

President's Report

July 2011



It is written in the HDFC history that "in late 1957, Col Bailey and Fred Higgins, who had both learnt to fly at Gilgandra, a Royal Newcastle satellite, met with Joe Lee and other flying enthusiasts in the Tourist Hotel to discuss the formation of a club".

Sadly Col died this year. as far as I can determine, he was the sole surviving foundation member and over the years had contributed enormously to the character of HDFC. Thankfully Col was followed by a stream of colourful characters all of whom have strengthened the club and made it the success it is today.

Our current members continue the club spirit. David Mitchell, for example, has rekindled interest in our Cessna, contributing materials and time to the aircraft's restoration. David has been supported by Glenn Cleary and George Northey who have put their own time into hangar maintenance and keeping the aircraft in the air. Glenn and Marite manage lunches on flying competition Sundays and when others of us fly away we regularly find catering and luggage has arrived by road with Glenn and Marite.

Who would have thought, when I put out feelers for a communications officer, how successful Jon Barnaby would be with getting articles on club activities published in Port papers. Email Jon if you have news: pbarnaby@bigpond.com.

Our 2011 scholarship winners Adam Hancey and Jordon Seward have raised the bar when it comes to going solo in minimum times. Chayanne Harihi has, on the other hand, proven that persistence pays off and it really doesn't matter, in the long run, if it takes a little longer - it's all good experience.

Andrew Eames, a 2010 scholarship student, has excelled in a number of fields - he recently was named Lifesaver of the Year with the Wauchope - Bonny Hills Surf Club, and received a Prime Minister's Award for Skills Excellence in School in the category of Manufacturing Industry.

Peter Ford, Don Haldane, Matt Tunnicliffe, Gavin Roberts, Liz Drinkwater - wow what a great future the club has if only we can get these aviators out of the aircraft and onto the committee. Oh well, plenty of time for that when the flying's done.

George has managed another excellent fly-away, this time to Lake Eyre. The trip took in overnights at Lightning Ridge, Birdsville, Williams Creek, Innamincka and Bourke. To keep George company, Richard O'Neill flew much of the 33 hours in the Foxbat and when they returned, he flew an extra few solo circuits for good measure—that's recreational! What a great job Ian Goldie did backing up in the Piper Cherokee Six. Ian flew 24 hours in the aircraft on the trip, just a week after being endorsed to fly the bigger plane.

I received a note from Ashley Grummit (PMHC) during the week announcing the closure of the grass strip at the end of 2011. I think this is a particularly short-sighted move and have let Ashley know my feelings. Council reasoning is that pilots can use grass cross-strips at Kempsey and Taree and that parking space for cars and helicopters is more important than having an alternative landing strip at Port Macquarie. My next move is to ask the question "Does Council expect the HDFC to move its training activities to Kempsey?" I'll let you know the answer.

Don't forget the AGM on Wednesday 10th August. Nominations for the committee are always welcome.

Now off to Oshkosh and see you all at the AGM.

Bill Coote

CONTENTS

Competition Results	Page 2
Lake Eyre Fly-Away	Page 3-6
Second Best Day of Your Life	Page 6
What's An Aviator	Page 8

Hastings District Flying Club operates at Port Macquarie on the NSW Mid North Coast, with a hangar & club house at the airport. Friday night is Club Night from 5pm, with a sausage sizzle every 1st Friday - visitors welcome. Club membership is \$72.60 (flying) and \$35 (social). The club owns 3 aircraft available for hire by flying members - a Cessna 172 for \$180 incl GST per VDO hour, a Foxbat and a Eurofox for \$110 incl GST. A monthly club competition and lunch is held at Port Macquarie Airport on the 3rd Sunday of the month.

www.hdfc.com.au PO Box 115 Port Macquarie NSW 2444

Flying Competition Results

GA

June Competition

8 pilots flew in beautiful weather for the comp consequently air judges were very busy on the radio.

