

FLY ABOFT



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NORTHAM AERO CLUB (INC)

POST OFFICE BOX 247 NORTHAM WA 6401

PRINT POST 100018823

Volume 47 Issue No. 1 January 2016



NORTHAM AERO CLUB

PRESIDENT	Errol Croft dowref@bigpond.net.au	0428 880 149
IPP	Errol Croft dowref@bigpond.net.au	0428 880 149
VICE PRESIDENT AIRCRAFT BOOKINGS BAR MANAGER	Matt Bignell big.matty@hotmail.com	0407 873 700 08 9622 3001
SECRETARY	Heather Deegan secretary@northamaeroclub.com	0428 738 808
TREASURER	Ashley Smith ashleypsmith@westnet.com.au	08 9622-3673
CLUB CAPTAIN HOUSE & GROUNDS	Peter Hill prh@aurora.net.au.	0450 415 947
BALLOONING EVENTS	Donna Tasker donna.tasker@bigpond.com	0439 020 512
FLYABOUT PRINTER	Tony Sandler sandler@iinet.net.au	0408 526 576
AIRCRAFT FLIGHT TRAINING	David Beech dbeech@iinet.net.au	0416 242 846
AIRSIDE & SAFETY	Gren Putland gren.putland@mainroads.wa.gov.au	0409 113 011
FLYING INSTRUCTORS	Kevin Lathbury kevinlouise62@gmail.com Charles Kolar charterpilot@hotmail.com	0434 000 217 0421 035 975
SOCIAL	Bob Emery bobemery51@gmail.com	0419 043 583
FLY ABOUT EDITOR	M Jacobson - martinj1@iinet.net.au	0438 437 928
WEBSITE	www.northamaeroclub.com	
EMAIL	secretary@northamaeroclub.com	
CLUB ROOM	Withers Street, Northam, WA	08 9622 3248

Presidents Report

Hi all. Welcome to 2016 and have you all had a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year? It is a time when catching up with relatives and friends is so special.

No flying competition in January but there is a Fly-In to Wyalkatchem being organised for either 12th March or 19th March 2016 (remind me to explain how Wyalkatchem received it's name). Busselton Aerofest will also be held on the 6th March 2016 so it looks like March is the preferred month for Fly-ins and we will try and get numbers up for both of those events.

WALAC have approached Northam Aero Club to hold the Championship here in Northam early November 2016, we will keep you posted.

Welcome to our two new members Trevor Sangston and Gail Pietersie. We like to hear from our Members and if Doug Andrews, our Member from NSW is reading this Fly About, can you drop us a line on what is happening on the east coast. Let us know you haven't been washed away.

Ashley Smith christened the new barbecue at the Club house with a lamb night at the Bar and was well attended. An idea has been floated to boost our Member's numbers at the bar. If a Member would like to organise a Saturday or Sunday night function feel free to bring it to the Committee.

Otherwise all is ticking along nicely and I have noticed the Shire has mown the Strip and it looks tops – thanks to the Shire.

Cheers and Happy Flying, Errol

Captains Report

Well here we are in 2016!

CONGRATULATIONS DAVE McFARLANE

Dave has passed his COMMERCIAL flight test!

He can feel very proud of his hard work in the recent nine months.

His Flight Test ,which Dave said he really enjoyed, was as follows:

Jandakot / Narrogin /Corrigin/Northam/Route 66 to Jandakot.

With a low level diversion to Meckering from vicinity of Narrogin.

Again, . . GOOD ON YOU DAVE McFARLANE!

NEXT CLUB FLYING COMP is SUNDAY 14th FEBRUARY.

AVON GOLF RECONNAISSANCE.

What better on "Valentine's Day" than to combine Flying and Golf eh?!

Our pilots have all had the complete Comp sheet with full Radio calls, and tracks etc

30 days prior as usual, we all have the same information with lots of time to read/ fly a practice run etc.

The next five NAC FLYING COMPS for 2015/2016 Comp season are:

FEBRUARY : AVON GOLF TOUR RECONNAISSANCE.

Mini Air Trial Cross Country.-plenty of work for Observer /Co-Pilot.

MARCH : WONGAN HILLS SORTIE.

Cross Country with Circuit Work on Arrival.

APRIL : TIMED CIRCUIT YNTM.

Not a race , each Pilot nominates his own Time"

Wheels Off" to" Wheels On".

