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Message from the editor.

Trevor Lane

It's worthwhile reminding people this month, of the upcoming AGM. As a matter of course **ALL** positions on the committee are vacant. I will not be standing for a position as an officer and no-one will convince me otherwise. I was not an officer last year and I still managed to make a significant contribution. It is notable that the committee has ordinary members not just officers and that is where I stand. To all of the people who would like to be a part of the team but just couldn't face being the President, Vice-President, Secretary or Treasurer I say this. Join the committee as an ordinary member.

The club is what you make of it and I must say you have made it great. It has solid foundations and a modern contemporary structure. In order for it to stay that way requires new ideas, new life, new enthusiasm.

Simple ideas can have a massive impact, although it may take some time for the signs to show. As an example, the last committee instigated the club Polo-Shirts. This year they were delivered and the members have been fastidious about wearing them at events. The result has been phenomenal; we are now recognised wherever we go. That is a big deal because we are recognised by everyone including CASA. We now have CASA reps not only knowing that we exist, but recognising that we are serious about flying and are as professional in our approach as any other pilot. CASA respects the members of SMC. That's huge.

The newsletter has had a facelift and again the effects are paying off. It is slow for things to make a difference but we now have a "public façade" that informs people about what we do. Not only the members, other people get copies through official channels and back channels too. The more people that get the publication, the better it will be.

The point I am making is that we have to keep on moving forward. These small steps take us on, but more small steps need to be taken. If you feel that you can be responsible for one of these small steps, then we need you. Please do not be shy when thinking about volunteering. Never think you have nothing to offer; remember *simple ideas have huge impact*.

That is not to say we only want the simple ideas. If you have the next deal-breaker for us, that will get us into Coldstream, we want that one too.

Readers Pictures

Nil wind. Photographer: Tony Batson



CFI Corner

Reg Thaggard

Wow we've had some great weather for flying! The still autumn air has been FANTASTIC to fly in. I've had been trying out my Kmart specials - thermal gear at \$19 a piece – and they've been doing their job just fine.

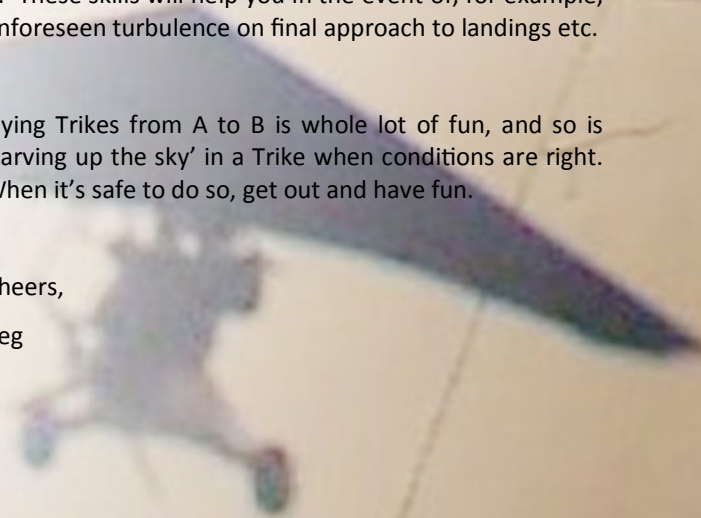
So lately I've had the opportunity to go up on my own to hone my air skills [which doesn't come up that often for an instructor - especially in pristine conditions like we've been having.] I don't mean straight and level flying, I'm talking about 45° to 60° bank turns, left and right and without losing height. These are maneuvers we all would have learnt during our training to become Trike pilots.

I'm not saying we should fly like that all the time, rather it's about not forgetting what we were taught in those eager early hours. I remember Steve Ruffles teaching me those steep bank angles, stalls, and his favorite, the

engine off landings, which he was a Master at. These maneuvers were quite daunting, but fun and exciting to say the least, and as I practiced - and am still practicing - they have become second nature. It's about getting familiar with your Trike. Getting more comfortable with your Trike means you'll end up having more control over it. These skills will help you in the event of, for example, unforeseen turbulence on final approach to landings etc.

Flying Trikes from A to B is whole lot of fun, and so is 'carving up the sky' in a Trike when conditions are right. When it's safe to do so, get out and have fun.

