

Issue 41
March 2015

On-the-Step

Newsletter of the Seaplane Pilots Association of Australia



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The SPAA AGM was held on 16th February and we were pleased to have 19 members present which, while a small fraction of our membership, it was a high and possibly a record on an historical basis. In the light of our widely dispersed membership this number is encouraging, with Skype making it possible for 12 members to participate. Unfortunately Skype seems to provide some distractions when trying to establish and maintain connections, and seems to struggle with larger numbers of participants. We will be looking to see how we can make this a more reliable method for member involvement.

Perhaps typical of these voluntary associations, we weren't flooded with new nominations for positions and the Executive for 2015 looks much the same as that of the previous year.

It seems you are stuck with me as President for another year. I must admit that I haven't been all that pleased with my performance over the past year but undertake to be more effective in 2015. The new steps that I mention in this column, such as the new website and Secretariat, should assist me in lifting my performance.

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Our website has been the subject of much discussion over the past year. With the passing of Richard Holgate back in 2011 Phillip Dartnell kindly took on the role of resurrecting

and maintaining our website and David Geers very kindly provided the hosting service. Unfortunately the history of the original development of the site had been somewhat fragmented and confused and Phillip was left with dealing with a stitched together site based on a variety of older software packages that were very difficult to maintain and edit and didn't lend themselves well to distribution of information to our members or financial transactions.

I am pleased to announce that we have secured the services of a web builder who will build a completely new website that will be much easier for us to maintain and provide all the facilities that we expect of modern sites.

We expect to be able to launch the new site early in April 2015.

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It is vitally important that the SPAA continue and increase our efforts in ensuring that the access to waterways and freedoms that Australia's seaplane pilots enjoy are not further eroded and that access to waterways that have been stopped or restricted with no justifiable reasoning can be reinstated. The SPAA executive are concerned that, as a purely voluntary organisation, the time and resources that its members can contribute are limited and that the effort required to pursue all our goals in a timely manner is more than the current executive can make available. Rather than let our goals slip and risk



potential loss of some of our freedoms, the executive have decided to trial the part time employment of a Secretariat to help with much of the leg work needed.

We are looking for someone, with a reasonable understanding of the seaplane community, who could undertake about one day per week of casual work.

Tasks would include general administrative duties, maintaining records, databases and social media, maintaining correspondence, arranging meetings, ensuring agreed tasks are followed up, maintain close communication with all the SPAA Executive. This would be a paid position and it would be expected that the cost to SPAA would be largely offset by the increase in membership contributions secured by the secretariat.

If you feel that you could assist the SPAA by providing such a role, or you know of someone who you think could fill the role, please let us know by contacting myself or one of our Vice-Presidents or Secretary whose contact details are at the back of this news sheet.

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*Happy, safe flying
and
Wheels Up For Water*

A FORTUNATE LIFE??

George Beattie

What an understatement! An amazing enjoyment-filled 30 years of seaplane flying from a waterfront home 5 miles from Coolangatta Airport, 400 metres taxiing to a straight, wide waterway obstacle-free for 7000 ft. Over 8000 water landings on some of the most beautiful waterways imaginable. Does life get any better than that?

My seaplane dreams began as a young boy fascinated by "Boy's Own" stories of floatplanes loaded with deer antlers and a canoe strapped to their spreader bars, rocking at anchor at some little dock by a lake nestled beneath the Rocky Mountains. I remember being thrilled by a story of smugglers going to and forth from a secret island with a flying boat and being brought to justice by a group of kids. Only when I became a school librarian did I actually find that it was a Famous Four book by Enid Blyton! I knew even then that I must fly one day.

Like most of us, however, the scarce funds of a young family man meant that any such dreams must remain just that, into the future. But in 1973, my flying dreams finally came true with my PPL gained at Air Gold Coast. Within months, I was knocking on Bill Lane's door at Southport to seek a float endorsement. Bill kindly lent me VH-DNT to do some follow-up flying but again financial imperatives reared their ugly heads and my logbook was without a water-flying entry until Christmas 1984, when I heard that VH-TUV, which had gone from Bill's care to a syndicate in Sydney Harbour, was on the market. Bill told me that as far as he knew, it was still in good condition, so I bit the bullet and Johnny Raymond flew the little beauty to Bayview Harbour Marina for me.

