



2017-18 FLY-INS

- 2017 SPRING LONGREACH, QLD. 7 – 10 SEPTEMBER
2018 AUTUMN CLARE, SA, 13 – 15 MARCH
2018 SPRING TORRES STRAIT, QLD 12 – 15 SEPTEMBER
2019 AUTUMN BATHURST NSW, APRIL TBA

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Hi Everyone!

By now the realisation that I have taken on the role of President of the Cessna 182 Association has sunk in. I'm still not sure how that happened but a sneaky Peter Jones and jetlag have a lot to do with it. I am puzzled that members have overlooked my numerous indiscretions and dubious flying skills, but am honoured never the less.

Lesley and my relationship with the C182 Association has grown from being curious as to what this group is about some seven years ago, to feeling that our membership not only justifies having a C182 but probably has become the major reason we still do. Peter, our previous President has contributed immensely to what is a very successful and functional Association and I will endeavour to maintain that direction.

Our last Fly-in to Kangaroo Island was a huge success and Jane and Andrew are to be congratulated on their efforts. Annie Hayes has offered to provide a rundown on this event and it is included in this edition. The next fly-in is to Longreach with Jenny and Ross well under way with preparations. This is shaping up to be a big event with over twenty rooms booked at the motel so far. This is even before the official registration forms are available, although these will be distributed in a few weeks. I urge members and their guests to book their accommodation quickly and to get the rego forms back to Rob Terzi as soon as they can.

Sadly, in April a group of members travelled to Mudgee for the funeral of our late member Alan Kellet. Alan was dear to our hearts and will be sorely missed. I presented his Life Membership Certificate to his family. Trevor has provided a tribute to Alan and this is included in this edition.

We have just returned from Bathurst where the midyear Committee meeting was held. John Bestwick made the preliminary arrangements and thanks go to him for his efforts. He was also successful in promoting Bathurst and so the committee decided on it as the location for the Autumn 2019 Fly-in. To cap it off I had the pleasure of presenting John with his Life Membership Certificate. The meeting was graced with the presence of the "young couple" who have just been married and all our best wishes go to Margaret and Lawrie Donoghue.

It was also reassuring to have members put forward issues for the meeting agenda as well as having a good number of observers. Members must feel they have a chance to have a say and that the committee operates in a totally transparent manner. The way the previous Presidents and committees have fostered this is commendable and underlies the strength of this Association.

Peter arranged for Ben Morgan, the Executive Director of AOPA to address the meeting and he gave us some three hours of his time, bringing us up to date with new developments, particularly with the progress on discussions with CASA over the main issues that are affecting us. I, for one, feel my membership of AOPA is now producing results as I have dipped my toe into the medical morass that CASA maintains. Although my experience worked out satisfactorily, the ongoing costs and harassment are something I don't need. Looks like there may be light at the end of the tunnel!

I would like to extend a warm welcome to our new members Sue and Stuart Thompson, Stephen Leggett, Barry Gartshore and Jason Moore and trust that they enjoy the association and get as much enjoyment from it as we have. See you at Longreach?

The next three-year membership phase starts at the end of this year and it is vital that we encourage as many new members as possible. The committee has agreed that anyone joining now can pay \$140 covering the remainder of this year plus the next three years and if joining from September onwards to pay \$130 for the same benefit. This means new members who are going to Longreach will be covered by the Associations insurance policy and.... will be entitled to get the \$50 rebate that paid up members attending the Longreach Fly-in will receive.

The Association is in excellent financial situation and will be able to cover any fly-in that collapses due to weather etc. The ongoing discussions about what to do with the "surplus" will no doubt occupy a fair bit of our time in the future.

One issue which Ben Morgan raised and which we discussed briefly was the provision of scholarships to young people for flying training. The following points were raised and provide food for thought:

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Frank Lewis

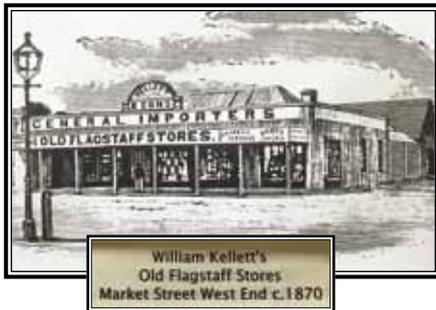


The KELLETT FAMILY in MUDGEEE

William Kellett, Alan's Great Grandfather arrived in Sydney from Ireland in 1841 with his parents and siblings. William found employment with MacArthur & Co. General Wholesalers, a warehouse supplying all manner of hardware and mining tools etc, much in demand as this was at the time of the Gold Rush in the Gulgong, Mudgee and Hill End districts. One of MacArthur's customers was a local Mudgee storekeeper who apparently got behind somewhat with the payment of his account, so William was dispatched to Mudgee in an attempt to obtain payment for goods supplied.

To reach Mudgee, William travelled by train to Penrith, which then was the Western most extent of the rail from Sydney. Here, he hired a horse and rode approximately 200 km to his destination. William's efforts as a debt collector were not successful, however on returning to Sydney, he put a proposal to MacArthur's that if he were to be given sufficient credit for the cost of the stock, he felt confident that he could make "a go of it". His proposal was accepted and so he returned to Mudgee in 1859.

William set up and traded as "Old Flagstaff Stores" in Market Street, which flourished during the succeeding decades due to the

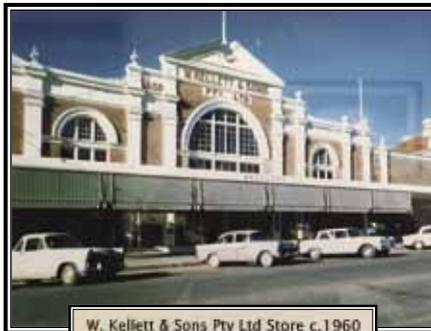


William Kellett's
Old Flagstaff Stores
Market Street West End c.1870



W. Kellett & Sons 1907 Store:
Cm Market and Perry Street
Record Load of 102 Bales of Wool c.1910

growth of the wool industry and the continuing gold rush in the surrounding districts, and as a result, in 1907, he erected a new store, the building having quite an imposing Facade of Federation Style architecture. Sadly, it was completely destroyed by fire in 1971, however it was replaced by a contemporary design and opened for business the following year.



W. Kellett & Sons Pty Ltd Store c.1960
Prior to Destruction by Fire April 1971

In 2003, Woolworths Ltd approached the family shareholders with a proposition to construct a Big W Department store on their site, which was duly accepted, and planning commenced. Considerable Heritage requirements had to be met, and construction commenced in 2004, and completed in 2005. Thus the Kellett family retired from retailing after 4 generations and 145 years in business in Mudgee.

Alan Martindale Kellett was born in the front bedroom of the family home in Mudgee on the 4th of May 1929. He attended Mudgee Public School and Mudgee High School, later completing his secondary schooling at Shore, an Anglican boarding school in Sydney. He represented the school in rugby and cricket and gained first class honours in Maths 1 and Maths 2 in the Leaving Certificate.



