



BI-MONTHLY NEWSLETTER MAY 2007 ISSUE NO. 3

HANGAR TALK

NEWS & INFORMATION FROM CABOOLTURE MICROLIGHTS





FOREWORD

Since the last newsletter we have really been doing some flying taking advantage of the unseasonal weather and the onset of Autumn. In this newsletter we have got reports from Clifton, Narromine, Inglewood and even New Zealand. Having read all these reports, I must congratulate you all on your airmanship, navigation, maintenance and the professional manner in which you aviated.

I must thank the people who have contributed to this newsletter. Also once again to Jo, my co-editor.

To all of those that read this newsletter, please feel free to contribute. It does not matter what your aviation discipline is, all submissions will be very welcome. We would like to involve the ultralights on the airfield, perhaps combining their news and their views in this newsletter. All you have to do is forward your contribution to this newsletter to the email address below.

Cover photograph

See how hard the wing fabric is working in this photograph.

See maintenance article.

Photograph taken at Gregory Downs, taking off outside the pub. The temperature was 32 deg, 2 up, with a 20 knot headwind. The take off run seemed to extend itself and I had to push the bar out to miss the camera man. Hence the exaggerated batton exposure.

I am sure you will all have your views on what is happening to this wing.

WHAT'S ON IN 2007

July 1—Issue No. 4 Caboolture Microlights Newsletter, please send in contributions

Put these weekends away in your diary:

May 26 to 27—We have been invited to a private airstrip at Chinchilla. Camping, BBQ's and lots of flying.

June 9 to 11—Caboolture Microlights are hosting a flying weekend for the pilots from Dalby.

Other major events are:

August 3 to 5—Bundaberg Airshow

October 28—Dalby Wings & Wheels

October 7—Caboolture Microlights AGM

Safe flying

Derek Tremain

SEND ITEMS TO joderebulimba@optusnet.com.au

Note—back in July 2006, Noosa Council was threatening to close the Teewah landing grounds. Below is the response I wrote on behalf of Caboolture Microlights.

I have not heard from Noosa Council, however, the airstrip is still active, so I assume this letter did some good.

Dear Madam

Your letter addressed to Graham Roberts was passed on to me by Graham, asking me to reply to your enquiries re Noosa North Shore Airstrip.

I am a member of Caboolture Aero Club.

Firstly, Graham Roberts, myself and others own and fly ultralights/microlights and have formed a club within a club. We are known as Caboolture Microlights. We specialise in Weightshift / flexiwing Microlights (Trikes).

Caboolture Microlights are not the only users of Noosa North Shore Landing Ground (NNSLG) many flying schools in the area also make regular use; including helicopters, gyrocopters, general aviation (GA) aircraft, balloons, powered powerchutes, hang gliders, even RAAF have used the strip in the past. So I endeavour to answer your questions in respect to our specific sport.

Q1. What length of airstrip is required?

I can only speak for our type of aircraft. Ideally we require a minimum length of 400m. However, for safety, the longer the runway the safer it is and as we are not the only users of the runway, it would be more acceptable for the larger aircraft.

The average length of a runway in the Queensland Country Air Strip guide published by Flight Ace is 1000 m. Tangalooma 790 m, Gatton College 700 m, Inglewood 914 m, Rainbow Beach 800 m. These are all similar surfaces to NNSLG.

Q2. Of the three runways on the Noosa North Shore, which is the preferred runway – refer to the attached aerial photo.

The most used strip would be the North South Strip nearest the hanger. Also for safety, an East West cross strip would be ideal.

Q3. Are ultralights permitted to land on CASA approved airstrips?

I am not sure which airstrips are approved by CASA, however, ultralights are permitted to use any airstrip so long as the pilot has the necessary qualification to do so.

Generally ultralights are not permitted or encouraged to enter controlled airspace i.e. Brisbane, Sydney, Coolangatta, Maroochydore etc. However, there have been some exceptions in the past. Also some ultralights are registered GA and flown by pilots with a full PPL, so have the privilege of flying in con-

trolled airspace.

NNSLG is not in controlled airspace.

Q4. *Is there any existing standard for ultralight airstrips?*

As far as I am aware, there is no existing standard for ultralight airstrips. However, NNSLG is probably the safest landing ground in South East Queensland. The main reason being plenty of room, no obstructions, low aircraft traffic and no danger to the general public.

Q5. *Is there an existing ultralight club anywhere in the area?*

There are no ultralight clubs in the Noosa area.

Caboolture, Caloundra and Redcliffe all have ultralight aircraft operations with Caboolture having 100 plus aircraft (no knowledge of Caloundra or Redcliffe). Caboolture is a sports aviation friendly airport and at times is very busy. I suggest you contact the President of Caboolture Aero Club.

Q6. *Do ultralight flyers have a license of some sort?*

Ultralights are governed by Recreational Aviation Australia (RAA) and the Hang Gliding Federation of Australia (HGFA). They are both self regulating and governed and approved by CASA. All ultralight pilots receive a very high level of training and are required to do a minimum number of hours and pass three written exams, theory, air law and meteorology. In addition to this, cross country, radio and passenger endorsements are also required once the pilot has gained experience in airmanship. Pilots must keep their Certificate to Fly current. It can also be argued that ultralight pilots are more in tune with the weather and conditions than other forms of aviation.

