

	<p> <b>TRIKE NEWS</b>          Newsletter of the          Southern Microlight Club          March 2011  <a href="http://www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au">www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au</a> </p>
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### FUNDING NEWS

Consumer Affairs having declined to give a ruling and suggesting we take Court action in relation to our concerns about the illegality of the HGFA/VHPA funding arrangements has caused me to consider further options. We could seek an Order from the Magistrates' Court under Section 14A or Section 14C of the Associations Incorporation Act 1981, or, alternatively, the Dispute Settlement Centre of Victoria provides a free mediation service. These are further options to explore.

### FEBRUARY's MICROLIGHT TRIP – WESTERN WANDER

From Steve Bell – Pictures Heather Wright:

There are not too many Monday mornings where we leap out of bed at 5.30am (0530hrs?) with excitement, but today was the day that our long awaited trip was to begin. Having driven to Flowerdale the previous evening and slept at the pub it was still dark as I walked to Gary Wheeler's hangar at 5.45am. Walking along the service road I could see activity at the hangar as Mark, Joe, Max, Kel, Ray and Jean had camped there overnight and were already getting organized for the day. As I walked down Gary's drive I saw that George and Penny, Ian, Gary and Dean had also arrived.



Preparing at Flowerdale

Chris and Graham arrived with the bus, we connected the trailers, put the luggage and jerry cans in and everyone was getting very excited. Gary who is 'Mr. Cool' checked the forecast and told everyone that the original flight plan for the day would have to be changed due to the forecast 20 knot wind. After some discussion it was agreed that we would take off and fly to Bendigo, check

the weather again and decide on the next leg of the journey from there. We hastily keyed in GPS co-ordinates as we all wanted to get going. Calls were made to David Watson, Russell Purdey and John Waite who were all planning to link up with us along the way. Joe was having trouble with his GPS and a few of us helped him get his GPS set.



On the ground at Flowerdale



In the air

So we had 10 trikes ready to fly. We took off fairly quickly very aware that the weather was against us and the wind would possibly strengthen as the day progressed. After so much rain in recent weeks the runway at Flowerdale was very heavy and most of us would need to use its full length getting off. I confess to my nervousness growing as I was belting down the runway and willing my wing to take flight in time to clear the tree at the end. A big 'yeegah' as the tree disappeared underneath and then a bank to the right to head north into the valley - everything going well - climbing through 200 and 300 feet and then the turbulence began. Flowerdale has hills on its west and east side that funnel the south wind into the valley that we were climbing through. We were trying to climb through a downwind gradient with mechanical turbulence and I kept my revs at 6,000, while white knuckling the control bar and aiming for altitude.

Things improved as we climbed above the hills and made our turn to head for Bendigo. A 20 knot tailwind in smooth air was a sweet delight. I was getting up to 80 knots ground speed in smooth air, the chat channel came alive, we heard at this point that Max and Joe were still on the ground as Joe's trike had a flat battery and needed a jump start. A little later we heard Max call to say that he and Joe had set off and Max was going to fly on Joe's wing as Joe still had GPS problems.

A funny sight along the way was to watch Ian who had both hands off the control bar while he was taking a picture and didn't notice Ray crossing in front of him, Ian flew into Ray's wake without either hand on the control bar and consequently his wing did a Mexican wave. I then saw Ian looking about a little bewildered wondering what had happened.

About 5 miles from Bendigo a large bank of cloud forced us to drop down into the turbulence again and we fought it all the way in. The landing was into about a 10 knot wind with swirly gusts up to maybe 20 knots. My landing wasn't particularly pretty having to power through a lot of crappy air but I found a smooth bit and hurriedly put it down with a good twitch as the front

wheel dictated that there would be no more sideways travel. Russell Purdey dropped in having flown across from Mansfield to join our flock.

A highlight of the trip for me was seeing my brother and his family at the end of the Bendigo taxiway. Heather had rung my brother to say that we were coming to Bendigo while I was in the air. My brother is very ill and had never seen my trike; it's been one of those things that until now we just haven't been able to pull together. I spotted him beside the fence and taxied straight up to him waving and giving him the thumbs up. The surprise on his face realizing he had just watched me land was bloody brilliant. He had tears in his eyes as he took in the size and noise of our group.

