



BRAKES ON ... THROTTLE SET... CONTACT!



www.eaa.org.za

June 2016



Pic of Wayne Giles' Bearhawk Patrol, taken by Neville du Piesanie, in flight on departing from Mossel Bay.

Whassup!

Wed 01 June
Chapter 322 Meeting
Dickie Fritz MOTH Hall, Edenvale

Thur 09 June
EAA Flying Legends Talk Show
EAA Auditorium Rand Airport
Guest: Rob Jonkers

Fri 15 - Sun 17 July
EAA Taildraggers Fly-In
Nylstroom

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The AirCam Adventure

- Mike Visagie, Chapter 1504 Klerksdorp

Planning for the EAA Convention 2016 was a very lengthy affair. Six months ago Paul Lastrucci, Karl Jensen and I flew down to Mossel Bay to set the ball rolling and, along with the ever-enthusiastic Hartog (Horace) Blok, the die was cast. Getting closer to the date, I realized that flying down was going to be another kettle of flying fish and, in order to hit the ground running with the Convention Safety Aspects, I would have to share the piloting workload of the trip. Serious scouting brought several possibilities, but when Karl called up and mentioned Ricardo De Bonis planned to fly down to Mossel Bay in his Aircam, there was simply no question about who to approach. Ricardo, ever the gentleman, did not hesitate one second. Not only offering me the second seat on a trip of a lifetime, but even including an invitation to accommodate me at his holiday house down at Mossel Bay!

Minor planning details included some fuel and other requirements, with several previous Aircam passengers calling up with pieces and snippets of advice and words of support! No alarm bells sounded just yet, but a certain degree of awareness grew. All of the unpaid advisors, for some indeterminate reason, insisted I take along serious arctic survival clothing... bloody strange people!

Ricardo, having taken off at about 06:10 from Krugersdorp, landed at Swartpan International, Makwassie, shortly after 08:30, where a refuel stop of both aircraft and pilots was on the cards. Fully fuelled, bright-eyed and highly motivated (in Afrikaans: "Willehond, breëbors, sekelstert! Pa-se-kind is nou baie werd!") I started the armouring process for the flight. The words "Body Glove," and "Gore-Tex," (Joni) and "Make sure your neck is covered," (Claus Keuchel) were very far from my mind during that first leg down to New Tempe for the first of several refuel stops.



The meandering stream in the background is actually the old river bed of the Vaal River. The huge expanses of sandbanks beside it are all part of the 25 000 hectare surface of the Bloemhof Dam where the current water level is at a disturbing 18%!

About 15 minutes from Swartpan International, the very first game was encountered in the form of first one, then two and then straight through a whole flock of thermalling vultures! These birds could, of course, potentially have ended the whole adventure very abruptly, but we made it past one other safely.

Ahead lay by far the worst hit region of the entire sub-continent, with the drought now recorded to be one of the worst since recordkeeping began in southern Africa. Vast areas were lying fallow, and even the fields that were planted looked sparsely covered in some or other crop. Thoughtful moments passed, but pretty soon we were overhead New Tempe and joined for landing.



NEW TEMPE TO GRAAFF-REINET

Scouting for fellow convention-bound travellers, we were soon refuelled, with our eyes really watering due to ensuring we keep oil-producing nations in the lap of luxury, we soon mounted again and set off for Graaff-Reinet, or 'Gaffernet' according to the book: *The World According to Karl!*

The first inkling of possibly extending our journey came home when Gariep took a looong time and many sheep in coming into view! It was not even a serious headwind, about 8 mph, but at a cruising speed of 70 mph, that is more than 10 slower! Time to count those sheep and inspect the fences.

In an area where good neighbours come as standard, hospitality is not a common word, because everybody simply sees it as life's necessity, and where people still care and know everything there is to know about their closest neighbours, one would naturally assume they would live within some proximity to each other. You could, of course, be vastly wrong!



Middle of the hill, see it? The little white spot? The ONLY little white spot in the entire picture? No other white spots seen by Aircam-bound crew? In either direction! Closest neighbour must be about 27 hours by camel on a good day!

