



**RAANZ**  
**NATIONAL FLY-IN**  
2008 Waipukurau March 7-9



## The Stratomaster range of aircraft instruments

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120x90 colour display  
 9 user defined screens, eg...  
 IFR- ASI ALT AI HSI T&B compass  
 VFR- ASI ALT VSI AOA tach  
 engine- CHT EGT fuel oil battery  
 moving map- 3D airspace aware  
 HITS 3D route navigation  
 NAV- GPS, VOR, GS  
 3D terrain- terrain warning  
 checklists

Internal GPS receiver  
 Internal ALT, ASI, AOA sensors  
 SD card for map/airspace data  
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 User set range, alarm limits  
 Audio/speech/visual warnings/alarms

Base unit for primary flight/GPS \$3571  
 Add RDAC for engine data \$ 280  
 Add AHRS for AH/compass \$1362  
 Add secondary display \$3571

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Internal ALT, ASI sensors  
 PC screen layout design tool  
 User set range, alarm limits  
 Audio/visual alarms

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 ASI-3 airspeed \$ 332  
 ASX-2 altimeter/ASI combo \$ 419  
 AV-2 compass/turn/AI display \$ 258  
 FF-3 fuel flow (1 or 2 tank) \$ 265  
 GF-2 G force \$ 345  
 MAP-2 manifold pressure \$ 345  
 RV-3 tachometer \$ 258  
 TC-2,3 temperature (4/12 channel) \$ 305,409  
 TP-2 fuel/oil temp/pressure \$ 261  
 VSI-2 VSI \$ 355  
 GPS-1 GPS receiver \$ 514  
 RTC-1 clock \$ 278

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2.25 inch compact instruments

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EMS-503,582 engine monitor \$ 442,412  
 ALT-1,2 altimeter (no/serial encoder out) \$ 302,345  
 ASI-1 airspeed \$ 275  
 ASX-1 altimeter/ASI combo \$ 382  
 AV-1 compass/turn/AI display \$ 184  
 FF-1,2 fuel flow (1/2 tank) \$ 211,234  
 GF-1 G force \$ 268  
 MAP-1 manifold pressure \$ 302  
 RV-1,2 tachometer (rpm/%rpm) \$ 188,188  
 TC-1 temperature (4 channel) \$ 228  
 TP-1 fuel/oil temp/pressure \$ 191  
 VSI-1 VSI \$ 302

# SPARX-FLY

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Recently the Hawke's Bay Microlight Club hosted the RAAZ National Fly-in at Waipukurau, The three day event was very well attended with aircraft coming from as far away as Kaitaia in the north and Arrowtown in the south.

About 200 enthusiasts and 70 aeroplanes turned up for the Saturday competition with a large group of locals also helping to make the day a great success.



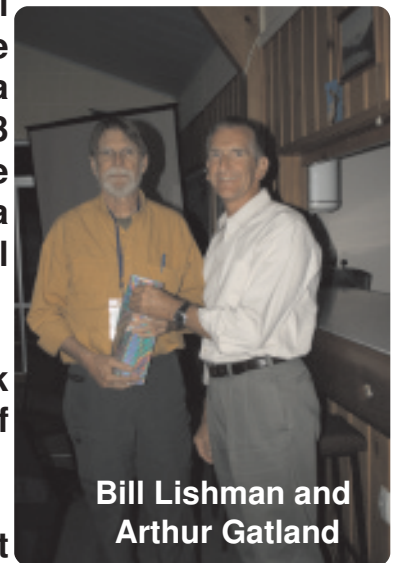
Gavin Grimmer judges



Rex Kenny of presents

Both the CAA and the Downunder Pilotshop had display tents with lots of goodies for the punters, and just after lunch Rex Kenny of the CAA gave a very informative seminar in the local hangar (standing room only).

At the Presentation Dinner which was held on the Saturday night there was special guest in Bill Lishman (aka Father Goose) all the way from Canada who gave a spellbinding address to the 93 assembled guests. Also during the dinner the guest speaker Arthur Gatland from Auckland gave a very interesting illustrated speech which was very well received by all those who were gathered.



Bill Lishman and Arthur Gatland

Also it must be remembered that during the lunch time break Arthur had enthralled the crowd with a dazzling display of aerobatics in a GLIDER.

To Ken McKee and his team of willing helpers the microlight community of Hawke's Bay say thank-you very much for a great weekend of competition, comradeship and entertainment a great weekend enjoyed by everyone.

A big thankyou must also go to the Napier Squadron ATC who gave up their time and came out on the Saturday to look after the local visitors.



## BILL LISHMAN VISITS RALLY 08



The organisers of the RAANZ National Rally this year, were thrilled to have been able to have Bill Lishman, also known as Father Goose, attend as a special guest.

Bill is better known in NZ for the 1990's film 'Fly Away Home' starring our own Anna Paquin. This film was based on his training of geese to fly with his microlight as they migrated from Canada to the South Eastern United States. Bill is a pioneer microlight pilot who started hang gliding in the 1970's and then tied an engine to his back "to make things easier". He has continued with his microlight flying and still flies his Maxair Drifter regularly. Bill has been directly involved with the migration of Whooping Cranes, using microlights to help save this almost extinct species. He is currently promoting the use of microlights fitted with belly pods to airlift vital supplies into inaccessible areas during civil emergencies. (see below for relevant websites)

Bill was in New Zealand on a Canadian tourism assignment with a very tight schedule and was keen to attend our Rally at Waipukurau.

After many emails and telephone calls it was arranged for our Ian Sinclair to fly from Timaru to Queenstown on the Saturday morning and pick Bill up. They then flew in Ian's Cessna 172 RG direct to Waipukurau via the Southern Alps, Cook Strait and the Wairarapa. Bill said it was clear all the way and they had "spectacular views of the country all the way".

In the afternoon Bill gave a most interesting and well illustrated seminar on his adventures, which brought a lump to many throats of those fortunate enough to attend.

As Bill circulated around the Rally he spoke with many there and all were impressed with his friendly, easy going manner.

That evening Bill was the guest of honour at the presentation dinner and was given a bottle of local Hawkes Bay wine. Bill said our Rally "was like Oshkosh only on a more personal scale".

Sunday morning saw Bill on the airfield for a hurried breakfast before the 0730 take off to Wellington with Ian. Bill then caught a scheduled flight to Queenstown where he was met by our Pete James and driven to Milford Sound where he then boarded the cruise ship which sailed at 1600.



The Rally organisers are indebted to all those who made Bill's visit possible with special thanks to Ian Sinclair and Pete James.