This highlight was followed by a lowlight when Joe came in to land. Joe's trike stalled through a gust of wind and hit the deck nose first. Fortunately Joe wasn't hurt but his flying trip was over with an extensively damaged aircraft.

We decided that there would be no more flying that day and that we would camp in Bendigo for the night. Joe, wanting to go home, was driven back to Flowerdale to collect his car and trailer and Penny went off to organize our accommodation for the night. We had a pilots meeting to consider what had happened to Joe and collect ourselves for the next phase of the trip.

Gary had some homework to do to work out our flight plan. We were still wanting to get back on track to the original plan. The forecast was for one more day of 10 – 15 knot winds before conditions were expected to settle. And so the plan was for an early start on Tuesday morning flying to St Arnaud for morning tea and then on to the Grampians with Horsham as a waypoint.

John Waite was setting off from Tyabb to meet us at Horsham and Dave Watson was leaving from Buckley to meet us at the Grampians.

Joe saw us off at the Airport and we took off at around 8am for our first leg to St Arnaud. The take off was less volatile than Flowerdale and once we were on course we found ourselves in a slight crosswind. The landing at St Arnaud was into a 10 degree crosswind of about 10 knots which again proved challenging but we all got down OK. With the wind picking up we became apprehensive to fly on. Ian needed to do a soldering job to resurrect his radio and George had a flat tire to pump.

Just after this we heard that John Waite had crashed at Horsham in strong winds. The main runway was closed at Horsham with graders and the like working on it and John attempted to land on the other runway into a crosswind. John had just got his machine on the deck but a gust picked him up again, spun him around 180 degrees and carried him off to a fence. John was shaken up and had a small cut on his nose but otherwise unhurt. Sadly his new Pegasus wing was totalled and some minor repairs will be needed on the trike base.



Lined up at St Arnaud

Heather and Chris went off in the car to help John out and for some inexplicable to us reason Ian decided that he wanted to fly over to Horsham. This baffled me as we knew the wind at Horsham was 20 knots plus and the main runway was closed. Ian couldn't be talked out of it and so off he went. Later we heard that Ian had landed on grass at Horsham and was OK reporting that it was the hardest landing he had ever made.

With all this we decided that there would be no more flying that day and set off in the bus to fulfill our obligation to stay at the pre-booked accommodation at the Grampians. Mark Howard volunteered to stay at the airstrip at St Arnaud to watch over the trikes. A quick trip into town to get Mark a sleeping bag and food for the night and off we went.

You wouldn't believe that so much could happen in just our second day out and our adventure was set to continue with a chaotic noisy bus load of aviators turning into a dirt road that looked to be heading in the right direction. 'Hmmm' the bus got bogged; we all got out, pushed, got nowhere, pushed again and still got nowhere. As we were standing around looking to see who had a rabbit to pull out a hat a farmer came along in a 4 wheel drive and gave us some of that good old country hospitality that you always hear about.

Now that we had been rescued and given good directions the remainder of the trip was noisy but uneventful arriving at the Grampians to meet Dave Watson who had flown up earlier and was just getting into reverse thumb twiddling wondering where we were.

It was a late and weary bunch of gregarious aviators who ate a meal, had a couple of drinks and went off to bed for a 6.30am bus ride back to St Arnaud to get our trip back on track. The trip back to St Arnaud was uneventful and we were quickly ready for our next flight in calmer conditions to Hopetoun.



More of St Arnaud

Ian and Dave flew out from the Grampians and were tracking to Warracknabeal for a pit stop. Just after I took off from St Arnaud I heard Ian calling me on the radio and learned that Dave's radio was allowing him to receive but not transmit. Along the way though Dave and Ian worked out that when Dave pushed his talk button a little static could be heard but no voice. Ian and Dave communicated by 1 press means "no" 2 presses means "yes" and this was to become Dave's theme for the remainder of the trip. We all thought Dave was a hell of a nice guy but he doesn't say much!

The girls got to Hopetoun before us having bought drinks and 'snags' and were busy cooking them up for us as we touched down. After a pleasant flight with no incidents we were finally starting to heave a sigh of relief. Several of us decided to sit out the thermals at Hopetoun while the others flew on to Ouyen. Taking off at 5.30pm proved too early as we got belted by turbulence all the way to 5,500', however, it was settling as we came in to land. With our trikes settled for the night and the whole crew all together for the first time we headed in to the Imperial Hotel. After the meal the bus took us to the local Caltex where we filled up ready for our next day's flight.