Instrument Climb

1st Bruce Dunlop 96, 2nd Rod Davison 91,
3rd Mark Watson 89

Forced Landing

1st Bruce Dunlop 79, 2nd Rod Davison 74,
3rd Mark Watson 56

Spot Landing

1st Bruce Dunlop 90, 2nd Rod Davison/Rod Farley 80,
3rd Jack Terp 75

Overall for General Aviation Competition

1st Bruce Dunlop 255, 2nd Rod Davison 245,
3rd Jack Terp 198

TRI-CLUB May 2011

(23 pilots from 4 clubs, 9 from the HDFC)

Blind Circuit with Glide from 1000'

1st Mike Coulter 104, 3rd Rod Davison 94

River Bash

1st Bruce Dunlop 65, 2nd Rod Davison 62,
3rd Dave Mitchell 59

Flapless Spot Landing

3rd Rod Davison 85

Overall

1st HDFC 222, 2nd Kempsey 194)
3rd Manning River 180, 4th Royal Newcastle 123

Overall Individual

1st Rod Davison 241, 2nd Bruce Dunlop 218,
4th Mike Coulter 208

April 2011 5 pilots

Instrument Climb to 2500"

1st Bruce Dunlop 75, 2nd Lyndal Coote 64,
3rd Ray Lind 56

Steep Turns

1st Bruce Dunlop 70, 2nd Dave Mitchell 60,
3rd Ray Lind & Lyndal Coote 55

Forced Landing from 1500'

1st Dave Mitchell 42

Overall

1st Dave Mitchell 152, 2nd Bruce Dunlop 135,
3rd Lyndal Coote 119

RAAus

June Competition

7 pilots flew the Eurofox

Steep Turns/ Spiral Dive Recovery

1st Peter Ford 93, 2nd Rod Davison 68,
3rd Rod Farley / Jack Terp 67

Forced Landing

1st Rod Davison 87, 2nd Rod Farley 72
Only two (2) RA pilots managed to make it onto the scoring boxes bearing testament to the difficulty of flying these little planes accurately.

Spot Landing

1st Rod Davison/Rod Farley 80, 2nd Barry Williams 70

Overall for Recreational Aviation Competition

1st Rod Farley 219, 2nd Rod Davison 215,
3rd Barry Williams 136

May 2011

11 pilots including Sue Stubbs in a Cessna 150 and
Clyde Stubbs in a Cirrus SR20

Blind Circuit with Glide from 1000'

1st Rod Davison 82, 2nd Jack Terp 79,
3rd Ray Lind 72

River Bash

1st Clyde Stubbs 56, 2nd Ray Lind 54,
3rd Bruce Dunlop, Glenn Cleary & Jack Terp 53

Flapless Spot Landing

1st Bruce Dunlop 80, 2nd Mark Watson 76,
3rd Ray Lind & Sue Stubbs 53

Overall

Bruce Dunlop 173, 2nd Ray Lind 171, 3rd Rod
Davison & Jack Terp 162, 4th Sue Stubbs 159

April 2011 5 pilots

Blind Circuit with Spot Landing

1st Barry Williams 70, 2nd Jon Maguire 66,
3rd Bill Coote 63

Steep Turns

1st Bruce Dunlop 75, 2nd Ted Whitfield & Bill Coote
60, 3rd Barry Williams & Jon Maguire 55

Forced Landing

1st Bruce Dunlop 73, 2nd Bill Coote 29

Overall

1st Bruce Dunlop 188, 2nd Bill Coote 152.
3rd Barry Williams & Jon Maguire 125

To Lake Eyre and Back - July 2011

Monday - Walgett, Lightning Ridge

Leaving Port Macquarie: Eurofox: George Northey, Richard O'Neill
 Cherokee 6: Ian Goldie, TJ Goldie, Liz Drinkwater, Matt Tunnicliffe, Hartmut Kiehn

Eventful flying with dodging heaps of showers around Mt. Kaputar. We find an opening in the wall of rain to sneak through and make it to Walgett safely. Re-fuelling and enjoying a cuppa and a yarn with 2 locals. Nice airfield but looks grossly underused. Eurofox also arriving not long after us.

