



TRIKE NEWS: Newsletter of the Southern Microlight Club - May 2012
www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au

MINUTES OF 7 MAY 2012 SMC MEETING

Presidents opening address and welcome

Apologies

Visitors

Attendance # 20

Mark Pike

0

Frank Buccherri

Kel Glare

Reg Thaggard

Treasurer's report

Money out =

Money in =

Bank balance = \$6,769.00

Secretary's Report

Correspondence in = the Kev Macnally maintenance weekend will be 8/9 September and include various CFIs and instructors from round about the area, as well as Club people. Kev is getting back to me with a costing that then needs to be sent to VHPA for funds.

Correspondence out = nill

General business

Ken Jelleff did a great welcome to all, and went on to talk about Steve Ruffles BBQ day at Porepunkah that went really well. (Editor's Note: Over \$5,200.00 was raised and Mark Howard expresses his sincere thanks to all involved.)

Ken also talked about the Locksley day that also went well for all those who had a fly.

Max Glynn talked about the upcoming VHPA St John's Ambulance talk that is in hand and being organized for their next meeting.

Max is to draft something on the presentation re some funding for it.

'Mitch' talked about his troubles with his radio that turned out to be the high frequency limiter on the aerial circuit that can be blown by other radios doing a radio check in close proximity to his in the hanger.

The Club shirts were talked about and in the end red/black/white piping was agreed on with pockets logos and a back logo to be tested and shown at next meeting where orders, sizes and quantities will be taken.

John Kidon did another great job with his talk on indicated airspeed versus true airspeed at altitude. An excel spreadsheet has been sent to Neville Kent.

Due to my technical dramas the Club's laptop has been turned back to XP format and a mouse bought.

Teaching time = nil.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND 2012

SAT 9TH, SUN 10TH, MON 11TH JUNE

The West Sale Flyin/Drive in which has been held for several years now and initiated and organized by Alf Jessup will again be held, however, due to the unavailability of the West Sale Trike Hangar as a base, it will not be possible for us to run the event from West Sale.

As an alternative, the Latrobe Valley Hangar will be available for anyone wishing to participate this year. A program of daily group flights will be available (weather permitting). Aircraft Hangarage will be available for those wishing to make the journey.

Accommodation:

Village Caravan Park 200mtrs away has powered sites for vans or tents, or cabins (51742384). Numerous motels are located in either Traralgon or Morwell only 5klm away. Anyone wishing to unroll their swags to camp inside the Hangar beneath their wing, are welcome to do so. Unfortunately the rear quarters which have been used in the past are no longer available.

To keep the West Sale flavour I will approach Lorraine McGilvray and Runways Edge to ask her to host a morning coffee excursion for us, which will make for an excellent morning trip.

Bookings will be made at local establishments for group dinners on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

For the uninitiated, the West Sale/Latrobe Valley area is a great location to fly around with the mountains to the North and the coast a 20 min flight to the south. The Valley is punctuated by the Power, Paper and Forestry industries, which all operate close to the LV airport, providing landmarks which make navigation a breeze.

Latrobe Valley Airport is a busy regional facility which is called home by several flying schools.

Please check your charts and Ersas for local regulations.

URGENT

If you would like to enjoy a relaxed long weekend of camaraderie, culinary delights and lovely scenic flying, please contact Ken on 0412512457 or kenj@jelfor.com.au no later than Thursday June 7 in order that dinner bookings may be finalised.

EMAIL ATTACHMENTS

I am advised that there is no way to directly add email video attachments to the Newsletter. It has been suggested the issue can be overcome by Members uploading the video to the Club Web Site. I suggest that if anyone wishes to adopt this procedure and advise me of the details I will then direct members to the specific video on the Web Site through the Newsletter. It seems this is the best we can do.

MAGIC

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*Pilot Officer Gillespie Magee
No 412 squadron, RCAF
Killed 11 December 1941*

M

FROM AN SR-71 PILOT



In April 1986, following an attack on American soldiers in a Berlin disco, President Reagan ordered the bombing of Muammar Qaddafi's terrorist camps in Libya. My duty was to fly over Libya, and take photographs recording the damage our F-111's had inflicted. Qaddafi had established a 'line of death,' a territorial marking across the Gulf of Sidra, swearing to shoot down any intruder, that crossed the boundary. On the morning of April 15, I rocketed past the line at 2,125 mph.