Relaxing at the Imperial Hotel, Ouyen



Our Intrepid Crew at Hopetoun

The adventure picked up again at 8am on Thursday morning. Mark had a flat tyre which he tried to fix with some slime and then by changing the valve. The tyre seemed to be holding the air OK. Just as Mark was about to step into his trike he became violently ill throwing up and needing to have a short rest. After a while he felt a little better and decided to fly on. The flight to Swan Hill was a delight in silky smooth air and spectacular scenery, the salt lakes, some of them bright pink, the flooded areas alongside the Murray and beautiful green pasture. With 11 trikes arriving almost at the same time the cacophony on the Swan Hill CTAF included 10 mile, 5 mile, crosswind, downwind, base and final calls. The arrival was very busy with a near incident with a trike almost landing on top of another trike already on the ground.

Mark feeling very sick just about fell out of his trike after landing with a flat tyre and scrambled for the shade of a tree to lay down. There would be no more flying for him today. Kel decided to stay in Swan Hill overnight with Mark to look after him and wouldn't you know it that country hospitality soon found them with a car to get around for the day. The crew organized for a new tube to be put into Mark's tyre and the rest of us had lunch and prepared for our next flight. It was at this time that I discovered a heap of brown sludge in my funnel, and some of it had got through to my tank. I drained off some fuel from the tank and cleaned out both jerry cans which had visible sludge running around at the bottom. I took off a little concerned about my fuel but I had no problems.

The 2pm take off out of Swan Hill was thermic and violent, at one stage my trike just wouldn't climb and then the next minute I felt lift and watched my altimeter rise 400' in about 2 to 3 seconds. George with Penny in his back seat decided to turn back and spend the night with Kel and Mark. The belting waned as we gained altitude and was completely gone at 6,500'. More spectacular scenery and pleasant flight for what remained of the 60 mile journey to Torrumbarry.

The group that arrived at Torrumbarry first could not find the airstrip and were radioing for directions. At this stage Gary was out of radio range and nobody else knew where to look and so they were all circling around looking for the strip. As I came in I saw a trike on the ground in a field across from the hotel and another one landing. With 2 trikes down it looked good enough to me so I landed there as well. I landed beautifully in long grass but hit a wet patch that really pulled like driving through a puddle. I radioed to warn anyone else who was thinking of landing there to avoid the wet patch as I was fortunate that I had enough speed at that stage that the full weight wasn't on the ground as I went over the soft bit.



On the way to Torrumbarry



The Torrumbarry Air Strip

In the meantime Gary had arrived, found the strip and everyone was putting down. Max and I left our trikes and walked across the road to the pub having a beer first before sending the publican in his courtesy bus to pick the guys up. A friendly neighbor allowed Max and me to bring our trikes through his property and we parked them in the pub car park overnight. My trike engine wouldn't turn over - it just had a solenoid click every time I pushed the start button but no action.

Friday morning, our last day of the trip, we heard that Mark was feeling better after a rough night where Kel actually thought he had died. Kel being an ex-policeman declared that over the years he had seen a number of corpses and Mark had well qualified in his books as a *bona fide* dead guy.

When I checked my fuel I was again with raised eyebrows to see brown sludge come out of my trike. I had a look and found loose connections on my battery which proved to be the issue with the starter. I guess I must have shook things up bouncing through that paddock on landing yesterday.

Max and I found a nice smooth spot to take off from and flew over to the strip while the rest of the crew got organized. We made sure that the remainder of the ground crew got flights while we waited for the others to arrive from Swan Hill. Gary phoned through to Nagambie to discover that we couldn't land there today as they were doing Parachute operations or as Kel says 'Meat Bombs'. Gary got on to a place near Nagambie called Wahring Field and after talking to the people there got the coordinates and the all clear and so we set off to fly to Wahring taking in the picturesque Murray River on the way to Echuca and bidding Mark and George goodbye as they were heading home via Benalla.