Further information about Bill Lishman can be found at [www.williamlishman.com](http://www.williamlishman.com) and [www.operationmigration.org](http://www.operationmigration.org) and [www.airfirstaid.com](http://www.airfirstaid.com)



**Stan Hyde**



**Athol Sowry**



**John White**

**WINNERS OF TROPHIES / PRIZES RAANZ RALLY 2008, WAIPUKURAU**

**Graeme Porter:** 406 PLB Raffle, Carl Richmond, Stratford.  
 Survival Kit Aircraft Flying Greatest Distance to Rally, Simon Patterson, Arrowtown, MVT.  
 Rotax DVD First Aircraft to Register With 912 Engine, Martin Smith, North Shore, RWD.  
 Cleaning Kit Aircraft Most In Need Of, Evan Gardner, Rangiora, TFB.

**Downunder Pilots Shop:** Heartland High Flier Book First in Bombing Comp, Bill Penman, Feilding, XPA.  
 Altimeter Wall Clock First in Landing Comp, Phil Budding, Feilding, KOS.  
 Instruments Coasters Second in Landing Comp, Athol Sowry, Woodville, MMK.

**Tecnam NZ: Sierra Model** Tecnam Flown Furthestest to Rally, Simon Patterson, Arrowtown, MVT.

**Alpi NZ: \$50** Alpi Flown Furthestest to Rally, Bruce Mckenzie, Whangarei, LPY

**Airways NZ: Shirt** First Aircraft to Arrive on a Flight Plan, Peter McKay, Auckland, BZU.

**Claridge Aviation Prints: Photos Of Aircraft**  
 Arthur Gatland, Guest speaker  
 First in Nav Comp. John White, Takapau LMG.

**Highrocks Vineyard: Bottle of Wine**  
 2nd Bombing, Roger Dixon, Feilding, MMK.  
 2nd Nav, Michael Bach, Auckland, MAL.  
 3rd Bombing, John Shakes, Masterton, TSC.  
 3rd Lndg Frank VanDerHulst, Feilding XPA.  
 3rd Navigation, Bill Penman, Feilding, XPA.

**Unison Vineyard: Bottle Wine**

**Guest of Honour, Bill Lishman, Canada.**

**McKees: Bottle Wine**

**First Aircraft to Register,  
Frank Van Der Hulst, Fielding, XPA.  
Slowest Aircraft Flown Furthest to Rally,  
Tony Lloyd, Springhill & Bob Walton, Tauranga.**

**Ross Macdonald: Half Hour Dual in Tiger Moth: Surprise Draw in Nav Comp,  
Frank Van Der Hulst, Feilding.**

## **RAANZ TROPHIES**

**Bay Of Plenty Flight Centre:**

**Best Maintained Aircraft – Reserve Champion,  
Stan Hyde, Feilding, ZOT.**

**Tecnam:**

**Best Maintained Aircraft – Supreme Champion,  
Peter Warner, Waipukurau, JQX**

**East Canterbury Aviation:**

**Best Presented Aircraft – Supreme Champion,  
Trevor McKeown, Masterton, TSC.**

**Kevin Ryan Memorial:**

**For Excellence in Microlight Aviation,  
Athol Sowry, Woodville.**

**(RAANZ Trophies are awarded annually and held by recipients for 1 year, then RAANZ gives recipients an engraved miniature cup to keep)**



**Micheal Bach**



**Simon Patterson**



**Bill Penman**

## **I learned from that.....strip landings**

Way back in the early eighties when the dark art of 2 stroke engine maintenance was still a bit of a mystery, an engine out event was almost an expectation. Prudent microlight pilots focused almost as much on the landing options below as the navigation challenges ahead. I remember logging 17 forced landings in my Pteradactyl during a week long journey with 3 other microlighters, around the top of Northland and back to Te Kowhai. The problem was usually fouled spark plugs and a quick clean and we were on our way again. Single ignition Cuyuna 2 strokes were the engine of choice at the time and if one plug stopped firing you may as well turn the ignition off, because you were going down. At the time, we were simply unaware that at about 40 hours from new it was essential to readjust the points to allow for initial wear of that fibre cam follower thingy that sets the points gap.

During the flight up to last year's AGM as a passenger in Ian Sinclair's 172, out of habit I caught myself subconsciously registering possible out landing options. Still plenty of options below for a Dac, but the options for a retract 172 - or even for many of our 3rd generation fast glass microlights were not quite so obvious. When we move away from intensively farmed or built up areas often the only option we have for a forced landing will be a farm top dressing strip. These strips are not always the easiest to spot in an emergency so it makes good sense to get into the habit of pin pointing their location as you fly by – just in case. Sometimes even a top dressing strip within glide distance would need to be discarded as a potential landing option simply because of some features that may make landing there too hazardous.

We often fly past a real doozy of a strip high up in the Hunderlee hills just south of Kaikoura, that has been formed by bulldozing a thin strip off the crest of a razor back ridge. It is seriously one way; uphill, less than a wing span wide, and with a mountain in front of the landing/turn around area. Total commitment to land is the only option. To cap it all off this ridge runs at right angles to the local valley system so there is bound to be some cross-wind component to add to the excitement of the moment. You have to admire the skill of our top dressing pilots who operate off a strip like that, sometimes for days on end. I certainly would not choose to try and land my Ban-Bi there, even in an emergency. Come to think of it I don't think I would choose to land a Dac in there either - though I might have 25 years ago!



This all reminds me of a journey in the mid 80's when a bunch of us flew from South Canterbury to Alexandra in Central Otago, to participate in the annual Jack Frost Rally. Always held on Queens Birthday weekend, it was a beautiful mid winter, clear, frosty day when an assortment of Pteradactyls, Quicksilvers and a very modern looking single place Thruster lifted off from the airport and headed south. We headed through the Waimate gorge and over the Waitaki river, landing in a paddock on the edge of Kurow township for our first fuel stop. All fuelled up, including a hot pie from the local store to warm up the pilots, we pressed on towards Dansey's Pass, intending to follow the road as none of us had flown this route before. We were at a height above ground that gave us a great view of the road below, but unfortunately the flight track information we really needed, could only be found by flying a lot higher. We now know that the Danseys is made up of a number of interconnecting valleys and we were flying up the wrong one! Coupled with being lost the cold air was pouring down these valleys from the Alexandra basin as the day warmed up. The lenticular cloud formations



in the west also gave reason why our once steady steeds were now starting to dance around like startled butterflies as the building nor-west breeze started to mix with the katabatic valley wind below.

