

SCONE aero club



AAZ AN, AMERICAN CHAMPION DECATHLON READIES TO DEPART CABOOLTURE FOR IT'S NEW HOME BASE OF SCONE.

Newsletter
Summer 2005

Welcome to the second edition of the "new look" Scone Aero Club newsletter.

I know this seems a bit extreme, sending out a newsletter every month, however we have a lot going on and I don't want anyone to miss the action! Also things go a bit quiet after Christmas so there might be a little wait until the next one.

Please enjoy the newsletter and if you have any articles, comments or news for future editions please do not hesitate to send them to Stephen Bell by e-mail on stephen@sconerealestate.com.au or drop them in to his office at Scone First National, 203 Kelly Street, Scone.

THIS IS A LETTER RECEIVED BY OUR FLYING INSTRUCTOR

Hi Mate, I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's license back. You keep telling me you've 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 with the CASA examiner.

On the phone, Ron (that's the CASA guy) seemed a reasonable sort of 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 at 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 that cross midway down the strip its really not a problem to land and takeoff 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 Ron was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of the usual two. My effort was rewarded because the colour finally returned to Ron's cheeks. In fact, they were bright red.

In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him that I was going to combine the test 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 this was a waste of time because calves like to move around a bit, particularly when they see themselves 500 feet off the ground. So its 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 that we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight.

Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimised the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunned 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 that 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 "Both Tanks" so I suppose that's okay.

However, as Ron was obviously a nit-picker, I blamed the noise on a vibration from a steel thermos flask which I keep in a beaut possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass. My explanation seemed to relax Ron because he slumped back in his seat and kept looking at the cockpit roof.

I released the brakes to taxi but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell", I thought, "Not the starboard chock again." The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked wildly around just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop wash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore. While Ron was 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, then he screamed his head off.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy, Ron" I told him firmly. "That often happens after 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 kero 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 flight test.

He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer. (I didn't think that anybody was a Catholic these days!)

I selected some nice music on the HF to help him relax.

Meanwhile, I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500 feet and 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 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 of 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 the 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 and 130 knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushing up 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 suspended in mid air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment on this unusual sight but Ron looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the foetal position and was screamin' his head off.

Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo.

You should have been there it was so bloody funny!

At about 500 feet I attempted to level out. For some reason we continued sinking. When we reached 50 feet, I applied full power but nothing happened; no noise, no nothing. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice inside me head saying "carby heat, carby heat". So I pulled carby 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 IF bloody R. You would have been 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 returned. 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 emerge; 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 forgot 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 tire problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut its circuit breaker to shut it up. I turned steeply into a 75 foot final and put her down with a real thud.

Strangely enough, I thought you could only ground loop a tail dragger but, as usual, I was proved wrong again. Halfway through our third loop Ron at last recovered his sense of humour. Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the plane 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 we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so that 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 just got a letter from CASA withdrawing my privileges to fly. Now I admit that I made a mistake taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the QNH strip elevation, But I can't see what else I did that was so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flaming license. Can you?

We don't know who the genius was who wrote this, however we applaud your literary skills!



GA Training is up and running with around six students currently underway heading towards their PPL's. Pictured above is new CFI for General Flying Operations Jim Wallace with our number one instructor Ben Wyndham. Looking excited at the prospect of being scared witless by the next run of students!



Above: The recently renovated Scone Aero Club bar and clubhouse.

LOOK AT OUR CLUB

If you haven't visited our club house recently I'm sure that you will be pleasantly surprised. Features of the makeover include new flooring, fresh paint and a very smart timber bar. When finances permit we plan on updating the furniture to fully complete the look.

Jodel Update

I am very pleased to report that Richard Wilkinson has made enormous progress with his repairs to the Jodel, and the little one seater should be well and truly flying by Christmas. Richard has bolted the wings back on, repaired the damage to the wing, bolted the engine to the front and added the instruments to the panel. Currently he is waiting for a new prop to arrive, add on the windscreen and he will be up and flying.



Here and There....

- * Congratulations to **Scott Bridge** who has just passed his PPL theory exam. This is a HUGE achievement and we look forward to seeing Scott flying around in the Bird Dog.
- * Rumour has it that several members who have been absent from flying are planning on returning to the fold in 2006.
- * The first weekend of March 2006 has been set down as the date for a monster fly-in to be held at Scone. Details are still a little sketchy however we hope to have aerobatic displays, parachuting and evening entertainment. We will keep you posted on developments and anyone keen to help please contact **Al Gordon**.



BULK BUY ON DAVID CLARKE HEADSETS

Ben Wyndham has managed to organise a reduced price on the David Clarke H10-13 headset. This unit is used by professional and recreational pilots all over the world and is renowned for being an extremely high quality unit.

Normally priced at \$520, the aero club is taking orders at \$460. If you are interested please contact Ben on 0408 966 979. All that is required is a \$50 deposit.

FLYING RATES

Flying at Scone is great value, below are the current rates;

Tomahawk	\$115 Hire	\$178 Dual
Gazelle	\$95 Hire	\$130 Dual
Decathlon	\$180 Hire	\$255 Dual

SCONE AERO CLUB CHRISTMAS DINNER AND AWARDS NIGHT

Where: Scone Aero Club's recently renovated club house.

When: Friday 9th December at 7:00 pm

What: Fresh seafood, carvery, deserts etc

How Much: \$25 per head

RSVP: 2nd December to Stephen Bell
0418 236 077

Who: Members and their guests

It's been a great year for the club so lets finish it off with a bang!

Other News

- * Rawlo's Bar at the club house is open Friday afternoons. We encourage members and their guests to come along for a relaxing drink and a chat.
- * Al Gordon reports that Armidale Aero Club has sent an invitation to all interested people, for Round 3 of the NSW State Aero Club Championships. A few people from the club have indicated they are keen to go, so if you would like to know more contact Al Gordon.
- * Bob Tait, former Australian Aerobatic Champion and author of numerous aviation text books has offered to come down to Scone in December to offer aerobatic training, in the Decathlon. If anyone is interested please contact Stephen Bell 0418 236 077.

BECOME A MEMBER!

If you aren't already a member of the Scone Aero Club, now is the time to join.

Membership costs just \$44 for Flying Members and \$22 for Social Members.



Ph (02) 6545 1741
or Ben Wyndham
on 0408 966 979.