Wahring turned out to be a great little strip with very welcoming hosts. A brief stop there and most people went on to Flowerdale. Russell said his goodbyes flying on to his home at Mansfield and Dave said goodbye as he departed for Lake Modewarre. Having had a early start flying from Swan Hill Kel wanted to have a rest at Wahring and fly home late afternoon so I stayed with him until 6.30pm when very much refreshed we set off on the final leg of our 500 nautical mile journey. Kel nailed his landing at Flowerdale but I floated and ran out of runway running up into the long grass at the back of the hangar.

The trip was exciting, eventful, loads of fun and the group worked well together to help everyone along. The ground crew deserves special mention as they worked tirelessly to support us and we just could not have made it without them.

For those that missed out and for those that want to do it again there will be a Western Wander Mk2 later in the year going anticlockwise with different waypoints to the north but the same points along the coast that we missed out on this trip due to the weather.



At Torrumbarry

Heather is preparing a slideshow of the pictures that she took to be shown at the next meeting. She has some fabulous pictures that will look great on the big screen.

Steve

From Kel Glare:

The 'Western Wander' planned and organized by Gary Wheeler is over. What an event with some exciting and beautiful flying and some unfortunate mishaps. Gary has asked that the following message be included in this newsletter: **"On behalf of the pilots on the Western Wander I wish to take this opportunity to thank our ground crew, Heather Wright, Penelope Vojtek, Chris Bullen and Graham Keen for their outstanding assistance that made this trip possible for the pilots. I will leave the rest of the story telling to more capable people (lies and all)."**

On that basis here is my perspective on the trip. On Sunday 20 February 2011 I went to Flowerdale to thoroughly check out my Trike and prepare for the trip. Due to the number of trikes in Gary's hangar and the very wet conditions I could not extract my trike to start it up but I did everything possible to ensure I would be ready to go the next morning. I slept in my Land Cruiser, Ian Rees in one of the containers that form the walls of the hangar, Mark Howard eventually in his vehicle and Jean and Ray Sparks rolled out there swag in the back of their truck and Max Glynn opted for luxury and erected his tent. Heather Wright and Steve Bell stayed at the Flowerdale Hotel and the others chose to sleep at home (I hope) and arrive early.

Winds on our original route were unfavourable so some re-planning was carried out and it was decided to abandon our original flight plan and to fly to Bendigo instead.

Russ Purdey had prevailed upon his wife, Robin, to bring fuel to Flowerdale on Sunday with the intention of flying in then but strong winds kept him at home until Monday when conditions were not much better. John Waite decided to join us at Horsham and David Watson was then to join us at the Grampians.

Eventually Gary Wheeler, Jean and Ray Sparks, George Vassis, Dean Marriott, Russell Purdey, Steve Bell, Max Glynn, Ian Rees, Mark Howard, Josef Ferstl and yours truly, Kel Glare, set off for Bendigo.

Joe had trouble starting his trike and then trouble with his GPS and Max stayed behind to help. By the time Joe took off he was probably in a state of mind not conducive to flying and this may have had disastrous results later in the morning.

The climb out of Flowerdale was rather rough but nothing to compare with the last few nautical miles into Bendigo. Ian was flying in front of me and I watched in horror as his wing did what seemed to me to be a seventy five degree swing both ways. Luckily I did not hit such severe wind shear but progress was uncomfortable to say the least. We were all down safely when Joe arrived and we saw that he was in difficulty on landing. Sadly his trike stalled about fifteen feet above the strip and crashed nose down. The front forks collapsed and the trike fell on its side causing major damage. Physically Joe was fine but the psychological impact has yet to be known.

The lesson, I believe, is that plenty of power or at least speed on until touchdown is needed in adverse conditions to maintain good control.

The decision was taken to stay at Bendigo overnight and we found good accommodation at a nearby caravan park.

More re-planning determined that the next day we would fly to Horsham via St Arnaud.

Again things did not go to plan. A little turbulent out of Bendigo but a smooth flight to St Arnaud. However, at low level at St Arnaud it was again very rough. I received a severe whack from wind shear over the piano keys but managed to get back on track and land, not all that tidily, on the bitumen strip. As I was slowing a gust carried me into the grass for a few metres as a bit of a detour. Glad to be on the ground. I immediately made a decision that I was not going any further that day. I am sure at this point some thought I was being overly cautious but one does not get to be seventy three years old by taking stupid risks.



