

Issue 54
March 2020

On-the-Step

Newsletter of the Seaplane Pilots Association of Australia



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Vice President Kevin Bowe recently announced his intention to step down from our committee. Kevin founded Air Whitsunday more than 45 years ago, and has offered much more to SPAA members than can be easily imagined. His steady manner, incredible knowledge and reliable support have all been invaluable. I am sure that you will all join with me in wishing Kevin and his wife Sue a very long and happy retirement!

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As we go to press, COVID-19 is changing our world in many unanticipated ways. Let's hope that the tough isolation decisions made by governments around Australia help to contain the spread of this terrible threat. Please remember to keep in touch with your friends and family by appropriate means, and please offer (or request!) support where needed. Experts also advise that regular exercise and access to bright sunlight can help if you are stuck at home for extended periods!

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Restrictions on public gatherings due to the coronavirus have put a stop to all SPAA events for the foreseeable future. Commercial seaplane operations around the nation are shutting down or severely scaling back operations because of the virus. The financial burden on businesses and individuals will no doubt be horrendously difficult, but I hope to see everyone back flying again later this year.

- \$ -

Our committee needs a mix of participants with differing ages, genders and interests. I am very pleased that some vibrant new members with great skills are stepping up to the plate. After taking on the role of President for



four years I feel that it is time to hand over to someone with a new enthusiasm and energy and so will be handing over the leadership at the next AGM. I am optimistic that our new committee will include some of those new members and will have the skills and experience to represent the interests of all seaplane pilots in Australia.

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Please enjoy this edition of On the Step. Your articles are always welcome, but especially over the next few months. If you would like to contribute to the SPAA newsletter, please email our Editor Keith Clark by email: keith.clarkservices.com.au or phone him on 0419 237 831 if you have any questions about format or size.

- \$ -

Fly Safely!
Malcolm Burns
0448 744 763
Rathmines NSW

A VERY OLD TRIP REPORT ROSE BAY TO LORD HOWE ISLAND

Gemuser (airliners.net)

Introduction

I left high school at the end of 1970 and started work for the then Department of Civil Aviation in early February 1971. This meant that I was due for holidays in January 1972! My very first holiday by myself!!! So what the big question was where to go? It so happened that a mate of mine, Frank had a sister (Ros) who was working at Pinetrees Guest House on Lord Howe Island, so why not go visit? Lord Howe is a tropical paradise some 400nm north east of Sydney, see the link below for details AND we'd get to fly the Sandringham!!! A quick exchange of letters (which took a couple of weeks, no email or even phones to Lord Howe, SW radio only, then) arrangements were made to stay pretty cheaply in staff quarters.

Next step was to contact Ansett Airlines of NSW (A of NSW) at their main office in Campbell Street Sydney. A of NSW was a subsidiary of Ansett Transport Industries (ATI), Ansett Flying Boat Services was a subsidiary of A of NSW. Although this trip report is about the Lord Howe trip, most of the photos were taken on the 3 charter trips I did with the Aviation Historical Society of Australia (AHSA) because it was dark on the trip over to LDH (Lord Howe Island) and I had a better camera by the time of the charters.

Operational Considerations

Flying boat operations are a bit different! They need to take into account water as well as air operations. Also LDH is a very small and isolated island outpost, so the operation is a bit like outback flying in some ways. The Sandringhams used the lagoon on the western side of the island; they were not open ocean flying boats. See: <http://www.lordhowe.com.au/lord-howe-island> (<http://www.lordhowe.com.au/lord-howe-island>) The lagoon is quite shallow, with large coral heads and the boats can only use it around an hour or so each side of high tide, so arrivals were scheduled around the high tide. This meant that the schedule to Lord Howe was somewhat screwy. Flights would leave RSE at whatever time was necessary to put them at LDH around the daylight high tide. Night take offs and landings were possible at RSE (Rose Bay Airport) but strictly prohibited at LDH. I seem to remember that night take offs were preferred to night landings, but am not sure, any more.

The sector time was around 3.5 to 4 hours and height was below 10,000 feet, sometime well below (unpressurised remember), depending on weather conditions. Boarding at RSE was usually from a floating jetty directly into the boat, sometimes by launch to the boat moored at a buoy. I

never discovered why the two methods were used. At LDH it was always by launch.

