



WOT is it?

John Wegg



Dargaville's latest resident is ZK-WOT, an import from Australia called the Boorabee, owned and operated by Barry Povey of Whangarei. Designed early in the 1990s by Casino Aero Club member Tom Cadet of Evans Head, New South Wales, the Boorabee (the name is derived from the Ngorabul word for koala) is a tandem two-seat, pod and boom pusher.

The original fuselage pod mould for the Boorabee was made from the two halves taken from a crashed Rotec Panther, then modified by making the front more pointed and taking the aft section up to the wing. Tom also added a sheet alloy floor pan. A Maxair Drifter contributed the aluminium tube boom and empennage.

Dave Donohoe, a colleague of Tom, developed the Boorabee's airfoil. This wing was mated to a new fuselage mould to use a 4 x 3 inch rectangular boom and Dave called the result the Shuttle. Similar in overall appearance, the Shuttle has a single wing strut and a different tail and undercarriage and control system. After the undercarriage of the Shuttle proved weak, some Shuttles adopted that of the Boorabee. (The Shuttle design was abandoned after Dave's second aircraft, powered by a 1600cc Jabiru, developed aileron flutter.

The wings were damaged extensively, but Dave was able to land the aircraft. Vibration from the Jabiru, coupled with a control system that was too slack, caused the flutter.)

For the Boorabee's wing, Tom used fibreglass/Kevlar ribs with a glass/Kevlar leading edge. The main spar caps are 40 x 1.6mm drawn alloy tubes with 1.2mm sheet web plates; the rear spar is a 44 x 1.6mm tube.

Three versions of the Boorabee appeared. The Mk 1 has a 30ft wing span. That of the Mk 2 was reduced to 29ft, and a new mould was made to improve the shape of the fuselage pod. Alloy shear plates were used to simplify wing construction, and flaperons adopted. Kevlar was used extensively to lighten the aircraft. Both the first Mk 1 and Mk 2 were registered in 1993. A lengthened pod, offering more foot

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Photo: John Wegg



Photo: John Wegg

space for the rear-seat passenger, was introduced with the Mk 3, which also had the shorter wing.

The choice of powerplant was usually the Rotax 582 or 618. A Rotax 503 was used by Bob Evans of Evans Head for his Mk 2, completed as a single seater with a more rounded tail.

For several years, Tom freely provided scale drawings to those interested in building a Boorabee, the use of his moulds, and builder support. A dozen or so Boorabees were completed by local builders.

As with all pusher aircraft, the airflow around the rear of the fuselage was a problem, causing slight instability in yaw as well as reduced thrust from the propeller. After experiments on the Mk 1s a line of vortex generators on the fuselage immediately solved the issues. Because the two blades of the original propeller disturbed the air at the wing trailing edge in unison, resulting in uncomfortable vibration at certain speeds, a three-blade propeller was found to be necessary. Apart from these annoyances the Boorabee proved very successful, with hundreds of hours logged by each aircraft.

The Boorabee caught the eye of Barry Povey last year when he was searching for a low-cost aircraft and advised to browse the 'for sale' section of the Recreational Aviation Australia website. (Barry is no stranger to home-builts. In 1982 he completed a Peris JN-1, a U.S. single-seat, high-wing design, registered ZK-JBC.)

Barry found a well-travelled Boorabee in Victoria that was built in 1998 with a

Rotax 582. It has since been fitted with a Japanese HKS 700E, a two-cylinder, horizontally opposed, four-stroke engine, designed for use on ultralight aircraft. At around 15 litres an hour fuel burn, the two wing tanks with a capacity of 47 litres each (90 litres usable) offer an endurance of more than five hours. Total airframe time was around 1,100 hours, with only 300 hours on the HKS 700E. A deal was reached, and the Boorabee was wrapped up in a container to bring home to New Zealand.

