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Trevor Lane

There I was, staring into a hole in the ground, a pastime favoured I think by council workmen fixing roads. This hole in my yard needed to be filled with concrete and it was going to take a cubic metre to fill it. I used to be a very active kinda guy and looking at the materials to mix a yard of concrete didn't phase me at all. I have done a lot harder work than that in the past.

Being such a small amount didn't warrant hiring a concrete mixer. I have a tradies wheelbarrow and a tradies spade, what more could I need. Forty barrows of concrete later and the hole was filled. It took me a while to figure out that the heavy part of concrete is water. The sand, gravel and cement in a barrow isn't actually that heavy until you put water with it. After the first twenty wheelbarrows I thought I would mix the materials dry then add water just for the final stir so to speak. I wished I had figured that out a lot sooner I can tell you.

Anyway that's behind me now and I am pleased to see the back of it. I was due to have my biannual check flight with Reg the following morning and that is something I was looking forward to. Getting out of bed for that wasn't going to be a chore. Well it wasn't supposed to be. My back was in pieces and I could hardly move. My shoulders felt like I pulled them both out of their sockets and I was weak at the knees too. I had a text from Reg asking me what time I would like to do my check flight and I just couldn't get up. I cancelled the check flight and went back to my usual pastime of being a keyboard-banger-onner. It was as much as I could manage.

I made a big error in judgement based on seemingly solid knowledge. I really could have done that in the past and I wouldn't have thought twice about it. But just because I had the strength then doesn't mean I have it now. I am getting older, and that has consequences. Things change with time and they change sometimes so slowly that we don't notice. I am lucky; this error in judgement was made in a relatively safe (albeit painful) manner. I didn't have very much at risk. If I had done so in the air it might have had different more terrible consequences.

"Just because I could do something in the past, doesn't mean I still can. "

As a result I am going into my bi-annual check flight with a far more humble approach. Just because I could do something in the past, doesn't mean I still can. If I have forgotten some skill, or got into some bad habit then Reg will let me know, and I will not take offence. That is what the biannual check is all about and Reg has a responsibility to me and for that matter to any passenger I carry, to ensure I am still capable of flying safely. I must confess that; No, I am not the best judge of my flying skills. Long live the biannual check flight.

Readers Pictures

I know there is a café here somewhere. Photographer: 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.

Ballistic Recovery System Safety

It is an unfortunate fact that because of what we are, we may witness an unfortunate accident from time to time. Despite the fact that aircraft accidents are very rare events, we are more likely to be involved than anyone else just because we are pilots. Also, if we are at the scene of an accident, we may be asked for specialist knowledge. We might be asked about things that other attendees know nothing about.

Aircraft accidents are rare, and accidents involving ballistic parachutes are even rarer. For this reason very few people have actual experience of dealing with this situation. A question was asked at a recent maintenance seminar that I attended. "Can a Ballistic Parachute be fired if the safety pin is inserted into the BRS handle?" 50% of the attendees said "No" and the other 50% said "Yes" This illustrates the amount of confusion there is about Ballistic Parachutes. The answer is yes, it can still be fired, but not by pulling the handle. Snagging or pulling the cable or cable housing can still fire the rocket.

*"a badly broken apart airplane *may* have already put the activating housing into a stretched state that could be close to firing"*

Because we are more likely to be at the scene than anyone else, it is worthwhile learning what should be done in the unlikely event of an accident involving an unfired ballistic parachute. It is also worthwhile making the assumption that you are likely to be the only person there with the knowledge.

The following information comes directly from BRS, manufacturers of Ballistic Rescue Systems. It is an abridged version for the newsletter. The complete document can be downloaded from their website.

<http://brsparachutes.com/files/brsparachutes/files/First%20Responders.pdf>

the rare nature of Airplane crashes also means that those who arrive first at the scene of an accident (rescue workers, investigating officers, fire fighters, and other safety personnel) may be overwhelmed. One potential hazard rescue workers may encounter is an unfired, rocket-deployed emergency parachute system (sometimes called a ballistic parachute). A damaged aircraft with an unfired ballistically-deployed parachute can be lethal.