I was piloting the SR-71 spy plane, the world's fastest jet, accompanied by a Marine Major (Walt), the aircraft's reconnaissance systems officer (RSO). We had crossed into Libya, and were approaching our final turn over the bleak desert landscape, when Walt informed me, that he was receiving missile launch signals. I quickly increased our speed, calculating the time it would take for the weapons, most likely SA-2 and SA-4 surface-to-air missiles, capable of Mach 5 - to reach our altitude. I estimated, that we could beat the rocket-powered missiles to the turn, and stayed our course, betting our lives on the plane's performance.



After several agonizingly long seconds, we made the turn and blasted toward the Mediterranean. 'You might want to pull back,' Walt suggested. It was then that I noticed I still had the throttles full forward. The plane was flying at Mach 3.2, well above our Mach 3.2 limit. It was the fastest we would ever fly. I pulled the throttles to idle, just as we overran the refuelling tanker, awaiting us over Gibraltar.



Scores of significant aircraft have been produced, in the 100 years of flight, following the Achievements of the Wright brothers, which we celebrate in December. Aircraft such as the Boeing 707, the F-86 Sabre Jet, and the P-51 Mustang, are among the important machines, that have flown our skies. But the SR-71, also known as the Blackbird, stands alone as a significant contributor to Cold War victory, and as the fastest plane ever, and only 93 Air Force pilots, ever steered the 'sled,' as we called our aircraft.



The SR-71, was the brainchild of Kelly Johnson, the famed Lockheed designer, who created the P-38, the F-104 Starfighter, and the U-2. After the Soviets shot down Gary Powers U-2 in 1960, Johnson began to develop an aircraft, that would fly three miles higher, and five times faster, than the spy plane, and still be capable of photographing your license plate. However, flying at 2,000 mph would create intense heat on the aircraft's skin. Lockheed engineers used a titanium alloy, to construct more than 90 percent of the SR-71, creating special tools, and manufacturing procedures to hand-build each of the 40 planes. Special heat-resistant fuel, oil, and hydraulic fluids, that would function at 85,000 feet, and higher, also had to be developed.



In 1962, the first Blackbird successfully flew, and in 1966, the same year I graduated from high school, the Air Force began flying operational SR-71 missions. I came to the program in 1983, with a sterling record and a recommendation from my commander, completing the week long interview, and meeting Walt, my partner for the next four years. He would ride four feet behind me, working all the cameras, radios, and electronic jamming equipment. I joked, that if we were ever captured, he was the spy, and I was just the driver. He told me to keep the pointy end forward. We trained for a year, flying out of Beale AFB in California, Kadena Airbase in Okinawa, and RAF Mildenhall in England. On a typical training mission, we would take off near Sacramento, refuel over Nevada, accelerate into Montana, obtain a high Mach speed over Colorado, turn right over New Mexico, speed across the Los Angeles Basin, run up the West Coast, turn right at Seattle, then return to Beale.

Total flight time:- Two Hours and Forty Minutes.

One day, high above Arizona, we were monitoring the radio traffic, of all the mortal airplanes below us. First, a Cessna pilot asked the air traffic controllers to check his groundspeed. 'Ninety knots,' ATC replied. A Bonanza soon made the same request. 'One-twenty on the ground,' was the reply. To our surprise, a navy F-18 came over the radio, with a ground speed check. I knew exactly what he was doing. Of course, he had a ground speed indicator in his cockpit, but he wanted to let all the bug-smashers in the valley, know what real speed was, 'Dusty 52, we show you at 620 on the ground,' ATC responded. The situation was too ripe. I heard the click of Walt's mike button in the rear seat. In his most innocent voice, Walt startled the controller by asking for a ground speed check from 81,000 feet, clearly above controlled airspace. In a cool, professional voice, the controller replied, 'Aspen 20, I show you at 1,982 knots on the ground.' We did not hear another transmission on that frequency, all the way to the coast.