Barry removed the passenger seat and, owing to his long legs, set the pilot's seat further back. At best, in his opinion, the original set up allowed space for a child in the rear seat; for an adult it would have



Photo: John Wegg



Photo: John Wegg

been a tight fit. As Barry enjoys flying on his own, the Boorabee is registered as a single seater. After some cosmetic clean ups, including a new Lexan windshield, Barry trucked his new pride and joy to Dargaville for assembly. Test flown and signed off by Brian Taylor on 28 March, Barry made his first flight in the Boorabee on 1 April.

By the end of June, Barry had logged some ten hours with WOT. Barry has

found the Boorabee to be very docile and forgiving. "It's not fast," he adds, "as cruise would be about 60-65kt. The fuel capacity gives it a great range, which is yet to be put to the test but is next on my list. I would like to take the opportunity to say a big 'thank you' to Brian Taylor and Murray Foster for their time and trouble. As a relatively inexperienced owner/pilot I am very grateful for their expert assistance."

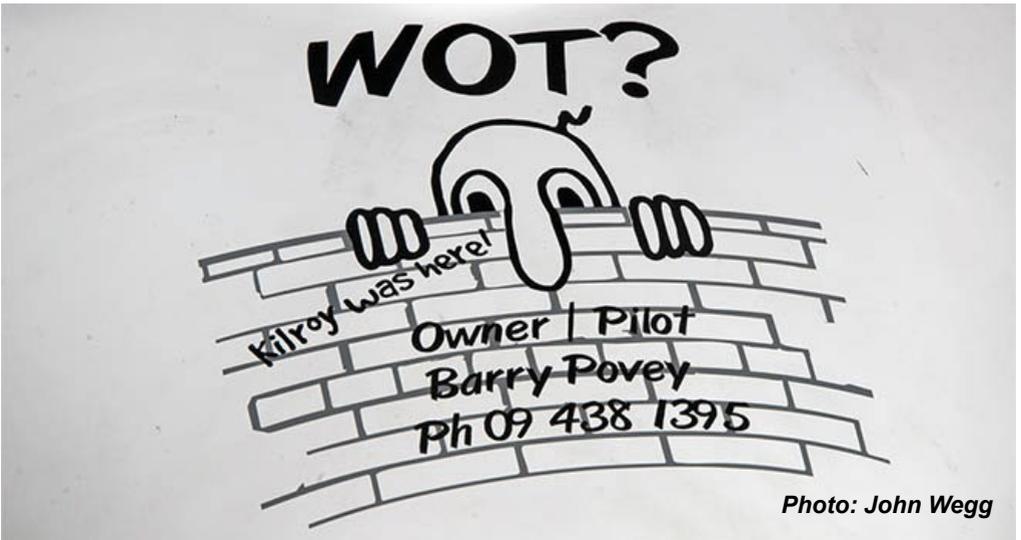


Photo: John Wegg

Swanning around

Rusty Russell

After Mel completed the build of his Sisler SF-2A Cygnet, the test flights all went reasonably well. Some local flights were undertaken without incident, Mel becoming comfy with his girl!

We flew her around the northeastern coast, then to Ninety Mile Beach (Te Oneroa-a-Tōhē), Kaitaia (the most northerly town in NZ), and down the west coast to Dargaville for a coffee and a pee before heading back to Whangarei. She flew hands free with temperatures and pressures perfect. Handled beautifully. Powerful. Yeah NAAAAA: we flew her with the lack of power in mind.

On another flight we struggled to get out of Leo's strip, and struggled even more

to get out of the valley. Getting back onto the tarmac was a bloody relief. The tiny VW engine would never be a powerhouse, but we both knew this donk was seriously 'down' on power. Many of the 65 horses had left the farm.

With Mark and Brian in diagnostic mode, collapsed lifters was the call. Options were limited, so Mel opted for repair by the VW specialist. More hard earned cash over a few weeks and it was time to go again. Brian put her through her paces and now mixture issues were exposed.