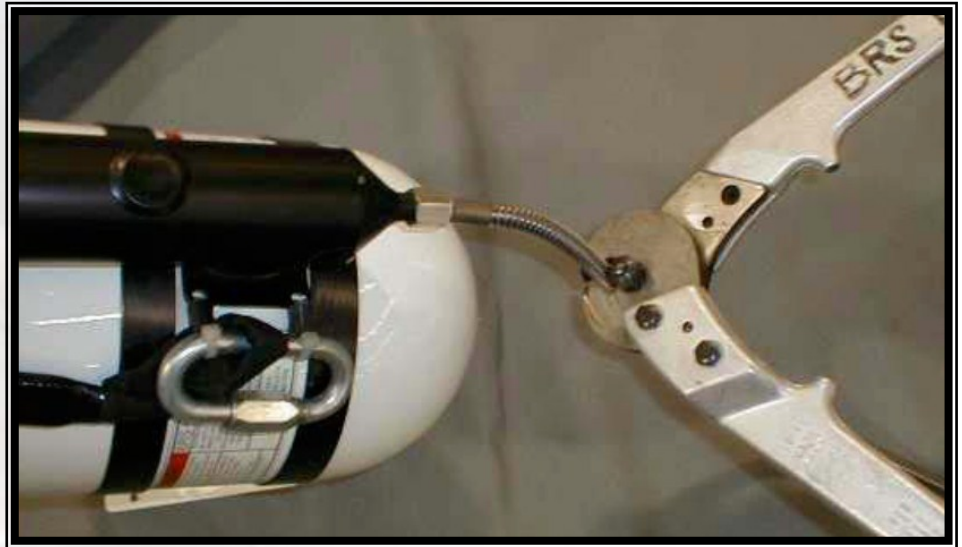
The rocket motors are ignited by pulling an activation handle in the cockpit. They then accelerate to over 100 mph in the first tenth of a second after ignition. While the total firing period is only one second, someone in the path of an escaping rocket could be seriously injured or killed.

1. A first step for emergency personnel is to place some type of 3/16 inch pin or rod into the handle holder.
2. Locate the BRS parachute system by finding the parachute pack. NOTE: Keep in mind that a badly broken apart airplane *may* have already put the activating housing into a stretched state that could be close to firing.

3. Identify the rocket motor launch tube. Note where the activating housing attaches to the base of the launch tube.



4. Cut the activating housing at the base of the launch tube using a Felco-brand cutter or equivalent.



After a determination is made that the rocket is live, under no circumstances should rescue personnel place any part of their person in front of the launch tube. Clear a 90 degree area in front of the rocket motor, extending 100 feet out, if possible.

NOTE: DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CUT THE ACTIVATION HOUSING WITH AN ORDINARLY BOLT CUTTER OR SIDE CUTTER! They are *NOT* effective at cutting the cable housing.

A CAUTION AND DISCLAIMER

While the advice above should prevent problems for safety personnel in most situations, the instructions given apply to BRS brand products only.

QBF@LTV

Alf Jessup



Well the weather gods were once again on our side for the annual QB Microlight fly-in held again at LTV airport, from what I can remember over the previous years we have had some great weather but nothing like the last 3 days of this year's one, one word, absolutely sensational zip all wind and just beautiful.

Great to be home for it this year with work commitments leaning my way allowing me to attend our annual fly in started 5 years ago out of West Sale.

Saturday morning I woke to a thick blanket of fog hanging in the air at home in Sale so I quite happily went back to bed for a few more hours after checking both LTV & ESL AWIS telling me it was going to be awhile before it lifted.

8:30 came around and I went and knocked on the door of our spare room housing Harley (Mick Ludbey) as he decided to stay over my house after I invited him for the weekend.

"Joe asked me if I could take him for a spin in my plane so I duly obliged"

Eggs on toast for Mick & the lovely, morning cuppa and it was off to the airport with Mick in the frigid air of -1 and the fog starting to break up know full well I was going to be toasty warm with my dark side cabin heated aircraft while chuckling that my mate Mick was going to freeze the proverbials off in the open cockpit of the outback cruise 912 he has.

We opened the doors of the hangar and pulled the aircraft out and pre flighted them, making a quick call to

JB (John Brent) at LTV we decided to head down there once Bill Pilgrim from Bruthen arrived, 10 minutes later the familiar sound of Bills 582 Quantum was heard in the distance inbound to WSL, a quick call to Bill asking him if he wanted to continue on to LTV as there was a dark side first solo student about to take to the air for her first solo.

Bill decided to continue on passing the strip on the dead side while Mick took off and headed for LTV with Bill, I waited for Amy to complete her first solo on her 15th birthday then departed once clear.

"clearing to a beautiful calm & clear day."

Climbing out in the Tecnam with the cabin heat full on and a quick check of the outside air vents confirmed to me I don't mind being called soft for converting to the dark side on these types of days as I was toasty warm with not a glimpse of the frigid air outside trying to invade my body.

15 mins after taking off from WSL I was on the ground in Kens hangar greeting some of my good friends I have made over the years of the fly in, so with coffee in hand waiting for Bill & Harley to arrive we just chewed the fat.

The cold must have slowed a few more down as Trevor arrived from Melbourne as did Joe, a decision was made by JB that he was going to fly across to Yarram with Mick while others prepared their machines.

Joe asked me if I could take him for a spin in my plane so I duly obliged the request and a quick spin to Moe &

surrounding area was well appreciated by Joe commenting also on the warmth of the cabin.