Continue our journey to Lightning Ridge the Opal Mecca – a short 40min hop. What a place! Wouldn't want to live here. But so much water around – must be a first for a long time. We book 2 x 3 bedders and 1 room for the Princess/In flight cabin crew. She deserves it – keeping the men party in line!

Lunch in town – a mosaic of people passing watchful eyes...people of all colours and shapes passing by – some have just climbed out of their underground mines to sniff a bit of civilization. We go for a stroll, but all the same little boxes in "featureless" gardens – some with less rubble, some with more – but all very simple and all with huge aircon units, witness of the searing summer heat. Back to the motel for some drinks and the typical pub meal – Barramundi ("John's River Dory") and chips. Coffee at the princess' abode and off to bed. The shower feels great.

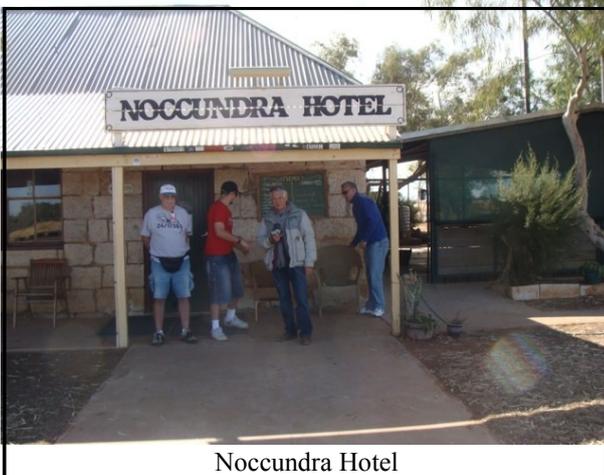
Tuesday - Thargomindah, Noccundra, Birdsville

After fixing the luggage hatch with a spare lock that Matt detected in the local hardware, we take off and head for the next fuel stop at Thargomindah. Crossing the QLD border we are in turbulence!!! 2 more hours to go and we should be there. We are overflying sheer endless scrub and semi-desert, but still heaps of tracks everywhere, heading to nowhere, sometimes ending with a tent and a hole in the ground. Airstrips with a bigger hole next to it – a company gone public – selling millions of shares at 12 cents each? Maybe.



Lake Bindogocey

Closer to Thargomindah (Population 203) our fuel stop – it's getting a little greener down there. The engine of our 43 year old airliner is humming at 2400 RPM delivering 110kts = 106kt true. We are at 4800ft above deck and 24 nm to go – all very exciting. We are crossing Lake Bindegocey – simply spectacular – right in the middle of arid landscape. It's time to let down for arrival and touch down for fuel. Well well, what a place. Must be the world's smallest departure/arrival building. Must have been the brainchild of a local tourism administrator gone wild. There is all: scales for persons and luggage, a hand trolley, heaps of info on airport security and the like. We are possibly the first aircraft touching base there in a long time. We re-fuel and are on our way again.



Noccundra Hotel

50 mins later we detect the huge gravel runway next to a junkyard. In the midst of it there is our lunch Hotel 'Noccundra', one of the oldest hotels in Australia, built in 1868. It is good for a short break, some chips and foccacia toasted – no ham for me. To Birdsville still 200nm – so we are on our way real quick. The Fox is heading straight for our o/n stop without visiting the Noccundra Hotel.

16min/32.6nm to go. Never-ending moonscape but now huge expanses of water cover the ground. A sign of the deluge of water that hit Qld recently. There are 'puddles' which are many square kilometers in size. Ideal for the windsurfer if he could get there in the first place. No more roads crisscross the ground – no one will want to venture

into this territory without a valid reason or a death wish, but I suppose the lure to explore will always be greater than the sense of reality.