The only diversion water airport available was at Smiths Lake, about 300km north of Sydney near the beach resort towns of Foster & Tuncurry. Barrier Reef Airways, later Ansett maintained facilities there from the start of post war flying boat operations in the late 1940s until they ceased in 1974. LDH had a flight service facility, which also doubled as the Met Office. In normal operations flights would only leave RSE if the weather was clear at the island as the normal diversion point was back to RSE. Smiths Lake was strictly an option of last resort as it is quite isolated, even now, let alone in 1972. Fuel was carried for the round trip as fuel was not normally available at LDH.

The Actual Flight

Date: March 1972

Flight No?

VH-BRF

EDT: 2:00am

EAT: 6:00 am

The week before Easter 1972 Frank and I were dropped off at RSE by my grandfather about midnight. The small terminal was moderately busy with check in, but with only about 40 pax (don't remember the exact number) carried on each flight, the single desk served adequately.

The terminal was basically just one room with loos at one end, horrible brown/green lino (much favoured by the Australian Government, at the time) on the floors and hard wooden seats in serried ranks. The best bit was that you could sit near the window that looked out over the brightly lit dock and watch the pre departure activity. I don't even remember a vending machine.



With the cargo loaded and the fuel lighter pulling away the flight was called (literally) by the Purser at about 1:15

am. Considering the hour it was a pretty lively and happy throng (of 30 odd people) who made their way out of the building, along the path and down the gangway onto the pontoon. Boarding was thru L1, the large forward door.



We were seated on the left hand side, about half way back in the rear downstairs cabin, 4 abreast! [Unbelievable in contrast to today's 10 abreast]. Carryon under the seat, no overhead racks. Within a short time everyone was seated and the safety briefing was done before engine start, for reasons which will become obvious!

The engines started with the typical Pratt Wasp roar and conversation became limited to shouting in the ear of the person next to you. We were still tied to the dock, of course, no brakes on a flying boat. Full power and mag drop checks were done, engines to full (I assume) power, lines away and we shot off out of the dock and straight up Sydney Harbour, basically due north. The crash boat flashed passed the window a few seconds later. The noise of the engines was drowned out by the noise of the water rushing passed the hull under our feet. You could feel the boat lift a bit, then stop, we were "on the step" (I was later informed), the water noise decreased somewhat as we continued skimming across the water, to the point where I was becoming worried about Middle Head, how high was it again?

In due course, seconds in fact, hours it seemed, the water noise dropped to zero and we started to climb out. We turned left (W) and crossed the north shore of the harbour,

at a perfectly safe height, over what is now part of Sydney Harbour National Park, near Georges Heights and headed back toward the Harbour Bridge, over the Lower North Shore suburbs (incidentally where I now live). We turned left (S) again and ran down passed the bridge, east of the Opera House. Turning left again (E) we flew across the eastern suburbs, slumbering in the night. On reaching the coast the engines were throttled back, so that the noise was merely loud and we turned approximately North East and headed for Lord Howe, and that was the last thing to see out the window until we approached the island.

There was a refreshment service shortly after we left RSE, sandwiches with tea, coffee or juice.

About 3.5 hours later, dawn was struggling up from the depths of the Tasman Sea as we approached the island from the south west. We flew passed the southern end of the island and turned north and followed the east coast passed the mountains, beaches and forests. It was in fact the down wind leg of our circuit. We turned base parallel with the north coast and turned on to final just north of the mountains that guarded the northern end of the lagoon. As we turned I could see the northern half of the lagoon in sunlight and the southern end quite dark in the shadow of Mounts Gower (875 m) and Lidgbird (777 m).

We descended, skimming the tops of the northern hills, onto the lagoon, with a mighty splash, with water spraying up over the wing, the lower deck windows and underside of the wing got a through wash, although it was not rough landing by any means, quite smooth in fact, and rolled (floated?) out to the south.



After a 180 degree turn, quite fast and a bit exciting, we taxied back to the mooring buoy near the jetty in the northern part of the lagoon, where the Purser soon had us moored to the buoy.

