

Curtin Flying Club (Inc.)

www.curtinflyingclub.com.au



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President's Report



I recently attended the welcoming that Racwa arranged for Dave Jacka, during his successful record setting solo-flight around Australia. Dave is the first quadriplegic to accomplish such a momentous task. It was inspiring to see how he

had overcome what many would perceive to be a barrier to such an achievement through his own determination. His website onawingandachair.org.au is truly inspirational and I urge you to take a look.

Another website that I have found quite interesting is CASA's out-n-back initiative, accessible through the CASA website casa.gov.au. It is an educational six part video series capturing some of Australia's most magnificent sights and exploring key safety topics such as; fuel management, flight planning, navigation plus other tips and information. It is a good refresher tool that all pilots should look at.

Back on Club business, I recently had a discussion with a member about our minimum hire requirements; these are guidelines to ensure the greatest possibility of aircraft utilisation whilst still allowing members to enjoy them. Like all rules, they are intended to cover the majority of circumstances, we are more than happy to make exceptions to this for individual occasions. One that springs to mind that is often utilised by members, and usually okayed by the committee is allowing the plane to stay at Rottnest all day if there are no bookings. All that is needed is a check of FSP to ensure the plane is free and a call to Racwa so that they can adjust your booking. You can even do this the day before your flight by calling either the club secretary or myself.

Whilst the time of year is bringing us shorter days, there is no doubt that this is absolutely the best time for flying. Flying through smooth cold air is something that is hard to beat, I hope you manage to get up there and enjoy it.

Jake Sanders, President

Secretary's Notes



New Flying Members:

Brett Birkbeck-----PPL-----114 hours

Malcolm Roberts-----PPL-----110 hours

Ben Sheriff-----ATPL-----2670 hours

Welcome to you all!

We currently have 94 members renewed and new this year.

There are only 7 members outstanding from last year and 11 resigned.

It's been good to see some of the old members back flying, but we need more flying hours on both aircraft. I hope that the recent course by Andrew on the Garmin G1000 will lead to more hours in KXW.

Cheers & have fun up there!

Peter Taylor

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Financial Report

This is a summary of the financial statement for the months of March to April and with adjustments for YTD 2013.

Should any member require further details, please contact Mark Dawson on - dawson_flyers74@bigpond.com

Profit and Loss Statement 2013

	March 2013	April 2013	Total YTD
Income	10,318.95	9,786.96	41,034.50
Cost of Sales	4,271.78	2,967.70	41,324.66
Gross Profit	6,047.17	6,819.26	290.16
Expenses	3,376.75	417.44	4,402.03
Operating Profit	2,670.42	6,401.82	4,692.19
Other Income	164.34	307.05	311.87
Net Profit / Loss	2,834.76	6,708.87	4,489.41

Includes amortisation & asset impairment

Note: Some outstanding transactions might not be available for inclusion in this report and will be reflected in future reports.

Position vacant

We are in urgent need for a Club Treasurer to come on board and join the Committee to help with the Club financials. If any Club Member is interested to fill this position, could they please contact our Club Secretary, or, if any member can volunteer their time once a month to do the book keeping (approx 7 hours per month), that would be much appreciated.

Flying Stars

This item recognises the members who have contributed most to recent utilisation of our aircraft.

	<u>February</u>	
Michael Hebbard		3.6
Phil Smith		2.6
Malcolm Kains		2.5
	<u>March</u>	
Rob Van Hamersveld		3.2
Andrew Peterson		3.0
Bernie Nelson		2.3
Neil Stummer		2.3

We have a great fleet, so please make the most of it!

Rottnest Island Bun Run 2013

The annual 2013 Rottnest Island Bun Run was held on Good Friday the 29th of last March with a total of 19 aircraft participating in this event, which was a great turnout. The morning commenced at 0800 so that all participating aircraft could be pre-flighted in time before the brief scheduled for 0830 conducted by Trevor Jones who always puts a lot of effort into these briefs with his briefing notes which covers all areas of operational procedures, arrivals and departures at Rottnest as well as all safety aspects (an essential part of any briefing) to be aware of should things not quite go to plan. This year we saw a very good line up of aircraft ranging from an Ultralight, a Partenavia, Cessna's, a classic Beechcraft FWQ from Murrayfield, Pipers and Mooney's.



Overhead Perth City

Included in this line up were the three Mooney's with their crews, Club President Jake Sanders, Andrew Eldridge and Mitchell Wells who were going to do the Bun Run formation via the Perth City route (these three aircraft and their crews always look like a polished group together). Our aircraft KXW was the G1000 equipped C172sp and crewed by Tony Watts, my brother John and myself as PIC for the Jandakot - Rottnest sector, so it was a great mix of people and aircraft heading for the "overseas" destination.



Mooney formation team (not quite keeping position!)

Traditionally now, Jandakot Airport Holdings and Rottnest Island Board waiver all landing fees for all aircraft participating in the Bun Run and any "fees" incurred would be donated to the Royal Flying Doctor Service which no doubt has evacuated and saved many a life from the island and elsewhere. So with the contributions paid, passengers strapped in, we were off with our departure on RWY 06L at 0915.