Mudgee BIG W
Friday 13th May 2005
Photograph by Noel Dawson

Alan then enrolled at the University of Sydney to study Civil Engineering, and was a resident of Wesley College. 1948 saw the Olympic Games staged in London. Not to be outdone and always ready for a joke, athletic Alan and some of his University friends staged an "Olympic Torch Relay" through the streets of Sydney, which made the front page of the Sydney papers, the torch being made from old jam tins. Alan is on the right having just passed the banner.

On completion of his Degree, Alan took employment with Caltex Oil in the Persian Gulf, working there for 3 years before returning to Mudgee to join the family business. He soon involved himself in the activities of the town, playing cricket, and began a long association with the Mudgee Golf Club. He was Club Champion in 1958 and again in 1963, was



Kellett's Staff Proudly Posed
in front of Store 1929



dle East, India and South East Asia, arriving in Melbourne on the 9th October. Alan travelled extensively in Australia with the 182 Association, however there came the time for him to hang up his headset. Reluctantly, he sold ATT, but it came with a condition attached, being that whenever it travelled to a C182 Fly-in, he had a permanent booking in the rear LH seat. His last Fly-in was to Southport, in ATT.

Alan travelled extensively overseas during his lifetime, including Eastern and Western Europe, North and South America, Africa and several trips to New Zealand to visit his niece Nicola and her family. With close friend Graham Crouch, Alan played golf at most of the Royal courses in the UK, and also went to Augusta in the US in 1985 to watch the Masters.

A highlight of Alan's sporting career occurred in 1960 when he joined the Old Collegians Cricket tour to England. In one match he claimed the wicket of Conrad Hunt who later that year played for the West Indies in a Test series against Australia.

Alan will always be remembered for his regal-ing of countless Absolutely True Country Stories and jokes, his enjoyment of being at our

Fly-ins, and his professional chairing of our Election of Officers, and not without a smattering of amusement. Over a leisurely ale one evening, I said " Alan you never married " After a short silence, he replied " Well, no I didn't, but by Christ I had a couple of close shaves !! ".

The celebration of Alan's life was held at St. John's Anglican Church, and was attended by in excess of 300 friends and family. Ten members of our C182 Association were present, a comprehensive tribute covering the life and times of Alan was presented by cousin John Kellett.

It can be truly said that Alan was indeed one of Nature's Gentlemen, one whom it was an honour to know. All of our Association members have lost a truly remarkable man, friend and colleague.

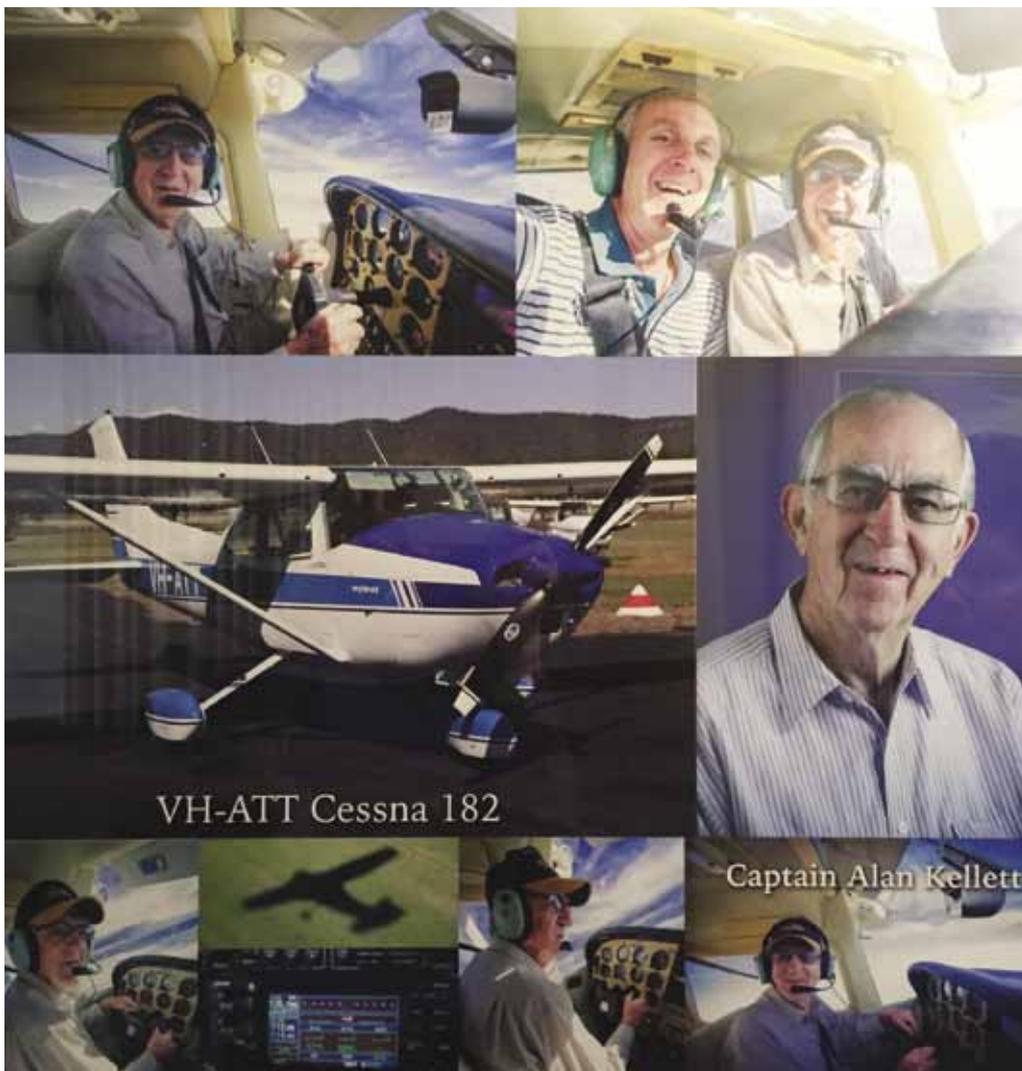
Alan is survived by sister Helen and husband Tim Evans, nieces and nephews and cousin, Alan's sister Ruth predeceased him in 2008.

My thanks to members of the Kellett family for much of the above information, also some having been supplied by Alan last year. Editor.

President for number of years, including 1965 when the club house was destroyed by fire. Alan's engineering skills came to the fore, organising the rebuilding of a new Clubhouse. He was made a Life Member and Patron of the Club.

Alan was very active in civic affairs, being President of the Orana Community College from 1983 to 1990, chairman of the Red Shield Appeal, on the vestry of St Johns Church as Rector's Warden, a member of the original committee that established Kanandah Retirement Hostel, Past Master of the Masonic Lodge, and a member of other clubs including the Mudjee Club, Bligh Amateur Race Club, Royal Sydney Golf Club, the Australia Club and the Sydney Cricket Ground.