Gariep Dam came into view eventually, and downstream of it the Orange River made quite a contrast in this incredible landscape. A virtual green ribbon of life in a vast brown semi-desert landscape. Soon after passing Gariep, the first hills south of the Orange River came up, and we passed overhead the wind farm close to Noupoot. It was about at this point where, due to the increased altitude, all the strange admonishings came home to roost. It was serious work staying warm and still in the back seat! Fortunately, although the wind was strong, it was steady, and it was reasonably possible to anticipate the turbulence generated by the wind as it rolled over and was channelled through the mountains.

Here I experienced a very strange sensation. Flying from the back seat, I was by this time used to the wind that was flowing past on both sides of the front seat, due to the fairing in front and coming together directly in front of the rear seated passenger. In turbulence, however, the effect of the wind was not in sync with the movement of the aircraft. The aircraft would swing, with the necessary correctional input by the pilot, but then the wind would slap your head back into the direction of the initial swing, causing a feeling of under-correction, which in turn prompted a further correction.

The over-corrected swing back had, of course, the same effect in reverse. Wearing a helmet made it even worse, as the wind got a good grip on the lower rim of the helmet! It was unpleasant and very difficult to get right without oscillating. Little did I know that this was a filly compared to the washing machine that we would experience first-hand later on.

The best part of this leg of the journey undoubtedly came just about 15 miles before Gaffernet! We passed at a height of about 300 ft AGL over a dry stream bed, and right there in the open a beautiful leopard looked straight up at us! Not bothered or disturbed, obviously top of the food chain and master of all he purveyed! A truly grand sight!

We started hearing calls by other aircraft approaching Gaffernet, and were soon parked next to some bloody grand pieces of kit!



A caravan of RC aircraft enthusiasts were camped along one side of the apron. Some very impressive RC aircraft were on display and it was clear that, although slightly (some only very slightly) smaller than our own aircraft, the pilots were by no means less enthusiastic and passionate about their pastime. Some stunning jets (with all the right noise), WW2 fighter models, model gliders and tug aircraft all made up for some delectable eye candy for any air enthusiast.

However, soon we were off for an evening spent at a local guest house, with the socialising alone worthy of all the effort. Great food, greater conversation and 'greaterer' friends made for memories you can't buy with all the money in the world.

Early morning risers were met with closed gates at the airfield. The model chaps, obviously very concerned about their aircraft that could easily be picked up and carried off, had not only organised additional security, but also had the hangar, airport building and loo but also the entrance gate locked. Almost an hour was lost waiting for the key.

Soon after we were airborne and passed the nearby dam, before gradually passing up and over an incline for several minutes (admittedly, only by Aircam does this incline take several minutes to cross) that culminated in a sheer drop of several hundred feet! Stunning stuff! Stretched out below the drop-off, the lower floor was pure Karoo veld, stretching for mile upon endless mile. The descent to only 300 ft AGL was gentle, and the flight passed slowly but gently and pleasant with the gazillion merino and dorper sheep soon alternating with angora goats and the occasional dainty springbok herd.

In a sky devoid of smog, we saw from almost 100 km away our crossing point over the first range of mountains en route to the ostrich capital of the universe. Of course, seeing the hills is one thing! Flying there is uncomplicated and pleasant, as we were maintaining about 500' AGL, a bit chilly in the back seat of an Aircam on an autumn morning, but still pleasant enough.

Flying to the crossing point of the mountain range is, however, in an Aircam, no rapid affair! Not with a headwind which had us displaying a ground speed once or twice of just 45 Mph if we made movements like Olympic rowing teams. On the back stroke the GPS simply displayed: "Stop kidding around, Oudtshoorn is still damn far!" (except 'kidding' was spelt with an 'F').



Crossing these rugged mountains was, however, worth all the effort and patience!

Descending into Oudtshoorn a minor mistake was made, which resulted in the only unpleasant bit of the entire trip. We entered the FAOH GF frequency on our radio instead of the tower frequency. Some aircraft in the GF area heard our approach call and the very wide awake ATC chap in the tower was monitoring both frequencies, which had him calling us between some very difficult to distinguish Chinese-accented calls. We joined as per lost communications procedure and, as we turned finals, the right message eventually came through. We proceeded as is, because it was simply too late anyway to change. A very unpleasant scene followed on the ground. For the first time ever I came across a completely unreasonable and abusively rude individual. We kept our cool, refuelled and sorted out the aircraft, filled up with coffee for both pilots, and then went to the tower to address the issue. It turned out to be a non-event.