Q7. *Would those who utilize the airstrip be interested in assisting in the maintenance of the airstrip?*

Aerodromes around the country are operated by private owners and government authorities alike. They keep the airstrip, airport, aerodrome maintained. There are reciprocal arrangements that aircraft are not charged for using each others strip. Commercial operators charge landing fees, i.e. Archerfield (ultralights are not permitted).

I believe the aero modelers have kept the strip tidy and looked after some of the maintenance. They have also added valued security to the area.

Q8. *Outline the importance of the airstrip.*

Noosa North Shore landing strip has been used for many years for training by most flying schools in the area. It is safe, remote and has no noise sensitive areas. It is also the only strip between Noosa and Rainbow Beach (both private strips) and both are hazardous.

An ideal airstrip is NNSLF even though it has no facilities.

NARROMINE by Chris Pfeiffer



It was the second phone call I'd had from J Cresswell that week.

"Well, are you coming or what? It's the ten year anniversary of Nat Fly, you're on holidays, the weather looks great, you said you wanted to do a trip. Graham says he's in for sure, the stars are in alignment...I had already failed to get to New Zealand for the mountain flying after saying I was in so I wasn't going to commit.

Even after we sat in the hanger going over maps and routes, and listening to advice from Narromine veterans, "don't expect to make it the first year", "beware the piliga scrub!" and the Creswell announcing "Right. That's the plan then!" I still didn't say I was a definite.

The plan was to depart Caboolture 6.00am Thursday morning and travel as far as weather and time allowed. We did not set the goal of getting to Narromine day one. The route would be Caboolture-Inglewood-Moree-Coonamble-Narromine. A total distance of 410 nm.

I woke before the alarm at 4.30am and was at the field at 5.30am.

I'd done the 125 hourly the day before and fuelled up, 70 ltrs in the tank and 20 ltrs on the back seat, so it was just a matter of packing the trike in the dark and a pre-flight in the poor light of early morning. Taxiing out I could see Graham's 503 was running and the Cresswells looked set to go. I thought "who's that with Crezzie?" I had to look twice as Julie was so rugged up she looked twice the size she normally does! At the end of 12 I went through the checks again and noticed the front tyre bulging out a bit more than normal during power run up. I had time, so I shut down and got the pump out and added some atmosphere to it. By then Graham and the Cresswells had arrived. I



REFUELLING AT MOREE

walked over to Crezzie and he looked up from his map board and said "Oh, so you decided to come then! Very good". A quickly yelled discussion about the route and radio chat frequencies and we

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were off at 6.14am.



The weather was perfect. One of those clear blue sky mornings that you sometimes get as reward for getting up so bloody early. And we were getting 5 knots assist! Graham had departed first and I had lost sight of him almost immediately. The Cresswells had departed after me but five minutes later were easily above me and tracking further south. (912's should be outlawed on trikes.) I had tracked further towards Mt Mee to pass through the usual valley to Wivenhoe Dam and avoid the worst of the tiger country. As I crossed the range I caught sight of Graham orbiting to gain height over Dayboro. (The old broom stick was fully loaded!) He was obviously heading for his valley which is almost on track between Mt Sim Jue and Mt D'Aguilar.

Before Atkinson's Reservoir (which should be called Atkinson's paddock) I heard three Savannahs depart Kilcoy for Clifton. Graham

chatted to them and gave his position as over the Wivenhoe Dam and I was overtaken by them and a couple of Jabirus soon after. One of them so close that I exchanged waves with the occupants! I spent the next hour looking over my shoulder and planning how to mount a rear view mirror to the trike (or maybe one of those reversing cameras.) We heard the Savannahs and a couple of others call inbound to Inglewood and they left just after we arrived.

On touchdown at Inglewood I thought I had a flat tyre! The ground was so dry and hard it felt like landing on rocks! (or perhaps the front tyre was a tad over-inflated) "A quick turn around is a good turnaround". Cresswell had switched to long distance mode. In fact we all had. After a quick cuppa from the thermos and throwing 20l in we were ready to go. Touchdown Inglewood at 8.40am and departed at 9.15am.

Leaving Inglewood for Moree set a pattern that became normal for the whole trip. Graham and I would depart first; Crezzie was always waiting for his engine to warm up. (Does he have this problem at home, Julie?) I would gain height quicker than Graham and sometimes find the tail winds sooner. Cresswell would blast past us and then reduce speed to keep with us. I would then spend the entire trip trying to find Graham and once sighted would immedi-

YOUR NEWSLETTER—YOUR VIEWS—YOUR COMMENTS

ately loose him again. I could not believe how hard it was to locate the drifter even though I knew approximately where he was. We were all usually within sight of each other; Cresswell was always easy to spot against the blue sky or maybe it was that great big 912 that stood out so much!



Graham always started behind and below me (which strangely gave me a great sense of satisfaction) but then every time I tried to find him he had moved further in front. One day I had lost sight of him and given up swerving around trying to spot him when he suddenly appeared next to my air speed indicator 800 ft below and leaving me in his wake! The bastard! I think I could actually hear him snickering. We caught a slight head wind lower down and climbed to 4000 to find neutral conditions landing at Moree at 11.00.

The B.P. man was already at the pumps and reported a busy morning filling ultralights. We relieved him of some fuel, parked up, and retired to the terminal building to purchase something claiming to be

coffee from something claiming to be a coffee machine! We received a few curious glances from the staff but no one wanted to see ASIC cards or asked who we were. We had a better break here to thaw out and munch on assorted food stuffs, ring home and check the weather.

