



THE MIGHTY DARCS

31/8/66 to 31/8/91

The history of our first 25 glorious years

By Monty Tyrrell VH-13

**A SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION
SOUVENIR PUBLICATION**

Price	\$5.00
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One of the Dandenong and District Hospital Display posters in the latter half of the 1970's. Ron B & Gerry Gee, plus lolly drops really dragged 'em in!



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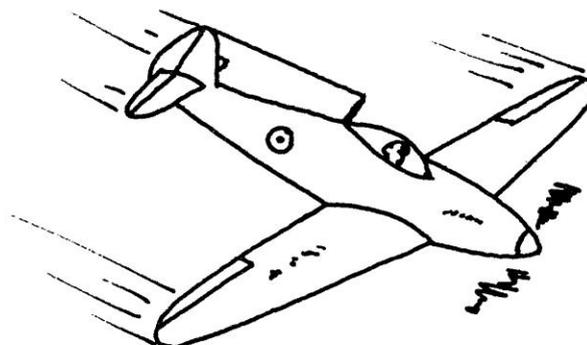
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LUCKY GATE PRIZE

- MODEL AIRCRAFT COMPLETE WITH MOTOR

Dedication

This book is respectfully dedicated to the memory of those early bird DARCS members who will never again hold a transmitter in their hands and enjoy a day at the field with other members of the best damn Radio Control Society in Australia.

And, in particular, to Graeme Burley, ex commando, Schoolteacher, regular churchgoer and elder statesman of the DARCS, known for his clarity, wisdom and enthusiasm for the Club which bordered on a passion. His untimely death occurred when negotiations were going on for the purchase of our property, "Burley Field".

As President, he never lived to see the fulfilment of the dream.



Club Members at the DARCS 1st Birthday

Left to Right, Back Row 1-18, Middle Row 1-10, Front Row 1-6
Back Row - 6-Monty Tyrrell, 8-Wal Schubach, 9-Alan Jobson, 12-Frank Dibble,
14-John Vaughan, 15-Colin Gissing, 18-Gerry Mussen
Middle Row - 2-Lawrence Glanville, 3-Alan Dawson, 4-Norm Savage,
7-Peter Richards (First President), 9-Derek Belshaw.
Front Row – 3-Mal Caesar, 4-Bob Allen, 5-Keith Follett

Prologue

Just settle back on a gentle final, sit down lightly and start reading. Let the mowing of the lawn wait until tomorrow, because all this started through a lawn mower.

Way back in 1965, one of our Life Members was emulating the lost prophet in the Bible. He was seeking solace and some place to fly. He therefore took unto himself a piece of virgin paddock in the Police Paddocks, North East of Dandenong and mowed himself a strip just to the west of the big tree and to the south west of a cricket field. And, here's what has happened since.....!

It would take a book as large as a Bible to reprint entirely 25 years of the best and most consistent aeromodelling newsletters in the business. That is, if they were available. Throughout the Club the whole 275 newsletters couldn't be mustered. However, via various sources around 109 were made available. So, I just went through all those, had many personal and taped talks with many early birds of the Club and some of the more contemporary members.

The DARCS Committee commissioned me to take excerpts from them pertinent to the overall history as I saw fit. What was wanted was the characters, the zealots and the happenings which have made the DARCS what we are. It wasn't to be a list of lots of contest results. I'm therefore extremely sorry if the reader is not listed as winning some rise - off - water - jet powered R/C ornithopter event staged in the flood waters of the Dandenong Creek just to the west of the old Brady Road field in 1976.

Now, after having my brain bent compiling all this I shall start on the first 25 years of our history from then till now in the late winter of 1991.



Monty Tyrrell

25 Year Member of the DARCS (proudly)VMAA Life Member VH – 13
SAM (USA) Life Member - 375

The DARCS. 25 Glorious years from 1966 till now

Chapter One August 31st 1966 to 1970

Well Guys, this all started off from a conversation between Mal Caesar and me at the President's Trophy in 1991. Refer to the letter in the August newsletter for 1991. Whilst not utterly complete, (we can't reproduce 25 years of one of the best and most consistent newsletters in modelling), it is based on many talks, references to what old newsletters were available (very few, alas) and memories of many of the older members still with us. Frankly, some names may be mentioned too often, and some overlooked. That's the luck of the game on supplied data which I must say was very frustrating. Not the data, but the lack of it.

In the research and preparation of this history, special thanks are due to Barry Law, Rob Erwin, Frank Dibble, Wally Schubach and Mal Caesar, all long-time members, and to Tony Cincotta of the same ilk. And, speaking of Tony, he made available the old files and archives of the "Hobby Hangar". This Club will never know the debt it owes the Hobby Hangar and Futaba Sales Australia. Since our foundation, they have always been there with help and sponsorship and for many years printed our newsletter at cost (without an advertisement in it!) to help along the way.



Mal Caesar with his Cessna 310

An extremely big proportion of the preparation of our first field in the Police Paddocks on Brady Road was done by one of our Life Members, Keith Follet.

The late Dick Dakers and the late Norm Savage were the main driving forces for us to achieve buying our very own field at Cardinia. And a very special thanks must go to the families of the members who tolerated the pouring in of so much money to get where we are with our splendid field. Unfortunately, the early birds sometimes feel it is taken for granted by some. Looking around and travelling to other Clubs will show we are the envy of the Australian Aeromodelling movement. And will probably be for many more years.

Generally the name DARCS will be used in the story, as we were firstly the Dandenong DARCS till we changed our name to the Pakenham DARCS in the spring of 1980. In retrospect we were spawned by the MARCS club, as many of our first early members were in that great Club. We have, however, left Daddy way behind through the vision of a high percentage of the DARCS early birds. That's not, I hasten to add, a downgrading of that splendid Club. It just shows how big thinking our foundation fathers were; viz Mal Caesar, Norm Savage and Peter Richards.

The MARCS were and still are the Best in the West, but some people figured there was room for a good R/C Club in the east. Therefore, in the spring of 1996, the inaugural meeting was held at the home of Mal Caesar with a gratifying roll up of 22 interested people. Amongst the things decided was an R/C Fly-In at the Brady Road field for late October. That also had a gratifying turn-up of Melbourne R/C fliers with many MARCS members doing the work. I personally joined the DARCS at that fly-in, as I couldn't get to the inaugural meeting and I was signed up by well known local R/C flier and MARCS foundation member Geoff Tuck! Co-operation! I'll say, 'cas Geoff wasn't a member and never has been of the DARCS.

The membership really swelled from that fly-in and subsequent meetings for the next three to four years. Meetings were held in the Dandenong Scout Hall on the Princess Highway. Speaking of meetings, after we left there, not our doing, we met at St. Luke's Church in Police Road North Springvale for some time, then the Royal Victorian Aero Club at Moorabbin Airport, then RFD Manufacturing Company's canteen in Keys Road Moorabbin, then a Football Club rooms at Heatherton, then a Railway Club's premises in Glen Iris, then back to the Royal Victorian Aero Club and finally the meeting place we have enjoyed for many years at the Cheltenham RSL. Committee meetings for many years were always held at the private home of a committee member on a rotation basis. Pity the poor hostess!!

All the way along the line the Brady Road field was gradually being improved by naturally, the same diligent, tireless and reliable workers. Nothing's changed!

For some reason (lost in obscurity) we missed having an annual fly-in during the late 1960's. We had two more fly-ins before 1970. The third fly-in was 1969, but either '67 or '68 missed out. Guess where that information came from? From the log on the stabiliser of my late Mintie Bomber which was destroyed at the Shepparton fly-In during September 1990. The first item on that log was the 1969 Fly-In. So to the end the old plane had a useful purpose!

In 1968 we went to a big fly-In with the Echuca Club and it was a splendid weekend. We really went in force and virtually took over the Caledonian Hotel. Items of note there. On the Saturday night the Club flyers were talking models for a while over a few beers and many hours at the home of Brian Douglas of Echuca. Well, there was a power blackout in a section of town which included the Hotel. The flyers got back to the Pub (this was Mid June) to find their Wives and kids sitting in dark, cold rooms with candles, no radios and no TV. What a mass pay out that was! One of the locals, Robin Yates. Landed on the field in his very own full size Tiger Moth, did a savage ground loop and buckled an aileron horn, which was duly fixed by a couple of our members. And Peter Richards insisted on playing limbo between the power lines and the fence on the north west side of the field with a scale Mustang powered with an Enya 19. As foundation Father he had to demonstrate his prowess to the hosts.

In the 60's we also had for a period. A Club within a Club:- The Bootleggers! It was astounding just how many members were on a home brewing kick. Many hours were spent at the field comparing recipes before and during flying. Any lunch break was a sampling time. I think the main organiser of this group was John Vaughan. He appeared to be the big guru of that bunch. One of the many Germans we had in the Club at the time used to make his own whisky! In retrospect, it wasn't bad either. Must have been OK as it never sent him (or me) blind in the sense of losing the eyesight permanently. Lead kindly light moonshine.

That era also saw the annual visit to Wagga and a whole book could be written about those trips. The MARCS here in Melbourne and RCMC in Sydney were for many years having this annual clash so quite a few of us tagged onto the MARCS and attended to either compete or act as officials. A few of the funnier items wouldn't go astray. The DARCS contributed more than their share.

Peter Brown was riding as a passenger in a DARCS member's car and mentioned he wanted to be sick. So, our foundation member said "If that's so get out of the car". Peter did just that. He opened the door and rolled out bouncing down the road like a football beside the car, before the driver could even stop. To top it off he wasn't sick and never got a scratch. Only lost a thong in the ditch!

The same foundation member caused a furore by testing an R/C model in a nice large park on the way to the field. You couldn't rely on being able to test at the flying field because we had so few frequencies to fly on in those days. All went well till he landed and was confronted by the Wagga police. Not for flying in the park. For causing a traffic jam at morning peak period. So many cars had stopped to watch his pattern ship; the cops were going nutty.

The Flasher! Four DARCS members were sharing a room in the overcrowded with modellers motel. One was up first, had his shower, came out of the bathroom starkers, flexed his muscles and exclaimed, "Behold the body beautiful". Just as he did that, the woman kicked the door open and came in with the breakfast tray. She screamed in horror, threw the tray into the air, messed the room up somewhat and we were up for another breakfast. Did you know about that, Val?

Yes, those trips to Wagga in the 60's could fill a book, but that's not the main object of this history.

A field comparison wouldn't go astray in our story. The old Brady Road field was about the size of our present eastern strip. On the west it had a creek with an acre of blackberries on the other side. On the north it had a very deep drain and a hill on the far side of that. On the east, it had the biggest tree you ever did see, plus a cricket field that we were prohibited from flying over. On the south was a bitumen road with wires on poles running along it. Behind the road was a tip with a high wire fence. These last items claimed many models. See the last paragraph of the epilogue.

I can assure you it made much better fliers of us in the 60's and 70's. Lately with our Cardinia field, some of us have probably got lazy with the size and lack of landing and taking off obstacles. How would some of the later day members and beginners cope with the old Brady Road field? No wonder we were able to fly demo's out of tight, small areas. We were getting plenty of practice at our own field every time we flew.

In the 1960's, Saturn Models began to sponsor a 100 lap pylon race. In fact it was of the real early birds, Tony Cincotta. That event has become a club institution being run virtually every year without missing, with Tony sponsoring it. Always attracting a good rollup. Probably the same as the late Futaba Trophy which at the time of writing has been changed to the IBIS Trophy. The set up of that event seems to be the DARCS usually host it instead of the winning club. Particularly in latter years. Not so way back then when we used to operate from the Brady Road field. Burley field seemed to change that.

