

Inside this issue

Laughter lines

Readers Pictures

Useful Information

New Year Goolwa Style

Christmas Flying

For Sale

What's On

Message from the editor.

Trevor Lane.

Most people in the club are aware that I am deaf. I on the other hand am not. When I awake, I have no idea that I am deaf; sure, the radio is on and I cannot hear it; however I have no idea that the radio is even on. So what is my point? Being deaf is not an awareness; quite the opposite in fact, it is an 'unawareness'. It is also life threatening. Not many would think so but it is. Imagine putting a pot of potatoes on to boil; most people will hear a hiss when the gas is turned on and the sound will change considerably once it is lit. If the flame is extinguished most people would recognise this by the change in sound, back to a hiss. A deaf person may not know, until they do something that causes a spark. Quite simply put, any lack of awareness is life threatening.

These last few months has seen a couple of incidents in the club that has almost ended in real tragedy. These incidents were a direct result of a lack of awareness. Anything can cause this; a dirty visor, flying towards the Sun and target fixation are just a few...

“Any lack of awareness is life threatening”

CASA have created a DVD called “Look Out” on the subject of situational awareness, it last 28 minutes and is an extremely good resource. I have seen a copy in Ken's hangar at Latrobe, and I know a few of the members have their own copies. It is also available to order (FOC but postage needs to be paid) from the CASA Website. If you have not seen it yet, I suggest you get a copy and do so. It is 28 minutes time well spent.

Laughter lines

Courtesy of the internet

If your engine fails; remember, I will always be there for you.

~ The Ground ~

Readers Pictures

Late Final Runway 16 at Murrindindi by Trevor Lane



Southern Microlight Club Incorporated

Useful Information

Southern Microlight Club Inc. is incorporated under the Associations Incorporation Reform Act 2012

Southern Microlight Club Inc. is affiliated to the Hang Gliding Federation of Australia

If you would like to pay money into the club account for payment of membership fees, the purchase of polo shirts, or deposits for events; then please make a direct deposit to:

Account Name : Southern Microlight Club

BSB : 063109

Account No : 10405908

Please indicate your name and what you are paying for. If you do not have enough space in your banking website to put sufficient information, then please email treasurer@southernmicrolightclub.com.au with the details.

New Year Goolwa Style

Ken Jelleff

Despite the convenience of having the Trike Hangared, Setup, and ready to go at a moment's notice from the same location, it was a relief to be rolling it into the back of the ute, hitching on the caravan, and setting off on a fly/drive road trip once again. We sometimes forget how fortunate we are to own aircraft so readily portable. Other light aircraft owners watch in envy as we are able to head off camping or holidaying, taking with us the gear which they just can't carry when they do decide to do a distance trip, and on arrival, the added advantage of having our road transportation available to shuttle back and forth to whatever airport we happen to be using.



Passing over the Murray Mouth at 500ft.

In March of 2012, club members Tony Batson, Kel Mitchener, Ian Rees, Max Glynn, John Kidon, Russel Purdy and myself enjoyed Peter McLeans flyaway to Goolwa, at the head of the magnificent Currong National Park, and home of the Murray River Mouth. Unfortunately, Pauline was unable to attend due to School commitments, and so, we decided to head back to Goolwa during the Christmas/New Year period so that I could share with her the delights that local flying around this area provides.

“We sometimes forget how fortunate we are to own aircraft so readily portable”

On arrival on Boxing day, the weather cycle provided us with a trough and strong Southerlies which prevented setup till the next day, however as the next slow moving high drifted across, we were blessed with the opportunity to criss cross the whole magnificent Fleurieu Peninsula during morning and evening flights. The coastal run from Goolwa, Victor Harbour, Aldinga, to Cape Jarvis, with Kangaroo Island a mere 8 klm across the Indian Ocean is second to none. The emerald blue water lapping against the rugged cliffs, interspersed with long golden beaches is some of the best I have seen, (As a connoisseur of coastal locations).



Granite Island Tram, Victor Harbour.

