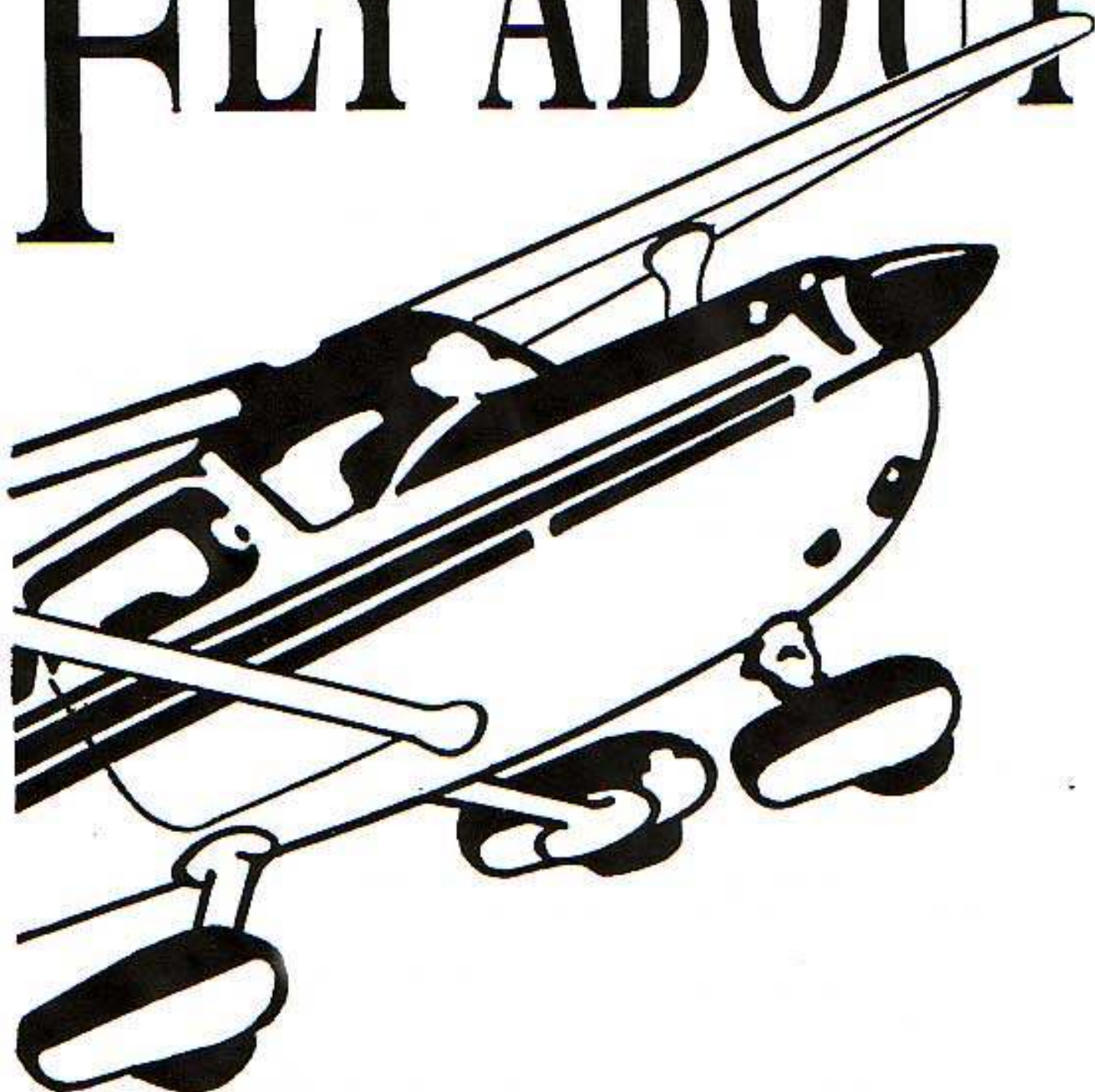


FLY ABOUT



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PO BOX 247 NORTHAM WA 6401

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President's report
September 2011

Well doesn't time go quickly? Here we are into spring already, flowers are out trees are blooming & the grass is growing, (so are the weeds!)

Which only means many things- great flying weather, bbq's, warm days, early mornings & yes the Dawn Raid?

9th of October is the Dawn Raid, contact Errol for information & anything that need doing on the day.

There will be a busy bee coming up before that time, so contact Dave for required work.

The jackpot at the bar has reached \$40, so come on down and be part of Chase the Joker. YOU COULD BE THE NEXT WINNER!

Congratulations to Ashley for winning the comp on Sunday, Peter second & Ian third, well done fellas, thanks Les for the sausage sizzle. There were more passengers than pilots on the morning enjoying a flight, it was a perfect day.

The Aero Club now owns an air compressor so we are able keep check of tyres in the plane or the mower.

Thank you all, happy flying.

Matt Bignell.
President.

Looking to put a table of 8 to 10 Aeroclub members together for the following Quiz night-Please contact editor if you are interested!!!



Avonvale Primary School Trivia Night

PRIZES!

