



**The newsletter of
Dargaville Aero Club**



Bantam Re-born

Allan Jessop



Photo: Allan Jessop

There is an unusual sort of guy who, amongst other things, is a dairy farmer near Kaikohe. He's a well-known local identity, usually attired in tatty worn out army fatigues, with a large brimmed floppy hat that partly hides a face that resembles a relief map of the Himalayas. Usually bare footed, except when he visits town or socialises, then he sometimes wears a pair of worn out leather boots, sans laces, and is usually accompanied by a rather geriatric Blue Heeler cattle dog. His name is Don (Mad Mac) McMillan and, knowing Don, I'm sure he won't be offended by the above description I have drawn of him.

Despite his rough-around-the-edges aspect, Don has a talent envied by many an aspiring aviator, and that is he can fly an aeroplane. In fact, I think Don's quite capable of flying anything that has wings and a tail, and many stories are related, exaggerated or not, about Don's flying prowess and the flying antics he's been involved in over many years. It's

understandable why the CAA h---s h-s g--s; however I suspect in CAA's eyes Don has now been relegated to the Ripley files, and he's become an irritation that they've probably given up scratching.

Don has been, and still is, a constant source of delight to well-known personality Bob Syron, who describes Don as "one of nature's gentlemen". Which he undoubtedly is.

One of his commonly related exploits concerns an item in the Guinness Book of Records, detailing the exploits of one intrepid airman who, apparently, did 30 continuous loops in a Cessna 152. Don heard about this and stated, "I can beat that one" and promptly dusted off his dilapidated 150 Aerobat, climbed to 8,500 feet and did 110 continuous loops. One sceptic said, "How did you count them Don?" Don replied "I just marked them off with a ballpoint on the back of my hand".

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A few weeks ago, I had a call from Brian Taylor. "What are you doing today?" "Nothing much, the usual lawn mowing stuff, why?" "What about flying me up to Don McMillan's place?" "What for?" "He's given me his Bantam B10, and I want to collect it".

Brian turned up, we had our obligatory coffee, cranked the Savannah up and off we went. I didn't have a clue where to go, so Brian pointed the prop in the right direction and, on arrival at Don's farm, I asked Brian where the strip was. He said alongside a hedge in a distant paddock. There were millions of hedges everywhere! Anyway, Brian knew the right one and we touched down on a badly pugged paddock that gave the

Savannah's oleo a good work out, and loosened the fillings in my teeth. And that's with tundra tyres fitted. We taxied over to an odd looking structure that closely resembled a Soweto shanty, and a car materialized disgorging Don and Fred Courtney, of Jaguar racing fame, who owns and operates the local Kaikohe motor garage.

After relating the usual lies, we ambled over to the front of this quite amazing looking à la Soweto "hangar" where a couple of large partially collapsed plywood doors almost hid the contents. I say almost, as one door showed considerable damage consistent with someone starting an aircraft inside, and forgetting to open the doors first.



Photo: Allan Jessop

With considerable effort the four of us managed to prise the doors open without them collapsing on top of us, and we were confronted by an amazing array of junk, ranging from doors off a scrapped N.Z. warship, to the cannibalised remnants of some unidentified aircraft, to miscellaneous redundant farm odds and sods. But the highlight of this collection was the B10 Bantam, in all its bird-limed, dust-coated, decrepit splendour.

The port wheel and almost half the undercarriage were completely buried in the dirt floor, where various unnamed animals had been burrowing around leaving heaps of dirt and trenches everywhere. The port wingtip was almost touching the ground. I couldn't believe it, and Brian reckoned he was going to fly this apparition home!

I commented that, "It looked a bit tired". However Don assured us that it would go first kick. I asked him how long it had been since it gave its last kick and he looked at me, "I dunno, maybe 5 years"

We dug it out of its grave, heaved it out of the "hangar" and stood around in contemplation. I suggested to Brian that we should try and find Don's "first kick". Don showed us his method of starting, as there was no sign of the normal recoil starter. Swinging the prop was the order of the day, and after 10 minutes trying to find his first kick, Brian took over with a similar result. After further contemplation, I suggested we should check if there was any spark. Fred ran Don home to get a plug spanner, and on return utilised an empty 20L plastic container as a ladder, removed a plug,

and called out for someone to swing the prop. Brian duly did this and the reaction was quite amazing for Don immediately became airborne, probably the first time without wings, yelling a string of unintelligible expletives in a foreign tongue which, we realised, meant he had found a spark. And it was obviously a very good spark.