Soon we were winging our way away, on the right tower frequency, towards the Outeniqua mountain range between Oudtshoorn and Mossel Bay.

What was supposed to be a pleasant, gentle flight of about an hour, turned into a serious, very much eye-opening affair! The brisk wind caused very bad turbulence! It was intimidating, unpleasant and...! Being an optimistic person, the only positive thing I can say about it is that crossing of the Outeniqua mountain range firmly cemented my place where old pilots go on their final flight! I now have many prayers in stock on the book! Once past the mountain range, the turbulence all but ceased and the calmer air, coupled with Mossel Bay's incredible scenery, was like honey balm for an Egyptian mummy! Full marks for the suggestion to come here for the convention.

Soon enough after landing, squaring away the Aircam, the workload started in full. Much of the organising of support stuff was graciously sourced and cajoled by Horace Blok and club members, which made my life very easy.



The Friday's rain made for a day's socialising which everybody enjoyed no end. That clubhouse was simply rocking!

Saturday dawned crisp and clear! Many more friends joined in, the anticipated Bobber, Bearhawk and Cub triangular duel (or is that a 'truel'?) didn't happen, but the very enthusiastic Three Bears had Little Red Riding Hood right inside their three cubbies for some well-planned and very safe fly-bys! Great job, guys!

Ricardo flew some coastal sorties in the Aircam, but I missed out on them! He enjoyed those flights, low and slow and really bringing the Aircam into its own.

One might question why I would miss out on flying in the Aircam, but for once I had to beg off. Not because of the residual foam from the washing-machine-ride across the Outeniquas still pouring from my ears, but because I had received an invitation from a certain Mr Couzyn to accompany him in his... GAZELLE! Just as I received the word to move down to the helicopter landing area, an old friend dropped in from Cape Town. Calle Hedberg of course needs no introduction, as he flew himself into the hearts and minds of every red-blooded pilot with his incredible feat of solo flying his Ravin 500 around the world! Calle wasted not a moment and, as a matter of course, hopped in as well to support me with rude comments to keep me honest!

Words fail me at this point! All I can say is, "What a machine!" Eugene, you are a true gentleman! Thanks again!



Too soon it was time to go to dinner, exuberance and excitement made us late, with Nigel Musgrave and I attending the dinner in the same clothing as was worn on the airfield. Our collective apologies to all those who exerted so much effort to make that dinner into a stunning affair, but I am sure you will understand that an opportunity to fly a Gazelle...! Well? What can I say? I was late and caused Nigel and Eugene to be late as well, I am so sorry, it was all my fault entirely and, given the same circumstances, I shall be late again!

Sunday morning dawned with another incentive to start early. I had received word of needing to be half a world away by Aircam standards by Tuesday morning.

THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE lay before us exactly like a mountain, and Ricardo and I were both intimidated! The memories of Thursday's flight were not going to be easy to forget, and we planned to climb high enough to escape the brunt of turbulence created by the wind crossing the range. The remnants of the cold front that had passed, and the altitude coupled with the wind chill factor made it brutally cold, but looking across the peak on the right wing with George Airport to the rear and the bluest-of-blue Indian Ocean beyond, made for a special moment frozen in time. What? Strangely enough, the image was frozen too! This wing was not dancing! There was no turbulence. The same route overhead the road pass was now quiet and almost serene, making for a very memorable, visually stunning flight!

We spared a wave for our friend at Oudtshoorn but, not experiencing any head wind, we were confident of reaching Gaffernet with ample reserves intact.

The approach to the drop-off, now turned into a foreboding cliff face, was a cold affair, but soon enough we were turning overhead and landed. The smell of fuel was noticeable whilst we tied down, and Ricardo traced it to an errant fuel line on the right engine. The fuel line had started to split right at the carburettor and needed replacement. Replacing a fuel line, no problem!

