

The Almost Christmas Party 2013

“Christmas comes but once a year

And when it comes, it brings

.....Happy times at the field - and this year was no different! Well, it was a bit different, more members and families and a lot more kids! Again we were lucky with the weather as, to put it mildly, it was crap until the day but then by the afternoon it was warm, unwindy and the “happy camper” was pleased his tent was staying up and dry.

As usual there was some general flying before the serious business of fun, food and drinking got under way and almost flying was this amazing scale German EDF of Augustus Chang. It taxied and whistled but has yet to fly. Brian was worried about it - made his hair stand on end and turn grey!



And so we got to the fun with the dear old lolly bomber (this year a new one with a “bomb bay” appeared). It was flown by Ron Clark with his

“little helpers” Tom and Warren while Col Buckley tried to hold the small persons in check until the bombs were dropped, the plane landed and safety was restored (next year he wants a



taser to help) As soon as he said “OK Ki.....” they were off! As soon as their little pockets were stuffed the plane was off again - over 1000 lollies hit the ground that day well mostly the ground, there was a thundering on the shed roof after one sortie.

The ground was well scoured before a roar of a motor was heard and Santa appeared in a cloud of dust and the passenger seat of BASH Car 005 who support the Royal Flying Doctor Service. It is part owned by Chubby Welsh Automotive & Marine Centre, Garden St Narrabeen. Chubby was the pilot on the day.



Now every kid knows what Santa means and he was soon surrounded by happy faces and eager hands! Luckily he had a well filled sack and there were the required number of smiles.



As soon as Santa had done his stuff Dave Pound showed up with a carton of eggs (or should that be a cartoon?). The rules are simple - two lines of



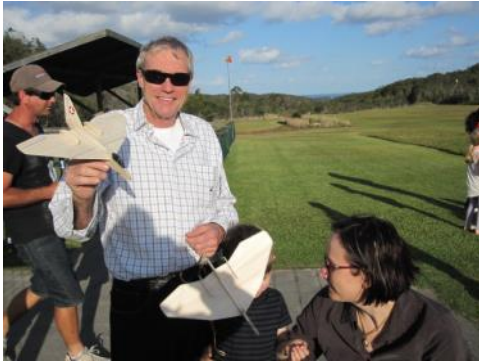
people 1 yard apart (not metric, it's an old game) -

throw the egg and catch - no breakie! Step back one pace, repeat above, repeat above and so on so you start like this and finish up like this!



You'd be amazed how far an egg can be thrown, missed and bounce on the ground! There were more breakages due to heavy catching than heavy landings! Eventually the father and son team of Kelvin and Jack King were declared the winners and received the trophy.

So what was next well, that well known glider enthusiast left his Bomber and led the charge to



the Catapult Delta event! There were fast ones and slow ones, grown-ups (oh yeah!) and children and some interesting bending of the rules. Remember the "launch with 3 #17 rubber bands" rule check this launch system; or this one! But gliders shot



everywhere, up, down and sideways. There were some good flights, Tom was most surprised when a crash the broke the TE off the wing and produced a better flight next, and he became one



of the winners with young Mr King being congratulated here by Mike Minty.



Time for raffles to be drawn and prizes to be given - more happy faces as a load of kits found new owners.



By now it was very close to feeding time when Stan Begg and Libby strolled to the far side of the field to

fulfil grandson Harvey's Christmas wish - "fly the Tomboy". The wind was a bit gusty, probably too much for him to handle so *his* Tx was not actually turned on but he enjoyed the flying as did the others who were attracted by the smell of ether and the mighty roar of a Mills 75.



Back on the North side the plates were being filled and the wine and beer was flowing. Feeding was in full flight when the next "comp" started - can you tell which photo of a cute little kid turned out to be a WRCS Committee member. It helped when

the Committee climbed up on the benches since some spouses and visitors didn't know who they are and everyone agreed they had all grown old gracefully.

Of course there is always someone to push the boundaries and what better than flying in the dark?



Dave Bolstad helps ready the illuminated Cub and boy does that look good.



I can't show you the after picture but it wasn't quite so pretty!



And so the party ended, people headed home leaving one tent and its' owner to guard the field from invading roos - he failed, they hopped and poo-ed as usual, the million stars shone, the world turned. It was a good night, fun for all.

See you next year!