Time for a new plan – and preferably a ground based one at that! These were the days when aircraft radios were not able to cope with the noise level of a howling 2 stroke, so several of our aircraft were fitted with CB radios that we had modified to operate with throat mikes that were fitted in a collar velcroed around our necks. The microphone picked up the vibrations of the voice box and was the same technology used by tank commanders in the army during World War 2. Voice modulation was never that great, tending towards the guttural, but now, the airwaves were crackling with nervous pilots seeking direction and reassurance - from anyone at all! Interestingly, the extra tension had caused the previous heavy basal tones to rise several octaves, even tending to be a touch on the shrill side!

Only minutes earlier we had flown past a topdressing strip on the side of a hill so we elected to land there and consult our charts (road maps!), to establish which was the correct road to follow. A quick recce over the strip revealed quite a steep up hill gradient, but with a good sized turn around area at the top. Most appealing, was that this strip was sited perfectly for an approach into the ever increasing nor-west wind. We knew we could expect some sink and mechanical turbulence on finals and it was steeper than we would have preferred, but there was a short plateau area halfway up the strip to aim for at touchdown. One by one we all peeled off to land. No problem touching down on the flatter area, but the gradient to the top was much greater than we had anticipated and we needed to apply nearly full power to taxi to the top and clear the strip behind for the next arrival.



All down safely; the first task was to tie down against the gusting nor-wester. We were so happy to be on the ground, flapping our arms about to create some warmth in our chilled bodies, sucking appreciatively at our smokes and chattering away excitably like a bunch of schoolgirls.

However, with Alexandra still over 2 hrs. away we could not afford to enjoy all this bonhomie for too long. A quick look at our road map established our actual position and by identifying prominent landmarks in the distance a new course to fly was agreed upon.

The 'biggie' now was to figure out the safest way to get airborne again. Obviously the preferred option was to line up and takeoff down hill – just like the top dressing boys do. But a 15–20 knot tailwind, coupled with the likely presence of a mass of down flowing, dumping air, necessitated a re-think. Maybe an up hill takeoff into wind was possible? Certainly if this was a goer, it would be far safer than the horrendous ground speeds needed for a downwind takeoff.

I was nominated to test the uphill option. This was my 2nd Dactyl – and this one was a beefed up 2 seat version that I had fitted with a Rotax 503 and a 3 blade prop.....woohoo! The strip was too steep to back track down, even with no engine. The foot brakes (as in feet dragging on the ground!) were simply not effective enough. Two of us wheeled the Dac down the hill backwards, wheel barrow style, by hanging on to the canard support tubes.

Choosing the downhill edge of the plateau area to start my takeoff roll, my bat man restrained my steed by its head and I gave the big Rotax full military power to enhance best launch

mode. At just the right moment he let go and scarpers to one side. I was airborne by the time the flat area ended and the uphill section began. The change in angle of the hill put me firmly back on the ground again, but halfway up the slope I was flying - but only in ground effect. I pulled the pin well before the turn around area, thinking that to suddenly launch off the flat area at the top in a semi stalled state was probably going to end in disaster. Truth was, my best angle of climb was less than the angle of the hill!

It was a strangely sombre group that greeted me at the top – each grappling with their own thoughts about the inevitable reality of the down hill challenge lying ahead. We really had no other viable option. We were miles from the nearest civilisation, it was mid winter and we could not wheel our aircraft to a more take-off friendly area, because apart from the strip the ground cover was all native tussock and waist high snow grass.

I was still all toggled up, the decision was made, so without allowing time to wimp out I lined up, waited for a lull in the wind and committed to the down hill take-off. I remember that first downhill lunge - the ground speed was way faster than I had ever experienced before, maybe 50-60 mph, possibly more, but still we were not airborne. The next sensation was a positive g loading as the Dac scrunched into the flatter plateau area. But the real scary bit at the downhill end of this flat area was that the rest of the airstrip just disappeared beneath me. The end effect was just like what happens with the launching ramp on an aircraft carrier. We were airborne, but only just. The instinctive reaction was to convert this extreme downhill madness into horizontal flight to create some distance from the hill. But the heavy feel of the cannard and the position of the plastic disk in the ASI demanded that I keep the nose down, until the airspeed was safely in the green.

I circled in the middle of the valley, nervously watching the others all takeoff successfully one by one. Each aircraft had that wallowing look as they launched off the plateau area - and I suspect each pilot has a special memory of that moment. The rest of the journey was quite uneventful; another fuel stop at Ranfurly and a late afternoon arrival to a very warm welcome at the Alexandra airfield.

Jack Frost rallies always have special memories. I remember the cold easily penetrating our thermal lined flying suits whilst flying over that frozen landscape. Though, to me the thousands of bikers that we flew over, camped out in tents next to a frozen dam for their own annual Brass Monkey Rally, looked even colder. I remember some silly arses landing on a frozen duck pond - and taking off again! But most of all, I remember the tremendous fun we always have with these boys and girls from the deep south; it doesn't get much better than this.

So back to the title of this story; what did I learn from this strip landing experience?

- To evaluate our own pilot skills by flying our own aircraft off various types of farm strips.
- If we do see a need for upskilling, talk to our instructor about how best to do this.
- Better still, organize it as a club activity so all local pilots can be involved. Easier to arrange a bunch of farm strips that way.
- As we fly along be aware of where all these out landing options are – just in case.
- Sometimes over un-hospitable country we may need to choose a higher cruising altitude or a less direct flight track to help expand our emergency landing choices.
- Remember that seriously uphill top dressing strips are only suitable for operations on relatively low wind speed days. Don't try and break this rule!
- Don't try and land on an uphill strip that is steeper than your aircraft's best angle of climb. The risk is to bend your aircraft on touch down.
- Maintain currency in the art of strip flying. This will ensure the best chance of a satisfactory outcome in the event of an emergency landing.

Safe flying, Evan Gardiner

The Wanaka Alpine Pilot's Group experienced yet another exciting Rally which was named the 'Progressive Dinner'. Set for the Saturday 26th of April, it was to celebrate Wayne going to the North Island for 3 months to trial one of our Tecnam's at his local aero club. Needless to say all that came were all keen on their food but it was only I that made it through to complete a dessert at the end of the day...easy going? No and here is why:

We started with breakfast at the 'Wrinkley Ram', a highly recommended café, a short walk from the Omarama airfield. As we strolled towards it, some high stepped to grab some grub while I quizzed those lagging behind. Indeed half our crew had had breakfast before leaving home! Knowing what was to come I was astounded. After a causal breakfast we noticed some fog creeping in so next stop was for morning tea at Minaret with lovely ginger muffins supplied by my Mother, Anne.