Next thing was fuel. What remained in the tank didn't look too good, had a peculiar colour and didn't smell quite right. We drained the tank and Brian stripped and cleaned the carburettor. The fresh fuel he had brought for the occasion was retrieved from the Savannah and poured into the B10's tank. The priming/starting process was again employed but still Don's first kick eluded us. What next? Remove the plug again, this time without spinning the prop, squirt some new mixture into the cylinder, replace the plug and again swing the prop. It fired. Bloody hell we're getting somewhere at last! Some more priming, a couple of more swings, some spitting and farting and - wonder of wonders - it roared into life. A couple of minutes burning out the accumulated crap in the crankcase and the 503 settled down to an amazing smooth fast idle. With a smug look on his face, Don reiterated, "Told you it'd go first kick".

Next thing after a check over was a flight test. Brian cleared a spot on the badly cracked windscreen, wiping off years of accumulated bird shit and dust, climbed in, looked at us and revved it up. He taxied around the paddock a couple of times, out to the strip, and out of our sight. We heard Brian gun it and, after, what seemed

an unusually long time, it trundled into sight, and then reluctantly left the ground in a slow climb. I thought to myself, "Crikey, what about the power lines across the strip?" Afterwards Brian told us he had flown under them. After a few slow circuits he landed, taxied over to us with a smile on his face, and after switching the motor off declared it was a goer. Although it didn't want to climb for some reason, Brian had decided he could still fly it home.

To celebrate, Don dragged another geriatric flying machine out of the other end of his "hangar". This time an old Quicksilver of the vintage one would expect to see on display at MOTAT and, with the assistance of jumper leads attached to Fred's car, managed to find a first kick. Don declared he would accompany Brian part of the way, promptly hit the throttle and disappeared over the hedge, closely followed by Brian. I said cheerio to Fred and the Blue Heeler, climbed into SAV (not sure whether the rego stands for Saveloy or Sauvignon Blanc), did my start-up checks, and commenced a teeth rattling take-off to look for Brian and Don.

I zigzagged all over the countryside, not a sign of either of them, and in the end I decided to head for home, presuming Brian had made a bee-line for his home strip. I had just garaged SAV, was locking up, and then heard a strange lawnmower noise coming from the end of the strip. I was just in time to see the B10 skim over the trees at the end and descend to a rather firm landing just past the threshold.

Brian taxied up, looked at me and said, "Any chance of a strong coffee?" I replied, "You'd better come inside and tell me about it." It was about then I noticed a neat cut across the top of the pod, which I'm sure wasn't there when Brian left. The conclusion was that the "firm" landing had caused the Pod to bounce up and the prop tip had sliced it through clean as a whistle. I made the comment that it was lucky Brian's feet didn't bounce at the same time otherwise we'd be searching the grass for some of his toes.

Despite the B10's reluctance to climb, Brian had picked up some thermals shortly after departure, allowing him to climb to 1500 feet. However rising ground had eroded his clearance to a couple of hundred feet, and each time he decided an out-landing was coming up he'd pick up another thermal which gave him a bit more airspace. He stuck close to forested areas where one can expect warm air to be rising. His other worry was that the little 503 was running at constant full throttle trying to keep the B10 airborne and consequently was gobbling up fuel at an alarming rate.

The fuel level finally disappeared from the sight tube, indicating he wouldn't have enough fuel to get home. Two options: pick a flat paddock to land in, or try and make Jessop's place. The Kara strip has a 700 foot elevation, so Brian's only option was to try and find some thermals so he could work his way up to 700 feet. As we know he did manage this albeit probably trimming some of the neighbour's trees on the way in. Anyway full marks to Brian's flying prowess,



which I think matches Mad Mac's 110 continual loops.

As a footnote, Brian returned the following day. We checked the plane over and discovered that some misguided character (not Don) had removed the ailerons, probably for painting purposes, and re-assembled them upside down. Unbelievable! We put them back to where they're supposed to be, Brian flew it home, and returned a couple of days later with the crud washed

off. Some more adjustments were made and it now flies almost as good as it ever did.

On the Bantam B10, the 10 stands for the number manufactured, and there's not many left flying. A pity, as they're great little flying machines and one of the first microlights I owned. I had it for quite a few years before selling it to Bob Syron.

However, that's another story.