The flight to the South East Past Hindmarsh Island with its luxury waterway residential developments, along the shores of Lake Alexandrina with its network of manmade barrages which keep the Murrays fresh water from mixing with the tidal Sea Water, over the Mouth of the Murray River itself, bleeding the rainwater from as far away as Mount Kosciusko, into the sea, and then over the Currong with its tidal dunes and spectacular salt formations stretching for 80 nm almost to Kingston SE. Just a wonderful 9 days of flying and holidaying, the cream on the Cake being our memorable New Year's eve flight, watching the sun melt into the blazing sea from 3000 ft above Victor Harbour followed by a silent glide at last light onto the Goolwa Airstrip.



New Year's Eve 2012 Sunset

Hope everyone's Christmas/New year flying went as well as ours. Look forward to seeing you all on the roads trailing trikes with caravans, enroute to other exotic flying locations soon.

Christmas Flying

Tony Batson



Another year passed and I look back at my flying achievements over the last year with some satisfaction. The highlight was the Megafauna trip from Yarrawonga to Goolwa, South Australia and back to Yarrawonga via Wentworth, New South Wales. A side trip to Kangaroo Island made it a very memorable flying trip. A flying weekend over Mount Hotham during winter incurring minus 4 degree temperatures in the air, 2 visits to the Grampians and surrounding areas and some great local flying in the Latrobe Valley saw my flying hours get to a level of experience where I can feel more confident of my ability in more challenging conditions than I did at the same time last year. All though more confident with my flying I still find that with 120 hours, I still have a lot to learn to be considered a good pilot. Hopefully another year of regular flying will see me get closer to that goal.

The Southern Microlight Club has become a regular part of my life as I strive to gain as much knowledge and social interaction though like-minded people in the flying community. Being on the SMC committee has forced me to become more active in the club and so it is with this in mind I write another article of my flying experience for the newsletter. Not that my flying experience is any better or more interesting than anybody else's. I'm hopeful; you will soon tire of my articles and be forced to contribute your own articles to avoid further mutterings from myself. *Editor's note: carry on hoping Tony.*

The Christmas holidays for me were to be devoted to regular days of flying. A repeat of last year's flying conditions proved to make flying not possible every day. Perfect weather was often predicated with strong winds. On one day Steve Bell and I attempted to take-off in higher than normal wind conditions. I went

first and took off in the worst wind conditions I had ever experienced during a take-off.

“A successful landing in gusty
winds added to my ever
increasing level of
experience.”

Although the wind was strong, it was travelling directly down the runway. I wanted to increase my experience in less than ideal conditions and felt comfortable tackling such conditions. As I sped like a flying bullet down the runway, I lifted off to be suddenly hit by a strong gusting crosswind near the point of take-off. “Strange!” the windsock gave no such indication to the presence of any cross winds. The last look at the sock only minutes earlier clearly showed strong winds directly down the runway. I thought to myself, as I used all my strength to gain full control of trikes directions “If I was being filmed right now, it would certainly look as if I was a first time solo pilot looking out of control at take-off. As I brought the trike back into control, I would have thought my heart beat would be beating to get out of my chest. But, not this time for some strange reason. Maybe I did not have time to think about what could have been? As I continued to gain height, a sudden thermal near the end of the runway hit me with the greatest force. Unfortunately it hit only half of my wing and again I shot off towards a direction that I was not intending. At least it gave me some extra lift. The climb continued slowly, but the strong easterly winds made the left hand turn violent. Control was a “fight with the devil” Eventually the turn was made and the downwind was calm, but fast. After Steve witnessed my hair raising take-off, he decided to return to the hangar. I advised him I would be quickly back after doing another circuit of the airfield. A successful landing in gusty winds added to my ever increasing level of experience. An experience which certainly made me feel alive due to the adrenaline rush

of the second circuit and the challenging but safe return to the ground. Wind gusts in Latrobe for the last week of December were maxing out at 63, 56 and 50 kph on various days. Not a day to be flying.

In conjunction with John Brent from Latrobe, Chris Bullen, Reg Thaggard and I tried to arrange a trip up to Yarrawonga to catch up with Peter Mc Lean (CFI) and discuss all things flying and the upcoming Megafauna trip in May 2013. The weather conditions for Saturday the 28th December showed good weather but winds being forecast for Latrobe at 20-30 kph. And that was mid morning. John and I were to fly from Latrobe and meet Chris and Reg at Dixons Creek, Yarra Valley Convention Centre.