Of course, just like Wagga mentioned previously, some good friendships had been formed at the Warrnambool Nationals and we made quite a few visits to the Mount Gambier boys. That went on for a few years. Many hi-jinks happened on those trips too.

Quarter Midget Pylon has always been a reasonably popular event in the DARCS. This event was instigated by the late Dick Dakers. He digested what the Americans were thinking and proposing about it, modified their thoughts to what he thought best for prevailing Australian conditions and product availability and we had a great contest from the 1960's onwards. It must be said, the rules in latter years have unfortunately got away from what Dick cooked up for the masses. As the man said, once the hot shots take over any event, it's the end of something good. By the way, when the American aeroplane specifications finally came out, they fitted into Dick's rules admirably. Dick must have had ESP. And to think it was all drawn up in the Scout Hall in Dandenong.

(The 2.5cc 1/4 Midget Pylon was first run at the Geelong Australian National Championships, 1972-73, as an unofficial event.)

The Case of the Distraught Daughter:

Real Perry Mason Stuff!

The scene is the Ararat Yardin Historical Farm during a demo in the late 60's. One of our early birds persuaded his daughter that the prestige of the Club would be enhanced if he was allowed to drop her brand new Barbie Doll from his Aristocat, of course with a parachute. Trusting her Daddy she reluctantly agreed, so the drop was duly done much to the excitement of the daughter and the crowd in general. But it all went wrong. Barbie started to drift away in the modest breeze and Peter Pierce was so intent on chasing it with his eyes in the sky, he impaled himself, good and proper, on a barbed wire fence. Ouch! He once again gave chase after extricating himself and just as he was about to catch it like a test match fielder, Barbie and her parachute got a riser, kept going, and hasn't been seen since! The net result was an extremely savage daughter and, for a time, a useless husband.

Don't prices change? In our foundation year, according to the earliest of our newsletters available, a whole meeting was taken up with a debate as to the spending of \$60 on a second hand ride on lawn mower for the use at Brady Road Field. (Compare this to the \$19,000 just spent on our most recent acquisition.)

About seven years before the 29 meg frequency became available, we only had 6 odd spots on the 27 meg band on which to fly, plus 2 or 3 on the 40 meg band. If the field was crowded, you were very lucky to get in a test flight. This did not however deter Gerry Mussen. At one Wagga get together in the late 60's, he tried his plane from the front lawn on the hotel we were staying at. Just merrily flew from same, over the surrounding houses and streets. We don't advocate this caper. We are just recording some of the characters and madcap doings which are Club History.

In this period, the committee decided to run a contest for a new Club insignia. Some good, weird and wonderful entries poured forth. The winning entry by Dick Dakers has been our insignia ever since. One of the runners up was, however, used by the VMAA in our blue and gold colours with altered lettering. As the decal for the 1972-1973 Geelong Nationals. This is adequately covered in appendix 5.

Our R/C sets, then mainly 27 meg and 40 meg, were usually kept in top condition by Geoff Trone, Don Bladier and Colin Gissing, all good men. Don Bladier made and tried the first R/C Autogyro we ever saw, the first efforts at flight needing some of his own servicing on the set. Colin Gissing, not too long after, became the full time servicing consultant to Futaba Sales and was fortunately the man in charge when the mammoth task of converting many, many, 27 meg sets to 29 meg was needed. Boy, did he work!

Another smart radio operator in our ranks is long time member Eric Beilby. Eric came up through the ranks starting with his own "Galloping Ghost" equipment and had indeed been playing with home made and commercial R/C set since the early 1950's

There were rumours of his joining Futaba Sales as a service technician in the very early 1970's. In the finish he joined up with Bary Angus at Kraft Systems (Australia) down in Geelong. There he proved his mettle by fitting dual and exponential rates to sets well before Japan had any in production. He also helped Kraft (USA) develop their FM sets by doing a lot of testing and pre-production evaluation here in Australia.

At the time, the A.M.A. in the USA were not allowed to utilise FM in R/C sets, so the first production Kraft FM sets were strictly for Australia or export to Europe. Boy we had and still have some talent in the Club don't we!

Chapter 2 1970 till 1980

A Few Remarkable Sagas from the 1970-1980 decade.

Sifting through almost 200 newsletters for snippets regarding the many happenings and characters making up the history revealed some funny articles. In all this research, I have to select this as the best, and it was a hard decision. It concerns our secretary for 1973-'74, John Jenkins, who also received a very good commendation for assistance work to the committee of the 31st Nationals, Camperdown. So, it is herein reprinted straight out of the newsletter.

“DIRTY DOINGS AT THE CROSSROADS! BE WARNED!”

Let it be noted there are thieves, rascals, rogues, vagabonds, rascallions, knaves and scurvy villains lurking in the dales, glens and glades of the Police Paddocks.

Over the recent festive season the Squire of Dingley Dell, one John Jenkins, had to glide his flying machine to alight on the highway known to all in the parish, as Brady Road.

He did not see any reason to mount his charger to go to the stricken machine, so, whilst ambling through the long grass with his transmitter (with the intention of doing a bit of poaching for quail I would warrant) he observed a lorry stop along the road and the scoundrel in charge immediately dismounted and started to fillet the said stricken bird of it's airborne innards.

Hastening quickly to the scene of the foul deed being committed, Squire Jenkins said, we assume, “Pray, sire (the guy looked like a horse) what mightiest thou be about?”

The motorised Highway Man thereupon said, we assume, “offs bodkins, gadzooks and forsooth, I am taking the innards of this odd object on the King's Highway into protective custody!” Squire Jenkins, knowing this was not one of the King's Men, but an arch villain, thereupon took him to task, smiting him blow after blow.

After smiting this evil doer of dirty deeds with his fists, Squire Jenkins then set upon this foul deed purveyor with his transmitter in true ball and chain fashion, swinging the box by the aerial. The scrofulous scoundrel then leapt into his lorry and fled.

The Squire, having ne'er a steed, had neither nothing to mount nor give chase with. The reprobate recreant was not therefore brought to justice.

So, the cut-purse to watch out for, works in a lorry nearby the bridge and has, (according to the Squire, a gentleman whose word is parfont reputé) a broken proboscis that damaged, we believe the transmitter case at the same instant. Who nose! (Ouch)

We have heard of types busting to get into R/C, but this is ridiculous!

Another madcap adventure of this decade was Gerry Mussen making a bet for a few bottles of beer, (ie. 1 doz per person) that he could fly a radio model whilst scooting along on water skis. What a helluva of a way to make the Guineas Book of Records!

He shoved both arms up through a long wooden handle on the towrope and held the transmitter close to his kisser. He managed a few circuits around the speedboat before the inevitable happened. By the time the model, transmitter and Gerry had been recovered, all extremely wet, they got back to shore to find the audience had knocked off most of his beer winnings anyway.



P & DARCS Committee 1974-75

Top Row: Peter Howell(Social Secretary), Karl Flemming(RCMC), Frank Dibble(Editor), Dick Dakers(Treasurer), Graham Burley (Vice President)
Front Row: Monty Tyrrell(Editor), Alan Jobson(RCMC), Mal Caesar(Contest Director), Wal Schubach(President), Ken Holloway(Secretary)

In the Autumn of '74 we lost our first Life Member, Keith Follet, to the gold coast. He was followed not long after by Norm Garrett. At his writing Keith is still there. Norm did a MacArthur act "I shall return" and did!

This decade was one of success and growth of the DARCS. We had lots of fun and flying at Brady Road. A typical example was in 1971 when two good contingents from Wagga and Mt Gambier reciprocated our visits to them. At about 800 ft altitude Keith Hearn (the founder of Hearn's Hobbies) circled the Brady Road field in his Aeronca Champion tossing out toilet rolls. The idea was for the hotshots from Wagga, Mt Gambier and the DARCS to chop them up with the models propellers before they landed on the field. The wildest type of combat flying you ever saw, all without hitting Keith's Aeronca just above!

Professional flying Lessons arrived. Barry Law was giving lessons to those desirous of having a go at \$1 a pop with a big Fox powered Telemaster. His partner in this enterprise was Tony Cincotta and it went over well at displays. It must be stated proceeds were for the Club, not personal gain. Then John Vaughan went discount giving free flying lessons according to a newsletter advertisement. That was in conjunction with the hobby shop he operated around that period.

Back at the ranch (Brady Road field) the Flight Proficiency Program in conjunction with the GodFather system was also rolling along very well. This was all masterminded by Wally Schubach and written up in RCM Magazine (USA) in March 1976 and the British Magazine RCM & E in February. Wally had six honorary instructors in his DARCS Team, viz; Mal Caesar, Colin Gissing, Andy Neilsen, Monty Tyrrell, Ray Jackson, and Wally himself. Now the bureaucracy decrees we have to go for GOLD WINGS. Haw-w-w

Eighteen of our members, which was 14% of the membership went to the Camden Nationals held in late 1974 early '75. We got one first, two seconds, and three thirds. At the presentation dinner the modellers present chipped in \$1,000 to Cyclone Tracy Relief. Whilst on the subject of Nationals, two car loads from our Club went across to Bunbury WA in the late 1976 early '77, and our members brought home a higher proportion of trophies than any other club present. How about that!

At this time, we got onto a field in Thompson Road, North West of our present Burley Field. As the negotiations went on, an architect drew up a proposed ClubHouse for us, the plan costing \$100, then it all fell on its head. Research had revealed the SEC would be running huge transmission pylons through the area, and one of them would have actually been on our property. So the hunt for a field went on.

On the side, we also put on a good display in conjunction with the "Little Athletics" organisation at Waverley Park Football ground, quite a nice flying site.

An interesting article also appeared in the newsletter around this time on drinking and flying. We should fly in a safe and sober manner as even the hottest fliers can have their judgement impaired. It all really made sense.



**Tony Cincotta with his
Burrows Special**

There was also a dustup around this time with the Police Paddocks ranger. We got a stern letter from the Dandenong council about fliers not leaving at dusk when requested to do so by the Ranger, so said Ranger could lock the access gates. Fortunately, that was resolved eventually, and with a minimum of fuss our generally cordial relations with the Dandenong Council continued. We couldn't afford otherwise.

Another grand thing attributed to the DARCS in the mid '70's was Ray Jackson and Mal Caesar helping to lay power lines for the SEC around the King Lake area using a big powerful Telemaster R/C model. A full size helicopter would have been too expensive; ground parties struggling uphill and down dale too time consuming. And firing by rocket too inaccurate. It was done in this manner.

Ray flew it from one hill towing a light cable. Communicating via walkie-talkie. On approaching the next hill, Ray's transmitter was switched off and Mal's transmitter, identical and on the same frequency, switched on to bring the plane to a final approach and dropped the cable. Once the SEC boys had the cable, it was attached to a more robust one at Ray's end of things and hauled across the valley by winch. How about that!

Speaking of towing things, Frank Dibble and the late Gary Meehan put in some solid experimenting on banner towing for advertising purposes in the same era. The planes had complicated wire cradles on the airframes to clear controls and keep the towing point as close to the C of G as possible. After much experimenting they discovered banner towing was just as effective if towed by a hook around the tail-wheel area as long as the tow device was like a glider bungee haul of so much elastic to so much cord. Like the immortal Gooney Bird, it worked in spite of itself.

Around this time, the Commonwealth Government gave us the 29 meg frequency to fly on. We now had about 23 spots on which to fly. Two of our members, Eric Beilby and Colin Gissing, had a big hand on the modelling advisory panel which brought all this about. The DARCS were to the forefront again.