Whangamata International

Flying Scribe

You may already have paid a visit to 'Whangamata International', Max Dean's airstrip at his place just outside Whangamata. You are not the only one! In fact this airfield has become so popular that there is an issue with Max's neighbours.

It is vital to ensure that there is no low-flying over neighbouring properties. This would cause noise nuisance which of course we want to avoid.

So when leaving to the north from 29, please make a LEFT turn and stay out of the area shaded red.



Look out Thames, here we come

Flying Scribe

“What about coming down to Thames for a weekend, and have a bit of a fly-about?” Nooky Robinson asked one day. “You can stay at the pub and I’ll fetch you from the airfield.” So that’s how the Dargaville stalwarts fetched up at Puriri, just outside Thames, one fine-ish, blowy weekend at the end of April.

After doing the dishes and all the other chores following the regular club lunch a small flock of planes set off for Thames. Eventually. Landing lights came in handy to find the runways at Thames Airfield, now named ‘The Sir Keith Park Memorial

Airfield’, in honour of the Kiwi often credited with being the architect of victory in the 1940 Battle of Britain.

The luxury shuttle service swung into action and ferried the aircrew to The Coach House in Puriri. Getting a room there was no problem, Mrs. Nooky owns the pub. When the dinners arrived on the tables, eyes widened. Even with belts let out, nobody managed to finish the whole plate-full. Maybe that’s why brunch at Waihi Beach on Sunday seemed a better idea than tackling breakfast in Puriri.



Photo: Allan Jessop



Photo: Dave Evans

The van der Hulsts arrive at Waihi Beach - Adrian (above) and Greg (below)



Photo: Dave Evans

The fleet at Waihi Beach



Photo: Dave Evans

Brian seems daunted by his dinner



Photo: Allan Jessop

It doesn't take long to fly from Thames to Waihi Beach, most people make it in a squeak over a quarter of an hour. You'll have to ask the pilots concerned why Waihi Beach was suddenly so far away. But they all finally made it and headed over to the Flip'n'Bear café right alongside the runway. The Flip'n'Bear is another place that isn't known for small servings, especially their speciality pancakes.

After these big meals, take-off weight might have been an issue for some of the aircraft. But all finally left the ground and returned to their bases in the north.

More photos of the Dargaville daredevils and their machines are on the club's Facebook page – www.facebook.com/dargavilleaeroclub

The gang ready to leave Waihi Beach



Photo: Dave Evans

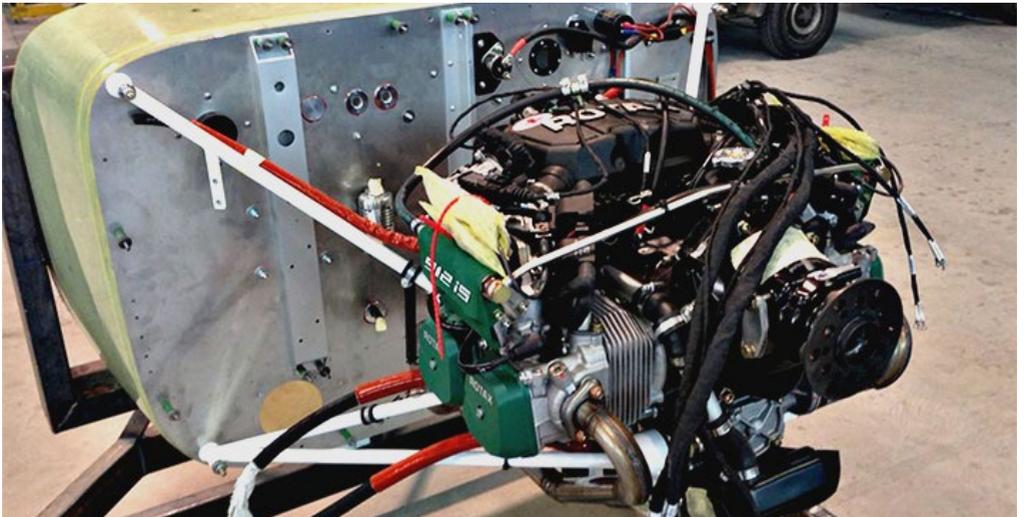
The Flip'n'Bear's "little" breakfasts



Photo: Dave Evans

The new Texan takes shape

The Fly Synthesis factory team in Italy have sent some photos of the club's new Texan during construction. Here is the Rotax 912iS engine being fitted to the firewall.



