



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

UPDATE ON STEVE RUFFLES

Mark Howard advises that Steve is still battling and is in Bright Hospital. I understand Steve welcomes visitors and may be able to go out for coffee. Anyone who is able visit Steve please do so and let him know that he is in our thoughts and prayers.

IMPORTANT – BE AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ON 14 AUGUST

MINUTES OF JULY 2012 MEETING

Presidents opening address and welcome

Apologies

Reg Thaggard

Murry Hare

Visitors 0

Attendance # 22

Treasurer's Report:

Some renewal fees for the year are outstanding!

Money out =

Money in =

Bank balance =

Secretary's Report

Correspondence in = Consumer Affairs registration correspondence for the Club to fill in and pay has arrived.

The Kev MacNally maintenance weekend is a work in progress to get organized.

Correspondence out =

General business

Ken Jelleff mentioned that Steve Ruffles was at the Alfred to get a tumour removed, all went well and Steve is back in Porepunkah recovering, but still has challenges ahead.

A group email will be sent out asking for names of and details who is coming on the maintenance weekend.

Max Glynn talked about the Locksley weekend the guys just had and how good it was, with input and stories from Mitch Joe and Tony and George.

John Reynoldson apologizes for unexpectedly not being able to make the speaking engagement but he has been rescheduled for 9 October Tuesday meeting.

Kel Glare mentioned about the sending of the 3 copies of the latest newsletter and who got all 3 of them, all hands went up!

Ian Rees mentioned that he went to a Yarra Valley safety seminar put on by CASA the Thursday before our meeting. Discussion was had about how Ian knew about it and not the Club.

Turns out Ian gets the Aviation Safety Digest and is on a list!

The talk was about the workings of the CASA websites and how to find stuff, very informative; it was a guy called Tim Penny speaking.

George mentioned about the country airstrip guide being a learning curve. But a great website.

Ken mentioned about getting John Kidon to do another computer/tablet talk at some stage next year.

There will be an OZ Runways seminar open to all at Tyabb airfield on Saturday 21st July at 6.00 pm all welcome.

John Newell mentioned about trike insurance, it might be able to be got at a quite reasonable rate possibly around \$800.00 year all inclusive, fingers crossed!

Neville Kent did a really great talk on the Club's prospective share point site; a web based central point for all the clubs correspondence.

The Club agreed to give it a go for \$85.00 a year.

Kel Glare moved that we do it and Gary Wheeler seconded it.

Unanimously carried

Someone will shut down the Yahoo site that was tried.

Teaching time = none at this time. Stay tuned though.

MOUNT HOTHAM – WINTER FLYING – From Tony Batson

Many trike pilots go into hibernation when the Victorian winter sets in. I remember the words of a fellow pilot whilst I was in training for my Microlight license.” Flying during winter can be some of the best flying you will ever experience.” He would go on to say “sure it can be cold! However, all you have to do is dress appropriately.”

The Southern Microlight Club had organised a fly in at Locksley on the last weekend of June. There was talk of attempting to fly over some of the nearby snow fields near Mansfield. As seems to be the trend since the drought broke last year, every time a club event is planned, the weather gods decide to spoil our fun. Thus the fly in was abandoned.

Checking out the 7 day forecast for the next weekend showed some very promising results. A large slow high was moving over Western Australia and was forecast to sit over Victoria on the Friday, Saturday and Sunday of the first week of July. The first full weekend of winter with no rain, lots of sun and extremely calm northerly winds. However, 13 degrees was the highest forecast temperature and overnight temperatures were set to drop down to minus 5 degrees in Central Victoria with severe frost warnings. Perfect! If you’re going to fly in winter, all you need to do is dress appropriately.

So it was with some surprise and delight when I got a phone call from John Brent from Latrobe Valley (A fellow hanger comrade) during the week that he was looking to fly to Wangaratta on the weekend and was looking for someone to fly alongside him. A quick response in the positive found me asking him for his planned route and I was off to do some flight planning. The next day I heard that a few of the guys from the SMC club were going to Locksley to fly over to the snowfields. I had committed myself to John, but the thought of flying over the snow fields was tantalising and a trip I had on my bucket list. Do I cancel John’s invitation and go to Locksley? If I go to Locksley I will probably have to trailer the trike up. No, I have not flown from Latrobe to Wangaratta via Dixons Creek before. This trip was also on my bucket lists of trips to do. I had previously made an attempt with Ken Jelleff but was forced to turn back due to low cloud. May be I can change John’s plans slightly to fly with the boys over the snow fields? The following Friday, John sent an SMS message, “Don’t forget your thermals”. It made me smile, as I had just “ducked” out at lunch time during work and purchased a brand new set.

I arrived at the hanger in Latrobe at 8.00am after an hour’s drive from outer Melbourne. John being a local had packed his trike the night before and looked ready to go. He was still tucked

up in bed. It was a cold morning and the traditional Valley fog was as thick as the proverbial pea soup. We knew it would be out there delaying our departure, so we took it in our stride. John finally arrived as I was almost packed ready to go. We looked outside and the wind sock could be seen at the end of runway 21. "Great! It's clearing". It was now 10 o'clock, our planned departure time. Having recently lost my GPS connection during a flight to Bairnsdale over the Queens long weekend, I checked and rechecked my paper maps to ensure my flight plan was correct and matched all my GPS data. At 10.15am the wind sock had disappeared again in fog. "What the?" It's time for another cup of coffee. Hopefully I can empty my bladder before we leave.

We heard that Reg Thaggard was at Dixons Creek private airfield waiting to take a student on a cross country flight training assessment to Locksley airfield. Dixons Creek was our planned first stop so we phoned him to get a weather update. "Clear, no wind and perfect flying conditions". He said he would wait until we got there to say hello. By 10.45 am the fog began to clear again. Finally we were able to leave. The problem was everybody else was ready to leave at the same time. We did another pre flight check and waited our turn to depart. Just after 11am we were finally in the air.

