

## Manawatu Microlight Club Newsletter - March 2006.

Editor: Barry Nolan Ph 06 326 8907

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Hi Folks,

There's another member profile in this issue. Only two people correctly guessed that the mystery member in the last edition was our very own Shorty Cole. See how you go on this month and email me if you think you know who's profiled in this edition.

A comprehensive outline of Frank Vanderhurst and Jim Buddens' trip also appears in this issue. Frank ran out of time to complete the essay but promises to do so in time for future editions.

But first, read about Rex's reunion with a past lady friend!

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**A wonderful reunion.** Article submitted by Rex Thompson.

I had planned a trip to visit my brother who lives in a fishing village near the Waitaki river mouth - a few kms north of Oamaru. Air N Z to Christchurch, and Intercity coach to Oamaru, to arrive on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Feb. All went well until I arrived, but while assisting the coach driver to recover my luggage from the confines of the storage area under the floor, I pulled a muscle in my left shoulder. Apart from visiting my brother and his partner, my other main objective was to attempt to catch the largest salmon ever recorded. (Fishermen always dream such dreams.) However apart from the fact that my shoulder was too damned sore to allow me to get too enthusiastic about the fishing bit, the Waitaki and other local waters were too low and warm for the salmon to start their run.

While planning my trip, I had a bright inspiration. I had heard that the Jodel D11 that I built in the late sixties and first flew on the 16<sup>th</sup> of Feb. 1971, now lived in the South Island. Who owned her? Was she still flying or flyable? Wouldn't it be great to find and see her after thirty five years? From the internet, I got the name of the man to whom it was registered, but nothing more about her present status. My brother Russell and Mary his partner and I were planning to go to Lake Benmore the following day and would camp up there for a few day's fishing, so that evening - Sunday, I looked up the number and made the call on my mobile. "Hello, Paul Duncan speaking." "Good evening, my name is Rex Thompson - you probably have never heard of me, but I built the Jodel aircraft that you now own." A prolonged silence while that was being digested. Then. "Where are you? When can we meet?" I explained that I was staying with my brother at Waitaki fishing village, and that we were off to Benmore Lake for a few days, and that I would give him a call before we left up there and make further arrangements.

The following Saturday, Russell and a friend of his and myself arrived at the address given in Te Muka, to a wonderful warm welcome by Paul and his lovely wife. Lots of chatter over coffee, lots of photos of trips they had had in the Jodel. Paul had phoned John Brown and his wife, who had been a previous partner in the ownership of the aircraft. They also joined in the happy occasion. As things turned out, Paul's P.P.L. had expired, but John was still current, as he now owned a Zenith which he flew regularly. When the coffee was finished and the chatter wound down, we all piled into three cars -

wives and all, and headed to the airport.

Paul owned two excellent almost new hangars. One housed John's Zenith, and Paul's Jodel, and in the other was four micro lights one of which was the Fiesler Storch replica. (Not sure of the spelling.) What an impressive beast that is. As the hangar door rolled slowly back, my eyes lit up at the first glimpse, reuniting me with my pride and joy that I created so long ago. To say that I was a little emotional would be an understatement. Apart from the new gleaming pure white paint scheme and the lack of wheel pants, everything was exactly as I had built it. We trundled her out so I could climb aboard and lower myself into my favourite seat. It fitted like a glove, and so very comfortable. The upholstery still like new. A credit to Denis Turnbull of Turnbull Lounge Suites, a long standing friend, a hunting and fishing mate, who fashioned everything exactly the way I had asked. To keep up with modern requirements, a transponder and a very good radio were snuggled neatly under the dash panel. All the original instruments were there, together with all the controls just as I had arranged them. Paul spent quite a lot of time checking everything in a very professional way, while John pumped the tyres to their normal pressure of 19 lbs. Declaring that all was well he climbed into the left seat, gave three primes, applied the brakes, and called for John to prop four compressions. John called for "throttle closed, throttle set, contact. The moment of truth, the moment we had all been waiting for. With what seemed a casual effort John propped through one compression and the engine instantly started and settled into a even steady beat.