Training report

Murray Foster

The shortest day has been and passed and we are looking forward to long summer days. Even though we have had some bad weather this winter, we have had good flying on the better days. We have seen many new faces at the club for the lunches and the new flying members. One of our older members has said that each time he comes to the lunch on a Saturday, he meets somebody new for the first time.

Welcome to the new members: Tom and his Dad Mike Roberts. Mike is a very busy medical man and hopes to get more involved as time permits; to Tom Roe from Australia who comes over and stays with his grandparents during the school holidays and gets as much flying as he possibly can - but he will have to wait till he is sixteen to go solo; to Luke Gillingham who is passing his exams with 90 – 100%; and to George Jarrett who is getting up his flying hours for his flight test. It's good to see the young students and how sharp their brains are. A teacher from Mahurangi, Grant Waugh, is doing well in his theory, passing with high marks and is training in a trike with instructors Guntram and Herman (the German). We have a number of members who have joined for trial flights and are anxiously waiting to see how their financial commitments are to carry on.

All our pilots are flying on a regular basis and it's good to see them each weekend keeping their flying current: Bill Lambeth, John Wegg, John Askew, John Wiessing, Allan Russek and others who come in for various flight tests and BFRs. The Air Training Corps keep us busy on their training days, which keep both aircraft busy all day and leave the instructors tired out.

We are all looking forward to the new Texan which should be flying in August or September. The Texan Top Class ZK-TTX is up for sale at a good price – maybe you could organise a syndicate to buy it? Thanks also to Allan Jessop for organising the purchase and dealing with Fly Synthesis direct. I have also heard through the grapevine that Allan will be the Fly Synthesis Australia/New Zealand representative.

We welcome Penny Russell who has joined the team for Saturday lunches – Penny is good at cooking Chinese food, which will be great addition to our regular menu. I'd like to thank the instructors, Dennis, Greg and Brian, who are always willing to help with the flying and keep things running smoothly. Good old Rusty with his gyro, a great encouragement to get people flying and always willing to take people for a flight. So all come along and enjoy the good company and fellowship in the club.



Lovely weather for ducks

Greg van der Hulst

Brian got a call from Kaitaia Aeroclub one day towards the end of June. The weather was shaping up for a nice Sunday, with low tide mid afternoon. Great for a fly in and BBQ on the beach! Well, it is winter, and the forecast by Saturday was quite different. Forecast 25-30kt sou'westers can make it difficult to get the sauce to stay on your sausage and bread! Not to mention the nice crunchy texture with all that extra sand.

Rusty emails us on Saturday night. "I'm in". No surprises there. I'm not sure his flight-suit ever gets a chance to have a wash, given the hours he and ZK-KIW have racked up in the last year. Just as well he flies open cockpit, what with his recently publicised proficiency at the inflight P manoeuvre (see previous Windsock). Brian, never one to pass up a chance to dodge a bit of rain, was on the list. And me in STL. With the floats, I can't very well get worried about a little bit of extra water coming from the sky?



Photo: Greg van der Hulst

Sunday dawns with a leaden sky, and a few bits of hopeful looking blue here and there. I manage to extricate STL from the hangar without further damage to the rudder. Fires up first try and she wallows off the ground with full tanks in a little under 50m. The 25kt SW wind coming straight down the runway helps.

Not setting any new speed records, with the GPS reading 36kts, 70kts indicated. Just as well that seat is comfy. I crawl past the Kai Iwi lakes, before turning slightly more northerly once on the beach and the ground speed climbs to 60kts. Nothing on 119.1 or Whangarei. Everyone else must be sensible and still in bed.

Always impressive, Maunganui Bluff towers into the gloom on my right as I pass seaward, nice and smooth but the nose is pointing nearly due west as I track north west. Hokianga Harbour slides under the nose. Spot a few seals resting in the coastal grass, escaping the west coast surf.

Whangape Harbour, then Herekino, and finally the sun comes out. Ahipara looks very inviting with the curve of Ninety Mile beach stretching to the horizon. Kaitaia Airport hides under some light drizzle. A bumpy approach and Runway 18 looks the best in this wind. Landing with these amphibians is a bit like landing a shopping trolley at 50kts. That headwind makes things easier though. Ground speed at touch down wasn't much. Taxiing crosswind to the aeroclub apron is a bit more of a challenge. Wind keeps pushing me off the taxiway into the mud.