Off came the carb which went off to the USA for overhaul; yes, more foldies withdrawn and handed over. More fitting

Mel Jones' Cygnet, shortly after completing its test flights



Photo: Dave Evans

up, more modificating, and Brian again jumps in and test flies. Fiddle, adjust, fly. Again. And again.

As a bystander staying 'out of the road', I kept a keen ear and eye on proceedings. I developed huge admiration for all these guys, they being passionate, persistent, particularly diligent, and skilful, dexterous, adroit, deft, nimble-fingered, handy, adept, inventive, creative, imaginative, original, innovative, resourceful, enterprising, insightful, inspired, perceptive, intuitive, and good plane fixers as well. They were sticking with it, deducing, staying focused, and not being side-tracked. I'll add unflappable to the list.

Pressures inside the cowling affected carburetor performance. More fiddling.

They were not getting full revs but what was the cause? Prop diameter? Pitch? Timing? Mixture? More? Less? These

boys slowly pulled this integrated puzzle together. A prop borrowed from Murray Parkinson got Brian particularly excited as he thought they were getting close. Various props were trialed, but none came close to Murray's. Mark had prop changes off to a fine art. Brian flew a good session and things went well.

I suggested to Mel we go for a trip south to stretch her legs a bit and hopefully give him some payback for the enormous effort. He didn't need much encouragement. I called Mark to see if he wanted to ride shotgun. Hell yes! To where? Whitianga? See a mate who had just built a gyro? Has a coffee shop and a dunny: settled.

Next day we saddled up and headed south in perfect weather, calm, clear, and still. The prop needed a couple more degrees of pitch as we could pull plenty of revs but was a tad slow. Poor Mark Norgate had to practice slow flying, as

Mel Jones and Mark Norgate ready for a break at Pauanui



Photo: Rusty Russell

the Sonex struggled to maintain position. Mismatched we were but together we continued.

Down the coast to Kawau Island the conditions were so good we bypassed the planned Waiheke waypoint and headed straight for Matarangi and down to Whitianga. Now that's what I call a strip: 1,900 metres long. Tony Turner heard us approaching and was there to greet us, happy to show us his recently completed gyro. The same model as mine, but with a groovy green paint job and called ZK-SHT. We met his mate who had built an early Sonex. He and Mark swapped stories.

Tony broke the bad news that the coffee shop was closed and the dunny was locked. The look on Mel's face revealed all. Luckily there was a small shed that served the purpose. Now for coffee. We gassed up and flew down to Pauanui for the caffeine. I felt bad as it's not a route march to the shop from the strip by any means, only some 300 metres. But for an 85-year-old who has been strapped into a flying box for a couple of hours it must have felt like one. He was huffing and puffing a bit. However a juicy steak-

and-cheese pie with a cup of Earl Grey and he was good to go again.

I wanted to explore south Auckland strips: Mercer, Tuakau, and Pukekohe East. So we headed in their direction and checked them out, not landing but eyeballing.

The sparkling day had by now deteriorated to 1,500 ft cloud cover with misty rain. We didn't mess about. Passing Glenbrook then Manukau Heads we saw planes a few times but heard little. Under the transit lane and over Parakai Mark unleashed his horses and left us in his dust. Tail wind for the last leg - yippee 90 knots ground speed. With a smooth landing we were home again

A welcome hot cuppa was waiting. Despite it being a longish day, we took the time to review the trip and reflect (= talk BS). Mark was keen to know the technical stuff.

I was a happy chappy, having had some fixed-wing tail-dragger flying, take-offs and landings, navigation, fuel calculations, avoiding others, and a successful conclusion



Rusty and Mark take the Cygnet out for some winter blue skies



Photo: Rusty Russell



Photo: John Wegg

The big mountains beckon

Dave Evans

It had been a long time coming, but at last the weather forecast showed a big high-pressure system on its way. As the high drew closer, the forecasts all became consistent and they all said the same thing, 'Head for the big mountains on Sunday'. So that's what we did. And our reward was the most memorable day's flying we could have had.