Shortly after the boat was secure the airline's launch came along side and stopped outside the large L1 door and disembarking started, strictly as called for by the crew. We were in the second load, I think. A short ride later we were on the jetty being met by Ros and her boss. We waited a short while for the bags to come off, we were then loaded

into the guesthouse's mini bus and the eight or so of us were hauled off to Pinetrees, arriving about 6:30 am (local, GMT +10.5, from memory).



As breakfast was about two hours away we were served tea and toast (and the freshest pineapple juice I've ever had!) and given the introductory spiel all guest were given before we were escorted to our rooms to unpack and get ready for breakfast. The whole rhythm of life on the island was geared to the flying boat arrival/departure times so every establishment on the island was ready to deal with guests arriving/departing at any time during daylight hours. In fact in talking to Ros a bit later it turned out she and the cook were up at 4:00 am to get departing guest up and give them a light breakfast before delivering them to the wharf as we arrived.



Thus started 10 days in paradise!

The Return

The return trip, 10 days later was not as exciting for some reason. The trip to RSE was in VHBRC and we were seated upstairs. We embarked at about 1:00 pm and were soon ready to go.

We taxied to the southern reaches of the lagoon, turned and started our take off run to the north.

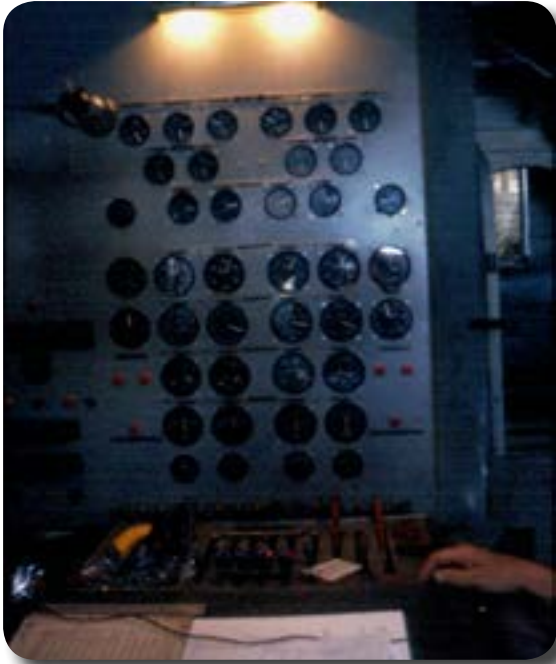
The following photos are a series of scenes from the AHSA charter trips which I hope give some idea of what it was like to fly in these magnificent machines.



Some Big Round Engines:



The Cockpit, taken while standing on top the main wing spar



The Flight Engineer's Station:



The Arrival Back:

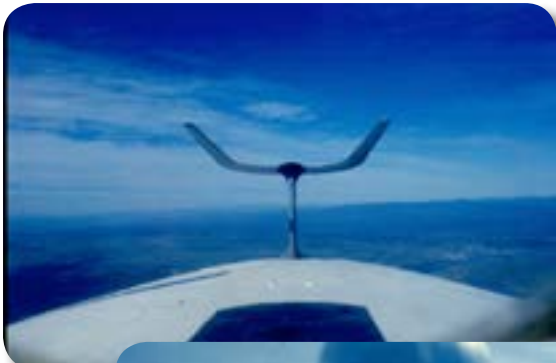


Bye Bye Flying Boats:



The Replacement (from the lagoon end):

Hope this was of some interest
Gemuser



Some Shots taken out thru the Navigators Sighting Dome:



Close up of a Big Round Engine

ENGLISH ELECTRIC'S FIRST AIRCRAFT AND ONE THAT FAILED TO TAKE-OFF.



In 1919 and following a substantial decline in business with the end of war work, the Preston-based Dick, Kerr & Company amalgamated with Phoenix Dynamo Manufacturing Company of Bradford and the Coventry Ordnance Works to form the English Electric Co. Ltd.

In 1920, it formed an Aviation Division with manufacturing based at Strand Rd, Preston and assembly with flight testing based at Lytham. Despite the Aircraft Design Team, led by W.O. Manning, being busily engaged in the creation of the Kingston, they decided to experiment with a small flying boat and so it is this that emerged as their first completed design.



The sole English Electric M3 Ayr (N148) on the River Ribble in March 1925

The Ayr was a single-engine, three seat Fleet gunnery and spotting biplane with a weight of some 3 tons and a wingspan of 46 feet. It had an intended crew comprising a pilot, wireless operator and an observer/gunner.