Fremantle Golf Course appeared in no time and we were soon traversing the sea passage across to Rottnest. Listening watch had RW09 as the active runway and on checking the windsock as confirmation, it would be my first time ever that I have seen a benign looking windsock at Rottnest!



Heading for downwind entry for RWY 09

Joining downwind I heard the Mooney Formation group calling up their synchronised "gear down" call (I think our formation team had better do some more practice!!). Setting up for landing and our roll through to the parking area was a pleasant change.



Tony and Craig (ground Marshall) at YRTI

Parking was at a premium and Craig Hensley did an excellent job as our Ground Marshall for the morning arrivals.



KXW at Rottnest (YRTI) - a lovely aircraft to fly!

Once our aircraft was secured, it was off on a pleasant walk to the bakery. I tell you, this is not a good spot to be if you are on a diet as the choice of pastries, pies, especially the limited edition sea food pie (Tony our food taste critic will endorse that one!!) are endless. The buns were purchased as per our pre-order requests and Craig received a cheque from Peter and Cathy Smith the Bakery Proprietors for \$\$250.00, so plus with the "fees" donations we ended up with a total of \$1535.20 being raised for this wonderful service. The coffees were great and we all sat around under the shady Morton Bay Fig trees and chatted with the other crews.



Some of the Bun Run group

It was time to head back to our respective destinations as some came from Murray Field, so we walked back to the airstrip and pre-flighted our aircraft and with Tony as PIC we departed on RWY 09 and tracked via the usual Powerhouse-Adventure World entry points to Jandakot where RWY 06L was the duty runway. Rottnest Island is still a great destination and even with the high landing fees there, if your share a flight with other pilots, the costs are still reasonable. A big thank you to all those involved with organising this event.

Rob van Hamersveld



Tony (the limited edition seafood pie critic), John and Rob at Rottnest Bakery

Not your usual fly-in

Many years before I became a pilot; but not before I wanted to fly, since this is something I had an urge to do for as long as I can remember, I experienced an unusual weekend. This was in the company of others of the flying fraternity in South Africa. I learned some lessons from what happened but it also tells of the days before restraining things like insurance, public liability and strict adherence to civil aviation law and regulations became part of everyday private aviation.

In this country town, aviation had played a large part in its history, but all that remained was a large airfield, three aircraft and a few enthusiasts. One of them was a local retailer, B. by name to whom I as a schoolboy had expressed my interest in aviation in the strongest terms. He had previously taken me for a short flight in a Piper Cub, paid for by my father, which cost seven pounds. That had been my second aeroplane ride.

I was 17 years old. It was Saturday. School had closed and I received an invitation to accompany B. his fellow pilot A. together with A.'s wife and her unattached female friend; about four years older than me. (How could I ever have forgotten your name, dear?) The object was for the five of us, oops, sorry six, counting B's old fox terrier, to go to a small spa resort town about one and a half Tiger Moth flying hours away, spend the night there and then return the following day. Or rather, that is what the purpose of the mission appeared to be.

I hitched rides to get to the airfield where I, as arranged, cleaned the aircraft, a Piper Family Cruiser (three place) and the Tiger (which was A's property) before the arrival of the rest of the party. The weather was perfect on that summer afternoon. When the rest of the party arrived they asked me if I had had any lunch, and on replying to the negative one of the womenfolk offered me some warm milk to drink.

B. instructed me to sit in the front cockpit of the Moth, to hold tight onto his dog and to make sure that it didn't obstruct the controls. He stressed that this was particularly important when we approached our destination since he was going to do some aerobatics to announce our arrival to the locals.

When the engine started I was effectively incommunicado with my back seat pilot, as the trusty Gosport tube just didn't seem to be doing its thing. In flight the afternoon sun was warm and thermals were rising everywhere making life very uncomfortable for me, the inexperienced passenger, who was trying to control a dog determined to bound out of the open cockpit. After what seemed an eternity a green splash of vegetation appeared on the otherwise brown veld. Was this the destination and would relief soon be at hand?

Oh, no. This was now show time. Don't ask me to describe the manoeuvres but there were no rolls; the reason for this will be explained later. My stomach soon showed how little it liked the sudden G applications and no instructions had been given to me about what to do in this case. Well, I thought that it wouldn't be a good thing to be sick in the cockpit, better still to do it outside the aircraft. Bear in mind that I was well strapped in and unable to look towards the rear of the

aircraft. Sick I duly was, but I still wasn't feeling much better. Whether the aerobatics had ceased by now, I don't remember. Then a horrible thought crossed my mind. Say B. had been looking outside the aircraft on the same side that I had been sick? Seeing that I was going to be sick again would it not be a good idea to be sick over the other side instead? This I was, and Gosport tube or no Gosport tube, sounds of extreme distress were now coming from the rear cockpit.