Back at the hangar my great mate Mitch had arrived so I helped him prepare his machine while the others headed off for various flights around the patch.

A quick call to JB & Harley Ludbey had them still sitting at Yarram so I informed them Joe & I would be heading over with Joe flying the trike.

We departed LTV and over to Yarram and met up with Mick & John and a whole bunch of Yarram clubbies out at the field and chewed the fat for a few hrs.

We departed Yarram and headed coastal to Seaspray then inland to WSL, en route we heard Mitch and a few of the boys just out of Tooradin from LTV but it was too late in the arvo for us to be bothered to head down.

Down in WSL Helen my hangar owner made us welcome and a coffee for the 4 of us who were at WSL before John & Joe headed back to LTV for the night and the end of day 1.

"He flew on past WSL for LTV stating no such thing about calling in"

Day 2 started much the same as day 1 with the fog being there in the morning but clearing to a beautiful calm & clear day.

I flew down to LTV to pick up my brother to take him with me on this day's activity to Bairnsdale, in all 5

trikes and the Tecnam & Robin Sidebottom from Yarram in his beautiful light wing arrived at Bairnsdale for the BBQ Robin & Barbara (from Bairnsdale) kindly provided for us (Thank you guys it was much appreciated).

A good few hours were spent in the company of Robin & Barbara before the group decided to head coastal then on to Yarram while I took my bother Brad up over Lakes before heading coastal to Yarram also passing the trikes along various parts of the coast, all arrived safely at Yarram and another fat chewing session before everyone departed for LTV and the end of another good days company and flying with a great bunch of people.

A dinner was held at the Italian Australian Club in Morwell and I must say the food was exceptional.

“this flight was just awesome late in the afternoon and a great way to top off a great weekend”

Day 3 arrived with the fog clearing earlier and the guys landing at West Sale before we took off for Marlo airstrip, I had invited Graeme Keen along in the sooky plane he ended up calling it knowing full well his body and bones would love the warmth of the enclosed cockpit, A great tailwind was had at altitude for the trikes for the trip down past Paynesville & Lakes Entrance and the scenery was breathtaking as all pilots & passengers will agree.

Some lamingtons, biscuits tea & coffee were consumed as a snack at Marlo in their fabulous club house which was deserted except for us.

A few hours once again chewing the fat at Marlo saw us all departing for home with me taking Graeme back to LTV from Marlo then back to WSL for myself and the end of a great 3 days flying with Fruit bats & friends.

Not a huge turnout this year compared to others with Ken being away, Max being held up in hospital, Terry Blackford in China & Geoff White having other commitments and a few Melbournites not showing but overall a great time hopefully had by all who attended.

My flying wasn't done for the day as JB was supposed to come to collect his keys to Ken's hangar that he gave me in Marlo to let Graeme in but he flew on past WSL for LTV stating no such thing about calling in.

A quick want come for a real quick blast to LTV Mick was responded with ooooookay and off we went low level 500ft all the way to the valley except when into circuit, the engine wasn't even switched off as John came behind the wing to collect his keys and off we went again for the final flight in the late afternoon back to WSL following the highway at 500ft after passing Traralgon township, this flight was just awesome late in the afternoon and a great way to top off a great weekend spend with my circle of friends who fly and share the same passion as I do even if I have converted to a different side and gone soft.

Word of warning, don't knock it till you've tried it, it is not all that bad with cabin heat watching the world zip by at 110 kts but I still do love the trikes.



Evidence of Weather / NOTAM Check

Trevor Lane

There is a popular misbelief that CASA can check a log-in into NAIPS during a ramp check to obtain evidence of a weather and NOTAM check and this needs to be dispelled.

The legislative requirements around this issue can be found in CAR 239 also CAO 95.32 has no exemption in this respect therefore it must be complied with in full.

“the inspecting officer has no way of checking a NAIPS log-in during the inspection.”

During a ramp check, it is for the pilot to provide the evidence to the CASA inspector that they have complied with CAR 239. This evidence needs to be able to be confirmed by the

inspecting CASA officer at the time, and the inspecting officer has no way of checking a NAIPS log-in during the inspection. There are a number of alternatives available for a pilot to provide evidence. Because NAIPS can be accessed electronically, one way is to save the weather forecast and Notams onto an iPad or similar. This can be done easily. If the iPad user has downloaded a PDF document viewer App then the saved file can be read on the device. Another way is to print the weather forecast/Notams for the trip. Either of these methods would be sufficient to provide evidence to the CASA inspector that the pilot in command has studied all available information appropriate to the intended operation etc. If the pilot has accessed the weather and Notams via a telephone call, then they would have a written record from the notes that they made during the phone call. If received via fax, then they would have a copy of the fax.