Darren, the Kaitaia Airport Manager, is around and kindly opens up the clubrooms for me. Rusty turns up next, with Brian and Keith arriving soon afterward. A quick look at the rain radar reinforces the view out the window. The crosswind will make beach landings an emergency only event today. And the rain showers are getting thicker. Rusty and I vote for a west coast run back to Dargaville, while Brian decides to head home via the East Coast. Compared to the gyro and Zenair, his Jodel is lightning quick and he'd get bored flying with us.



*Rusty in ZK-KIW
returning along the West Coast*



Photo: Greg van der Hulst

I battle the crosswind with those castoring nose wheels (castor in all directions when you don't want them to, then lock stubbornly in one direction when you do...). Lined up on 18, mind the potholes and we're off. Rusty seems almost immune to turbulence flying 500 ft below me as we head over the Ahipara Plateau direct to Herekino. Once on the coast, we descend to 500ft and dodge a bit of light drizzle. The beach is still deserted all the way to Maunganui Bluff, with the showers parting before us as we get further south. Hokianga Harbour looks a bit rough. Have to stop at the Omapere Copthorne one day when the weather is better. Put that one on the list for later.

We hug the cliffs at Maunganui Bluff, with Ripiro Beach disappearing into the rain south of Glinks. The viz is great where it isn't raining. Can't fly past Kai Iwi Lakes without dropping in for a paddle so a (very) short touch and go with a 30kt headwind washes some of the limestone out of the wheel wells. Five miles out from Dargaville, Rusty is on the radio making sure Murray has the jug on. Just as we shut down at Dargaville, the heaviest squall of the day chases us into the clubrooms for a hot coffee. A brilliant morning's flying. We'll try and sort the weather out next time so we can actually have that BBQ on the beach with the crew at Kaitaia.



The West Coast looking spectacular



Photo: Rusty Russell

Greg's splash-and-go on the Kai Iwi lake



Photo: Rusty Russell

My Mate Mary

Rusty Russell

A golden opportunity presented itself in 1981 and I took it. Got a job at Culham Engineering - heavy construction and Oil Storage Tank building. Construction attracts a certain type, a little rugged, and one was an apprentice boilermaker: Paul - young, smart, keen and fearless. Over the following years we travelled, building tanks, becoming friends, diving, partying, fishing, travelling overseas and Europe. On one particular job I gave him, he f#@cked about like an old woman (perfectionist!), so I gave him the nickname "Mary." It stuck and even our great grandkids know him as Uncle Mary!

Back then he rode a huge fast motorbike, and at times I wondered how long he would stay on the same planet as the rest of us. One day, some 25 years ago, on the way to work, a disqualified low-life ran a stop sign, skittled him for a row, breaking his back. Life was ugly for a bit. Once stable, mobility was an issue but his agile brain required exercise so he did a mechanical engineering qualification and was employed by the refinery until health issues put paid to that. But friends we were and friends we still are.