We departed at 12.23 into blue skies, 15 knots and thermals and tracked for Pilliga to skirt around the famous scrub. Again we found slight head winds lower down and climbed to 6000 until we found some assist.

We had regular radio check on each other on the chat channel on the half hour, which was a great idea of Cressies as it at least let you know who was still out there. We sometimes had to wait to get a word in due to the amount of other chatter as everyone converged on Narromine. As we approached Burren Junction, I caught the end of a discussion between Graham and Cressie. Graham had said he was going to land but had then changed his mind. I could see Cressie orbiting overhead Burren Junction strip even though I was almost over Pilliga. I tried to call and ask what he was doing but my radio was not transmitting very well and all he could tell me was that he could hear me but I was garbled. The reason I was concerned was that I had been experiencing slight power losses for the last 20 minutes. After hearing

NARROMINE (Cont'd)

Graham was going to land I thought he may have the same problem and thought it may be the fuel we had picked up at Moree.

The revs would slowly drop from 5400 to 4600 accompanied by the occasional cough! A few movements of the throttle would result in smooth running again for five minutes and then the performance would start again. I am embarrassed to admit that I did not immediately realise what the problem was. (Even though I was at 6700ft and flying just below cloud base) Yes...Yes...I can hear you from here, and your right it was carburetor icing. It was with much relief that I started the decent to Coonamble and the Rotax returned to its old self. The Cresswells were first into Coonamble. The wind was pretty well down 23 but quite gusty. I landed shortly after 3.00pm and taxied over to the clubhouse.

Waiting at Coonamble were Roger and Danny in their boorabies. They had left Caboolture shortly after us and had easily overtaken us. These two proved to be the best bit of gear we took along on the trip! By the time we arrived they had arranged fuel, drinks, accommodation and transport into town. For the rest of the trip they helped us out with everything from advanced weather reports and picking bindies out of tyres at 5.30am in the morning to even putting up Graham's tent! Many

thanks guys for all your help. They filled us in on the situation and we talked about the trip so far.

While we casually chatted we had no idea that Graham had been abducted by aliens and was probably subjected to horrific treatment and experiments for hours! And was then returned to our time! When he finally arrived at Coonamble he strongly believed he had been missing for an hour but was only 15 minutes behind us! We questioned him at great length but he could not, or would not, tell us what had happened. Alien abduction is the only plausible explanation but we will never know for sure.....I mean it's not like he got lost or anything is it??

We phoned the fuel guy and he came out and filled us up (\$1.66/l)

Danny had arranged for us to stay in the clubhouse which we all thought was great; unfortunately a couple in a Grumman cheetah arrived and claimed the double bed. They apparently believed they were the top of the "food chain" as we were only ultralights. It followed then that the Cresswells got the only other bed because they had a four stroke 912. Roger, Danny and myself, all 582 received the front veranda on our blow ups and Graham was sent off to sleep on the luggage trolley at the terminal because he has only got a little one (503) and he snores like a train!



**32-4582 VOTED BEST TRIKE
NATRROMINE—2007**

Next morning we were all up before dawn (we didn't see the G.A. pilots but I'm sure they wished they slept somewhere else as the front door of the clubhouse was slamming every 30 seconds as we all packed and made coffee's) We had parked the trikes/drifter on the grass next to the clubhouse, big mistake! As we moved the trikes out to the tarmac we found the tyres covered in three corner jack's or as we later came to know them "bastard bloody bindies!" We spent half an hour lying on the ground picking them carefully out of the tyres. Not the best start we could have hoped for and it definitely didn't improve Cressies mood. (I don't think he's a morning person.)

The boorabies left first and we were off soon after at 7.15am for the 80 mile trip to Narromine, the idea being to arrive before the circuit got too busy. I was surprised to find we had quite a strong cross

wind and hazy conditions. I'm not sure if it was smoke or mist but I was quite pleased to have the Garmin pointing the way. I was sure it looked a lot clearer higher up and climbed to 4700 but there was no improvement. Gilgandra was only 15 miles off track but I could hardly make it out. Hats off to the pilots who flew this flat land before all the electronic aids we have today! Ten miles out we made our inbound call and heard the boorabies land. There was already about the same amount of traffic we would expect at Caboolture on a Saturday morning! I heard the Unicom operator begin to reply to traffic and give them a number in line. As we approached three gyro's called five miles and the Unicom guy slotted them in after two ultralights on final. There was also a Lanceair going around as he had overrun a slower aircraft. We spoke to Unicom as he had started work after our ten mile call and didn't know we were there. We requested to join downwind after the gyros as the Lanceair on down wind was about three miles out. The conditions were quite rough (my G.P.S. shows my downwind speed as 70knt and my short final speed as 34knt.) and with a Lanceair on final behind us, who had already gone around once, we exited the runway as soon as possible! As we taxied up to the tie down area, our advanced party, Roger and Danny, were there to show us to our tie down places and they even helped us tie down in the windy conditions! Talk about service!

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Once the machines were tied down, fuel arranged and tents up we relaxed and spent Friday and Saturday checking the show out. There were hundreds of aircraft to see, mostly modern speed machines, plenty of suppliers and experts to talk to and seminars to attend. We met up with a few other trike pilots from interstate and swapped lies; saw some powered parachutes almost get blown away, Dick Smith flew his citation in, saw the replica "Wright flyer" and a lot of other stuff that just will not fit in here.