The next few weeks saw me driving from Tweed River to the Marina, having the plane dropped into the water by a giant fork-lift and, on return, negotiating the narrow channels in the marina, with the afternoon south-easterlies and boat owners worse for wear after a good weekend, trying my limited slow-taxiing skills. This couldn't last so I decided I would just have to anchor it by a block of land I had bought in a new waterfront estate by the Tweed River with plans for a house there, where the plane could live underneath (Another dream that came true!)

Courtesy of a generous finance company, I was soon able to start building my dream home. I had the plane below the floor slab before a stud was put up! At this stage I had spent enough money to build a normal house and all I had was a huge concrete slab and a roof over the wings! The cost of the house began to escalate

and by the time it was finished, the debt was getting beyond my capacity to keep paying, despite getting every band-playing job I could find. After being assured that no-one would ever want such a ridiculous house, we found a buyer, a retired furniture business owner with a huge private collection of antique furniture. He couldn't believe his luck at finding a house with such huge storage space. Better still, he bought it early in the year and asked us if we would like to live in it until he moved up from Sydney the following Christmas. So I was able to buy another block, put down a ramp with water supply, ready for when the time came to vacate the house..

The next two years saw my wife, Joyce, and I fishing up in Moreton Bay, swimming and lazing on some deserted beach, having lunch at seaside restaurants, meeting Brisbane friends by their Bayside suburbs and generally wondering "Who needs an aeroplane with wheels?" A couple of incidents stick in my memory. Joyce and I were sitting on a float one afternoon,

dangling our legs in the blue Bay water when suddenly a black fin appeared only feet from our vulnerable tootsies. No aircraft built could retract its undercarriage as fast as ours came up that day! As it almost brushed the float we saw that it was, in fact,

one of the Bay's large manta rays, casually cruising by, with its triangular wingtips cutting the surface. Another time we spied three chaps with a fire going a hundred metres or so away. We sauntered up to where they were boiling their catch of mudcrabs and blue swimmers from the night before. To my amazement I realized as we got closer to them

that one was the president of the Pand C. at the school where I was teaching. They asked if we would like to share their freshly cooked delicacies. Does a bear.....?? Their offer of a can of Foux to accompany the feast was, of course, politely refused!

After two years of such bliss and gradually rising insurance and maintenance costs, I decided that owning a floatplane privately was becoming a bit expensive for a humble school teacher and the only way I could keep flying was to go commercial. I duly obtained my CPL and was lucky enough to be offered the opportunity of flying under the banner of the fledgling Seair company. After the usual battle against bureaucracy (10 different government departments to fight through) and the usual petitions signed by people visualizing hourly Sunderland flights destroying the fish population and chopping the heads off half the local ankle-biter population, I finally received approval in 1986 to operate on the Tweed River. In the meantime I had



commenced weekend joyflight operations at Coochie Mudlo Island near Victoria Point. I remember well my first paying passenger saying, "I suppose you've been doing this for quite a while". My muffled "UMMMM" reply was, hopefully, drowned out by the throb of the 180 hp Lycoming!

My first Tweed River joyflights, in 1986, were during the opening celebrations for the new Tumbulgum Bridge over the Tweed River. I was ecstatic, with 13 flights over the weekend. In my naivety, I thought gleefully, "This floatplane flying is a licence to print money! When I start to operate by the highway in Tweed Heads, with 40,000 cars passing each day, the money is really going to roll in." What fools we mortals be! I soon came to realize that 39,000 of the cars were the same ones each day, and not interested in the slightest in what I was up to. In the decades to follow, very rarely did I ever surpass this first flush of success. How wise I was to remember the old adage, "Don't give up your day job".

So life was good for many years. Teaching during the week, flying at weekends and school holidays and playing in my band for weddings, etc. once or twice a week. I wondered if I could build the business up enough maybe to give up the strains of teaching in favour of the life of a full-time pilot. I decided to take on a partner who could fly during the week and myself at weekends. Unfortunately he was caught out on a day of fluky winds, lost control on the take-off run and collided with the river wall. Noone was injured but the plane was written off and my dreams of a full-time business were dashed.

I had not been out of action long when Ken Keane offered me the opportunity to fly his AGcats that he had converted to floats, believing that would offer passengers the ultimate flying experience – a two-passenger open cockpit biplane and seaplane all in one. It was as popular as he had hoped and the next 1000 hrs in my logbook were almost exclusively for joyflights from the Southport Broadwater. The Agcats were great to fly and such a treat for the passengers who I flew.