As you all know, one of Alan's great interests was aviation and whilst at school, was a member of the Air Training Corp and this sparked his interest in flying. Alan gained his PPL and on 1st April 1980 purchased a Cessna 182Q, VH-ATT, joining the Cessna 182 Association becoming member #35. This aircraft had been flown out from the US by a Bill Black in 1977 via Iceland, across the Atlantic to Scotland, through the Mid-



Cessna 182 KANGAROO ISLAND FLY-IN March 2017

Annie Haynes has covered the Fly-in in her usual flowing style...

Destination

Kingscote Kangaroo Island.

The track we took from our home strip YMWD at Avenue Range in South Australia was 321 up the lower part of the Coorong to SWELL before tracking 275 which took us over the island from the eastern most point. 71 minutes later we were landing at YKSC. As usual later than most, possibly something to do with having the least distance to travel and someone being late home from a week of golf!



We were met by the local Airport manager who was on for a chat, President Peter Jones and soon after Janie Hogarth appeared with transport for our trip into the town and our accommodation at the Aurora Ozone Hotel.

Having found our room and settled in we popped down to the bar as arranged to catch up with everyone. We missed the Pelicans being fed but by all accounts it was fun.

Lots of chat with old chums and we met a few new ones too. Love it. Dinner was a casual affair at the hotel and we all found ourselves at various tables chatting pleasantly.

Saturday morning and the bus is waiting to take us touring the Island for the day. The day was somewhat overcast and breezy but needless to say that didn't dampen any spirits. In fact, it was a welcome relief for the South Australians who had endured a hot week.

The KI roads don't have a good reputation and our bus driver commented that the locals rarely buy new cars as the roads shake the proverbial out of them and warned the unsuspecting to be wary of purchasing a second-hand car that had spent time on the island.

Driving is a hazardous arrangement caused jointly by the marble like gravel used on the roads and the wildlife hopping out in front of vehicles.

Around an hour later, we arrived at the Flinders Chase Visitor Centre where we were greeted with a very large morning tea of very sweet slices and cakes. Yum. The Centre has a good range of souvenirs and other memo-

abilia which was snapped up by many. After we'd all eaten and drunk our fill and taken the obligatory comfort stop, we hopped back on the bus heading to Cape du Couedic and Admirals Arch. There are lots of seals at the Arch, and on this occasion many had pups. Such a cute scene and they're very familiar with visitors. We certainly didn't disturb them one bit. On our way to Remarkable Rocks our driver took us via Weirs Cove to see where the early mariners had docked before hauling cargo up an almost sheer cliff to a storage facility. The story goes that 3 families had use of the storage facility which was divided into 3. If

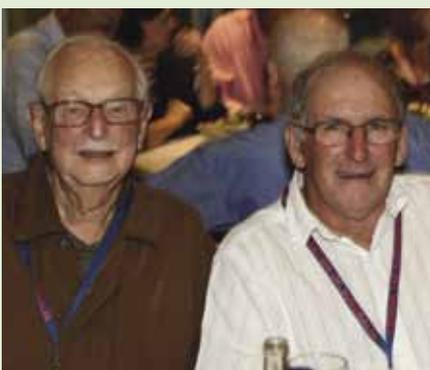
As is customary on these Fly Ins, we tend to graze our way through the weekend, so naturally our next stop is for lunch at the Andermel Marron farm and café. The group took up the greater part of the café and I think a few other patrons were wondering how they were 'lucky' enough to be there at the same time as us! We all enjoyed a delicious 100% organically grown half marron which was dressed with a garlic butter. As the Marron are not big, many of us were keen to find anyone who didn't want theirs, but no luck.

We all took the opportunity to have a look at the breeding tanks and learn a bit about farming Marron. Unlike crayfish, marron live in fresh water and grow to over 1 kg and can live up to 20 years. They have been farmed on KI since the 70's. They are however tricky creatures to breed as they have zero tolerance to any chemicals and in the farming world there are a number used and spray drift can be an issue.

Time is marching on so back on the bus and off to Emu Ridge, the Kangaroo Island Eucalyptus Oil distillery and the only one in South Australia plus it's the only one producing oil from the KI Narrow Leaf mallee in the world. In 1880 this was one of the islands biggest industries. Eucalyptus oil has some fabulous properties and is used for so many applications. It is an excellent disinfectant and also great for removing stains. It is a natural antiseptic and also good for removing fleas from your pets. Very much an all purpose product.

Continues page 6...





KANGAROO ISLAND FLY-IN *continued...*

Co-located at Emu Ridge is KI Cider – both alcoholic and non alcoholic. We were able to have tastings and of course some of us made the odd purchase.

The troops were getting a bit weary and it was time to head back to the Ozone for a nanna nap and a quick freshen up for the Gala dinner to be held at the hotel. Again the meeting place is the front bar to discuss the days outing and other nonsense. The dinner was a delicious smorgasbord with plenty of seafood on offer. During our meal we enjoyed hearing from the guest speaker Kate Clements whose book 'Against All Odds' was the perfect title. She and her husband flew from Scotland to Adelaide in 1968. He as pilot in command and Kate as Navigator. He had 40 hours experience and she had none. Wonderful how youthful enthusiasm has no fear. A harrowing and wonderful experience made for a great talk.

The assembled company drifted off to bed to rest up before the AGM. At the AGM Frank Lewis was elected President and Barry Bransden was elected to the committee. There followed a short committee meeting and then you guessed it, time for lunch. Again a delicious selection, this time sandwiches, cakes, fruit and cheese platters. As this marked the end of the Fly In it was time to say our farewells until Longreach in September.

David and I were staying an extra night on the Island at the western end - Kangaroo Beaches Lodge -, where a good friend was relief managing. We did a scenic flight along the stunning coastline before landing on a private strip not far from the homestead that was to be our digs for the night. Such a pristine and stunning part of the world no wonder the owners receive accolades for this tourism venture. We had a good look at the beautifully presented lodges and hope to return to stay another day.

Monday was time to get back to the reality of life and off home we flew to check on the sheep and all other things farming. Thanks for another great weekend C182'ers.





Flying a Fighter Aircraft

PART 5 WAS FLYING FIGHTER AIRCRAFT IN THE RAAF SAFE?



Owen Bartrop continues his series on life in the RAAF.

The short answer to this question is NO. I experienced several life threatening incidence that could have claimed my life but fortunately managed to survive to fly another day. Of course, going to war is another story.

Inherently, flying fighter aircraft in the early days of jet aircraft was hazardous. Although not an incident, there was a problem that affected all fighter pilots, neck and back pain. The fact that it was necessary to pull high G (up to 7 G) while looking over your shoulder took its toll. I still suffer from the effects of high G today.

The possible enemy of the day was well armed with fighter aircraft that always seemed to have better performance than those of the RAAF. As a consequence, the only way we were going to win an air war, should one occur, was to be better pilots and fly our aircraft to their very limits. To achieve this, it was a matter of knowing your aircraft, knowing its limitations and practice, practice, practice.