The Blackbird always showed us something new, each aircraft possessing its own unique personality. In time, we realized we were flying a national treasure. When we taxied out of our revetments for take-off, people took notice. Traffic congregated near the airfield fences, because everyone wanted to see, and hear the mighty SR-71. You could not be a part of this program, and not come to love the airplane. Slowly, she revealed her secrets to us, as we earned her trust. One moonless night, while flying a routine training mission over the Pacific, I wondered what the sky would look like from 84,000 feet, if the cockpit lighting were dark. While heading home on a straight course, I slowly turned down all of the lighting, reducing the glare and revealing the night sky. Within seconds, I turned the lights back up, fearful that the jet would know, and somehow punish me. But my desire to see the sky, overruled my caution, I dimmed the lighting again. To my amazement, I saw a bright light outside my window. As my eyes adjusted to the view, I realized that the brilliance was the broad expanse of the Milky Way, now a gleaming stripe across the sky. Where dark spaces in the sky, had usually existed, there were now dense clusters, of sparkling stars. Shooting Stars, flashed across the canvas every few seconds. It was like a fireworks display with no sound. I knew I had to get my eyes back on the instruments, and reluctantly, I brought my attention back inside. To my surprise, with the cockpit lighting still off, I could see every gauge, lit by starlight. In the plane's mirrors, I could see the eerie shine of my gold spacesuit, incandescently illuminated, in a celestial glow. I stole one last glance out the window. Despite our speed, we seemed still before the heavens, humbled in the radiance of a much greater power. For those few moments, I felt a part of something far more significant, than anything we were doing in the plane. The sharp sound of Walt's voice on the radio, brought me back to the tasks at hand, as I prepared for our descent.



San Diego Aerospace Museum

The SR-71 was an expensive aircraft to operate. The most significant cost was tanker support, and in 1990, confronted with budget cutbacks, the Air Force retired the SR-71. The SR-71 served six presidents, protecting America for a quarter of a century.

Un-be-known to most of the country, the plane flew over North Vietnam, Red China, North

Korea, the Middle East, South Africa, Cuba, Nicaragua, Iran, Libya, and the Falkland Islands. On a weekly basis, the SR-71, kept watch over every Soviet Nuclear Submarine, and Mobile Missile Site, and all of their troop movements. It was a key factor in winning the Cold War. I am proud to say, I flew about 500 hours in this aircraft. I knew her well. She gave way to no plane, proudly dragging her Sonic Boom through enemy backyards, with great impunity. She defeated every missile, outran every MiG, and always brought us home. In the first 100 years of manned flight, no aircraft was more remarkable. The Blackbird had outrun nearly 4,000 missiles, not once taking a scratch from enemy fire. On her final flight, the Blackbird, destined for the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, sped from Los Angeles to Washington in 64 Minutes, averaging 2,145 mph, and setting four speed records. Mike Folker.

Subject: Fw: Gina's first plane load of immigrant workers arrived in Port Hedland yesterday.



Locksley May Fly-in

By Maxwell Glynn

Saturday morning dawned grey and overcast. Typical Melbourne weather for this time of the year. Driving through Yarra Glen and past the Murrindindi turn off, patches of blue began to appear. As the sun climbed into the sky, the last traces of fog lifted from the valleys, revealing the verdant green hills.

Turning northwest at Yea, the clouds disappeared completely and the countryside sprang to life. The words from the Oklahoma Musical seemed just so appropriate. "Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day. I've got a wonderful feeling, everything's going my way."

The Goulburn Valley Highway began to twist and turn and ascend slightly through the agricultural district around Seymour. The town of Seymour was named in 1841 by the explorer, Thomas Mitchell, who named it after Lord Seymour, the eleventh duke of Somerset. A bridge was built over the Goulburn river in 1891 and has been preserved today as a historic relic. Just after the turn of the century, Lord Kitchener visited the area, and thought it a good place for an army base. Eventually Puckapunyal was built 8 kilometers away. It still is an important place. It has a tank museum which claims to have one of the largest displays of antique tanks in the world.

