



FLY-IN DATES



Cessna 182 Association of Australia

2014-16 FLY-INS



2014 AUTUMN March 27 – 31 Renmark SA

2014 SPRING September 12 – 14 Cervantes WA

2015 AUTUMN 12-15 March, Kiama/Albion Park NSW

2015 SPRING September 11 – 13 Southport QLD

2016 AUTUMN TBA Hobart TAS

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

What a great Fly-in at Renmark, Saturday morning started with a 2 .5 hour presentation on Ageing Aircrafts by Casa Representatives Bob Holdsworth and Pieter van Dijk, unfortunately 2.5 hrs is not enough time to cover such an important topic.

At 12.30 we boarded The Industry for our trip on the Murray, I could not have thought of a more relaxing way to spend an afternoon, with good friends sipping champagne, lunch and then 3pm scones jam and cream, arriving at Wilkadene mid afternoon .

The menu stated , Creative Native Cuisine, I have to say I have not had such different flavors in an evening meal before ,it was very special. As a backdrop to our venue we had the Murray River flowing by, birds singing, plus we watched the setting sun, I am sure Wilkadene will stay in our memory for a long time.

Our guest speaker Howard Hendrick is an incredible person, he served in WW2 as a bomber pilot, flew many bombing missions and at the age of 90 is still driving, cooking his own meals, plus keeping house and the garden in shape.

During his talk on his war experiences I looked around at the 75 members, all eyes where on the man behind the microphone, he spoke for 40minutes but could have continued long into the evening, I spoke with Howard just before he left Wilkadene, he said he would be driving back to Loxton as it was only 55 kilometers and he likes to sleep in his own bed. Because of people like Howard, we owe so much to all the service men and women who fought for our country, to give us the life and freedom we have in

Australia today.

The Mallee Fowl restaurant food was excellent, a fitting venue to finish our Renmark fly-in.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Andy, for offering to host the Renmark fly-in at short notice due to the infrastructure problems at Echuca. Andy and Rosie, thank you both for such a memorable weekend, weather great, I am not sure who you talk to Andy about the weather, but could you put in a good word for the South West.

I would like to say thank you to the committee members and their wives for all the work they did on Friday receiving the members and assisting in so many ways.

Our 15th AGM was held on Sunday morning, we are in a very strong financial position, thanks to our treasurer Robert Terzi, as well as a rising membership.

We had two retiring Committee members, Vince Rehbein due to ill heath last year, we look forward to seeing him in the left seat in the near future.

Andy Lott, who served on the committee for a number years, two years as President, one as Vice President, unfortunately work must come first, I am sure he will return at some later date .

I welcome Lesley Lewis to the committee and look forward to working with her, Peter Jones is the new Vice President, with Andrew Hogarth as Secretary, I encourage anyone who has an interest in joining the committee to let that fact be known.

Our Cervantes Fly-in is fast approaching. It will soon be time to sort out the best way to fly to Cervantes. Brian and Gloria have a full weekend

planned for us. As a favour to Brian the fuel distributor will be at Cervantes on Friday afternoon to fuel our planes. Please try to plan your fuel so that you can uplift in the order of around 150 + litres per aircraft, so as to make the trip viable for the operator.

The March 2015 fly-in will be at Kiama / Albion Park, John Weston and Debra Plowright are the organizers for us, I have been told that Debra is a very determined lady a problem today will be solved tomorrow. It is shaping up to be an excellent fly-in, more news later in the year mark the dates in your diary 12th to the 15th March 2015.

Frank and Lesley have started on the spring fly-in at Southport 2015.

Hobart may be our Autumn Fly-in for 2016 hosted by Sandra Southwell and Barry Brandsen.

This year is the end of our 3 year membership period, membership fees of \$120.00 for the next three years will be due on January 1st 2015.

I look forward to catching up at Cervantes.

Fly safe and remember to AVIATE, NAVIGATE and COMMUNICATE.



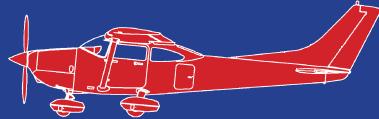
John Stuart



RENMARK FLY-IN PAGES 2-5



APPROACHING FLY-INS



CERVANTES W.A.

Not long now to Spring Time in Cervantes! Our W.A. members have put together a great program which includes our regular Friday "Meet and Great" gathering and a Saturday morning tour arriving at the Indian Ocean Lobster Factory for a tour and lunch. There will be an afternoon tour to Mt Lessuer for the Wild flowers and rounding off the day with our Gala Dinner at the Cervantes Pinnacles Motel.

Sunday morning at leisure with lunch at the Pinnacles Motel, afternoon departures for those travelling to Busselton where their Aero Club is hosting a B-B-Q for us. More information on this activity via an Email shortly.

Avgas will be available at Cervantes and Brian White asks all members attending to uplift as much fuel as they can to make the trip to Cervantes Airport for the tanker as economical as possible. Friday afternoon refuelling is planned.



The Pinnacles - Cervantes WA.