It was an unusual concept in so far that the lower pair of

wings (known as stub wings) were made watertight and buoyant to act as stabilisers (sponsons) when taking off and landing, thereby eliminating the need for wingtip floats. These were fitted directly onto the hull which had been designed by the famous award-winning sailor Linton Hope.

Two prototypes were ordered (N148 and N149) at a price of £9,550 each.

On 10th March 1925 the prototype (N148) was launched into the Ribble Estuary with Chief Test Pilot Marcus Manton at the controls. Taxying proved difficult as the aircraft rocked from side to side on its sponsons, submerging each lower wing in turn. With increasing speed, hydrodynamic lifting forces on the submerged wing became more pronounced and at 10 mph the wing shot out of the water, allowing the Ayr to continue planing on an even keel. It proved difficult to keep the aircraft on a straight course but Manton was able to maintain a course sufficiently straight for take-off.



Recovery of the English Electric M3 Ayr from the waters off Lytham

Unfortunately, at high speed water was thrown up from the bows which submerged the lower wings, causing the aircraft to dive once more and it refused to take-off from the water. More attempts were made but all were unsuccessful. That first prototype (N148) was the only aircraft to be completed as the second prototype (N149) was still in manufacture when English Electric closed their aircraft business in 1926.

Specification

Powerplant	One 450 hp Napier Lion IIb
Wingspan	Upper wing: 46 ft Lower wing: 30 ft
Max weight	(Estimated) 6,846 lb
Max Speed	(Estimated) 127 mph at sea level
Service Ceiling	(Estimated) 14,500 ft
Capacity	Crew plus nose- and rear-mounted 0.303 Lewis guns, provision for bomb carriage beneath the lower wings

Variants and Numbers

Construction of two prototypes (N148, N149) was begun, but only N148 was completed, and it failed to fly.

THE FIRST TWO-WAY FLIGHT FROM BRITAIN TO AUSTRALIA BY A SEAPLANE

Alan Cobham's DH50 G-EBFG aircraft following a flight from Koepang as part of the first two-way flight from Britain to Australia, and the first undertaken by a seaplane. On arrival at Darwin the aircraft was beached and the floats removed, converting it to landplane configuration with a conventional wheeled undercarriage. From Darwin, Cobham and his mechanic, Sgt Ward of the RAF, flew around Australia via the Qantas route, Narromine, Melbourne and then to Darwin via Adelaide, Oodnadatta and Alice Springs - he departed Darwin for Britain on 5 September after having the aircraft re-configured with floats again at Mindil Beach. Myilly Point in background.



(c) Northern Territory Library

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COHEN'S CARAVAN - SPACESHIP-2



Keith Clark

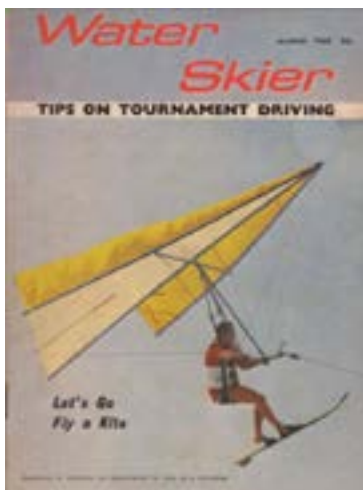
I am in awe of most pilots I meet, whether it be their flying skills, aircraft knowledge or just their outlook on life, but while visiting Wedderburn airfield during the middle of last year I met a guy who blew me away with his innate ability to design and build an aircraft like nothing I've seen before.

While Steve Cohen is a humble quietly spoken gentleman he appears to have a strong confidence in his ability as an aircraft designer and constructor. According to Steve, he left school early to pursue surfing and surfboard building and then became a pioneering hang glider designer, builder and pilot.



Steve's surfing days

While the addition of a third dimension of manoeuvrability captured his passion the restrictions of hang gliding eventually caught up with him and he sought powered flight. He was responsible for many early ultralights including the Stolaero, which hangs in the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney, the Condor, then the Avenger, the in 1982, the very popular Thruster, and finally the Sky Dart.