A quick look at the outside temperature gauge showed a reading of 8 degrees at 2,000ft. The thermals, the extra layers, and the flying suit ensured I was warm. On the local chat channel we spoke to some 3 axis pilots on the radio flying over French Island. They heard we were trike pilots and bragged about their cabin heaters reaching a cosy 18 degrees. Ummm! That's not real flying anyway! (My thoughts of having the choice to turn a heater on right now seemed ideal). We flew onto Labertouche and made a North West turn at the power lines towards Seville. This was my first trip north from Latrobe so as we went over the first set of ranges I continually searched for the emergency landing site I hoped I never needed. Conditions were fantastic. Hoddles Creek was below us and we tracked our way towards Dixons Creek. Healesville was to my right and I could see Maroondah dam glistening in the sunlight. We ventured just inside Coldstream air space and made the calls to let them know we were in their vicinity. As always, if the weather is good every man and his dog is up in the air. We monitored Coldstream frequency and listened intently to all the radio calls being made out of Coldstream and Lilydale. The radio chatter suggested the air was full of potential missiles.



As we rounded cape Horn on the edge of the valley into Dixons Creek a three axis aircraft let us know he was close by and gave us the courtesy of leaving the area. I visually monitored his progress as he flew under John at what seemed a close distance. I am sure it was safe, but distances can be deceiving in the air. Reg from Dixon Creek was on the radio and had left the airfield. Because we left late he could wait no longer. He wanted to get to Locksley and back before last light. We wished him well as Dixon Creek airfield came into sight. On the runway was a Cessna taxiing for a local flight. We orbited nearby and watched him take off on the short heavy grass strip. It was lovely to watch.

As we approached the airfield the Northerly wind flowing over Castella seemed to funnel down the Valley and create violent washing machine conditions as we approached final. John landed casually as usual and I was forced to do a go around as a long landing on a short airfield is never ideal. Exposed again to the “rotors” coming down the valley my flying skills were tested as I landed without incident. The grass strip was very wet and full power was required to taxi to a safe parking area. John and I had an early lunch and chatted to some visitors to the airfield. The Cessna returned and we chattered briefly to the owner. Also, the owner of the airstrip. He had recently flown back from Papua New Guinea in the Cessna. It made our little trip look insignificant. However I didn’t care because I was having a great time. Latrobe airfield to Dixon Creek was 77 nautical miles. (142.6 km). Air time was 1 hr 33 minutes.

Dixon Creek to Wangaratta

We rested for 30 minutes and we were off. We planned to fly along the Melba hwy and turn at the next set of power lines at Glenburn and track towards Bonnie Doon. As I climbed out of Dixons Creek the wind funnelling down the valley created extremely violent conditions. “Where were the forecasted calm conditions now”? After what seemed to be an eternity I eventually levelled out at the top of the hill. John who had departed first was orbiting high above asking for my location. As I regained my breath and relaxed my over tense arm muscles, it took a minute before I could answer him. Once we located each other we looked out over the Valley towards Yea and Alexandra and could only see the top of the surrounding mountain ranges poking out of the low level fog. The calm conditions and the low temperature did not allow the fog to clear out of the Valley. ‘What a beautiful site’! I gazed around and realized the power lines were nowhere to be seen. In the distance I could see a cutting through the forest over the exposed mountain ranges and realised that was where the power lines came out of the fog.



The fog was so thick below you could not see the ground. We could follow the edge of the fog to the east but that left us exposed to having to land in the trees should we have an engine out. We decide to fly closer towards Yea Township and around the northern western edge of the fog. We climbed up higher to 4,000 ft to give us better options for an emergency landing if required. Our new track took us further to the North West and it was not long before we were flying over Merton Airfield. This brought back memories of Max taxiing into a hole on the edge of the airstrip. I ferried Max back to Locksley on that weekend and he was my first official passenger. That was only in February this year. I felt I had come along way with my flying experiences since then. We could see Eildon to our right and discussed flying over there on another trip. The temperature dropped to 2 degrees but we both remained warm. Passing Mount Strathbogie it was not long before we were close to Benalla airspace. We made the obligatory radio calls to let them know we were passing by and dropped to a more warming height of 2,000ft. 7 degrees.

We were landing at a private airfield 8 km south of Wangaratta. Greta West to be more precise. As we flew into Wangaratta airspace we communicated our position and our intentions to land on a private airfield. Whilst monitoring Wangaratta we turned over to the chat channel and could hear the Southern Microlight Club boys flying back to Locksley from a trip up to Yarrawonga and the Murray River. We asked them to join us but day light was running out and they had to get back before last light. Farmer Wayne was also on the radio using a hand held radio. He welcomed us to his patch of Victoria. I knew Wayne from when we trained together at Porepunkah for our microlight license with Steve Ruffels. He had only just got his first trike and had it hangered at Benalla. Whilst he had his license, he need to do some more training to get his confidence back before flying solo again. He had been asking me to fly up for nearly a year now. I had not had the chance due to weather, experience or time. John had met Wayne at Steve Ruffels fund raising day at Porepunkah and agreed whilst there to fly up some time in the near future. Thus, the reason why we were here. Wayne lit a small hay fire to create some smoke and we could see in the near distance the airfield (Farmers paddock graded to a flat surface) and the direction of the very calm winds. We over flew the farm house and landed safely on the short airstrip. Total distance from Dixons Airstrip 86.4 nm (160kms). Total air time 1 hr 46 minutes. Total distance travelled from Latrobe 163.4 nm (302.6kms). Total flying time 3hrs 19mins.



Landing was the easy bit. We could not leave the trikes beside the airstrip as there was a danger the cows may eat parts off the trikes overnight. We were required to follow a small dirt track up the side of a barbed wire fence towards the farmhouse. Watching the fence posts, the muddy potholes and the barbed wire proved to be a little stressful. I was most concerned of my prop hitting the ground going through some of the large pot holes. Catching the wing on the barbed wire fence was my second concern. I thought of taking my chances with the cows. However, once near the farmhouse, we could almost relax in the fenced off enclosure. We stripped down our layers of clothing, tied down the trikes, put on their covers and Wayne offered us a lift to the local garage for fuel. Local knowledge of a good Fish and chip shop also proved to be invaluable. As we returned to the farm house darkness fell and the air temp outside had lowered to 0 degrees.