Date: Friday 18th November, 2011

Where: Avonvale Primary School

Cost: \$10 per person (Tables of 8-10)

Time: 7pm - 11pm

RAFFLES!

No BYO. Drinks available at bar price
(18+ event)

Some nibbles provided – Bring a plate to share if you want.

Live Auction Item: 2011 Signed Eagles Football

Silent Auction Items include: Planet Earth Gift Hamper, Intec Easy Set 12' Plastic Pool, and other items!

Prizes Include: 30 minute Scenic Flight over Northam for two, and others!

**Tickets available now at Avonvale Primary
School Office – phone 9622 1489 ☺**

G'day Mate,

I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's license 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. But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA Examiner.

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"(Authorized 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 "poddy 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

demanding 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 leveling 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 fetal position and was screamin' his freakin' 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 leveled out, but for some reason we kept sinking. When we reached 50-feet, I applied full power but nothin' 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. BJ, 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 wide, 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 it's 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 proved wrong again!

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humor. 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? The last time I saw him he was 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 flamin' license. Can you?

Ralph H. Bell
Mud Creek Station

Dawn Rain-October 9th

Everyone welcome for a bang up breakfast,

Bright and early at the Northam AeroClub
grounds (0730 onwards)

Plus usual flying comp.

Contact Errol for further details.

Please note: All Committee Members- The
Monday meetings have been moved to the Sunday
previous at 4 pm to accommodate out of town
travellers!! Please do not show up Monday nights!!!

Errols Club Calendar 2011

	September	October	November	December
1		Bar-Denis		
2		Bar-Denis		
3				Bar-Denis
4				Bar-Denis
5			Bar-Errol	
6			Bar-Errol	
7				
8		Bar-Heather		
9		Bar-Heather CLUB COMP and Dawn Raid NAC.MEETING 4PM		
10				Bar-Heather
11	CLUB COMP 9AM			Bar-Heather CLUB COMP 9AM NAC.MEETING 4PM
12	NAC.MEETING 7PM		Bar-Dave	
13			Bar-Dave CLUB COMP 9AM NAC.MEETING 4PM	
14				
15		Bar-Ashley		
16		Bar-Ashley		
17				Bar-Ashley
18				Bar-Ashley
19			Bar-Gren	
20			Bar-Gren	
21				
22				
23		Bar-Matt		
24		Bar-Matt		Bar-Closed
25				Bar-Closed
26			Bar-Peter	
27			Bar-Peter	
28		Newman Fly Out		
29		Newman Fly Out		
30		Newman Fly Out		
31	BAR-MATT			

Bar roster-coming post AGM

N.A.C.

Bar roster

2011

Opening
Hours
*Saturday 5pm
- 7pm
Sunday 5pm -
7 pm*

August		
20 th -21 st	-	Matt
27 th -28 th	-	Croft

November		
5 th -6 th	-	Croft
12 th -13 th	-	Dave
19 th -20 th	-	Gren
26 th -27 th	-	Peter

September		
3 rd - 4 th	-	Dave
10 th -11 th	-	Heather
17 th -18 th	-	Gren
24 th -25 th	-	Peter

December		
3 rd -4 th	-	Denis
10 th -11 th	-	Heather
17 th -18 th	-	Ashley
24 th -25 th	-	Closed
31 st	-	Closed

October		
1 st -2 nd	-	Denis
8 th - 9 th	-	Heather
15 th -16 th	-	Ashley
22 nd -23 rd	-	Steve
29 th - 30 th	-	Matt

January		
1 st	-	Closed
7 th -8 th	-	Steve
14 th -15 th	-	Heather
21 st -22 nd	-	Matt
28 th -29 th	-	Croft

Circuits and Bumps

Joker strikes again, jackpot up steadily, but, got to be there on Sunday night at 6:45 or 6:30...anyway, just be there!

Good home wanted for a very tame llama (does not spit), or was it an alpacas, or a piglet or a Russian Hamster...?

Heard on the grapevine that Flame could be on his way back home...out from a holiday camp in Malaysia...or was it Nauru...?

Some hangars (with an "A") nearly finished...Jaz's only need a few more sheets of roofing.....

Wanted any house paint leftovers. No offers refused. Must be compatible with the colour scheme for a vintage Cessna aircraft...

Wild flowers fly out was a success. Where do we go next?..

TV or not TV, that is the question...

Have you got your Aero Club cap yet?

Who is turning the big 5-0...?

Did someone mention party?...

Our Ed would be grateful for more contributions for the FA...

NEXT CLUB COMPETITION

9 th October

NEXT CLUB MEETING

9th October at 4 pm

BAR ROSTER

Opening hours

Saturday 5pm – 7pm

Sunday 5pm – 7pm

October		
1 st -2 nd		Denis
8 th -9 th		Ashley
15 th -16 th		Heather
22 nd -23 rd		Steve
29 th -30 th		Matt

Well! Sometimes one just has to do it!!!

**Please make arrangements to swap
with someone if you are not available
on your rostered day(s)**

FOR MORE INFORMATION
THE AERO CLUB CONTACTS ARE;

08 9622 3248
0429 202 597

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