“After packing a 20 litre fuel
container, a small bag of
clothes and some food into
the back seat. We were ready
to leave”

I woke at 4.45 am and hoped to be departing the airfield at 7am. By 5.15am I was on my way for the 75 minute drive to the airfield. At 5.30 am, John rang and said he had just rechecked the weather and there had been an amendment overnight. Low cloud was forecast over Latrobe and wind conditions were forecast to be 30 to 40 kph. UMMMM!!! That's not going to be safe or fun for flying. We agreed to cancel our flight and I returned home back to bed. At 7.30 am I rang Chris to announce the cancellation by John and me and that we would have another look at it on Sunday. John rang at 10am on Saturday and announced that the winds were high in Latrobe and that we had made a good decision not to fly. On checking the conditions later in the day, the winds in Latrobe were gusting up to 48 kph. We spoke to Chris on Saturday night and he and Reg

announced they were unavailable for a Sunday fly away.

On Sunday the 28th at 5.30am John rang and it was decided conditions were looking favourable to fly. The temperature was to be higher which means strong thermal activity at low level. However, the wind was forecast to be 20-30kph coming from the South - South West with no low level cloud.” It should be a good tail wind for most of the way, once we made the turn south out of Latrobe Valley” I thought to myself. Arriving at Latrobe, I saw Ian Rees and Brett Harrington preparing to fly their brand new aircraft for their maiden flight. There was an infectious feeling of excitement in the hangar. The natural high of pilots about to fly new aircraft for the first time was something John and I could not miss. We delayed our departure to witness the inaugural flights and participate in the exhilaration of just being there. Ian was the first to fly and after a few laps of the airfield he was back with a smile as big as Lunar Park. “I wished I had a new aircraft I thought”. Not because I needed one, but it would be just nice to have one and share the experience. Brett taxied away and we waited in anticipation for him to fly by. We waited and waited.” He must be nervous” I thought. He returned shortly afterwards without taking off. His return to the hanger saw brake fluid dripping from his rear brakes. With no brakes he made the right decision not to fly. Whilst we wanted to witness the first flight of Brett in his new craft and share his thrill of his first flight but John and I could not wait to get flying ourselves. We had our own fun to produce.

After packing a 20 litre fuel container, a small bag of clothes and some food into the back seat, we quickly did a recheck of runway numbers, navigation points, radio numbers and the airfield wind sock. We were ready to leave at 9am. Conditions were good. The wind was low and broken cloud cover was at 3,000ft. John led the way and as we left the runway I looked back at the hanger reminiscing on the

day I first flew my newly acquired aircraft for the first time at Latrobe.

the thermals started to bounce me around. An increase in power overcame the thermals, but



Flying conditions were very good. The ground temperature was still in the low 20's so air temperature was a mild 13 degrees. When we approached Woori Yallock, John made a call to Lilydale air traffic to let them know we were both transgressing their air space and on our way to Dixons Creek. Yarra Valley Convention Centre Dixons Creek) our first stop, has a power line at the northern end of the runway. I have only seen it once and it has always been a disconcerting thought not knowing exactly where that power line is located. Having recently heard that a trike pilot had flown into a power line approaching a private airfield in the past months, only reinforced our need to avoid it. Having spoken to local pilots previously, I had a rough idea of where it was. John suggested we do a downwind landing to avoid the power line. It meant that we would be landing with a 10 knot wind at our backs and coming in a little hot. I watched John land first and he made it look easy. My approach was good, but as I lined up for the runway on final,

this increased my approach speed to 80 knots. Ummmm! Way to too fast!!!!!! Backing the power off with a steep approach to keep the air speed up still meant a fast approach. My landing was hot, but successful. On back tracking to the hanger for parking we noticed a small crowd witnessing our back to front landing. "I hope they don't know much about landing procedures?"