We checked the forecast for the next day and conditions were going to be better than today. John suggested that instead of tracking the same way back home, that we return to Latrobe via Mt Hotham Heights, (Mt Hotham Ski fields), past Mt Hotham airport, down towards Bruthen along to Bairnsdale and back to Latrobe. Wow! Not what was originally planned but how could I say no. I thought of ringing the boys at Locksley and seeing if they wanted to meet us in Porepunkah, tag along to Mount Hotham and then return back Locksley. It was now late and it was just too hard to organise at such late notice. It was not long after dinner that we found ourselves falling asleep in front of the log fire drinking a few beers.

Day 2

John and I were both up early. Through the frosted window in the kitchen a light fog was lifting through the rising sun. The ground was covered in white crystals. I went to fill the kettle with water and conditions outside were so cold that the farmhouse taps had frozen solid. Luckily for us farmer Wayne had anticipated this and had filled a number of bottles before going to bed. A quick walk outside the farmhouse showed a small wading pool frozen over with a crust of thick ice. "Wow! That's cold." John prepared some bacon and eggs and again we checked the weather on Mt Hotham. Winds were at 5knts and temperatures were down to 0 degrees. After breakfast we programmed our GPS's, marked out our flight plans and were ready and eager to depart. We decided to wait another hour as we were unsure of

the fog at Porepunkah. My previous experience was that once Wangaratta cleared of Fog, Porepunkah generally took another hour before clearing.



I was a little concerned about flying over Mount Hotham. First there was the tiger country and secondly there was the chance of carburettor icing over tiger country. Very concerning. I had recently read an article about carburettor icing probability based on the Dew point and the outside temp. Calculate the difference between the 2 to get your dew point depression and look at the chart to find the probability of icing conditions. UMMM ! If only I had that chart. To me, carburettor probability was high. We had heard how placing one inch tape on each end of your radiator would reduce the amount of cold air going through the fins and keep your water temperature higher. Thus, keeping your oil temperature higher and reducing the chances of carburettor icing. We had been advised this by a microlight pilot who had many hours of flying trikes. John had experienced carburettor icing when we attempted to fly over Mount Baw Baw on the Queens long weekend. This occurred when the temperature was down to 3 degrees. Not zero or below zero. John overcame this by dropping to 3000 feet and accelerating to very high revs. That's fine if you have the luxury to drop a number feet to a warmer temperature. Whilst it was not advisable to make modifications to your engine, it seemed a calculated risk John and I was prepared to take.

We went outside to the trikes. More frozen puddles. The family pony in the next paddock had a small layer of ice crystals over its back. John pulled back his wing cover and the ice fell to the ground in large clumps. I looked at my wing with no cover and it was covered with a large sheet of thick ice. The covers over the pod and the engine had worked well. I borrowed a broom and began to sweep the ice off the wings. The sun was breaking through now so I turned the wing towards the sunlight to help melt the remaining ice. We prepared our trikes and were grateful for Wayne's warm friendly hospitality. As we readied ourselves for Porepunkah, the boys from Locksley rang through to say they were flying up to say hello. We said we would stay as long as we could but we were keen to get going once the fog had cleared at Porepunkah.



It was 10am and we decided to leave. We heard the boys from Locksley were still 20 minutes away. We could not wait. I put on my layers of clothing and decided to put on one extra thick sleeveless jacket before leaving. We taxied down the dirt track once again beside the barbed wire fence. Our oil temperature finally reached temperature and we were off. I monitored my water temp and oil temperature and all appeared to be normal. Over Myrtleford and across to Porepunkah. This leg did not take long. We landed in my old training area and thoughts of the great time I had training here flooded back. John and I thought about Steve Ruffels and his current medical battle and I personally thanked him in spirit for the training he had given me to do trips like the one I was doing right now. We spoke to Leon who had recently moved his trike from Latrobe up to Porepunkah and conditions were as perfect as you could get. Distance 39.1 nm (72.4kms). Flight time 44 mins.

John had done the trip to Bruthen from Porepunkah on a previous occasion. The decision to track to Bruthen once over Hotham was to allow us to fly over the valley within gliding distance of possible emergency landing sites. The maps showed a lot of tiger country on the way. Disconcerting to say the least. Engines warmed, John departed first as was the norm. We climbed aggressively as we flew out of Porepunkah. The variometer was reading 800 feet per minute and I looked ahead to see the Buckland Valley walls getting closer and closer. Ahead John seemed to be climbing steeper and I wished I was already at his height. Still climbing, the first of the mountain ridges towards Mount Hotham past just below me. I looked ahead only to see an even higher mountain ridge ahead. Climbing higher I looked around for possible landing places. By this time I was over to the next valley and could see Wandiligong in the northern distance. At 3,000ft I knew I could glide back to Wandiligong if need be. Still climbing Harrierville was soon on my left. A long line of cloud was in front of me. "Do I go under it or over it"? I decided to go over and climbed even steeper. The air in front of the cloud mass was rough, but I was quickly through it. Another look at my water and oil temperature and all still appeared normal. John seemed to be getting further ahead of me and it was not long before I lost sight of him. He radioed back the sites he was seeing on top of the mountain. "Not long now". I am still climbing. Mount Feather top was on my right and I thought briefly about one of Victoria's Parliamentary ministers being rescued on the side of this mountain not too long ago.