Cheers,
Reg



WAHRING FIELD WEEKEND

Trevor Lane and Tony Batson



Trevor's Tale:

No-one could have predicted the weather we would experience over the weekend. We have just come out of the longest period of fantastic winter flying weather that I personally have experienced. The weather has been just awesome for such a long time now and looking out of my window as I write this, it is a fantastic flying day again today, just one day after the weekend finished. Well I say no-one could have predicted it but the weather guys on the telly did a pretty good job. Well, that means, did a good forecast for Melbourne. They will give us a general synopsis of the state as a whole and a more detailed synopsis for the city, but as usual if you want something more or less localized you are just going to have to do it yourself. So I looked at the charts and saw that it was not good south of the ranges, but north looked okay. There was a chance that the hardy core of the club who trailer their trikes around may well attend. Nothing however could be taken for granted.

“Much to our embarrassment, we had managed to eat the entire BBQ between us”

This is exactly the weather that an event organizer dreads. There is no way of knowing if anyone is going to attend. You just have to go along and sit and wait. knowing if you do not go yourself, everyone might turn up and if you do go, no-one might arrive. I hate this weather. I would rather have thunder and lightning. This was Deans event, he volunteered to organize this one.

Never mind. At least there was going to be a BBQ and if no-one else turned up then Dean and I could just go -large with our meals. I got in touch with Tony and

asked him if he planned to go. Tony had a wedding function to attend on Sunday but wanted to go for the BBQ and maybe the evening meal. The intention was to doss down and leave early on Sunday morning. He asked if I would rather travel with him instead of going up on the motorbike and it took me what seems like just forever to make up my mind. One and a half seconds must have gone by before I said “I don’t want to sound like I’m begging or anything but, PLEEEEEEASE”.

Wahring Field is not at all what I expected but it still took me a little aback when Tony said “Wahring Field isn’t at all what I expected”. “Larger” I said, “with a longer strip, not surrounded by trees and excellent facilities”. “That’s right” he replied. We both had the same impression before but neither of us can remember exactly how it was formed. Overhearing snippets of conversations probably. I do have to say that this is a remarkable facility. It has comfort, yes that is what I said, comfort, TV, DVD and Video with a selection of DVDs Videos and magazines to while away the non-flying hours, clean toilets, great cooking facilities as well as a BBQ. An aerodrome with a buzz of activity and some real characters to talk to. One thing is for sure. As a club, we will be arranging another weekend here. It is a real gem.



Once we got past all of the jokes about another Trike weekend without any Trikes; and although there were only two people cracking that particular joke; it took some getting past because they did have to crack it fifty times each; we had a good time. Reg flew in with Roshan who is learning to fly the Gyro and much to our embarrassment, we had managed to eat the entire BBQ for forty people between us. There was one vestige of a piece of meat left; a cold morsel of a sausage that I had tried to give to a dog earlier, but he turned his nose up. We gave that to Reg.

“Dean of course was cool about it all.
Perhaps it was his three-axis experience.”

The weather was calm and we had plenty of light left so Reg offered joy flights to Tony and Dean, which both accepted. Tony was first, he donned his flying suit and scrambled into the front seat. Following a briefing from Reg they started the engine, pre-rotated the rotors, and were off; moving onwards but not upwards. Tony must have been regretting all of those burgers by the time he was two-thirds of the way down the runway. They lifted off and Tony confessed later that he was slightly worried about the length of the ground roll. A bit of slow flying and a vertical descent later and Tony was back on the ground, a little amazed and bedazzled, and more than a little confused. It was Deans turn to go up, but Tony was still re-living his experience. “What did Reg mean when he said the steering on the ground was the opposite direction to a trike?”, “What’s the opposite direction to a trike?”, “What isn’t the opposite direction for a trike, I can’t think?”, “Argh don’t touch anything!”, “Speed up Reg, we’re going to stall!”, “We cannot land at this speed”.

The conversation with Tony was enthralling, and it made my day if not his.

Dean of course was cool about it all. Perhaps it was his three-axis experience.