But all good things must come to an end, as they say. Ken was approached by a film company to make "The Phantom" movie and so the two Agcats were shipped away to Thailand. It was some consolation to see Catherine Zeta-Jones sitting in "my" seat as a "baddie" turned "goodie" in the movie. The closest I have ever got to my 15 minutes of fame!

During this time a "sheetie" friend had re-built the damaged PK2300's from the C172 in his spare time and so I looked for a suitable aircraft to fit them to. I acquired an M5-235C Maule and converted it to floats. It was a great little performer but not terribly roomy. I decided that a C180 with the 6 seats was the way to go and acquired a damaged one from Newfoundland along with a set of EDO 2960 floats, both sourced by my friend Eddie Peck in Nova Scotia. The plane had been used on floats in Sakatchewan from new and was completely free of corrosion. It was great for carrying small passengers and two couples but I didn't really get too many flights of that nature except to help Nick Beisel at Southport to take his Japanese tourists late in afternoon before the sun went down. They were invariably late

and I had a few anxious times just making it home before last light. Nick unfortunately lost one of his aircraft and urgently needed another so we came to a mutually advantageous agreement to sell him mine.

I then decided that a C182 would be the ideal aircraft for my business. I had heard of an STC available from Canada that seemed ideal. I bought an ex-skydiving plane with a parachute door, of course, which is such an advantage in a floatplane. It was everything I hoped it would be and served me well for several years. But advancing years and the medical issues that invariably accompany them eventually meant that my commercial flying career was coming to an end.

My friend and neighbour Rhys Richards bought the business and I retired from commercial flying. I have since fitted floats to an RAA aircraft and restored a Searey, but CASA's changing regulations and medical issues have eventually made it impossible for me to operate a seaplane within the control zone where I live.



Over the years there are lots of treasured memories but one thing is certain. I cannot remember any passenger out of the many thousands I have taken who ever complained that they didn't enjoy their seaplane ride. The most common remarks were, "Don't we live in a beautiful area?" and "You've got the best job in the world", to which my standard reply was, "Someone's got to do it!"

A few points to note for prospective seaplane business operators. Locals and their friends and relatives made up by far the majority of my passengers, not tourists. Look after the locals and it will pay great dividends. Advertising can soak up much of your profits. The old adage that "I know half of my advertising money is wasted but I don't know which half!" holds true. Hand-out leaflets and an occasional newspaper ad, WITH A PHOTO OR CARTOON DRAWING, worked best for me in my little operation. Glance at a page of ads in any paper and see where your eyes are drawn to.

I was amazed at the number of people who took their first flight with me, especially older people, who one would hardly believe had never been in ANY plane in their life. I believe that they had a feeling of safety, contemplating a flight over an area with so many waterways, and assuring them that the floatplane could land safely on land or water. One such "first flight" passenger arrived with a huge family group, who had shouted him his first flight for his 70th birthday. "Well," he said, "They say we're only allowed three score years and ten, so anything more than that is a bonus!"

There is one flight, however, that I will never forget. A chap waked over to the plane and told me that he dearly wanted to take his wife on an overseas holiday but couldn't afford the time to leave his business and go by ship. She was completely paranoid about flying, he said. It seemed he'd give me the world if I could get her up in the air. I remembered back to the day when I took my own mother on her first flight at about 66 years of age, after believing all her life that she wouldn't be able to breathe in a plane because of narrow sinuses or some such rot. I knew exactly

how this lady was feeling. After telling her how safe we would be flying over the calm waters of the bay and promising that I would take her back to the beach at any stage if she asked me, we slowly taxied out, with reassurances from me that she would enjoy the flight. Miraculously, she did not respond when I said we were about to takeoff and there would be noise and spray but it would be an exciting experience. After takeoff I glanced sideways and realized she had her eyes closed. A couple of minutes later, I noticed she was looking at the view outside. Still not a word spoken! Then, suddenly, she began to ask questions about the scenery below. I was elated!. This continued until I told her we were preparing to land. "This is the dangerous part, isn't it?" she said, nervously. Once again I reassured her that on such a beautiful day there was nothing to worry about and I had done it thousand of times before. With my concentration at the max, we had a "greaser". She smiled broadly for the first time. On reaching the beach her husband came to the plane and asked how she liked the flight. I will never forget the delight in his face and the tears streaming down his face when she said, "I'd go anywhere in a plane now." Reflecting on the flight later, I felt that I would never have more satisfaction as a pilot than I did that day.... and I never have.