Mount Hotham has an elevation of approximately 6,100 feet AMSL. As trike pilots we need to fly 1000ft AGL above National parks. So John and I need to fly a minimum of 7100ft. However, we wanted to have higher height on top of the ranges to allow greater gliding distance for emergency landings if required. So, we decided we would fly at 9,500ft. As I passed Mt Feather top, I could see all around me snow sitting on the ground. It was not long before we were flying to the east of Mount Hotham ski Resort. (Mount Hotham Heights) We could see the Village and the small mountain road down the hill side. "What a sight"! If you're a trike pilot you must do this trip some time in your flying life time. Particularly in winter. Feeling a little nervous, I did not want to spend too long over the Ski Village. A quick look at the outside temperature showed minus 4 degrees at 9600 feet. "Wow! And I am not even cold. In the distance John and I could see Mount Hotham airport. Its long tarmac scar looked very inviting. We had only travelled 40 nautical miles so we planned to pass it by. We made our calls to let others know we are in their air space. No chatter, no noise from other pilots. How could nobody else be here on such a fantastic day? We are on top of the world. I should have asked the guys from the flying club to tag along. John and I did a big orbit near Dinner Plains to take in all of the views of the snow country. On the tarmac there was a small commercial aircraft parked near the terminal. On the radio John asked if I could see the Power stations in Latrobe Valley. I said "no"! (I thought he must have altitude sickness). How could you see Latrobe from here? I looked due south and unbelievably I

could see the ocean. I could make out Bairnsdale and found it all too remarkable. As I passed Mount Hotham Airport I looked to the South West and I too could see the power stations. What some of us call the great compass in the sky? “WOW”! Can it get any better? As we continued south the snow disappeared and the outside temperature rocketed to minus 2 degrees. No carby icing. I think our tape modification has worked.

We made good our track to Bruthen. To the east we could see Omeo. Whilst still flying over tiger country we were high enough to be able to fly to cleared landscapes if required. Not realising I was still a little tense, I now relaxed to fully enjoy the moment. We remained at 9,500 feet whilst we flew south east. We quickly passed Swifts Creek and we decided to start our descent to warmer air. Bruthen was in the distance and as we descended the temperatures again began to rocket up to a staggering 3 degrees. As we turned South West towards Bairnsdale still descending, I could see John in the distant at a much lower elevation. I pulled the bar in to lose height quickly and it seemed to take forever to get down to 2,500 feet. We made our inbound calls as we approached Bairnsdale airport and noticed little traffic for such a great day. We landed at Bairnsdale and took time to reflect the recent leg of our journey. We both ate and drank some of our supplies and knew we were close to home. Porepunkah to Bairnsdale 94.8 nm (175.5km). Total time 1 hr 32 mins.

We eagerly headed home hoping to be home by 4.00pm. The East Sale RAAF base was inactive. Normally we would head west homeward bound along 90 miles beach but we were keen to get home as quickly as we could. We made track to Maffra to stay further north of East and West Sale. We made our calls once again as we flew past. Another check of water and oil temperature proved to be all okay. We could see Lake Glen Maggie in the distance and knew this signalled we were nearly home. As we approached Latrobe Valley airport the radio broke into constant chatter. It seemed that everybody was flying into, out of or past Latrobe as we made our way closer to the airfield. “Ah!, it’s good to be home”. We managed to make our way onto final and as I landed, John already had the hanger doors open for me to drive straight in. I turned off the engine and sat in the seat for a few minutes again reflecting the trip we had just under taken. Bairnsdale to Latrobe 60nm (111km). 1 hr 10 mins. Total distance from Wangaratta to Latrobe via Bairnsdale. 193.9nm (359.1kms) Total air time. 2 hrs 26 minutes. Total distance over 2 days 357.3 nm (661.7km) Total flight time over 2 days. 6hrs 45 mins.

Thanks John for your guidance and company over the trip. Thanks Farmer Wayne for your kind hospitality. To all trike flyers. Winter flying can be the best flying you may experience. Yes it may be cold, but just dress appropriately for the conditions. Don’t hibernate in winter. Get out and fly or you may never experience what real flying is all about.

VFR FLIGHT PLANNER – From Trevor Lane

Recently; well not that recently I came across a file on the Interweb thing with a list of all of the Waypoints in the ERSA. This plain text file had the identifier, Name, Latitude, Longitude, and Waypoint type. This I thought could be useful. I needed to load my newly acquired GPS and so the two (GPS and File) were a match made in heaven. Or so I thought.

I looked around the instructions for my Garmin to find the import function but could not see one, so I searched the Interweb again to get some more information about uploading the information to the Garmin. Viola (that's a musical instrument I know) say it again with an Italian accent and you get 'vwalla' which is what I intended; I had it. My Garmin as with all of the newer models has a file system that can be reached by plugging it into the USB port of the computer. All I have to do is put the file in the GARMIN\GPX folder of the GARMIN drive and it is done.

Easy; apart from the fact that the Garmin file needs to conform to the gpx xsd schema and what I had was csv. For anyone who isn't asleep already this is an entry from the csv file.

WP,DM,KGLE,-37.31301,145.21001,,,KINGLAKE VIC VFR WPT

And this is what the same entry needs to look like to conform to the gpx schema.

```
<wpt lat="-37.521683" lon="145.350017">  
<ele>560.283936</ele>  
<time>2012-07-17T06:25:58Z</time>  
<name>KGLE</name>  
<sym>Flag, Blue</sym>  
</wpt>
```