The owner, John Ward, a pilot himself, approached us and offered to take us up to his house for coffee and biscuits for morning tea. Perfect! Who were we to reject his hospitality? A long discussion about his own flying trips to Papua New Guinea, the Yarra Valley Convention Centre operations, an introduction to his family and his visitors from the Netherlands, gave us no reason to move on quickly. From the balcony of the Convention Centre, drinking coffee, eating biscuits, we overlooked the pool, the tennis courts and the Valley surroundings making us appreciate even

more the kindness of our hosts. Alas, it was a flying trip, not a coffee and biscuit tasting trip. With some hesitation we returned to the runway for a quick departure. Reg Thaggard arrived as we were about to depart to give the visitors from Holland a Trike flying trip to remember. A quick hello and goodbye saw us on our way. **Total distance 66.9nm (123.9kms)**
- Flying time 60 minutes.

As we were not in any hurry we detoured to Locksley field between Seymour and Euroa for lunch. The temperature was still rising but the wind remained calm at all levels. We now had a southerly at our backs which gave us a 10 knot tail wind. We departed Dixon Creek and rose to 4,000 feet to keep out of the thermal activity. Conditions remained perfect. The Melba Highway was to our right and it was not long before we had Yea Township on our right hand side. The vivid sparkling, emerald green colours of the Goulbourn River below seemed to be daring us to land in a nearby paddock and entice us in for a swim. The invite may have been taken seriously but John had not brought along his swim wear.

On approach to Locksley field we heard a small Cessna taking off and flying directly into our flight path. Would you expect anything else in the middle of the Victorian Country? The pilot announced he was staying at 3,500 feet and we stayed above until we got closer to the airfield. We were grateful for his good radio use. We over flew the airfield and it looked like a ghost town below. No flyers, no visitors, nobody but sheep, scattered over the runway. On the nearby railway track from Melbourne to Sydney, a crowd of maintenance workers were standing around on Sunday overtime rates doing whatever rail workers do. Locksley Field has a very long grass runway. As long as the sheep remained at the southern end of the runway all would be fine. Dropping down to 500 feet put us right into a washing machine load of full on thermal activity above and on approach to the runway. On landing we taxied

to the isolated buildings and made our way to the open kitchen hut. The temperature was now about 27 degrees and we stayed in the kitchen to stay out of the sun. We were appreciative of the shelter, the kitchen facilities on offer and also the running water of a spider infested toilet. Not Dixons Creek hospitality, but we were very much appreciated of all that was on offer. **Total distance 51.8nm (95.9kms)**
- Flying time 47 minutes.

John made a call to Peter McLean in Yarrawonga to check out the local conditions. We knew conditions yesterday were not good in Yarrawonga for Flying. Peter reported that conditions were thermic and the wind was currently southerly but swinging about and he expected it may turn to the North by the time we arrived. It was all good as far as we were concerned. After a leisurely lunch break we made a direct track for Yarrawonga. Once we had climbed to 4,000 feet we were again out of the thermals and conditions were excellent. Air temperature had reached 17 degrees at 5,000ft and conditions were calm. A 10 knot tail wind continued and we took in the flat agricultural and grazing lands of country Victoria. The land had now turned very dry and there was little greenery to be seen. Trees were limited, except where you thought would be an ideal place to land in an emergency; a dramatic change to the scenery of the Latrobe Valley. On the left we could see Shepparton in the distance, an airfield we must visit one day and on our right Benalla airfield with its multiple runways. No trikes to be sighted. Lake Mokoan was in view and it seemed to be in view for a long time. Magically it seemed to be holding us back by some mysterious force as we never seemed to get past it. I lost sight of John for a little while but we were still in regular radio contact. As I was flying higher than he, it was quickly established that I had a stronger tail wind at my height and that I had flew over the top of him.

We could see Yarrawonga from some way out and eventually Lake Mokoan was disappearing

slowly behind us. On approach to Yarrawonga we could hear Peter Mc Lean making radio calls in circuit. We quickly established the active runway and knew the wind had not yet changed direction. Lake Mulwala came clearly into view and we could see a high number of boating activities on the lake. You could see the large number of upright dead trees in the water which has always been a memorable feature of the lake. On descent, the thermals again kicked in and played havoc with our approach. We taxied over to Peter's hanger and parked our trikes for a long break. The temperature was now over 30 degrees and it seemed to be still getting hotter. We were in no hurry to leave and thought we would wait a while at Peter's until conditions calmed down before we moved on to our overnight destination. **Total distance 60.7nm (112.4kms)**
- Flying time 59 minutes.