It wasn’t long before it was the end of the day. No-one else ever did arrive so Tony and I decided not to stay the evening. Dean had previously booked his entire family into a motel in Shepparton so he was off for the night with them. We drove home after what was in reality, despite the weather, a great day. It is a pity that we didn’t get to share it with more of the club members, but it certainly wasn’t a waste of effort on our part. I always enjoy the company of Tony and Dean, and I met some new people, real characters to boot. I now have an open invitation to fly into another private 400m strip for a cuppa. You never know. I might take Doug¹ up on it one day.

1. Doug is a channel 7 helicopter pilot with his own private strip, plenty of stories and a fantastic sense of humour. This photo of course, is not Doug. (nothing implied)



WAHRING FIELD WEEKEND

Trevor Lane and Tony Batson



Tony's Tale:

The forecast for Saturday of the SMC Flyin was not good, particularly on the South side of the Great Divide. I had a Pre-Wedding Lunch I had to attend on the Sunday, and I had planned to fly up early Saturday and return to Latrobe on the Sunday Morning. Yes, an ambitious plan during winter. Gale force winds and showers were forecasted in Latrobe. The Northern side of the divide was to be overcast with the occasional shower. Normally I would trailer the trike in when the weather is forecasted to be bad for an SMC event, but as I had to return early on the Sunday, I decided I would leave the trike at home, and hopefully get a fly with another club member. If I do not end up flying at least I will enjoy the social part of the weekend.

“The runway looked like a bowling green from a distance.”

Trevor is also hangared at Latrobe. He was in the same predicament as me, so I made arrangements to pick him up on the way to Wahring Field. On the way to Trevor's the sky was bright blue in Melbourne but the tree tops were bending over with some vigour. I later found out that the winds in Latrobe were gusting up to 70 kph with occasional showers. As I approached Lilydale airport, all of the hill tops in front of me were covered in low thick dark clouds. Very dark grey bottoms at the cloud base. I was momentarily stunned by

the localised showers in the distance. By the time I got to Kinglake any sighting of blue sky was gone. I was sure over the hill the weather would be better. But there was no way we were going to get over the top of this mountain from Latrobe in a flying machine of our type.

I followed the local constabulary up the hill and wondered how much slower they were going to make us go as nobody was feeling challenged to overtake him on the windy mountain roads. Trevor was ready for me at 9am, but before leaving, I asked for my usual refill for my travelling coffee mug. Where would be without such a fine invention? We decided to stop at Flowerdale and see if Dean had managed to fly out to Wahring Field. On our arrival, Gary Wheeler's son was pottering around in the field and we made our introductions. I had never been to Flowerdale and I looked around with bemusement at some of the stories I had heard about some flying achievements in this area. The field was surrounded by mountains, trees and the odd power line. A





challenging field for many. Dean's trike was still in the hangar. An attempt to call him was fruitless and we surmised he was not flying from here today as the cloud base seemed to be choking all of the surrounding hill tops and valleys. As we drove away light drizzle began to fall, but quickly stop.

"I knew it must be close to lunchtime because my stomach began to tell me so."

There was little wind. Ah! That's better. If only I had my trike. We turned off for Shepparton and passed the signs to Mangalore airport. The new dual highway bypass for Nagambie allowed us to continue on at a very legal comfortable speed. We could see Warring Field beside the highway on the other side of the road. The runway looked like a bowling green from a distance. Very different to what I had imagined and conjured from the description by others in the club. We continued northward another 4km to eventually make it to the turn off. Just as Dean's instructions has indicated. We had to drive almost around the entire airfield before we could get to the entrance which, was down a lonely dirt road. We followed a long stone driveway past some low roofed hangars and then on to the club rooms. Trevor and I were surprised by the facilities at the airfield. This place looked great! The strip had just been mowed yesterday. It still resembled a bowling green and in a strange way it had been mowed with some diligence and care. The cross strip was a little rougher but the onslaught of trikes to follow would find it no challenge.

Blue sky was appearing and the wind was minimal. Not perfect conditions but good enough to fly. Large dark clouds with showers passed in the distance. As long as they stayed over there the day was looking promising. Brett (a

gyrocopter pilot we had met at Locksley in the past) met us at the clubroom door. His broad welcoming smile made us feel welcome. The modern clubroom with its soft blue carpet coverings and it's fully functioning modern kitchen seemed out of place at the end of the stony driveway we had just negotiated. Next door we could see 2 modern mobile cabins where the airfield owner and the secretary of the gliding club lived. Brett had just taken on the distributorship of the Italian made "Brako" dual seat gyrocopter and was very keen to show us his new machine. But first, another coffee. The airfield owner, Burt, made himself known to us and made us feel very welcome. He was about to leave for a luncheon so he also introduced us to Geoff the glider club secretary should we need anything during the day.