I guess I should not have said "finally" because Steve has just flown his most ambitious and radical aircraft yet. With all the new designs of flying boats appearing in recent years, such as the IconA5, ATOL..., all very similar designs, Steve has come up with a flying boat that is unlike anything ever seen before.

Referred to variously as the Spaceship, the Flying House Boat or the flying Caravan it is probably the most spacious light aircraft I have ever been in. With a huge cockpit that makes you feel you are sitting at the controls of a large



Steve's first ultralight, the Stolaero

transport plane with amazing visibility and a wide walkway between pilot and the co-pilot. You enter virtually walking into a gaping front opening canopy, you can even stand fully erect as you do so.

From the cockpit you can walk back into a spacious compartment that will house the kitchen and washing



The Thruster



The Skydart

facilities (I think), then further back to the sleeping quarters.

When I first saw this aircraft I seriously doubted that it could ever fly with the 100hp Rotax 912 that Steve had designed it around, or that it could come in at the weight that he had designed (I think it was around 450kg).

In December 2019 my doubts were laid to rest as Steve first took his houseboat to the air. Full performance details will come in time however Steve did report that it trimmed easily and flew easily cruising at 85kt with 75% power.

There is a good YouTube video of the project at;

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3Wf9ZvPgDmg>

Following some water work on Lake Illawarra Steve has identified some improvements he wishes to make including the undercarriage retraction (it was scooping up water and shooting it into the bedroom window) as well as the in-wing fuel tanks.

I look forward to being joined by Steve and his Spaceship-2 while playing in my Searey in the not-too-distant future.

Congratulations Steve, an awesome achievement.

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If you want to read more about Steve Cohen's early surfing, hang gliding and ultralight exploits go to

<https://www.swellnet.com/news/swellnet-dispatch/2017/11/06/long-read-soaring-and-exploring-steve-cohen>



It floats



It flies



Can't complain about access



Steve Cohen (standing) while I check out the space

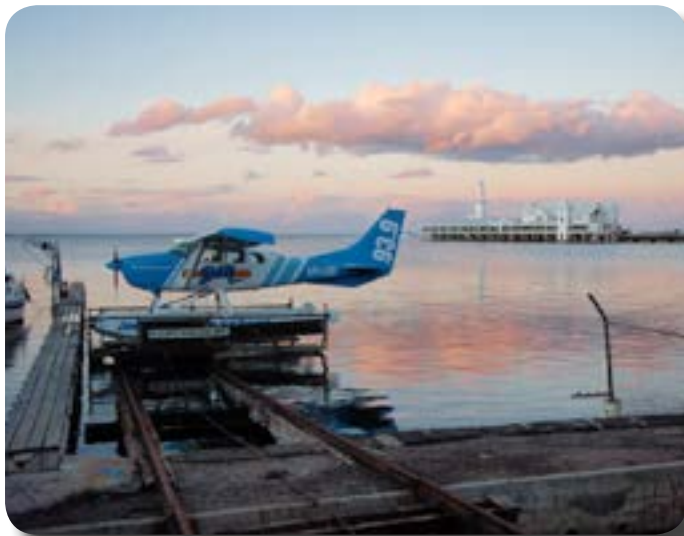
Up shit creek WITH a paddle!

Daniel Bolton

The winter westerlies had set in. The fresh cold air meant jackets and pants were a must. Winter's bone chill produced minimal flying for our company, as the Geelong Waterfront was the last place tourists wanted to spend their time.

I picked up Dad's car from his house, which was full of the company's signs and flags etc and drove it down to the pontoon to set up shop. I was a young enthusiastic pilot hoping to snag someone interested in a flight on a seaplane.

The straight float Cessna 206 was kept at an old shipyard along the Geelong waterfront, only a minute's drive from the pontoon. The yard included a shed, winch and slipway that allowed us to access the water. The waterfront ran east west, with the water to the north and Geelong's CBD to the south.



Directly east of our yard, and in between the floatplanes overnight home and the working pontoon, was Cunningham pier, an old port for Geelong's wool exports. By train they would make the journey to the end of the pier to unload their product onto the waiting ships. The pier was now mainly a carpark, littered with fisherman along its edges, leading up to an all-you-can-eat restaurant at the end.