*And that's where the spirits leave from...
the tip of Spirits Bay*

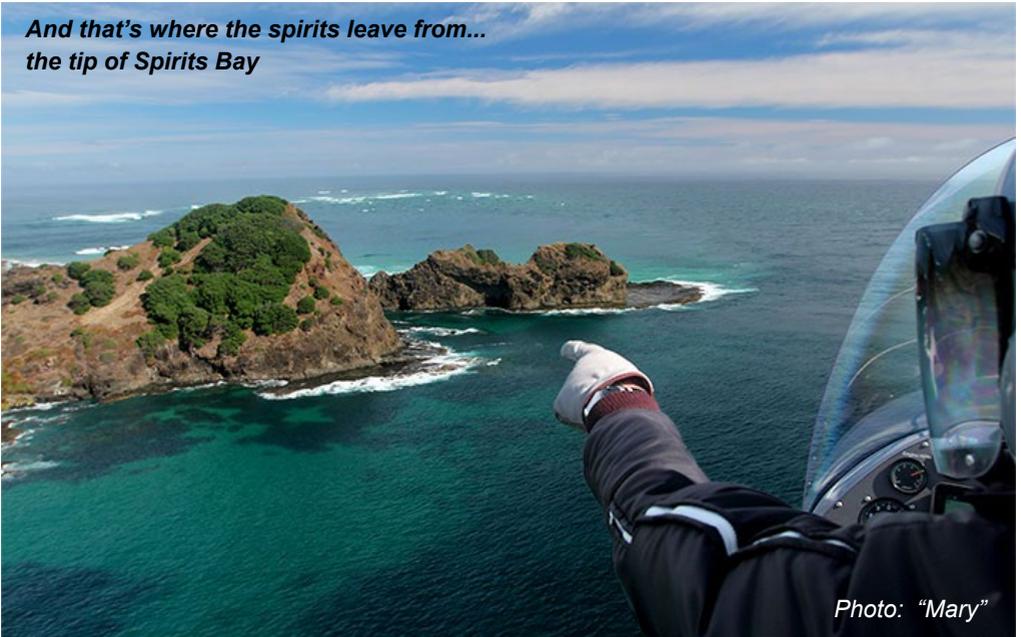


Photo: "Mary"



Remember he drove to Nelson to collect me and my first gyro? His arse fits into the back seat of ZK-KIW rather well and we have had lots of fun flights here and there. He got interested a bit and home-studied a little astronomy and weird physics crud and is trying his hand at learning some astro-photography.

(Now we get to the flying bit)

Mary bought a Canon camera and some wicked lenses and we tried them out, flying and clicking, landing and learning. I heard talk about shutter speed, ISO, lens speed, polarising filters, and a squillion other terms that meant not a lot to me! That high IQ thing quickly had photography partially under control and the photos just keep

getting better, so much so that Canon used one of his lunar photos as their photo of the week!

Recently we did a trip around the top, picking him up from Kerikeri, refuelling at Kaitaia, camera at the ready. Out over the Awanui harbour, up East Beach, Houhora to the North Cape, then across to the lighthouse, and back down 90 Mile Beach. The scenery was just bloody awesome, post card stuff, salt kept building up on the lens, wipe and click. Headlands, beaches, lighthouses, forestry, clear water. We managed a side slip manoeuvre which allowed bladders to be emptied (downwind) in flight...a bit tricky but as the tide was in, the other option was out!

Cape Reinga Lighthouse



Photo: "Mary"

**The hole in the rock,
off Ninety-Mile Beach**

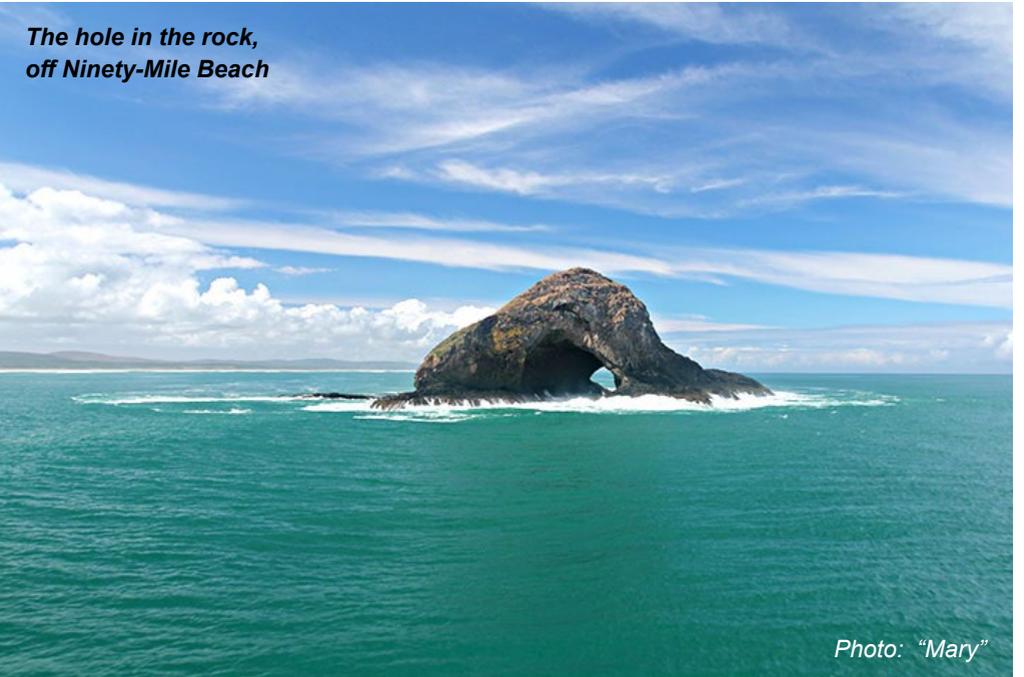


Photo: "Mary"