At last – Birdsville. Checking in at the Birdsville Hotel/Motel. The rooms are new and fresh – delightful. The pub is calling. We quench our thirst and sit down for a great meal and plenty of Wolff Blass Shiraz. This truly is happy hour!!! Sharing a table plus more red wine – it is time to get to know each other. We learn as we spin the yarn. George explains why we can do with one meal a day as we all are descendants of food gatherers – Ian is parting with his dreams to build the Spencer amphibious air car – Liz can't have Kangaroo steak or Camel pies as she subscribes to wildlife caring – Matt is dreaming to visit the red centre with a group of motorized umbrella pilots – Richard reflects on his flying exploits – piloting the trusty Eurofox on this monstrous trip – JP who is captain Ian's son as well as our CO is rather enjoying himself quietly as good sons do when in the company of authority. Hartis is sharing his thoughts on going back to flying after a long absence and finishing his hangar queen. Finally we are the last ones in the dining room and to avoid being kicked out, we leave for our very own café – Room 13 – where Liz is treating us to coffee and chocolates. Tomorrow is another day.



Birdsville

Wednesday - Birdsville, Birdsville

Breakfast at the Old Bakery – a MUST SEE destination and so is the museum – a very worthwhile visit. The info centre is a treat too. All too soon and only after raiding the only cash machine far and wide – it is off on a 2hr trip to Mt Dart some 220nm away.



Birdsville water supply

One hour into the flight we encounter haze and the possibility of rain – the PIC decided to return to Birdsville. A wise decision under the circumstances – we all agree – after all the Red at Birdsville is excellent. Our in-flight secretary tries to secure 5 beds for the night – but to no avail. The town is booked out. On arrival we try at the info centre to be met by a rather uncooperative staff member who is not even prepared to try and ring around for some bed.

A very helpful re-fueller suggested to visit the Police Station for the spare accommodation for visiting officers when the need arises. We approach the station officer and they couldn't be more helpful to accommodate a group of lost pilots!!! We have beds – towels – linen – shower facilities – the lot. Extremely happy we spend the evening at the Hotel. In this context we

have to remember that travelers by air have to buy everything they consume or need in contrast to the hundreds of 4 wheel drivers who bring all they need in their 4x4 and trailers! The latter are just in need of a piece of ground to place their trucks and a place in the pub to watch NSW winning the AFL!!!

Thursday - Lake Eyre, Williams Creek

Terrific brekkie at the Hotel and it is back to the airport for pack and pre-flight. Soon we are into the blue again. Cruising at 3000' – just so relaxing to see the land- (moon) scape passing beneath us. 1:43hr into the flight, we have Lake Eyre North beneath us – what a sight! Frightening for its vastness, leaving a visual imprint in anybody's mind who had the chance to experience nature's spectacle.

26.3nm to Williams Creek. Another good landing and here we are at Williams Creek. After some orientation as well as adjustment to the settlement we opt for a cold one. Population of Williams Creek is 2 but many more during

tourist times. Many folks do spend much money on short sightseeing flights. Our rooms for 2 are very basic – very small, just big enough for 2 beds and floor space for 1 bag – all else must park under the bed. An aircon can warm us in the morning – one blanket not really sufficient for some of us. The food is great – we have another great night next to the fire.



The road train brought supplied over night

Friday - Lake Eyre, Maree, Innamincka, Tibooburra, Burke

Another very cold morning. Didn't really expect any food or coffee since they had run out of about everything however a road train pulled in overnight with fresh supplies. So all is in order for brekkie.

We travel right across the huge water Lake Eyre – turning point will be Del Huntley Island. Hard to believe the salt content is so high, it eats your skin away if you get into it. And yet there is a Yacht Club here somewhere.

On a different note Williams Creek to me is an outpost on the fringe of the Simpson Desert which has intense growing pains to cope with the barrage of nomads camping here for a night and a hot shower with salty water. This is not an easy task for management as all of the facilities have to be constantly extended. The flow of Grey Nomads is ever increasing with the need to maintain and upgrade the desert tracks and all associated facilities. Not an easy task at all.