We also make the news because of Gary Meehan! An orange, green, pink and yellow flying saucer was seen flying around the North Dandenong area. That's fair enough 'cos it was free flying. An extremely strong wind carried it away from the range of Gary's transmitter. The Press sensationalised the fact. Headlines! **"Disappeared – one strange UFO"** (big block headline print!). A few days later more headlines. **"Fore – the missing UFO is found!"** It was found by one of the green keepers on the Waverley Golf course several miles from where it was last seen flying around the North Dandenong area. In the Press interview. Gary merely said he was surprised the saucer had travelled so far and "evidently the motor had still been going and the wind was stronger than I thought".

Ain't it amazing how a one metre diameter Flying Saucer can cause such community consternation? As Gary said, and I quote, "some people tell me I've set the hobby back decades, others say I'm pioneering new ideas. I just like flying saucers". I'll go along with Gary. He was an experimenter and innovator, and he always had something different like the flying saucer, flying Letter "Q", Canard or such. About the only thing he didn't try was a flying gasoline powered Pop Up Toaster. Business pressures and illness make him inconspicuous during the 81-91 decade. We now lack these innovators, though, come to think of it, Neil Manassa could often come out with something weird.

You haven't lived in Australia very long if you haven't heard of the Hutt River Principality reigned over by Prince Leonard, just out of Geraldton in WA. Early in this decade one of our committee, Frank Dibble, wrote to Prince Leonard telling him how we were specialists in remote control guided missiles. How True!

Prince Leonard cabled back informing us that we would henceforth be known as, “**The Hutt River Extra Territorial Air Command!**” All the committee members of the time were given commissions. See Appendix one.

Whilst we were trying to work all this out, a decree came from the Principality requesting us to perform at an Air Pageant to be held within its borders. The committee wrote back that we would, on condition that air transport for the Club Members and their models was provided both ways. Preferably a Hercules to fit all in.

We haven't heard any more from Prince Leonard or the Royal Court so we can only assume the Royal Treasury didn't have enough funds to cover the junket. I can assure you we had enough starters for it should it come to pass. Nutty.

Another phenomenon of the time was the DARCS being known as the “Fairlane Club”. From about 1975 onwards the car park looked like Stillwell - Ford used cars. The number of Fairlanes in the possession of Club Members (or their banks) was absolutely astounding, ranging from the models ZD to the ZG. This continued till, significantly, the minor recession of 1981 '82. Coupled possibly with the oil crisis. They were naturally all V8's, not a straight six amongst them. At the other clubs, members would see that Fairlane fleet and know the DARCS were there in force that day. Petrol was about 33 cents a litre then.

The Hutt river Extra Territorial Air Command commissions and the Fairlane Club them passed on into history.

In 1971 we were approached by the Bright Rotary Club to put on a real big demo at their Annual Bright Autumn Festival. We replied OK, will do, but the town is always booked out for that. They therefore reserved for us, the whole motel block at the Alpine Hotel Motel and a very large group of club Members went and actually filled it. The only one who couldn't go was Mal Caesar who just prior to the big turn out had an accident on a motor bike.

As it so happened the weather windwise, was horrific, but we made the best of it and put on such a good display in the bright Sports Ground they immediately booked us again for the following year as the public loved it. The stars of the Festival. It's most unusual to get high winds in Bright, but when it blows it really does and then some. But, Keith Follet's Delta could handle it OK.

Most of us took families, girl friends and the lot. We decided to have a party in Colin Gissing's room as for some reason he and Karen scored the largest. We were forced to this decision because, on the Saturday night, the lounge had been turned on for the locals as a disco. We ordered a large supply of grog and assorted soft drinks, plus some supper to be charged to the room with the intention of carving up the bill between us later, but we ran into some real trouble.

The manager said, “No way, must be cash on the knocker”. We pointed out we were guests in the place and couldn't utilise the lounge because of the disco for the younger hep cats of the town and visitors of the beat generation.

This was easily resolved. I went and saw the manager, told him that I and a few of my colleagues weren't just here to fly, but to look the place over with the possibility of buying it. Dropped a few names which made him shudder (all Bright Rotary members) and if we

did buy it as a syndicate, he'd be the first bastard to get the bullet. The drinks and supper were then supplied and charged as requested.

In 1972, with memories of the horrific wind of the previous year, a much smaller delegation of the Club went up and flew in idyllic conditions for the day. We stayed at another motel this time, as we had decided not to buy the Alpine.

In lighter vein, the doll the kids all wanted then from the toyshops was known as "Action Jackson". Do you middle aged Poppas remember buying them for the kids?

Well, I took up an Action Jackson (with parachute) put him in my Minty bomber and flew to a foolish, dangerous height, barely being able to see the plane. I finally let him go (we estimate 1800-2000 ft) and he finally came back, drifted across and out of the sports ground and landed in the local tip!

The local paper, "The Alpine Observer" made big copy out of that and the fact that untold numbers of kids risked life and limb chasing and trying to catch it. Unsung heroes in the face of traffic, fences and whatnot. Naturally I didn't get the doll back. All I got was a copy of the paper clipping which is still in my old scrapbook. Some kid in Bright had a windfall.

In the October of '74, a very large group of us went to a display at the Air Museum, then situated in Wodonga. We took over the whole Murray Valley Motel. Quite a few of us were doing over the Rutherglen Wineries on the way up, (Monty Tyrrell had bought a flagon of Tokay for himself) which made for a colossal party on the Saturday night.

Late in the evening, Monty wasn't feeling the best, (would anyone after consuming the best part of flagon of "the doin's"?) so he went into the bathroom and knelt in front of the Porcelain Altar. Out in the other room after a while the group could hear this soft little voice calling for help. Opening the door, there was our hero trying to get up off his knees from the floor. But couldn't because the seat had fallen over his head. He truly thought he'd had a stroke. Ah! The evils of drink.

The funniest thing was Peter Behrend landing in the local jail. He made a phone call to the Motel requesting Mal Caesar come in to bail him out. The Motel Manager gave us all the message, but we had to decide who would bail Peter out, as Mal wasn't in any condition to drive. Neither were most of the others. Finally we agreed on the most sober of the lot driving to the lockup with Mal after the hat had been passed around to raise the money. All three eventually returned OK, and the party then continued. Gawd, Colin Gissing's room was a mess, again. Tolerant bugger wasn't he.

In this decade we also flew at the Dandenong Show a few times. Very hairy take-offs and landings, dodging hurdles and hay bales in the arena for other events, I can tell you. Those with lolly droppers were dropping McDonald vouchers instead, for Big Macs, Cheese Burgers and so forth. The crowd loved it. You know how the kids stampeded for the Minties? Well, we were frankly disgusted. Adults were stampeding the kids into the ground to get the vouchers. That was 1975 and '76.

Three other shows in this line of obstacle take-off and landing conditions were the Wangaratta show (once) and two efforts at the Mentone Grammar School. Re the latter, we found on arrival, we only had half the sports ground, due to numerous tents selling various things, spinning wheels and so forth.

That meant almost vertical take-off and steep landing with Ian Mitchell at the fence to stop the landing run from running out into the street. It also meant flying out over the school buildings and the surrounding houses. I was dropping lucky number ping-pong balls, as taking off with a load of lollies was just too damn dangerous. These turnouts were in the early '70's.

Also in that era, Colin Gissing won a big cross-country contest from just north of the Melton Reservoir to the MARCS field. They were flying from the rear of cars and utes! Only three planes finished the course and one car had a busted windscreen. Bob Hurst was shown off a farmer's property with a shotgun.

One funny episode on that run, was one of the members, either Gerry Mussen or Bruce Price, discovered on one landing the tank was split. That was easily fixed by slipping a condom over it. Colin Gissing's plane flew the last leg of the long journey with the wing of a Hustler that John Dundas had wrecked en route. As Colin's plane was an Aristocat, it looked very funny. Sort of like a Boeing 727 with the wing of a Piper Cherokee.

Speaking of Piper Cherokees, Colin had a real one. In those days, the Club did a few annual trips for Fly-Ins with the Mt Gambier Club. Colin and Mal Caesar decided once to go down in the Cherokee and never got there. We found out later that on the way prudence decreed through extremely poor visual flight conditions that they do a forced landing near Skipton. They had a very good time in the Skipton Pub for a couple of days before returning to Melbourne!

In the last half of the 1970's we had some great trips and turnouts. 1975 saw a very large contingent of the DARCS at the Bendigo Fly-In. That was the episode where the commentator told all the kids that the Mintie Bomber would be going off again shortly. He hadn't checked that we were out of Minties! Well, Brian Dart and Ray Jackson solved that easily. They loaded the plane with sheep shit, which was there in abundance. When the cry came, "there they go" the kids must have thought they were aniseed balls being dropped. You've never seen so many bewildered kids looking for non-existent lollies in the area!

That night was one in a million, an exceptionally bright moonlight one, and a few of us were actually able to fly by moonlight only, after the barbecue, before going home. That was the day we had an Old Timer Pylon race!

1977-'78 saw us turn on tremendous displays at the Dandenong Show Grounds, very well attended by the public, to raise money for the Dandenong Hospital. For the kids we had two special treats that the committee of the day had arranged. One was Ronald McDonald the clown arriving by real helicopter plus Ron Blaskett and his ventriloquist doll Gerry Gee. Special treats for the modellers and public were Keith Hearn flying his 12 ft model of the "Southern Cross" that he had recently (June '78) flown across Port Phillip Bay, 45 miles from Point Cook to Berwick. And our secretary, Ken Holloway, flew his biplane pattern ship into the side of the commentator's caravan. It left a hole like a bazooka shell would. After all, he was only trying to emulate Wolfgang Schmidt who had pulled a stunt at a demo in Berwick a couple of years before. Wolfgang imitated a barnstormer flying through an open hangar. Except this was the open door of the Show Grounds Office and there wasn't an open door on the other side. Just a counter. Fortunately unattended.

Another sparkling happening at a Fly-In the early 70's was the mass formation flight organised and controlled by Norm Morrish. The 29 meg band had just become available

so Norm traffic controlled this in superb fashion. 15 planes took off in turn. Every second one had to orbit in the NorthWest area of the field at different altitudes. T'others did the same in the NorthEast area. On Norm's signal they alternately, from both groups came in at safe staggered altitudes and were a large stacked gaggle as they passed over the very centre of the field heading due South, then did left and right breakaways to go round for landing. Believe me, it's the most spectacular thing I have ever seen in R/C. Just like a WWII low level bombing run, and not a plane got bent and was the most spectacular finish to a Fly-In display show.

In 1978 an extremely large contingent had a weekend in Stawell taking over a whole motel with families and models. The wind wasn't kind for this fly-in with Stawell Club, but we all had a hell of a good time and then some. This display culminated the huge explosion engineered by our resident pyrotechnic enthusiast Ian Mitchell. Don Kennedy of the Stawell Club had manufactured a Snoopy Dog House out of a number of large cartons, and stuffed them with petrol soaked paper. Ian added some electrically fired thunder flashes to this setup and the whole thing was allowed to stew in the sun all day. The finale was a fly-past with as many models as we could get into the sky. (Not quite as big as Norm's effort) and as we all passed over the DogHouse, Ian let 'er rip. The concussion was something to experience, and more than one pilot nearly hit the ground with his model as a reaction to the blast of air that went past.

That decade was the decade of the serials in the newsletter. For many months we had "Around the Muck 'Ole" which profusely brought home how Murphy's Law can operate in your workshop. Then we had "R/C Almanac", the history of Radio Control Flight in Victoria. Then was "Four Decades of Balsa Bartering" which was mainly about the cost of modelling on a wage basis, mild economics etc. (This was reprinted in precis form in the Dandenong Knox R/C Club newsletter during the '80s and more recently in the Aeromodelling Digest for 1991 with a change of title to "50 years On". After that came "Historical Aviation."