Ruth

We then flew through the Haast Pass for a bite to eat at Haast Hotel then explored the West Coast. We took the route via the Turnbull valley through (fantastic sight seeing-on a good day) to the new lake in the Young Valley before landing at Makarora.

It was a stunning afternoon there and all sorts of people were out enjoying the Sun. As we pulled up in our planes on one side of the road, across from us a group of bikers pulled up on their flash machines. Everyone stood up a little straighter and pushed out our chests as we passed by each other and gave cheery 'hullo's'. What ever mode of transport it was a glorious late Summer day to be out and about with a bunch of friends.

On our return we flew down Lake Hawea to see if any cyclist were still on the great around Lake Hawea cycle race. It had started at 7am that morning and with a circumnavigation of over a 100 kms, we felt pleased to be in the comfort our cockpits. Some cyclists were pushing their bikes towards the finish line in the late afternoon sun and later we learnt that many arrived after dark.

After a quick spruce up we were off to have a delicious meal at the Lake Hawea Hotel-Thanks to Fred and his team, the food was Top Notch as usual.

We hold 3 or 4 rallies per year, each with its own unique theme. It is a great way to get out and about for a relatively low cost as we keep the distance flown short but the variety of sights high. If you would like to be notified of up and coming rallies please email us on [zoom@u-flywanaka.co.nz](mailto:zoom@u-flywanaka.co.nz)



Mount Alba



Makarora Wilderness Resort,  
time for coffee and cake

## From Charles Russel

Recently Coromandel Flying Club held a fly-in and knees up, as usual the fine weather all week turned to custard at the weekend, thus ensuring many faithful could not fly in to this year's do. However 7 planes managed to arrive and get firmly tied down against the easterly blast and rain during Saturday night. We seem to have entered a cycle of good weather during the week biting us at the weekend- Mercury Bay's planned Airshow being called off at the last minute this year and disappointing a great many people. This is one of the curses of living too close to the 'Roaring Forties' on a couple of specs in a vast heat sink, the Pacific Ocean. It makes all outdoor activities more of an adventure than other parts of the World with less robust weather patterns. For everyday flying without stress, our microlights would have an ideal weight of at least 8 tons. Regrettably this would violate quite a few natural and bureaucratically inspired laws!

Chatting to Willy Morton on Saturday night was encouraging, lack of support and dialogue from others can make us stale. It is good to discuss the same old issues we all have and find we are in agreement on how to deal with them.

Finding myself fretfully inactive for a few days with an infected but wonderfully purple toe, has given me the opportunity to revisit some old issues of aircraft magazines. Since I first starting reading Flying Review, Air Clues etc so many years ago, I continually read the same articles over and over again. Everything that can be said about flying and avoiding the traps has been penned before saying the same things in slightly different language. But of course it is only as we age that we see these things. An eager young aspiring pilot will take in an article about spinning or stalls for the first time much as I did when confronted with such things from writing already regurgitated. In the 20s things would have been so much simpler. The learning curve still stretched away into the distance and there was so much more to discover. Reading the vast piles of literature available now would put one off flying before even starting as too fraught with imponderables and difficulty. Hence it is a great idea to get people aloft while they are blissfully ignorant of the written demands and advice, to discover practically that they can indeed control a plane before being thrust down into the hell of academic tedium.

I used to marvel at all those saints during the wars who taught fresh- faced kids how to fly in basic trainers like the Harvard, a plane now that requires an elite few and lots of cash to enjoy plus a smug superiority towards us lesser mortals.. These young pilots were rammed through the system in a few weeks performing manoeuvres as a matter of basic training that we now consider advanced piloting. Being involved in the Young Eagles initiative using the Club Tecnam, I still revere these old time instructors as God-like,

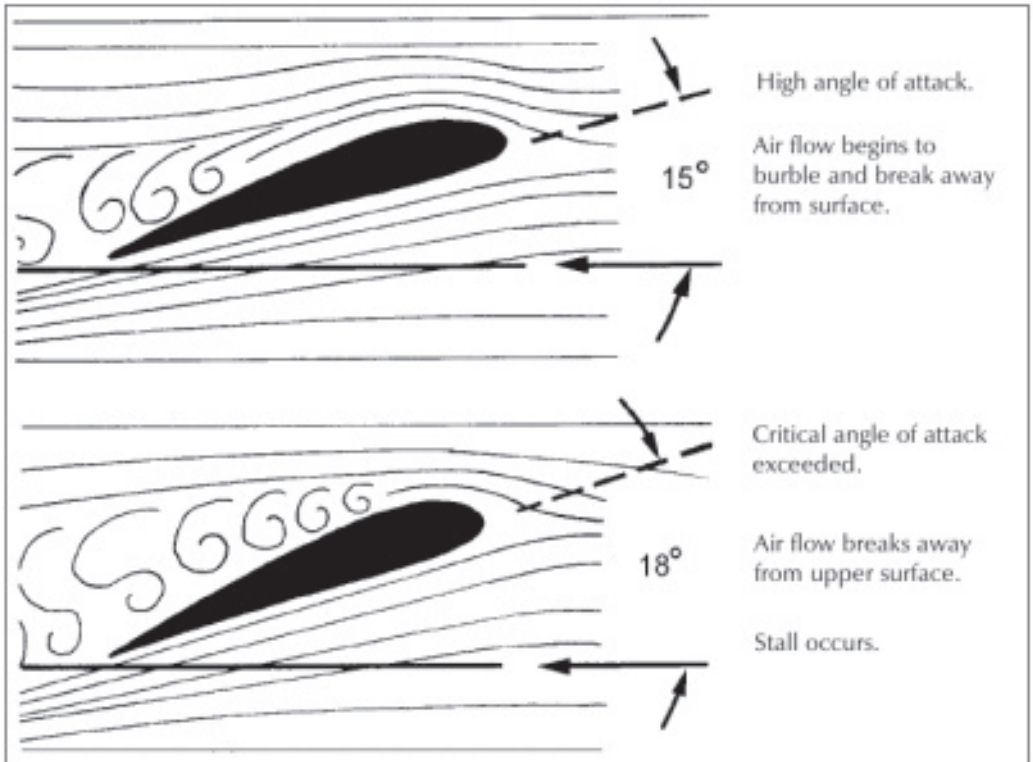


though slightly less so. Kids are so easy to teach. They have yet to develop the egos that creep into us as we enter adulthood. They have no preconceived ideas about what to expect from themselves- and none of the reasons and excuses instructors endure from grown ups trying to impress their instructor with their dazzling brilliance.