We drop in at Maree for refreshments/toilet stop – what we find is \$25.00 landing fee and NO facilities whatsoever. Simply a runway and some fencing. Everybody who stops here has to pee behind the disused yellow road compactor!!!! 15mins stop and we are off again. This airfield is operated by the Maree Progress Association.

Next stop and overnight will be Innamincka. We are cruising at 5500' 120 kts, really relaxing. Finally the town is in sight - the landing strip is somewhat hard on the prop and frame. Into the pub and we settle in for a cold one. Then it is town inspection – takes 8 mins to see it all incl. outdoor movies. A bit further down we experience the Cooper Creek. The Burke/Wills story can be followed on the wall of the pub – a MUST read. Amazing that the remaining party of Burke incl. himself dies of hunger and thirst in an area which had sustained approx. 2000 Aborigines for millennia.

The rooms are new and comfy (\$150/double) and after a well deserved rest from too much RED it's off again.

Saturday - Tibooburra, Bourke

Only a few miles and we touch down at DIG TREE, more history here. Maybe of interest to google the facts on DIG TREE.

We are now covering the ground towards Cameron Corner. Might touch down or not – depending on the condition. We inspect Cameron Corner from the top and see the parked Fox and carry on to the next fuel stop.

Touching down at Tibooburra for some fuel and waiting for the Fox to catch up. Too remote from the town to go for lunch. We carry on, heading for Bourke to arrive in daylight. With 18kts on the tail it is fast tracking. The ground is featureless, very few tracks, no other evidence of human activity. Traveling at 7700ft at present at 132kts groundspeed and 110kt indicated. 75nm to go to Bourke - 32mins.



Pilot Ian

Touch down at Bourke, our accommodation is a park near the airport, a converted container, quite comfy really

with amenities close by. We opt to take the Bowling Club bus to town for Chinese dinner. Our last night together, plans for future flying adventures emerge. Some more bottles of wine disappear and too soon we are on the bus again to drive to our camp.

Sunday - Port Macquarie

A knock on our door – it is get up time. Captain & Co are ready to go as the Fox with George and Richard have already left. Again we expect a healthy tailwind – motivation enough to jump into our clothes and off to the plane. One hour into the expected 3hr flight home to Port Macquarie we look down onto vast agricultural activity with large areas being laser leveled and flood irrigated. Only 3-5 years ago farmers were driven off their properties – mostly by banks – losing their homes, friends, livelihood. Since they could not sell their properties they were just taken away from them. Now with the land awash with water, we can only hope that many of those Australians find their place again on the land where they belong. For all its beauty and abundance, this continent is one of the most unforgiving and harshest on our planet. One more reason to make intense flight planning a priority.

Presently we are passing Lake Keepit and Manilla and have taken the option of going on top. Cloud is at 8/8 at 6000ft. We climb through a good size clearing and are tracking at 9500ft towards Port Macquarie. We are 1500ft above cloud at 140kts true with 95kts indicated = 45kts tail. Good one! Cloud cover decreasing too – so all good. Over flying the Tiara Falls on Walcha Road “just awesome” won’t do it much justice – it is one of nature’s incredible spectacles. 16’ to go and at 157kts ground speed it will not take long.

Touch down at Port Macquarie to be met by some of our family members. Everyone is very happy having been a part of and having experienced such a wonderful trip. Was it worth the experience and the commitment to take time out away from home? A resounding yes from all.

A special thank you to George and Ian for all your work and detailed planning to make this possible. A “must” mentioning is how well the Eurofox performed – piloted by Richard and George – All well done.

Hartmut Kiehn



Lake Eyre



Lake Eyre

HDFC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday 10th August, 7pm, at the Clubhouse

Tri-Club



Our 2011 scholarship recipients Jordan Seward and Adam Hancey

FOR SALE

Zenair 601 HDS Firewall Back Kit

Empennage and right wing completed by retired Flight Engineer. Left wing partially completed. Kit comes with CAD plans and instructions and all special air and hand tools to complete, plus comprehensive written and photographic log. For family and financial reasons (plus a loss of enthusiasm) I will probably never complete and fly this aircraft. Will also include radio and antenna and intercom system. **\$16,000 neg**

Call Bob Small 0427848148



A COMPLETED ZENAIR

The Second Best Day of Your Life

I am told the second best day of your life is when you purchase an aircraft and the best day is when you sell it. No doubt it is a truism, but having owned fourteen aeroplanes over forty-five years I don't seem to have learnt this lesson. Apart from the obvious topic of costs, (what wealth I would have today if I had never bought a flying machine), the problems I have encountered have been legion.