Our return trip to Caboolture was equally enjoyable. The boorabies left on Saturday afternoon to visit overnight at a station west of Coonamble. The Cresswells, Graham and I departed Narromine at 6.15 on Sunday and battled the head winds to Inglewood. Stopping at Coonamble and Moree to refuel. I spent most of the trip above 7500 to stay out of the worst of the winds and apart from being cold it was a pretty good ride home. We spent the night at Inglewood with the boorabies and Gene in his savannah from Kilcoy. Next morning we departed for Caboolture. The forecast was for 15-20 knots S.E. and we were all a little concerned about crossing the range at Wivenhoe. After departing Inglewood we had our last radio check together. Graham and I spoke again at Clifton where he stopped for fuel and Gatton where

I stopped for fuel but we lost Cressie who headed further north to Kilcoy and into Caboolture via Woodford valley. Graham and I crossed the range warily at Mt Sim Jue to land at 9.36.

We all went off to our separate hangers and packed up so it was a bit of an anti-climax to a great trip.

The trip had been fantastic! It really brought home to me that the weather is in charge of things and dictates your movements. Trikes may be slower than a lot of machines available today but the sense of achievement and smile factor is proportionally greater. We had a safe trip and flying in a group was fantastic!

Thanks again to Danny and Roger for all there help and to The Cresswells and Graham for making it a most enjoyable time. Thanks again Roger for giving up valuable hours the day before departure to attempt to improve my radio and fit a new aerial.



G.P.S. data

5/4/7	06:15		Depart Caboolture	
	08:40	2:20	Arrive Inglewood	132 nm
	09:15		Depart Inglewood	
	11:10	2:00	Arrive Moree	97 nm
	12:23		Depart Moree	
	15:00	2:37	Arrive Coonamble	124 nm
6/4/7	07:15		Depart Coonamble	
	08:52	1:37	Arrive Narromine	80 nm
		-----		-----
		8 hrs:34min		433 nm
8/4/7	06:15		Depart Narromine	
	08:00	1:45	Arrive Coonamble	81nm
	08:43		Depart Coonamble	
	11:05	2:18	Arrive Moree	126nm
	12:26		Depart Moree	
	14:26	2:00	Arrive Inglewood	97nm
9/4/7	06:12		Depart Inglewood	
	08:02	1:50	Arrive Gatton	90nm
	08:24		Depart Gatton	
	09:36	1:12	Arrive Caboolture	52nm
		-----		-----
		9 hr:05 min		446nm

Maximum height 8504 ft

Editor's note:

Thanks Chris for this concise report of your Narromine trip. I congratulate you on your first contribution to Hanger Talk. Unfortunately, I had to print your photographs in black and white due to printing costs, but I am sure everyone would appreciate your effort. Well done.

INGLEWOOD 2007

A double report from Derek Tremain and Neil Schaefer



Report One

The question was asked why go there? Since John Cresswell has been around, the trike pilots have been stretching their wings and migrating further a field than they used to. This year taking two trikes and a drifter down to Narromine (18 hours return) via Inglewood.

Inglewood is not just a waypoint and somewhere to stretch your legs. Every May Weekend, for the last 20 years, they have hosted a gathering of ultralights, hang-gliders, trikes, gyros and helicopters. But why go there someone asked?

Some one answered "the town folk make us very welcome. They are friendly, committed and enthusiastic." The aviation is enjoyable, no protocol, just good old fashioned airmanship. From dawn till dusk, the airstrip is a beehive of activity. In the chill of pre sunrise, there seems to be a race to be the first flying machine in the air. Meanwhile the Historical Society fire up their generator adding to the pre-dawn commotion. Not that anybody minds, the campers wake up to a strip run display and a hot cup of coffee, followed by eggs, bacon, toast and an assortment of burgers. All prepared by the volunteer Historical Society; members

who willingly turn up every year.

The morning is punctuated by sleek GA looking ultralights arriving, followed by the more traditional rag and tube that have come just as far but taken twice as long. Fuel guzzling Warbirds zoom in and grace the skies. A replica Spitfire with a replica sounding engine performing victory rolls free of charge to the many spectators that have come to watch this aviation spectacular.

Locals take joy flights, some paid for; some free but all arrive back on earth with a grin from ear to ear. Wayne Fisher in his GA registered drifter performs barnstorming stunts that biggles would be proud of, let alone the Wright Brothers.

More aircraft are still arriving and as the sun goes down a quick last fix of aviation before we hit the town.

The pubs are full, all rooms are booked, the servo is doing a roaring trade and the town is buzzing.

Back at the airstrip the hangies know how to party. All you need to do is pull up a chair to the glowing log fire and watch the antics of the glider pilots.

The next day is much of the same with even better weather conditions for the hang gliders. The

hangies wait until midday for their hangovers to subside and the thermals to rise. Tow launching starts in earnest. The hang gliders are lined up waiting for their 2000 foot launch by the ever busy Dragonflies. Some 30+ gliders are now in the sky adding to the outback airshow.

The Lions Club of Inglewood put on a feast every year. Ice cold beers, damper, roast dinner, deserts, tea and coffee but 2007 was the 20th year of the Inglewood fly in, so a few special presentations and a few speeches. The hat was passed around, collecting almost \$2000, just a sign of the appreciation of the flyers.

