasure being on the committee for a large part of your reign.

Amongst all this, the Trophies were handed out so will let John Baynes tell a wee story about one of those in particular. Ace Edwards in his indomitable way did his thing humouring Jim & the rest of us followed by Wayne E who made the presentation of a lovely plaque, (designed by Jerry) to in some way show the membership's appreciation. The assembled company rose as one so the rest of the RSA Club was drowned out until the applause subsided. What a night indeed.

Alfred's café was again open the next morning helping fuel us up before the AGM which was anything but normal. Emotions again ran high as Jim read his last President's report, showing just what this place in the Club has meant to him. Keith Skilling has taken up the reins so am pleased there has never been a separate Chipmunk Club – welcome aboard Keith.

I thought it time for a clean slate so stood down as V.P, putting forward Grant Wilson. Jim & I however will still be turning up at committee meetings though, looking forward to allotted tasks.

Under Jim's stewardship, the TM Club membership has grown with encouragement of anyone interested in Classic aircraft whether or not a pilot or owner. We are particularly proud of the scholarships apportioned to worthy young recipients to help introduce or further their handling of venerable old aircraft that require a certain amount of taming. This is a carry on from what was started by Gerald Grocott some years ago and we now squirrel away \$s from various sources including donations towards the cause. This round had all five applicants being successful.

Thank you Jim and I hope you're able to spend more evenings with Nanette.

The First Lady wasn't able to be with us over the weekend but received a big bunch of flowers from the Club in thanks for her contributions in the background.

Sunday is always rather sad at the best of times as the weekend races by so quickly then it's time to drift off. Not needing to be home on Sunday, we decided to drop in on the Pheas's at Tauranga to check out the Jackaroo project. Here is another Master craftsman adding to the rich tapestry of our sort of aviation so look out for Tm since John has that as the aiming point for this unusual addition to the airwaves.

Another uneventful but most enjoyable flight was had back home, then wings were folded on 'J O' to join her hangar mates.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

By John King

At every AGM fly-in some enterprising pilot is awarded the John Crosbie Memorial Trophy for the most interesting time getting to the event. It's not to be confused with another trophy, for the longest time spent in an open cockpit to get to the fly-in, although sometimes the two efforts go together and the same member earns both trophies.

John Crosbie hasn't been with us for 28 years now, and it might be timely to remind newer members what this is all about.

The Tiger Moth Club was formed at Taumarunui during Labour Weekend 1969 and so next year we celebrate our half-century, not a bad effort. During the 1970s Tiger Moths were seldom seen far from their home bases, with the main centre of activity in Hawke's Bay and the Wairarapa. A gathering of Tiger Moths at Bridge Pa in 1981 to celebrate 50 years of the breed included the pair of John Crosbie and Ross Duncan, next door neighbours in Pukekohe, with their distinctive all-red ZK-CYC.

But John was keen to have his own Tiger and bought ZK-AKC from Tom Grant, who had been looking after it since Jack Hanlon's death at Waimate in his other Tiger Moth. With ZK-AKC based almost as far south as one can reasonably fly in New Zealand, its purchase and flying back to Ardmore in early 1982 involved something of an expedition.

Tiger Moths aren't noted for excessive luggage capacity so John, being a born organiser and planner, roped in Greg Bryham with Auster ZK-AXJ that he and a few others had recently bought from Cliff Bellingham. For some reason I got involved as well and later bought into the Auster AXJ syndicate, and in that aeroplane plus the front seat of the occasional Tiger Moth I was party to some memorable long-distance group safaris.

The modern era of Tiger Moth Club members flying their elderly biplanes from one end of the country to the other can thus be traced back to John Crosbie. That included the first North Cape to Bluff Vintage Air Rally during an ambitious five days in 1990, followed by two more over similar routes but in a more relaxed time frame, plus Wayne Edwards' more recent efforts, all of them enjoyed by overseas pilots as well as the locals.

But John saw none of those after several of his own-organised South Island Safaris and the first big rally. Later in 1990 he died as a passenger in a Tiger Moth crash in Louisiana at the home airstrip of Richard and Kathy Broussard, club members who had enjoyed our sort of flying with us and subsequently had that splendid silver Tiger Moth trophy made and presented it in John's memory.