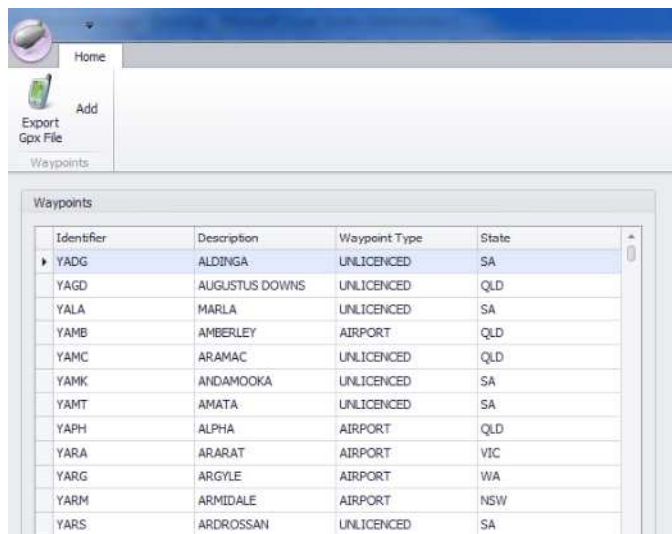
So, all I have to do is rewrite the tree thousand twoer hundred fiver zero entries [text as received by Editor] in the new format and I'm done. Well apart from the obvious. Anyone can see that the ERSA file lists co-ordinates using the geographic model and the gpx schema requires them in decimal. Oh yeh, and the ERSA file doesn't contain elevation information. This was obviously not something I want to do by hand, so I wrote a program that would read each line from the ERSA file, transform the coordinates to dayseemal, look on the internet to get the elevation for that particular point on the earth's surface and write all of the information to a new file in the gpx format.

A couple of hours work, but it saves a lot more time in the long run. So now I have a file that my GPS will understand - whoopee.

It's too big. I cannot get all of those waypoints into my GPS. It just don't go.

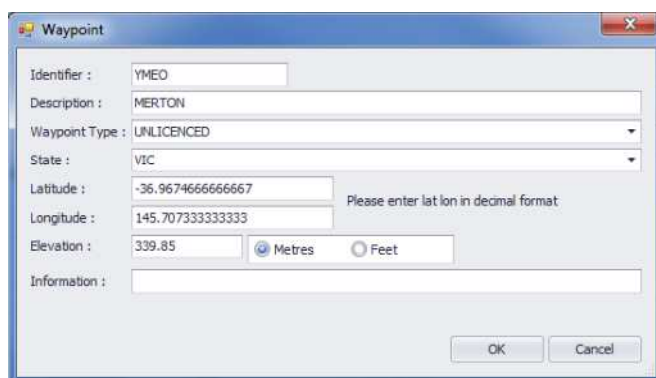
What I need now is a method to filter the information sensibly. So I needed a new program, one with a user interface that allows me to filter the information easily, then to write just the filtered information to a file. Not too hard, a few more hours work, but it will be worth it. After all if I have a program on my computer that will filter the information and write a new file, at will, so to speak, I can filter it to just VIC waypoints for the moment, but if I do want to visit NSW or QLD in the future, it is just a re-filter with the pertinent waypoints and I'm

done. I can load my GPS with the specific waypoints any time I like. So this is what it looks like.



Identifier	Description	Waypoint Type	State
YADG	ALDINGA	UNLICENCED	SA
YAGD	AUGUSTUS DOWNS	UNLICENCED	QLD
YALA	MARLA	UNLICENCED	SA
YAMB	AMBERLEY	AIRPORT	QLD
YAMC	ARAMAC	UNLICENCED	QLD
YAMK	ANDAMOOKA	UNLICENCED	SA
YAMT	AMATA	UNLICENCED	SA
YAPH	ALPHA	AIRPORT	QLD
YARA	ARARAT	AIRPORT	VIC
YARG	ARGYLE	AIRPORT	WA
YARM	ARMIDALE	AIRPORT	NSW
YARS	ARDROSSAN	UNLICENCED	SA

As you can see, I am able to filter by State and Waypoint Type. There are also a few advanced options that are not so obvious, but I won't go into them now. Once I have selected the waypoints I want I just push the button to create a new file to upload into my Garmin. This seemed OK but I still needed to add waypoints that are not listed in the ERSA, and make changes to waypoints if the ERSA is amended. It happens. So the next stage began. I adapted the program to allow the addition or editing of waypoints. In this way places like Murrindindi and Merton could be put into the system.



Waypoint

Identifier : YME0

Description : MERTON

Waypoint Type : UNLICENCED

State : VIC

Latitude : -36.9674666666667

Longitude : 145.707333333333

Elevation : 339.85

Information :

Please enter lat lon in decimal format

Metres Feet

OK Cancel

That is how I ended up with this screen to add information to the system, or edit it if it needs changing. But why stop there. I have now done so much I may as well just go a little bit further and write a route planning module to go with it. After all, one of the most laborious, and tedious jobs is to write route cards for the current cross- country we are planning. Especially as we cannot get started until we have the latest weather. This often means being up at an hour of the morning I didn't even know existed before I started cross-country flying.

So what else do I need to write a VFR Flight Plan? Well, there's the distance between two points; that's just a calculation, no problem. The Bearing between two points, that's the same. The magnetic deviation; Oh-oh! Where do you get that from? OK it's written on the

Wouldn't it be useful if I could check the ERSA for the points on my route? What about NOTAMS, and an aerial map. Well with the push of a button all are available. Also of course is the printed Flight Plan.



If anyone is interested in having a copy of this program please just ask.

FROM: CHRIS BULLEN – Copy of email Chris circulated (without the attachments).

Hi to all the members of the Southern Microlight Club.

This email to you all, has a lot of things that you need to know are on, and that your input is required.

First of all though is an apology in advance, the Secretary and the Club's I.T. guy are still trying to get to the bottom of why some people are not getting the attachments that I have sent to you in recent days and weeks. At the moment some members get them and some are not? It is the same with the Club newsletter.

(By the way if you don't get the Club's newsletter let me know, because I now have everyone's correct email address, and this issue can be remedied for you).

It is very frustrating to say the least!

One of the things to check from your end is, is your computer blocking Cub stuff, in the form of pdf files sent.

In this email there will be 4 specific attachments and 2 links in the body of the email. If any of you don't get the attachments could you please email me back to say so, at the moment I am 100% confident that all will get the email at least. This has come about by everybody sending me and replying to me with their updated contact details etc. This has been marvelous and a great help to get my members list up to scratch.

So I actually have a near perfect copy of everyone's details.

The four attachments, if in fact you don't get the attachments, are the following.