AUTUMN 2015 TO KIAMA/ALBION PARK (YWOL) - WOLLONGONG



Our initial plan for this Fly-in is well in hand, thanks to local members Debra Plowright and John Weston, who with their local knowledge have put in place some great activities.

The airport is identified as YWOL Wollongong and is the home of HARS, the Historic Aircraft

Restoration Society, which houses arguably the best collection of historic aircraft in Australia, including military and commercial.

A tour through the Museum hanger is a must - there really are lots of interests for all.

Final details on this Fly-in are still "work in progress".

FRI MARCH 28 ARRIVALS & REGISTRATIONS - RENMARK



We had a glorious day for the arrival of our members, however this was spread over 2 days due to weather in the East preventing and/or delaying departures. Two planes came in on Saturday, one so late they literally "missed the boat" and several determined members having to resort to commercial travel so as not to miss out. Our WA members were plagued with aircraft problems, so they didn't make it - however that should not prevent them from being at Cervantes!!! as they are on home ground and running the show!



C182 FLY IN YREN SA MARCH 28-30, 2014

This account of the weekend is from Annie Haynes and no correspondence will be entered into!

How exciting a Fly In that's only an hour from home and to the South Australian Riverland at Renmark on the mighty River Murray. I love the Murray having spent many holidays as a child at both Morgan and also Goolwa where the river flows out to the sea – when the other states let enough water get down that far.

There was much traffic calling in Renmark bound as we approached and also a good number of aircraft already on the ground. The sign of a good weekend with great people. Lottys' hangar was HQ for Registration and the Airfield was abuzz with arrivals, refuelling and parking . New friends to be met and old friends to be caught up with! The show has begun!

Off to the Renmark Hotel a wonderful icon in the town first built in the 30's and many additions to accommodate the growth since that time. David and I were housed in the original building on the 2nd floor and although the refurbishers have yet to get there, the view both up and down the river more than made up for the outdated decor. We had a door onto the balcony affording uninterrupted views of the river and with the perfect weather we were enjoying what more could you ask for.

Perhaps I will describe what I see. Over the road are manicured lawns with picnic areas and moored at her wharf to the right is the PS Industry a regal old lady who still plies the river but her cargo these days is tourists . A hundred metres to the left is the most extraordinary vessel. A floating Steptoe and Son. The 'Captain' is in his lounge chair at the stern with rod dangling and smoke rising from a crooked chimney indicates the wood stove is alight. This vessel is festooned with gum branches a windmill and clothes line and all other homely accoutrements of outback Australia in a bygone era. There's the friendly dog and the chooks are pecking at grain scattered on the deck seemingly unfussed by the onlookers. There's a sign indicating it appropriate to make a donation



should you wish to take photographs. This 'rivermark' is not something you can ignore and to the visitor it is delightfully quirky and amusing, however, I believe the locals don't necessarily share that sentiment.

Anyway it's time for RR&R – refresh, re dress and regroup – the latter of which we do on the balcony of the Renmark Club overlooking the river for pre-dinner drinks. I think I mentioned the weather is perfect and the volume of chatter and laughter is rising. Time to go in for dinner and we are welcomed to Renmark by Lotty and the Mayor Neil Martinson. We enjoyed a lovely meal and as we have come to expect 'The Pirate' – aka Alan Kellet – was in form and entertained us with several of his excellent jokes before it was time to stroll back to the hotel to rest up for the next day.

Saturday we awake to another perfect day – did I mention my love of the Riverland ?-breakfast and then a choice of retail therapy or a presentation by CASA on Ageing Aircraft by Peter Van Dyke and Mal Wardrop. I resisted the urge for retail therapy and attended what I found to be both an interesting and informative presentation.

Next on the agenda was a brisk walk to Nan Hardings' Art Gallery. The Gallery is in two buildings one housing works depicting the History of Australias' Bushrangers and the other housing an amazing collection of wartime memorabilia and Warbird paintings all done by Nans' late husband Frank. The Warbird paintings are all signed by men who piloted the aircraft in the wars and there is a wonderful recorded commentary in both buildings. Frank was all but a self-taught artist but he did have a famous relation - Pro Hart - who taught him a few tricks of the trade. Some of Franks' work reflects Pro's influence. Franks' works are fabulous but not for sale.

A lap of a block or two and we head to the wharf to board the PS Industry for a leisurely meander up the river for

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C182 FLY IN YREN SA MARCH 28-30, 2014



the afternoon. This wonderful elderly lady is lovingly maintained by a passionate group of volunteers, the youngest of whom is 13 but he has been aboard since he was 9. The others are older! Their love for the vessel is clear and the history books displayed on the dining table are testament to the amazing life of the river and the vessels who plied their trade in days gone by. We enjoyed lunch of sandwiches and fresh fruit plus afternoon tea of fresh scones jam and cream – we were still peckish of course. There were a number of our chaps very happily chatting to the engineers about the beautifully maintained steam engine. The 6 tonnes of wood in the hold was to provide around 12 hours of steaming. The magic of the river is all in the fact that every bend provides a different scene. Sometimes a sandy beach jutting out on the bend, sometimes a stretch lined with willows sometimes a lagoon with many dead river gums branches off the main stream and is home to the many species of water birds. Then there are the majestic sandstone cliffs rising out of the water to lofty heights and constantly changing colour as the sun moves through its daily cycle. Pure heaven!