There are a few amusing instances in my memory bank. I decided to paint my first plane PINK. I recalled Geoffrey Edelstein had bought a pink helicopter and a pink Lamborghini for his wife. Why shouldn't my wife have a pink C172 floatplane. We knew it would be easy to spot in the air and attract attention from passers-by. One Saturday morning, a huge B-Double rig pulls up across several driveways and the truckie sprints across the road. "A pink plane!" he blurts out. "I've never seen a b... pink plane before. I gotta have a go in this." Leaving his diesel engine idling away, he jumps in and we do a short flight. On the return to his rig, the neighbours complaints regarding the blocking of their driveways were soon drowned out by a stream of obscenities from the driver as he hopped back up into the truck and roared off. Another hilarious incident I'll always remember occurred when I was heading north to the Gold Coast. The radio transmissions went something like this:-

CG TWR: TUV, you are about to be passed by a southbound a Fokker Friendship. Report sighting." Fokker, you are about to pass a pink floatplane. FOKKER: Did you say a PINK floatplane?

CG TWR: Affirm. Nipple pink! FOKKER: (minutes later) Coolangatta Tower we are ABREAST OF NIPPLES NOW!!" I'm sure there were quite a few pilots and ATC blokes almost swallowing their mikes!

As we all know, it is easy to be distracted on a take-off on water and commit an indictable offence, like not turning your transponder on. Most tower blokes diplomatically ask you to "Recycle" your transponder, which is Airservices talk for "Turn the bloody thing on!" One day there was apparently an over-zealous CASA guy (you didn't know these existed?) in the tower, listening for hours to the transmissions and unimpressed by the

number of such requests. Result was a few please-explain letters, asking how such a dastardly act could have been committed and what action would be taken so that such a crime would not be committed in the future. I replied that I planned to use a new "Airborne" check: - Flaps up All greens Rudders Up Transponder On.

They must have been impressed, as I received no more correspondence about the matter. Funny thing, though, I found it so useful and easy to remember, that I have used it ever since!

One morning I heard the roar of a Harley Davidson coming down through the gears and stopping by the roadside. The bike and his girl dismounted and came to enquire about a flight but were reluctant to leave the Harley behind. I said my wife would take good care of it while we were away. As we took off, he yelled, "Wheeee, this is a bigger buzz than the bike. During the flight there were quite a few large manta rays appearing like black diamonds in the clear water. On our return, I commented about the rays. "Man, I thought I was hallucinating", he replied. Hmmmm. Yes, you meet some interesting people!

One fellow I could never forget took a flight with me one weekend and couldn't stop raving about it. It was his first flight in a light plane so I took him on my shortest flight. He rang me during the next week and asked what would be a really good trip. I explained the attractions of the dearest flight I normally did and he booked that for the next weekend. Again, during the following week, he rang and asked me if we could do something really spectacular the

next weekend. I described what I would regard as the ultimate hour flight over the Tweed, Cape Byron, Mt Warning and the Gold Coast, with lunch at an island included. I said it would be pretty expensive for one person. No problem, he said. He had won Lotto and always wanted to fly! Again he was enthralled by the flight and the adventure of dropping in to a waterfront restaurant for lunch. He left with me wondering what I could offer him to top that day's flight. I told him he should go to Archerfield and learn to fly himself. He left, thanking me profusely. I never heard from him again. I think he must have taken my advice!

I cannot forget some amazing sights in my flying career. Returning to the Gold Coast through a v-shaped chasm in a mountain of gleaming white cumulus, a "Morning glory" cloud stretching from the Terranora ridge to the horizon, seeming solid like some huge concrete bridge; a huge waterspout heading from the ocean towards my position, that I first thought was a ship on fire. It seemed as if it was racing me to my landing area on the river but I don't think it actually reached land. The amazing phenomenon of a southerly buster meeting a northerly blow off shore, producing a distinct line on the ocean with two completely different textures and colours of the ocean on either side of it, and the white-knuckle experience that followed, when



the aircraft began to lose height downwind even at full power. It seemed that I was being forced down onto the water by some huge invisible hand. Only an urgent request to CG TWR for a 180 turn back into wind rectified the situation.