Anne and I live at Waihi Beach, just a short drive from Waihi Beach airfield where our Tecnam Golf ZK-JAN lives. Sunday morning dawned exactly as promised—clear, sunny and cold—so

after breakfast we were off to the petrol station so we could top up JAN's tanks before our flight. With us two on board in our warm clothes, the tanks full, and fresh batteries in the cameras we were up and away at 10.30.

Only ten minutes or so later we were able to see the three main volcanic mountains: White Island steaming away out at sea to the east; Ruapehu and its neighbours straight ahead; Taranaki on the western horizon. A few more minutes and then we were flying over the mighty Waikato river with its big lakes of

Waipapa dam on the Waikato River

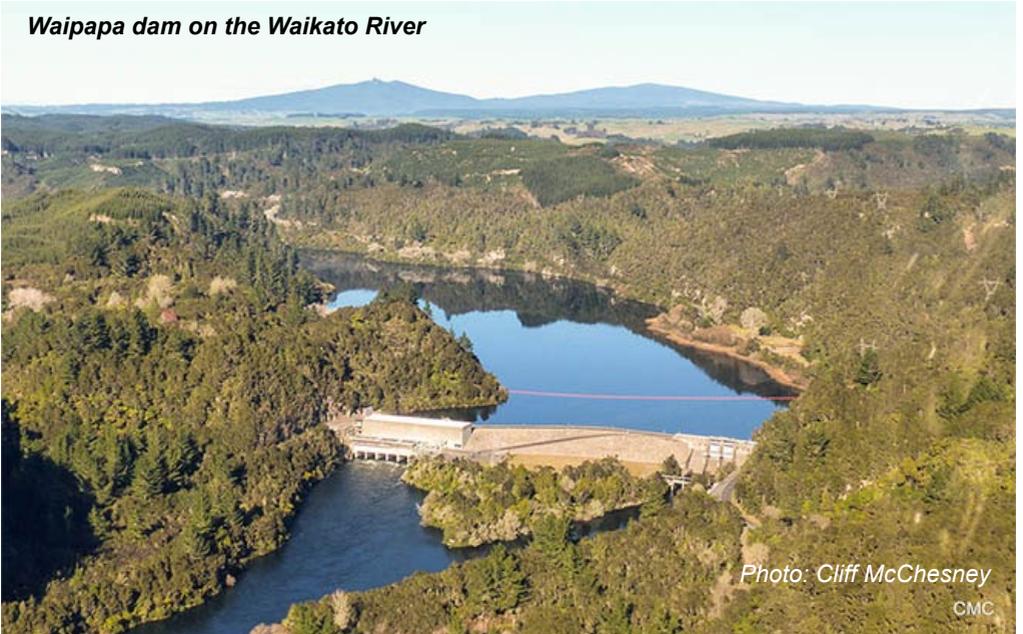


Photo: Cliff McChesney

CMC



Mangakino and Karapiro, before Taupo came into view. The air was not only crystal clear, it was smooth as glass—just what was needed for a usually travel-sick passenger.

Metflight had told us to expect the freezing level around 4,000', a south-easterly breeze low down but still air above. And that seemed to be exactly what we got as we climbed to 4,200', the air coming in the vents was rather chilly but our groundspeed now matched our airspeed.

Over the southern Waikato we talked with Cliff McChesney in Pulsar XP ZK-KFC, flying from Thames. A lot faster than us, even with the headwind, so he took a less direct route, sightseeing over the Waikato dams and then down to Turangi where we first caught sight of each other.

A steady climb all the way over and past Lake Taupo brought us to the Ketetahi Hot Springs on Tongariro's northern flank at just the right height to take a good look at them. Their steam plumes are always impressive but in today's cold, clear air and blue skies they were extra special. They were also going virtually straight up: no wind or turbulence! That was the indicator we needed to make a steady climb along the west side of Tongariro to Ngauruhoe (aka Mount Doom), rising past the snow line on the way.