During my air force career I had several incidents that could have been fatal. I will relate five serious incidents I experienced during my service flying in the order that they occurred. The two most dangerous ones will be described in the next two editions of this magazine.

Most fighter pilots had incidents of one sort or other and, unfortunately, several did not survive to tell the tale.

You may well ask why did we fly these machines. Of my 84 years on this earth flying fighters were the most enjoyable days of my life. To jump into the cockpit of a fighter aircraft and roar off into the blue was so awe inspiring. The adrenalin would flow, the scenery was spectacular, the feeling of complete freedom was so overwhelming,

playing, sorry I got carried away, flying around the clouds and diving into holes and valleys in the cloud was sheer joy and the sky was literally the limit. Also, the competition with fellow pilots to see who could defeat the other in simulated battles raised a feeling of euphoria. Over all, flying fighters was the elixir of life and there was nothing that could beat it.

Meet the missile

The first incidence occurred shortly after I had completed my training to be a fighter pilot. I was attached to 21Sqn at Laverton flying Vampires and was assigned to demonstrate the firepower and the effect an aircraft can have on a ground target. With guns loaded with 20 mm cannon rounds I headed to the Army tank training area at Puckapunyal, Victoria.

The army had set up a target of 44 gallon drums. I set up my diving approach to the target and started firing. My mix of ammunition included ball, semi armour piercing and tracer rounds. I saw many tracers rounds spraying skywards, indicating that there was something solid under the target causing ricochets. Sure enough, the drums had been placed on a concrete tank causing most of my own munitions to head skywards. Too late, although I had ceased firing, on recovery from the dive I was hit by one of my own rounds.

This round made a hole in the side of the cockpit and was whizzing around inside finally falling to the floor still smoking. I was not personally hit but badly shaken. Not knowing what damage was caused, I immediately ceased the demonstration and headed for home, which I reached with no further problems. That event was my baptism of fire (pun intended) when I suddenly realised that as a pilot I was vulnerable.

Fire in the cockpit

My next incident happened a couple of weeks later when on take-off in a Vampire the radio compass, which was located in the cockpit, caught fire. Luckily, it happened while on the ground before I got airborne. If it had happened 30 seconds later I would have been committed to continuing the take-off and then would have been facing a bail-out as soon as I had sufficient height.

The single seat Vampires were not fitted with an ejection seat so I would have had to bail out using an unusual method. The idea was to jettison the canopy, trim the aircraft full nose down, release the harness holding me in the seat and let go of the control column. The aircraft would then pitch nose down throwing the pilot clear of the aircraft. There was always a fear of being struck by the tail plane if you were not thrown far enough away so as to miss it.

As it was, I had only just applied full power and started the take-off run. I closed the throttle, turned off the fuel which shut down the engine, applied full brakes and called a mayday. I applied the park brake while still running down the runway, opened the canopy, released my seat harness and left the cockpit. I was told later by the air traffic controller in the tower that I ran along the wing and was jumping clear before the aircraft came to rest. Well it gave the fire fighters some practice even if it was not good for my nerves.

Fire power demonstration - Singleton Army Weapons Range

In part 4, Weaponry, I related how I managed to destroy two tanks in one pass firing the missiles in ripple. On the same sortie after firing the rockets we then proceeded to strafe a target. I cannot remember what the target was because I had a situation where

I was left holding the control column in my hand without it being attached to the aircraft.

The control column in a Sabre is made up of two parts, one part goes through the floor and is attached to the hydraulic control mechanism, the other part consisted of the grip, which contained all the buttons for trim and firing munitions and part of the stem. The two parts were held together with a knurled screw ring.

It was this ring that had come undone and the two parts were just being held together by the electrical connection plug. As soon as I applied back pressure on the control column the plug came apart and I was left holding the top of the control column. Fortunately, there was just sufficient column protruding from the floor for me to apply pressure and recover from my firing dive. Not to be beaten, I plugged the top half into the bottom half, screwed up the knurled ring and returned to base before something else happened.

Aden gun trials

The Sabres had a weakness in the front barrel mount of the Aden 30mm cannon. After firing several hundred rounds, the shock of firing those rounds would eventually cause the mount to break away from the side of the fuselage. Because of my experience with carrying out various aircraft trials I was asked to test a Sabre that had been modified to stop the front gun barrel mount from breaking away.

The trial consisted of several flights where the aircraft would be loaded up with a full load of 30mm ammunition, flown to a safe area over the sea and the guns fired until all the ammunition was expended. The aircraft would then returned to base before repeating the procedure, time and time again.

The first sortie was successful with no failure of the barrel mount on either of the two guns. So was the second and third sorties. After firing 360 rounds from a gun, the barrel had to be changed because of wear. This may sound extreme but with heat and friction of the rounds passing through the barrel, the edge was soon taken off the rifling. This procedure continued for another three sorties after which, the gun itself was changed. It was after the gun was changed that my life was put on the line.

I took off and flew a safe distance out to sea. I started heading down hill on a firing run from about 1000ft. After two rounds were fired in the proposed burst, there was an explosion in the port gun bay (right next to the cockpit) and my canopy shattered. I hastily recovered from the dive and started to climb to a safe height so that I could diagnose the damage to the aircraft and what I had left to fly my aircraft back to base.

I limped passed the control tower and the controller informed me that there was a hole in the side of my aircraft, which turned out to be a missing gun bay door. I climbed to 5000ft and reduce speed to see what effect the loss

of canopy would have on my stall speed - it increased by about 10kts. I carried out a normal circuit adding 10kts to my approach speed and successfully landed.

That was not the end of the drama. I pulled up on the Operational Readiness Platform (an area adjacent to the runway) with the nose of the aircraft pointing in a safe direction, just to one side of TAA's civil terminal.

I was ordered to stay in the cockpit while the armament fitter disarmed the gun. No sooner had he started, when the armament officer arrived and took control. He disarming the aircraft and when finished he told me to pull the trigger to clear both guns. I pulled the trigger and there was a loud bang as a round went sailing across the landscape just missing the civil terminal. He had neglected to remove the round in the barrel, a failure of procedures through not being current on servicing aircraft.

The Aden gun had a rotating chamber like a .45 caliber hand gun. When the round in a chamber was fired, a metal ring would move forward and seal the chamber to the barrel. What had happened in my case was one of the sealing rings was missing and as a consequence when it became that chambers turn to fire, enough gas leaked into the gun bay to blow off the door. That door then proceeded up the side of the aircraft and broke the canopy, luckily missing my head. I must admit that driving a sport style Sabre is not my idea of a good time.

Left wing down

In the late 1950's scientists were hard at work developing missiles at Woomera. They needed more targets to shoot down so they obtained some obsolete Mk4 Meteor aircraft from Great Britain. They were shipped to Australia in crates and assembled at Bankstown by Fairy Aviation. The only pilot in the area game enough to fly these aircraft was yours truly. Once they were deemed serviceable, they were flown from Richmond Airforce Base to the Woomera rocket range and turned into drones .