Planning of flight by pilot in command

- (1) *Before beginning a flight, the pilot in command shall study all available information appropriate to the intended operation, and, in the cases of flights away from the vicinity of an aerodrome and all I.F.R. flights, shall make a careful study of:*
 - (a) *current weather reports and forecasts for the route to be followed and at aerodromes to be used;*
 - (b) *the airways facilities available on the route to be followed and the condition of those facilities;*
 - (c) *the condition of aerodromes to be used and their suitability for the aircraft to be used; and*
 - (d) *the air traffic control rules and procedure appertaining to the particular flight;*

and the pilot shall plan the flight in relation to the information obtained.

- (2) *When meteorological conditions at the aerodromes of intended landing are forecast to be less than the minima specified by CASA, the pilot in command shall make provision for an alternative course of action and shall arrange for the aircraft to carry the necessary additional fuel.*

Penalty: 25 penalty units.

- (3) *An offence against subregulation (2) is an offence of strict liability.*

Megafauna 2013

Tony Batson



Peter and Anne Mclean from Yarrawonga Flight Training conduct a cross country trip once per year as part of their annual holiday and invite a few flying friends to tag along for the ride. A few of us from the club last year attended their trip from Yarrawonga to Goolwa, (the mouth of the Murray) and back again via Wentworth. This year the Southern Microlight Club was represented by Ken Jelleff, John & Kay Brent, Max Glynn, Frank Buccheri, Ian Rees, Chris Bullen, John Kidon and myself. All of us were flying in trikes except John. In total there were 34 aircraft; 14 of these aircraft were trikes. The remainder were made up of aircraft of various speeds, from Drifters to Foxbat's and Jabirus to Cessna's. There were 51 pilots and passengers plus a husband and wife team driving the 22 seat support bus with trailer.

"John Waite drove up from Melbourne just to catch up with fellow pilots"

Mitch and I had our trikes already in Yarrawonga from a previous trip to Loxton SA 3 weeks earlier. Mitch was driving up Friday night at 11pm after a social function and I invited myself to keep him company on the way, which would allow me to fly my trike home to Latrobe after the trip. We arrived at Yarrawonga well after midnight and I unrolled my swag at the airport whilst

Mitch tucked himself into his bed in the back of his truck. The weather during the week had been bad. Chris and Ian were flying out of Dixons Creek. John was flying out of Latrobe with Kay driving their car and trailer and Max was flying from Porepukah. Ken decided to use the trailer as he had learned previously how stressful it can be trying to fly up to Yarrawonga before the trip not knowing if the weather is or is not going to kill off any of your best laid plans. Mitch and I woke up early on the Saturday to look skywards and find broken cloud closing up to one big grey sky. All pilots flying in reported interesting stories about their flights up to Yarrawonga and it's best left for them to tell you those stories in their own words.

"30 odd aircraft trying to leave the airfield at one time ensured your taxi time was going to be extended"

The Saturday night prior to departure always starts with a group dinner

which gives everybody a chance to meet up with new and old friends. John Waite drove up from Melbourne just to catch up with fellow pilots and friends from previous trips at the dinner and at the airport. A good example of the friendships formed on such trips.

"the calmness quickly abandoned us"

Sunday breakfast was early and the skies looked good for flying. Today's flight was from Yarrawonga to Wagga Wagga; a short distance of 87nm. This trip had a lot more shorter legs than last year, but for me, new airports, new landscapes and just sharing the experience with the group was good reason for me to be on the trip. Peter always holds a briefing before flying to give everyone the latest weather conditions, Notams, airport layout and expectations for parking etc. One of the general rules was to have the slowest aircraft take off first to ensure they were not arriving too late at the intended destination. In principal this





was a good idea as 30 odd aircraft trying to leave the airfield at one time ensured your taxi time was going to be extended. I learned last year that if you were one of the first to take off, it was not long before you were being over flown, under flown and surrounded by faster moving aircraft on the same track that you were on. Sometimes I was left wondering if they had actually seen me as they flew by closer than I would have liked. I decided this trip I would leave later in the queue and avoid the onslaught. Leaving Yarrawonga and flying over Lake Mulwala always offers a great view. No matter what time of the year you're there. However, north of Yarrawonga is lots of flat farmland. I flew east along the whole of the lake and then made my track to Wagga Wagga. The first noticeable landmark I see is a small lake near Ballandale, 15 km north of Corowa. I scan the horizon looking for my next mark to make my track towards. The sky was clear and we had a small tail wind. I passed a small mountain which created some small rotors causing the calm relaxed ride to become a little bumpy. Another lake, Government Dam Nature Reserve, just near Henty appeared in view. Apparently over 140 bird species make this dam their home or holiday destination. I could hear Chris and Ian on the radio organising themselves to