Heading up the Hume it wasn't long before seeing the Locksley off ramp on the left hand side of the highway. Soon the hamlet of Locksley came into view, nestled beside the Melbourne - Sydney railway line. And there, down the gravel road, abutting the train line, the airfield itself, with its one and three quarter kilometer runway. Acres and acres of grass.

Arriving at the amenities building, it was perfect timing - morning tea time. The ultra keen pilots, Joe, Steve, and Neville had come the day before, whilst Mitch, in his Chevy powered sleeping quarters, had motored in during the dead of night. All thought they would get restful sleep. But the frequent express trains on the eastern airport boundary sounded as if they were actually coming through the tents. The ground literally shook. Neville had the prime tent site next to the tractor shed, but there the trains seemed even louder.

Alas, as the pilots set up their micro light trikes after morning tea, the clouds began to roll in. At this stage, Ken and Tony advised they were about to depart La Trobe Valley as soon as the 20 knot wind had abated. Locksley weather continued to deteriorate while we had a B-B-Q lunch, so much so, that the decision was made to restrict the days flying to the local area. Many circuits were flown. Indeed once in the air, light rain could be seen on the surrounding hills.

Steve and Neville decided to make a camp fire in the afternoon, and hauled logs and tree stumps from near and far. Someone found a half cut down 44 gallon drum, an ideal hearth. And so it was, we kept warm into the early evening.

Saturday night dinner was at the Avenel Hotel. Unfortunately the local footy clubs were celebrating and the pub was “bursting at the seams”. Eventually we did get our dinner. Good old fashioned country food.

Back at the airstrip more logs were put on the fire. This kept us warm on the outside, while the Cab. Sav. kept us warm on the inside. Again we leaned the weather had gained the upper hand with Ken and Tony having to turn back to home base because of low cloud on the hills. Around the roaring camp fire flying options for Sunday were duly considered. Namely Mansfield, Glenrowan or Milawa. A call to Russell Purdy at Mansfield yielded a reply from Singapore - he was enjoying an overseas holiday. No one had the co-ordinates for the Glenrowan private airstrip, so we settled for coffee and cake at the Milawa winery. Next day departure was to be at 0800 hours.

Sunday morning Mitch, Joe and Max set out for Milawa, while Steve and Neville stayed behind. Reg drove in, (having been given an up country tour by his cantankerous GPS) to conduct a BFR and some training. We departed one hour late into five eights cloud, happy to skirt around the hills flying VFR. With 30 nautical miles to run, we burst into clear skies and climbed to 3,500 feet. Cappuccinos beckoned! But once again the weather got the upper hand. At 15 miles out we encountered a thick blanket of fog carpeting the valleys. It appeared to extend out as far as Myrtleford. With no alternative, we reluctantly turned into a moderate head wind and tracked back to Locksley.

Another B-B-Q lunch and more measurements and discussions concerning Neville's aircraft. What causes fishtailing while taxiing? Later Chris Samuels arrived. It was good to meet Chris and “rub shoulders” with the land lord's son.

And so it was that aircraft, tents and equipment were packed up for departure. Although conditions for flying were not good, the fun, food and fellowship certainly was. A second great weekend at Locksley.



About to pack up. Max, Neville, Mitch, Reg, Steve & Joe.



Back on the after the mornings flying. Reg, Neville, Chris, Mitch & Joe.



Joe & Neville watching the clouds roll in.



Morning tea time - Neville, Steve, Joe & Mitch.



Reflections in Goulburn river at Seymour.

GENERAL INTEREST

Before you read the statement below be assured that as far as I can determine, mobile phones are not an ignition source but the most dangerous and usual cause is static electricity!!!!



Please send this in formation to ALL your family & friends, especially those who have kids in the car with them while pumping gas. If this were to happen, they may not be able to get the children out in time.

**MUST READ, EVEN IF YOU DON'T OWN A CAR.
Shell Oil Comments - A MUST READ!**

Safety Alert!

Here's some reasons why we don't allow cell phones in operating areas, propylene oxide handling and storage area, propane, gas and diesel refueling areas.

The Shell Oil Company recently issued a warning after three incidents in which mobile phones (cell phones) ignited fumes during fueling operations

In the first case, the phone was placed on the car's trunk lid during fueling; it rang and the ensuing fire destroyed the car and the gasoline pump.