But why "the most interesting method"? Understanding that requires some background knowledge of John's flying, during which there was seldom a dull moment or a straight face among his many flying friends.

John Crosbie got up to some interesting escapades—but he always managed to overcome any problems associated with them, which made it all that much harder to understand why he died at the hands of another Tiger Moth pilot.

A keen fly fisherman, he was wont to inspect likely stretches of rivers at a suitable level, and a spot of touring after taking delivery of ZK-AKC involved a grand late-afternoon flight from Queenstown up the Routeburn and down the Eglinton River to land at Te Anau—with a fish hook embedded in his rudder.

A bunch of Tigers once departed from Omaka, bound for Greymouth with a possible fuel stop at Murchison, depending on possible headwinds. They didn't eventuate, so we pushed on, and down the Grey River John was at his usual fish-spotting height. Every now and again he'd pull up to avoid a fence or tree or some other untidy obstacle, but unknown to him his fuel cap had come loose and every such manoeuvre resulted in a spray above his head.

Before Greymouth all Tigers joined up in a surprisingly tidy formation and circled the town, generating a flow of traffic out to the aerodrome. Somewhere in mid-circle ZK-AKC dropped out of the formation, landed on the aerodrome and taxied in.

It turned out John had run out of fuel—right overhead his destination. As well his textbook forced landing, as he flared for a three-pointer there was just enough left in the rear of the tank to fill the carburettor so the still-windmilling propeller kept things ticking over. No sweat.

And it even lasted long enough to let him taxi to the clubhouse, just like any normal vintage aviator.

Rather more publicly obvious was the episode at Balclutha, the lunch stop on the final day of a drama-filled (Cub ditching near Cape Reinga, forced landing short of Wanganui, mid-air collision over Wigram—never a dull moment) 1990 North Cape to Bluff rally. The briefing in the aero club hangar for the final leg to Bluff and Mandeville was interrupted by the sound of a Tiger Moth taking off as John did a test flight after investigating a spot of rough running.

Just to make sure John had everybody's full attention, the Gipsy Major coughed, spluttered and died, and ZK-AKC disappeared behind the trees separating the aerodrome from the Clutha River, New Zealand's largest. Briefing rapidly adjourned, everybody pounded over to the bank, expecting to see a Tiger Moth nose down in the river with the pilot clinging to the tail.

What we found was a Tiger Moth sitting neatly on a firm shingle bank aligned into wind, engine quietly ticking over.

It turned out that the original problem was the fuel tap shutting itself off in the excitement of flight, so it was held fully open with a scrap of cloth and the Tiger wheeled to the extreme downwind end of the shingle bank which just happened to be larger than normal because of a dry summer. John took off and landed back on the aerodrome, and while everybody else departed Bluffwards, Henry Labouchere did a spot of unscheduled but desirable maintenance on the fuel tap.

No, flying in a group with John was seldom dull, although he preferred be alone in his Tiger. There was the forced landing on a forestry road somewhere in the Rangitaiki (low cloud obscured the tops of the power pylons) to the detriment of a wing spar that nobody needs to know about; or setting off homewards from Kaikohe with Ross in their pair of Tigers and, having crossed the not insubstantial Maungataniwha Range, wondering why the expected Kerikeri so closely resembled Kaitaia (the lead navigator has never been properly identified).

John was a major instigator in the Warbirds project that led to the DC-3 that still operates, but at our level of enjoyable flying he's best remembered—and there's a fine trophy to remind us every year—for getting Tiger Moth owners away from their comfortable aerodrome circuits and flying up and down this grand country of ours. The corollary is that coping with the vagaries of elderly and delicate aeroplanes takes a special breed of pilots.

So that's the background to the John Crosbie Memorial Trophy. John Baynes, who puts more mileage under ZK-BAH's wings than any other Tiger Moth owner these days, graciously accepted the trophy this year from retiring president Jim—and, after one of his entertaining yarns, handed it back to Jim.

Jim Lawson, said John (I'm relying on memory here for a brief précis), has had the most interesting possible journey through goodness knows how many decades and phases of aviation. Nobody deserves the trophy more than Jim (standing ovation).