My job at the time was test flying and when notified that one was ready to fly, I would fly to Bankstown and test fly the aircraft in the Richmond training area.

In those days, there were no runways at Bankstown and the take-off direction was from corner to corner of the field, necessary to get sufficient distance for take-offs and landings.

One day, after doing the normal walk around, I strapped in and prepared for the test flight. These Meteors were not fitted with an ejection seat but I did have a parachute. During the take-off, all seemed fine until I lifted off and noticed the left wing was heavy and needed aileron to keep the wings level. As my speed increased the wing got so heavy that I needed two hands on the control column to prevent the aircraft rolling. I had to reduce speed if I was going to maintain

control of this aircraft, which by now was heading for Sydney's CBD. I took one hand off the control column and throttled back and as the aircraft started to role I used both hands and my left leg to move the control column as far as I could to the right to halt the role to the left.

The press to talk switch was under my thumb so I gave a Mayday call and slowly did a left hand circuit at just above stall speed and managed to get it on the ground back at Bankstown. On examination the left trim tab had been installed upside down and instead of helping to return aileron movement to the neutral position it exacerbated the situation and caused more aileron to be applied.

Lesson learned. I had always treated the before flight walk round as an exercise and a casual glance to see if all parts of the aircraft were present and in there right place and appeared serviceable. Since that episode, I paid a lot more attention to the walk around especially if I was going to test an aircraft. In fact, some years later I timed my walk around on a Sabre aircraft fresh out of a major servicing and it took 40 minutes. I always carried my own screwdriver and removed several panels that hid important parts of the aircraft. I was never caught again with an unruly aircraft.

In summary

One becomes battle hardened without going to war. Having survived the above incidents I put my good luck down to knowing my aircraft and its systems, being able to quickly analyse the situation and take corrective action and the fact that I continually practiced emergency procedures.

In the next issue of this magazine I will detail the one of the most dangerous events that occurred to me during my flying career.

A Sneak Peek taken at Ross and Jenny Bate's BENDEE Property earlier this year as Ross prepares for retirement



*Getting old is easy—
having fun at is the real trick.*

FOR OUR FARMING AVIATORS

In the years after The Great War, there was a general rise in prosperity, especially amongst the Lower Middle Class; the likes of self-employed shopkeepers, tradesmen and farmers. With the improvement in their financial situation there came, by way of mass production, a substantial reduction in the cost of that most aspirational of 1920s desirables, the motor car.

People, who only a decade earlier, would have tugged their forelock at a gentleman driving by, could now own a car of their own, even if it was on that newly introduced trap for the unwary, hire purchase!

Readers do not need me to remind them that it was Henry Ford who first tapped into this enormous and lucrative market. In Britain, he was soon followed by William Morris and Herbert Austin. By the mid-nineteen twenties, the weekend roads were awash with Austin Sevens and Morris Cowleys, all transporting their owner's families on an exciting adventure, even if it was just a picnic, or a visit to the cinema in a nearby town.

While a shopkeeper, or tradesman may have enough income to buy the car his family wanted, his real need was for a van, or light truck. Very few small businessmen had the wherewithal to purchase both. This shortfall was quickly realised by several companies, who offered convertible bodies, where the rear seat and tub could be simply removed at the beginning of the week and replaced with a van, or lorry-type flat tray for business use and converted back later for domestic use at the weekend.

One such firm was Ellison and Smith Ltd, whose Magnet Works were in Gatley, Manchester. They advertised "Magnet Patent Convertible Bodies" for Morris, Ford, Chevrolet and Durant cars, claiming that a Morris tourer could be converted to a "semi-van" in three minutes. They even offered a detachable "Ice Cream Float", presumably for the businessman who would not let an opportunity, such as a family holiday to the seaside, pass without making a quick quid on the side!

Even more improbable was the range of products offered by Constable and Turner, in Much Markle, sold under the name of "The Farmer's Friend." Vital to the operation of these devices was the introduction by Morris of the detachable crank handle for the 1928 season. C&T removed this and fitted a special power take-off to the front of the engine. This allowed their range of machines to be engine driven, independent of whether the car was in motion, or not.



Over the next three years Constable and Turner's range expanded from the original portable saw mill, to include such devices as a Thresher, Harvester and Scarifier [not so successful, unless chains were fitted to the rear wheels to negotiate the soft, dug up ground].

Also sold was a Front End Loader [similar to the above, but this time sand bags needed to be stacked on the luggage grid] and the obscure device shown in the photograph, which rejoiced in the name of "The Farmer's Friend Blackberry and Gorse Destroyer."

Like all the others, this attached rigidly to the Cowley's dumbirons and had a pair of caster wheels, that both supported its weight and allowed it to turn under the control of the farmer at the wheel of the car. A large lever engaged the crushing and up-rooting mechanism that received its power from the engine. The photo highlights the disadvantage of using a saloon with the Blackberry and Gorse Destroyer; to get sufficient leverage, it was necessary to remove the driver's door.

It is not known how many C&T Farmer's Friend products were sold, nor if any survive, but what is known is that with the demise of the Cowley, the brand disappeared from the pages of The Farmer's, Orchardist's and Pig Fancier's Monthly. This, however, was not quite the end for Constable and Turner. Their patented, large scale, pneumatic-tyred caster wheels were much in demand a few years later, as tail wheels, used in the production of long-range bombers.

KELLETT'S CORNER



A very attractive woman was having a passionate affair with Paddy, a service man from "Bugs B Gone" pest control in Dublin. Time got away one afternoon in the bedroom and her husband arrived home earlier than expected.

"Quick! Get into the closet" she whispered, pushing him in stark naked and closing the door.

The husband, however became suspicious and after a search of the bedroom, discovered the man in the closet.

"Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"I'm a pest inspector from Bugs B Gone" said the exterminator.

"What might you be doing in our closet then?" he demanded.

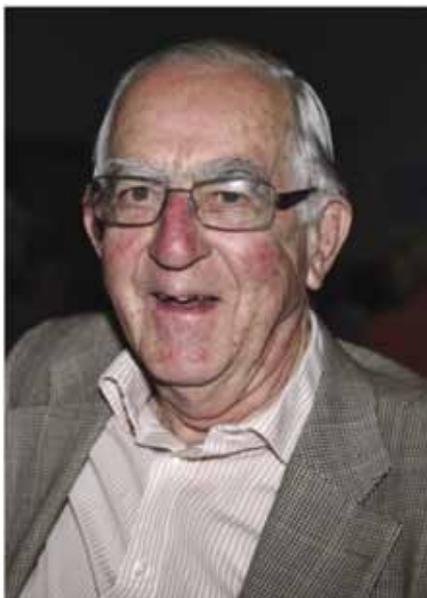
"I'm investigating a complaint about an infestation of moths" he answered.

"So where are your clothes then" demanded the husband.

Paddy looked down at himself and without hesitation replied "Those little Bastards!"