A 12 year old lad turned up for the first time at our last meeting. Lots of questions, lots of enthusiasm and a big smile. After talking him through the take-off, I handed the plane over

to him and went through the basics. Turning back down the bay, he smiled slyly up at me and pulled back the stick, quickly poling forward again to repeat the process a couple of times. "It's just like the roller coaster at the fair!" he exclaimed. After a clip behind the ear from me, we settled down to some steep turns, dives, ascents and a trip up the estuary.. Watching the altimeter, I noted we were never more than 150 feet out in 20 minutes of flying. A natural and budding fighter pilot if ever I saw one. These youngsters are all much the same. The tiny tots hurtling down the ski slopes with impunity and blissful ignorance that I envy so much as I look up at them through a red haze of pain and cold whilst trying to gauge how much of me is irretrievably broken and whether I should merely lie here for good.

So the next time you go aloft alone for a brief flight, if you see a kid hanging about, take 'em with you. Who knows, my dream of being bathchair bound, withered and decrepit (no it hasn't happened yet)- I heard that! being approached by a uniformed scramble egg bedecked commercial pilot who I introduced to flying years back, just might happen to you. And what greater achievement can there be than putting into life what you have taken out?



**Recreational Aircraft Association of New Zealand AGM  
will be held on  
10.00am on 15th November 2008  
at**

**The Benvenue, 16 - 22 SH1 (Evans Street), Timaru**

**Free (NZ): 0800 104 049  
Email: [stay@benvenuehotel.co.nz](mailto:stay@benvenuehotel.co.nz)**

**If you need transport from Timaru airport contact Rob on  
0274322551**

## **From the boiler room...**

**RAANZ address on old CMV and FPV forms.**

The old forms still show the previous RAANZ address at Pleasant Point. I am still getting forms sent to the old address, and then redirected to me. This creates quite long delays, and probably seriously hoses off poor old Grant who has to redirect them to me. We want to use up the old forms before printing/issuing new ones. Helps keep the subs down.



**PO Box 15-016,  
Dinsdale, Hamilton.  
raanz.org.nz**

**Instructors/IAs- please write the new RAANZ address on the cover of your book as a reminder, and make sure you and your pilots use it when returning your forms.**

## **FRTO**

**Good to see the reponse to this, with 28 already going through the process. We put a lot of work into the question pool, but there will be shakedown period as we refine the questions to make sure they are clear, unambiguous, and correct.**

**If you spot any errors, or have suggestions of practical questions to add to the pool, let me know.**

## **Exam questions**

**I have changed the system that generates each exam paper to randomly draw questions from the pool. Two things to be aware of-**

- \* Each paper is unique, with a matching numbered answer sheet. Make sure they match or you will be guaranteed to fail!**
- \* Also, questions may be duplicated (or more) on any paper. This will reduce as we expand the question pool we draw from.**

**If you have any suggestions for exam questions to increase our pool and improve the practical knowledge of our pilots, please send them to me.**

## **Overdue membership and BFRs**

**It's concerning the number of pilots who are overdue for their membership and/or check flights. This means they may be flying illegally, and pretty exposed if things go wrong or your local Fed or Instructor does a spot check. I send out reminders the month before membership or check flights are due, but the responsibility lies with the pilot to be on top of these things- it's part of your documentation check at every pre-flight.**

**Do yourself a favour, and check your membership and check flight status now- it's on your CMV form. If you don't know, email or phone me and I will confirm the dates for you. Club secretaries- ask if you want a listing of member status to keep the troops legal and on the right side of the law.**

**You can bet insurance companies won't be forking out if these aren't current.**

## Fly Topless up a Glacier

Tony Unwin

Way back in 2007 just after displaying at the Masterton Airshow, Wings over Wairapa, I approached the organisers of the more established Warbirds over Wanaka to see if they would be interested in a gyro demonstration for Easter 2008. I was amazed that they seemed keen but reports from Masterton were positive and for once gyroplanes were welcome and seen as an attraction for the thousands of spectators expected over the long weekend.



I left the detail of travel fairly late and eventually the option of combining a training flight for Phil Chalmers with my need to take an Eagle to Wanaka became a win win solution. Phil had recently acquired a turbocharged Eagle but due to his working overseas in six week spells had only received spasmodic training by the time this

trip started. Two weeks and some forty hours flying later he was fully qualified for an advanced national certificate!

We were blessed with some of the best flying weather of the year and with an early start from Tauranga staged in easy legs through Taupo to Foxpine before crossing a millpond calm Cook Strait to Omarka. We watched in horror here while an aircraft landed perfectly on the newly seeded runway and sank nose wheel first into the soft soil. The main runway 03/21 was closed with marker crosses, as a consequence all runways which bisected the main runway were also closed, a temporary 03/21 had been established alongside the main strip and was marked by coloured tyres. All this was on NOTAM but the situation was not made clear by the controllers at Woodbourne who



directed everyone to land on 03/21 without mention that there was a displaced temporary runway. In the 15/20 knot crosswinds that existed many light aircraft would have been better off opting for half an into wind runway rather than accepting the temporary strip. As we departed we heard another victim come unstuck or should that be stuck in the soft soil with a damaged prop and ego to match.



We had lunched and felt uplifted having crossed the 'ditch' without incident and pressed on towards Kaikoura taking a short cut over some fierce terrain which involved climbing to 6500ft; maybe not the smartest decision of the day but I took some comfort from the new PLB with GPS positioning that was tucked beneath my lifejacket. The 914 Rotax purred along and as we were only consuming around 20 litres per hour we made Rangiora as the evening air began to cool hinting that the infamous Christchurch mist would form overnight. The day was beginning to

feel long enough to me although Phil had been doing all the flying; with two hours before dark he was still keen to push on South.

Passing over Rangitata Island airfield we were called from the ether by some tempting Siren voice inviting us to drop in but we were now set on a mission to make Timaru that day. What a welcome, evening sun and wall to wall blue sky, calm winds and a selection of large runways but no-one in sight, deserted! Phil scratched around and eventually found a friendly group of aviators packing machines in a hangar, thanks guys for storing the gyro, the lift into town and the

guide to the easy eater. Really appreciated and hope we can reciprocate sometime.



Haast Pass Heading West

The next day was a New Zealand record temperature of 35 degrees Celsius at Timaru, fortunately I had climbed into my open cockpit South Island flying gear of ski suit and thermals and departed inland and upward before the heat wave struck. What a beautiful flight up over the lakes to gliding heaven at Omarama. Coffee at the Kahu café demanded a souvenir mug for the Kahu gyro team back at



Parson Benson at Cromwell

Tauranga and then on to the daunting Lindis pass and Wanaka. I found it noticeable that the more challenging the terrain the less I took photographs, maybe it was searching in vain for potential landing sites that occupied my time!