What a motley group of Aviators



Gary Wheeler and his "Wizard"



Windsock at St Arnaud

Gary contacted someone at Horsham and was told wind there was negligible. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Support bus into St Arnaud for lunch and back to the airstrip to be told that John Waite had landed at Horsham and been swept off the runway into a fence. The main strip was closed for repairs and the only other strip available was in strong, perhaps thirty to thirty five knots wind, with a substantial cross-wind component. Our vehicle and trailer were dispatched to Horsham and Ian insisted on flying. A decision he came to regret. When he arrived he circled overhead watching the wind sock and eventually made a good decision to not land on the strip itself but to land at an angle on the grass surrounding the strip as the only way of achieving an into wind landing. Such were the conditions at Horsham that Ian later told me that he thought that if ten of us had flown to Horsham, eight would have crashed on landing.

All the Emergency Services attended to John who was not seriously hurt. The Ambulance took him to Horsham Hospital where he was checked out and discharged. The police drove him back to the Airport in a well placed spirit of consideration.

Following John's mishap it was decided to travel to our pre-booked accommodation near the Grampians. Off in the bus again through Rupanyup, Murtoa and Horsham to near Brimpaen. The vehicle GPS took us down a dirt road that led to another adventure. It was not long before we had the bus bogged in sand. Happily, a local farmer came along in his four wheel drive utility and soon pulled the bus out. He obviously thought we were a group of morons because he then led us along a couple of other bush tracks back to the bitumen road and gave us instructions as to how to reach our destination without running astray again. The GPS might have plotted the shortest route but it was certainly not the most navigable.



Bus bogged on the way to the Grampians.

Good meal and comfortable bunk bed.

Next morning on the bus again and back to St Arnaud.

Beautiful flight to Hopetoun over the flooded Yarriambiack Creek, past Lake Corrong, full to the brim for the first time in many years, over the overflow from Lake Corrong, over two thousand ducks, and into Hopetoun Aerodrome. Another rough landing did nothing to help my confidence.

Our wonderful support crew grilled some sausages from the local butcher's for lunch and later a few of us wandered around the town – which did not take very long. We ordered three thick

shakes at the Milk Bar and the woman making them took at least twenty minutes. She must have been paid by the hour.

I resolved to wait for evening before flying to Ouyen. Mark, Dean and Steve also waited. My rationale was to avoid the severe afternoon thermals endemic to this part of the world. We took off at 1745hrs only to find that the thermals had probably become more severe. I had intended to “buzz” my Cousin’s farm (at 500’ of course) but immediately went for height. At 4,500’ it was still very rough and I was relieved to find on arrival at Ouyen that the last couple of hundred feet was smooth as silk and I was elated when I greased the landing.

Off to Ouyen for a meal, a refueling exercise, a relaxing drink and off to bed. Early mornings are beginning to take their toll.



Russ, Penny, George, Graham and Max outside the Imperial Hotel, Ouyen.

Next morning we set our sights on Swan Hill. Air is smooth and there is an unbelievable amount of water on the ground. This simply can’t be the Mallee. The great salt lake of Lake Tyrell shines with its snow white reflection on our right and other saline pools are coloured bright pink. Couldn’t charge my Gopro Video camera so miss out on some spectacular scenes. I am sure someone else will have captured this rare event of a water saturated Mallee.

Only bump in the road to Swan Hill was near the end when I crossed through someone’s wake. Swan Hill has a very large airport with a multitude of strips but we were warned that the grass strips were soft so we kept to the main runway. Another greased landing saw me regaining further confidence in my flying.

At Swan Hill Mark Howard was very ill. I elected to stay with Mark and later in the day the others took off and headed for Torrumbarry where we had previously received great hospitality from Alan Bolden and his staff. George and Penny returned when conditions were rough rather than persist.

I was talking to a bystander who introduced himself as Billy Charnock, a friend of David Watson. I mentioned that Mark was very ill and that I would be staying with Mark at Swan Hill. Billy very generously immediately offered the use of a vehicle. Actions like this restore one’s

faith in human nature. Off we went and Billy divested his wife of her car. I went back to the Airport and collected George, Penny and Mark and took Mark to the recommended Motel where he collapsed into bed. George and Penny went to another Motel and negotiated a very reasonable price. I understand they washed their underwear and dried their things with the hair dryer – that must have been a sight to behold.