Buying a length of 6mm fuel hose on a Sunday afternoon in Gaffernet? Big problem! The airfield Master-at-Arms, Paul Davis, offered to drive to town to enquire at a local garage. Soon enough he roared back, indicating that the owner of the very garage he went to is actually at the airfield, perving at the RC aircraft! In the very informal and hospitable 'plattelandse manier' he suggested to simply leave a length of fuel hose at his filling station where we could pick it up whilst filling our jerry cans! And thus it was!

Another evening of Karoo Lamb potjie, shared with Ricardo's Krugersdorp-based friends, Ian and Adrian Saunders (they flew a Cessna 172 which they had great difficulty in starting at Mossel Bay earlier that morning) was followed by a slightly less than early start the following morning. (See? We learn!) We went through quickly, refuelling and replacing the errant fuel line and checking all the others, fortunately all intact! The headstrong Cessna 172 certainly met his match in Ricardo! He made a simple suggestion to Ian: let Adrian do the start sequence and, instead of dumping the fuel sampled from the wing tanks, he should splash it against the air intake, making

for a slightly richer mixture due to additional fuel sucked in with the air just before cranking to start. Worked like a charm!

Eyes peeled for our friend, Mr Leopard, we took off from Gaffernet to New Tempe.

We were now racing the clock. On the way down, Ricardo took off from Krugersdorp at sparrow's time and we made it on the same track with 2 hours or so to spare. We had now taken off those very same 2 hours after sunrise, so comparatively speaking we only had the time we spent having breakfast last Wednesday on the farm as a buffer for Ricardo to make his home airfield. We made a cut-off time decision with a fall-back plan to leave the Aircam on the farm if we were at all concerned about his making it to Krugersdorp before sunset.

Landing at New Tempe, we again ran into the Krugersdorp mates who had made a circuitous flight via Gariep. Refuelled again, we took off hoping for any tail wind component. The salt pans northwest of Bloemfontein was now welcoming as, according to my mental calculations, we had a slight tailwind, so I relaxed and simply enjoyed the flight.



Bultfontein and Hoopstad passed and soon I was on very familiar terrain approaching the farm. Landmarks beckoned like old friends and we came to the farm, lined up exactly with runway 36!

In my excitement to get matters sorted ASAP, I left my phone on the rear panel to start up (the phone, not the aircraft), whilst I assisted Ricardo with refuelling, and there it stayed!

Ricardo made Krugersdorp with some minutes and good daylight to spare. Some fancy footwork followed to get owner and phone reunited, along with some incredibly tasty mealie melktert all the way from Argentina!

Work intrudes into flying, as it always does, but writing this story brings back the memories as vivid as the day we flew. Will I do it again? Twelve hours each way for me and fourteen for Ricardo? I think I can safely speak for Ricardo when I say:

"Like A Shot! Any time!"

Flying Adventure to and from the 2016 EAA Convention



- Karl Jensen, Chapter 322 Johannesburg

On 27 April, Stephen Theron, Neil Fenton and I departed Fly Inn in my delightful and shiny Cessna 170 all spruced up for the Convention to fly to Mossel Bay with a few stops *en route*. First stop at Tempe for bunkering. Some of our Chapter 322 members stopped there and Bloemfontein International or Gariep. We then flew at only a few hundred feet AGL via Jagersfontein to look at the diamond mine and then to our night stop destination at Graaff Reinet. The Free State and Karoo can be quite daunting to cross by road, with vast distances between towns and little to be seen. Not so by air, the scenery was magnificent from low altitude and having probably crossed that area hundreds of times at jet airliner altitudes, one has no idea of the grandeur of the Free State and Karoo. Our entire flight was to be an eye opener once again to the beauty of our magnificent country. There was game galore, springbok, eland, black and blue wildebeest, zebra and occasionally other game too – Mike Visagie and Ricardo De Bonis even saw a leopard just north of Graaff Reinet.