While Paul taxied around on the grass to warm the engine up, and free the brakes that were binding a bit, following a long period of non use, the ladies got their heads together and decided that we were all to go to John's house for lunch. With that decision made, they departed to wave their magic wand at the dinner table. The engine now warm, a full run up was completed. Paul and John changed places and soon he was heading down the taxi way to the far end of the field. By the time he was abreast of us, they were at around one hundred feet and climbing at a very creditable rate. After three touch and go circuits were completed to make John current in a Jodel, he came back to where we were standing. With the engine ticking over at idle, he indicated for me to hop in. I can tell you that I left a burn mark on the grass in my haste to oblige. How incredibly wonderful, and unashamedly proud I was to feel the wind beneath the wings of my creation, after such a long time. We flew a circuit around the perimeter of Te Muke and Timaru, giving me ample time to feel out the controls. She is still a no nonsense lady with no vices, built strictly to the plans, no flash gizmos to create a weight penalty, controls with finger tip touch, and comes up on the step easier than any aircraft I can remember. At twenty three fifty r.p.m. is not fast at eighty knots, but fuel consumption is only eighteen LPH. Lunch at Brown's place was a joyous occasion, and my thanks go out to both the Duncan and the Brown families for their wonderful hospitality and their willingness to arrange for me to meet an old friend.

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## Who Is It?

Yet another club member has submitted a personal profile. Please email me if you think you can guess the identity. Barry

I was born in the Bay of Plenty but moved to Gisborne as an infant and spent my childhood there. My Dad is Dutch and my mother is Maori. My Grandmother (Oma) used to send me the latest European fashions by mail to wear as I was growing up. I was one of the best dressed kids on the marae at Christmas time.

I moved to Palmerston North in 1973 to start a career doing what I am doing to this day.

The place I work is located in Milson and I could see from work Aircraft flying in and out and occasionally parachutes descending there. One day (and I am not too sure if I had spent a lot of time sitting in the sun and therefore wasn't really thinking straight) I joined the parachute club to do A jump. That is one numero uno! Year was 1979 and well one became 100 ! 1980 became 1981 and I decided "what the hell, might as well learn to fly." Rodger Ward was a C Cat working part time at Dillon's flying school and took me for my effect of controls intro. Completed PPL in 1983 and flew and jumped up to 1987.

Aviation was put on hold then for 14 years due to other commitments - Family, mortgage, food, clothing, shoes and other things. Came back to aviation in 2002 and, well, if it flies or it looks like it might fly, let me at it!



### Is it an Amphibian?

This photo is one of a group entitled; "When you know you're having a bad day" which were sent to me by Mark Dean

There was no data with the photos to indicate the fate of the aircrew, but I'd guess that the pilot of this machine at least got wet feet!

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## Sport Avex Trilogy?

Submitted by Frank Vanderhurst

Sport Avex is the largest gathering of homebuilt, microlight and recreational aircraft in New Zealand, organized by the SAA. It is held every two years, at Waitangi weekend, and I've attended several. They've all been great, with lots of interesting homebuilt aircraft to inspect and admire, and a good air show.

My original plan had been to fly up in my Sapphire, but with it still in bits on the garage floor after Xmas, I moved to Plan B - go up in the club Sky Arrow. That in turn involved sub-plan B-1, getting a rating in the Arrow, which was completed the weekend beforehand, and sub-plan B-2, getting good weather. Every weather check during the week beforehand came up with the usual answer; it might be OK. This meant the usual answer: be flexible - I was prepared to fly up any time from Friday afternoon through to Sunday morning.

To assist with the finances, I needed a partner in crime, and Jim Budden called me, so we quickly arranged that we would go up sometime, in time for the air show. Pete Kernohan also rang - he was keen to go up in his Pelican, and we agreed to fly up

together. Until his gliding experience, Peter Donald was also going to go in his Pioneer. Saturday morning dawned fine, with some scattered cloud. Driving over to Feilding about 8am, I could see a stratus layer around Ruapehu, which was a bit of a concern. However, the ARFOR and TAFs were all clear that it would lift so I felt confident we'd be OK. Jim was waiting at the airfield, and together we got SKO out of the hangar, fuelled her up, and did a thorough pre-flight. Neil Colliver was there too, with his maps out, but planning to fly up on Sunday morning.