"Reg instructed me to push this, turn that, press this, wobble that and release this."

Brett's Gyro was hangared a short distance from the club house and was full of gyrocopters of all sorts and sizes and an old ford Ute which was heavily modified to cable tow gliders from the airfield. We spent some time in the hangar as nobody else had yet arrived. Brett showed us his new machine and we were very impressed.

Dean had organised a BBQ lunch and I knew it must be close to lunchtime because my stomach began to tell me so. Almost on cue, Dean, along with his family arrived. Alan another Gyrocopter pilot who has been to a few SMC meetings also arrived. With no further trike pilots in sight I insisted we start lunch. Dean and his sons fired up the BBQ and the aroma soon took over all our senses. The skies darkened again and then began to clear; sort of, as we ate our lunch. With dark rich Tim Tams for desert and a few drinks in our stomachs, we were soon full. A two-seat side by side gyrocopter appeared from the sky. It was Ian, a local CFI,





flying in to take a student for a lesson. Another Gyro, a tandem, with one seat behind the other flew into the airfield. It was Reg from Dixon creek with a student. We were pleased to see another SMC member. It was not long before more visitors arrived at the airport. Doug, a channel 7 helicopter pilot, who lived nearby came over to say hello. He has his own strip and invited all SMC club members to fly in and stay overnight whenever we wished.

I turned around and saw a trailer with an Aircraft in its cradle being towed towards the clubrooms. A trike? No! Another Gyrocopter. I was beginning to feel out numbered. The jokes began. Is this a Southern Microlight Club fly in? If so, where are the trikes? "Don't worry" I said with some conviction, "there coming". Reg finished off the last of our BBQ and Ian and his student began their lesson. Brett got his new machine out and we were given a display of their flying machines. Our luck eventually gave out. The sky grew dark. No, the sky grew very dark and soon one of the localised showers fell heavily over the club room. We were all inside and appreciated the comforts of our surroundings.

"we are pretty low, how do we get this thing to climb a little higher?"

The rain stopped and I peered outside looking for a hopeful sign of a Microlight. I knew Max would have been here if he was not inconvenienced by his hospital stay. Reg offered me a ride in his gyrocopter. Without hesitation I said yes. I suited up and I was soon getting an introduction to the working controls of a Gyro. "If you can't beat them you may as well join them".

I had never been in a gyro before and was keen for the experience. I still don't know if you say "Gyro" or "Jiro". Everybody had their own way of saying it. We taxied out to

the runway and Reg reminded me the controls were opposite to the trike. He asked me to steer the craft and it was only minutes into the taxi manoeuvre when I had forgotten which pedal to push to turn the wheel to stay straight. Umm! Silly me? The front brake control was a small lever on my left at chest height [editors note: It is at waist height for anyone taller than 5'7"]. It appeared to be too small to stop the machine. However, its effectiveness was very good. I was in the front seat and had all the controls within easy reach. Reg instructed me to push this, turn that, press this, wobble that and release this. It was not long before we were making some speed down the runway. The swishing sound of the rotor turning above my head was surprisingly comforting. As long as it was turning, we would be flying. As we neared the end of the runway, I wondered what we would do if we had to abort our take off. Nothing; we were already in the air. We flew low over the trees and it was not long before Reg had me trying out the controls.

"Oh! Rudder control, I better start using them."

I had no real sense of relationship to what I was doing and what the controls were doing. Did that turn happen because of me or was it Reg in the back seat. I am not sure. It did not take long before some sense of understanding began to occur. However, as soon as I thought that, Reg showed me some quick descent manoeuvres. He had told me to ensure we kept the air speed no less than 55 knots. That was reasonably easy, as long as I remembered where the throttle control was. (Remember, nowhere near my feet). As we began our quick descent manoeuvre I saw the air speed indicator begin to fall quickly. Reg told me to keep pulling the stick back. The more I pulled back the more the air speed fell. This was not right. It was not long before I was below 55 knots. With some concern I began to push the control stick forward. "What are you doing Tony"? Keep pulling the stick