Arriving at the beautiful Graaff Reinet airfield, after about 4 hours of flying as the sun was setting, was delightful. The annual Oudtshoorn Model Airplane weekend has moved to GR as Oudtshoorn Airport is now a very busy place with flight training for overseas, mainly Chinese students. As the aero modellers were aware of our pending arrival, they were no factor. They were as curious about our aircraft as we were of their fabulous array of models from jets to sailplanes. Our group consisted of an AirCam, a Cessna 195, the Bearhawk Patrol, a Comanche, a Gazelle heli and my 170. While we tied down our aircraft, fuel was again taken on and smart transport provided to whisk us to our chosen overnight accommodation at the affordable Karoo Park Guest House in town. Wherever we landed, we were greeted warmly and GR was no



exception. There is something about the plattelanders that endears them to me. I guess it is their politeness and hospitality with nothing that is too much trouble. At the Guest House, we quaffed a few cleansing beers and enjoyed a delicious supper before turning in.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we departed for Mossel Bay, into about a 25 knot headwind. It was a tad turbulent at all levels and became viciously so as we crossed the Swartberg Mountains. These mountains, that rise so steeply from the semi-desert plains of the Karoo, are quite daunting in a light aircraft, especially with the prevailing wind that created monster turbulence. We climbed to 8,000 ft and crossed at Meiringspoort, descending on the Oudtshoorn side and then across the Robinson Pass into Mossel Bay. Total flying time from Fly Inn, including diversions for sight-seeing, 6 hrs 10 min.

The Convention itself was a blast, one of the best and most enjoyable I've attended. I have no doubt this is reported in detail elsewhere in this CONTACT!





Eugene Couzyn and I, with our passengers, departed Mossel Bay on Sunday 01 May and flew coastwise past George and then inland and followed the coast. That scenery, with majestic mountains and beautiful chasms with their concrete arch bridges, over Tsitsikama, Plettenberg Bay, and on to St Francis Bay, passing Jefferey's Bay, was majestic in the gin clear weather with no wind to speak of. We stopped for a short leg-stretcher at Uitenhage. The welcome from the local EAAers from Chapter 778 Port Elizabeth was delightful, with a request to use our influence to hold an EAA Convention there at a future date.

We bypassed Port Elizabeth and joined the Algoa Bay coastline near Coega, along the sands of Woody Cape. Sadly, we saw a lot of oil pollution in the sea and along the beach, which we reported to PE ATC for forwarding the information on to the Port Captain.

Nearing Kaisers Beach at East London, we were given ATC clearance to fly over the raceway, the airport and the city, with a lovely view of the Buffalo Harbour as we headed for a fuel stop at Wings Park, home of Chapter 1262 East London. Their members were still *en route* from Mossel Bay, so there was little activity at the field. We soon departed again, coastwise, for Port St Johns. At risk of repeating myself *ad nauseum*, the scenery was awesome in the extreme. Landing at Port St Johns, we were met by a pair of pre-arranged watchmen who were to safeguard my 170 overnight. This spectacular airfield at 1200 ft AMSL now has a good road connecting it to the town at the mouth of the Umgazi River. As a consequence, motor vehicle traffic is a potential hazard on the runway, as sightseers flock to the threshold of the runway for a bird's eye view of the river and town way below. Cattle are regularly grazed on the airfield, so when using the airfield, extra vigilance is necessary.

As we completed the tie-down and covers, Eugene Couzyn, in his Gazelle, clattered to a landing next to the 170 to collect Stephen, Neil and myself for a ferry flight down to our overnight accommodation at the foot of the mountain. This was a spectacular flight that had my full attention, with a virtual autorotate immediately after take-off to drop like the proverbial brick 'schmidhouse' to Cremorne to drop of some kit, and then a quick flight to Outspan Inn near the river mouth. My eyes widened even further when I couldn't see how Eugene could possibly land his Gazelle in the tiny clearing among large Natal Mahogany (*Trichilia emetic*) trees in front of the lodge... it made me think of the book 'Chickenhawk' by Robert Mason ...



The arrival was a cinch for Eugene, who flies his helis with great skill and accuracy. We landed 2 minutes before official sunset, about 10 m from my allocated room. After a quick shower, we hastened to the adjacent Steve's Pub watering hole to reminisce about the day's flights with accompanying neck oilers. We enjoyed a lovely supper *al fresco* in happy company. Naturally, many lies and laughs were part of the fun.