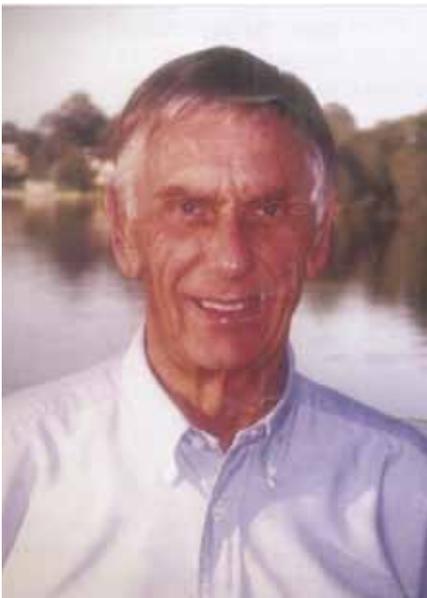


MEMBER'S NEWS



Vale Alan Martindale Kellett
4th May 1929 – 1st April 2017

Our Association was represented at the Celebration of Alan's Life by ten of our members who formed part of a large gathering of friends and family. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him. Tribute on page 2 of the Newsletter.



Vale Haydon Skudder
9th June 1924 – 3rd June 2017

Those members who attended the 2008 Bathurst Fly-in will recall our guest speaker Haydon Skudder, a former WW2 Spitfire pilot with No.66 Squadron RAF. His service included surviving a crash landing in Belgium caused by his engine cooling system being hit by anti aircraft gunfire, subsequently being returned to his unit through the underground movement, and partaking in dive bombing the Tirpitz in Norway, to mention just a few of his experiences. In his later years he flew his

Piper Arrow VH-BIB for pleasure until health prevented him from passing his aviation medical about 3 years ago. BIB presently lives at Cessnock awaiting a new owner. Forever the aviator, he recently sent an article for publication in our 182 Newsletter. Haydon passed away a couple of days after undergoing a knee replacement last month, just short of 93.



NEW COMMITTEE MEMBER
Welcome Barry Bransden to the C182 Committee. Here's a little of Barry's background...

Born in Launceston in 1949 I attended the Kings Meadows High School. My first job was involved with mechanical pea harvesting in the Gatton and Cowra area after which I spent 6 years as a spare parts manager for several agricultural and industrial machinery companies in Tasmania. I also had 7 years with E.D.I. underground machinery division as a parts manager.

I started North West Truck Centre in 1980 and sold the business in 1991 which grew from 2 men in a back yard garage to a staff of 17 in a commercial building near Burnie on the Bass Highway. This allowed me to embark on a new venture known as Tasmanian Horse Transport, running interstate between Tasmania and Queensland which Sandra and I ran for 17 years.

After selling the business in 2007 it was time to turn the page for a new chapter in our lives. Flying was definitely not on my bucket list but after purchasing some flying lessons for Sandra for her birthday, that was it.

We trained at the Wagga Air Centre where we purchased our first plane, a Tecnam P92. After 10 weeks of training I received the tick for my RAA certificate, Sandra had earned hers the year before but hadn't done any flying for 10 months. We were advised by our

instructor to head off on a trip to consolidate our training so we organised ourselves to circumnavigate Australia over an 18 week period. I am not sure if that is what he meant but it worked for us.

Before returning to Sheffield we discovered a C172, VH-UAC, for sale and thought that it might be a good idea to go GA. That is how we became involved with the C182 association and the rest is history



WHEN A BUSH PILOT HEADS TO THE BIG SMOKE FOR AN INSTRUMENT RATING
After many trips across Bass Strait as low as 500' due to changing weather conditions I felt it was time to upgrade to an instrument rating.

Steve Pearce from the Peter Bini Advanced Flight Training School was recommended by at least 4 fellow pilots, one of them being our own National President. After having passed my IREX exam 2 years earlier but not being able to continue until the avionics in our plane were upgraded, there was quite a bit of theory to catch up on. Working with Steve proved to be a positive move, not only because of his talent as an instructor and sense of humour but also because he is based at Moorabbin. Over the last 6 years I have flown into controlled airspace such as Launceston, Hobart, Alice Springs, Broome, Essendon and Moorabbin but have never had to deal with so many different frequencies in such a short space of time. There were times when I was trying to decipher what I was meant to do and all I could think of was "I am very busy". Needless to say my head was spinning at the end of the first week of flying. For those who don't know, I fly from a private grass strip at the base of Mt. Roland in the NW of Tasmania.

◀◀ CONTINUED FROM P.11

My advice to anyone who had to work as hard as I had to (maybe not having done my commercial between PPL and Instrument may have had something to do with it) is to recognize when you need a break, I didn't but fortunately Jennifer Graham did see it. She left it 3 weeks before phoning to see how I was travelling, I must have sounded totally drained. I was invited over to the Graham's home for the night and to enjoy a Saturday night roast, a far cry from what I had been sitting down to each evening.

After Jennifer's wonderful cooking and conversation, which included her time as an IFR student and Bill talking about instrument flying I went back to school totally refreshed and ready to work again. I would like to add that I was shown their generous hospitality a second time during my training, this was so good for my soul.

With the stamps in my log book and feeling confident Barry, Laura Jo (a fellow AWPA member) and I set off on a 7 week trip which took us as far as Darwin via Karumba.

Barry made a deal with me before leaving Tasmania, it went like this. "If we flew IFR I got to sit in the front left hand seat but if we flew VFR then I would sit in the right hand seat", I was able to clock up 52 hours with almost 4 hours in IMC conditions.

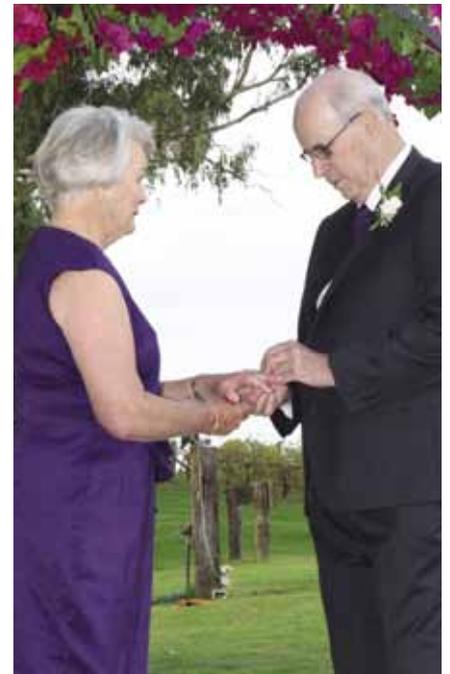
Steve was never further away than a phone call which also gave me a lot of confidence. I had not flown into Military airspace before and his briefings each time prevented me from bloodying myself.

Thank you Steve Pearce for opening up a whole new world of flying for me.