Yes that was quite a decade. At one stage Mr Helicopters (Max Tandy) was sporting a scruffy beard. Gary Curtis had a flyaway and the model was found seven years later in sad repair in the bush with a badly corroded motor. Fortunately no bush fires had been through the area which was well on the way to Healesville. The R/C rig, band 4, 27 meg actually worked in a fashion on testing it with new batteries! Moral of the story, have your name, address and phone number on a tag inside the model.

In 1973 we had a golfing, flying and barbecue day at flinders Golf Club. For the social pages in 1974, Jim and Wendy Davie had a new daughter, John "Fuzzy" Coldwell got married, Graham Burley became a Grandpop, Norm Garret moved to the gold Coast and couldn't return quickly enough, Peter Pierce was continuously advertising for sale in the newsletter 2 Labrador pups which must have been fully grown by the time they were sold. Same for a plane of Neil Manassa's. Getting cheaper and cheaper every edition! Wonder who he finally gave it to?

We teed up in a fashion our first very own field in 1970. Our President, Norm Savage, got onto an acreage on the corner of Pound and Ballarto roads, not far southwest from where we are now, at a good price. He took out an option on it and paid a substantial holding fee out of his own pocket and started on the run around and ring around of the members to put in so much each on top of what already in the Flying Field Fund. In spite of promises, enough dough was not, and could not be put in. When the option expired it went for many thousands of dollars more than we could have bought it at. Absolutely disgusted with the

apathy, Norm resigned and it was a very long time indeed before he reappeared on the scene comparatively unknown to most members except the pioneers.

1976 saw us doing well at the Loxton SA Nationals. 22 of us attended. That year was good news and bad news for Brian Dart. He and Jocelyn had a son and he blew his beautiful scale B25 Mitchell Bomber to bits. Also that year saw the first official unfurling of our Club Flag. In numbers we overwhelmed the VMAA Dinner Dance, our Pylon Fliers captained by Terry Dodds, overwhelmed the opposition at the State Championships. We had the first R/C model with a commercial 4-stroke engine flying in Australia. Monty Tyrrell brought back an OS 60 prototype from Japan and it created much interest wherever flown. It was from a pre production batch of 100 machined from solid, not die cast. It also had much larger valves and stems than the production job.

David Oliver donated some sheepskins for the Club Raffle and said they had fallen off a truck. Must have been a bloody old truck. The winner Graham Burley, found them branded "Sheep Skins for Russia Appeal 1942. Help our Glorious Allies."

The committees running the Geelong Nationals (Jan 1973) and the Camperdown Nationals (Jan 1978) had quite a few DARCS members on the board, particularly the latter. 50% of the committee. In both Nationals we were seen helping in most necessary spheres and took more than a fair share of the places. We also did ourselves proud at Warrnambool Nationals just before this decade started.

All throughout the decade the Club must for ever be grateful to Mal and Val Caesar for hosting the annual Pool Party every February, to Keith Follet for hosting quite a few of the December Christmas parties and Alan Jobson for doing likewise.

In 1978, eight members advertised themselves as operating a helicopter flying school at a field in Mordialloc.

We won the Futaba Trophy that year even though one of our team was disqualified! Did it in windy, rainy weather, too, out at the MARCS field. So it wasn't a home ground decision.

Now for some real gobbledegook. Just before our 10th birthday the committee was negotiating with the local council for a permanent site within the City of Dandenong. Actually the negotiations did finish up successfully but the site eventually given didn't. It was in the middle of a heavily treed site in the eastern area of the Police Paddocks. It would have absolutely blown the flying field Fund just to have it cleared enough for the flying of models whilst still leaving a forest around the borders. But during the negotiation the following fact emerged.

The Dandenong Council was being held up by the Dandenong Valley Authority who in turn were being held up the Board of Works. They in turn were being stalled by the State Government who in turn were being "frigged around" by the Federal Government. This paragraph is straight from the June '76 Newsletter.

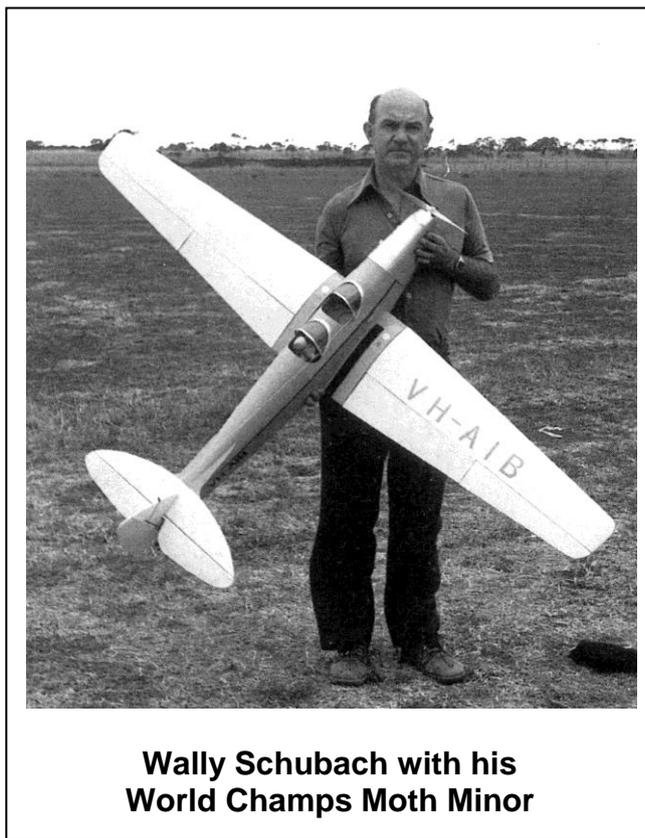
Believe me, Graham Burley writing like that shows the frustration he was under. So now you know why the flying field fund (\$9,160.30) at that time was left to roll over for a few years and not used to finance a forest clearing exercise.

Just before our 10th birthday we splurged some funds on iron-on decals for T-Shirts which proved a successful financial venture.

Era Electronics, (Managing Director and Chairman Wal) were selling and servicing C.H.M. kits of receivers, servos and associated equipment plus Flight Boxes. I don't see the former in use at the field, but still see quite a few of the "Wally Boxes" around. I don't think "Do it Yourself RX's and Servos" proved very popular. But the Flight Boxes were tremendous value. I still use mine. I don't know how Wally's new corporation went. Nobody remembers seeing it listed on the Stock Exchange.

Just before our 10th birthday we really found out who put this Club on the rails and guided it through its growing pains period. We had 156 members which made us by far the biggest club in Victoria (if not all of Australia) and the honours list for serving on the committee read as follows. Six years each: Mal Caesar, Frank Dibble, Dick Dakers, Graeme Burley and Colin Gissing. Four years each: Wally Schubach, Norm Savage, Jim Davie. The rest of the committee then averaged 2 – 3 years each: John Coldwell, Ian Mitchell, Bob Swift, Andrew Nielsen, Monty Tyrrell, Ray Jackson, Norm Morrish. In addition to that Graeme Burley had been a delegate to VMAA for seven years. And we had three VMAA Life Members in our club. Since then, some of those names have come out of retirement after a reasonable rest to serve again during the 1980's.

Some say a committee is a group that keeps minutes and loses hours and that singly they can do nothing but collectively decide nothing can be done. So don't you ever think of the Club Elders as triumphs of the Embalmers' art.



Wally Schubach with his World Champs Moth Minor

The Case of the Pie Eyed Kids

The Brady Road field never had any play ground equipment, so the members' kids present had to find their own amusement. One day a few of them got into one of the Fairlane Fleet mentioned earlier, found a few warm bottles of Courage Crest on the floor in the back and knocked 'em off. When balled out by the Dads concerned, one a strict teetotaler, they gave the perfect kids answer: "There was nothing else to do!"

We were always going at top pitch 'cos we wanted to be noticed and in looking back it was probably the most dynamic 10 years of our 25 glorious years. As the decade drew to a close, we could see our dream or our own property getting closer and closer. Late in 1978 the whole thing was falling into place. We got into our present property at Cardinia. Even though the Club was then split into two groups, the DARCS and the Cardinia Competition Club, we all acted with one voice when Neil Manassa went on the final "put in your dough or go" appeal.

It made many of our big auctions look like afternoon tea parties. Neil worked his guts out that night selling something you couldn't see. Shares in a property we hadn't yet purchased. What's your bid? How much will you put in, Sir? By the end of the night the cheques, promissory notes and credit of some reached the purchase price and a wee bit more, and by the late summer it was ours. \$60,000!

In the Autumn of 1979 we had a home and then had to figure out "what do we do next with it". The first survey flights can be noted by the Wall Plaque and Graupner "Taxi" model hanging in the Club House from the roof. The Tractor Shed was moved from its original possie along Wenn Road to the present site and for the next three year it served as the Clubhouse and storage shed. But that's another story which goes into the next decade.

During the first year of operation at Burley field, circa 1979-80, we were blessed with our first Bionic Man! Norm Garrett was an ex-free flyer and then much younger (weren't we all) and here's how it happened.

He experienced a flyaway with the model heading SouthEast. Like any nonchalant hero, undaunted in the face of impending doom, he gave chase and whilst doing so forded the creek just north of the Wenn road bridge after bounding over the levee bank. Still rather wet (well past his nether regions) he continued his merry chase. He still had the model just in sight when had to clamber over a fence catching his wet trousers and family jewels contained there-in on the strand of wire. This happened to be an electric fence.

The shock to Norm and the family jewels was something else. We are given to understand he had no trouble from there-on in catching up to the wayward model. The RX pack in the model was "susso" which caused it all. We can assure you Norm's energy wasn't susso.

Chapter 3

1981 till 1991

A few remarkable sagas from the 1981-1991 Decade.

We started the 80's with mixed feelings. Sure we owned a property lock, stock and barrel, but an extremely good friend and benefactor to many members had died just prior to the Christmas of 1979. Mr Kraft, Australia (Barry Angus) at a mere 43 years of age through a massive heart attack. We had also lost our President, Graeme Burley and decided to name the field in his memory. Hence mixed feelings.

Early in the 80's Neil Manassa wrote an interesting article attacking the insurance setup of the VMAA and MAAA, and the fact that two State Associations whose combined membership didn't equal out membership had more voting rights in the overall chain of command of Australian Aeromodelling than a Club like us. All quite true. The lack of proportional voting in the MAAA has its good and bad points and no further comment should be made in this story.

The 1979-80 period saw the field itself getting better and better as time went on. We were, as they say in the Air force, a fully operational squadron. Unfortunately the squadron wasn't as big as it may have been. With all the assets of property, tractor, maintenance and so forth which incurred expenses, we had for a while quite a few drop outs in the membership list as, after all, we had to be the most expensive Model Airplane Club in Victoria and quite a few couldn't cope with it financially.

Now that we owned the field, our next vision was a Clubhouse amongst the other expenses that had to be budgeted for. In the April of 1980, there was an article in the newsletter suggesting the club throughout its own operations was becoming unmanageable! Another slight setback that year was the annual auction being a disaster for some reason so the Club didn't net as much out of it as usual. Did our fees and expenses etc. cause that! Who Knows?

A further lesson in safety was taught when one of the early bird members, Gerry Mussen, received a split eyelid from a flying spinner which left a model being started and it wasn't *even his!* *He just happened to be in line with it!*

The spring of 1980 saw us officially change our name to the Pakenham DARCS as we were no longer operating in the Dandenong area.