back. Argh? I did as I was told and it was not long before we were falling below 30 knots, and then just above 20 knots. We were now not moving forward, but also not completely falling out of the sky. My mind could not process what was happening quickly enough. But it was a great feeling. Eventually I was told to move the stick slowly forward and the nose dropped. We picked up some air speed and away we went. "Reg" I enquired with some haste, "we are pretty low, how do we get this thing to climb a little higher? I could see power lines strung across a flat empty paddock nearby and tree tops closer than I would have liked. More throttle was the obvious answer. "Ah! Reg!, where is the throttle again"? On your left hand side Reg answered. Yes, that's right I muttered to myself. But I had no foot throttle to push. "Reg! Reg! don't worry". I had found the throttle and applied power to produce lift. Very good! With my mind and body not connected I was quickly brought back to my feelings of my early training in the trike. Reg told me that whenever you turn, keep the tell-tale flag on the outside of the windscreen always pointing towards you. However, when I made my turns, the little flag did not stay pointing towards me. It was impossible for this to happen. Obviously if you turn, the flag will turn with the change in wind direction. Reg said, no if you co-ordinate the stick and rudder the flag should stay pointing towards you. Oh! Rudder control, I better start using them. I had been turning using only the stick. A bit of input with the rudder and it all made sense. That was fun. Another large shower was threatening. We made our way back to the airfield with me still at the controls, but not really in control. My first experience was very exciting. I now had an understanding of the joys of gyrocopting, or is that "jyrocopting"? It was great fun. Even if I was not sure what I was doing. Reg brought us in for a short field landing and we taxied our way back to the club house and the awaiting crowd; eager to hear whether I was ready to convert to the dark side. No, not yet, but I can see why people do. Thanks Reg for a very memorable first flight.

"I felt confident I could create my own short cut."

When we landed, Dean quickly jumped in and he and Reg were off. I could now look at the gyro fly past and have some understanding of what was occurring in the aircraft. On Dean's return the rain fell over the airfield and we wondered if Reg and his student would be able to make it home. But as the weather had been all day, the rain went as quickly as it came. The skies opened up and the sun shined brightly. Coincidentally in the direction Reg had to fly and suddenly, with a quick goodbye, he and his student were gone.

The jokes continued as more Gyro copter pilots arrived. The



three of us were now totally outnumbered as it was clear nobody else from the club was coming. We all (Three of us) contemplated what the day would have been like if we had our trikes at the airfield. Between the localised showers, the flying would have been great. Dean had arranged to stay at a motel further up the road as he had his whole family with him. Trevor and I were to sleep in our swags. After some discussion we made the decision to go home and not stay the night. Trevor and I had talked all the way up, we had talked all day, and with just him and myself at the airfield for the night, I had not much more meaningful discussion I could share with Trevor. I would have to start making stuff up if we had to share discussions any longer. This is not to say I don't enjoy Trevor's company, or discussions.

"I will have to start making things up now."

We made our contribution to the airfield tin for use of the facilities and paid Dean some money to help offset the food cost, which he would be eating for the next few weeks. I'm sure the kids won't mind. We had another coffee. Dean took off with the family for a swim in the heated swimming pool at the motel. The gyro pilots packed up their machines.



Darkness was about to fall so we said our goodbyes, but not before making another coffee to travel home by. Again for about the twentieth time, we were asked if this was a SMC club flyin? If so, where are the trikes? For the thirtieth time or near that anyway, we were asked when we were converting. UMMM! By the time we got outside the clubhouse we were saying goodbye again to everybody we had already said good bye to previously.

“The silence was unusual as we had talked nonstop between ourselves all day.”

We followed the stone driveway back towards the dirt road. We could see the dual carriageway for Melbourne on the other side of the railway line beside the airfield and decide to make a short detour to the highway to save time. Being in a 4WD, I felt confident I could create my own short cut to avoid having to back track around the airfield back to the main highway.