WEDDING BELLS FOR MARGARET AND LAWRIE

Purple was the theme for the wedding of Margaret and Lawrie Donaghue on a perfect April Day. The ceremony was held in the picturesque setting on the banks of the Macquarie River outside Dubbo with the setting sun reflecting in the river as a backdrop. Family and longterm friends attended and the ceremony was followed by a reception at Lazy River Estate. Our best wishes for a wonderful future.



1 ATE 2: IN FLIGHT MENU

Savoury Cheese Rolls

Grate and Mix together

- 125g tasty cheese
- 125g cheddar cheese
- 125g cream cheese
- 3 tbsp jerkin relish
- 1 sml onion fine cut (optional)

Roll mixture into log shape & cut into 3

Sprinkle 1tbsp curry powder & 1tbsp paprika on gladwrap

Coat cheese rolls - can be frozen for later use.



THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER (Continued)

◀◀ CONTINUED FROM P.1

- Is this encouraging new junior flyers or only assisting minimally those that are already committed?
- Is the spread of this assistance too narrow?
- Who are we encouraging-future private pilots or airline career pilots?
- Should we be aiming at something like Trial Introductory Flights (TIF) and providing a multitude of these aimed at creating the

initial aviation interest?

- Should we be donating TFI's to people in their fifties hoping that, with kids, careers, collapsed marriages etc out of the way they will have the time and funds to become mature age students, private pilots and future members of the C182 Association?

I wish to thank the committee members for their support and welcome Barry Brandsen as a new committee member. Andrew Lott did not renominate and I would like to thank

Lotty for all his work as a committee member. As well I would like to thank Peter Jones in his position as Vice President for his support and his ability to steer me in the right direction!

It is apparent that our arrangement for Peter to act as our AOPA liaison member is working well and AOPA have been appreciative of our support. He has a report on progress in the following pages.

See you all in Longreach and as Peter always said- safe flying!

ONLY LOTTY - Oh for a tall wheel - Pt2

Once we got the Cessna secured it was a matter of, what do we do now? 108nm from home or three hours if we had a car.

No children available to help. No spare undies. No toothbrushes. Smelly shirt. None of the comforts that would normally be carried if an overnight visit was envisaged. Fergus the wonder dog home alone and probably looking at his empty bowl.

Oh well! How about we see if there is a motel close by. Young Sam offered to take us to them so off to the best of the closest ones. They must have thought that we were silver spooners with unlimited budget, or was it the fact that we had no luggage or a car. Also no restaurant and none nearby.. Went to the next one which was near to the airport and is used to people like us. A basic room, clean, was provided and young Sam left us at about 8.30. Thank you Sam.

In the room and a welcome stress relieving Coopers Pale before deciding where to eat. We only had a short walk (0.6km) to where some food was available. When we got there I could see that there was a Vietnamese restaurant only about 600 metres further on. Ah!! My favourite food.

Alas, there were some sore feet in the equation so we turned into the Chinese smorgasbord on the corner. Wow! What a culinary delight. All you can eat?

Trays and trays of food. Last cooked about an hour before we got there and remnants only. Cold, sugar and salt laden offerings of tasteless pap, deep fried batter with dried pork inside, noodles with nothing, soggy steamed vegetables in a gluggy asianish style flavouring. We tried eating and they deep fried some offerings and bought them out. Blerkk. I hate westernised Asian food. Thoughts of the Vietnamese just up the road. Went back to the motel unfulfilled, had another Pale Ale and went to bed.

The next day awoke to a breakfast-less dining room. My LAME was able

to get to Adelaide at midday and he had to rob a nosewheel from a hangar queen that I could use until I could get mine fixed.

Went to the start of the Bay To Birdwood to see my brother and his vintage BSA, and cousins, then a late morning pie and coffee for breakfast before going back to Adelaide Airport to meet up with Rod from Gulfstream. He had a loaner nosewheel which was fitted and the old wheel was taken so that it could be repaired and the tyre fitted.

Filed another flight plan and gingerly taxied back to the scene of the previous days disaster. No problems detected and they all waved me goodbye. Must have been pleased to see me go.

Life returned to normal.

HOWEVER. What to do about the nosewheel.

Well it seems that DNLs little excursion off the tug when it tried to escape during the marathon journey from Runway 23, caused some damage to the rim that rendered it u/s. Where to get one? Gulfstream tried everywhere to get secondhand but could only obtain a new item. Huge cost for a bit of cast alloy. Hunted around some of my outback haunts and my aviation friends found a decommissioned Cessna with an intact nosewheel with the same part number. Beauty!! Negotiated the supply of it and got it to a workshop and then got Gulfstream to send me new tyre and tube. When that arrived the fitting process started.

That flaming nosewheel was determined to cause me grief. Same part number but different manufacturer. Used on both C172 and C182. Slightly different bearings and bearing caps that all fit but is it legal? Many opinions sought. Yes. No. Yes. No. Finally Yes. Wheel fitted and loaner returned. Thanks to Rod, Chris, Laurie, Graham, Mike and Tate who all had a hand in the resurrection of the nosewheel.

Would not have had this trouble with a tailwheel. Even with a flat tyre you could use the rim as a skid. DNL had better not do that to me again. Ever!

This is for my dog friends and my friends who need to smile...

An older, tired-looking dog wandered into my yard. I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he had a home and was well taken care of. He calmly came over to me, I gave him a few pets on his head; he then followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner and fell asleep.



An hour later, he went to the door, and I let him out.

The next day he was back, greeted me in my yard, walked inside and resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for about an hour. This continued off and on for several weeks.

Curious I pinned a note to his collar: 'I would like to find out who the owner of this wonderful sweet dog is and ask if you are aware that almost every afternoon your dog comes to my house for a nap.'

The next day he arrived for his nap, with a different note pinned to his collar: 'He lives in a home with 6 children, 2 under the age of 3 He's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?'

This is one of the best emails I have gotten in a while!



One year I decided to buy my wife's mother a Cemetery Plot as a Christmas gift. The next year I didn't buy her a gift at all. When she asked me why, I replied " Well, you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!"

They're removing the stitches next week !

Greg Thom continues his histories of C182s, this time with a difference...

In 1968, to advertise the introduction of the Morris 1100 series, a Round Australia Race was staged between a Cessna 182 VH-DST supplied by REX Aviation and a Morris 1100 from BMC, the aircraft being flown by two young girls, Anne Carter and Margaret Kently, and the car driven by Evan Green and co-driver Jack [Gelignite] Murray. They were accompanied by a C402 chaser aircraft. Here's the story as told by Anne, and published in Australian Flying, July 1968.



H-DST outside Executive Airlines Hangar 1 at Essendon Airport before the race. Pic. Peter Kelly.

The 'HareíÖ..still running.

Compiled by Greg Thom.

Forty nine years ago a Cessna 182 became part of Australian aviation historyÖ.and itis still flying today.

To the casual observer at Melbourne's Essendon airport in late April 1968 the sight of this Cessna 182 lifting off and tracking west would have barely raised an eyebrow, except that this particular aircraft was competing in a round Australia race. The British Motor Corporation (Australia), contrived a novel way to launch their new Morris 1100, by having a marathon race with an aircraft, coined 'The Tortoise and the Hareí.