One of the biggest social successes of that year was the



Roy Robertson after landing his Ag Wagon at the first Monster Model Day.

flight of the "Gooney Bird". George Bevan, Dean and Monty Tyrrell went for a ride in a C-47 freighter and wrote such a glowing report in the newsletter the committee chartered one operating out of Essendon giving joy rides. Just on 30 members went on the junket. On the day it happened we banned flying at the field till it had been and gone and just had a working bee. The reason was when it arrived at the field it did a low level buzz from North to South not very much above the wind sock!

Dean Tyrrell was working on the tractor shed roof, saw this big bird coming straight at him, never appreciated it wasn't a Kamikaze run, and jumped off the roof in sheer terror. It wasn't quite that low, but he thought it would get him if he stood up. Much mirth on the field and good fun for those in the old Gooney. No, the late and great Roy Robertson wasn't flying it.

And so we went into 1981, improving all the time and noticing a new emotion creeping into modelling, The Big Birds. At the time we didn't see it would help our Club a lot during the next few years, but it did. We had an influx of new members from other Clubs interested in this sphere. After all, we had the most suitable field and runways in the modelling scene from whence to operate them. There wasn't anything else like it in the state. At this writing there still isn't.

In the March of '81 we flew our first Yakkerboo Festival display which has become an annual event. Nine members flew in this first effort. Viz: Neil Manassa, Frank dibble, Wal Schubach, Brian Dart, Bob Swift, Norm Garrett, Monty Tyrrell, Norm Morrish and the President of the time, Barry Law. We turned on a splendid static and flying display. The most noticeable happenings were Darty and Bob Swift having the ultimate mid-air collision and Monty Tyrrell deliberately bombing a Police Car with Minties. Did the cops pour out of that car like a Max Sennet comedy from the silent movie days! A whole plane load of minties from low level on the roof made them think somebody had opened up on them with a machine gun. Fortunately they saw the funny side and the crowd loved both happenings.

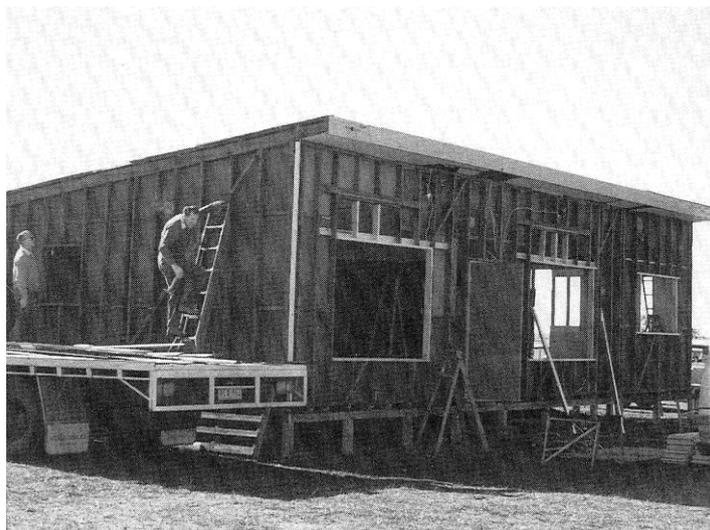
April was sad for some of the Club Elders. They had arranged a lavish luncheon for Keith Hearn as an old friend and his services to Model Aviation. Keith was the actual founding father of Hearn's Hobbies. He was joined by his two brothers later. The six P & DARCS members present would have meant 210 combined years of aeromodelling experience. Keith never turned up. It was found out later he'd been rushed to hospital where he died a few days later. Eddie Keggan was the last member to see Keith just before he died and he said it was best none of us saw him there. It was best just to remember him. It also sort of ended our good association with Hearn's.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the big bird movement was gaining momentum and we had started to run our annual Big Bird Fly-In. The first few years were sponsored by Kraft Systems, then around the middle of this decade it was taken over by Futaba Sales Australia. Introduced in conjunction with it was the full size display by the late Roy Robertson with his full size Cessna Agwagon till his untimely death in December 1984. At one of these displays he proved he could take off and land on our small eastern strip to the left of the Clubhouse as you drive in. Sure, he needed two attempts to land on it, did quite a ground loop, deliberately when he reached the south edge of the main strip. But he proved it could be done! He was a staunch supporter of the Big Bird movement and a real pusher for the Old Timer scene. He and David Reynolds were the main instigators of SMA in Victoria. His memory and services to the club are perpetuated in our annual Roy

Robertson event. His funeral was the biggest P & DARCS meeting ever, as most of the Club attended.

In 1982 we had two famous international visitors. One, John Pond from the USA paid his first visit to the DARCS field and had his brain bent by what we had accomplished since purchasing the property. He has been there often since as it is a must on his calendar when visiting Australia. The other was famous UK Model shop operator, Henry J. Nicholls. Same story. He raved about the field, the hospitality he received, especially the stubbies that Gerry Mussen kept pouring into him. Both saw the plans of the Club House we had just acquired in Dandenong and were very impressed and went back to their own countries raving they had seen the best privately operated (non-sponsored) model flying club in the world. They were not wrong, and at this writing they still ain't wrong.

In the autumn of 1982, we got our present Club House and had it removed by low loaders from where was, to where it. The workers to get it to an occupiable abode from the state it was, would read like a page of a phone book. We would run out of space! Its official opening was in June 1982, a grand occasion. About the only two members who missed out were Norm Garrett and Monty Tyrrell who were representing the P & DARCS at the first Vintage Air Pageant in Sydney.



The Club House being built in '82

That story was told in our newsletters of early winter 1991. That event was for Big Birds, but for some strange reason the P & DARCS were the most poorly represented of the Victorian Clubs. And us running an annual Big Bird Fly-in and being in the forefront of it all! The Valley Radio Flyers in Shepparton stole a march on us up there. They really pushed their first big Bird fly-in for the forthcoming September. It has been an annual event since, the biggest roll up in Victoria, many interstate types always coming, and stole all the thunder from our annual event. Where did we go wrong? The only consolation is that we are always well represented in Shepparton annually, and three of our members have been presented with a Shepparton Hall of Fame Award, which takes some achieving.

Our Newsletter Editor of the period, Laurie Glanville, another early Bird of our Club, wrote a splendid article in the spring of 1982 on safety. Yes, again, safety in modelling. Its theme was the transportation of fuel, batteries and so forth in car boots and station wagons. It should be repeated. It will never be out of date. Articles of that calibre never are.

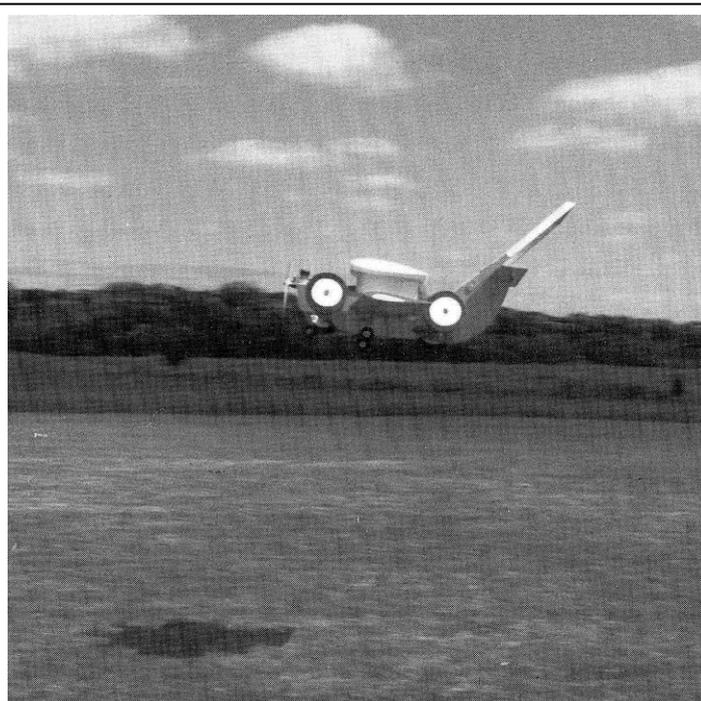
1982 also saw a refreshing change in the annual Kids Christmas Party. Instead of the usual Carribean Gardens, Heany Park or such, a Puffing Billy trip to Emerald was scheduled.

That year also saw a large roll up of the Club at the Horsham Nationals. As usual, the P & DARCS did themselves proud in the midst of all that aeromodelling talent in the home state, but not as well though in the Amberley (QLD) Nationals of late 1982. However, some were there and the flag was flown. By the way, the Horsham Nationals was the first to officially run a Big Bird Event. We were there. If not flying, being officials, and we received plenty of publicity. The main thing.

Late 1982 also saw John "Fuzzy" Coldwell's busted ankle well healed with him no longer having to fly on crutches (? Think about that) and Alan and Avril's son Adam was given a radio rig for his first birthday. At least it wasn't an electric train. Dad plays with both anyhow.

Yes, 1982 was a good year. Besides the field, we had the Club House, a good track record in contests and achievements. We were becoming more widely known in Australia. The realisation also came to us that we were getting older. Our junior fliers of the 60's and 70's were being seen less and less. To name a few, Alan Foster, Bruce Price, Scott Pitts and Myke Dakers. Marriage, mortgages, babies and bills had taken over their lives. Bruce Price could always be relied on for having something different besides being a good modeller, flier and engineer in his own right. He started Price Rite Model Accessories, interestingly enough at a tender young age. He then sold the business to David Oliver, who in turn sold it to Rollo McKinley in Kerang. I would also say he was the first to fly a lawn mower novelty R/C plane in this state way back in the early 70's. Myke Dakers, as a flier had left his father, the late and great Dick Dakers, far behind. He had also won a special Junior Sportsmanship award plus other trophies at the Camperdown Nationals early in 1978. His full time career in the RAAF kept him away more and more. Lack of Juniors of good calibre was a matter of concern for some time, but new faces came along to give us much gratification. Ashley McDonald, Mark French and Jason Walker in more contemporary times. They too, are getting older. From whence does the next batch come?

1982 also saw us re-united again as one group instead of being the P & DARCS and Cardinia Competition Club. Briefly as the VMAA and the MAAA, it meant only CCC members could fly in State, National and major championships, a point which irked CCC members as they were after all P & DARCS members to the backbone but not allowed to represent the P & DARCS. The re-



**Bruce Price's Webra powered
Lawn Mower.**

affiliation of the P & DARCS sounded the death knell of the CCC.

Around this time we obtained a quote from the SEC for \$9,000 to connect the electricity to our Club House but it was shelved to a later date due to cash flow problems. We had the honour of two of our senior members being asked to be judges at the Scale Masters Championships in Albury.

We didn't always put on demos away from our flying fields. Some times the audience came to us. Twice, several bus loads of Boy Scouts and Cubs were brought to us to see what model flying was all about, and at those turnouts some of our Club flew control Line Models as well. Then our current President, Angelo Favalaro, had just on 100 Junior Footballers as a captive audience. Later, we also had one for the Australian Air League arranged by Warwick Bates. That was spoilt however, by frightful winds on the day.

On reminiscing, we have always been a well fed Club I can assure you. Till Burley field came on the scene, Gary and Doreen Meehan could be relied on for demonstrating their barbecue arts in the open air at Brady Road. They were followed by Ian and Jean Mitchell. Both Gary and Ian served long spells on the Committee. Ian and Jean once acted as chefs for a major Club event the very day after they were married. Ain't that dedication above and beyond the call of duty. Or had they had a lousy night?

In folklore you have heard of the little man who wasn't there. Well, Ian Mitchell was the big man who was always there. He never claimed to be much of a flier. His joy was in the fellowship of the Club. He was always in a demo team making sure the planes were fuelled up. And in general being self-appointed demo manager, quickly doing minor repairs and such. We lost Ian and Jean to boating during the 80's.