Our destination is upstream at the Woolshed

Brewery so named from the fact that the shed was originally built for the purpose of shearing sheep. Having tied up alongside the bank, we walked the plank, thanked and farewelled the crew and clambered up the bank to sample a paddle of the Woolsheds' wares. Amazon Ale, Judas the Dark and Summer Ale to name a few. We felt it only fair to try them all! Our dinner tonight is a treat from 'guest chef' Andrew Fielke the founder of Red Ochre Grill Restaurant – bush tucker. The dining area is outside on a two level deck overlooking the magnificent river with stunning river red gums towering up and over us as the sun sets and later the moon rises. We are served a seemingly never ending selection of tasting plates of 'bush tucker' fit for a king. The food is absolutely delicious. The flavours are sensational and within those we sample fresh, smoked and dried meats and appropriate herbs, spices and vegetables. Yummo.

Another highlight of the night is our guest speaker. This gentleman - Howard Hendrick - is 90years young, sharper than the average tack and an ex Flight Lieutenant in the RAAF in WW2 flying amongst others, Lancaster Bombers. After the war he had a career in the Airlines. His life



story was amazing and his story telling was engaging to say the least. An honour to meet such a wonderful gentleman.

Fines were duly collected for various misdemeanours whether or not the party is guilty! This resulted in a generous donation of \$800.00 being made to the Uniting Church in Renmark who provide a midday meal to those less fortunate every Wednesday. Apart from a little support from Rotary they are an unfunded group so it is wonderful to think our fun and nonsense could assist them. Our return to town was by bus and

I didn't hear anyone suggest they couldn't sleep that night.

Sunday and we wake to another perfect day. Off to the AGM, short and sweet with a new committee being formed for the coming year and a list of destination suggestions for future Fly Ins. The bus is now waiting so off we go. First stop the airport where members of the Gliding Club are providing us with a sausage sizzle for lunch. No ordinary sausages this sizzle. Lotty had done his snag homework and the club members dressed them up with some delicious salads. Just when

we thought we had finished we were presented with a tempting array of homemade cakes and slices to add to our waistlines – which of course we did!

Fully replete we farewelled a few who had to head for home but the rest of us mounted up again and off we went for a tour of Renmark and surrounding district. A special treat was a behind the scenes look around the huge complex of Almond Co. this state of the art facility is a Cooperative. Fellow aviator and good mate of Lotty's, Richard Smart, has his almonds processed here. He is a shareholder and past board member, hence we were able to get a wonderful insight into the workings of the business. We rewarded their trouble with numerous purchases from the beautifully presented retail shop with delicious wares of everything almond. Having stowed our purchases on the bus we were off to the look out over the vines and fruit trees that are the life blood of the town.

Last on the days agenda was dinner at the Mallee Fowl. This is a museum of all things farming and funky. Knick knacks too numerous to mention is the best way to describe this delightful establishment which is on the market. However, that's not all the Mallee Fowl has and we were in for a treat of a meal. The choices are many and by all accounts I heard numerous mmm's of approval as we all tucked in. Scarcely able to walk we waddled to the bus and headed for the Hotel.

Monday and the weather is still perfect but it is time for much hugging and farewells until next time . We have talked and laughed ourselves hoarse and so we are airborne for 'Holmwood' Lucindale S.A.

What more can I say other than a huge thank you to Lotty and Rosie and the working party Di and Trevor. We appreciate all you did to make the weekend just perfect .David and I just love the 182 Fly Ins.

Annie Haynes



SINKING OF THE "S.S. FINGAL"

Told by survivor John R. Bird, a Deck Boy, 15 year old

The "Fingal" departed Sydney at about 9am 4th May 1943 after loading general cargo of canteen supplies, topped off by large steel buoys destined for Darwin, the steel buoys for a anti-submarine net for the harbour there.

We had a great deal of trouble with the wharf labourers who resented a ship's crew member watching the in hold work from the top of the hatch. They were not going to be spied upon and threatened several times to strike. They were broaching; breaking open many of the cartons of biscuits. PK's and general stores which were in those days pretty hard to buy; and desired no witnesses to their thefts.

Soon after leaving the heads we picked up our escort; the "U.S.S. Patterson", an American destroyer, which kept a zigzag course ahead of us. 5th May dawned, there was a rather windy choppy sea today, all went along well until 1.30pm.

My job as Deck Boy was to bring the sailors food aft from the galley, then wash up after the meal; then go up on deck to help the day deck crew. Our quarters were on the port side stem of the vessel. I had just finished my chores, 'and for the first time in my sea life was feeling a little sea sick. I took a chance to have a five minutes spell in my bunk, hoping the bosun would not come down and find me.