We were of course a very small cog in the well oiled machine that is the Warbirds event, none the less we had a trade stand, supported by our ground crew from Tauranga, and a display slot, timed for the lunch interval but well received by the crowd. Even the usual biased commentator had come round to wanting an Eagle after seeing it deal so well with three seasons weather in as many days.



Displaying at Wanaka

Day four in Wanaka was taken up with trial flights for prospective gyro-naughts and an excursion to Cromwell to give Phil some circuit training. Great was our surprise to find another gyro with purpose built hangar on this quite grass field, shame that it was suffering a puncture which prevented some joined up flying.

Without respite the next day we headed to the West coast and North to Franz Joseph airfield. This has to be the most memorable sector and the camera was



working well. Early morning mist had lifted and formed a thin layer of broken cloud that sat about 1200 feet above the valley floor as we headed through the Haast pass. As we could see down through the layer we were able to fly in clear skies above a carpet of white mist surrounded by mountain peaks in a surreal world that should have been silent but was, I'm pleased to say, pierced by the constant steady sound of the Rotax behind me.

Without incident we wondered at the majesty of the high Alps and the rugged Western coastline all the way up to the sealed runway and modern mini terminal that lies in the shadow of the Frans Joseph Glacier. Helped by local pilots we found accommodation and had a briefing to fly into the glacier the following day. Wow at 4500 feet mixing it with a constant stream of scenic helicopters this is



Keeping Close in to the Right



Close Enough to see the Cracks

impressive stuff. The cliff face is close on the right wing as you approach the frozen river of ice, at a prudent point a slow 180 degree turn is required to take you across the face of the glacier and back out through the narrow gorge.

Only as you look out away from the hill do you realise the sharp fall that the ice field makes heading for the valley below. Phil flew me in on the second sortie which must be a unique qualifying cross country! In clear skies we maintained four thousand feet and followed the coast over-flying Hokitika and on to Greymouth to refuel. I held both Shell and BP fuel cards but this was one of

several fields where a Mobil card was the only currency accepted, fortunately help was at hand but we will know better next time.

On again following the scenic coast we overflowed the tourist buses at pancake rocks before heading inland through the Buller gorge towards our destination Marsterton. On rounding the last turn in the river valley I expanded the GPS picture to maximum and still struggled to identify the particular paddock that is Murchison Airfield. A gyro gathering was scheduled for the weekend but we were early and the grass had yet to be cut, the lone aero modeller with car that occupied mid field clearly believed that use of the field was on a first come basis!



Coming Out Stay Right and Report

We were welcomed by the airfield manager who lived nearby and informed that there was no hangar and airfield rabbit shooting was the local night-time sport. Phil decided to sleep in a car beside his machine! Although we were keen to meet up with local flyers the forecast was not good and with no protection for the aircraft we decided to press on North.

The overcast skies were threatening as we tracked, via the Nelson Lakes, seeking out the long Wairau valley running down towards Blenheim and



Majestic Buller Gorge

the coast. Our plan was to avoid controlled airspace and to slip through the hills to Picton Airfield. Dark rain clouds hung around the high ridge to our left and at one time Omarka looked a likely diversion, however Woodbourne allowed us to transit the Northern side of their zone and the Picton valley opened up between the showers. On landing at Picton we were reminded why we had left this airfield out of our southbound flight plan; there is no fuel available and the landing fee is inflated to keep out strays. We were lucky enough to be offered Mogas normally reserved for lawn mowers which helped minimise anxiety on the next leg across the water to Foxpine. The weather improved and again the Cook Strait was calm and innocuous, familiar landmarks fell into place and before long we had been made welcome at friendly Foxpine and departed with full tanks north to Taupo. With ease we transited corridors and made the desert road without a hitch but as we climbed we became aware of

a dark horizon and a squall awaited us on the summit. Down the northern face we slid with the rain clouds forming a descending ceiling matching exactly the fall of the land below. Through damp murk we followed the road down to Lake Taupo and along the shore to the airfield. A night stop was inevitable.



Picton Ferry Terminal

A keen gyro enthusiast runs a helicopter school at Taupo and it was a relief to find Bruce Harvey on hand offering hangar space alongside his R22 and a lift into town. Thanks Bruce your beer was welcome too.

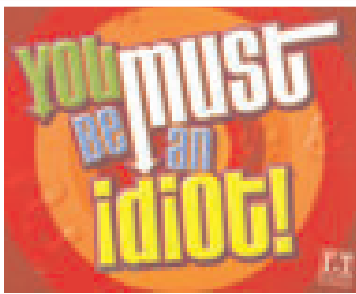
Next day the weather was poor all around but Taupo was clear, the airfield was quiet and so we made the most of calm conditions and Phil did his first solo flying! Not the usual syllabus but we had covered a lot of ground and offered some unique experiences on the way. Later in the day we squeezed through the Rotaroa Lakeland and back to Tauranga which welcomed us with a breathtaking sunset and the fabulous vistas for which the Bay of Plenty is rightly famous. As a footnote let me say that over the next week or so Phil Chalmers completed solo cross country to Advanced National level and jumped from novice in one step, saves on paperwork!

The Eagle just purred along wherever we wanted to go, put in fuel set the revs and check the GPS, who would have thought Tauranga to Timaru in a day with an encore up a glacier! Fly a Gyro!

## Member activity

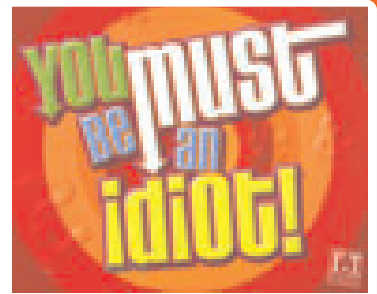
Paul Wheeler	Exam
Philip Richards	Exam
Gregory Fitzpatrick	Exam
Alastair Millar	Exam
Russell Byfield	Exam
Chris Staniland	Exam
Wilgert Eshuis	Exam
Philip Turnbull	Exam
Drew Howat	FRTO
Stephen Stone	FRTO
Kelly Cullen	FRTO
Paul Scherrer	FRTO
Caroline Trevella	FRTO
Robert Boyce	FRTO
Grant Porter	FRTO
Chris Pennell	FRTO
Nigel Forrester	FRTO
John Rochfort	FRTO
Charles Redgrave	FRTO
Robin MacDonald	FRTO
Troy Glover	FRTO
Dean MacDonald	FRTO
James Grant	IA appointment
Mark Norgate	IA appointment
John Maxwell	IA appointment
Ian Peters	Joined
Shane Pugh	Joined
Paul Newman	Joined
Geoffrey Titmuss	Joined
Robert Laskey	Joined
Douglas Yarrall	Joined
Rosalyn Bruce	Joined
Adam Steffens	Joined
Kevin Mangnall	Joined
John Hardie	Joined
David Klein	Joined
Gerd Kutzner	Joined
Pat Sevren	Joined
Arthur Tyndall	Joined
Lynne Stewart	Joined
James Dowd	Joined
Rockley Montgomery	Joined
Derek van Rooven	Joined
Rhys Dillon	Joined
Steven Reed	Joined
Edward Allison	Joined
Andrew Mott	Joined
Bryan Malcolm	Joined
Ewan Cameron	Joined
Shawn Kellow	Joined
Thomas Barden	Joined
Bruce Watson	Joined
James Summerfield	Joined
Paul Blackmore	Joined
Julianne Kramer	Joined