DH82 AON: Few things epitomise the John Crosbie spirit of Tiger Moth cross-countries than a remote part of the South Island West Coast as Bill Lamb passes Cascade Point as one of a gaggle of vintage aeroplanes heading to Westport for a 1996 airshow. It's not as dodgy as it looks, though—that cliff is all of 400 feet high.



DH82s Muzzle Station001: Five Tiger Moths—AON (left), AKC, BAT, AIA and ARJ—have flown into remote Muzzle Station, on the Clarence River between the Inland and Seaward Kaikoura Ranges, on one of John Crosbie's safaris. They were flown respectively by Alan Land, John Crosbie (striding out in front of AKC's blue nose), Mike Bamford, John Pheasant and Cliff Bellingham.



DH82s Muzzle Station002: The exit from Muzzle Station is discussed and plotted on paper GPS by Richard Broussard (left), John Crosbie, John Pheasant (obscured), Julia Davies, Alan Land, Mike Bamford and Cliff Bellingham.

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I wish to receive expressions of interest from prospective attendees & equally importantly Questions/Topics to be
addressed at this forum

A small attendance fee will be charged to cover costs. Limited to 25 participants

Contact Glenn Thompson Moth.Engineering.Forum@gmail.com for correspondence

Whitianga 3rd March 2018

By Jonathon Pote

A cautionary email a couple of days before the Tiger Moth weekend and AGM at Whitianga warned of “Challenging conditions” but in the event, all but a very few registrants made it, to be greeted by a stiff crosswind on Whitianga’s manicured grass runway 04.

Friday night saw some convivial revelry with the Mercury Bay Flying Club Hosts, and on Saturday it was competition time: Spot landings, ‘bombing’, a time trial around two local landmarks and more. No doubt there were observers lying on their backs at the turn-points to verify the mark reached – none of this GPS flight recording business. At times wing-walkers were needed during taxiing, a nice historical touch. Whilst this took place very much in everyone’s view, the judges were quietly examining the aircraft left unattended by their owners to determine the winner for ‘The most original Tiger Moth’, The Concourse winner and suchlike. The public too, groups led by committed club members, circulated the aircraft park on instructive tours while ATC cadets policed the barriers. Their reward came next day, a flight in one of the Tiger Moths.

The Tiger Moth Club is not restricted to Moths, and it was very nice to have Bird Dog 116903 and Harvard ’98 taking part. I was lucky enough to sample Super Cub ‘BKD during practice for the spot landing. With its tundra tyres, touchdown was a new experience.

It was a rare delight to see TWO Fox Moths parked side by side, ‘AQB joining the more familiar ‘APT, Gipsy Moth ‘ADT was the ‘elder statesman’ amid a good half-dozen Tiger Moths in eclectic colour schemes, all showing the loving care their owners lavish on them.



That evening all congregated in the Mercury Bay Club for the annual dinner, an excellent meal fully subscribed with a hundred guests. The sad news of the night was Jim Lawson, the President, resigning after many years exemplary service, but the good news was the presence of many younger people, prominent amongst the prize giving. Whilst an organization like the Tiger Moth Club will always be dominated by those of ‘a certain age’, it is wonderful to see the succession so healthy. The future is indeed bright.

Next day it was the AGM, but I was already at *Classic Flyers* for another interesting day.





Official Merchandise

<u>Item</u>	<u>SIZE</u>	<u>Price</u>
Adult T-Shirt (Navy with club logo)	Small – 2XL	\$25.00
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Club Shirt with pocket (Pale Denim with club logo)	XL only	\$50.00
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The 65th National AAA Fly-in,
The 45th AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in at Antique Airfield
& "BTB Days", Back-To-Blakesburg & Back-To-Basics !
The 2018 AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in
at Antique Airfield (IA27), Aug 29th - Sept 3rd

The Board of Directors of both the Antique Airplane Association and the Air Power Museum are pleased to announce the 2018 AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in where we will celebrate:

The 65th National AAA Fly-in,
The 45th AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in at Antique Airfield
&
"BTB Days", Back-To-Blakesburg & Back-To-Basics !

