

KEMPSEY FLYING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

August, 2011

PO Box 197, Kempsey, 2440 NSW Email Susannah.smith714@gmail.com

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We have some exciting events planned for the Club over the next few months, including those listed below. The most exciting of these is undoubtedly our Club's 50th birthday celebration, which is only a few short weeks away on Sunday, September 11. We are seeking as much support from our valued Club Members as possible for this important event. In particular, we are very short on assistance on the catering side of the event and I'd like to put a special call out to all the ladies to be available to assist on the day. For more information, please contact Maureen Knight on 6561 7380. A progressive breakfast will be held from 8am – 10am.

Invitations to attend this event have been sent to Gloucester, Cessnock, Taree, South Grafton, Evans Head, Port Macquarie, Coffs Harbour, Luskintre, Scone, Ballina and Armidale, so, weather permitting, we are hoping for a healthy attendance.

Yours in Flying,

Graeme Smith, President

Events (Special)

Sunday, September 11, 2011 – Spring Fly-In Breakfast
Celebrating Kempsey Flying Club's 50th Birthday

Saturday, December 10 – KFC Christmas Party at the Clubhouse

Events (Running)

Third Sunday of each month – Flying Comp

First Sunday of each month – BBQ dinner

YOUR NEW 2011-2012 ELECTED COMMITTEE

Following the recent Annual General Meeting, the new committee line-up for 2011-2012 financial year is:

- Graeme Smith (President)
- Paul Stubbs (Vice President/Secretary)
- Paul Shea (Treasurer)
- Ross Costanzo
- Lyall Notley
- Peter Howard
- Barry Bishton
- Peter Ackerley (Club Captain)
- Hilton McLeod

Congratulations to all new office bearers and we look forward to working closely with all our valued Members over the next 12 months.

DUTY PILOT ROSTER 2011-2012

MONTH	DATE	DUTY PILOT	MONTH	DATE	DUTY PILOT
June	5	Costanzo	January	1	Stubbs
	12	Notley		8	Howard
	19	Shea		15	Bishton
	26	Stubbs		22	Ackerley
July	3	Howard		29	Smith
	10	Bishton			
	17	Ackerley	February	5	McLeod
	24	Smith		12	Costanzo
	31	McLeod		19	Notley
August	7	Costanzo		26	Shea
	14	Notley			
	21	Shea	March	4	Stubbs
	28	Stubbs		11	Howard
September	4	Howard		18	Bishton
	11	Bishton		25	Ackerley
	18	Ackerley			
	25	Smith	April	1	Smith
October	2	McLeod		8	McLeod
	9	Costanzo		15	Costanzo
	16	Notley		22	Notley
	23	Shea		29	Shea
	30	Stubbs			
November	6	Howard	May	6	Stubbs
	13	Bishton		13	Howard
	20	Ackerley		20	Bishton
	27	Smith		27	Ackerley
December	4	McLeod	June	3	Smith
	11	Costanzo		10	McLeod
	18	Notley		17	Costanzo
	25	Shea		25	Notley

IMPORTANT NOTE TO ALL MEMBERS PLANNING TO FLY TDK

Club Members intending to fly Club aircraft TDK are required to furnish their current documents, including their Medical Check and Biennial Flight Review. Copies of these documents **MUST BE** submitted to Club Secretary Paul Stubbs prior to aircraft booking and hire.

UPDATE ON AIRPORT FUTURE FROM KEMPSEY SHIRE COUNCIL

An invited group representing the direct stakeholders of the aerodrome, including aircraft owners, hanger owners and maintenance and flying training organisations, met with Kempsey Shire Council representative Robert Scott on August 1 to improve communication and identify future opportunities for the planning of this valuable community asset.

Group spokesperson Paul Stubbs reported the meeting with council was extremely positive and would result in the group working closely with council to set future goals.

“Mr Scott was extremely positive about the future of the airport and gave his commitment to continuing to liaise closely with us regarding future planning and development,” Mr Stubbs said.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

This is a copy of a letter I got from a mate of mine who lives out the back of Broken Hill ...

MATE, HELP ME GET ME LICENCE BACK

Phil.

Hi Mate, I am writing to you, because I need your help to get me bloody pilots 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).

But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA (Commonwealth Aviation Authority) Examiner.

On the phone, Ron (that's the CAA d**khead) 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 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 that strip, despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip (it's not really a problem to land and take-off because at the half-way 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 p***k 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 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 gettin' into 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 minimised the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500rpm. 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 'All tanks', so I suppose that's OK. However, as Ron was obviously a real 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 wildly 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, then he bloody screamed his head off ... "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"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 worked 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 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 f#*% joke and the bloody 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).

Anyhow, on levelling out, I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. Now I hate camels, and I 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 flap, 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 rushing 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 on this unusual sight but Ron looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the foetal position and was screamin' his f*&%# 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 continued 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 "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 I.F. bloody R, mate. Phil, you would've been bloody 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 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 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 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; 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 bastard!

Anyhow, mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I just got a 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 so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flamin' licence, can you.....?