I climbed into my top bunk when a terrific explosion occurred. The force of it bounced me from the ceiling to the floor, where quite dazed I thought it was violence on the part of the bosun. Water started pouring down the rear ladder (double stairs) to the deck; I then realised the ship might well be sinking.

On reaching the stem of the ship the single propeller was shooting spray high into the air. I then noticed a long white trail of wake coming from right to left across and very close to our stem. I realised it was a torpedo that had missed us, wonder if we will get another one, I thought. I had put on my life jacket, I hadn't even done it up. I started to run towards mid-ships and was on number four hatch when another violent explosion sailed me high into the air.

I landed back on the hatch which was now half open with the canvas covers all shredded. My leg got caught on something and I thought 'If this is dying it is pretty easy', I then blacked out. Unbeknown to myself an elderly Norwegian crewman, came upon the scene, finding me lying on the hatch unconscious; did my life jacket up; then as the water was then flooding around his feet, he carried me and put me overboard into the sea.

The sinking ship must have taken me down somewhat as I have recollections of swirling water. I woke up floating in the sea with another Norwegian seaman with me. Apparently I was mumbling about swimming ashore, and he slapped my face several times and I became aware of the situation, we were holding on to floating timber.

Several times I thought I saw dark shadows pass under me, and the thought of sharks was not a real concern for the state of mind I was in. Soon we drifted to an upturned damaged lifeboat, with several men sitting on it; and I was allowed to climb half onto it. Several more men soon drifted to us, they only held onto the upturned lifeboat, it wasn't very buoyant.

The sea was quite rough now and occasionally we had glimpses of the American destroyer zooming around,

dropping depth charges; the concussion of which we could feel in the water. Later we learned that the destroyer was virtually under orders to leave the scene, because of its own danger, and it was soon fast disappearing towards the horizon.

A RAAF, Avro Anson Aircraft appeared overhead and wriggled its wings as a message that we had been seen, it disappeared. What later happened was that one of the aircraft witnessing the scene flew after the destroyer and heliographed 'survivors at scene of sinking'. The destroyer captain then made a decision to return and look for survivors, by this time it was at last light, after 5pm. The "Patterson" lowered a seine boat quickly, then sped off and the seine boat travelled around finding those of us that were in the water.

In all 19 saved and 12 lost. All the day workers in the deck crew lost their lives, with whom I should have been working. We were soon taken aboard the destroyer, and the following morning taken into Newcastle Harbour. Those of us who could walk were declared okay, the sick and injured taken to hospital. I was given a few clothes by some charitable organisation, then a train to ticket to Sydney. I arrived home the last ferry to Manly at midnight to knock on the family door to announce I had been torpedoed. No medical check up, no, what do they call it now days?? Counselling.

The "Patterson" crew were having an emergency drill when the "Fingal" was torpedoed. It rather shocked them, and their radio to Naval Headquarters in Sydney read; "Fingal" torpedoed, then immediately they added the postscript' and sunk out of sight'. First torpedo to the second and the sinking of the ship took less than one minute.

Those aboard the "Patterson" did not believe there could have been any survivors, because of the violent explosion and the great pall of smoke, steam and debris blown high into the air. It is interesting to note that my pay as Deck Boy on the "Fingal" stopped on the 5th May.

It was several weeks before I joined another ship and my pay began again. The hospital ship "Centaur" was sunk further North, near Stradbroke Island about a week later. Different submarines, the Japanese that sank the "Fingal" was the I 180 and the captain's name was Kusaka, the sinking took place approximately on the horizon of Crescent Head.

It was indeed fortunate that we were picked up that same day, as many of us wouldn't have lasted over night.

As what happened with the "Centaur" sinking, sharks took a heavy toll of survivors the following day, I don't think that this is a well known fact, but a little too shocking to publicise.

Myself and Bernie O'Brien who is now or was living in Long Jetty, North of Sydney, are the only living survivors in Australia. He has a vivid recollection of swimming in the water with thousands of MINTIES, that had burst from their cartons. The slogan 'It's moments like these you need a MINTIES', could never have been truer.

There well maybe other survivors in Scandinavia, but as I was only 15 at the time, they would be in there 80s and older now. I have learnt in later years Captain Richardson's Norwegian wife was living in Sydney, with two toddler sons, she was devastated by her husband's death.

One son lives in Norway, the other immigrated to the US and is an engineer there. The "Fingal" had been under air attack in Rangoon and Darwin earlier, she was very old, small antiquated coal burning ship. It has no fresh water showers for the crew aft, salt water only, and we washed with buckets of hot water from the galley. There was no refrigeration and huge ice boxes were filled in port, they didn't last long. Its speed was less than 7 knots.

Looking back, the torpedoing never really worried me until a few years ago, it is only since then that I suffered anxiety and sometimes wake up, with the event very clear and frightening in my mind. A bigger fear was being aboard a fully lit un-armed Swedish vessel right across the Pacific to Canada and the US that used to actually stop for lifeboat drill, lowering the boats and actually rowing around the ship, and to row some distance if the weather was good.