Back in 1971, the first AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in was held at Antique Airfield near Blakesburg, IA and that event has been around long enough to have created it's own history that many of our younger/newer members may not be aware of.

The AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in, envisioned as a "by-the-members, for-the-members" convention and reunion, was a revolutionary way to hold a major aviation event & one that over the last 45 years has proven time and again to be popular with our membership. Antique Airfield was then and is still to this day owned in total by members of the Taylor family and the Air Power Museum (APM). As it receives no federal, state or local monies. That makes the AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in a private event that is truly "by-the-members, for-the-members"!

While the past four plus decades have seen many changes in Antique Airfield and in our membership, the direction AAA/APM Founder Robert Taylor envisioned for the AAA has remained steadfast & constant. That is why in 2018 we will again celebrate: "BTB Days", Back-To-Blakesburg & Back-To-Basics !

Our Back-to-Basics format puts the emphasis of the event on how the AAA/APM Fly-in was and has remained to this day; simple, relaxing and fun with antique/classic aircraft flying from dawn till dusk. With 364 aircraft attending the 2017 "BTB Days" event, we continue to show time and again that our Fly-in is one of participation and not just spectating.

Plus, 2018 will be the 65th Annual National AAA Fly-in (the 1st was held at Ottumwa, Iowa in 1954), the 45th AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in at Antique Airfield (1971-1987 & 1991-2018). Start making your plans to attend today!

Brent Taylor
 President AAA
 AAA/APM Invitational Fly-in Chairman

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SWEDISH ADVENTURE.

By Wayne Tantrum

A wise man once said to me *“Wayne, when you are sitting in your rocking chair thinking of your life, it is memories not dreams you should be thinking of”*. So when an offer came from Hawkeye *“You must come to Sweden, we will put a good programme together”*, I did not need to be asked twice.

Saturday 22nd of July came and I found myself in Arlanda airport Sweden. Hawkeye and Wayne pick me up and we headed for Hatuna. On arrival we take a ‘Gin’ then Hawkeye is off dealing or causing issues around the farm. Wayne is left to give me the guided tour. Three hangers full of aircraft ranging from Klemms, Piper sports cruiser, Pusmoth, Jungmann, Jungmeister, Extra, Bolkow these are the airworthy ones, then there is Leopard moth, Stieglitz, Harvard, J22B, the jaw hits the ground at all these different types. Then the distinctive noise of Hawkeyes motor scooter comes around the corner. *“Wayne we must get F-KF-K up in the Klemm, we shall head to Skavsta so he can do some circuits, you take Jungmann I will take Jungmeister”*. Now Hawkeye has roughly 1000 acres of flat land but his strip is on the only hill and always blowing X wind. There is no wind sock only a streamer halfway down attached to fence wire. After quick introduction we are on our way to Skavsta. The Klemm is nice to fly, light on controls and you feel at home straight away. Good speed to at 150km on 100hp. After a few circuits and coffee at the club rooms we head back to Hatuna where we take another Gin and discuss a plan. Fearless leader comes up with one, we need to run the Pusmoth in, so what better way than around the Baltic, we leave Monday and Wayne E you are flying it. That gave us Sunday to prepare.

4.00am Monday morning the distinctive sound of the Fearless leaders scooter comes down the road, *“should be a good day”*, we have quick breakfast, fuel the planes up and we are on our way, destination Mariehamn Finland. Our group



comprises of Longam who was our leader for the trip in the silver Klemm. Wayne as # 2 in the Pusmoth (which was to be affectingly called the Green Ghost) and me as # 3 in the #78 Klemm with the Fearless leader in 4th position in the Jungmeister. It was not long before we are sitting on top of cloud and about 30min in we turn back to Hatuna, sea fog on the deck at Mariehamn, and as luck would have it the only hole in the cloud was..... you guessed it, over Hatuna. We all landed and refuelled, had coffee then we were off again and arrived at Mariehamn after 1h 20min to a stunning day.