Next day by road to the mountain top airfield with a departure down into the Umgazi River canyon and then coastwise along the enchanting Wild Coast to Margate for fuel. We departed FAMG with full tanks and made a stop at a long-time favourite

airstrip, Glenside, close to Winterton, to have lunch at the nearby Waffle Hut restaurant, a 1.5 km stroll distant. The flight back to Fly Inn was uneventful and smooth all the way. Being after a long weekend, it wasn't exactly tear-jerking looking down on the bumper-to-bumper traffic of the earthbound mortals on the N3 from Durban. Nearing Fly Inn, I was tempted to throttle back to prolong the flight which had been so memorable. Total flying time was 14 hr 10 mins. In my logbook, the total has now passed 27,000 hours and I will remember this adventure as a special one with good friends and our great EAA fraternity.



Eugene Couzyn, Yvonne, Stephen Theron, Neil Fenton, Nico Brandt and Clive King.

A Magic 'Copter Ride

- Nico Brandt, Chapter 322 Johannesburg

As I had sold my Maule and Explorer, I didn't think much about joining the Mossel Bay trip until a few weeks before the event. My enquiries came to nought until Eugene Couzyn kindly came to the rescue and told me he had a spare seat and I could join him on the trip. Wow, that is one very special machine. My previous very brief excursions with helicopters had been a short ride in an Aloette 111 as a troopie in 1972, and a Russian one in the Maldives in the 90s... nothing special.

I was very excited and waited at Rand Airport where Eugene came to pick me up as well as another passenger. This happened on a clear Wednesday morning on 28 April 2016 at around 10h30, and we set off for New Tempe, our first refuelling stop. One of our intrepid veteran aviators had warned me to expect some low flying. Great I thought, just the thing I loved to do with my Maule and Explorer. Well, it wasn't what I imagined, and for most of the trip I was treated to the best game viewing and terrain inspections I have ever had, and with a view that was even better than in a Land Cruiser on a game drive.

The trip to new Tempe was uneventful, just filled with the thrill and experiencing the wonders of 'chopper' flying compared to my flex and fixed wing time.

Our pilot was always so calm, and exuded confidence and competence and flew so effortlessly. The trip flashed by and before we knew it, we arrived at Graaff-Reinet.



All the fixed wing pilots reported fairly high winds and strong turbulent conditions. I knew what they were talking about and, by comparison, we had a few speed bumps along the way and arrived fresh and keen on the next flight.

We got away the next morning, the last to take off with reports from the fixed wing gang that conditions were very high winds and extremely turbulent. Our low level flying showed none of this but, as we neared the Outeniqua escarpment, Eugene warned us to tighten up our seat belts and expect some severe turbulence.

Remembering my last trip to East London via the Drakensberg and the way we were thumped around, I prepared for the worst, but was most incredibly surprised at what followed. Going through the Outeniqua pass into the wildly turbulent wind on the leeward side of the mountain, we were only mildly pushed around, nothing alarming at all.

By comparison to a fixed wing, the helicopter gives a 'Magic Carpet Ride'.

The rest of the trip to Mossel Bay and back to Joburg via Port St Johns, Margate, a brunch at the waffle Hut and on to Rand Airport was just too pleasant for any words to describe adequately, arriving as though we had just flown around the patch, and not a full 6 hours of flight.

Describing the experience to a fellow aviator, I was asked if I was moving across to the 'Dark Side'. I wish, but they are way out of my league!



AA of South Africa Air Wing

Automobile Association of South Africa - Air Wing Badge

AA of South Africa Air Wing member's badge is a treasure to any collector of AA worldwide or particularly South African AA badges. The Air Wing was only in existence for about 2 years, and the issue was small, no more than 100 badges. It is a beautiful, very elegant badge as can be seen from the photograph below.

My research points to the Air Wing having come into being in 1932 and had become defunct by 1934.

The Air Wing was an ultra-exclusive band of early motorists who were also aviators. Approximately 80 members were involved.