I often wonder what the fate would have been of Australians like myself aboard should a Japanese submarine had surface to check the crew list. I suffer hearing loss from which I presume was the torpedo explosions. Bernie O'Brien has had numerous ongoing complaints since the event especially now in his later years.

He ingested a lot fuel oil at the time of sinking and spent time in hospital after the event. Figures for all Merchant Seamen during Second World War, was on a capita basis far greater than the armed forces.

At war's end it took many years before we were afforded ex-servicemen's status, but we never received any benefits such as the Armed Forces receive.

This was signed by John Bird





Cessna 182N , VH-EIQ. (18260070).



VH-EIQ (18260070) having a few prop nicks filed at Alice Springs, NT, in November 1979.

Pic. Author

When most average punters out there think of the word Cessna, they immediately conjure up images of millions of mass produced spam cans.

While there is an element of truth to that notion, the numbers of aircraft manufactured for the individual model years was large , but , when analysed, nothing more or less than Boeing or Airbus might produce.

In the case of the Cessna 182N which was destined to supersede the 182M in 1970, there were only a total of 770 produced for world wide consumption. (18260056 to 18260825)

The 182N had a two year tenure, and when one looks at the total number of examples imported into Australia it can be seen that the 'N' wasn't as prolific as popular opinion may suggest.

To date, only 17 examples of the 'N' have been imported into Australia , the first being 18260069 , VH-EIP.

It was built by Cessna in mid 1969 , and registered to premier Australian Cessna dealer REX Aviation, in December 1969 .

All 182N's imported into Australia arrived between 1969 and 1978, the only exception being , 18260518 , which would become VH-LMG in February 1984.

The subject of this article, 18260070, number 15



The sad remains of 18260070 , VH-EIQ at Manbullo strip, NT.

Pic. R. Legg

off the production line was imported by Rex as part of a batch shipment and arrived at Bankstown with 18260071, VH-EKE and 18260072 , VH-EKF.

Though allocated U.S. registration N92161, the aircraft would not carry these markings being painted as VH-EIQ before leaving the factory. Following shipment to Australia and assembly it was registered to Alex Swinton of Kulnurra, near Gosford, on March 13th 1970.

The aircraft was operated from Mr.Swinton's private strip at Kulnurra, and it was near this strip on November 30th, 1975 that the aircraft failed to out climb rising terrain after an attempted go-around in less than ideal conditions ,and was badly damaged .

After recovery to Bankstown and a rebuild , the aircraft returned to Mr.Swinton in 1977, spending the next twelve months with him before being sold to Andre Rosenberg of Casuarina, Northern Territory in January 1978.

In February 1980 my records show the aircraft's ownership transferred to Icarus Aviation Services at Bankstown. It is suspected that the aircraft never moved to Bankstown as this author photographed the aircraft at Alice Springs in November of 1979 , and ownership passed to Merv. Fowler of Alice Springs in August 1980.

Mr. Fowler moved to Anula in the Northern Territory in February 1981, and sold the aircraft to Peter Litchfield of Millner in the N.T. on the 28th of September 1982.

Almost two months to the day later ,while attempting to land at the tiny island of Dum In Mirrie ,about 50 kilometres west-south- west of Darwin the aircraft encountered shear, landed very heavily and was substantially damaged.

It was subsequently written off , and was struck off the Civil Register on the 29th of November 1982.

It's subsequent whereabouts remained a mystery until August 2009 when Darwin aviation identity, Russell Legg discovered the sad remains of 'EIQ at the mosquito-infested former World War II airstrip at Manbullo near Katherine.

The aircraft had been converted into a training aid by the resident parachute club but had been abandoned by them when they moved to Batchelor some years earlier.



Compiled by Greg THOM

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

1 ATE 2: IN-FLIGHT MENU

LEMON SHORTBREAD ROUNDS

Ingredients:

- 250g (8oz) gluten-free flour
- Pinch salt
- 150g (5oz) butter
- 90g (3oz) castor sugar
- Zest rind of 1 lemon
- Lined tray (baking parchment)

Method

1. Heat oven to 180C
2. Put flour & salt in bowl & rub in butter, stir in sugar & lemon rind.
3. Mix these ingredients until they start to bind together to form a dough.
4. Shape dough into bite size discs about 1/2" thick. Place on tray.
5. Bake for 10-15 mins, or until they turn slightly golden.
6. Pack in container to freeze for up to 1 month.
7. Defrost before serving - can be re-warmed slightly to refresh them



RENMARK UNITING CHURCH
P.O. Box 273,
RENMARK S.A. 5341

The Secretary,
Cessna 182 Assoc. of Aust. Inc.,
C/O Mr. Andrew Lott.

Dear Andrew,

We wish to express our gratitude to your association for its generous donation of \$800, to be used for our Wednesday lunches.

These lunches are for the less privileged people in our community and provide not just a meal, but a chance for meeting other people, mingling with some of our own folk, and to generally have a pleasant and social time.

Please be assured that your donation will be used 100% from these lunches with no administration costs whatsoever coming into it.

With best wishes and God's Blessings to your organisation.