Whilst on this feeding of well fed heads. It would be remiss if we didn't mention the Ladies Group known as the "Pit Crew". The fairest way would be to cover it alphabetically. Jocelyn Dart, Joan Dibble, Jill Erwin, Sue Jackson, Helen Law, Carol Manassa, Doreen Meehan, Jean Mitchell, Rhonda Neilsen, Joan Trusler and the late Ethel Reynolds, all wives of members. Like club Members, the list came and went, in the formative years of Burley Field. These ladies looked after us and a few have indeed still done so comparatively recently. As the "Pit Crew" faded into our history the task was taken over by Derry and Margaret Brown, Wally Schubach, Pearl Lang, Darryl Cope and Ian Anderson. They were really stepping into fast company following the precedent set by Fred Webb.

In that era the "God Father" system, for which most credit must go to Wally Schubach, was still running. Another good scheme of that time which seemed to fade into history was the four Flight Groups the Club was divided into and inter-flight contests were a regular thing. There was Red flight captained by Derek Trusler, Green flight captained by the late Dick Dakers, Blue Flight captained by Norm Morrish and Black Flight captained by Brian Dart. Did the death of Dakers, Trusler moving to the USA for some time and Dart moving to Shepparton to live cause the demise of this system? We also had a plans library instigated by Roly Gaumann. Now you know why we are covering our Club's history before it's all forgotten. It's called keeping ahead of senility.

There's one thing that didn't fade into history. The Saturn sponsored 100 lap Pylon Race. Sure, we missed out on having the occasional fly-in, but you rest assured on two things. The 100 lap pylon race, and that Karl Flemming would enter it. The statistics show he has hardly missed one, which is logical, being another DARCS early bird. Regardless of all

else, that is his one day of the year. It should also be known as the Karl Flemming Commemorative Event!

1983 saw some ghastly bush fires in this state. Norm Morrish and Ian Mitchell did us proud being fire fighters with the CFA. Some of the members lost their modelling sheds and equipment, but our club, with the help of Fliteline Models Ringwood, gave donations to quickly get these unfortunate fellows back in the air again.

Also good news that year was our committee of the day organising for the Shepparton Big Bird Fly-in, a huge hospitality tent with flagpole and our flag flying proudly above it. Nobody could be blamed on entering the field for thinking it was a P & DARCS turnout. We also ran their annual auction at that turnout. Every body knew we were there.

That year also saw some of us attending the 1st Annual SAM Old Timer Championships at Goulburn in NSW. We made our presence felt at the Cohuna Pylon Championships and proudly fielded a large body of assorted models and flyers for the MARCS 25th Anniversary Fly-In. But for all the good news there is a bit of bad news. That year, one of our foundation members and past President, Norm Savage, passed away. We did what Norm would have liked. We prepared to attack the 37th Nats at Richmond, NSW in large force accompanied by our overseas honorary member John Pond, who had turned up yet again. We did just that with distinction. We competed and helped officiate for the whole period.

By the early winter of 1984 the Club House had been improved by the addition of the veranda, which enabled the Hutt River Extra Territorial Air Command Colonels to sit and suck Mint Juleps, viewing our plantation. That year saw good news and bad news. Bad news first. Much uneasiness existed with those out in the plantation and the butt warming Colonels watching them. We started to suffer some radio interference from somewhere. Been unknown till then. Glen Matthews and Wolfgang Schmidt put in much time with frequency scanners with not many answers. The outcome was the committee strongly recommending certified R/C sets and for some time Channel 10 (29 meg) was blocked out on the keyboard.

More bad news was losing a staunch member Ray Jackson, who migrated to Shepparton. Then worse bad news. We had a gigantic flood in the spring. Which besides doing much damage, destroyed all the Club Records in the Club House. Paperwork tightly packed in cartons under a couple of feet of water is the end. Hence this history. Some more bad news was our staunch, steadfast Roy Robertson passing away from a heart attack just prior to Christmas. We ran the SAM Seminar he'd put so much work into, the following January, as scheduled. But straight after that, renamed it "The Roy Robertson Memorial Trophy" by overwhelming vote. So what was the good news? There had to be a balance in the equation some place.

In the October of 1984 Roy Robertson, Eddie Keggan and Monty Tyrrell had run the 50th Anniversary Scale Contest of the Centenary Air Race quite successfully for the Victorian Flying Scale Association out at our field. Just prior to that Monty Tyrrell had competed in the USA Nationals at Reno, Nevada, attaining one 1st Place and an equal 4th. So the year wasn't all bad news.

Thirty fliers attended the Kooweerup Potato Festival during 1985 which shows how it was growing in importance.

This time around we had three entries in the 1985 Vintage Air Pageant and a host of helpers and officials. In the big SAM Fly-In at Laverton AFB in the middle of the year, we are proud to record that P & DARCS took out seven of the eight places in the two events, most capably run, managed and directed by Warwick Bates. The most we could ever hope for was achieved with the triumph of Glen Matthews and Robin Grey having so much success and consolidating 1st place in the World FAI Pylon Championships at Massachusetts, USA. The year was wound up in the grand manner, Warwick Bates ran the Old Timer events at the Wangaratta Nationals when in those, plus many other events, the others know the P & DARCS were there, accompanied again by our wandering honorary overseas member John Pond from the USA. Ain't home very much is he! He loves Australia, Australians, Australian beer and the P & DARCS.



Les Dole and Graham McDonald with Roy Robertson's Red Zephyr

The flood of '84. Someone had said "Let the waters recede."

Meanwhile, as 1986 went by, Peter Harris was recovering from his broken leg, we were still arguing about Incorporation, Fred Webb had survived (and so had the members!) Fred's first year of being Chef, we won the Futaba trophy, and Major Eddie's regular column in the newsletter on Australian built War Planes. Whilst all this was going on, our taken-for-granted existence had clouds gathering above it. Complaints had started to come in about noise and overflying adjoining properties. Just think, five years ago, and some people are still treating it all lightly!

Late in the year, we took over the big Old Timer meet that was run in Geelong. We started having the Kids' Christmas Parties

at Jells Park and then started on preparations for our 21st Birthday Party. Really it was our 20th birthday staged a few months late, but what the hell. It was a roaring success and we all, including interstate entries, had a very good time during the days. Strangely though, the nights were pretty cold for that time of the year. We also had another temporary honorary member in Bob Munn from La Mesa in the USA. For the eight months he was in Australia from '86 to '87 he always represented us in contests and he invariably did well. He, and his wife Ethel, proved to be popular with all the members. We are hoping to see them again during 1992.

In January of 1987 at the RAAF and Government level, the organising of the World FAI Pylon Championships was so foul, it took Norm Morrish, assisted by John Coldwell, Angelo Favaloro and others from other Clubs, to put it back on the rails for which Norm rightly received many accolades from the World Modelling Press. By transferring it from one field to another with the utmost efficiency and minimum loss of time, but gaining much prestige, the P & DARCS star shone brightly on the international scene. Glen Matthews once again proved he was equal to the best and better than most in the World at these championships, capably assisted by Robin Gray. They did us proud.

Past President John Crockett and future President Derry Brown, both had serious operations, successfully we are glad to say.

A large contingent of our members went to the SAM Championships at Canowindra, NSW. Huw Davies became our sort of P & DARCS Ambassador in the USA when he started spending so much of his time there on business. He used to send us bright, breezy scoops for our newsletter.

That year also saw the NOTAM Club formed and begin operations at Nagambie with a surprisingly large part of the membership being P & DARCS members. I hasten to add that this didn't mean dropping out of the P & DARCS. It was a sort of dual membership. As the year drew to a close, Derry and Margaret Brown had a big barbecue party at their



Earl Mahle with his Falcon Old Timer

home to really launch the NOTAM Club and most of the committee were P & DARCS members. Sort of a Club within a Club.

Futaba Sales and the two Hobby Hangar Shops were totally staffed by P & DARCS members when Rob Vanderburg joined that team.

It was all in all not a bad year, except for one thing which very recently has reared its head again unfortunately. That was the first year there was a scream about illegal frequencies being used. Our newsletter actually brought it to the

attention of aeromodellers before the VMAA or any of the upper echelon in modelling management even knew about it. Fortunately, very little of it happened with us after that blast. It was, however funny to have modellers from other Clubs attending a contest at our field, wryly grinning and saying "I'm legal today!" They knew we wouldn't tolerate it on our property.

The newsletters of the mid 1980's have some interesting items in them. Amongst the best is a reprimand of members chasing full size planes that may come in low. Suicidal action for the whole Club if the worst happened. Time and time again safety articles appeared by our Safety Officer of the period, Tim Hackett.

The Toilet Timer was installed to conserve water during an extended dry period that had left us embarrassed for sufficient supplies to keep the toilets running.

Graham Godden organised a tour of the then TAA, now Australian Airlines, maintenance workshops. Jim Davie donated an R/C Buggy complete, to raffle which enabled us to buy a new Lawn Mower. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the argument for and against Incorporation was still going on. We added to our already massive assets by buying a Brush Cutter. So, what if it did cut some PVC pipes. It cut the grass.

Angelo was outlining the benefits of some of us going for the MAAA Instructors course. And on the social there were surprise birthday parties for two long time members, Alan Jobson and John Crockett.

On the financial scene, the '85-'86 year showed expenditure was \$3,323 over receipts.

1987 saw the first Waikerie Nationals, which unlike most others our Club did not attack in force. The January - February usual Nationals time, seems to suit most who attend, but Waikerie in April, although better weather, showed an acute lack of interest by many others as well as us. We did have a large representation at the SAM Old Timer Championships at Canowindra, NSW the week before. Maybe two big meets, so far apart in distance, and so close together in the same month, was just too much. At Canowindra some of the members, and wives, had their first rides in hot air balloons. At the end of both events, back in the more civilised area of Melbourne, Monty Tyrrell had a big party at his home for two wandering Yankee members, John Pond and Bob Munn, before they both went back to the states. They had proudly flown for the P & DARCS at both turnouts.

In that year we also gave the total proceeds (\$425) of our annual Monster Model Day to the Kooweerup Hospital. We also staged a big Helicopter Fly-In and quite a few of our Club attended the neighbouring Dandy-Knox Fly-In. Late in the year Safety Officer Tim Hackett resigned and in the newsletter gave a scathing and fully justified attack about the lack of membership help to the hard working committee. The Committee give up a lot of modelling time to attend to the business affairs and everyday running of the Club, more than you realise.

Things had started to look better in the funds department. From the disaster of the mid '80s our expenditure was \$4,383 under receipts.

The field was looking good, the entries for the forthcoming Roy Robertson Memorial Trophy were high with 40 having already entered. Les dole was well on the way to attaining his full size flying licence.

So, in that happy frame of mind, we blissfully flew our models over the holidays in to the Bi-Centennial year.