My first aircraft was an Auster. Already twenty years old when it became mine, it made me quite good at forced landings after five engine failures, including one total on take-off at 450 feet. There was a bang and the propeller stopped in front of me. It has always been my policy to work out from what height I can get back to the runway and the Auster had a fairly flat glide. Asking him for a downwind landing, the controller, a friend of mine, cleared me and said later, the first he knew that anything was wrong was when I got out and pushed the machine off the runway. The next day he admonished me for not advising him the reason for my quick return. Ah, the brash confidence of youth!



In the late seventies I bought a Tiger Moth in Perth and flew it back to NSW with a fellow owner. Four and a half days at sixty-five knots was a great experience with "little old ladies" doing their shopping overtaking us.

Reacquainting myself with aerobatics one day, I could not remove the front control column (normally required) and so I bound the harness extra tightly over the seat insert in the front cockpit. At 4000 feet over the aerodrome I proceeded to roll and loop, when, coming out of an inverted position, I found the stick jammed partially to the left. I could not see why and of course the Tiger wanted to bank in that direction. Certain I was going to be injured, in my desperation I found that by jamming the throttle fully open and closed quickly, and kicking the right rudder at the same time, the aircraft would temporarily return to a level position. We came down like a falling leaf, and with more luck than ability, managed to coincide the wings level just above the strip. Apparently the seat insert had come partially loose and was jamming the front control column. Evidently I remained pale for a month.

Some months later I was taking off from a bush strip when a willy willy, hitherto unseen, came at me. The tail was up, but I had time to turn the fuel and switches off before the dusty whirlwind hit. We danced on to one wingtip and then the other and came to rest on the nose. The fuel was hissing on the hot engine. It was time to leave. I jumped from the cockpit which from that position was four metres from the ground. This would have been fine except I forgot to bend my legs resulting in a jarred spine. It must have looked very funny to the onlookers to see the pilot jump and start running away only to fall to the ground clutching his back after a few metres.

A Piper Warrior I owned for several years was severely damaged when a mini tornado ripped through the hangar and it later experienced marked hail damage in a storm. The insurance company paid for the machine to be reskinned, but as golf balls go better with all those dints, and it could happen again anyway, I elected to just take the money and repaint.

Picking it up one day after routine maintenance at a large airport I reached 600 feet when the engine stopped making any noise. Once again I knew I could return from that height and so requested a downwind landing remembering this time to say exactly why. The fire truck escorted me off the runway where I found the engine ran normally. A check by the engineer failed to find anything wrong and I rolled into another take-off. At 1000 feet the engine stopped again and I was fast becoming friendly with the fire engine driver. Finally the engineer found that the fuel strainer bowl was not seated properly and was sucking air. The problem was solved. By now it was dark and although reassured by the maintenance man that all would be well, I insisted that he come for a circuit to show his confidence. As we taxied out, the tower asked if they should get the firemen out now or wait for my 500 foot call! All was well except for my shakes all the way home.

Apart from a boiling battery over Bass Strait and a fractured valve guide requiring a hurried landing, the Warrior gave little further trouble.

In the nineties I bought a Trinidad which I loved dearly. However it was during this time that we all suffered the



fuel contamination disaster necessitating that the whole avgas system be flushed with water. This of course led to corrosion in fuel selectors and lines and required the replacing of many components.