Renmark Uniting Church,
Per *Alec Ayling* se.
Alec Ayling

March 18, 1955 THE COMMERCIAL MOTOR 23



The sleeping baby test

Wait till your baby is asleep; then put it in the back seat of your car. (If you haven't got a baby, borrow one.) Now fill up with Shell with I.C.A. and go for a drive. Try tickling over, driving slowly, accelerating, cruising. Don't, of course, brake violently, swerve sharply, or hoot loudly. Above all, don't sing, though the way Shell makes your car behave may easily make you want to.

Assuming well surfaced roads and good springs, the baby will stay asleep. *This means that Shell with I.C.A. makes your car run more smoothly.*

Why? Two main reasons. The I.C.A. in Shell prevents pre-ignition, which is the main cause of engine roughness. At all speeds your engine turns over more smoothly and more quietly. This means better performance and longer engine life.

Secondly, Shell has better "mixture

distribution". This means that an exactly equal amount of petrol vapour enters each cylinder on the induction stroke, so each piston is driven with exactly the same force. Your engine runs as smoothly and efficiently as it can.

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WITH
I.C.A.

the most powerful petrol you can buy

AGM & NEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The AGM saw a couple of changes to our Committee, Andy Lott's business commitments are precluding his involvement with the Committee at present. Lesley Lewis has taken his place and Andrew Hogarth will perform the secretary's duties whilst Rob Terzi remains Treasurer.

LESLEY LEWIS: NEW COMMITTEE MEMBER - AND NICOLAS

I have to admit that I was born in Canberra and spent all my school days there. On leaving school I won a Dept of Territories cadetship to train to teach in PNG. After two years at ASOPA in Sydney and equipped with both NSW and PNG Teacher's Certificates I headed off to start a wonderful life in the land of the unexpected. I taught for over 45 years in an amazing variety of schools; from some with grass roofs and no floors,



to well equipped establishments to rival any in the world. My students were just as varied. They included expatriates from many countries and PNG nationals of all ages and grades; all so eager to learn that my job was a joy.

When Frank and I married in Lae in 1970, I had to resign my permanent position and rejoin the Education Dept as a temporary. (Where were the women's libbers then?) After a few more interesting moves our interest in boating developed and we moved back to Brisbane to build our yacht, Tamilaini. I continued to teach down here and also did a degree or two, just to keep busy when I wasn't up to my ears in resin and glass.

With the boat launched, we decided we needed crew and so when we sailed off back to PNG in 1985 we had toddlers, Kyrran and Nathan helping out.

Most of their early childhood years were spent in Alobau, Milne Bay, where I was principal at the International School and they had to put up with 'Mrs Mum', as their teacher. All our school holidays and weekends were spent cruising among the lovely Milne Bay Islands. What a life!

During this time Frank's interest in flying got the better of him and he got his PPL, we bought our current Cessna, P2 ROP and so a new phase began. Most of my navigating in those days consisted of, "don't go near that mountain!" But we were both hooked on this way of travelling. We moved to Kimbe where I finished my teaching career as Principal of the Company's International school for five years.

After a year back in Alobau, supposedly retired, we began the move down to QLD. First we flew ROP down to the Southport Flying Club, where she was completely refurbished, and changed to VH RQP (and I became known as the 'Stripper', (of paint, of course).) Then began our fascinating flying trips around Aus and our 182 Association connection. And now I do the navigating with my ipad with not so many mountains to avoid!

We spent five years moving back and forth between Alobau and the Gold Coast, working on Tamilaini and then sailed her back here at the beginning of last year. (The toddlers, now in their thirties were crew again!)

Next job (after we finish renovating this house) is to give "Tamilaini" some TLC. Such is retirement!

MONOPOLY - I DID NOT KNOW THIS!

You'll never look at the game the same way again!)

Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British Airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the Crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape...



Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where stuff was, but also showing the locations of 'safe houses' where a POW on-the-lam could go for food and shelter.

Paper maps had some real drawbacks - they make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet, they turn into mush.

Someone in MI-5 (similar to America's OSS) got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads, and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatsoever.

At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington, Ltd. When

approached by the government, the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort.

By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly.

As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category of item qualified for insertion into 'CARE packages', dispatched by the International Red Cross to prisoners of war.

Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass-producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were regional system). When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add:

1. A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass
2. A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together
3. Useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set -- by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square.

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWs who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who

did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Government might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another, future war.

The story wasn't declassified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony.

It's always nice when you can play that 'Get Out of Jail' Free' card!

I realize most of you are (probably) too young to have any personal connection to WWII (Dec. '41 to Aug. '45), but this is still interesting.

KELLETT'S CORNER



Kellett on 'Making Babies'

A second grader came home from school and said to her Grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today". The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to remain calm. "That's interesting darling, how DO you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl, "you just change the 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

Tell us where you've been...

LIFE & FLIGHTS OF FRANK LEWIS EPISODE ONE : 'PIGS CAN FLY'

For many years as an agricultural officer in various parts of PNG, and several years before I gained my PPL and bought RQP, (and there is another series of adventures) I seemed to have an affinity for aircraft and for aeronautical dramas.