After Mark was settled I went for a walk and had a welcome large Cappuccino and a delicious lemon Gelato. When I went back to the room an hour or so later I thought Mark was dead. I could detect no discernable breathing and absolutely no movement. I considered going to bed as I was very tired and worrying about Mark in the morning – given if he was dead he would not disturb my sleep - but thought I had better give him a shake in the off chance he wasn't dead. I was very relieved when he moved. I was careful not to get between Mark and the toilet for fear of being run down and he had a terrible night. Thankfully by morning the worst of his troubles had passed, literally, but he looked like a washed out dish rag.

We collected Penny and George and went to the Aerodrome and set up our trikes. I rang Billy Charnock to thank him for the use of the car and to confirm he was happy for me to leave it at the Airport where he would collect it later. A very sincere thanks Billy.

The flight to Torrumbarry was in very pleasant conditions with smooth air but again the amount of water from the flooded Murray River was a great sight.

At Torrumbarry we landed at the designated strip to find that Steve and Max had landed in a paddock at Torrumbarry Township the day before and they later flew over to join us.



Lined up at Torrumbarry.

A flat tyre on the bus to be changed and we were ready to be off again. Another change of plan. Nagambie had skydivers (meat bombs) operating so we identified Wharing Field, home of the Croydon Glider Club, as the alternative and a quick phone call confirmed they would welcome us, which they did. Owner of the property, Bert, and Garry and Geoff made us most welcome at their very nice Club House. We were given a tour of their facilities and a view of their gliders and as by this time I was tiring I decided to stay at Wharing and wait for the evening calm to fly

back to Flowerdale. Steve Bell kindly opted to stay and keep me company on the last leg of our flight.

A sleep for me on the Club House floor and at 1830hrs we were off again headed for Flowerdale. In smooth air we skirted Mangalore by about 3nm crossed to the west of Seymour and then took a straight line over the mountains to Flowerdale. Just under 38nm in perfect conditions ended a trip that was mixed with some unfortunate mishaps but with some excellent flying and great camaraderie.

My thanks to all involved and particularly to Gary Wheeler for his work in organizing the whole enterprise and to the Ground Crew.

No doubt others will add their perspective of the trip in future Newsletters.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

Mark Howard ended up at Flowerdale missing a black bag with red trim containing a variety of tools and also missing a custom made trike cover. Would all participants in the Western Wander please check their gear to ensure Mark gets his goods back. Someone must have picked these things up in error. Your assistance in rapidly re-uniting Mark with his items would be appreciated.

### INVITATION

#### **Pilot Information Night**

**Date: Wednesday, 9 March**

**Time: 1845 - 2130**

**Where: Operations Road, Tullamarine (Melways Map 4, H-5). See directions.**

- See first-hand the air traffic control traffic management system
- Receive presentations on critical safety issues including Runway Incursions, Violations of Controlled Airspace (VCA),
- Join discussions with air traffic controllers on operational and safety-related issues to enhance pilot understanding,
- Visit the ATC Operations Room and Air Traffic Control simulator,
- If you have an ASIC, please bring it with you.

Corporate Communication  
PO Box 1093  
Tullamarine VIC 3043  
9235 7423 Phone  
9235 7350 Fax  
ABN 59 698 720 886

Regards,

*Vicki*

**Directions to Airservices Australia, Melbourne**

Airservices Australia's Melbourne compound is located within the Melbourne Airport precinct off Operations Road, Tullamarine. The only access to our compound is from Operations Road. See Melways Map 4, H-5. We are located past the Melbourne Airport Golf Club.

This is accessed from the Calder Freeway, Western Ring Road or Tullamarine Freeway.

At the Gatehouse, our duty guard will be expecting you and will direct you to parking and to the first building on the left, Building 212.

Contact numbers:

<b>Security</b>	9235 2700
<b>Vicki Huggins</b>	9235 7423/0419 103 696

## AVALON FLYER



**In 1997 a group of trike enthusiasts met to form a 'club for trike pilots and their family / friends' for the purpose of getting together with other pilots to go flying.**

Now known as the **SOUTHERN MICROLIGHT CLUB OF VICTORIA INC.** the group meets from 7.00 pm every second Tuesday of the month for a meal in the Bistro of the Manhattan Hotel in Ringwood with the meeting following at 7.30pm.