I pulled up the slack on the winch line to kick-out the chocks. I then disengaged the gear, released the brake and set the 20,000-hour stalwart off into the water. The plane sat on the cradle facing west, parallel to the coast. Due to the westerly winds, I looped a rope around the front float cleat to stop the stationair being blown out of the cradle and into the open water without me. After locking the shed and closing the yard gate, it was time for me to fire up the aircrafts shivering continental for the journey around to the dock.

As an inexperienced pilot, (I only had about 400 hours at the time) I was lacking a thorough routine in pre-flight organisation. Gripping the wing strut, I pushed her out of the cradle and into the open. As I opened the creaky door and mounted my steed, I gave her an injection of fuel from

the electric primer. I grabbed down to the magneto switch to crank her over... No key.

"Oops," I thought. The dash. That's where I normally keep it. A quick glance and feel up top provided no answer. My heart sunk and a rush of guilt and adrenaline started pumping through my veins. I HAD FORGOT THE KEY!

"Ah! The spare key in the glove box!" Dad was clever enough to keep a spare key hidden away. As the winter breeze blew me further away from the dock and cradle, I leant over the co-pilot seat to retrieve the flight manual which contained my backup saviour.

"Where the f***'s the spare key!!" My mind flicked through last week's memories frantically for an answer. Suddenly the light bulb lit up. Dad had used it just days before but mustn't have put it back. Shit.

OK. It is time to think. How can I stop this boat drifting without an engine? I jumped to action and retrieved the anchor from under the seat behind the pilot. The danforth was hurled into the water with desperation, hoping for the catch of the day; the ocean floor. As the rope slipped through my hands to its end, I tightened my grip, expecting to feel the weight of my drifting career come to a stop, ending my nightmare. But it didn't! I could feel through the rope the anchor dragging itself along the floor of the bay, doing nothing but digging up the soft muddy-weedy bottom.

With no way to stop, I was now on a dramatically slow collision course with a pier full of wooden beams, steel struts and beady-eyed onlookers. I realised I needed help. A quick call to Dad will solve the problem.

"YOU DID WHAT!!" I was due a beating that's for sure.

"Bring the key and hurry up." I returned.



lifted the float locker lid, grabbed out the oar and started paddling for my livelihood! The paddle, feeling more like a stick, did nothing but slow down the inevitable, as the westerlies blew harder and harder.



Meanwhile back at senior Bolton residences, Dad had rounded up his partner Wendy and grabbed the keys for the plane, which were located strategically on the kitchen bench for his son to grab on the way to work. Like the slow motion of a man running away from an explosion, they scrambled into the car to attempt a world speed record for the drive from Newtown to the Geelong Waterfront. No red light spared a chance against the ex-policeman's heavy right foot. Within minutes the car had arrived at a screeching halt at the waterfront.

My arms were tiring but with the approaching pier only metres away I powered on. The arrival of the precious key was announced to the world by Dad's tonsils. I looked across to see Wendy entering the water. On the drive in they decided that Wendy would enter the water as she was a much better swimmer. However, with Geelong's winter waters a mere 14deg, her breath was lost straight away. Free stroke was no longer an option, back stroke it was.

The finish line was in sight and with that came my sprint. I paddled like a member of the awesome foursome to slow the planes drift down further.

The pier was now overshadowing me, and I could see the frustrations on the fisherman's faces as I started to encroach their territory. Wendy was almost at the plane and I timed

the stop of my paddling to perfection. I turned and met her at the stern of the float.

"Have you got the key?" I asked.

"What the f*** do you think I'm here for!" It was a stupid question in hindsight.

I rushed to the cockpit, stuck the key in and took a deep breath. She was a tough girl to start on a good day let alone on a cold winter morning. This prime had to be perfect. I slowed down my actions to make sure they were thorough and correct. I turned the key and.... boof boof BOOF! She was alive! A sigh of relief as the impending doom was now over.

Wendy climbed aboard shivering as I taxied the unaware seaplane around the pier to our dock. There standing on the pontoon was one angry father/boss, and I contemplated turning back and returning to the yard. I focused on the docking, timing my shutdown and heavy kick of right rudder perfectly. Wendy jumped out and was met by a cuddle of towels.

With the spare key returned and some new measures in place, lessons were learnt to ensure this didn't happen again!