MAY : " A BRIDGE TOO FAR"

Mini Air Trial Cross Country with lots of work for Observer/Co-Pilot..

JUNE : CIRCUIT WORK AT NORTHAM - multiple circuits.

Standard/Strip Inspection/Flapless /Glide Approach from over the top.

I would like to thank Club Management and all Pilots for the good times in

2015, our Lovely Ladies for the scrumptious Morning Tea Regime!

and our much treasured GROUND CREW who are so important-Unsung Heroes in fact...

We all anticipate lots more GOOD FLYING and Kamaraderie in 2016 at Northam!

Thank You All. FLY THAT SKY!

Peter Hill Club Captain NAC 0450415947 prh@aurora.net.au



**Busselton Aero Club will once again
be hosting an Aerofest on Sunday
March 6th 2016.
The biggest and most exciting light
aircraft flying event in WA!**



**Latest - Landing Fees waived for visiting pilots - Thank You, City
of Busselton, for this and for your gratefully appreciated
sponsorship**

WANTED

HANGAR SPACE

**We are in need of hangar space for
aircraft owners to share.**

**Please call Errol if you have any
spare space**

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AIRCRAFT FOR SALE

cessna 182

cessna 172F

For more details

Call Errol 0428 880 149

Can anyone help Ralph

I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's licence back. You keep telling me you got all the right contacts. Well now's your chance to make something happen for me because, mate, I'm bloody desperate.

On the phone, Ron (that's the CAA d*#*head), seemed a reasonable sort of a bloke. He politely reminded me of the need to do a flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, have a look over my property and let me operate from my own strip. Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. First up, he said he was a bit surprised to see the plane on a small strip outside my homestead, because the "ALA" (Authorised Landing Area), is about a mile away. I explained that because this strip was so close to the homestead, it was more convenient than the "ALA," and despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip, it's really not a problem to land and take-off, because at the halfway point down the strip you're usually still on the ground. For some reason Ron, seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection only four days earlier, I decided to do it all over again. Because the prick was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of my usual two.

My effort was rewarded because the colour finally returned to Ron's cheeks. In fact, they went a bright red. In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine the test flight with some farm work, as I had to deliver three "poddly calves" from the home paddock to the main herd. After a bit of a chase I finally caught the calves and threw them into the back of the ol' Cessna 172. We climbed aboard but Ron, started getting onto me about weight and balance calculations and all that crap. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because calves, like to move around a bit particularly when they see themselves 500 feet off the ground! So, it's bloody pointless trying to secure them as you know.

However, I did tell Ron that he shouldn't worry as I always keep the trim wheel set on neutral to ensure we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight. Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 rpm. I then discovered that Ron has very acute hearing, even though he was wearing a bloody headset. Through all that noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it. Actually it began about a month ago and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in the fuel selector mechanism. The selector can't be moved now, but it doesn't matter because it's jammed on "All tanks," so I suppose that's Okay.

However, as Ron was obviously a nit-picker, I blamed the noise on vibration from a stainless steel thermos flask which I keep in a beaut little possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass. My explanation seemed to relax Ron, because he slumped back in the seat and kept looking up at the cockpit roof. I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, "not the starboard wheel chock again." The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked around just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop-wash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore.

Now I'm really in trouble," I thought.

While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that we taxi to the "ALA," and instead took off under the power lines. Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine started coughing right at the lift-off point, and then he bloody screamed his head off.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy Ron," I told him firmly. "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it" I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard MOGAS, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon or two of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene, I siphoned in a few gallons of super MOGAS and shook the wings up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then, the engine has been coughing a bit but in general it works just fine, if you know how to coax it properly. Anyway, at this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in my test flight. He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer. (I didn't think anyone was a Catholic these days.) I selected some nice music on the HF radio to help him relax. Meanwhile, I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500 feet. I don't normally put in a flight plan or get the weather because, as you know getting FAX access out here is a friggin' joke and the weather is always "8/8 blue" anyway.

But since I had that near miss with a Saab 340, I might have to change me thinking on that. Anyhow, on levelling out, I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. I hate bloody camels, and always carry a loaded 303, clipped inside the door of the Cessna just in case I see any of the bastards.