“we had to ensure we left
enough time to arrive in time
to get to the chip shop.”

We spent a number of hours at Peter's hanger. Ann, Peter's wife, Kel and Jenny from Chiltern (a couple I had met previously from the Mega Fauna last year), were also visiting the hanger to do some flying. We talked and laughed for a number of hours without notice to the time passing by. John and I picked Peter's brains on flying issues and we had more coffee and biscuits than we needed. Peter and Anne's hospitality again reinforced the friendliness of most of the flying community. The set up at Yarrawonga is a great asset for trike flyers and Peter and Anne are an invaluable resource to our sport. I told Peter about the feedback I had heard of how he had fixed one of our fellow SMC member's new radio that had encountered some issues on installation and how he had gone beyond the call of duty to ensure it was fixed. He seemed pleased with the positive feedback.

John received a phone call from Wayne, the owner of the farm where we were staying for the night. He reminded us that the local fish and chip shop closed at 7.30 pm and that if we wanted dinner, we had to ensure we left enough time to arrive in time to get to the shop. We had about a 45 minute flight ahead of us heading into a 10-15 knot head wind back to Greta West, about 8 kms south of Wangaratta. We looked at each other and we wanted to stay longer but decided we should start thinking about making a move as the thought of dinner wetted our taste buds. Even if it was only fish and chips. We said our goodbyes and Peter having walked out with us noticed that some breathing tubes on my fuel tank were dry and discoloured. He brought some hose out and began to change them on my behalf. Yes! These country people are great! I made an offer of some monetary payment and he refused. I must make sure: we should make sure; we make a purchase from Peter in the near future when requiring some maintenance items to ensure this resource is around for years to come.

It was not long before we were in the air on a South Easterly track for Wayne's farm property. Although it was after 5pm, the thermals were still “popping” off in front of our pathway. Eventually at about 4,000ft I expected things to calm down. However, the head wind from the southerly buffeted us all the way to the farm near Wangaratta. No matter which way you pointed your trike, the prevailing wind would push you the way you did not want to go. Lake Mokoan caught my view in the distance. It's back! The dark glow of the lake seemingly dragging me mystically towards it. Obviously in the direction I do not want to go. John and I ride out the roller coaster ride and eventually the flat grass paddock we call a strip comes into view. A few trees loom high in front of the approach but without too much drama we work our way around them and land without incidence. To park our trikes near the farm house we have to travel along a bumpy dirt

track beside a barb wired fence into a holding yard to protect our trikes from the cows eating our trikes over night. The tie down of the trikes seems to take forever. The thought of missing dinner motivates me to move a little faster. However, the cold beer offered from Wayne's esky from the back of his 4WD thunderously washes down my throat, quickly taking away any motivation to move faster. We just made it to the Fish and chip shop just in time. Once we had had refuelled and had dinner, a long talk about nothing diminished into an eventual deep sleep. **Total distance 33.8nm (62.6lms) - Flying time 39 minutes**

The country spirit on awakening continued with bacon and eggs on offer for breakfast. We wanted to make an early get away. A weather change in the late afternoon was forecasted. Also, we wanted to be home in time to celebrate New Year's Eve. A check of the forecast showed an ongoing southerly as previously forecasted. We decided we would stop at Merton, a grass private strip, on the way back to Dixons Creek. A phone call to the owner gave us the okay to call in. We thanked Wayne for his hospitality and we were off again. The trip to Merton was uneventful. The 10 knot head wind slowed us down slightly, but we were in no hurry. John suggested I land first as he had never been to Merton before. I checked my mud map of the airfield to ensure I had the correct runway numbers and made my calls. At 3nm I rechecked my runway numbers, confirmed the location of a nearby horse race track and made my calls. On landing we taxied our way to park underneath some gum trees to get out of the sun. It seemed hotter than yesterday. A paddock full of cows made their way to the fence line to see who and what we were doing. Eating morning tea in this country peaceful environment seemed an event city folk would pay to enjoy. A business idea for the future maybe? That's if you can handle the tranquil noise of nosey cattle, enquiring birdlife and the rustle of the cool wind blowing through the eucalyptus trees.