Ngauruhoe is truly special, almost a perfect cone covered with pristine, gleaming white snow. Going all the way round the mountain to its east face brought us back over the top of Tongariro to Ketetahi, but much higher this time. Next it was time to achieve an ambition



Ketetahi Hot Springs



– fly over the crater lake on Ruapehu. As we cruised over to the eastern side of Ruapehu, the view across the Desert Road was stunning with many more snow-capped mountains. And then we saw the lake. We were now high enough to orbit above the summit, admire the lake and look down onto the ski fields as we went around.

The views from this height, the highest I've ever been in JAN, were just wonderful - every bit as good as I was hoping for. Once more round Ruapehu then it was time to go back to orbit the top of Ngauruhoe before heading north again. And by now we were aware that there are quite a few places other than the fresh-air vents where the freezing air can come into the cabin. The cabin heater had been on since we neared the

mountains, but the kindest we can say is that we would probably have been even colder without it.

A third aircraft (Philip Hart with Helen in their Remos ZK-PRH) now joined us, coming in over National Park village to complete our group. Cliff reported a Taupo-based RV-8 briefly formed with him, then bade farewell with a barrel-roll. Our group's plan was to meet at Taupo Airport for lunch. The good news - the café was open. The bad news - so many people were waiting for an Air NZ flight that there were no free seats. But the airliner arrived, the crowds cleared, and we got to sit and enjoy lunch, share photos, and generally enthuse about the wonderful experience. I wonder how long it'll be before the weather is as good again?

Ruapehu crater lake



Photo: Anne Evans



Photo: Dave Evans

Ruapehu summit, Taranaki on the horizon



Photo: Anne Evans

You can find a short video from the flight at
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hkFvX4K-TDc>

Ngauruhoe, Tongariro and Lake Taupo



Photo: Anne Evans

Let's all go to - - - Thames

Rusty Russell

Sitting in Penang in 35°C of tropical heat, eating rambutans, lychee, durian, and mangosteen, it was a little odd having my reality disturbed by a chirp on the Samsung announcing an email from home. It was Brian Taylor saying that nasty weather had meant the deferment of the flying club's Thames trip. Maybe I'll make it home in time?

We hit Auckland on Thursday, visited family (we're all getting on so the opportunities must be taken). Then Friday morning goodbye hugs and a fast trip direct to Onerahi to see how my gyro was faring. I had missed flying more than I realized.

She looked fine so I spent two happy hours re-acquainting. Gee, she flew well with one on board, light, and with a good stiff breeze. Mount Manaia on the Whangarei Heads peninsula had some air moving over and around it that was just such fun to play in—hovering, flying sideways, backwards, up, spiral descents, tight climbing turns—without a hint of instability. There is little that this baby can't do. Feeling her responding to a few more revs, slight stick pressure, feeling her relax or tense up. I swear there is a willing and adventurous spirit living in this airplane. Together we reconnected, and did it good!

I wore the gyro grin as we unloaded the ute, suitcases, turned on hot water cylinders, shut the curtains, and put on some rock and roll. Woke up the sleeping house. Coming home is always good.

Next day we flew early to Dargaville to help Muzz and John Askew with lunch preparation, change oil and filter, and then some flight planning for the trip south. There were five airplanes heading south. Bex [Rebecca Davidson, recently signed off as a GA pilot] took the family in the Cessna, President Peter Randall, Brian and Gail Taylor, Bill Lambeth, 'naughty' Tom Brien and Andy, plus Penny and me.

After lunch everyone was entertained as Penny managed to don 13 pairs of tights, 15 singlets, shirts, and jerseys, and five pairs of socks, plus a flying suit given by Bobby Foster. She was OK, but I had to remove ten litres of fuel so we could meet the max take-off weight of 544kg. Thankfully she had remembered to go pee before dressing; that would have taken hours otherwise.