We were too high to hit them, but as a matter of principle, I decided to have a go through the open window. Mate, when I pulled the bloody rifle out, the effect on Ron, was friggin electric. As I fired the first shot his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo. He really looked as if he had been jabbed with an electric cattle prod on full power. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration for a second and the next shot went straight through the port tyre. Ron was a bit upset about the shooting (probably one of those pinko animal lovers I guess) so I decided not to tell him about our little problem with the tyre. Shortly afterwards I located the main herd and decided to do my fighter pilot trick. Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power and started a sideslip from 10,500 feet down to 500 feet at 130 knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushed up to the red area on me ASI. What a buzz, mate!

About half way through the descent I looked back in the cabin to see the calves gracefully suspended in mid air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment to Ron on this unusual sight, but he looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the feral position and was screaming' his bloody head off.

Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo. You should've been there, it was so bloody funny! At about 500-feet I levelled out, but for some reason we kept sinking.

When we reached 50 feet, I applied full power but nothing happened. No noise no nothin'. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice in me head saying "carb heat, carb heat." So I pulled carb heat on and that helped quite a lot, with the engine finally regaining full power. Whew, that was really close, let me tell you!

Then mate, you'll never guess what happened next! As luck would have it, at that height we flew into a massive dust cloud caused by the cattle and suddenly went I.F. bloody R, mate. You would have been really proud of me as I didn't panic once, not once, but I did make a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as me gyro is repaired (something I've been meaning to do for a while now). Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him, "we'll be out of this in a minute" Sure enough, about a minute later we emerged, still straight and level and still at 50 feet. Admittedly I was surprised to notice that we were upside down, and I kept thinking to myself, "I hope Ron didn't notice that I had forgotten to set the QNH when we were taxiing." This minor tribulation forced me to fly to a nearby valley in which I had to do a half roll to get upright again. By now the main herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!" I thought, "there's an omen. We'll land right there."

Knowing that the tyre problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning horn was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut its circuit breaker to shut it up. But by then I knew we were slow enough anyway. I turned steeply onto a 75-foot final and put her down with a real thud. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger but, as usual, I was.

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humour. Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. He couldn't stop. We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the aircraft like there was no tomorrow. I then began picking clumps of dry grass. Between gut-wrenching fits of laughter, Ron asked what I was doing. I explained that we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so we could fly back to the homestead.

It was then that Ron really lost the plot and started running away from the aircraft. Can you believe it? I saw him running off into the distance, arms flailing in the air and still shrieking with laughter.

I later heard that he had been confined to a psychiatric institution - poor bugger!

Anyhow mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I got this letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privileges to fly until I have undergone a complete pilot training course again and undertaken another flight proficiency test. Now I admit that I made a mistake in taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the QNH using strip elevation, but I can't see what else I did that was a so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flaming' licence. Can you?

Ralph H. Bell

Mud Creek Station



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NORTHAM AERO CLUB

BAR ROSTER 2015—2016

AUGUST		
1st-2nd	-	Matt
8th-9th	-	Ashley
15th-16th	-	Howie
22nd-23rd	-	Peter
29th-30th		Crofty

NOVEMBER		
1st	-	Peter
7th-8th	-	Crofty
14th-15th	-	Matt
21st-22nd	-	Ashley
28th-29th		Howie

SEPTEMBER		
5th-6th	-	Ashley
12th-13th	-	Matt
19th-20th	-	Howie
26th-27th	-	Peter

DECEMBER		
5th-6th	-	Peter
12th-13th	-	Crofty
19th-20th	-	Matt
26th-27th	-	CLOSED

OCTOBER		
3rd-4th	-	Crofty
10th-11th	-	Ashley
17th-18th	-	Matt
24th-25th	-	Howie
31st		Peter

JANUARY		
2nd-3rd	-	CLOSED
9th-10th	-	Ashley
16th-17th	-	Howie
23rd-24th	-	Peter
30th-31st		Crofty

Bar Hours

Sat. 5pm—7 pm

Sun. 5pm—7pm

IF UNABLE TO DO YOUR ROSTERED DAYS PLEASE
MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO SWAP WITH SOMEONE

THE NORTHAM AERO CLUB (Inc.)
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WESTERN AUSTRALIA 6401

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NEXT CLUB COMPETITION

9am Sunday 14th February 2016

NEXT CLUB MEETING

The next Northam Aero Club Committee Meeting
will be held at the club rooms on
Sunday 14th February 2016 at 12.00 noon