*Matuapao Island
SW of Cape Reinga*

Photo: "Mary"

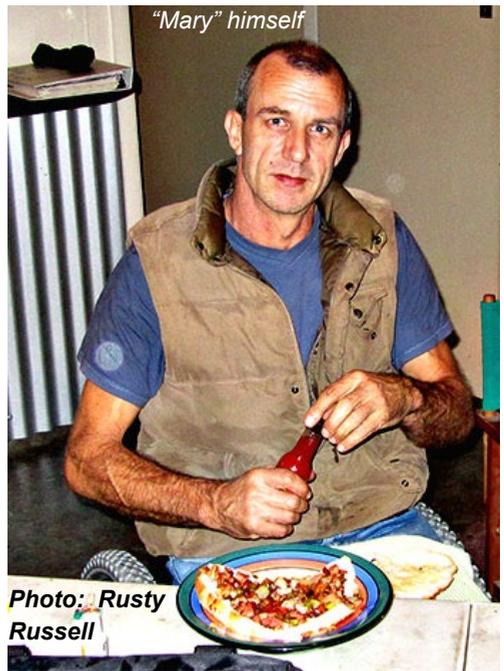


Te Pahi Stream, near Kaitia

Photo: "Mary"

Over Awanui where family and rele's lived, refuel at Kaitaia then back to Kerikeri via the east coast! Over Whangaroa, I realised I was starting to go brain weary - pure sensory overload. During the entire flight, around every headland was just another stunning vista, such jaw dropping beauty. The chat slowed so I made a beeline for Kerikeri, said our goodbyes and clattered off to Whangarei, smiling at the experience just had, a bit bewildered by it, happy but bugged after a four and a half hour (+) day aloft.

Later emails of photos arrived and I'm sure you will agree...pretty damn good. I know looking at other's photos can be a bit tedious "had to be there" kinda thing, but here are a few, taken by....
"My Mate Mary"



I owe my life to...

Ruawai farmer Neville Gleeson is not joking. Over the past year, flying lessons with the club alerted him to two major health issues in the nick of time. Semi-retired, Neville found time on his hands. "Bowls and golf weren't really for me," he says. "I was driving to Dargaville one day and I saw a plane take off from the airfield. And that was it."

Neville says his early ambition was to be a top-dressing pilot but he left school at 15 to work the family farm. As a youngster during World War II, his hero was Uncle Bill, an air force pilot serving

Sheri O'Neill

in the Pacific. "He'd come home on leave in uniform, driving a Willys jeep." There were other local flyers, as well. "The flight path between Whenuapai and the base at Norfolk Island was directly over Ruawai, and they would peel off from the squadron and buzz their farms."

Neville started lessons with Murray Foster and made good progress. "He's been marvellous," he says. "In his quiet, patient way he eventually got me flying solo." Last July during a lesson Neville found he couldn't understand the radio chatter coming in through his headphones. A

test revealed no hearing loss, but when the problem persisted the audiologist sent him for a scan. "Within a week I was in hospital having a cholesteatoma removed from my inner ear. Just in time, as it would have eventually grown into my brain with more serious consequences."

Neville spent his convalescence studying for the first stage of his pilot licence, which he passed. "I happened to mention jokingly to my doctor - also a club member - I might now go for a full commercial license. She must've taken me seriously because shortly afterwards I was referred to a heart specialist." With regular check-ups since the cholesteatoma, Neville was confident he was pretty fit. "But I thought I may as well, as I'd had friends die of heart attacks and I wanted to be totally sure I was safe for flying."

He managed the treadmill test just fine. "But the doctor noticed a tiny anomaly on the printout." An ECG revealed nothing, but an angiogram was ordered, to be

on the safe side. "Imagine my surprise when in comes the chief surgeon and says, 'We don't usually see people like you, because normally you'd be dead.' He said I could have a heart attack at any time." The next week Neville was back in the hospital for a quintuple bypass to replace all his heart arteries. Five months later he feels fitter than ever, and has been cleared to fly.

"When I announced I was taking flying lessons my family said, 'silly old coot, you'll kill yourself.' Now we say I joined the club to stay alive."

Reproduced from the Kaipara Lifestyler, with thanks to Sheri

Murray adds: It pays to have regular health checks. We don't know when we're going to have a heart attack, a stroke or cancer – they can all happen to any of us. We have five top doctors and three excellent nurses in the club - and one vet - so we cover all our bases. They are always willing to give advice.