**“What should we do?
The answer was
nothing”**

meet up over the dam. Henty is almost halfway to Wagga. At my 11 o'clock position I could see the distinctive Landmark “The Rock”. As I passed by I could see the clouds becoming thicker and less sparse in the distance. It appeared the Southern Slopes of the Wagga region were creating a different weather pattern to that of the Riverina flatlands. As the clouds thickened and their bottoms darkened, the calmness quickly abandoned us. Do I go over the cloud cover for calm air or stay under and ride out the bumps. With only 20 nautical miles to the destination I stayed under. Those last 20nm were rough. I could hear part of our group contending with a Rex Passenger airplane making its approach to the airfield. 30 odd aircraft descending on one airport close to the same time was always going to make it interesting for other aircraft not in the group. On downwind I could see multiple aircraft in circuit. Runway 05/23 is over 1700 metres long. I made my base call and could see more aircraft lined up on final and could hear even more aircraft in circuit behind me. After landing, I taxied towards our parking bays. Over the radio I heard a call that brought a shiver up my spine. I listened intensely and thought I heard “it looks like an aircraft has rolled over on the grass to the left of the runway. Someone should check it out”! Unsure if I heard

correctly, I scanned the airfield as much as I could to confirm what I heard. I could see nothing. As I pulled up at the Wagga aero club parking area, I was asked if I saw anything. After parking and whilst still unbuckling, 2 vehicles containing guys from our group and the Wagga aero club drove off across the airfield. It was not long before it was confirmed an aircraft had rolled on landing and it was now lying in the grass beside the runway. It was a trike. My heart sank. Having a large trike contingent from the club made the odds of knowing the pilot personally very high. We waited anxiously for some news. Airport emergency services could soon be seen crossing the airfield in the distance. Local police, fire brigade and then two ambulances arrived soon after. It was not long before a Prime 7; TV cameraman was filming the collection of emergency vehicles through the cyclone fence. We were all left wondering. The two vehicles from the club returned and we learned who was involved and their current medical status. Although the aircraft was badly damaged, both pilot and passenger were okay, however the pilot would need medical attention. All the emotions of “what if’s”, how could this happen? Why did this happen and the not knowing, made the start of the trip a bit of a “downer”. What could we do? How are we supposed to react? What should we do? The answer was nothing. All that could be done was being done and we would just have to wait to find out more.





The Wagga aero club had put on a fantastic BBQ lunch for us. Their facilities were first class and their hospitality was fantastic. The club could not do anything more to look after us. We lowered our wings and covered the trikes. The cloud base was looking darker and it was more likely than not it would rain overnight. Eventually we made our way into Wagga for our overnight accommodation with anxious feelings waiting to find out more about our fellow pilots. News filtered back that a fellow club member had a broken pelvis and a large gash to the head. The passenger, also a club member, had no injuries. Incredible! Later that night Chris, Ken and I were allowed into the emergency ward at Wagga hospital to visit the guys. After a short discussion with the drug induced pilot in the emergency department, we learned he was going to be airlifted to Melbourne for further treatment. The passenger was scratch less and non-bruised, and agreed to accompany us back to our motel. He was going to continue on with us to share the further experiences that awaited us. Time for a beer.

It had rained over night and our covers had kept the rain out of the trikes. Fantastic! It was a lot cooler today and our "Winter woollies" were going to be needed. Today's destination was

Cowra. 99nm away. A trip to the Japanese gardens had been organised for an afternoon activity when we arrived. Not sure if I was really interested in that. John and I decided to land at both these airfields as we were keenly interested in finding out what lay out on the ground at these airports.

"I am greeted with a plate of sandwiches. Perfect! Fly thru service"

Leaving last, we waited for two RPT aircraft to land before leaving Wagga and again we were on our way. I check my bearing on the compass to make sure I am going the right way and make way for Cootamundra. A large rain shower loomed in front of me. I hate getting wet in the air. I decide to go around it. It takes me off track but it's worth it. I look over to John and he seems to be going directly towards the shower. As I go around, I get a light dose of droplets on my windscreen. How could that be? The cloud is nowhere near me. In front of Cootamundra airfield lays Mount Bethungra. The main road and the dual railway line to Sydney pass between this mountain and Bethunga Hill. I choose to fly through the pass and follow the railway line into Cootamundra. The radio is alive and well versed as I make my 10 mile

inbound call. The active runway changes once, twice, three times as aircraft on the ground want to take off in different directions to those landing. Adding a back track after landing only added to the need to keep a high situational awareness. Cootamundra is a great little airport. It's 43nm from Wagga. Apparently, there are 16 trikes hangared onsite according to a local flyer. The club may need to arrange a fly in one day. A comfort stop and a longer chat to a local inform me that Sir Donald Bradman was born in this town. Interesting! We head onto Young. It's only 24nm from Cootamundra. Many of our group overfly this airfield as it is so close to two airports. However John, Chris and I decide to land. The airport is isolated from the main town. We discover that Young is the cherry capital of Australia. I wouldn't have known that if I had not landed here. It's 32nms to Cowra.