Monday is departure time – trikes first, followed by the other slower machines then an orderly departure from one of the friendliest towns in Queensland.....DT



Report Two

Alarm clocks were placed in zones not welcomed, and Derek, John & Julie and Neil set off from Caboolture with Jo in a much more relaxed pursuit as back up driver. The dreaded fog raised it's ugly head but we even beat it at it's own game and punched out of Caboolture as the layers were just forming - fortunately this was the last of the fog but not the last of the headwind - Derek, our in flight statistician had us at 42kts G/ speed in perfect skies to our first

leg Dalby, and we are getting a pretty good feel for this trip having done it a number of times over the last twelve months, just on two hours got us in to Dalby, fortunately with Oakey not active and Don Cramer ready and waiting with intrepid aviator son to be, Hugh, running the show from the back seat of Don's XT582

My heavy footed blast to Dalby cost me 40 litres of juice and a little too fine with only 44 in the tank! - Mental note for reference in future!!!

Lesson 1- When it comes to fuel use it and lose it!

The trip to Inglewood was a flying sightseeing tour with Doggie our tour guide - Flat and dry with easy flying had us in to Inglewood at around 10.30am, where the growing gaggles of planes had already staked their claim on the fence line parking spots. John & Julie diverted to revisit some friends made in last years trip at Millmeran and returned their hospitality in much drier conditions with some joy flights and socialising before arriving late in the afternoon.

The local Lions Club and Inglewood community did what only small communities can and made us immediately welcome with organisation, catering and shuttles to town that many larger organisations could do well to learn from.

For me it was a return to a place I hadn't seen for many years, where I flew hang gliders in the late 80's

and 90's, so I spent the weekend catching up with many old friends, and despite the extra kids, greying hair and a few more character lines, I re-affirmed what I have always known - true friends bought together by a common love of flying will always remain true friends. Much flying, great yarns and later that night much alcohol was consumed surrounded by talk of all things aviation - with the occasional dash of motorcycles as well - this was heaven.

Lesson 2 - get your tent up before you go out to play - thanks everyone for your help learning how to erect a new tent!

Cressie had arranged to rendezvous with a work colleague Chris who was ferrying his new Yamaha R1 home to Sydney the long way round - Chris fitted right into the revelry and offers of flying were put on the table for the next day. With many miles of riding to go, Chris made an early departure southbound on his new mega toy - no doubt he still got some of his own flying in on the R1!

Monday—The sun rose to another perfect morning, but the weather was to get its own back today, with what should have been fairly light conditions turning a tad more interesting.

The plan was to fly Warwick - Cunningham's Gap - Boonah (refuel), Heck and then a leisurely trip up the islands home.

Lesson 3 - When you call your

wife and you ask her what the weather forecast said on TV - Listen to her!!

Well a heady 18kts on the nose to Warwick (ESE) put paid to this plan and a recalculation to Gatton-Watts if necessary and then home was made. This worked out well by climbing high, we reduced the fight to about 6kts headwind and a birds eye view of the ranges where smoother air prevailed, even if a little on the cold side. With a stop at one of my old skydiving haunts at Ripcord thrown in, and while I wouldn't make this a habit as the owner doesn't particularly like unarranged visits, the blustery conditions much better suited his runway direction, and we were welcomed for a short stop over to refuel and have a coffee once again in the hope of a direct flight home.

The final leg was a little strategic in the hope we could cross the range without getting hammered, as the clouds were rolling in with base at between 3-3500 feet - getting over Mt Sampson or Mt Mee at this height is not what you'd say wise and definitely not fun in a 15kt SEasterly but some good timing between cells and 3 different crossing points and we all skipped over and back to home territory without a problem.

Lesson 4 - When you measure everything up and use your experience - sometimes you have to go for it!

A great weekend, great people,

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and definitely an adventure - thanks again to John, Derek, Don, Julie and Jo for your company, camaraderie and assistance - I know in twenty years we will all look at each other the way I did with other old friends at Inglewood this weekend and know we share something many will never get to understand or cherish..... NS

Thank you Inglewood, see you in 2008.



MAINTENANCE DAY —15 April 2007

The day was well attended. The topic of the day was Daily Inspections using Dave Marsh's trike as a guinea pig.

Question – what is a daily inspection?

Answer - a daily inspection comprises both a pre flight and post flight examination

The component inspection should be broken down into the following

- Does it function correctly
- Is it damaged?
- Is it due to be replaced?
- what do I need to look for with this component?
- Has it changed since last inspection?
- Are there any advisories or manufacturers bulletins pertaining to this component?

- Look beyond the covers for possible damage by moving the part.

- The inspection should be methodical
- Always do it the same
- Treat every daily inspection as if it was the first one ever on the aircraft.
- you fly it - you daily inspection it!
- Don't wait for the " ROUND TUIT" - GET AROUND TO IT NOW!!

Unfortunately for Marshy the Bettsometer did it's job on his aging mainsail and failed at about 70% load of what it should have. In doing so it tore the sail about 5cm, when we tested the other side, at a transverse angle, the sail passed!

This has left an unanswered question on the correct way to load the sail with the weave bias when testing - hopefully someone out there can answer this one?