Anyone already involved in "triking", or interested in learning more of the sport is invited come along to our meeting or contact the Hon. Secretary, Kel Glare, by e-mail to; [kalkat@optusnet.com.au](mailto:kalkat@optusnet.com.au)

### **Events Activities**

Various activities are held throughout the year including Fly/drive excursions. Aircraft maintenance & flight theory sessions.



Check for events that are coming up in the "Events/Activities" page of our website

### **Club Meetings**

Club meetings are held on the second Tuesday of each month  
At the Manhattan Hotel  
Cnr Heatherdale & Canterbury Roads  
Ringwood 3134



### **Our Club Charter**

The club aims to provide;

### **Events Activities**

Organize 2 fly-away trips per year.  
Organize 1 Fly-in Club gathering per year

### **Information and Learning**

Organise various workshops maintenance, theory etc  
Organise informative guest speakers at meetings  
To inform and reinform pilots of rules, changing protocols and technologies

### **Social**

Provide a facility for Pilots to meet other Pilots

For new and experienced pilots to share their experiences and to encourage new experiences. Experienced pilots help to give new pilots confidence, knowledge and advice. New pilots give experienced pilots the benefit of their enthusiasm. The Club wishes to avail the collective knowledge of its members as a resource to other members and make use of the benefits that a group can attract, as opposed to what could be done as individuals.

The club does not oversee or take responsibility for any of its members training, flying skills or training needs, each individual pilot remains responsible for his or her own knowledge and development

PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE [www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au](http://www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au)

## INTERESTING

[http://www.trikernews.com/PDFs\\_ & JPGs/119\\_Spring10/1196\\_RAA.pdf](http://www.trikernews.com/PDFs_&_JPGs/119_Spring10/1196_RAA.pdf)

[http://vimeo.com/moogaloop.swf?clip\\_id=18150336](http://vimeo.com/moogaloop.swf?clip_id=18150336)

See Also HGAWA - Spring 2010 Triker News Issue # 119, Page 8.

### ***1994 - 2010: Severing a 16 year association***

At our last AGM, the overwhelming sentiment from those present was that the Hang Gliding Federation of Australia (HGFA) as an organization seemed to be becoming markedly trike unfriendly. Further, they have reintroduced the iniquitous State Levy which takes a portion of our membership fees and pays it directly to HGAWA, a body of which we are not members. None of us have ever been members of HGAWA and none of us has any wish to become members. HGAWA has never given our club one cent in all the years we have been paying the so-called State Levy and yet HGFA continues to pay part of our HGFA membership fees directly to that body. (I personally believe it's illegal for them to do so.)

In view of this and other issues, it was the feeling of the meeting that we should seriously investigate changing to Recreational Aviation Australia (RA-Aus) as our governing body. Since then, we have undertaken discussions and investigations regarding the best way forward for our school, our students and all club members.

Neither Brendan nor Paul wishes to leave any of our current club members stranded in one organization if we move to another organization but a decision had to be made and that decision has been made in consultation with many members of the club. From this point forward, Recreational Aviation Australia (RA-Aus) will be the prime organization for South-West Microlights.

So, after an association spanning 16 years, South-West Microlight School is in the final stages of the process of severing all ties with the HGFA and transferring all future operations to RAAus. The decision to make this change was not a particularly easy one and was taken after due consideration, deliberation and soul searching.

Ultimately, the decision was determined by which organization is a better fit for powered aircraft like ours which operate mostly from airports and aircraft owners who have no interest in the soaring sports or in being valued only as tug pilots for hang gliders operating out of bush paddocks, as well as what is best for us as operators of the school. Our investigations have convinced us that the best interests of the school and future students will be served by the change to RAAus and we believe it is also in the best interests of all club members.

So, South-West Microlights is now a recognized and accredited Flight Training Facility operating under Recreational Aviation Australia (RA-Aus) but both Brendan and Paul will remain members of HGFA until our current membership runs out. After that time, we will

operate exclusively under RA-Aus as it's too expensive to maintain membership in both organizations.

There are some initial costs and formalities for you, as individual trike owners, to change your pilot membership and trike registration to RA-Aus but, after the initial process has been completed, you will find RA-Aus is a less costly, more efficient and easier to deal with organization and a far better fit for the aircraft we fly.