Paul McCorkindale	Joined
Jon Erskine	Joined
Brian Murphy	Joined
Sidney Lane	Joined
David Hawkins	Joined
Lyn Fortune	Joined
Adam Fisher	Joined
Peter Brownless	Joined
Joseph Cuthbertson	Joined
Trevor Benns	Joined
Tim Tio	Joined
Owen Johnstone	Joined
Lindsay Stronach	Joined
Garth Wilson	Joined
Allan McMaster	Joined
Stephen Richardson	Joined
Steven Reynolds	Joined
Jonathan Brannan	Joined
Paul Brown	Joined
Saskia Johnson	Joined
Adam Dempsey	Joined
Jake Elliott	Joined
James Coleman	Advanced Local
Peter Zotov	Advanced Local
William Ward	Advanced Local
Graham Stokes	Advanced Local
Trevor Robins	Advanced Local
Graeme Sherrard	Advanced Local
Michael Nicolson	Advanced Local
Peter Gordon	Advanced Local
Alan Paterson	Advanced Local
Anthony Noble	Advanced National
Bruce Naish	Advanced National
John Etches	Advanced National
Brian Backhouse	Advanced National
Jeremiah Savage	Advanced National
Michael Gordon	Advanced National
John Lewis	Advanced National
Philip Chalmers	Advanced National
Helmut Walter	Advanced National
Philip Hayward	Advanced National
Peter Bell	Advanced National
Les Bagnall	Advanced National
Raymond Paine	Advanced National
Stephen Southey	Flight Instructor
Alex Charles	Flight Instructor
John McCaul	Intermediate
Bruce Norrie	Intermediate
Stewart Buchanan	Intermediate
Gary Boulton	Intermediate
Donald Free	Passenger rating
Gordon Kane	Senior Flight Instructor
David Mitchell	Senior Flight Instructor
Neil Campbell	Senior Flight Instructor
Antony Bell	Senior Flight Instructor



# I'M SAFE

**The idiot's guide...**  
(Or a list of attitudes NOT to adopt)



## **Illness**

**It's only a head cold**

**It's just a 24 hour bug that I picked up from the kids.**

**The pain only happens when I exert myself- it's fine when I am sitting still in the cockpit  
...and it's probably only indigestion anyway.**

**I'll see the doctor when I get back.**

## **Medication**

**This over the counter stuff is designed for girls- you need to double the dose for it to really work.**

**They only say not to drive to cover their legal butts- I drove here OK after taking it.**

**Just to be safe, I skipped my meds this morning- I'll catch up when I am back on the ground.**

## **Stress**

**I promised I would take them for a fly.**

**Nothing like a quiet fly to clear your head after a day from hell at the office/home.**

**We're running late...the weather is forecast to get worse...let's get out of here while we can.**

**My mates are going for it...if they can do it then I can.**

## **Alcohol or drugs**

**What a party last night!**

**Old Jim looks a bit under the weather, but he should be fine. Besides- it's his decision.**

**I'm buzzing- perception and responses are way sharper than normal.**

## **Fatigue**

**You don't get much sleep at these fly-ins, but my plane knows it's way home.**

**Just one more leg to go and I can have a rest.**

**You sure cover more ground with these long-range tanks, and you don't need to stop to refuel.**

## **Eating**

**These crack-of-sparrow flights are the best- a bit of fun before the real day begins.**

**Ah, my snack bars are still in the baggage- only an hour to go till the end of this leg- I'll get them then.**

**Those curried mussels last night seemed a bit dodgy- lucky it's an open cockpit.**



## Marty's dream realised 2008 By: Willie Morton

Martin lined up the Technam on runway 03 North Shore. He called rolling and eased the throttle forward to full noise. The Technam took up the weight and eagerly sped up along the centre line. Martin eased the stick back and tested the weight on the controls with the aircraft at maximum all up weight, loaded to the gunnels for this his 2008 epic south island adventure. The 100 hp engine roared with delight as it pulled its load skyward. Martin turned to me with a satisfied grin. "She's a beauty" he exclaimed. We climbed out to the coast and clear of the circuit turned right onto a southerly heading to track east coast bays, Musik Point, down along past Ardmore traffic area and southward through happy valley and out of the big smoke.

Tracking through Clevedon we heard the Cessna Bird dog call 'water works' and tracking east into our path. Martin called position and lowered the nose to pass beneath him. We tracked past Mercer as the Hauraki plains opened up its airspace for us with good weather to Matamata. The beautiful weather made easy our map reading but even so, Matamata sneaked up on us and almost caught us off guard. "Matamata tower Romeo Whiskey Delta.. RWD, Matamata go ahead, RWD Technam is ten miles north of the field one thousand eight hundred feet and inbound for a landing two POB; RWD. RWD join wide downwind 28, report downwind, three in the circuit, QNH 1021.

Early downwind we monitored an aircraft climbing toward us after takeoff, bent on taking us out. We hooked an evasive descending turn to the right as the tower alerted us to the conflict. Downwind checks complete we turned a level turn on to base leg to wash off speed and once into flap range Martin jacked in flap and nailed 50 Kts on the clock. We gave a cautionary look to the right before turning finals and found another aircraft also on finals. Good thing we did not overshoot our turn I thought. The tower cleared us to land 28L.

Watered, relieved (of the landing fee) and cleared for takeoff with a right turn we positioned ourselves on track for Lake Taupo. Martin landed our plane in Turangi as planned where we had lunch. Lexie, Martin's wife, had prepared both our lunches in clearly named packets to ensure that Martin gets his share. I was silent when I realized that my chockie hand was in the wrong packet on the way down! We recounted events to date and considered the leg ahead of us to Wanganui for gas. We climbed out of Turangi to gain height into the desert road corridor and then sailed along fat dumb and happy.

