

ICS AUSTRALIAN TRIBE 2005 AUTUMN FLY-IN
MOUNT GAMBIER 18,19,20th March 2005

With Autumn weather too good not to fly, 30 Comanche club members delighted in the excuse to get their 12 planes out of their respective hangars and fly to Mt. Gambier.

Gordon and Shirley Pickering were on hand to greet all arrivals as Gordon had decided that farming was really only worthwhile in the morning and flying to Mt. Gambier a much more enticing prospect after lunch.

Two of our esteemed international past presidents (English and American) and their wives had also made the long journey to participate in our tribal event.

It was good to see Peter and Marg Webb and Crew arrive in holiday mode. We felt a collective sigh of relief to see Marg looking fit and healthy and younger than ever.

Ancient buses with friendly drivers deposited us at the motel for a quiet spell and a few drinks before we were whisked away once again to cruise and dine on the Glenelg River. There was some uncertainty about dessert which obviously didn't go to the friendly fish caught in the spotlight. There were a couple of likely suspects behind the bar though. The evening progressed into a noisy renewal of acquaintances and news fuelled by many bottles of red wine. We are not sure which table won the prize for the most empty bottles but it was noticed that the McKnights were last to breakfast on Saturday.

Saturday morning was a relaxed time for the girls enjoying coffee, shopping and the art galleries. The boys couldn't wait to get back out to the airfield to kick some tyres and leer under Jeff Whittig's engine cowling at the "nude centrefold" - we presume.

The bus driver entertained us en route to the Blue Lake with his unique style of gear changing. It was suggested he may be more suited to grinding coffee. After enjoying the scenic beauty of the Blue Lake we moved on to Umpherston Cave and Port MacDonnell before returning to the motel to tidy up before dinner.

Dinner at The Barn was an experience. The service was a little slow but the staff had our attention after Gordon wore his beer on his shirt sleeve and George saved Maree in the nick of time from a large wobbling bowl of pumpkin soup. As usual the good company was enjoyed by all and the buses returned some tired but happy flyers to their motel to rest.

Leon was welcomed to his first fly-in and proved to be the champion we all thought he would be. He wasn't in the least daunted by flying, bus trips, lifts, tunnels, a noisy crowd or strange motel rooms. He has the makings of a good chief one day but may have to serve a long apprenticeship.

Report by
Kay and Mike Smith.