The following yarns tell of some of these and I promise I haven't deviated too much from the truth!

I first went to PNG in early 1968 as an Agricultural Extension Officer. At this stage there were even fewer roads than there are now and light aircraft in particular, moved a huge number of people and freight around the numerous small bush airstrips. On arriving in Lae on the Northern coast (and as a young bloke fresh off a West Australian farm) I had my eyes opened in a hurry. One of my first duties was to look after the distribution of livestock out to remote villages as part of a program to either introduce livestock to areas that didn't have them, or upgrade the existing ones.

After a period getting used to the system I took on the task of training some PNG Nationals to carry out the work. One order we had was for some pigs to be sent into an airstrip at Garaina, which is in a beautiful valley on the Northern side of the Owen Stanley Range. These were going to be taken in by Crowley Airways, in what I think was a C182 and involved about a 45 minute trip.

The normal method was to put the pigs in copra bags (or wheat bags), cut a slit in the bag so the pig could get its snout out to breathe, and tie it securely. However, unbeknown to me, the nice new bags I supplied were much too attractive to some of my staff and they quietly substituted a couple of old rotten ones for them, shoved

the pigs in the old ones and sent them down to the Lae airstrip.

At this time PNG was being moved towards independence and certain expatriates (whom we assumed were rabid left wing and not to be trusted) got heavily involved in promoting the idea of independence, forming and fostering political party affiliations and generally doing everything to disturb what was then perceived to be a wonderful place for whitemen to live!

It just so happened that one of these individuals and his rather large wife were passengers on this flight and were going in to run a political rally. They were sitting in the bench seat behind the pilot with the two bags with the pigs in the baggage space behind them. All was good. My staff had prepared the pigs, got them delivered on time, and from my office, with relief I saw the plane take off. Great!

Then I noticed that the plane had circled the strip and was on finals to land. About ten minutes later my phone rang and a very excited and laughing pilot gave me the good news. Just after leaving the ground there had been a kerfuffle in the back and on looking around he was confronted by an incredible sight.

One of the pigs had pushed its snout further through the slit in the bag, and as it was rotten, the animal just kept coming and leapt over the seat back. Unfortunately one of its forelegs went down the front of the woman's dress and inside her bra. As the rest of its body continued



over into the back seat the leg screwed up the woman's clothing and her two large breasts popped out. The pig was by then firmly stuck and its backside (pigs ass?) was rammed against the politician's face and had him firmly jammed against the side window. Then the second pig decided to join in the fun and scrambled over and sat in their laps. The Papua Nuiginian sitting in the front right hand seat managed to turn around and keep it out of the controls. (Of course this was in an era when white women didn't expose themselves so he had to keep his eyes closed). This was too much for the, by then, hysterical pilot, (knowing him well, I could imagine his reaction and running comments) and the flight was aborted. The pilot was still laughing when he phoned me to describe the incident.

That budding politician was elected to the House of Assembly but I doubt he ever stooped to flying with pigs as co-passengers on a small plane again! The pilot avoided politicians as passengers whenever he could from then on. Apparently pigs were okay!!!

Episode 2 "The Day I stuffed the DCA Departure Ceremony!" - Look for it in the next issue of the Newsletter.

THE TRUCULENT TURTLE'S RECORD FLIGHT



NEXT
ISSUE

Next issue we're looking forward to bringing to you an interesting story about a Navy P-2 that flew non-stop from Perth Australia to Columbus, Ohio in 1946.

The 'Truculent Turtle' covered more than 11,000 miles in the record-breaking time of 55 hours and 17 minutes.

MEMBER NEWS

VALE:

JIM HAZELTON 1931 - 2014

Those who attended the Cessnock Fly-in September 2010 will recall the interesting address given by our Guest Speaker Jim Hazelton. Sadly Jim passed away on June 10 just 10 days short of his 83rd birthday.

Together with his brother Max, he was a founder of Hazelton Airlines - was instrumental in pioneering crop dusting in Australia - became the first Australian to pilot a single engine aircraft, (a Piper Comanche 400) across the Pacific in 1964. He would repeat the crossing more than 200 times ferrying aircraft. He was instrumental in the establishment of Navair at Bankstown Airport and went on to help hundreds of Pilots develop their own careers and become Airline Captains around the world, including his daughter Wendy, an Airbus A320 Captain. - he sold aircraft (his first sale of a C182 was VH-REO, owned presently by your Editor) - accompanied Dick Smith on some international journeys, - was instrumental in putting together a team of aviators and engineers to repair and deliver to Australia, the Catalina he had located in Portugal. Just a few of his many achievements. Aviation has lost a true pioneer.



Congratulations to....

Congratulations are in order to Lesley & Frank Lewis on the arrival of their first grandchild (NICHOLAS), he has already started training to be involved in aviation. See more about his proud Granny in the Committee Members Section on page 9.



Congratulations to our Purveyor of True Country Stories, ALAN KELLETT who turned 85 in April. Alan has decided to hang up his headset after 47 years of flying, hopefully he will continue to be at our Fly-ins, travelling as a passenger.