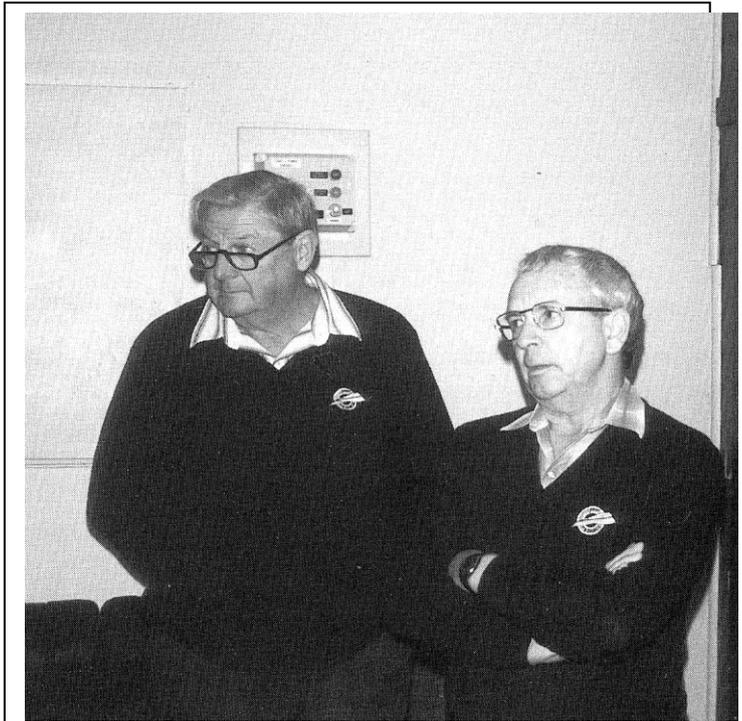


Bob Munn from the USA at the Waikerie Nats 1987

1988 was great for Australia in general and not bad for us in particular. After 20 plus years, the annual adults barbecue pool party changed from Mal Caesar's place to Neil Manassa's. Barry May started to heavily promote a single channel contest with numerous constructive articles in the newsletter. Several planes were built, but at this writing, nothing has happened. Although not Barry's fault, the proposal seemed to get lost in the system of the P & DARCS Corporation. That year Barry was co-donor of our first museum piece, the Graupner Taxi hanging from the Club House ceiling.

We also saw the installation of our phone.

Noel Parker put some solid work for the NEC Enduro which has become a prestigious Victorian event run by the P & DARCS. Each time it has been run our teams have excelled themselves, with our talented juniors mentioned earlier, lighting the way. Who said juniors should be seen but not heard!



**Mal Caesar & Derry Brown at the official
"Switch On" of the power.**

Noise and over flying complaints reared their heads again. Are you noting this!

Come Spring, our area had started to really look something, as we had a phantom gardener operating, planting flowers around the Club House. The phantom turned out to be Harry Brown, who decided the place needed a homely look with class and style, so did something about it. Its called self motivation. Now all we need is some Emus trained to do what too many members are failing to do. Are you noting this too? That point often rears its head in the newsletter and meetings. 177 Emus would equal the membership.

1989 brought home to us two things in the Club that were starting to die and it wasn't Hurry's flowers. It was the generator and the budget. Most disturbing as that year we had overspent, but certain things had to be done and that was that.

That year the Pilot's Picnic was launched with great success.

Wheels moved within wheels to finally get the electricity connected. We had obviously reached a point where the cash flow and investments of the Club could cover this luxury.

The Gazebo TX pond opened for business in 1990 and we had the spectre of the Casey Airfield at Berwick endeavouring to move close to us.



John Pond & Monty Tyrrell with Monty's Quadra Powered Norseman

Shortly after the SEC power was connected, it was suitably switched on with much celebration by foundation father Mal Caesar. Another milestone had been achieved. Other improvements were the access road being resurfaced and our Ferguson tractor had virtually been rebuilt. We had 189 financial members. Wally Schumacher and Pearl Lang were gracious hosts for a Club barbecue at their home. This is one of the many times over the years Wally has played host with open house being the order of the day.

We found indoor R/C flying had arrived when John Wessel's gave a display with an electric powered helicopter at a club meeting in the Cheltenham RSL. The catering side was making a good profit for the club. Neil Manassas, now sharing R/C with Ultra-light aircraft, dropped in one day to demonstrate that idiom.

The only three things to spoil that year were: more noise complaints (are you getting that message?), Tyrrell wrecking his 21 year old Minty Bomber which was almost a club Institution and believe it or not, another big flood. Not as bad as 1984, but serious enough to cause much thinking and research for the future. The Club House carpet being spoilt twice in six years wasn't funny. We finally decided that can wait for next year debating as we were getting ready for the Bendigo Nationals. Training for another week of complete lunacy.

We really did our selves proud at Bendigo Nats held late December 1990 and early January '91. Peter Harris was chairman of the organising committee, Wally Schubach edited and published the daily newsletter of the big show, Fred Webb and Pearl Lang worked their butts off in the administration office and nobody, on registering, could be blamed for thinking it was a DARCS run affair. Monty Tyrrell was Master of Ceremonies at the dinner and Derry Brown, then President, was CD for at least five events. Elsewhere, the DARCS make their presence felt as either competitors or officials. The wandering John Pond entertained the masses with his folksy homespun years about modelling. What a lineup! More ding-a-lings than the bells of Notre Dame Cathedral!

The big scale rally, conceived by Ian Thompson, was held on April 14th in spite of numerous foul ups which were not of this Club's doing. A rip roaring success, it looks becoming one of our annual feature events like the Enduro Pylon race, 100 lap Pylon race, plus the Roy Robertson Memorial Trophy.

Raising the Clubhouse become quite an issue as a result of the '84 and '90 floods and took up much time at meetings.

Barry May during 1988 with Club approval, installed a drain under Fowler Road into the eastern levy bank to remove the flood waters from the property that has been so troublesome basically each year since we have owned the field. Within the last 12 months we have seen the results of not only the original concept drain. But the additional 800 metres of aggy drains that Ian Anderson along with many helpers, have installed in the Pits and around the precincts of the Club House. In September the field was 300 mm under water, but within 3 days was flyable again.

We also had two tragic happenings. Early bird member Gary Meehan passed away. Another early bird member, Rodney Bolduan had a bad accident which has left him a quadriplegic. He passed on his gear for us to do with as we saw fit. (proceeds from the sale of his gear bought him a computer) Over the years he had overcome Cerebral Palsy to continue modelling with minor assistance and we will miss him and his wife Shirley on their occasional appearances at the field and meetings.

Members of the Club can be proud of the efforts of some of the members at the World Championships held in Wangaratta during October '91. Peter Harris, worked at the administration centre every day and supervised the sale of Badges, Stickers, T-Shirts and Hats. Angelo Favaloro and Graham Godden worked all week in the transmitter pound for the Helicopter group. With Alan Swift acting as line judge and also helping with crowd control on the main gate. Ian Anderson was Assistant Contest Director for the Helicopter event. In an event of this size, many workers are needed to ensure a trouble free, smooth flowing competition and the International Competitors along with their Team Managers were most complimentary over the quality of the organisation. The venue, the interaction of all competitors and the great weather. (for once) again DARCS members were there in force.

At this writing in the winter of 1991, it would be interesting to know just how many of our 191 financial members have been taught to fly by the three hardest working instructors in the VMAA, not just the P & DARCS. I refer to Bob Swift, Jim Swift, and Wolfgang Schmidt. I'd be willing to bet that many of the short and long term members first passed through their hands as well as many new 'uns. Our debt to them, in making this club an extremely good one, could never be really assessed.

I feel that one of these days a sign should be put on the Club House door with this wording, giving due to those three in particular and many others in general. It should read "Thru these portals pass the members of the best damn R/C Club in Australia"

Epilogue

Well, there you have it. From then till now. A representation of our 25 years of the contest flier, the innovator, experimenter, the Guy doing his own thing in the most exciting period Radio Control flying has ever known. The P & DARCS are extremely proud to have been a most significant part of it all.

It's a record of hard work, discouragement, failure, success, triumph and extreme gratification. On the whole, we have had our share of success. The elders of the DARCS are grateful for the many times we have brought to the public the excitement of R/C flying.

Maintaining a club like the DARCS is like running a company. It is one of juggling, appropriating, holding off and at times being ruthless with the finances as to who's needs come out of the hat this month. The committee (like company directors) cannot survive without the co-operation of the experienced hands and the floor members around them who may have constructive comments. As they say in music, there is no orchestra that can give its best if the players don't believe in the music. Alternative, the conductor must have faith in the concepts of the members.

The DARCS committees over the years have always given their best in the overall interest on a **voluntary** basis. We have been most fortunate this is so in our complex business, personal and creative relationships. We would like to think the continuing hard work and encouragement of these committees has justified the faith of the current members.

Today we are looking forward to the future of this Club with the enthusiasm of a beginner about to make his first solo flight with an R/C model. We are also looking forward to opportunities to further the history of the P & DARCS.

Aeromodelling is strewn with the corpses of many fine clubs who have not lasted even half the years we have. Our 25th anniversary is the culmination of the dream of a group of R/C fliers who have seen it all.

The rest of our history is up to those who are here and those still to come to make every effort to consolidate it by our 50th birthday in the year 2016. By then the foundation members will be watching you from the great flying field in the sky. Woe betide you should you fail. Hell, fire, Brimstone and a Grounding for Eternity will be your punishment.

This is where we came in at the prologue. It all started because some goose mowed a strip in a virgin area of the Police Paddocks 'cos he wanted somewhere close to home to fly R/C Models. Within a few years the old Brady Road field was a virgin paddock again. I went back and opened a tinnie. I sat under the big tree, and reflected that under that long grass was all the work Keith Follet had put in, including the aggy pipes. I heard the ghostly whine of 2 stroke motors, the sizzling of barbecues, the opening of bottles, the laughter and fun we had there in our first thirteen years. Only the restless wind disturbed the tranquillity of me and my tinnie and made the long grass move. Since then the old flying field has found its destiny as a small soccer field. The tip immediately to the south is now a softball stadium.

As Ned Kelly stated, "such is Life".

On behalf of the committee, "This was our life".

What of the Future?

It's not generally known a thorough feasibility study was made to utilise Burley Field for the 35th Nationals held in Victoria 1981-82. In the wrap-up the poor points outweighed the good.

The poor points would have been putting in at least one bitumen circle for certain control-line events (other grass circles would have been relatively easy), high winds and the levee canals making it rather hard for the free flighters, but mainly, the lack of accommodation when you combined Cranbourne, Pakenham and Berwick plus lack of powered camping facilities at the actual field.

At that time we were still in a formative period at Burley field having only started operations in the winter of 1979 and funds weren't available for the setting up of a reasonable caravan park, or the bitumen circle.

Other sites around the area for the bitumen circle and large free flight area needed weren't available, so the whole idea for a Nationals on the far eastern side of Melbourne were shelved and Horsham selected. In its time it was, however, a most interesting concept. Our committees have always thought big.

With the progress of the surrounding areas mentioned, it may be an interesting idea for Radio Events sometime after the year 2000. The newer and Junior members could start thinking now. After all it took the early birds of the Club thirteen years to achieve the acquisition of the field. What about the next thirteen years?

The tragic words "it can't be done", "we can't afford it" and "impossible" must be expunged from the DARCS vocabulary. They were unknown by previous committees and therefore should remain unknown.

Now that we have the power and phone at the field we should, after more consolidation give thought to these ideas. Members would surely pay a fee for the use of proper caravan and camping facilities, as would the visitors. Let's have a weekend at Burley field!

This is the sort of thinking from the committees of the 60's and 70's, and sometimes in the 80's that made this Club what it is. It's happening elsewhere in the world and even Australia, although not as a private money making concern. In the old lingo, you have to spend a quid to make a quid. The P & DARCS have the ball at their feet, so kick it hard. Another 13 years. The year 2004. Go for it.

Two other interesting concepts go back to the early 80's. Loose talks were held with the Control-Line Flyers and the Live-Steam operators to convert Burley Field into a Hobby Park extraordinaire. The Control-Line Flyers were told that they could put in as many concrete and/or bitumen circles, between the Club House and Fowler Road, as they wished. They thought that was great, as long as they didn't have to pay for it. The Steam Locomotive operators were told they could put down miles of track around the perimeter of the field. Where else could you get straight runs as long as that? The only stimulations were that they all became at least associate members and in the case of the Locomotive Operators with their 4" and 5" gauge tracks, that they had a reasonable level crossing set up on our access road from Fowler Road to the Club House. It all fell flat. Possibly it should be re-explored. Times do change.