As time ticked by I began to sense a slight change in the way the engine sounded. I scanned the panel for clues. The engine temperatures were lower than normal but in the green. I checked the wings for icing, adjusted my headset, checked doors locked then decided to take control. "Martin, can I have control for a moment?" I pushed the throttle forward and aft but found nothing unusual, leaned over and checked the mags left then right, both normal. I then throttled her through the wire, pulled the stick back and held her at 60 kts in the climb for about two minutes until the cylinder head and oil temperatures began to increase. I leveled her out and decided to increase our cruise engine RPM to 5000. All seemed normal again.

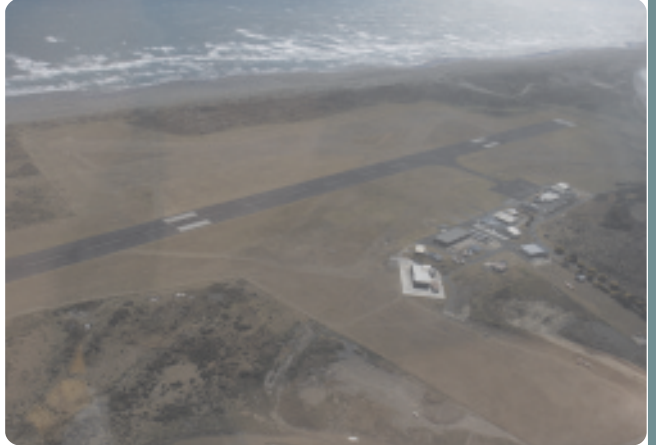
Overhead Waiouru I turned on our GPS and set OBS Wanganui to assist / confirm our heading over the expanse of tiger country. Our course planning and map reading was right on the money all the way and it pleased me to say to Martin that flight planning really does work. I advised him that we should maintain our height on track for the time being. I was feeling a bit uneasy and spent most of the time looking down. I commented to him that the river was very dry. A dry comment because I became aware that he was looking at me looking down. I could see the coast and Wanganui township in the far distance so Martin suggested he make a slow descent. "Good idea" I replied and he set us up to set us down. I recalled that some time ago I'd seen an airstrip near Pipiriki and kept looking out for it.



Some minutes later I checked our altitude and I was concerned that we had not begun the descent. “Martin, we’d better get down c’mon” He pulled back the throttle and lowered the nose. I resumed my survey of the terrain. After some minutes I found that we were still at some altitude with ten miles to Wanganui. Yikes! We were high but he was working on it. He called joining Wanganui as he manipulated the controls. I grasped his hand to prevent him from trying to pull the throttle out of the dash. “The throttle is all the way off and we’re still at 4000 revs” he yelled. I took control when I realised that he was doing all the right things but was not getting the expected results.

### Wanganui

I pulled the nose high to slow the aircraft and after some moments the RPM dropped to 2000. We again called joining and Martin approached to join overhead. His brain loaded with immediate past events, a new airport, additional runways, grass ones that had been made to run right across the main sealed runway! Who made these things?!!! Then once on the final approach he had to throw the throttle forward for a burst of gas to keep the engine running then off again and suddenly rounding out to a perfect landing. The coffee worked well and we climbed aboard for Foxpine. With clearance from Ohakea we tracked down the coast and on clearing the zone at Himitangi beach I was



requested by Ohakea to ring the supervisor in Christchurch. Oh no! I thought. This could only mean that an infringement of some sort had occurred. By the time we arrived at Foxpine the wind was contrary. We made an unintended (wind induced) overshoot on 27 and returned for more of the same turbulence, unusually violent in the round out and the flare. By design of the gods course, just to keep us in practice. I rang the supervisor in Christchurch and was told that an airspace incursion had occurred and that a 'please explain' letter had been processed. We set all aside and pressed on; knowing that the paperwork would run its course but determined that it would not deter us from achieving our objective. We enjoyed the friendly Foxpine hospitality offered to us by John and Jennifer Lester and settled in for the night.

### Airspace incursion!!!

I awoke with a fright, bolt upright at three in the morning, my mind launching into the airspace incursion problem. I stumbled outside into the darkness and pounded the runway. My head filled with condemnation and doubt. Why did I not know that we were breaking airspace? Why did I not even consider the airspace in the first place? I retraced our flight to Turangi considering all the tracks taken, our heights flown, our map reading. I then realized that it was I who was doing the map reading on the leg to Wanganui. I had the map. I was PIC. I’m an instructor for goodness sake! And an ATO to boot! I laid it on!

I recounted and mentally noted all that came to mind regardless of association beginning from the landing at Wanganui. Three things immediately stood out. Firstly was that on the downwind leg the engine gave a cough which got my attention and secondly, on short finals our plane being a little high caused Martin to pull off the power. I grasped his hand to push in some throttle because the engine was struggling to stop and almost succeeded. And thirdly was that I couldn’t let go of a mental picture I had of myself looking down for most of the last leg to Wanganui. I mulled it through. Sure I knew about our not descending at the right time. That was easy, pilot error I thought right? Wrong! The light came on! CARB ICE!

I was so pleased that it dawned on me at last and dawn it was indeed. I headed back to the crib, splashing through surface water, my birthday suit soaked, it was raining.... and cold.

I couldn’t sleep so I awakened Martin and questioned him on his recollection of events. He did not recall the engine splutter downwind. Understandable in the circumstances I thought, because he was quite occupied with the landing.

I had never before experienced carb ice of this severity nor did I remotely consider it being present during the phase of slow descent into Wanganui despite the fact of my deliberate clearing of carb ice an hour or so earlier. I was not off the hook but at least I could put the problem to bed for the time being. After breakfast we prepared ourselves for the next legs across the Cook Strait to Kaikoura and on to Rangiora, ever mindful of being too high, my mind instructing me, “Stay out of trouble Willie, fly low, fly low”

To be continued.....

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### Technical Information:

Dimensions	H 2.7m x W 1.82m x L 4.9m
Engine	Rotax 100/115 hp
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Max. take-off weight	540 kg
Payload	301 kg
VNE	100 mph / 163 kph
Cruise Speed	95 mph / 150 kph
Minimum Speed	20 mph / 32 kph
Rate of climb	980 fpm / 5 mps
Take-off distance	30-230 feet / 10-70 metres
Landing distance	0-50 feet / 0-15 metres
Fuel capacity	70 litres = 3hrs +
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