We took fuel and then headed to Hanko, the view was quite spectacular with lots of little islands everywhere. The green ghost was exercising good speed and impressed the Fearless leader. Wayne had to circle us all day as we could not keep up with his blistering speed. Once at Hanko we took on fuel then departed Finland and headed for Kuressaare

in Estonia. It was here that we taxied past the familiar Beech stagger wing, of Bill Charney, aka Capt. Biff Windsock. After a catch up with Bill we arranged to meet him at Skavsta on Sunday 12:00 and we will escort you to Hawkeyes place. We depart Kuressaare crossing Latvia and heading to our final destination for the day Birzai Lithuania....or so we thought.



We landed after 1hr 50min to an almost deserted airfield, we shut down and there is much discussion between Longam and Fearless leader, I thought we were going to big grass airfield but we landed on big concrete runway. Turns out we were in Barysiai not Birzai, about 40min away. Next problem we were all low on fuel in particular Wayne in the Puss. Fearless leader managed to find 40lts which went between Him and Wayne, the Klemms were left without. Fearless leader comes over, looks in the lower tank and says *"you be ok, run 20min bottom tank if it coughs change to top tank, we go"*. We arrived at Birzai no problems to a bit of a crowd that had been waiting a good few hrs with fuel. We took on fuel and put planes to bed and had a bite to eat. Big day, we departed Hatuna at 5:00am and arrived Birzai 7:00pm

clocked up 7.5 hrs flying covered 850km I was ready for bed.

Next day dawned a fantastic day, short flight today only 190km to our destination, Hawkeyes airpark in Paluknys. As we were preparing the aircraft we observed on the other side of the airstrip a little glider which was getting winched up and down the paddock on a cable. The glider would not get higher than 50ft then would land again. Turns out this is glider pilot training for young kids around 9yrs old. Once airborne we had a great run to Paluknys and landed to a very warm welcome. The mayor even came out and gave a little speech and gifts. We met Hawkeyes business partner Eddie.

Eddie is ex Russian military and among other things clocked up 5000 hrs instructing aerobatics in Yak 52s. Hawkeye says he now owns a Piper Tomahawk and won't do a steep turn. We had lunch with Eddie and his wife, fantastic couple and very interesting to talk to. Hawkeye and Eddie had business to attend to so Longam, Wayne and I headed it Trakai for tea.

After good night sleep and a few little maintenance issues to attend to we were ready for next leg. Quick flight around the tower we landed at the main airfield at Paluknys which borders the airpark. We had a look around and had lunch, weather was on the decline but we took fuel and could not decide whether we should go, then we heard a crack of thunder that made Fearless leaders mind up *"We Go!"* We changed planes with Fearless leader in the Klemm, Wayne in the Jungmeister and myself in the Puss moth. Now the Pussmoth was nothing like the Klemm. If you can manage to get in it without getting covered in oil or hitting your head on some sharp object you are doing well. To fly it was like a 10ton truck but still quite a capable machine and will carry anything you can squeeze in, not bad for 1920s technology. Despite the weather on the turn we had a great flight to Ketrzyn which took us just over 2 hrs. Fascinating flying over these countries as you see quite a lot more from the air then by car. The countries are very flat; the only thing to watch out for is tall radio antennas which can be up to 1400ft and the odd wind mill which come in two sizes, big and very big. All the paddocks are full of food, grain etc and not a lot of stock, if any. You can tell the boarder of Lithuania and Poland by condition of farm houses, machinery etc much better in Poland. We landed at Ketrzyn ahead of the rain and managed to find big old Russia hanger to put the planes in before it really started to rain. Taxi into town, tea then retired to Bed.



After hearty breakfast we headed to the airfield, prepared aircraft and set of to Plock. As we neared destination weather was not in our favour so we made a slight detour to Torun, dodging a few windmills on the way. Torun is a huge grass airport similar to what Wigram was like, we landed and took fuel. There was a gliding aerobatic championship which was taking place but due to bad weather and low ceiling not much was happening. We had lunch there and headed into town, found good motel and headed into town for tea. It was here we decided to see what the local nightlife was like so headed to night club. After a few, longam and Wayne decided to hit the dance floor and get down with there bad selves. Longam almost ended up in a scrap as a local took offence to his dancing and accused him of being muslim. How a 6ft 6 tall blonde Swede be accused of muslim is beyond me, I guess after plenty of alcohol anything is possible. Anyway, Wayne defused the situation and we where on our way.