And so circumstances and the medical issues that invariably arise with age have meant that I now must reluctantly forsake the amazing lifestyle I have been privileged to enjoy the last 30 years. We plan to market our property this year, but first I

would love to think that there is a younger version of myself out there who I could pass the seaplane baton to. Someone who can respect the urban environment and enjoy a lifestyle that most seaplane owners might kill for!

A million dollar lifestyle, for less than a million!

(George can be contacted on gwsb@yahoo.com or 07 55242144)

SEAPLANE TRIAL APPROVED FOR SWAN RIVER

3rd December 2013

The Swan River Trust has approved a trial to operate a Cessna Caravan amphibian, VH-OPH, off the Swan River in Perth.

Catalina Airlines will be allowed to run a 12-month trial operating between the South Perth jet ski freestyle area and Milyu Marine Park twice a day.

“The Trust may consider extending the seaplane trial by six months, to an overall period of 18 months to allow for the operation to run over two peak periods,” said Swan River Trust Statutory Planning acting manager Jennifer Stritzke. “This option will only be considered if it is evident that the continuation of the trial will not unnecessarily impact on the community or waterway.”

Although the Trust approval is effective immediately, Catalina will still need to get approvals from CASA and the Department of Transport.

A number of conditions have been placed on the trial to protect the river.

“The proximity of the seaplane landing area to Milyu Marine Park and Nature Reserve was one of the major considerations for the Trust, as this area has been set aside as a refuge for migratory wading birds protected under international agreements,”

Stritzke said. “In an effort to protect birdlife, the Cessna 208 Caravan seaplane and the company’s support vessel are not permitted to enter the Milyu Marine Park and an exclusion/no fly zone has been established 300 metres from the shore to minimise shadowing and disturbance of birds in the area.”

Catalina has also been restricted from flying the Caravan close to Como foreshore to reduce aircraft noise in the nearby residences.

According to the approval, the aircraft will have to be hangared at either Perth or Jandakot and can’t be left on the river overnight.



TURBULENCE PENETRATION

by
Steve Pomroy

One of the common misunderstandings about maneuvering speed is that it is a turbulence penetration speed—or, according to some, a maximum turbulence penetration speed—not to be exceeded in gusty or turbulent conditions. As discussed in the posts, V_a is used to define the minimum allowable structural strength of the control surfaces. The requirements set for V_a make no reference whatsoever to turbulence.

We know, of course, that we do often fly in turbulence, and that turbulence subjects the airframe to structural loads. We also know (or can figure out) that these structural loads will vary with airspeed—they'll be higher at higher airspeeds and lower at lower airspeeds. So it might be useful to know if there are V-speeds related to turbulence loading, what these speeds are, and what criteria is used to determine these speeds.

As it turns out, there are several speeds at which there is a (direct or indirect) required structural tolerance for turbulence (and V_a is not one of them!). Two of these speeds are always published in the flight manual—and marked on the ASI—for normal and utility category aircraft: Normal Operating Speed (V_{no}), and Never Exceed Speed (V_{ne}). Also related to turbulence, but not always published, are V_b (Gust Penetration Speed), V_c (Design Cruise Speed) and V_d (Design Dive Speed).

The required turbulence tolerance of the airframe is directly defined at three of these speeds, with progressively lower requirements at the progressively higher speeds of V_b , V_c , and V_d . The turbulence requirements for V_{no} and V_{ne} are indirect since these speeds are defined in terms of other speeds (V_c and V_d , respectively).

Gust Penetration Speed, or V_b , is required to be determined and published for commuter category aircraft, but is usually unpublished for normal and utility category aircraft. V_b is the maximum speed at which the aircraft structure can withstand a 66 foot per second (fps) gust perpendicular to the flight path. How much is 66 fps? It's about 39 knots, and that's a helluva gust!

At first glance, 39 knots may seem pretty extreme, but isn't really when you consider the nature of turbulence. In turbulence, we can encounter two opposing gusts one immediately after another. If these gusts are 20 knots each, the net effect as we transition from one to the other is a 40 knot change. So turbulence that corresponds to a 20 knot gust factor should have us slowing down to (or below) our Gust Penetration Speed, V_b .