One of the unexpected, initial costs is having a Level 2 Maintenance Authority perform a thorough inspection of your trike and sign a Condition Report before it can be transferred. At the next AGM, it is my intention to move that the club covers a proportion of this cost for current club members, which I think is only fair and will ease the burden a little bit.

If you haven't already done so, contact Paul for a step-by-step guide to the actual process of transferring membership, having current qualifications and endorsements recognized and transferring trike registration to RA-Aus. ■

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#### **FROM STEVE BELL**

CFIs,

I write to you with permission and as a representative of the Southern Microlight Club. I recently suggested to the Southern Microlight Club that it would be a great idea to combine our love of flying with a worthy cause. To do what we love while raising funds for a worthwhile charity and at the same time raising the profile of our sport sounds like a win win situation.

The members of the Southern Microlight Club agree with this concept and I have chosen a very worthwhile charity to support "The Gawler Foundation"

The Gawler Foundation are a registered not for profit charity and do fabulous work running support programmes for people with Cancer, Multiple Sclerosis and other serious illnesses. I came across the Gawler Foundation as a consequence of my partner's participation in a 10 day residential cancer programme at the Gawler Foundations retreat in the Yarra Valley. Heather

found the programme profound and life changing, it gave her much needed hope in the face of her dire prognosis and she learned about very important and effective lifestyle changes she can make that can significantly improve both her quality of life and life expectancy.

Heather is one of the lucky ones. For so many people their illnesses have left them financially unable to attend these programmes and while the Gawler Foundation takes many people into their programmes without charge there are a financial limit to what they can do. The Gawler Foundation receives no Government funding and rely 100% on funds they generate themselves and funds raised through donations. For more info please check their website: <http://www.gawler.org/>

In short, my idea is to organise a flight where over a few days a convoy of microlights take to the skies and do a whistlestop tour of country Victoria promoting our sport and raising funds, with participation of local radio and media to raise funds. As an incentive for media participation we could give away a free 20 minute flight for every \$1,000 raised for the charity.

My original idea came unstuck when I approached the HGFA to check if would be okay for private pilots to take these promotional flights. At first it was thought that as the pilots would not be receiving any individual financial gain that it would be okay and within the rules. However I was later advised that an insurance company might not see it that way and the HGFA have now advised that private pilots would not be permitted to take these flights but only CFI's or Instructors.

The HGFA however wish to support the concept and will fully refund the HGFA joining fee that would be required for any passenger who flies with a CFI or Instructor.

This new information has brought about a re-think of how to proceed within these conditions and my latest idea is ask for CFI's and Instructors participation. I would fully expect that CFI's and Instructors to be paid for these flights however the payments would be deducted from funds raised. As the flights are for the purpose of raising funds for charity, CFI's and Instructors would be asked to provide these flights at a reduced rate. The particular media would use their own criteria for how and who they give a flight to and the winner of the flight would be given a flight voucher and a list of participating instructors.

Through my AMP Financial Planning business I have access to a further grant to an approved charity of 50% of funds raised to a maximum value of \$10,000 through the AMP Foundation. AMP like most big companies has a budget for this and prefers to spend this budget by encouraging business owners in community involvement. This would not be a campaign by neither AMP nor I to promote our respective businesses or to seek any personal gain however I do want to secure the additional funds on offer from AMP.

And so the purpose of this letter is to ask you if you would be willing to participate by taking the promotional flights and to identify an appropriate rate to compensate you for your costs.

If you could please consider this proposal and advise ASAP by return e-mail it would be much appreciated.

Kind regards  
Steven Bell

### **NEXT MEETING**

**The next meeting is at the Manhattan Hotel, Canterbury Road, Ringwood, on Tuesday, March 8 at 1900hrs.**

### **CONTRIBUTIONS**

**I welcome contributions from members and thank those who do contribute. Any story or item of interest adds to the pleasure we all get from our association. Do not be shy – Nobel Prize for Literature standard is not expected.**

**Newsletter Closing times:  
*Last Tuesday of the month.***

**Advertising enquiries and any articles or items of information to:  
Kel Glare: 03 9439 5920  
0421 060 706, or, preferably, [kalkat@optusnet.com.au](mailto:kalkat@optusnet.com.au)**