In the second, an individual suffered severe burns to his face when fumes ignited as he answered a call while refueling his car!

And in the third, an individual suffered burns to the thigh and groin as fumes ignited when the phone, which was in his pocket, rang while he was fueling his car.

You should know that: Mobile Phones can ignite fuel or fumes

Mobile phones that light up when switched on or when they ring release enough energy to provide a spark for ignition

Mobile phones should not be used in filling stations, or when fueling lawn mowers, boat, etc.

Mobile phones should not be used, or should be turned off, around other materials that generate flammable or explosive fumes or dust, (ie., solvents, chemicals, gases, grain dust, etc...)

TO sum it up, here are the Four Rules for Safe Refueling:

- 1) Turn off engine**
- 2) Don't smoke**
- 3) Don't use your cell phone - leave it inside the vehicle or turn it Off**
- 4) Don't re-enter your vehicle during fueling.**

Bob Renkes of Petroleum Equipment Institute is working on a campaign to try and make people aware of fires as a result of 'static electricity' at gas pumps. His company has researched 150 cases of these fires.

His results were very surprising:

- 1) Out of 150 cases, almost all of them were women.
- 2) Almost all cases involved the person getting back in his vehicle while the nozzle was still pumping gas. When finished, he went back to pull the nozzle out and the fire started, as a result of static.
- 3) Most had on rubber-soled shoes.
- 4) Most men never get back in their vehicle until completely finished. This is why they are seldom involved in these types of fires.
- 5) Don't ever use cell phones when pumping gas
- 6) It is the vapors that come out of the gas that cause the fire, when connected with static charges.
- 7) There were 29 fires where the vehicle was re-entered and the

nozzle was touched during refueling from a variety of makes and models. Some resulted in extensive damage to the vehicle, to the station, and to the customer.

8) Seventeen fires occurred before, during or immediately after the gas cap was removed and before fueling began..

Mr. Renkes stresses to NEVER get back into your vehicle while filling it with gas.

If you absolutely HAVE to get in your vehicle while the gas is pumping, make sure you get out, close the door TOUCHING THE METAL, before you ever pull the nozzle out. This way the static from your body will be discharged before you ever remove the nozzle.

As I mentioned earlier, The Petroleum Equipment Institute, along with several other companies now, are really trying to make the public aware of this danger.

I ask you to please send this information to ALL your family and friends, especially those who have kids in the car with them while pumping gas. If this were to happen to them, they may not be able to get the children out in time.

Thanks for passing this along.

From :
Supervisor,
DIRECT SALES ((x15650/65415650))

HOW NOT TO START AN AEROPLANE



Anyone who served in the Air Force will
immediately spot the error.

This photo is absolutely incredible... it should be
a poster for what not to do.

But can you tell what's wrong with it?

Yep, guess you spotted it, too.

Never, ever try to Prop-Start an aircraft without chocking the wheels!

I am sure that caught your eye right away like it did mine.

WARNING

Hello Kel,

Just thought I might add a little safety message to all pilots in the club.

After attending the maintenance weekend last year, I noted the contact cleaner and the

ACF50 corrosion inhibitor advised to be used on the stainless steel wires on a trike wing.

Very good products both of them. As I started to clean all my wires I got down to the bridle

wires. To my disbelieving eyes I found the very outside wire loop going onto the d shackle

was halfway cut. I just want to point out that when you do your pre-flight check and look at

everything actually look. I am very thankful for going that weekend at Ken Jellef's hanger.

I think the clamp part may have been the cause, anyway I will replace it before I fly again.

Kind regards

Mike Ludbey.

NEXT MEETING

The next meeting is at the Manhattan Hotel, Canterbury Road, Ringwood, on Tuesday, June 12 at 1930hrs after a meal for those who wish to enjoy pleasant dining with fellow pilots at 1900hrs.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions have been very much appreciated. I need and 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.

My apologies if I have missed anyone's contribution.

Newsletter Closing times:

Last Tuesday of the month.

Advertising enquiries and any articles or items of information to:

Kel Glare: 03 9439 5920

O421 060 706, or, preferably, kalkat@optusnet.com.au