The next maintenance day will be 8 July 2007 at 10amNS

WARNING—COMFORT ZONE
A Pilot's Report



I arrived at the airstrip to prepare for an early take off to Clifton. I was well organised and had thought of the many things I needed for the weekend away. I had intended to take off at 6.30 am but a few minor hiccups delayed departure to 7.30 am.

A smooth climb into crisp clear air, just the way I like it. I had my mapboard and GPS guiding me to my first way point, Gatton; the range at Dayboro was covered in low cloud with just a few holes – do I or don't I. The engine was running like a clock, so decided to keep going; a little risky but calculated, once over the range, I dropped below cloud. Still on track and enjoying the ride. No problems, I've done this trip many times before so the scenery was familiar – no need for GPS or charts, but just for the exercise, I kept a check on progress, eventually landing at Clifton at 9.15 am, beating the strengthening wind conditions.

Clifton is a great fly-in and soon many aircraft were arriving. The wind blew 15-20 knots, sometimes gusting more over the weekend. Early Sunday morning was fogged in but this soon cleared and a number of friends arrived in their aircraft. The wind was picking up from the SW. Aircraft began leav-

ing as I watched the windssock blowing a good 20 knots.

I had decided to leave at 4pm hoping the wind was going to ease. I prepared my aircraft for departure. I knew it was going to be a rough trip home. I lightened the trike, leaving the bare essentials, off loading tents, spare jerry cans and oddly enough my map board, stowing the chart, in the trike pocket; I didn't need it, I knew the way. I kissed the wife good bye and started my prechecks. The temperature on the ground was 35C. Wind 20+ knots cross strip. All the other aircraft had left, leaving me with the airstrip to myself. Because of the strength and direction of the wind, I decided to take off across the strip, just a short take off, roll and I was in the air with 70 litres of fuel climbing to circuit height. The Skydat audible alarm went off; the water temperature had risen to 85F. The lights were flashing, also the Skydat gauge, and another first for this trike. I was getting kicked around by the gusty winds. I eased off the throttle to a steady climb which settled the temperature just enough to stop the alarms. Thank god for that, I didn't want to land in these conditions.

Things had started too settled down, so I started tracking direct to Caboolture thanks to my GPS. No sooner had I got my heading my GPS warned me – low batteries; I

CABOOLTURE MICROLIGHTS

knew they were low and had asked my wife to get me some more – being blonde she bought rechargeable, so I couldn't use them and inadvertently I overlooked them before take off. The temperature was gradually going down as I climbed enough to clear the range and the air was smoothing out. I was in control and heading for Gatton. Once over the range, the visibility was poor and I couldn't see Gatton township. I knew this area quite well I thought. The sun was low in the west and I knew I had to head NE. I hit the GPS and it stayed on long enough to give me a heading. So picking a land mark on the horizon, I pushed on. Some 15-20 minutes had passed and I expected to recognize the area – for example Lowood, Wivenhoe, Somerset and Atkinson Dams. I hit the GPS again, asking it to GO TO Watts; again it stayed on long enough indicating Watts was to the NW. I didn't believe it and continued heading east. Finally I recognized where I was. I was on the outskirts of Amberley air space South of Laidley. I set the radio frequency to Amberley and hit the PTT. Nobody at home. Then someone came back and said Amberley wasn't active. I had forgotten to change channels or dialled the wrong frequency. Whoever it was I spoke to was polite, helpful and reassuring. I now knew where I was and knew what altitude to fly at. I had plenty of fuel but was

now running out of daylight. I had 60 minutes to get back to Caboolture.

I tracked north along the mountain range. The reason I hadn't seen the dams was poor visibility and the lack of water in them. Once North of Amberley, I could see over the range. The eastern side was clouded in. I looked at my watch 5.45 pm – last light at Caboolture was 6.30 pm. I knew how long it took to get home from here. I had 35 litres of fuel left and in the distance Kilcoy was clear of cloud so assumed I could get from Kilcoy to Caboolture under the cloud; time was running out. I had three options 1. Land at Kilcoy; 2. Hope for a clear run from Kilcoy to Caboolture, or 3. In ten minutes turn right for Caboolture over the clouds. I took the third option at exactly 6pm. Crossing the range over cloud at what I knew was a safe height. There were some holes; enough to get me out of trouble if the noise stopped. Above the cloud at 3500ft it was silky smooth, flying you can only dream about. The engine was purring, all systems were normal, temperature perfect, revs constant and the sun still high on the horizon, setting fast. In the distance I could see a large hole appearing in the east, I estimated it to be above Caboolture. I slowly descended, a bit disappointed that this part of the flight had to end. Above the large hole in the cloud, I

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spiralled down. I was above Caboolture Show Grounds, the lights were on. The stream of headlights down the Highway was surreal. Below the clouds, it was almost dark. Descending to circuit. The wind had eased to 5 knots. A friend was flashing his car headlights; I touched down in the twilight, 2 hours 15 minutes after leaving Clifton. By the time the hanger doors had swung open it was dark.

I have been flying trikes for 10

years. I am an experienced pilot. I am cautious and careful but on this trip I broke a few of my own rules. Usually I don't take off if the winds are 20 knots. I learnt years ago not to fly above clouds, let alone in them. My adventure was compounded by the fact that the trike wasn't fitted with a compass; the trike now has a permanent compass and the GPS is now patched in, so I don't have to rely on batteries.