The Trinidad seemed to like taunting me with undercarriage problems. On one occasion at night I could only get two green lights. After circling the major airport for one and a half hours so that the ambulances and fire engines could be summoned along with half the town and television cameras, we landed safely. Strangely we were no longer feeling like visiting the

restaurant we had booked. On another occasion at a capital city secondary airport we found the main wheels were locked but the nose wheel was hanging loosely. No amount of coaxing could lock it and with two ambulances waiting, one each, and a couple of my best, best friends the firemen, I managed by good luck to “three point “the aircraft on the main wheels and the tail cone. I jammed it so hard on the runway that the nose leg clicked into its locked position and all it cost us was twenty dollars to have the fibreglass cone repaired.

Three of my aircraft have been Bonanzas, an A36 in 1990 and an E33 in 2001. In 2005 I bought a Jaguar edition A36 which one of my sons ferried across the Pacific for me. As my thirteenth aeroplane, my wife, Liz, made me promise that it would be my last. Of course I agreed, being sixty-four at the time.

The aeroplane remains my steed and we have had many adventures in it, but I must confess that I did add a share of a De Havilland Canada Chipmunk in 2009. I explained to Liz that thirteen was a bad number to finish on but it took her a long time to speak to me again!

If you fly for long enough I guess one will have a few interesting things happen, and I certainly adhere to the old saying that, “flying is safe as long as you remember it is dangerous”. Overall the aviating experience has been enriching and worthwhile and owning aeroplanes, while stressful, is rewarding. I would not give back a minute of it and I am still therefore delaying that, “ best day of my life” indefinitely.



David Cooke



HDFC WINS THE 2011 TRI-(QUAD) CLUB CHALLENGE

This year, the event was held at Kempsey so Kempsey pilots joined the challenge.

The winning team was Rod Davison, Bruce Dunlop, Mike Coulter, Bill Coote, Dave Mitchell, Peter Ford, Don Haldane, Ted Whitfield & Mark Whatson



Origin of the word "Aviator"

This is absolutely true as verified by the bartender at the O'Club. For all you history buffs, here is some useful information.

Aviators come from a long line of a secret society, formed around one thousand years ago. They are warriors, and here is the proof! Ground pounders can read it and weep!

A little known fact is the origin of the word, "Aviator." In the immortal words of Johnny Carson: "I did not know that."

Phu Khen (pronounced Foo Ken) 1169-? is considered by some to be the most under-recognized military officer in history. Many have never heard of his contributions to modern military warfare. The mission of this secret society is to bring honor to the name of Phu Khen.

A 'Khen' was a subordinate to a 'Khan' (pronounced 'konn') in the military structure of the Mongol hordes. Khan is Turkish for leader. Most know of the great Genghis Khan, but little has been written of his chain of command.

Khen is also of Turkish origin, although there is not a word in English that adequately conveys the meaning. Roughly translated, it means, "One who will do the impossible, while appearing unprepared and complaining constantly."

Phu Khen was one of ten Khens that headed the divisions, or groups of hordes, as they were known, of the Mongol Army serving under Genghis Khan. His abilities came to light during the Mongols' raids on the Turkistan city of Bohicaroo. Bohicans were fierce warriors, and the city was well fortified. The entire city was protected by huge walls and the hordes were at a standoff with the Bohicans. Bohicaroo was well-stocked and it would be difficult to wait them out. Genghis Khan assembled his Khens and ordered each of them to develop a plan for penetrating the defenses of Bohicaroo.

Operation Achieve Victory (AV) was born. All 10 divisions of Khens submitted their plan. After reviewing AV plans 1 thru 7 and finding them all unworkable or ridiculous, Genghis Khan was understandably upset.

It was with much perspiration that Phu Khen submitted his idea, which came to be known as AV 8. Upon seeing AV 8, Genghis was convinced this was the perfect plan and gave his immediate approval. The plan was beautifully

simple. Phu Khen would arm his hordes to the teeth, load them into catapults, and hurl them over the wall. The losses were expected to be high, but hey, hordes were cheap! Those who survived the flight would engage the enemy in combat. Those who did not? Well, surely their flailing bodies would cause some damage.