There were showers and low cloud that cleared after a few miles climbing out to the east of Ruawai. I had a crack at making position on 118.5. It was a lonely frequency, so I opted to return to 119.1 and listen to the others getting



airborne and sorting themselves out. Great!

Apart from being the most beautiful aircraft on the trip, we were also the slowest, so we rum-lined it down the east coast, east of Waiheke, and split the Hauraki Gulf. Thames was down there somewhere. Bex flew past Auckland through the transit lane to give the family the view. Naughty Tom screeched past at warp 9. If it were a race, Tom would have got the gold, Bex the silver, and us the bronze, with Peter fourth and Brian as tail-end Charlie. But it wasn't, and we all took time to enjoy what the Gulf has to offer and it has lots!

We were spoiled as Nookie opened up the club hangar into which slipped the gyro snug-as-a-bug-in-a-rug, then we watched as the rest of the squadron were tethered to terra firma. Mmmmmm, interesting.

The courtesy van appeared in no time and before I could say 'Bugger me' we were settled in the bar at the Imperial Hotel with a beer. Rooms sorted, dining room used, more beer, a rugby game watched, then off to bed. Nookie and Rick with wife Gail joined us for dinner. Thanks guys! Penny and I still had jetlag and wilted prematurely. Bummer, such is life.

On Sunday morning Brian organised a visit through the School of Mines. Very cool historical buildings, an early attempt by the authorities to educate those who were touched with gold fever (human nature hasn't altered a lot—folks still confuse ambition with ability), to reduce the chance of not recognising the real thing. After looking at the examples of

Penny with clothing layers



Photo: Rick Watson

various ore samples, it was obvious to me that there was a real need for this school to train assayers, scaffolders, hydrolagers, ventilators, as well as tunnellers. The old bugger walking us through the school was a son of a miner, and such a funny knowledgeable bloke. Where do they find these guys? He targeted the spiel at the right level with a good pace, and nicely involved and engaged Scott and Bex's three kids, who made their parents proud by demonstrating a sound knowledge of science and chemistry, as well as practical stuff - not bad for under-tens.

They went on to ride the vintage railway. Others shopped or wandered. Courtesy van back to the coffee shop across the road from the airstrip, a light lunch then gas up,



Outside Thames School of Mines



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Inside Thames School of Mines



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Thames School of Mines



Photo: Rusty Russell

pre-flight, pay landing fees, and get Penny re-insulated. Thanks Rick for digitally recording the awkwardness of this exercise.

Airborne again and tracked north along the coast about five miles off. It was so pretty that I forgot to take many photos. And I wasn't comfy using the Samsung without a strap, as cold fingers cannot always be trusted not to drop stuff—and it's a very long drop.

We heard the others making position reports on the way back, all heading for Dargaville for a coffee and a wind-down chat. Us, we so enjoyed the east coast we simply followed it back to Marsden Point, using lots of willpower and not landing on the beach, which is the norm if the tide is out.

These trips at times can be tiring, and challenging to a relative newbie, but new skills are always learned, experience is gained, and the knowledge bowl is filled with good shit. A good trip Brian! Where next?

The getaway queue at Thames



Photo: Rick Watson

Peaceful parking at Thames



Photo: Rusty Russell

Rebecca and family do fit in the club's Cessna



Photo: Bill Lambeth

President Peter writes...

Peter Randall

Everything is ticking over quite nicely at the club with a steady flow of new members and the airplanes being well used, considering it is winter. Unfortunately the grassed areas are now getting quite soft, so it would be advisable to stay on the hard unless you want to be towed out. It was a pity that during the drier months we didn't get the limestone on the area that we wanted for additional parking space during the winter. The contractor was too busy and by the time he wanted to do it, it was too wet. We must make sure we get onto it in good time next year.

The neighbour who has been mowing around the clubrooms now seems too busy to fit it in so I am looking for volunteers with a mower to mow around the clubrooms. If anybody is willing would they please let me know. I will draw up a roster once I have some names.