Congratulations to MARY COLLINS who has arrived at the magical three score and ten milestone. Keep them coming Mary.

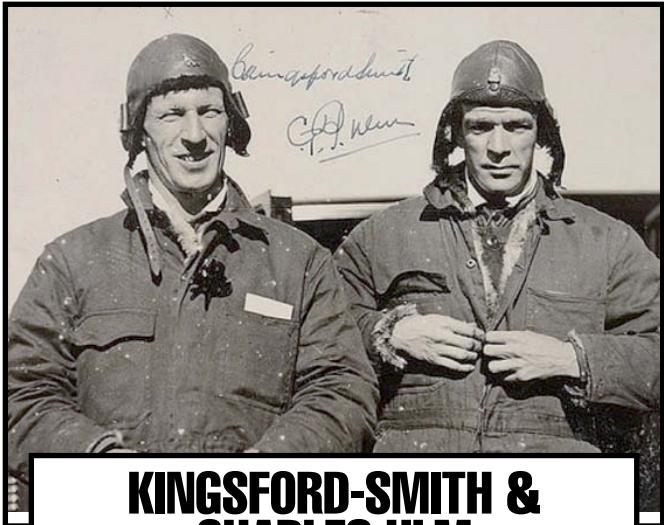


MERCHANDISE

A reminder to view our range of shirts, vests, hats etc. on our Website at
www.cessna182.org.au



Email Karen Briggs so that she can bring the required items to the next Fly-in at Cervantes.



KINGSFORD-SMITH & CHARLES ULM

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.



A six year old was asked where his Grandma lived. "Oh," he said, "she lives at the airport, and when we want her, we just go and get her. Then when we've had her visit, we just take her back to the airport."

Some people ask the secret of our long marriage. We take time to go to a restaurant two times a week. A little candlelight, dinner, soft music and dancing. She goes Tuesdays, I go Fridays.

NOTES FROM THE COMMITTEE

Your committee works hard to give you interesting places to see and things to do, but if you have a great idea, please speak to one of the committee, contacts listed in this newsletter, because your idea may not have been thought of yet.

RENMARK FLY-IN ATTENDEES

Jenny & Ross Bate (TSS); John Bestwick, David Crumb, Tracey Ferris & Warren Waddick (BWK); Becky & John Blair (by car); Bruce & Margaret Church (FRM); Mary & Robert Collins (KDZ); Dianne & Trevor Corlett (by road); David Crawford & Annie Hayes (OAT); Maree & Chris Crockett (by road); Jenny & David Curtin (WFA); Neil Davis & Ryoko Toni (DOO); Barry Dean & Muriel Atherton & Pauline Jones & Kay & Paul Pemberton & Ray Thorning (IEG); Margaret & Lawrie Donoghue (NHU); Sue & Michael Egan (VBC); Pip & George Hacon (DOF); Chris Hirst & Ruth Lindstrom (AOK); Jane & Andrew Hogarth (YDW); Tony Human & Deborah McCann (NSL); Alison & Peter Jones (JSF); Lesley & Frank Lewis (burner & car); John Lillyston & Cilla Neighbour (TFE); Rosemary & Andy Lott (at Home); Gaye & Greg Saal (MWL); Sandra Southwell & Barry Brandsen (TSA); Elaine & John Stuart (by road); Colin Stanfield & Karen Briggs (by car); Cathy & Ian Tait (burner & car); Janine & Robert Terzi (SHJ); Susan & Roger Toole (burner & car); Judy & Leedham Walker & Mim Baly & Max Payne (WWB)

WEATHER APOLOGIES Robert Palmer & Noel Abrahamse; Caroline & Cliff Princehorn; Jenny & Alwyn Rogash; Denise & Ian Thomason.

CESSNAITUS APOLOGIES: John Wilson & Brian White

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Past President	Tim Brooks	0429 990 954
Past President/CPAA Rep	Garth Bartlett	02 4294 9345
Historian	Greg Thom	03 9744 1941

INTERESTING WEBSITES

look at our own website regularly:
www.cessna182.org.au

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



THANKS!

As always we are totally indebted to John Weston and the team at Westonprint Pty Ltd in Kiama, including magazine designer Helen Denniss, for the final layout of this Newsletter and its absolutely superb reproduction.



Join the Cessna 182 Association of Australia

FUTURE FLY-IN DATES

Fly-in Spring September 12-14 2014, Cervantes WA
Fly-in Autumn March 13-15 2015, Albion Park/Kiama NSW
Fly-in Spring September 11-13 2015, Southport QLD
Fly-in Autumn March 2016 TBC Hobart TAS

EACH YEAR ENJOY :

- ☛ two fly-in weekends including AGM
- ☛ two newsletters packed with news, events, history and useful information
- ☛ incredible friendship with like-minded people
- ☛ something different for everyone all over Australia

MEMBERSHIP

Membership: \$120.00 for 3 years
Download membership application from the website.

cheque :
cessna182 association
of australia

contact details :

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