MY THOUGHTS



Firstly sincere respect to the pilot for having the courage to write such a frank disclosure of his flight. There is no such thing as a perfect pilot – ALL of us are only as good as our last flight and, as the saying goes, we have to learn from other peoples mistakes as there isn't enough time to make them all ourselves. Reading reports like this, and thinking about what we would have done in that situation, helps us avoid making the same mistakes.

James Reasons "Swiss Cheese" model likens accidents to multiple slices of swiss cheese stacked side by side. Each slice has a number of holes which represent errors, malfunctions, misjudgements or mistakes. An accident occurs only when the holes in all of the slices line up. Rotating or changing even one slice would stop all the holes from being aligned. This is analogous to one different decision, or one circumstance not occurring, being enough to prevent the accident. So let's consider the "holes" in this story (which could easily have resulted in an accident).

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- #1 *Aircraft wasn't fitted with a compass.*
- The compass is about the least likely instrument to fail and it is the primary means of navigation for VFR flight – that's why it's a legal requirement to have one (even if the manufacturer didn't fit one!).*
- #2 *GPS not hard wired to aircraft power supply.*
- Even basic GPS consume a lot of power &, invariably, the batteries will run out when you most need navigation assistance.*
- #3 *not replacing GPS batteries.*
- See above. An attempt was made to get replacement batteries but why not keep a spare set in the plane or your flying suit pocket?*
- #4 *Stowing chart in trike pocket*
- Not the wisest decision considering #1, #2 and #3. It is a legal requirement to carry a chart for this flight. Obviously the pilot was confident before take off of his track home.*
- #5 *Take off time*
- Delaying his departure until late afternoon was a reasonable attempt to minimise flight time in the rough air earlier in the day. The pilot calculated his flight time based on a "worst-case" of 20kt headwinds and allowed sufficient time to reach the destination in this scenario. Nevertheless, this didn't allow sufficient time for not navigating a direct track nor for having to take a longer route to the destination.*
- #6 *Over temperature Alarm*
- Probably not a major factor but undoubtedly this distracted the pilot during the first part of the flight and increased his workload when it would have been better to concentrate on other aspects of the flight such as navigation.*
- #7 *Poor visibility / not recognising ground features*

CABOOLTURE MICROLIGHTS

If they are honest, all pilots will admit to occasions when they were “unsure of position”. Without a map, GPS or compass this pilot was relying entirely on his local knowledge of the area. The drought has changed the appearance of many water features such as Atkinson’s Dam and the reduced light towards evening can dramatically affect the visibility of ground features. This pilot has been flying in the local area for many years – if he can become disorientated how would somebody else have fared?

#8 *Not believing the GPS heading*

Certainly GPS are not infallible hence they should not be used as primary means of navigation. A lot of the potential problems are operator error (such as misprogramming) but the pilot had presumably used the coordinates for Watts Bridge on other flights. He was actually much further off track than he thought, hence the GPS information didn’t seem plausible and he chose to disregard it.

#9 *Different weather on the coast*

I don’t know whether the forecast predicted low cloud on the coast at this time or whether the forecast was disregarded or not obtained. Certainly the weather earlier in the day had not suggested this was likely. Nevertheless, when planning x-c flights, consideration should be given to the possibility of having to take a different route (such as via Woodford in this case).

#10 *Decision to go above the clouds.*

The final slice and the most serious! VFR “on top” of more than 4/8 cloud cover is dangerous. It makes navigation difficult or impossible, you need to be completely certain that you can remain in VFR for the entire flight and it greatly reduces the options in the event of an engine failure. On this occasion, the decision was made because there was insufficient time to take the alternative route round the range before the end of daylight. This is a classic case of “get-home-itis” which is undoubtedly

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the most common factor in accident reports (most of which don't have as happy a conclusion as on this occasion).

At what point would YOU have done something different to stop all these holes lining up?

If you had made the same decisions and there had not been a convenient gap in the cloud near the destination, what would YOU have done?

Please think about this and email me your answers. I will do another article so we can all learn from this but all responses will be treated as anonymous - don't be shy! As an incentive, I'll give a free DVD of my microlight expedition in Africa for the best answer I receive. (If you have already bought one I will refund the price.)



John Cresswell



MOUNTAIN FLYING IN NEW ZEALAND

by John Cresswell



Chris Pfeiffer originally had the idea of going to do some mountain flying in New Zealand after reading an article about it in a flying magazine. I had some holiday which I had to either use or lose but unfortunately, circumstances prevented Chris from coming along. I managed to convince Jules that it wouldn't be cold in New Zealand so it was all arranged with cheap flights to Dunedin, a hire car and an apartment in Wanaka. Happily my optimism about the weather wasn't misplaced and, despite claims that a public holiday is declared in Dunedin if the temperature exceeds 21°, there was warm sunshine when we arrived which luckily stayed for most of the time we were there.

The mountain flying experience was run by Fly Wanaka from (not surprisingly) Wanaka airfield – home to the NZ fighter pilots museum and the famous “Wings over Wanaka” bi-annual airshow.

They have had pilots from around the world visit there to experience flying in the Southern Alps which rise to over 10,000ft and have year-round snow. The instructors all have years of flying experience in the area – the owner grew up on a farm with no road access & had her first flight on the way home from maternity hospital in a cot in

the family Cessna. Another is a commercial pilot whose day job is flying tourists between Queenstown and Milford Sound. Fly Wanaka are agents for Tecnam and the aircraft I flew was the Bravo. Although this looks rather like the Echo we see at Caboolture (but without wing struts) it is in fact much higher performance – the laminar flow wing gives a 116kt cruise and the “slow” speed is 70kts!