On the way to Cowra I see in the distance a farmer burning his field. I go slightly off track to look at the fire and smoke. We have a tail wind again so the trip is reasonably quick. Conimbla National Park lays to the west of Cowra. I fly nearby as I attempt to fly around another isolated shower. Our overnight parking area is in a paddock close by to the main terminal. A little cross country driving in the trike through a paddock sees us to be the last aircraft to arrive. When I turn off the engine, I am greeted with a plate of sandwiches. Perfect! Fly thru service. After a second round of sandwiches I eventually get out of my aircraft.

In the afternoon, at the very last moment I decide to join the group



going to the Japanese gardens. Ken Nakajima, created the Kaiyushiki (strolling) garden, to symbolise the Japanese landscape. A group of us walk the rocky hillside alongside the manicured hedges, waterfalls, streams and the two lakes. Along with the gardens a traditional Edo Cottage, an authentic open-air Tea house and a Bonsai House are on site. As it was autumn, the colours of the gardens were quite extraordinary. The visit was worth it and I am glad I went. But don't tell any of the guys!

Cowra to Bathurst was the shortest distance on the trip. 57nm. The elevation of Bathurst Airport is 2,435ft. We would be doing our circuits at 3,000 feet. I do not believe I have landed at an airport at such a high elevation. Conditions in summer would be interesting. As we were preparing our aircraft, we heard that the Brumby Aircraft manufacturing warehouse was on site and that some of the group were going to visit. We tagged along for the ride. The brochure tells me "The Brumby is a light sport aircraft designed to be an all metal, 2-seat, training and recreational aircraft with short field performance and docile stall characteristics and with excellent visibility. It was an interesting visit to see how the aircraft was manufactured and assembled.

"they may be setting off explosions below"

Departing Cowra, the weather was overcast but calm. However, having read the weather before leaving I did not expect it to last. Bathurst had a



very strong South westerly and it was expected to be 25knts. Above 5,000 ft was forecasted to be 30 to 40 knts. At least we would have a tail wind. As we departed Cowra I could see in the distance a number of lakes step laddered on the side of a hill. I suggested to Chris we detour over the site and have a look. As we neared I could see two other aircraft also making there way to the site. It was Shane in his Drifter and Daryl in a light wing. The dams were actually tailing dams from the a mine site called Cadia Hill. It is one of the largest open-pit gold-copper mines in Australia. The Cadia Hill ore body was discovered in 1992. I was hoping to get some great footage on my wing camera, but as I neared the mine site, I was hit by extremely violent and turbulent wind. Not good. I was a lot higher than the other guys and I could only think I was getting some rotor off the surrounding valley and mountain range. I decided to fly past. I heard Chris and the others flying over the site. Advice was given to Chris to not fly directly over the mine cutting as they may be setting off explosions below. Good advice!

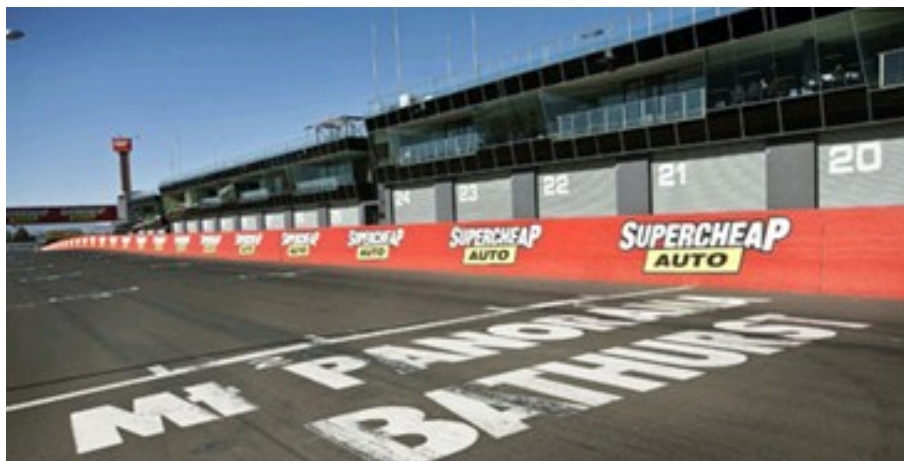
I flew north of Blaney to Bathurst. Conditions were now very rough. I thought of going higher, but remembered that conditions higher were going to be even stronger. I had 92 knts showing. Chris came on over the radio and suggested flying over to the Blaney windfarm that we could both see in the distance. It was off track and I was still fighting the wing to