After a 5 minute drive, I was making a U-turn at a heavily padlocked gate, surrounded by fort Knox like fencing impeding my progress to the highway on the other side of the gate. As Trevor and I made our way back to the highway, the long way, we reminisced our day. We agreed we had been part of a great day, even without the sight of a Microlight. We agreed that it does not matter what you fly. Being with a group of pilots sharing their stories was all part of the social aspect of recreational flying. Trevor has been up with Reg a number of times in the gyro and we shared our experiences of our very short flying time in the air in one of those flying machines. As we neared closer to Trevor's residence, the chatter between us fell quiet. The silence was unusual as we had talked nonstop between ourselves all day. It looks like I will have to start making things up now, just to keep the discussions going. Thanks Trevor for your company. On behalf of the SMC attendees to the fly in, thanks Dean for your efforts in organising the day. The gyro boys really appreciated it.

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.

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



I had an interesting experience the other day.

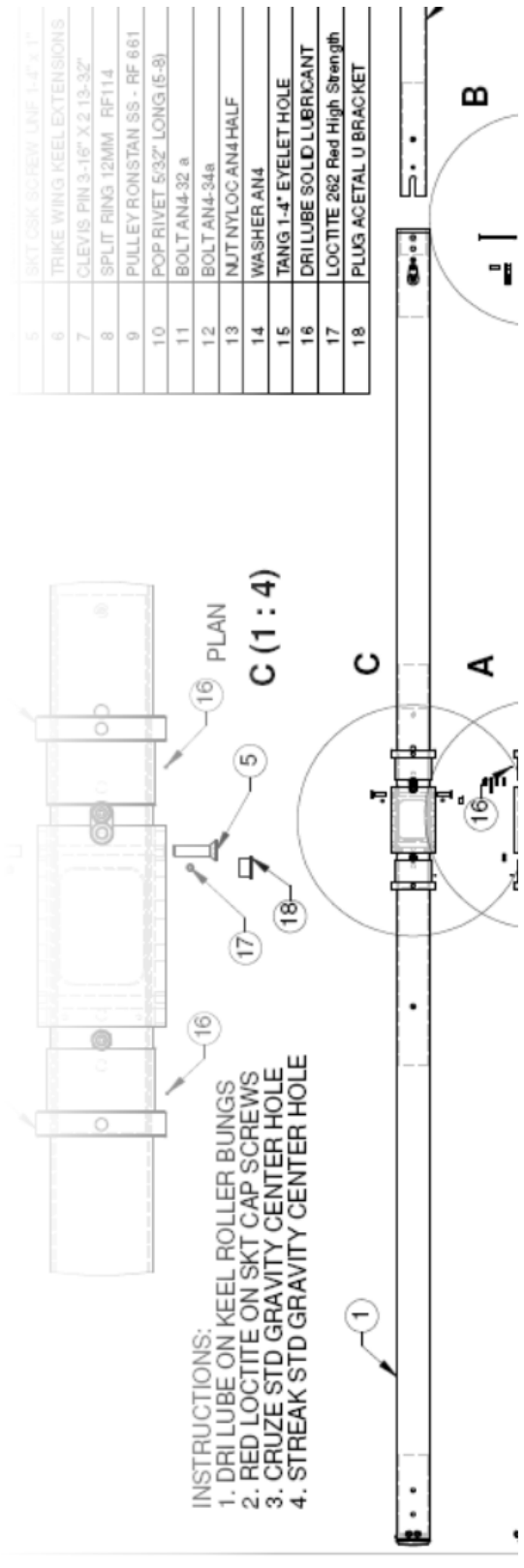
Tony Batson

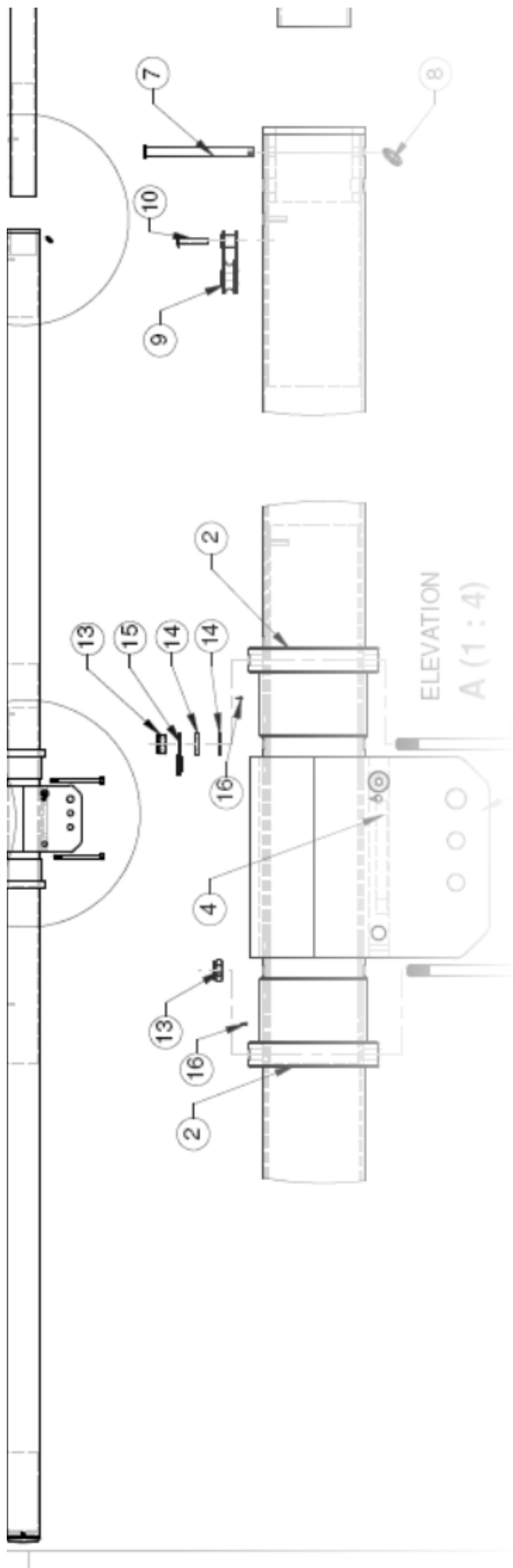
I had an interesting experience the other day and thought I would share it in case you too make a change to your trike and do not realise how a small change may make a difference to the way you fly.

I have been complaining for a while now that I feel that I have the slowest Streak 3 wing around. Is this because of a setting on the trike or the way I fly? I have asked all pilots with the same configuration as mine, enquiring "what are the settings of your wing?" Or "Do you fly differently to me, such as pulling the bar in at all times as you fly" etc. etc. A few weekends ago I was doing my usual complaining when John Brent had a look at my wing and said that "I had one more adjustment I could make on my keel". I already fly with the Hang bolt in the front hole, but did not realise that I could still slide the 2 piece roller keel, along with the universal keel roller bracket one hole forward. The distance from the front of the Keel roller, to the next hole was less than one centimetre. I said to John, "surely that would not make much difference", but he said "you would be surprised". It took less than 15 minutes to make the change. It was not long before we were taxiing out for a short trip to Leongatha from Latrobe. Conditions were perfect so I was looking forward to a pleasant flight.