For the race, BMC chose two very well-known rally racing drivers. BMC/Castrol works driver, Evan Green, and Castrol Test Driver, Jack Murray. Jack had driven ten times around Australia and had won the Redex Reliability Trial in 1954, covering the 10,000 miles in 14 days. He earned the nickname 'Gelignite Jackí through his habit of blowing up outback toilets, livening up his entrance to towns along the route.

The 'Hareí, was a factory new Cessna 182K registered VH-DST, supplied by REX Aviation, and crewed by 22 year old Rex Aviation instructor and charter pilot, Anne Carter with co-pilot, Ms. Margaret Kentley. Anne had previously won the 1967 Australian Women

Pilot of the year, and had flown across America in the 1966 Powderpuff Derby.

While one can only marvel at the women's achievement over the 10 days of the race, Carter's primary concern seemed to centre on her lack of wardrobe. Due to a mix-up in sizes with the shop that was supplying her

outfits, she ended up with only one dress for the entire race. Difficulties in applying make-up in mid-air before dealing with the press and doing television interviews en route also proved to be a major consideration for the female crew. In order to garner public interest in the event, Sydney radio station 2GB even ran a competition to predict the eventual winner. Operationally, the 182 was at a distinct disadvantage to the Morris in that it could only fly in VMC by day, whereas the 1100 was being driven non-stop by Green and Murray, and had been kitted out for long-range driving with a larger fuel tank and a passenger's seat which converted into a bed. Compounding the problem, weather conditions over a large part of the route could not have been worse for the 182, as the two women encountered low cloud and strong winds soon after departing Essendon, which forced them to 'escud-runí most of the way from Melbourne to Perth.

Conditions eased somewhat north of Perth and across the top end, only to slowly deteriorate again as they flew south over coming days. The 1100 was never far away and seemed to taunt the women, blasting its horn as it passed by the Motels in the early hours of



Green and Carter exchange pleasantries at Essendon before the race. Pic. Australian Flying (1968).



Carter and Kentley in the 182's office. Pic. Australian Flying magazine (1968).

the morning where the women would spend a fitful night trying to sleep, before rising at 4am to begin another day's ordeal. To add insult to injury, a debilitating throat infection was proving to be a severe handicap to Carter who, at one stage, in an attempt to cope with the virus, had handed control of the aircraft to Kentley while she slept. She was eventually woken by a nudge from a sheepish Margaret who said 'I don't know where we are!' The fuel tank gauges were showing empty and the aircraft was out of VHF radio range. Fortunately they saw a

large shed on the horizon, which turned out to be Victoria River Downs. After landing for fuel the two discovered they were 195 miles off course. An ailing Carter was later forced to spend time recovering in the Cessna 402 chase-plane, which carried the Press contingent, while a charter pilot, Peter Junesu, flew the Haref from Darwin to Mt. Isa.

The 182 was meant to land in Sydney but Carter decided to press on to Goulburn, much to the annoyance of the organisers who had arranged some PR activities for the ladies. While at Goulburn they received a suspicious message advising them to delay their start the following morning. Anne thought this might have been a trick by Murray, and decided to keep going to Melbourne, but there was to be no let-up for the two aviatrixes, who battled strong winds and low cloud all the way to Melbourne. The infamous Kilmore Gap, north of Melbourne, did not disappoint, forcing them down to 500 feet above terrain. They finally arrived at Essendon, tired but victorious at 8:35 am, surprising everyone. They declared a chock-to-chock time of 61 hours officially winning the race. The Tortoise arrived about 8 hours later, a distant second, and boasting an average speed of 50.8 miles per hour.



DST at Narromine in 2009. Pic. Peter Ricketts.



Hare and Tortoise in rare close proximity over the Nullarbor. Pic. Australian Flying (1968).

The race was over, but DST soldiered on. The aircraft was sold by REX Aviation later in December 1968 to Rex Goldsmith of Chatham, and after a succession of owners including a lengthy period with John Tully from the Victorian town of Beechworth, the aircraft, in 2016 was registered to Albury airport FBO, Arcav Pty. Ltd.



Compiled by Greg THOM

g.thom@bigpond.com

Talk to me about YOUR Cessna...!!!



KANGAROO ISLAND ATTENDEES

We had a total of 47 members and guests in attendance at Kangaroo Island for our 2017 Autumn Fly-in.

Frank & Lesley Lewis ; Tony Human & Gabriela Orford ; Elaine & John Stuart ; Jane & Andrew Hogarth ; Chris Hirst & Ruth Lindstrom ; Janine & Robert Terzi & Maggie & Rob Barnes ; David & Linley & Colin Crum & Warren Wadick ; Margaret & Bruce Church ; Sandra Southwell & Barry Brandsen ; Ryoko & Neil Davis ; Annie Haynes & David Crawford ; Jenny & Ross Bate ; Alison & Peter Jones ; Dianne & Trevor Corlett & Patricia Spencer ; Noella & Ian Spicer ; Mary Lee & John Wiggers ; Rosemary & Andrew Lott ; Sue & Stuart Thomson ; Judy & Leedham Walker & Max Paine ; Owen Bartrop & Mike Connell ; John Bestwick.

THANKS!

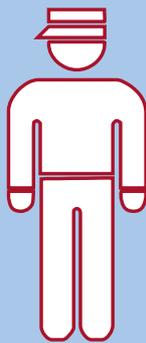
As always we are totally indebted to John Weston and his team, including magazine designer Donald Keys, for the final layout of this Newsletter and its absolutely superb reproduction.

EDITORS NOTE

In order to keep Members informed of happenings within our Association I need input from you, the Members.

If you have been somewhere, or had a grandchild, or gone bald, or some modifications to your C182, anything about you and your family, these all help to make the Newsletter interesting.

I am constantly on the lookout for things to include, hence the occasional article on a subject outside aviation. Your help please.



MERCHANDISE

At a recent Committee Meeting, it was decided to offer all existing Merchandise at a "once in a lifetime SALE PRICE" before we order further new stock. Currently we are holding a range of Shirts, Vests, Hats and Caps in various sizes and colours.

For details of these items, please contact Lesley Lewis on 0411 263 422 or Jenny Bate on 0427 844 097.

Join the Cessna 182 Association of Australia

JOINING US - It's easy!

Just download the
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION at
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Cost is just \$120 for 3 years

Contact Details:

Robert Terzi,
53A La Peruse St. Griffith ACT 2603
Email: secretary@cessna182.org.au

Also take a look at the Cessna Pilots Association
of Australia to find out what is happening:
www.cessnapilotsassociationofaustralia.org.au

EACH YEAR ENJOY:

-  A Fly-in in Autumn and Spring
-  Two Newsletters with News, Events, History etc
-  Incredible friendships with like minded people
-  Something different for everyone all over Australia



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Robert Terzi -
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