Knowing that there wasn't a lot of luggage space in SKO, Jim and I travelled light. A sleeping bag each went into the wing root spaces, and tent and sleeping mats went either side of the rear seat. A soft bag each fitted snugly into the box under the rear seat, and we were set. Scan the NOTAMs (2 grass runways at Tauranga closed, the other shortened), load up the GPS, fill in the flight plan sheet, and we're all set. All aboard, "Clear prop", turn the key, and uh oh, the oil pressure is in the red, at the top of the scale. It looked like the fickle finger of fate was going to prevent the trip, right at the last moment. Rude words were thought about the finger of fate, I can tell you!

A quick word with Stan and Bill Penman established that this was in fact normal, and it would settle down shortly. Whew. Thumbs up to Pete in PLP, and we taxi out to runway 10. Before we got to the holding point, the oil pressure was back to normal, which made me feel a whole lot better. I'd got to the taxiway just ahead of a 172, which was followed by a twin, so it turned out that Pete was about 10 minutes later than me in taking off. The plan was that we would fly up together, chatting on 128.95, with one of us making ATC calls for both. The stratus layer at Ruapehu had lifted, so we stepped up as we cleared the TMA lower limits at Cheltenham, Flat Hills. Abeam Taihape we finally got onto 128.95 at the same time as Pete, and there he was, just ahead of us.

I'd planned to go across the Desert Rd at 5500ft, but there were a few cumulus clouds hanging around Waiouru that made me drop down to 3500, followed by climbing back to 4500ft as we went through the corridor. Here we saw the only other traffic of the day: a southbound Cessna piloted by an American who had some trouble pronouncing Lake Moawhango in his position report. From Rangipo, we tracked overhead Turangi airfield, then northward across Lake Taupo, crossing Western Bay just outside Taupo's MBZ. The lake looked calm and peaceful, with lots of people fishing and sailing and otherwise having fun. But the complete absence of any beaches meant I stayed as high as possible.

Once across the lake, it was due north to Tauranga, crossing the Waikato River at Whakamaru, then going past Kinleath and Tokoroa to our left, whilst keeping clear of Rotorua's control zone to our right. It's funny the mindset you have sometimes - from the map & GPS I know that Tauranga is due north, yet somehow I still believed that it must be eastward, and kept straying off course that way.

After Tokoroa it was tiger country, with nothing but forestry and jagged hills for a while. The cloud was also down a little, so we were again at 3500ft. Finally, we're approaching Tauranga, descending to 2,500ft, switch to their ATIS ("expect visual approach to 07"), then to the tower. There was a constant stream of aircraft calling, clearances, and so on. Any screw-up here was going to be heard by a big audience! I was really glad I'd read through the NOTAMs and so on and figured out what I needed to say beforehand. A gap in the traffic, so I jump in with "Tauranga Tower, Sierra Kilo Oscar with Delta QNH 1005, 10 miles south, inbound", and get back "Sierra Kilo Oscar, cleared for a Racecourse 1 approach". Moments later Peter got cleared to follow us to the racecourse. Plod on for a few moments, continuing the descent, and the racecourse is easily picked out. Wait for a gap in the traffic and call the tower again - "cleared to right base for 07", again as expected. Descend to 1000ft, start slowing the plane up, downwind checks complete, great big long seal runway is in sight, we're in great shape.

Look around at the city views and the Mount. Another aircraft is calling that he's at the harbour entrance; I have a look for him, just for interest's sake. Get rid of the GPS, paper off my lap, ready for landing. This is really cool. I'm a pro.

Tower calls, "SKO, cleared to land 07 grass". Grass! He said grass! Where the hell is 07 grass? Which side of the seal? I remember it's been shortened... where's the threshold? There's a lot of mown grass out there, with white markers all over the place. Desperate search for the right bit of paper... got it! Ah OK, it's left of the seal, thankfully I'd marked the displaced threshold - it's just past the taxiway. Where the C130 Hercules is waiting. He IS waiting, isn't he? Uh, oh we're still up near 1,000ft, off the end of the runway, and heading about 030. Close the throttle, turn right, the tower is telling PLP to maintain spacing behind me, but we're still high. Yeah, the Herc hasn't moved. Someone else is cleared to land on 07 seal. A couple of gentle S-turns helps me (but not Pete), and I'm in good shape again. Whew! What are all those people doing at the end of the runway? What's that odd marker there for? Never mind we're all OK. We're looking directly into the Herc cockpit, off our left wingtip. On the ground. Rumble, rumble, rumble. Onto the brakes. "SKO, please clear left as soon as possible". Left turn, across the white line, Pete lands behind us. Or was it the plane behind Pete? Whew! We've arrived! A few seconds to wait for the heart rate to drop from life-threatening, and a four-wheeler with a "Follow Me" board turns in front of me. I follow him for a few metres, and then read the whole sign which says "Follow Me to the homebuilt display park". So I waved over a guy in a Dayglo yellow vest who turned out to be Ike Stevens, who I'd met at the previous Sportavex. I explained we weren't a homebuilt, and Ike directed us to the visiting aircraft park.