As we made track to Leongatha, I noticed that John who also has a Streak 3 wing did not seem to be pulling away from me as usual. This looks promising I thought to myself. Or is it all just in my mind. Or is John not pulling his bar in and just coincidentally I was keeping up with him today. Who knows? Who cares? In my mind I was faster, or at least not slower.

As we neared the 10 nm mark, I made my call for Leongatha and began to descend. When I started my descent I heard a loud noise which sounded similar to getting hit by a strong thermal, without the violent movement of the wing. I scanned the trike from left to right, trying to work out what had happened. I could see nothing. As I was now in my descent I felt the trike dropping faster than I would normally drop when approaching an airfield. It seemed to me that the trike was dropping fast. Too fast! Things did not seem right. To me, the dropping sensation was not normal. I scanned my instruments to see what was happening. I checked the engine revs and they were still sitting at 3500 rpm. I checked my air speed and I was still at 60 knots. I checked my vertical speed indicator and saw that I was dropping at over 500 feet per minute. Is that normal? What do I normally drop at when I am approaching an airfield? My mind went blank. All I knew was that I was dropping faster than I normally do. I scanned my entire wing. It felt like it had a hole in it. I pushed the bar forward to see if it would slow my descent. No. It did not. That's not good. My mind started to overthink. Remembering the old adage if you have a problem in the air, aviate, navigate and communicate I pressed the accelerator to see if I had lift. Yes I do. That's good. But as soon as I eased back on the throttle I began to sink quickly. Something is not right I thought to myself. I was now a lot closer to the





airfield and said to myself, “There is a perfectly good airfield over there if I have to land quickly. I can easily make it there if I had to”. My main concern was that I may land too hard. I noticed a three axis aircraft on the runway about to make a departure. I could see him ready to take off, but did not hear any calls. Don’t tell me my radio is not working as well? What do they say? It takes three small unfortunate incidents to make an accident. What next? As I got closer to the airfield to join my circuit, the three axis aircraft had taken off and flew above me. That was closer than I would have liked. I continued to make my radio calls even though I believed that it was not working, just in case I could be heard. I made my approach and landed without incident.