The landing was carried out on the two rugby fields but whilst taxiing the string of oaths and threats coming from the rear cockpit struck fear in my heart. (B. had been a sailor in the RN in the North Atlantic during the war; he certainly could speak the language). When the engine stopped the curses continued and I didn't think it would be such a good idea to be trussed up in the harness with some angry person working his way around to the front to give me even a fraction of what he had promised. I dropped the little hinged door but had to release the dog since I needed two hands to pull out the pin in the harness buckle.

At that moment the old dog gave one bound through the open space made by the door and fell onto the lower wing with its legs going clean through the fabric. It kicked itself clear and jumped onto the ground. The noises made by my ex-pilot now reached new heights. "What would A. think when he saw the damage to his beloved Tiger?" Fortunately, A. was quickly on the scene and seeing my obvious distress told me not to worry about the damage; a few doped-on patches would have the Tiger as right as rain.

B. calmed down considerably on hearing this, and to his credit, continued the weekend as if nothing had happened. A local luminary appeared on the scene; you couldn't miss him, as he was a big man; let's call him C. He had been awaiting our arrival. He was the person every pilot on a trip wants to meet - he provided the fuel. C. appeared to be a man of undue influence in this little hamlet. He owned the local store, the only garage and for all I knew, maybe also the police. I sensed that it was important to humour him.

B then explained the purpose of flying here to me. It was to "collect funds" for the flying club that they belonged to. This they would do by giving as many of the locals a short flight in return for money. The fact that they weren't commercial pilots didn't matter since none of their prospective

passengers had heard of the DCA, let alone what the letters stood for or what regulations they enforced. My job was to help with the refueling, swing the Tiger's prop and help passengers in and out of the planes.

Some prospective passengers had already gathered at the aircraft. It was interesting to hear them discuss which pilot they preferred flying with. A. was an ex-Air Force tradesman and wore an olive-drab flying suit. This made him their first choice, as B. was dressed conventionally. For many of them it was their first plane ride. A. flew the Piper and B. the Tiger. The flying started, and while A. was changing passengers, his Tiger staggered across the strip more than once in very unusual attitudes. Later, I saw the Family Cruiser, flown by A, apparently to do a touch-and-go on a nearby grassy hill.

When both pilots were together I overheard them talking. A. asked B. more out of interest than anxiety, what he had been getting up to in his Tiger. B. replied that he was practicing rolling the Tiger, that he had almost got it right, hence the unusual attitudes. A. remarked that he had touched down on the hill. If only the fare-paying passengers knew!

When it got too dark to fly C. changed an area near the strip into a temporary drive-in theatre, apparently a Saturday night routine. This was long before television was introduced in South Africa. He erected a large portable screen and had a projector mounted in a VW Kombi. The local people turned up in large numbers in their cars. The young unattached female friend and I settled down to enjoy the film. B. had disappeared in the meanwhile. As an ex-sailor he knew where the nearest grog supply was and returned later ranting and raving, much the worse for wear. Fortunately for me, his drunken concerns had nothing to do with the flight there.

A. and myself slept underneath the Tiger and the ladies in a small tent they had brought. What happened to B. I don't know. He was there next morning when the strategy to attract more passengers was worked out. Newspapers were required so somebody went to the local store when it opened and bought several Sunday editions. C. appeared on the scene. He informed us what time the local church service was being held as it would not do our cause any good if our plans conflicted with those of the local preacher.

The newspaper pages were torn into long strips. A. was to be the pilot of the Piper. C. had to be invited along and I took the third seat, next to him with all the newspaper strips.

The aircraft was parked at the one end of the strip. Past the far end stood a row of blue gum trees. A. hit the starter and with without delay lined up and started the take off. We were heavy with C. on board but the tail came up. Right afterwards the engine cut. "What's happened?" a worried C. shouted. "Engine cut", A. replied. We came to a safe stop. I understand that the U.S. Federal Air Regulation covering the design of light aircraft requires that the tubing between the fuel selector and the engine must not hold enough fuel for the aircraft to complete the take-off run. Well, the Family Cruiser's design was right. If it wasn't, the gum trees were waiting.

A. turned the fuel selector on and restarted the engine. We were soon airborne. Climbing was slow due to C.'s weight and the thin air at 5000 ft. We flew over the town and at A.'s command we opened the window and started tossing the paper overboard. From the air they looked like flocks of birds. That should get the locals talking and coming out for "flips" in their droves.

We landed normally and on leaving the aircraft noticed how many of the newspaper strips were still draped over the tail and elevator. How many more would have been needed to affect the flying characteristics or jam the elevator I don't know.

The excited public pitched up in great numbers and was taken for rides. These continued all Sunday until it was time to leave. I flew back in the Tiger with A. without further incident. The Piper landed long after us at last light. They told us that an afternoon thunderstorm with strong winds had come up before they left. Only thanks to people holding onto it like crazy was the aircraft prevented from being damaged.

I had enjoyed the weekend. I have also enjoyed sharing this story with you. At least I survived to tell it!

Vernon Benjamin