**7 & 8 November,
2020**

**Check the SPAA website
in a few months for
details**

WELCOMERS JOIN LAST STAGE OF EPIC REINACTMENT FLIGHT

In early 1919, the Commonwealth Government of Australia offered a prize of £A10,000 for the first flight from Great Britain to Australia, under specific conditions. In May 1919, Billy Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, and Senator George Pearce, Minister for Defence (Australia), in consultation with the Royal Aero Club, stated that valid aircrews must all be Australian nationals, the aircraft must have been constructed in the British Empire, and the journey must be completed within 720 consecutive hours (30 days) and be completed before midnight on 31 December 1920. The departure point must be either Hounslow Heath Aerodrome (for landplanes) or RNAS Calshot (for seaplanes and flying boats), with reporting points at Alexandria and Singapore, and final destination in the region of Darwin.

Vickers entered a converted Vimy bomber (G-EAOU) (the registration being whimsically said to stand for "God 'elp all of us"), crewed by Captain Ross Macpherson Smith with his brother Lieutenant Keith Macpherson Smith as co-pilot and mechanics Sergeant W.H. (Wally) Shiers and J.M. (Jim) Bennett. The Vimy left Hounslow Heath at 8.30 am on 12 November 1919. It flew via Lyon, Rome, Cairo, Damascus, Basra, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Akyab, Rangoon racecourse, Singora (Songkhla) (in Siam unscheduled in heavy rain), Singapore, Batavia and Surabaya where the aircraft was bogged and had to make use of a temporary airstrip made from bamboo mats, reaching Darwin at 4.10pm on 10 December 1919. The flight distance was estimated as 17,911 kilometres (11,123 mi) and total flying time was 135 hours 55 minutes (131.8 km/h or 81.9 mph). The prize money was shared between the Smith brothers and the two mechanics. The Smith brothers each received a knighthood for this exploit, and the company presented their aircraft to the Australian government. It is now displayed at Adelaide Airport. (Wikipedia)

Another Smith, Michael Smith, has just completed his second world flight, this time he retraced the steps of Ross and Keith Smith's record flight. The story of his flight can be seen on Michael's "Southern Sun" Facebook site.

Michael found out about a new Russian amphibian, the Sea Bear, and had it manufactured to his specific requirements. He picked up the Southern Sun II in Russia and flew to UK to re-enact the course of the Smith Brothers in the Vickers Vimy from UK to Darwin, arriving there exactly 100 years later, to the hour, on 10 December.

On the final stages of Michael's flight he was joined by a small band of welcomers at Longreach. One of the welcomers, David Geers, has provided the following report.

Kevin Moore from Mackay and myself flew out to Longreach in our Searey's to catch up with Michael. I flew direct from Caboolture to Longreach which took 6.17 hours. Testing out our long-range fuel bladders.

The arrival at Longreach for Michael and participating aircraft in was a little disappointing with only a handful of



people witnessing the arrival. Dinner was at the local RSL with only a small gathering of the pilots.

The next day we flew to Charleville, 3.10 Searey hours, only 1.55 SeaBear hours! Arriving around lunchtime we

were able to take time to look around the town and tour the hotel we stayed in. We also had time to travel out to the area where the Vickers Vimy had its forced landing due to engine trouble, and check out the plaque that has just been newly installed. Charleville was very waterlogged after recent rains. Dinner that night was at the hotel with approximately eight local people joining us for a great pub meal.

The next day was direct to Caboolture fighting off a very strong head wind it only took 55 minutes for the Searey to climb to 9500 feet to avoid 20 to 30kn headwinds. 95% of the trip was conducted in clear blue skies, unfortunately the last 5% was somewhat marginal cloud and rain. Louise Humble flying in a Jabiru took the wise decision of landing and staying overnight at Kingaroy before flying to Caboolture the next day.

Two days at Caboolture, was a welcome relief, Friday was a rest day and a day to visit some museums, the Queensland air Museum in Caloundra and the TAVAS Museum at Caboolture.

Friday night was the Vimy dinner at the Caboolture Clubhouse with over 70 guests attending. This was a dress up event with nearly everyone getting into the spirit of the event. Michael Smith did a great presentation that kept



everyone on the edge of their seats, retracing his round the world flights and adventures. It was a fantastic night of food, dancing, presentations, and catching up with fellow aviators.