The plan worked and the Bohicans were defeated. From that day on, whenever the Mongol Army encountered an insurmountable enemy, Genghis Khan would give the order, "Send some of the Phu Khen AV 8-ers."

This is believed, though not by anyone outside our secret society, to be the true origin of the word "Aviator (AV 8-er)".

Phu Khen's AV 8-ers were understandably an unruly mob, not likely to be socially acceptable. Many were heavy drinkers and insomniacs. But when nothing else would do, you could always count on an AV 8-er. A Phu Khen Aviator. Denied, perhaps rightfully so, his place in history, Phu Khen has been, nonetheless, immortalized in prose.

As the great poet Norman Lear never once said:

There once was a man named Phu Khen,
Whose breakfast was whiskey and gin.
When e'er he'd fly, he'd give a mighty war cry:
Bend over, here it comes again."

Consider it an honor to be a Phu Khen Aviator. Wear the mantle proudly, but speak of it cautiously. It is not always popular to be one of us.

You hear mystical references, often hushed whispers, to 'those Phu Khen Aviators.' Do not let these things bother you. As with any secret society, we go largely misunderstood, prohibited by our apathy from explaining ourselves.

You are expected to always live down to the reputation of the Phu Khen Aviator--a reputation cultivated for centuries, undaunted by scorn or ridicule, unhindered by progress. So drink up, be crude, sleep late, urinate in public, and get the job done.

When lesser beings are offended, you can revel in the knowledge that YOU are a PHU KHEN AVIATOR!

Thanks to Alan Bradtke for this gem

BAR ROSTER

July

22nd Jack Terp

August

5th Peter Ford
12th Jack Terp
19th Richard O'Neill
26th Rod Farley

September

2nd Bruce Dunlop
9th Doug Jones
16th Rod Davison
23rd Bob Small
30th Barry Williams

October

7th Jon Maguire
14th George Northey
21st Damian Buchtmann
28th Bill & Lyndal Coote

CALENDAR

July

Saturday 23rd Off to Oshkosh
Sunday 24th Flying comp & lunch (postponed from 17th)

August

Friday 5th First Friday Sausage Sizzle from 5pm
Wednesday 10th AGM - 7pm
Sunday 21st Flying competition & lunch

September

Friday 2nd First Friday Sausage Sizzle from 5pm
Sunday 18th Flying competition & lunch

October

Friday 7th First Friday Sausage Sizzle from 5pm
Sunday 16th Flying competition & lunch

November

Friday 4th First Friday Sausage Sizzle from 5pm
Sunday 20th Flying competition & lunch

NEW MEMBERS MAY-JULY

Iraj Bani-Ardalan
Toni Bush
Christian Corse
Nicholas Cranston
Eddy Godschalk
Adam Hancey
Andrew Oates
Bill Osborne
Jordan Seward
Rebecca Watts
Tjasa Boh Whiteman

HDFC COMMITTEE 2010 - 2011

Bill Coote- President/ GA Operations

Ph: (h/w) 6559 9953 E:bill@becominghealthy.com.au

George Northey - Vice President/ Ultralight Operations/ RAAus CFI

Ph: (m) 0414 956 665 E:george at northeys.com

Rod Davison - Vice President/ Social Activities

Ph:(h) 6585 3835 E:roddi194@yahoo.com.au

Richard Bentley - Treasurer/ Public Officer

Ph: (h) 6585 1135 E:margaretrichard@optusnet.com.au

Ray Lind - Club Captain/ Senior Flying Instructor

Ph:(m) 0428 820 698 E:lindflight@hotmail.com

Bruce Dunlop - Secretary

Ph: (w) 6559 5444 E:bruce@brucedunlopcomputers.com.au

Ted Whitfield - Clubhouse Manager

Ph: 0413 184 798 E: tedwhitfield@bigpond.com

Glen Cleary - Hangar Manager

Ph: 0438 836 400 E: glennpc@bigpond.com

Lyndal Coote, Propwash & Website Editor

Ph: 6559 9953 E: lyndal@scootermarketing.com.au

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