The flying started with an introduction to the Bravo in the flat terrain around the airport. This included slow speed manoeuvring and practice force landings. Then it was into the mountains for my first exposure to turning in valleys. This definitely takes some practice as there is no convenient horizon to assess attitude and it's somewhat daunting to be staring at a rock face towering above you during the turn. After practicing in several different types of valleys, we progressed to saddle crossings.

The next day concentrated on contour following with more valley turns, saddle crossings and practice forced landings. Both days also included circuits and landings at a selection of bush strips which could best be described as

“interesting”. All of them featured one or more potential hazards - gradient, narrow, cambered,

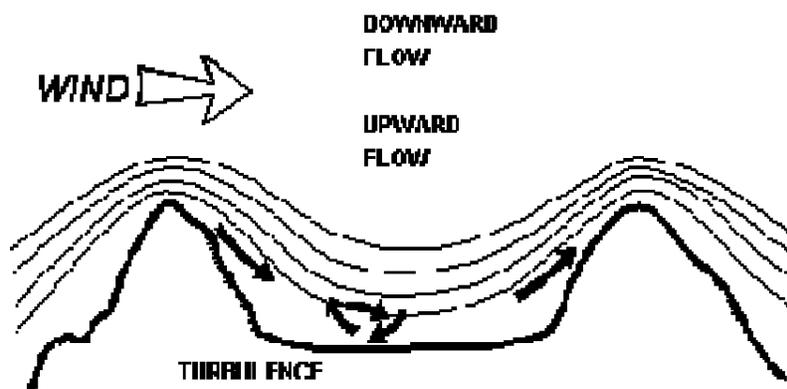
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length, surrounding terrain. To be fair most of these wouldn't have been too tricky in the trike (at least on a calm day – if there ever is such a thing there). I have to admit I found it a lot harder in something with an approach speed not much less than the V_{ne} of the XT.

The final days flying was putting in practice what I had learnt by trying to cross the mountains to the world famous Milford Sound on the coast. From the perspective of learning, the weather was perfect with a stronger wind that the previous days which blew cloud in over the tops of the mountains and reduced the cloud base in the valleys. These are exactly the conditions where you have to be able to do the manoeuvres I had been shown. Flying over the peaks isn't mountain flying. We tried several

different routes to reach the coast and the final attempt was along the valley which carries the only road to Milford but, at the head of the valley (& only a few km away), the road passes through a tunnel. Since we couldn't cross the saddle there unfortunately were not able to reach Milford safely. In this scenario IFR ("I Follow Roads) doesn't work but at least it saved me the \$50 landing fee if we had.

There is no single answer to how to fly in mountains but the most important principle is to never get yourself in a position that you can't safely get out of. This requires thinking ahead, being aware of the surroundings and conditions and constantly reassessing the situation.

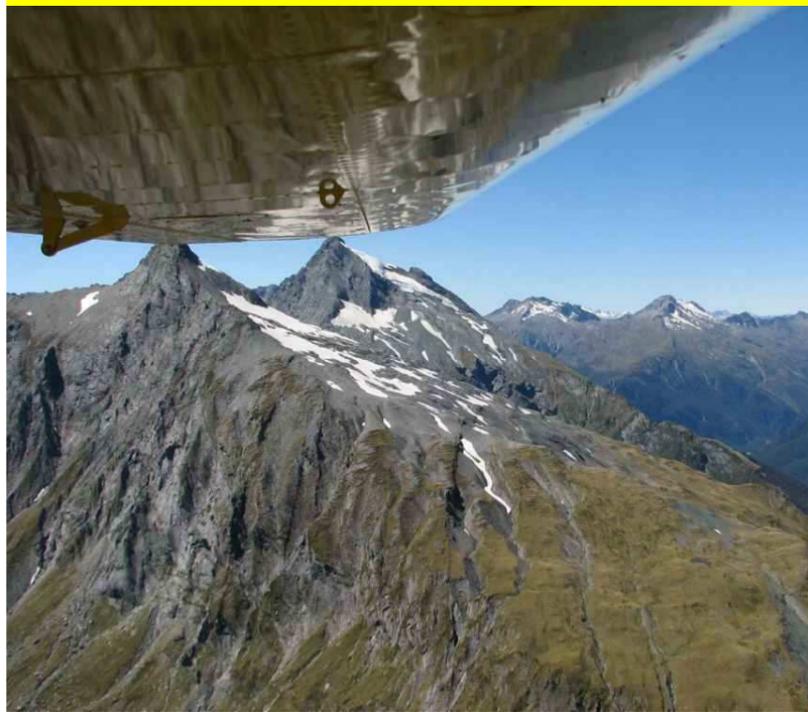


For once you have tasted flight, you will walk the earth with your eyes turned skywards, for there you have been and there you long to return.
Leonardo da Vinci

This is of course applicable to in less extreme flying too (especially in the changeable environment around here with differences between coast & inland). It was hard work but my few days flying were a fantastic experience and the perfect antidote to the easy flying along tropical beaches. I would definitely like to go back.



The Tecnam Bravo



See you next Newsletter—Derek Tremain