1. The VHPA are having their annual general meeting on the Tuesday 21st August , 2012 at the Retreat Hotel in Abbotsford, 226 Nicholson St., Abbotsford, 3067, at 7.30 pm with meals at the bar, so all those who would like to go, this is when and where it is.
2. Our Annual General Meeting is on Tuesday 14 August at 7.30 at the Manhattan as usual, and there is an opportunity to nominate people for one of the positions available, for example, President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Editor, and 4 Committee positions.

If you would like to nominate someone for these positions, please email back the Secretary of the Southern Microlight Club with any nominations you think of.

Here is an opportunity to have a go!

And a reminder that Ken Jellef, current President, Gary Wheeler, current Vice President, Kel Glare, current newsletter editor, **will not be continuing!**

3. The maintenance weekend for 8/9 September at Latrobe valley is now closed as far as people trying to get a position to come.

The uptake of the weekend is presently in a position of being oversubscribed at the moment with some 25 people coming. And 28 on the list!

4. Dave Jacka's flight around Australia.

The other 2 items for the body of the email are the following:

1. There is going to be a free seminar on..... There is a full day aviation seminar on Monday Sept 17th.

CASA, Airservices, BOM and RAAF

Swinburne, Hawthorn,

Here is the link to register

http://www.casa.gov.au/scripts/nc.dll?WCMS:PWA::pc=PC_91330 When you go to the page, go to the top right and click on access all areas and follow the steps to register for this fantastic seminar myself and Ian Rees are going!

You will receive a free ticket to print out and bring with you, if you've done the steps correctly.

So I am looking forward to a good roll up from the Club for all those who can make it.

2. There is a former Club member, Dave Jacka who is a paraplegic and about to fly a Jabiru around Australia, what a feat! This is his link <http://www.onawingandachair.org.au> and there is a donation page on his website that you can be a part of. Or the club can be a part of.

I hope everyone has been enjoying themselves on the odd bit of flying here and there, in what seems to be the wettest winter in years.

Not to mention picking up assorted coughs and colds and sore throats.

My 'baby' is all snug and warm, I guess, in a container on the ocean somewhere between here and England so it won't be long before I can join all of you up there!

So great members make a great club; see you all at the Annual General Meeting and also coming is a speaker from Mission Aviation based at Coldstream airport, so if you want to know about all things at Coldstream come along and quiz the speaker!

Looking forward to a great roll up, and for all of you to have your input into Club things on the night.

That's all from me for now.

PS. Don't forget to keep the dates 25/26 August clear as this will be a weekend away at Torrumbarry Pub organized by Gary Wheeler - stay tuned for more details later.

INTERESTING

http://rotorfx.com/mosquito_experimental_ultralight_helicopters_for_sale/mosquito_experimental_ultralight_helicopters_for_sale.htm

You have to give it to the Americans. You have a look at the first two - NO LICENCE REQUIRED

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x2L3skZ7FEw&feature=youtu.be>

ATLANTIS SPACE SHUTTLE TRANSPORT

747 Pilot comments about carrying the Shuttle.

The "Triple Nickel" alluded to in this email is the 555th Fighter Squadron during the Viet Nam war. I had the honour to work with some these men as a volunteer at MacDill AFB in the 1980s & 90s.



This was circulated in email at work, from United Technologies corporate. A quick "trip report" from the pilot of the 747 that flew the shuttle back to Florida after the Hubble repair flight. A humorous and interesting inside look at what it's like to fly two aircraft at once . . .

(I have decided to adopt one of "Triple Nickel's" phrases : "That was too close for MY laundry!")

Well, it's been 48 hours since I landed the 747 with the shuttle Atlantis on top and I am still buzzing from the experience. I have to say that my whole mind, body and soul went into the professional mode just before engine start in Mississippi, and stayed there, where it all needed to be, until well after the flight...in fact, I am not sure if it is all back to normal as I type this email. The experience was surreal. Seeing that "thing" on top of an already overly

huge aircraft boggles my mind. The whole mission from takeoff to engine shutdown was unlike anything I had ever done. It was like a dream...someone else's dream.

We took off from Columbus AFB on their 12,000 foot runway, of which I used 11,999 1/2 feet to get the wheels off the ground. We were at 3,500 feet left to go of the runway, throttles full power, nose wheels still hugging the ground, copilot calling out decision speeds, the weight of Atlantis now screaming through my fingers clinched tightly on the controls, tires heating up to their near maximum temperature from the speed and the weight, and not yet at rotation speed, the speed at which I would be pulling on the controls to get the nose to rise. I just could not wait, and I mean I COULD NOT WAIT, and started pulling early. If I had waited until rotation speed, we would not have rotated enough to get airborne by the end of the runway. So I pulled on the controls early and started our rotation to the takeoff attitude. The wheels finally lifted off as we passed over the stripe marking the end of the runway and my next hurdle (physically) was a line of trees 1,000 feet off the departure end of Runway 16. All I knew was we were flying and so I directed the gear to be retracted and the flaps to be moved from Flaps 20 to Flaps 10 as I pulled even harder on the controls. I must say, those trees were beginning to look a lot like those brushes in the drive through car washes so I pulled even harder yet! I think I saw a bird just fold its wings and fall out of a tree as if to say "Oh just take me". Okay, we cleared the trees, duh, but it was way too close for my laundry. As we started to actually climb, at only 100 feet per minute, I smelled something that reminded me of touring the Heineken Brewery in EuropeI said "is that a skunk I smell?" and the veterans of shuttle carrying looked at me and smiled and said "Tires"! I said "TIRES??? OURS???" They smiled and shook their heads as if to call their Captain an amateur...okay, at that point I was. The tires were so hot you could smell them in the cockpit. My mind could not get over, from this point on, that this was something I had never experienced. Where's your mom when you REALLY need her?

