

Trophies Presented At Dinner



Manian visitors Miss Judith Watchorn (left), of Hobart, and Miss Jennifer Hey, of Launceston . . . at the women pilots' dinner.

The Director General of the Civil Aviation Department (Sir Donald Anderson) presented prizes at the Australian Women Pilots' Association dinner at the Pier Hotel, Glenelg, on Saturday.

Mrs. A. Hatfield, of Perth, deputised for the newly elected Federal president (Mrs. Sue Folks), also of Perth, who was unable to attend. During their three-day convention visiting pilots are the guests of the SA State president (Mrs. Elaine Millward) and committee. Mrs. Esther Mather, of Canterbury, Victoria, the association's immediate past Federal president, was present with Miss Freda Thompson and Mrs. Norma Buckland both of Melbourne, and Mrs. Moira Robinson, of Leopold, Victoria. Queensland Miss Olga Tarling, one of Australia's two women air traffic controllers, was among the diners with Mr. and Mrs. James Harris, Mrs. Marie Richardson, Mrs. P. Barnes, Misses Grace Cavanagh and June Perry, all from Sydney. Another Sydney visitor was Miss Rosemary Arnold, Australia's only woman helicopter pilot. New SA member Miss Ann Burchell, of Mount Eba Station, via Kingoonya, was a guest with fellow State members Mrs. M. Parr, Mrs. P. Roberts, Mrs. B. Spicer, Miss Kathleen Sutherland, a former Federal president. Other SA pilots included Miss Nancy Cooper, Mrs. K. Chase, Mrs. M. LePage, Mrs. J. Nelligan of Port Lincoln, Mrs. S. Saunders, Mrs. M. Trejoar, Mrs. T. Tiver, of Hallett and Mrs. J. Wheeler.



Mrs. R. Finch (left) and Mrs. P. Barnes . . . at dinner.

Telegraph, Friday, March 15, 1968
QUEENSLAND

GIRL ENJOYS PLANE LIVING

Cherokees, and out of operating, logy — this world of Margedorn, of Plains. is Marian's and is in fact and occupa- -four-year-old employed as at the Royal Aero Club active member Australian Pilots' Associ- en flying for two years and an awful lot to e says. it's being mod- that time, Ma- chalked up 100 flying, and has licence to fly a Piper Cherokee. March 28 she fly to Adelaide te in a reliabil- which will be conjunction with general meet- the Australian

Women Pilots' Association. "I hold a restricted licence which allows me to fly only within the confines of the Archerfield zone — an area which extends to the South Coast. This year I have been flat out trying to get the restriction removed before the end of March, so I can fly to Adelaide." Marian explained. "Last week-end I finished the necessary 20 hours navigation training with my instructor, Mr. Norm Bothwell and on Sunday, will sit for my test — a five hour solo flight to Monto, Bundaberg and back to Brisbane. If I do it in the set time and don't get lost on the way all should be well." And what of the expense? "That's the drawback, it is an expensive sport — it works out at about \$15 an hour — but it's worth every penny," Marian insists. "And anyway, it's my only extravagance." Any plans to make money out of it as a commercial pilot? "No, not in the foreseeable future. I would like to get my commercial licence for my own satisfaction but I don't think I'd ever go in for flying commercially," she said. "The family thinks I'm mad enough flying as a hobby I would never live it down if I took it up seriously," she laughed.

JET SET FOR TEENS AND TWENTIES



Marian Hagedorn, 24, is completely at home at the controls of a Piper Cherokee . . . she has clocked up 100 hours flying time during the past two years.

54 May, 1968

A.O.P.A. MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A.W.P.A. ANNUAL CONVENTION, PARAFIELD OR Stand Aside Boys and Let the Girls Have a Go

By an un-named Mere Male observer.

Powder puffs? No! Female pilots? YES! Gorgeous, resourceful and talented pilots who stopped Parafield in its tracks. The mini-skirts that made engineers breathe a little faster, sweaters that made us all say a silent "thank you" for the cooler weather, that confident air about them as they unloaded their aircraft, the hands that described arcs through the air as each one went back over their flights, the tower boys that stammered into their microphones as more (including a beaut Tiger) aircraft appeared from all directions. Yes! The girls had arrived — Parafield suddenly took on a "new look". Some managed to arrive on time, others left their aircraft at various towns through N.S.W., Vic. and S.A. because of weather and reached Parafield any way they could — one even called in on 119.1 Kcs. from an airliner to say that her aircraft was in some interstate country town. Two aircraft arrived late on the Saturday — one returned to Charleville early next morning and the other flew

on to Coober Pedy and the Centre on the Monday. Saturday dawned with a strong wind and the threat of rain but the Reliability Trial was still on — those pilots minus aircraft found alternative aircraft and in the final line up there was a mixed bag of Bonanzas, Cessnas (including a 150), and a Piper Colt. Some had trouble finding the duty runway and for a time aircraft resembled ants as they sorted themselves out. "Head for the Dakotas, Madam". "What's a Dakota?" "Just taxi past that line of DC3's, Madam . . ." Back they came, no tears, no looks of dismay as they talked about their missed check points — they had enjoyed themselves. They threw themselves back into the fray — more competitions and cups of tea; little did we know that they were holding a rehearsal for the "ding" to be held that night. At last came the evening — out came the "glad rags", creased and crumpled? Not on your life, one would have thought they had just stepped out of the beauty parlour. Non-stop went the chatter, forgotten was the flying — tonight was their night and may everybody remember it (they will!). All too soon it was over. Aircraft appeared from hangars, luggage lay everywhere, lunch hampers were carefully put aside and out came the Nav. gear. The briefing room buzzed with the excited chatter of pilots, exotic perfume: curled the area forecasts, the clatter of computer: and other gear competed with the teleprinter briefing officers sharpened their pencils and prepared to do battle. The tower boys reached for their microphones engines started; well-wishers waved dainty hankie as one by one the aircraft taxied out to the runway. The tarmac became quiet, friends drifted away and Parafield became its normal self again. A few empty coffee cups, ashtrays with half smoked cigarettes quickly butted, screwed up bits of paper — this was all we had left to remind us of an excitement filled weekend, of the immaculate aircraft and crews, of the little funny mannerisms each one had, of the minis and the sweaters. With a touch of sadness we turned to our desks and work benches to get it out of our systems. For a long time to come we will talk about the tin when for just an instant, Parafield stirred in its deep slumber. Maybe one day they will come back.