Neville Gleeson ready to fly the Texan



Photo: Murray Foster

The DAC DFC *

Greg van der Hulst

Greg is one of a dose of doctors who are members of the Dargaville Aero Club. "I was a dairy farm kid in the Waikato who sat on the fence and watched the ag pilots at work," Greg responds when asked what sparked his interest in aviation. "In 1991, at age 16, I learned to fly at the Scouts New Zealand's Walsh Memorial Flying School at Matamata."

As it often does, life intervened and Greg was literally a kiwi for the next 18 years until he found himself working at Dargaville Hospital. "I called the aero club and thanks to Murray Foster's instruction I was back in the air."

Greg has never looked back. He purchased a Jabiru J200 (CPA), and his most recent fleet addition is a Zenair CH701 (STL) on amphibious floats, which he admits, "is more fun than should be legal." But, as the late-night television ads exhort, there's more. As a Class 2 microlight owner Greg performs all the maintenance on his aircraft and completely rebuilt and meticulously upgraded CPA's Jabiru 3300A six-cylinder engine. (see 'The Jabiru gets a top-end overhaul', Windsock, Spring 2011)

Greg organised the first Northland Safari in 2011, now an annual fixture as the Singer Trophy competition (with Graham Walker at the helm). The Safari provides an outlet for another interest, the history of the area's airfields, many of which have now faded away. Greg's first degree at Dunedin was land surveying, involving aerial photogrammetry methods. Unsurprisingly, Greg is also handy with a camera (you'll find his [videos on YouTube](#) of Te Kawa, a 220m-long strip, from where his father Adrian flies another Zenair (ESY), but that's easily another story).

Already a SAC provisional flight instructor, Greg is very close to achieving instructor status, allowing him to conduct BFRs and send students solo. His first approved fledgling, he thinks, might well be wife Nicky (yes, another doctor), an equally enthusiastic and hard-working DAC supporter.

As Greg notes, "Where else can I take a lunch break from work and pop over to the local to enjoy a flight?"

Story by John Wegg

* Dargaville Aero Club, Distinguished Flying Characters



President Peter writes...

Peter Randall

The shortest day for 2013 has been and gone so hopefully the weather will gradually improve and see us all enjoying more suitable flying weather from here on.

Six hundred tonnes of limestone have been spread on the runway. It will still require another grade and rolling when the weather improves to bring it up to scratch. Work on the new Z Energy Avgas tank and refuelling apron is progressing well and hopefully it will not be too long before the disruption it has caused has ended.



The reports from Italy say that our new Texan Club aircraft, which is being built at the moment, is taking shape and we can expect delivery in the not too distant future. It is being fitted with an electric fuel injection Rotax engine and Rotax Austria (the manufacturer) has requested a visit to Fly Synthesis to test the engine and verify the installation as it is the first one to be installed as prescribed in the manual. The Electronic Control Units, fusebox and fuel pump are fitted in the cabin so as not to be affected by the engine temperature.

The club's Texan Top Class ZK-TTX is for sale. If you know of anybody who might be interested in a reasonably priced composite aircraft, please get in touch with the committee.

As usual everything is ticking over nicely at the club. My thanks to all the volunteers who just quietly get on with the required jobs.

When the annual accounts are finalised, we will be calling our AGM. Please think seriously about standing for the committee as we could always do with another member.

Seen at Dargaville



Photo: John Wegg

Dropping in for lunch at DA was Baz Reiher with HeliNorth's Robinson R44 Raven II HCV, which had been working locally. (Above and next page)



Photo: John Wegg

After a hiatus, SuperAir once again has a resident pilot at DA with Fletcher FU24 (EGW). When operating at full capacity there's always a way to get the ground loader to the job



Photo: John Wegg

Jill's message

Hello from the G.A. sector.

We have some great news this time, we have two new PPL's with us. Congratulations go out to both Joel and Blake for passing their tests and it's great to see you both making use of JBA.

Rebecca has passed another PPL exam (meteorology), well done and I hope you are enjoying your time in Rarotonga. Tyler hasn't had much luck with the weather lately, so lessons have been a bit few and far between, but is still ticking along well when given the chance.

Happy flying, Jill

Jill Mortensen



Photo: Murray Foster



Rusty's new BFFs at Whitianga

Photo: Rusty Russell



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Windsock is edited by Dave Evans for the Dargaville Aero Club Committee.

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