The flight down to Florida was an eternity. We cruised at 250 knots indicated, giving us about 315 knots of ground speed at 15,000'. The miles didn't click by like I am use to them clicking by in a fighter jet at MACH .94. We were burning fuel at a rate of 40,000 pounds per hour or 130 pounds per mile, or one gallon every length of the fuselage. The vibration in the cockpit was mild, compared to down below and to the rear of the fuselage where it reminded me of that football game I had as a child where you turned it on and the players vibrated around the board. I felt like if I had plastic clips on my boots I could have vibrated to any spot in the fuselage I wanted to go without moving my legs...and the noise was deafening. The 747 flies with its nose 5 degrees up in the air to stay level, and when you bank, it feels like the shuttle is trying to say "hey, let's roll completely over on our back" ..not a good thing I kept telling myself. SO I limited my bank angle to 15 degrees and even though a 180 degree course change took a full zip code to complete, it was the safe way to turn this monster.

Airliners and even a flight of two F-16s deviated from their flight plans to catch a glimpse of us along the way. We dodged what was in reality very few clouds and storms, despite what everyone thought, and arrived in Florida with 51,000 pounds of fuel too much to land with. We can't land heavier than 600,000 pounds total weight and so we had to do something with that fuel. I had an idea...let's fly low and slow and show this beast off to all the taxpayers in Florida lucky enough to be outside on that Tuesday afternoon. So at Ormond Beach we let down to 1,000 feet above the ground/water and flew just east of the beach out over the water. Then, once we reached the NASA airspace of the Kennedy Space Center, we cut over to the Banana/Indian Rivers and flew down the middle of them to show the people of Titusville, Port St.Johns and Melbourne just what a 747 with a shuttle on it looked like. We stayed at

1,000 feet and since we were dragging our flaps at "Flaps 5", our speed was down to around 190 to 210 knots. We could see traffic stopping in the middle of roads to take a look. We heard later that a Little League Baseball game stop to look and everyone cheered as we became their 7th inning stretch.

After reaching Vero Beach , we turned north to follow the coast line back up to the Shuttle Landing Facility (SLF). There was not one person laying on the beach...they were all standing and waving! "What a sight" I thought...and figured they were thinking the same thing. All this time I was bugging the engineers, all three of them, to re-compute our fuel and tell me when it was time to land. They kept saying "Not yet Triple, keep showing this thing off" which was not a bad thing to be doing. However, all this time the thought that the landing, the muscling of this 600,000 pound beast, was getting closer and closer to my reality. I was pumped up! We got back to the SLF and were still 10,000 pounds too heavy to land so I said I was going to do a low approach over the SLF going the opposite direction of landing traffic that day. So at 300 feet, we flew down the runway, rocking our wings like a whale rolling on its side to say "hello" to the people looking on! One turn out of traffic and back to the runway to land...still 3,000 pounds over gross weight limit. But the engineers agreed that if the landing were smooth, there would be no problem. "Oh thanks guys, a little extra pressure is just what I needed!" So we landed at 603,000 pounds and very smoothly if I have to say so myself. The landing was so totally controlled and on speed, that it was fun. There were a few surprises that I dealt with, like the 747 falls like a rock with the orbiter on it if you pull the throttles off at the "normal" point in a landing and secondly, if you thought you could hold the nose off the ground after the mains touchdown, think again...IT IS COMING DOWN!!! So I "flew it down" to the ground and saved what I have seen in videos of a nose slap after landing. Bob's video supports this! :8-)

Then I turned on my phone after coming to a full stop only to find 50 bazillion emails and phone messages from all of you who were so super to be watching and cheering us on! What a treat, I can't thank y'all enough. For those who watched, you wondered why we sat there so long. Well, the shuttle had very hazardous chemicals on board and we had to be "sniffed" to determine if any had leaked or were leaking. They checked for Monomethylhydrazine (N2H4 for Charlie Hudson) and nitrogen tetroxide (N2O4). Even though we were "clean", it took way too long for them to tow us in to the mate-demate area. Sorry for those who stuck it out and even waited until we exited the jet.

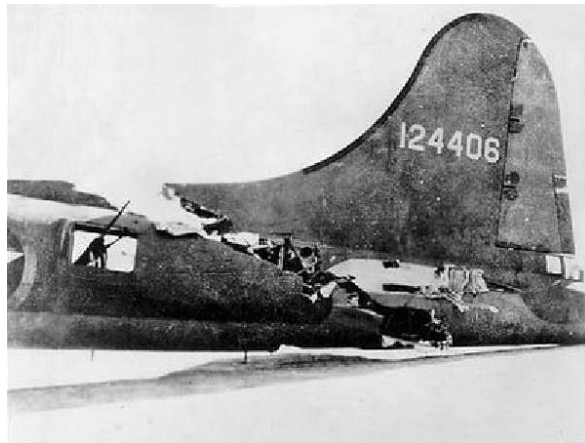
I am sure I will wake up in the middle of the night here soon, screaming and standing straight up dripping wet with sweat from the realization of what had happened. It was a thrill of a lifetime. Again I want to thank everyone for your interest and support. It felt good to bring Atlantis home in one piece after she had worked so hard getting to the Hubble Space Telescope and back.

Triple Nickel
NASA Pilot
Captain Henri D. (pianoman)

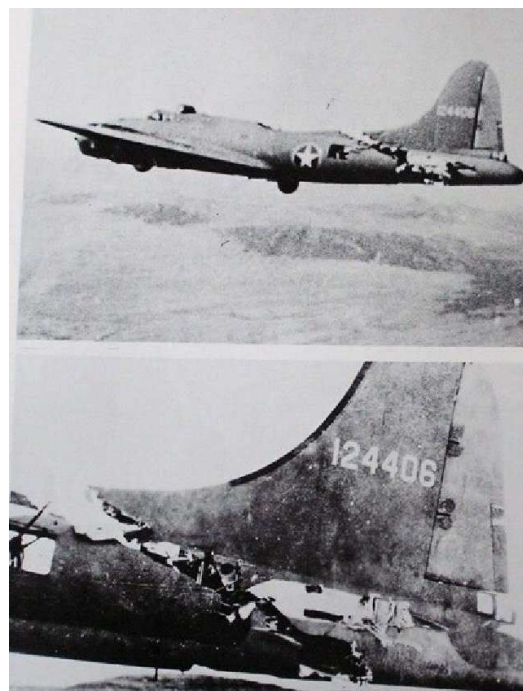
B-17 in 1943

A mid-air collision on February 1, 1943, between a B-17 and a German fighter over the Tunis dock area, became the subject of one of the most famous photographs of World War II. An enemy fighter attacking a 97th Bomb Group formation went out of control, probably with a