We park up, and Jim and I get out. There's only a handful of aircraft here. We unload all the gear and tie the plane down. At this point, the adrenaline has cleared a little and my brain starts to work again and I realise we haven't refuelled. If we refuel tomorrow, we'll end up queued for takeoff behind a dozen other aircraft. So untie everything taxi to the pumps, refuel, and back to the park where we tie down again. Jim and I pick up our worldly goods and head off in the direction of the Aero Club, and from there to campsite. Without any written instructions at all, we figure out how to put up the tent, and spread out our mattresses and sleeping bags. Home sweet home! Pete Kernohan wanders up... he's parked in homebuilt park.

It's lunchtime, so we set off in search of some food. There's a café right in front of us, so that'll do. It turns out to be "Classic Flyers Café", full of aircraft models and ejection seats and photos and even a projection screen showing wartime movie clips, and connected to an aviation museum. This is a must-see place for aviation-interested visitors to Tauranga. Pete gets a call from Peter Donald who has driven up, and goes off to bring him back to the café. With tummies full of iced coffee and bacon & egg pie, Jim & I eventually head off in search of the two Peters, and locate them at the registration hangar (where free coffee and tea (and cheaper food) is available. From here it's a short walk to the homebuilt aircraft park, so we go and peruse the aircraft on display.

There's lots of home - built to see: a dozen or so Van's RVs of various kinds, a LongEze powered by a Mazda 20B rotary with a 6-bladed prop, several Jodels, Corby Starlets, Taylor Monoplane, an immaculate GP-4 (230hp Subaru engine, 150 knot cruise, 6 hours endurance), a turbine-powered single-seat helicopter, Thunder Mustang, 50% FW190 and Spitfire replicas, Seawind and Searey amphibians, Cri-cri (single-seat, 2 15hp engines). Also some interesting factory-built aircraft, mostly capable of being registered as microlights: Alpi Pioneers, a Remos 200, Tecnams. They would be a lot more interesting though if they weren't priced at ten times my budget! We check out the trade stalls, and catch the tail-end of Jim Rankine's CAA Safety seminar, and see the Herc and the

Thunder Mustang practise their show routines.

*To be continued???* Frank tells me that he will produce two more instalments of the trilogy for inclusion in future editions! Barry

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## Events Calendar.

The Coast to Coast flight will be held this Saturday if the weather permits. Plans are to meet at the club at 8.00 for a briefing then fly to Akitio on the East Coast and return via Foxpine. Colin and Pete Kernohan are the organising the event.

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## AIRCRAFT FOR SALE

Rans S-6ES Coyote II

Rans S-6ES Coyote II, tricycle undercarriage, Rotax 503DI, DC electric start, 430hrs. Roomy comfortable & good visibility, 4+hr endurance, surprising performance for 52hp engine. \$37,500 Contact Peter Kernohan 021 804 733

[kernohan@actrix.co.nz](mailto:kernohan@actrix.co.nz)

## CGS HAWK.

I am selling this aeroplane because I am not able to fly it as often as I would like. The aeroplane was built in 1999 and has two owners, one of them being me. It has flown 310 Hrs (airframe and engine). The tail feathers, ailerons & flaps all have been recovered and painted and the wing sails are in good condition. The fuselage is fibreglass and in good condition. The engine is a Rotax 503 with dual ignition and has just been overhauled (300 hrs). It is fitted with a ground adjustable Ivoprop. Asking \$15,000 but offers considered. For any information call Roger on 06 363 5175 021 433 477

[rogerchris@clear.net.nz](mailto:rogerchris@clear.net.nz)

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## Club Officers

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