We arrived at the airfield next morning. Today's flight around 544Km to Femo Denmark, first stop was Bagick which is on the Baltic coast. We took fuel here then headed for Ruegen Germany. The coastline is surprising similar to the gold coast in Oz with high rise buildings and golden sand beaches, lots of people on the beach but not many in the water,



perhaps the water temp had something to do with that. It was while we were flying along here that I felt something hit my knee, a quick look around found it to be a nut, soon located where it was from, top corner of the fuselage from the bracket where the front spar attached to. Managed to screw the nut back on and as luck would have it the tool bag was right by my feet. I thought I had better check others too then started to think what else is coming loose, best not to think of it. We continued up the coast passing over Peenemunde where at the end of the airfield is a lake with a Lancaster in the middle of it. We circled around but could not see it. We headed for Ruegen which is the northern most airfield in Germany and fueled up. The sky was getting darker and darker, just as we finished fueling it started to bucket down so we made a dash to the terminal which was long way from the fuel pumps. We had coffee and waited out the rain which only lasted 10min then airborne for our last leg of the Day, Femo, Denmark. Femo has a little airstrip mowed in between rape plantation its barely the

wing span of the aircraft but quite long. We arrived no dramas and taxi to the top of the strip where there is accommodation, restaurant and bar. It was a beautiful evening so we took a beer and had tea. Being such a nice night the beer and later wine kept flowing well into the night, Longam and the Fearless leader retired to bed and left Wayne and I to it. By the end of it Wayne had invited most of Denmark back to NZ.



We arose to a slow start due to previous night's exploits but not Fearless leader who was as chipper as ever and told us that he was much wiser for going to bed earlier and was on fine form. The weather had taken a turn for the worse and look like we would be staying another night. Wayne and I went back to bed for well needed rest and left Longam and the Fearless leader to study weather. Fearless leader soon wakes us up "we go!" Ah, weather must have improved. We walk out of our room to rain, "weather is for other people, we go!" So we gas up in the rain and get ready.

We had another change in aircraft; I was back in the Klemm, Wayne in the Pussmoth and Fearless leader in the Jungmeister. The weather by now is about 1km visibility and 600ft cloud base. I go first says the Fearless leader and see if O.K. Because the strip is so narrow we each had to wait for the other to take off before we could taxi down. With Fearless leader airborne Wayne was next followed by me and then Longam. We all managed to form up somehow and since Longam was the one with the G.P.S and leading us we stuck to him like glue as we headed off in the murk across



the straights heading for Eslov, Sweden. We managed to curve the weather a bit and not long we were in more favourable conditions as we headed for Malmo then on to Eslov. Weather had caught us up so we had lunch in the clubrooms and waited for it to clear then short 20min flight to Michael Carlson's. This place was amazing with a Fokker Triplane complete with rotary engine, a Tummellisa again with rotary engine and 2x Bleriot's one which has been to NZ at the Warbirds over Wanaka. He is also in the process of building a Pzalz. Michael and his wife were great hosts taking the time to show us around his projects.

Sunday dawned with clear skies and no wind. Due to Longam having to be back home he left early in the morning and headed straight back to Hatuna. After a leisurely breakfast we loaded up and made track to Borgholm on Oland Island. Fearless leader was now leading in the Jungmeister. We landed and went into town for lunch with a good friend of The Fearless Leaders. We made contact with Bill and said we will be at Skavsta at about 15:00. With lunch done we headed back to the airfield and made track to Skavsta. We had a fantastic flight up the coast plenty of little islands in fact there are 2 million of them in and around Sweden. After 1hr 50min flight we landed at Skavsta where Bill was waiting for us. Fearless leader and I then left for Hatuna while Wayne stayed and escorted Bill. Once we were all back at Hatuna Fearless leader suggests "we take a gin." So on the deck of Wayne's second house we reflected on the past weeks adventure.



2762Km covered, 23 hrs flown 2 cubic metres of fuel burnt, Puss moth run in and no snakes in the trumpet. *“Not bad”* says the Fearless leader now we need to plan for aerobatic champs in Stauning. Now this is a whole new story.....*to be continued*