During our discussions, John politely brought to my attention, in the interest of ongoing learning, that I had made the wrong runway call. Quick to defend myself, "I don't think so" I responded in disbelief. "I checked those numbers more than once and I checked myself against the race track" I explained. I quickly looked at my mud map and rechecked my position on the airfield, Yep, I stuffed up! How embarrassing. Not the end of the world on a quiet country strip, but not good enough for a pilot of my number of hours. Even now I feel embarrassed for getting it wrong. "How could I get it wrong?" It's such a simple thing to work out! A reminder to me that it is the simple things in flying that could easily bring us undone. **Total distance 42.6nm (78.9km) - Flying time 49 minutes**

Our stomachs full, Dixon Creek beckoned our call. On the radio we could hear some pilots talking on their way to Bairnsdale. Hundreds of miles away. It just so happened that John knew one of the pilots. I wondered to myself if we would be so lucky in an emergency for anybody to hear our call if we needed to make one. Would anybody hear us? Eildon Lake was visible to the east. We were not close enough to see any boating activity. We flew a track west of Alexander and soon found the familiar high voltage lines that meander their way towards Murrindindi. As we neared Dixon Creek, Lilydale airfield traffic radio noise (calls) screeched over the radio. A lot of traffic on the radio made it difficult to get in a call for our approach to the private strip landing. With the southerly wind, we were supposed to land from power line end. "That bloody power line was again nowhere to be seen". John and I again decided to land downwind to avoid it. "Wow! You have to keep your wits about you on these down wind landings." The ground shoots by at such a rapid rate. No matter how slow you try to land, it seems one wrong manoeuvre and all hell how would break loose. "You gotta love flying"! No welcome party, no coffee or biscuits today. The calls of the black cockatoos nearby

in the surrounding bushland make Dixon Creek just a peaceful place to land as Merton. Even if the thought of the power line haunts me!
Total distance 41.6nm (77kms) - Flying time 49 minutes

Time passes quickly when you're having fun! The trip back to Latrobe means a change in direction. It's nice to get out of the head wind. Conditions in the Valley are calmer. Or so it seems at 3,000 feet. Once over the hill top of the Dandenong ranges and its surrounds, the flat pastures of the Valley pass below. The green scenery seems so fresh and clean. The welcoming signs of the power stations, smoking in the distance remind me we are nearly home. Passing by Tarago Reservoir means were much closer. Blue Rock Dam on my left and my

senses are awakened as I hear John making his initial circuit call at Latrobe airport. It is close to 3pm and it's the peak of the day for thermal activity. Descending to circuit height means a wild ride into the circuit. Knowing the correct runway number of my local airport ensures an accurate runway call. A 10 out of 10 landing (in my own mind) sees me taxing with some quiet reflection on another nice little trip around the Victorian Country. "Oh to be a trike pilot".
Total distance 69.3nm (128.3kms) - Flying time 63 minutes. Total distance of round trip 366.7nm (679.1kms) – Total Flight time of round trip 6 hours



For Sale

Allegro 2000 Utralight



Twin Seater

6 mths Rego

Full Panel

Rotax Motor

Well serviced

Always Hangared



361.4 hrs since new

No damage history

Radio + Headsets

Navigation

Equipment

\$55,000 ONO



Call Rob Davis

0427 156 327

What's On

Feb 26 th	An evening with Brian Milton.
Feb 28 th – May 3 rd	Avalon Air Show
Mar 12 th	General Meeting with Larry Mednick.
Mar 16 th	Flying with Larry Mednick @ Swan Bay
Mar 28 th – 30 th	Temora Natfly
Apr 9 th	General Meeting with Tim Penny
Apr 13 th – 14 th	Loxton Fly-in Anyone wishing to attend must inform Kel Mitchener NOW as accommodation is running out fast.
May 14 th	General Meeting with Michael the Mig Man
May 18 th – 25 th	Megafauna Fly-away
Jun 8 th – 10 th	Latrobe Fly-in
Jun 11 th	General Meeting with BoM
Jul 6 th	Wahring Field Fly-in
Jul 9 th	General Meeting
Aug 3 rd	Maintenance Day