The Air Wing attempted to offer the aviator member the same type of support and logistical assistance as was required by early motorists. As aircraft regularly landed in remote locations for technical or other reasons, the service of helping supply fuel, spares, travel and weather information, etc., was considered to be a parallel to the everyday activities of the AA to the motorist. The Air Wing attempted to provide that support.

With the advent of commercial flying in South Africa and better airport facilities being developed, the service became almost redundant and was disbanded by 1934.

I am currently only aware of two badges which are actually known to exist:

There is an example of the badge number 72 in a display case at the AA head offices in Kyalami. This was part of the collection of AA badges which belonged to Rex Abbott from Queenstown. He bequeathed his entire collection of badges to the AA on his death.

A second badge, number 86, which is seen in photographs of the Rex Abbott collection as his second copy, went missing when the collection was brought back to the AA head offices in Johannesburg after his death in the 1990s. The badge subsequently re-emerged in late 2006 after being bought by the renowned car badge collector and author, Jan Sarnesjo. Jan lives in Sweden. He bought the badge from a British dealer who was disposing of a collection which originated from Cape Town.

In his reference work *World of Car Badges*, Jan Sarnesjo mentions the Air Wing badge and it is illustrated by a line drawing. (The book was printed in 2003 and at this time clearly Jan did not have an actual badge to photograph.) The number on that illustration is 93 and I am sure that there is some provenance with regard to the number and line drawing used.

Research has also turned up an article in the *CAR* magazine of October 1960, published with regard to the Aviation Section of the AA. There was a line drawing of one of these badges, but unfortunately no number on it. The badge was apparently issued to Mr PM Anderson, a well known early aviator. At the time of the article it was in the possession of his son, also a Mr PH Anderson. I have been unable to track him down.

Please contact Mike Bond, even if only to say you knew someone who was a member of the AA Air Wing, or maybe you have a picture of a badge on a car, or any related information.

He would be very pleased to hear from you.

First prize is of course to find an actual badge and preserve it from getting lost.

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National Convention Mossel Bay

The EAA of SA National Convention 2016 was held in Mossel Bay from 29 April to 01 May and proved to be a most successful event. The following awards were presented at the prize-giving dinner held on Saturday 01 May:

Youngest EAA Pilot Flying to the 2016 Convention: Mitchell Wright, Chapter 1262, East London.



EAA Award for Furthest Distance Flown to attend 2106 Convention: Ron van Lear, Chapter 322 Johannesburg, Peter Lea.

EAA Award for Longest Time Flown to attend 2016 Convention: Ricardo De Bonis & Mike Visagie, Aircam ZU-DYH Chapter 322, Johannesburg.

Award	Aircraft	Reg	Owner/Builder	Chapter
EAA Grand Champion Homebuilt	Vans RV 10	ZU-LRV	Andy Lawrence	322 - Johannesburg
EAA Concours d' Elegance	Bearhawk Patrol	ZU-BHP	Wayne Giles	322 - Johannesburg
Pertec Shield for Best Homebuilt All Metal Construction	Vans RV 10	ZU-LRV	Andy Lawrence	322 - Johannesburg
Best Composite Aircraft	Whisper X350	ZU-IFH	Russell Phillips	778 - Port Elizabeth
EAA Trophy for Best Rotorcraft	Gazelle	ZU-HHP	Eugene Couzyn	322 - Johannesburg
Piper Concours d' Elegance	Piper Comanche PA24-250	ZS-WBM	Jeremy Woods	322 - Johannesburg
Best Restoration	Cessna C140	ZU-BBB	BBB Partnership	778 - Port Elizabeth
Best Designed / Scratch Built Aircraft	Whisper X350	ZU-IFH	Russell Phillips	778 - Port Elizabeth
Best Tube and Fabric Aircraft	Bearhawk Patrol	ZU-BHP	Wayne Giles	322 - Johannesburg





Chapter 322 Meeting

Colonel J.J. 'Cobus' Toerien was the Guest Speaker at the EAA 322 meeting on Wednesday 11 May
- Gordon Dyne

On the one evening I could unfortunately not be at the EAA 322 meeting, the guest was Colonel Cobus Toerien. Many readers would remember that the Colonel was the 'legend' at The Flying Legends Talk Show on 10 March. As I said at the time, with apologies to King Elvis, "Oh! What a night it was, it really was, such a night!" Boy! Did I mean it! The multi-talented Dr Mike Brown extracted some amazing stories from the Colonel, which had most of the people in the packed auditorium sitting with their mouths open, drooling, looking like idiots! Not difficult with pilots...