Design Cruise Speed, or V_c , is the maximum speed at which the aircraft structure can withstand a 50 fps gust perpendicular to the flight path. At V_c , stronger gusts will overstress the airframe. Above V_c , a 50 fps gust will overstress the airframe. How much is 50 fps? About 29 knots. Using similar reasoning as above, a double gust of 15 knots each can bring us just beyond this limit. So if we're operating in conditions where the gust factor is at, near, or above 15 knots, we should keep the airspeed below V_c .

How do we do that if V_c isn't published? Easy peasy! Normal Operating Speed, or V_{no} , is based on V_c . V_{no} is usually equal to V_c , but under some conditions it can be lower than V_c . So using V_{no} as our turbulence limit will be correct, or, in some cases, will err on the side of caution. We can see V_{no} on the ASI: the top of the green and bottom of the yellow arcs.

It's generally said that V_{no} should only be exceeded in very smooth air and even then only with caution. This is fair comment, if for no other reason than we like to have a comfortable margin of safety when it comes to structural failure. Further, even in smooth air, there can be turbulence that we don't "see" until we're in it. However, the certification standard does not require perfectly smooth air above V_{no} . As stated above, the turbulence allowed at V_{no} is 50 fps (almost 30 knots) perpendicular to the flight path. As we move above V_{no} , the airframe's tolerance for gusts is reduced progressively until the lowest requirement (25 fps, or almost 15 knots) is met at V_d . V_d , in turn, is closely related to V_{ne} .

V_{ne} , as all pilots know, is the NEVER EXCEED speed. We never fly at speeds above this for fear of ripping the wings

off—quite literally—and then flying much faster and in the manner of a lawn dart, followed by an unpleasant encounter with the ground. This is not hyperbole. Vne is never to be exceeded for several very good reasons (flutter, static divergence, control reversal), which will probably be the subject of a future post. For the moment, let's have a quick look at the turbulence tolerance required at Vne.

Vne is defined as being no higher than 0.9 times Vd. Vd is where all of the nasty things noted above might happen and the airframe may rip itself apart. The 10% margin is there to allow for manufacturing tolerances and aging of the aircraft, so don't fool yourself into thinking you can exceed Vne by 10%. The turbulence requirement is applied at Vd, and as such, we can "theoretically" take 10% more gust velocity at Vne. But why push our luck?

At Vd (and therefore at Vne for all practical purposes), the airframe must be able to withstand a gust of 25 fps perpendicular to the flight path. This is almost 15 knots (14.8 knots if you're picky), which really isn't very much at all when accounting for the double-opposing-gust possibility discussed earlier. Flying in gusty conditions where the gust factor is over 7.5 knots is commonplace. In fact, a gust factor lower than 7.5 knots would barely be noticed in many aircraft bigger than a light 2-seater.

So if we plan on flying at speeds approaching Vne, we definitely want smooth air. This is especially true since Vne does NOT include a tolerance for momentary over speeding due to airspeed variations in gusts (some speeds, such as the flap limit speed, Vfe, do in fact allow for such momentary over speeding due to gusts). It's possible (in truth, not entirely likely, but possible) that during flight

at Vne, a gust can introduce catastrophic flutter and prematurely end our career. This alone is a good reason for applying a margin to Vne and avoiding turbulence when flying at very high speeds.

Ok, that's all well and good, but what about Va? Well, as stated earlier, the standard for Va makes no reference whatsoever to turbulence or gusts. However, there is an argument that in extreme turbulence we may need to use full control authority (read "deflection") in order to retain control of the aircraft. This is a valid point. However, I hope never to experience it firsthand! The best way to deal with this problem is to avoid it. Check your weather, avoid forecast and reported severe turbulence, avoid thunderstorms, and avoid flying near ridges in strong winds. If you have storm scope or weather RADAR, use it. If there are turbulence PIREP's, pay attention to them. Turbulence that requires regular use of full control authority likely goes beyond any turbulence defined by the certification standards—and beyond the ability of most pilots to maintain positive control for any extended period.

One final note with regard to turbulence PIREP's. An aircraft's sensitivity to turbulence is based almost entirely on its wing loading (almost because dynamic stability will also play a role). Higher wing loading results in a smoother ride. Lower wing loading results in a wilder ride. So if you're reading (or listening to) a turbulence PIREP from a heavier aircraft with higher wing loading, interpret accordingly!

So there you have it. A few more tips on V-speeds, where they come from, and how they apply to flight operations.

Do you know who would be good at providing part time Secretariat services to the SPAA.

The let us know.