I disembarked the trike and looked over the aircraft. Everything was normal. I checked the hang block and the keel adjustment, all was fine. I checked over the wing and obviously there was no hole in my wing. I did not understand.

After a long break with “Smithy” in his hanger, John and I headed back to Latrobe. I checked my radio and all was working fine. Nothing wrong with it! I flew off with a little hesitation, and climbed out a little more steeper than I normally would. All was fine. I made my way back to Latrobe and this time I was in front of John. Coincidence or am I now in a faster trike? I still do not know. As I approached Latrobe and began my descent, everything felt different. I seemed to be dropping faster than I normally would. Suddenly everything clicked into place. Well in my mind anyway.

By making the adjustment to the keel; I had changed the centre of gravity of the trike. Obviously, this was going to change the characteristics of the trike and part of that change would be when I was descending and ascending.

The noise I heard was just coincidence. It happened at the same time I changed from level flight into a descent.

The radio was working all the time. More than likely the 3 axis aircraft was just not using his.

What did I learn? When I returned back to the hanger, I shared my experience with Steve Bell. He said he was surprised when I left that I did not do a few touch and goes before heading off. Yes. I should have. I thought the change was so small, less than 1 cm, that nothing much was going to change. Yes, John was correct; I was surprised how much of a difference 1 cm made.

The other thing I learned was that if I had panicked, I could have created my own accident when I had a perfectly good airplane. If I got into a state of panic whilst in the air, I could have made a forced landing into a paddock and damaged my aircraft or worse. A series of minor events could have led to a major event.

So, the key message is; if you make an adjustment to your aircraft, it’s probably a good idea to go for a test flight before leaving a perfectly safe airfield. But you probably already knew that.



FOR SALE

Reg: T2-6123
 Model: Airborne Outback XT-912
 Wing: Cruze
 Hours: 280, Will fly til sold.
 Price: \$41,000
 Included: Wing Bag, Wing cover, Trike Cover,
 Radio, Headsets, Helmets, Training Bars.

This would be a great toy for anyone who likes the more exposed feeling of flying without a pod or a first time flyer, training bars are included so you can even take instruction in it as I did and reduce the cost of your training.

Phone Trevor on 0422 474 266
trevor@teknological.com.au



FOR SALE

Airbourne XT 582, engine hours 190, with service history (will fly till sold)
 Cruze wing Reg. No. T2-2992 hours on wing 190
 In excellent condition through-out
 \$28,000 price including
 Heavy duty trake trailering cover
 A light trake park cover
 New Microavionics-intergral helmets
 Built-in MA760 Microair VHF Transceiver
 Head and throb lights
 Contact Joe on 0409596822





FOR SALE

AIRBORNE XT 912 TOURER

2007 MODEL 480 HRS

STREAK 3 WING

EXCELLENT CONDITION

MICROAIR 760 VHF RADIO

HELMETS WITH LYNX HEADSETS/INTERCOM

PUNKINHEAD COVERS

FULL SERVICE HISTORY

RAA REG EXP APR 2014

\$38,000

kenj@jelfor.com.au

0412512457

Club Polo Shirts



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.

E-mail your order to Tony and arrange post or pickup batson.tony@briggsandstratton.com.au

Pay your money to Dean at the Club Meeting or by Direct deposit.

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 web-site to put sufficient information, then please email treasurer@southernmicrolightclub.com.au with the details.



Southern

Microlight Club inc.

Fun Memories

Friendship

Help

"When I am old I want memories not dreams"

Knowledge Sharing

Events

"Stop counting the years and
start making the years count"

Fly Aways

Adventure

Excitement

www.southernmicrolightclub.com.au