keep on track to Bathurst. I decided not to go as the conditions for me only seemed to be getting worse. I just wanted to get to Bathurst and would be happy to be on the ground. Chris told me his conditions were fine and I wondered how that could be. Every hill top seemed to give me more turbulence than the previous one. As Bathurst came into view, I flew across a wide open Valley. The winds funnelling down the valley intensified. I began my descent into Bathurst. The airport was located on the east of the town. John heard my inbound call and had just landed in a strong 15knt cross wind. John suggested I use runway 26. Always willing to follow good advice I flew over the town and joined the circuit for 26. I did not even have time to look for the famous sign on the side of the hill. As I turned final for 26 I had a 30 knt head wind. My air speed was over 70 knts, but ground speed was only 40 knts. As I landed on the gravel strip my roll along the runway was extremely short. Peter had managed to tee up a hanger for all 14 trikes. So we had the luxury of not having to tie down the wing for the 2 nights we were to be in Bathurst.

"Bathurst was a lay day. A Non flying day"

Once settled in, Ian, Chris and myself decided to walk the 4kms to the race track. We had made a decision to walk the 6.2km track and then back the





extra 4km to the motel. Once at the race track we saw one of our group driving a car around the track. Ian somehow talked his way into the driver's seat and it was not long before Chris and I joined him for a race around the famous track. A thrilling lap time of 9 minutes and 3 seconds (Race laps are done in 2 minutes and 30 seconds normally) saw us complete our lap with a big smile on our faces. After the adrenalin filled lap, we walked the track. I did not realise that the starting grid was on such an uphill slope. On completion we decided to visit the new hotel on the race track. After a cappuccino, we made our way to the top floor to take in the views. We came across a recently finished doctor's conference, and some in the group decided to test the left over cheese platter. They tell me it was good quality. A quick look at the views from the top floor and we were on our way back to our 72 room motel.

"The rain was falling hard and it was a perfect day to not be flying"

Bathurst was a lay day. A Non flying day. A group visit to the race track museum was very interesting. On completion of the museum visit the bus took us in two groups for an even more exhilarating drive around the race track.

9 minutes and 2 seconds. Even faster than Ian's infamous lap time. On to the gem museum we went. The rain was falling hard and it was a perfect day to not be flying. Lunch was at a local pub and the rest of the day was up to you. Whilst in Bathurst I got a phone call

from our injured pilot. He had asked if I could post his personal belongings to the hospital and I found out that he was about to have a second operation on his pelvis. His phone was his lifeline and it would make life a little easier once he got it.

"we had a Rex jet land whilst preparing to taxi. They seemed to be stalking us"

Amazingly, the skies had cleared when we awoke early Thursday morning. Somehow Peter had performed some magic to ensure conditions were flyable for us. Today's trip was to Parkes. Home of the famous dish involved in the Moon landing. This would be another short trip. We had to fly over Orange, so John with Kaye, still in the back seat and myself decided we would land for a look. It was 73 nm to Parkes. Orange would be a good for a quick comfort stop. It was only 19nm away. As we taxied for our take off runway, we could here a Rex Passenger jet making its inbound calls. We hastened our take off to avoid any conflict. There were a lot of cloud puffs in the sky with dark grey bases. Flying under them was rough once again and getting over the top was not worth the effort as we planned to land at Orange. Most of the group planned to fly right on by. Orange has a higher elevation than Bathurst. At 3,115 feet, we would be doing circuits at 3,600 feet. Unusual! It was not long before we had Orange in sight. On landing, I could now hear 2 Rex Passenger jets making inbound calls for Orange. They seemed to be everywhere. Orange was a great airport and we met some of the guys from our group who had hangared at Orange for the 2 days, rather than at

Bathurst as they were unaware that we had a hangar surprise in Bathurst. After a quick drink and the obligatory comfort break, we were off once again. I thought to myself how enjoyable this is stopping and chatting at all of these different airports. We had been advised to not fly directly over Mount Canobolas close to town as the rotors coming off the mountain are known to be incredibly strong in conditions we had today. Once again I took this advice and made track around the mountain directly over the Orange Township. Avoiding another rain shower, I could see another airport at Cudal. A long tarmac strip in the middle of nowhere. I later heard the founder of Kendall airlines keeps his plane here, although it was never confirmed. As we neared Parkes, we had to clear a small mountain range and once over the top, we seemed to enter another weather pattern. The air was cloudless and calm. It did not make sense. But not one to complain, I enjoyed the fly into Parkes. Peter had again organised a hangar to put the trikes in for a small \$10 fee. It was worth every cent. We were being spoilt. It was not long before the bus arrived with food. Lunch was made inside the Aero club house and again we shared some great facilities. This club house even had a bar. The afternoon in Parkes was spent with a visit to the "dish". Not having been there for over 30 years made it an interesting way to spend the afternoon.

"Did he see me? UMMM!"