The executive have decided to trial the part time employment of a Secretariat to help with much of the leg work needed in making the SPAA more effective in its operations. We are looking for someone, with a reasonable understanding of the seaplane community, who could undertake about one day per week of casual work.

Tasks would include general administrative duties, maintaining records, databases and social media, maintaining correspondence, arranging meetings, ensuring agreed tasks are followed up, maintain close communication with all the SPAA Executive. This would be a paid position and it would be expected that the cost to SPAA would be largely offset by the increase in membership contributions secured by the secretariat.

If you feel that you could assist the SPAA by providing such a role, or you know of someone who you think could fill the role, please let us know by contacting myself or one of our Vice-Presidents or Secretary whose contact details are at the back of this news sheet.

WHAT'S ON THE HORIZON

In New Zealand, Paul Vickers is pushing ahead with his foray into the light sports amphibian market. Looking a bit like a gold twin of the Icon A5, the Vickers WAVE amphib LSA is drawing considerable interest. Claiming many technological innovation, this two-seater will have aft-sliding doors, special crosswind landing gear, hydro-fins and a ballistic parachute. The Wave is to be powered by a 180 hp Lycoming engine with a special 72-inch Catto prop. As of October 2014, tooling is nearly complete, and it is planned that the aircraft will be certified in 2015 though the progress photos on their website would make that seem unlikely.



Specifications

Seats	2
Max. Take-Off Weight	648kgs
Max. Useful Load	227kgs (option dependant)
Baggage /Storage	Up to aircraft maximum useful load (0.71cu.m)
Fuel Type	Auto-Gas or Av-Gas
Max. Fuel Capacity	190L
Max. Cruise Speed	120kts
Max. Range (std. tanks, no reserves)	720nm
Take-off and Landing Distance	182m (est. at MAUW, S/L, ISA)
Engine	Lycoming IO-360 (Fuel Injected 180hp)
Propeller	72" Catto 3-blade

Dimensions

Wing Span	9.4m
Wing Area	13.87sq.m
Length	7.5m
Height	2.29m
<i>Cockpit/Cabin Internal</i>	
Width	1.34m
Length	1.40m
Height	1.20m

Standard Design Features

Airframe

Folding Wings - Automatic
 Aluminium primary structure w/
 carbon fibre hull and corrosion
 resistant
 Cross-Over™ Fixed Landing Gear
 AVEO Conforma Zip Tips™ - Wing-Tip LED Nav/Strobe/"Wig-
 Wag"/Landing & Taxi lights
 Vertical Power - Electrical Management System
 Emergency Locator Transmitter (ELT)



Instruments

Dynon SV-D100 PFD/MFD Single Display
 SV-COM-C25 CON Radio
 SV-Intercom-2S-Stereo Intercom
 SV-XPNDR-261-Sky View mode S transponder
 Ipad Mini EFB
 AOA (Angle of Attack Indicator)
 Auto Pilot
Cockpit
 Cabin Heater & Climate Control Fans
 Central console Stick flight Controls
 Dual Sliding Side Doors for unobstructed and easy, safe entry/
 exit
 CO Detector
 High Visibility front windscreen (Pilot has 335 degree
 horizontal visibility arc.)
 Drink Holders
 Arm Rests
 Inertia Reel 4-Point Seatbelts w/ airbags (Amsafe)

Optional Extras

Transport Trailer - options available
 Emergency Aircraft Recovery Parachute System (Ballistic
 Chute)
 Electric powered water thruster (retractable) for engine-off, on-
 water manoeuvring.
 Super Yacht configuration, w/ electric davit hook recovery
 system
 Air conditioning
 Aircraft features described are not guaranteed and are subject
 to change. Moreover, the performance specifications set forth
 herein are merely estimates. Actual aircraft performance will
 ultimately depend on what options are installed on a given
 aircraft.

SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT

When you're sitting in the traffic queue on that slow crawl to work in the company of thousands of others stressing about explaining to the boss why you are late, spare a thought for poor Adam Holt who spent some time in Vietnam helping set up a seaplane operation. He has sent us a few photos to help you feel better with your lot.