I don't know how the flying group did it but they were back at the airfield at 5.30AM to get an early start flying direct to Bourke and then on to Narromine.

PPS: There are a lot of people that need to be thanked getting everything together for this Centenary celebrations but Tom Lockley needs a special mention he really has gone the extra mile to get everybody organised

David Geers



FOR SALE

SUPER PETREL LS



One of the most exciting planes you'll ever fly! This amphibious biplane is a proven design, providing smooth forgiving stalls, excellent stability & comfort, incredible short takeoff distances from land or water, precise handling at slow speeds, & extremely stable crosswind landings. Factory built. Rotax 912 ULS w/ cruise speed @ 85-90knts, climb rate 65knts 700' per minute, stall speed 34knts / rotate 52knts. No flaps no carb heat = super easy landings & take offs. 10" Dynon Skyview. All logs & manuals. Spare parts. Water endorsement training available.

Location: Palmers Island, NSW

Airframe / Engine Hours: 545

Year / Mfg. / SN: 2012 / SCODA Brazil / SO260

Engine Data: Rotax 912 ULS - SN - 6.778.538

Propeller Data: Arplast - In flight Variable Pitch - 3 blade - PV 50

Instrument Data: Dynon Skyview 10" Avionics w/Oz Runways

Mapping, Dynon SV 261 Class 1 Transponder (NEW), Auto Pilot, Garmin Aera 550 Touch Screen GPS, Steam gauges - Speed / Altimeter / CHT / Amps / Water & Oil Temp.

Interior Comments: Spacious 46" interior, side-by-side adjustable leather seats, cabin heater, upper lower stowage compartment, forward stowage via hatch, lockable, headset holder w/Bose A20 & Zula.2 Lightspeed headsets, 2 paddles, fire extinguisher. Ray Allan G205 centre stick Grip w/trim & com. Excellent visibility with staggered wings. Dual controls. Manual retractable under carriage. Centre mounted magnetic compass. 4 point seat harnesses. Fly with or without side windows. Ergonomic LH throttle placement for precise handling... everything right where you want it.

Exterior Comments: Always hangared. Amphibious 3 blade pusher configuration biplane, sturdy carbon fibre airframe, impact resistant carbon Kevlar fuselage, Dacron fabric wings & rudder, 90 ltr fuel capacity / 5 Hour endurance, MOGAS or AVGAS, retractable under carriage into lower wing & nose (reduced drag), new tires & brakes w/stainless steel discs, landing & strobe lights, upper & lower wing winglets (reduces drag & turbulence), fuselage sun protection cover, custom vinyl graphics.

Excellent well maintained aircraft

Price: \$145,000 ono

Experience the true adventure of flying freedom!

Watch Lake Landing Performance Video

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o_qSV92UEX4



Fred Welsh

043 2277 589

fcwelsh@bigpond.com

FOR SALE – CESSNA 180 PLUS

Unfortunately, at 96 years of age I find that I may no longer pilot my C180 – VH-BNJ either on its EDO straight floats or on its normal land undercarriage wheels.

The aircraft is in “Brand new” condition. SIDS and 100 hourly maintenance completed. It has a factory Wing Extension Kit outperforming a normal C180. It is fitted with Vortex Generators and with VHF Marine Radio as well as Aviation VHF.

Although VH-BNJ is fitted with EDO straight floats it is not amphibious. However, the normal wheel undercarriage is available and included in the price.

Price is \$130,000.

Philip W Dulhunty
6 Bay Street
Greenwich 2065
9418 3881 Bus
9438 2720 Pvt 0413 431 441 Mob



Editor's Note: How many of us can only hope to be still able to fly into our 90's. You're an amazing man Phil.

Seaplane Pilots Association Australia (SPAA) is a not for profit organisation staffed by volunteers.

Its goals are to:

- ***Promote the safe and responsible operation of Seaplanes.***
- ***Advocate for equal rights and access to waterways for Seaplanes.***
- ***Engage with the Civil Aviation Safety Authority (CASA), Air Services Australia (ASA), industry stakeholders and other interested parties on Seaplane related matters and legislation.***
- ***Foster high standards of Seaplane training and airmanship.***
- ***Provide support and information to its members.***

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Stories, articles, photos and news are welcome and should be sent to: editor@seaplanes.org.au.

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