APPENDIX 1

The Officers and Gentlemen of the Hutt River Extra Territorial Air Command.

General:	Frank Dibble	Lieut-Colonel:	Dick Dakers
Lieut-General:	Wally Schubach	Major:	Colin Gissing
Major-General:	Graeme Burley	Captain:	Monty Tyrrell
Brig-General:	John Coldwell	Lieutenant:	Ray Jackson
Colonel:	Ian Mitchell	Lieutenant:	Bob Swift
Colonel:	Keith Follett	Lieutenant:	Norm Morrish
Colonel:	Mal Caesar	Lieutenant:	Andrew Nielsen

APPENDIX 2

Major overseas events in which past and present members of the DARCS have competed since the Club's founding.

Event	Place	Contestant
World Pattern Champs, '71	Doylestown, Penn, USA	Brian Green
World Pattern Champs, '73	Gorizia, Italy	Brian Green, Jeff Tracy, Bob Allan, Bob Hurst
World Pattern Champs, '75	Switzerland	Jeff Tracy, Bob Hurst
World Pattern Champs, '77	Springfield, Ohio, USA	Brian Green
South Pacific Pattern Champs, 1982	Canton, China	Bruce Grinter
World Scale Champs, '80	Ottawa, Canada	Wally Schubach
World Scale Champs, '82	Reno, Nevada, USA	Wally Schubach
Trans Tasman Champs, Scale, '82	New Zealand	Wally Schubach
Trans Tasman Champs FAI Pylon, '82	New Zealand	Eric Beilby
World Scale Champs, '84	Le Bourget, France	Wally Schubach
USA NAT's '84	Reno, Nevada, USA	Monty Tyrrell
World Pylon Champs, '85	Chicopee, Mass. USA	Glen Matthews & Robin Gray
World Scale Champs, '02	Tilsonberg, Canada	Peter Harris

In addition to this, Jeff Tracy was first invited to the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas, USA in 1976, just prior to letting his DARCS membership lapse. Since then, he has been invited back year after year often accompanied by Bruce Grinter as mechanic/caller etc.

Tony Cincotta couldn't get to the World Free flight championships in Austria, 1973, but had his glider proxy flown by Godfried Zach. Godfried made 31st place in the fly-off, which is a creditable performance out of ninety odd entries.

APPENDIX 3

Presidents of P & DARCS

Year	Name	Year	Name
1966-67	Peter Richards	1981-83	Wally Schubach
1967-68	Norm Savage	1983-85	John Crockett
1968-69	Malcolm Caesar	1985-87	Peter Harris
1969-70	Jim Davie	1987-89	Roly Gaumann
1970	Norm Savage	1989-91	Derry Brown
1971	Monty Tyrrell	1991-93	Angelo Favaloro
1971-72	Colin Gissing	1993-96	Cliff Fiddes
1972-73	Bob Hyde	1996-98	Barry May
1973-75	Wally Schubach	1998-01	Robert Till
1975-77	Frank Dibble	2001-03	Fred Webb
1977-78	Dick Dakers	2003	Robert Till
1978-79	Graeme Burley	2003-05	Derek Trusler
1979-80	Neil Manassa	2005-07	Phill Langton
1980-81	Barry Law	2007-09	Alan Coleman
		2009-	Ivan Chiselett

Life Members of P & DARCS

Keith Follet (dec)	1967-68 2 nd year of operation
Graeme Burley (dec)	1972-73 6 th year of operation
Mal Caesar (dec)	1973-04 7 th year of operation
Dick Dakers (dec)	1975-76 8 th year of operation
Wally Schubach	1976-77 9 th year of operation
Frank Dibble	1978-79 11 th year of operation
Monty Tyrrell (dec)	1992-03
Peter Harris	2000-01

Life Members of the Victorian Model Aeronautical Association:

Tony Cincotta	Monty Tyrrell	Dr. Bob Allen*	Peter Howell**
Peter Harris	Ivan Chiselett		

* Dr. Bob has let his P & DARCS Membership lapse, but is still actively aeromodelling with another Club.

** Peter Howell has let his membership of P & DARCS lapse and currently is inactive in aeromodelling.

Life Members of the Model Aeronautical Association of Australia:

Peter Harris		
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Other Distinctions

Name	Position	Date
Peter Harris	President VMAA Editor VMAA Newsletter Technical Secretary MAAA Chairman National's Committee VMAA Chief Flight Instructor Chief Flight Instructor of Australia - MAAA	
Ivan Chiselett	Secretary VMAA Video Librarian VMAA Secretary MAAA	
Chris Caulcutt	Secretary VMAA	
Derry Brown	Vice President VMAA	
Ian Anderson	Treasurer VMAA Chairman National's Committee	
Robert Till	Treasurer VMAA	
David Walsh	Editor VMAA Newsletter	
Pearl Schubach	Education Officer VMAA	

Extant Shepparton Hall of Fame Awards:

1988 Monty Tyrrell	1990 Peter Harris	1991 Frank Curzon
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**In mid 1991 the following members were presented with
Recognition Awards for outstanding personal contribution to the P & DARCS.**

Angelo Favaloro	Wally Schubach	Ian Anderson	Noel Parker
Monty Tyrrell			

APPENDIX 4

DARCSFIELD CO-OPERATIVE LTD

This is a community advancement society registered under the Co-operation Act. In many ways it is like a limited company with a separate identity and continues to exist until it is wound up.

It was established to purchase and does in fact own the Club's property of some 105 acres in Wenn Road, Cardinia. Every senior member (other than a junior member, or an associate member during his first year or part year of membership) is required to hold a parcel of shares in the society. The size of the parcel is increased from time to time to represent the increasing assets of the Club. The asset backing of each share is substantially more than dollar for dollar and it is intended from time to time to apply surplus Club funds in the purchase of further shares for members.

The rules of the Co-op are the model rules prescribed for a community advancement society under the Co-operation Act with appropriate amendments to suit our particular situation. These rules are available upon payment of a prescribed fee (and rarely worth it).

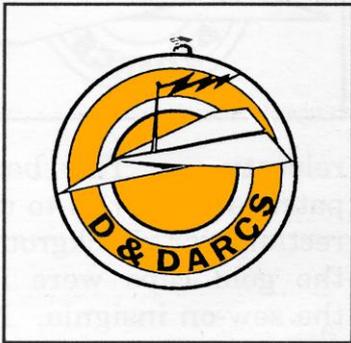
The Co-op is managed by a board of Directors who consult with the committee of the Club and generally follow the committee's wishes. The Co-op books are audited annually and returns lodged with the registrar of Co-operative societies.

Upon a member leaving the Club a transfer of his shares to another member or members will generally be approved.

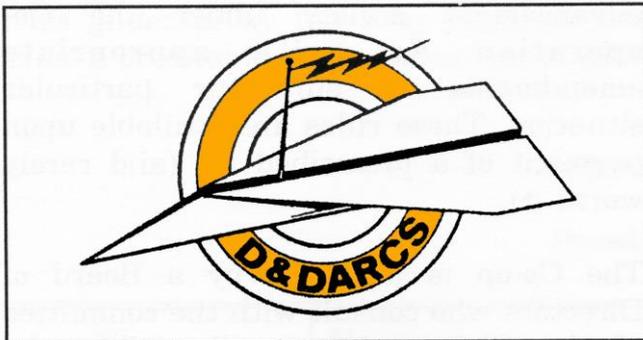
APPENDIX 5

Club Insignia

Evolution of the Club Insignia from 1966 onwards. (With special thanks to Ian Thompson for help with the illustrations.)



The first insignia was a metal badge consisting of gold and white concentric circles. The centre was a gold disc, then a white ring, then a gold ring with the D & DARCS on the lower half, followed by a white ring with a fine gold edge border. The dart was superimposed within the outer perimeter. It was only ever available in a metal badge form and invariably came mounted with a gold chain featuring your name. The badge hung from the gold name bar with a fine gold chain.



In the late 60's the committee of the day ran a contest for a new insignia. The winner was the late Dick Dakers with the familiar yellow, white and black insignia as illustrated. As time went by this was available as a lapel badge, water slide decal and a large iron-on clothing patch. It was also available as a sew-on patch in the same design as the badge. There was a very restricted run of the insignia on a turquoise background in the sew-on patch. These were very rare and are absolute collector's items. Some of the badges were converted to cuff links; also very rare and to be considered as collector's items.



In the spring of 1980 the D & DARCS on all insignia was altered to the P & DARCS due to our relocation. The badges and sew on patches continued to utilise the dark blue rectangular background and gradually the gold caps were introduced utilising the sew-on insignia. No more iron-ons or cuff links were produced.

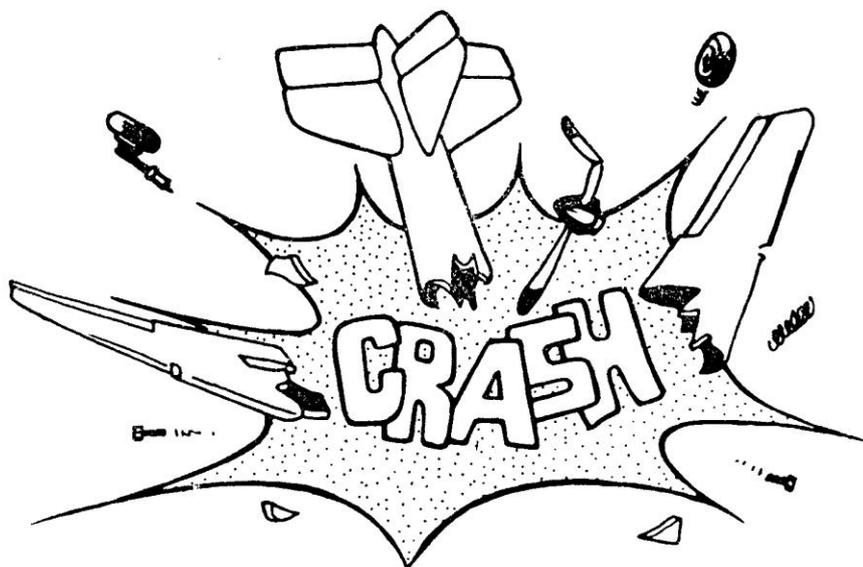


The 26th Nationals Badge deserves a place on our history. It was a reject from the original competition won by the late Dick Dakers. It was in the blue and gold colours of the Club and was adopted by the VMAA as the official decal for the Nationals. The D & DARCS wording was eliminated and the wording shown substituted. This was because the Revell Kit Co. of Venice, California, USA, picked up the tab for the whole production run which enabled the VMAA to make a handsome profit on the sales. It was easily organised as so many DARCS members were on the organising committee.

All through most of the 1980's the insignia was as per section 3 until in latter years the metal badge was introduced. This had a solid blue disc in the centre which dispensed with the dark blue rectangular background and the badge in the centre. Sew-on patches remained the same.



One of the Dandenong and District Hospital Display posters in the latter half of the 1970's. The theme was the public go to speedway hoping for a good crash. Due to saturation exposure in Dandenong this poster really dragged 'em in!



SUNDAY OCT. 23RD

11am - 4.30pm

DANDENONG SHOWGROUNDS

MELWAY MAP REF 90-A-6

Proceeds to the Dandenong & District Hospital
Organised by the Dandenong & District Aircraft
Radio-Control Society

featuring

**COMBAT & HELICOPTER FLIGHTS
WAR PLANES , AEROBATIC ACTIONS**

CRASHES

children under 10 adm. FREE if accompanied by an adult

adm. 50[¢] children, \$1-50 adults , \$3-00 family

THE BIGGEST LITTLE FLYING CIRCUS IN THE WORLD