I just thought I would send a few photo's through of my trip to Vietnam. I was over helping with the start up of the first seaplane operation in Vietnam, This was really the first general aviation company in Vietnam, the next smallest aircraft in the country after our two brand new Caravan amphib was Vietnam Airlines ATR-72's, a 70 seat turbo prop. No one in Vietnam fly's VFR or bellow 10,000' and scenic operations are unheard of so there where a few hoops to jump through. We needed permission from three separate authorities every time we wanted to fly which generally took three days to get processed. Over the two months I was there we managed to streamline a few things - We worked out a way to not have to file a manual flight plan with carbon paper and all which reduced planning time by about one hour.... The initial operation was with two aircraft based in Hanoi and flying to Halong Bay, making what used to be a 3 hour drive to a 40 minute flight.

The flying was great fun, the scenery is spectacular, the photo's do not do it justice. The people are friendly and the weather wasn't too bad although we did get a few good storms through. They are about to receive the third aircraft and I'm in the process of training some more Co-pilots for them in Sydney over Christmas and hopefully will get to go back in the new year.



Wartime Pilot Who Took a Flying Boat Detour

an article from the Sydney Morning Herald by Peter Meares

Ken Meares learnt to fly Empire Class flying boats in Africa in 1943 during an unusual secondment as a war-time RAAF pilot.

In 1940 he had enlisted in the RAAF under the Empire Air Training Scheme. After receiving his wings, he set off to war as a sergeant pilot and served in Egypt and North Africa, flying transport and bomber aircraft.

While he was attached to the RAF'S Middle East Pool in Kasfareet at the end of 1942, waiting for aircraft, which were in short supply, he and a fellow Australian, Alec Brown, learnt that Britain's civil airline, then BOAC, needed pilots to work as first officers with its captains. The airline had moved much of its operations away from the war zones and this work sounded much better than sitting idly in Kasfareet, so both men applied and became temporary civilians and airline first officers.

The secondment provided Meares with valuable airline experience, including flying boat training and operation throughout Africa and the Middle East.

On one occasion on a test-flight, the BOAC flying boat he was copiloting was asked to look for a missing RAF Catalina and finally found it on a lake south of Lourenco Marques, the capital of Portuguese East Africa. It was wartime, Portugal was neutral and the flying boat was not authorised to land. However, the missing airmen signaled they were without fuel or food, so the captain decided to land on the lake and rescue them.

That accomplished, they took off and were headed for Durban when a diplomatic row erupted - the Portuguese, German and



Japanese authorities had heard about the landing and were furious. South Africa's Prime Minister General Jan Smuts became involved and directed the rescue flying boat to proceed to Durban, refuel and return immediately to Lourenco Marques.

Coming ashore in Durban at nightfall, with a night take-off after refuelling, was impossible, so the group was instead met by military and diplomatic chiefs, who debated the issue through the night and into the next day. The result was that the Catalina crew was handed over to the Portuguese for internment- but released after a short period- and the two BOAC pilots were temporarily barred from entering Portuguese territory. Eventually, alas, the RAAF discovered where its pilots were and demanded they be returned to the RAF in Cairo and stay there.

Kenneth Devenish Meares was born on June 16, 1918, the son of Jack Meares, a commercial traveller, and his wife, Lyle (nee Van Homrigh). Ken attended Toowoomba Grammar School until, at 16, he was offered a position by the Queensland National Bank.

This was during the Depression, so it was too good an opportunity to pass up and Meares began a career as a country banker before enlisting.

In 1945, Meares married Joyce Bauerle, after meeting her in Queensland in 1938. Then, as the war was ending and the RAAF was beginning to discharge long-serving aircrew, he joined Qantas and was assigned to the command of the airline's only remaining Empire class flying boat "Coriolanus". In 1946 and 1947, that "Grand Old Lady" was providing a twice monthly Pacific Islands service - a four-day round trip from Rose Bay to Brisbane, New Caledonia and Fiji.

On Sundays in between, Meares was again at Rose Bay, thrilling Sydneysiders who could afford to indulge in a half-hour joyflight aboard "Coriolanus" over the northern beaches to Palm Beach or south to Cronulla, including tea served by a uniformed steward. Joyce waited in Lyne Park with a picnic lunch.

"Coriolanus" was finally withdrawn from service at the end of 1947, deemed too expensive to overhaul, and sold for scrap shortly after. Meares remained with Qantas in senior piloting and airline operational roles until he retired in 1973.

In 1983, he received the award of Master Air Pilot from the London-based Guild of Air Pilots & Air Navigators in recognition of his skill as a pilot and his service and contribution to the field of aviation.

Ken Meares is survived by Joyce, three sons and six grandchildren.

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