wounded pilot then continued its crashing descent into the rear of the fuselage of a Fortress named All American, piloted by Lt. Kendrick R. Bragg, of the 414th Bomb Squadron. When it struck, the fighter broke apart, but left some pieces in the B-17. The left horizontal stabilizer of the Fortress and left elevator were completely torn away. The two right engines were out and one on the left had a serious oil pump leak. The vertical fin and the rudder had been damaged, the fuselage had been cut almost completely through connected only at two small parts of the frame and the radios, electrical and oxygen systems were damaged. There was also a hole in the top that was over 16 feet long and 4 feet wide at its widest and the split in the fuselage went all the way to the top gunner's turret.



Although the tail actually bounced and swayed in the wind and twisted when the plane turned and all the control cables were severed, except one single elevator cable still worked, and the aircraft still flew - miraculously! The tail gunner was trapped because there was no floor connecting the tail to the rest of the plane. The waist and tail gunners used parts of the German fighter and their own parachute harnesses in an attempt to keep the tail from ripping off and the two sides of the fuselage from splitting apart. While the crew was trying to keep the bomber from coming apart, the pilot continued on his bomb run and released his bombs over the target.



When the bomb bay doors were opened, the wind turbulence was so great that it blew one of the waist gunners into the broken tail section. It took several minutes and four crew members to pass him ropes from parachutes and haul him back into the forward part of the plane. When they tried to do the same for the tail gunner, the tail began flapping so hard that it began to break off. The weight of the gunner was adding some stability to the tail section, so he went back to his position.

The turn back toward England had to be very slow to keep the tail from twisting off. They actually covered almost 70 miles to make the turn home. The bomber was so badly damaged that it was losing altitude and speed and was soon alone in the sky. For a brief time, two more Me-109 German fighters attacked the All American. Despite the extensive damage, all of the machine gunners were able to respond to these attacks and soon drove off the fighters. The two waist gunners stood up with their heads sticking out through the hole in the top of the fuselage to aim and fire their machine guns. The tail gunner had to shoot in short bursts because the recoil was actually causing the plane to turn.

Allied P-51 fighters intercepted the All American as it crossed over the Channel and took one of the pictures shown. They also radioed to the base describing that the empennage was waving like a fish tail and that the plane would not make it and to send out boats to rescue the crew when they bailed out. The fighters stayed with the Fortress taking hand signals from Lt. Bragg and relaying them to the base. Lt. Bragg signalled that 5 parachutes and the spare had been "used" so five of the crew could not bail out. He made the decision that if they could not bail out safely, then he would stay with the plane and land it.

Two and a half hours after being hit, the aircraft made its final turn to line up with the runway while it was still over 40 miles away. It descended into an emergency landing and a normal roll-out on its landing gear.

When the ambulance pulled alongside, it was waved off because not a single member of the crew had been injured. No one could believe that the aircraft could still fly in such a condition. The Fortress sat placidly until the crew all exited through the door in the fuselage and the tail gunner had climbed down a ladder, at which time the entire rear section of the aircraft collapsed onto the ground. The rugged old bird had done its job.

Subject: Clear air turbulence!

Try these in your browser.

<http://motorizedbikeforum.the-talk.net/t293-what-could-possibly-go-wrong>

Quite long video. possibly 10 to 15 mintes.....
TOTALLY COOL!!!!

Miniature Airport

As the saying goes.... "Only difference between Men & Boys....."

Make sure that you see the take offs and the landings....

www.youtube.com/watch?v=X9IIPDOar7E

THE OLDEST BOEING

The Oldest Boeing Airliner in Flying Condition. The four passengers are in two closed cabins, and the lone pilot is in an open cockpit -- maybe so the air will make him stay awake!



The airplane is in Spokane, WA and is the oldest airworthy Boeing in the World. After eight years of repair and rebuilding and 8,000 hours of toil the Boeing 40C rolled out last winter as a finished airplane. They had to wait a few weeks for the snow to melt to fly this baby. They received their Standard Airworthiness Certificate from the FAA and completed the engine pre-oil and fuel flow tests for the first of the taxi tests.

Facts for the Boeing 40 project:

The airplane weighs 4,080 lbs empty and has a gross weight of 6,075 lbs.

It is 34 feet long and 13 feet tall with a wingspan of over 44 feet.

Wing loading is 10 lbs per sq ft and power loading is 10 lbs per HP.

The wings have 33,000 individual parts in them.

It should cruise at 115 mph using 28 GPH and 32 GPH at 120 mph.

It carries 120 gallons of fuel in three tanks.

Over 221 gallons of dope/reducer and 120 yards of 102 ceconite fabric; twelve gallons of polyurethane paint for the sheet metal; and three-hundred-and-fifty 2" brushes were used to apply six gallons of West Systems epoxy.

One-hundred-eighty-one rolls of paper towels were needed for cleanup.

There were a total of 62 volunteers who worked on the project to some degree. Twenty-one of the volunteers did a significant amount of the work and nine of the volunteers worked continuously during the eight-year project.

HOW PLANES FLY – For the uninitiated.



NEXT MEETING

The next meeting is at the Manhattan Hotel, Canterbury Road, Ringwood, on Tuesday, August 14, at 1930hrs after a meal for those who wish to enjoy pleasant dining with fellow pilots at 1900hrs.

CONTRIBUTIONS

My thanks for the many contributions. If I have missed anyone's article I plead 'CRAFT'. Can't remember a f***** thing. 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:

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0421 060 706, or, preferably, kalkat@optusnet.com.au