Apart from all of Cobus' other accomplishments, he is also an expert on Cockpit Resource Management (CRM) and this was the topic for the 322 meeting, with particular reference to single cockpit CRM, something which at face value appears to be an oxymoron. Who else is in the cockpit with you as a single pilot operation? So what resources do you have available to you which you need to manage in the event of an emergency?

I could really do with some advice in this area, but sadly I could not be there.

After the usual formalities there was plenty of time for hangar talk and no doubt much of this was about the terrific EAA Convention in Mossel Bay. It was my first time in that part of the Cape and how delightful it was. I think the peerless Horace Blok's lovely wife summed it up rather nicely when she remarked, "We live in Paradise now. Where do we go from here?" Most apt.

For more information on EAA Chapter 322, please visit our website www.eaa.org.za



Claus Keuchel, Mark Clulow, Cobus Toerien.



Jeff Earle, Cobus Toerien.



Marie Reddy.



Karl Jensen and Horace Blok, who came all the way from Mossel Bay.



Dr Mike Brown



Ricardo De Bonis, Mark Clulow.



Upcoming Chapter 322 Meeting

Spitfire Pilot Lt. John Henry Joseph Martin 4 Squadron SAAF (retired) to 'light up' the forthcoming EAA 322 meeting this Wednesday 01 June

Gordon Dyne

My hero, Lt. John Martin, will once again regale the audience at the Dickie Fritz MOTH Hall this coming Wednesday at the June EAA 322 meeting with stories from his 500 hours on Spitfires during the Italian Theatre from 1943 to 1945. This amazing and delightful nonagenarian who celebrates his 93rd birthday the following day 2 June, will enthral the audience with his many experiences, and his talk will be accompanied by a wonderful powerpoint presentation put together by Captain Karl Jensen.

I can guarantee a tremendous talk. Don't miss it.

Before John's talk, 322's Chairman, Dr Mike Brown, will run through the usual formalities of the Chapter which are always brightened up by Mike's humour and his thorough preparation. We must stop Mike from moving to the fairest Cape next year. What will we do without him?

So please join us for what is guaranteed to be another fabulous evening in the company of aviation lovers. You do



John Martin and Gordon Dyne



not have to be a member to join us, and you will not be coerced into joining this bright, busy and biggest EAA Chapter in South Africa. Come and enjoy yourself.

The date is 01 June. The venue, as usual, is the Dickie Fritz MOTH Hall in Dowerglen and the time is 18h00 for 19h00. Refreshments will be available, thanks to Ann Ferreira whose husband Wally (our former barman) celebrated his 85th birthday on 24 May. Hope to see you there!

Look forward to seeing you there.

EAA Airmail



After reading Brian Stableford's very interesting account of his ferry flight, I noticed that his log included two flights on 04 and 06 March 1976 in ZS-DGI Piper Super Cub.

Over 40 years later, this little aircraft is still going strong as my pride and joy, and resides happily at Wings Park, East London. I've attached a recent pic taken at the 2016 Swellendam Fly-in.

Dave Hartmann



Seen at Tedderfield on 07 May during the Airplane Factory Breakfast fly-in. Made by Rob McFie, vice chairman of EAA 322, seen here with Irene Naude as pax in the red windbreaker. Karl Jensen



I am looking for a C185 particularly a 300HP F model. I am willing to take a look at any model, except the A, that is in reasonably good shape. Should you know of any that may be available on the market would you please contact me.
Andrew Evans, 0822552494

CONTACT! Is the official newsletter of EAA of SA. This edition was compiled by Gus and edited with love and kisses by Trixie Heron. All material is gratefully received from Chapters, members and non-members alike. Remember that this is your newsletter, so please submit material as it happens to Gus (news@eaa.org.za).
Our grateful thanks to all those who regularly support our newsletter and our EAA organisation.