Today, being Friday we turn south and make our way homeward. This was the longest leg of the entire trip. 128 nm. Again just prior to take off we had a Rex jet land whilst preparing to taxi. They seemed to be stalking us. Today we had a strong head wind. Of course! You would not expect anything else for the longest leg of the trip. Forbes was close by and yes, John Chris and I made plans to land there. It was only 24nm away. There was not a cloud in the sky and conditions were very good. A slower trip than normal, but who cares for the 24nm? We were on holiday. I had a 12 knot cross wind on landing and was pleased at how I had managed to land safely in such conditions. Forbes was a small airport and the club

house was alarmed and securely locked. We only stopped for a brief moment and it was not long before we were on our way again. West Wyalong was our next stop. 55 nm away. The surrounding land was flat and a little boring to the eye, but a large lake near Billabong station, Lake Cowal, gave some break to the farmlands below. The head wind seemed to be getting stronger and I was surprised how slow I was going. On my east I could see the town of Temora far out in the distance. It was Easter when I was there last and I thought about Max Glynn flying in, fighting a very strong head wind himself, but in the other direction. I was brought to my full senses by a 3 axis aircraft flying past me. Did he see me? UMMM! I was set on my correct hemispherical height. West Wyalong came into view shortly after. As I made my way over the town I could see the airfield nestled beside a small hill. It gave the airport a little bit of charm. Once on the ground I explored the grounds. It had shower facilities available for pilots if they so desired. Nice! The airport was filled with many of our group and the toilet facilities were filled with desperate visitors.

The trip to Narranderra seemed to take for ever with the head wind getting stronger as I made my way further south. My ground speed was wavering around 32 to 38 knots. Narranderra has a large waterway running nearby beside the grounds and it makes a great water feature for the airport. Peter had again come good with a hangar for the trikes and as I taxied for parking I drove straight into the hangar without pausing. Perfect! We did not even have to pay for this hangar. The bus arrived and we had lunch at the motel. The afternoon was filled in with a trip to the John Lake Centre – Narranderra's Fisheries Centre. Much research and breeding of endangered fish species takes place here. We had a tour of the centre and it was relaxing and interesting. On watching the video in the theatre I found myself nodding my head feverishly trying to stay awake. Not that it was boring! Far from it. The late nights, early mornings must have been taking their toll on me. As the lights came on I looked around to find many of the group in the same predicament.

The last Day. An 83 nm trip to Yarrawonga. Again, the weather was good. However, we had a stronger head wind to contend with. No big deal, but not really desired for the last day. Narranderra to Yarrawonga was another slow trip for me. The land below was flat and dry. As I got closer to home, my ground speed got even slower. It seemed I was flying slower than everybody else. I flew between Lake Urana and Urana township, just to take a look. Eventually I crossed the Riverina Highway, a landmark to tell me I was close to home. I see Lake Mulwala and see the strong winds causing small waves on the water. I could hear foreign language students doing circuits but made a decision to fly straight in on runway 19. I made all my calls and close to the runway I could hear one of the students turning final behind me. I knew I may have to back track so I asked him did he have me sighted. Yes, no, yes. UMMM!!!! He decided to do a go around. Lucky for me. On turning off the engine I rested for a few moments in my seat and thought back briefly of the great trip we had just completed. Thanks Peter and Anne for your organisation. I suggest to all club members to make an effort to go on one of these trips. You will have the time of your life and make some good friends. Just do it!

Maxwell Glynn, the unfortunate pilot that has ended up in hospital, is now fit enough to receive visitors.

He is constantly being moved between hospitals and wards. Anyone wishing to visit should call Max to find out where he is.

It is the clubs policy not to publish members phone numbers. If you would like to get in touch with Max and you do not have his contact details, feel free to ask any committee member. We have been given permission to pass them on.



What's On

ERRATA

Please note that a correction has been made on this page.

In past issues of the newsletter the October General Meeting was incorrectly stated as being on the 15th. If anyone has this date in their diary, would you please change it to the 8th.

Jul 6 th	Wahring Field Fly-in
Jul 9 th	General Meeting
Aug 3 rd	Maintenance Day
Aug 13 th	Annual General Meeting with BoM
Sept 10 th	General Meeting
Oct 8 th	General Meeting
Nov 2 nd – 5 th	Grampians Fly-in
Nov 12 th	General Meeting
Nov 22 nd – 24 th	Gathering of the Moths
Dec 10 th	Xmas break-up Meeting





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Included: Wing Bag, Wing cover, Trike Cover,
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trevor@teknological.com.au



FOR SALE

Airbourne XT 582, engine hours 190, with service history (will fly till sold)
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 Heavy duty trake trailering cover
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The Polo Shirts are available in Small, Medium, Large, Xlarge or XXLarge sizes and cost \$50.00 each, please add \$10.00 if postage is required.

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