The club trip to Thames proved to be most enjoyable and a big "thank you"

to Brian Taylor for organising it. The weather forecast was not good but the weather did improve and we had good flights down and back. It was good to see JBA full up with the Davidson family coming along.

As soon as our annual accounts have been finalised we will be holding the club AGM. As always we are looking for members to come onto the committee. If you are interested please let me know.

On my recent trip to the UK I managed to go to the RAF Museum at Hendon in northwest London. I was very impressed with the standard of displays and the variety of aircraft. You really need a full day to do it justice with more than a hundred aircraft on display, starting with pre-First World War trainers going right through to the Eurofighter Typhoon. Much to my surprise admission was free and I only paid for parking. It is certainly a must see for aircraft enthusiasts ranking up there with Duxford, one of the better known UK aviation museums.

Photo - right - for Rusty Russell:

The A V Roe company built this autogyro in 1934 under licence from the Spanish Cierva company. Ten were built but several were lost in accidents. In 1941 this aircraft was used for radar calibration over the English Channel. After the war, this aircraft was sold to a Swedish company which operated it for several years. In 1978 it returned from Sweden to become a museum exhibit because of its historic significance. In the mid '90s the aircraft was loaned to the Spanish airforce for dismantling to provide patterns for reconstruction of their replica Cierva C30As.



RAF Hendon Museum's de Havilland Mosquito



Photo: Peter Randall

See previous page



Photo: Peter Randall

Murray's message

Murray Foster



Hi one and all. We are in the middle of winter and the temperatures are making for very cold days and brisk flying conditions, so our flying hours for June and the first half of July are quite down.

I haven't flown myself for the past three months due to my time in hospital. The doctors in both Whangarei and Dargaville are working hard to get me fit, which will be very pleasing and I'll be able to fly again.

I don't spend every day at the club any more, as I have done for the previous nine years, but if any pilots wish to fly my number is 027 478 4308. I'll tell you which airplanes are available, discuss conditions and monitor the flights, as well as chat over coffee.

We welcome Bill Rea to the club. He drives up weekly from Matakana with John Wegg to do his flight training. John tells me he is almost ready to solo, so a good effort there!

Also Barry Povey is flying his Boorabee very well and is keen to get into cross

country flights. He manages to utilise the fine spells of weather, clocking up several hours locally.

Congratulations to Rebecca Davidson who has been signed off as pilot-in-command in JBA by Jill Mortensen (a huge effort by Jill). Well done, a great accomplishment. Rebecca is now confidently flying cross-country, taking friends to Raglan, and accompanied the club flyers on the recent Thames trip with her husband and children.

The hangar needs a good work over/clean out to get rid of stuff that has been lying about for years. A large truck or trailer is needed to remove said stuff and de-clutter the hangar. Dust-free cabinets need to be identified to store the club's oil and filters for each individual aircraft. At present there is a possibility of contamination resulting from confusion. A small working bee would sort it out in no time.

Those doing run ups with aircraft, please do this whilst on the concrete apron to avoid prop damage, and point the aircraft away from the hangar doors, as dust and debris is readily blown in, creating more work.

Routine aircraft care and maintenance is required. Just washing and polishing before or after use, and tidying up for the next flyer, would be appreciated. Now I'm looking forward to some warmer weather and a lot of flying.

SOS . . . - - - . . . Save Our Strip

Dave Evans

You may have heard that Waihi Beach airfield is facing an uncertain future, with the owners appearing keen to develop the land. There is some history to the airfield, it having been used for aviation activities over several decades but, unfortunately, history and nostalgia don't pay the rates or mow the grass. The 'Waihi Beach Flyers' have formed a loose collective that aims to keep the airfield in service as long as possible. There have been a few hiccups along the way, but the Flyers have just reached an agreement with the owners that hopefully will provide another year's flying there. Without this agreement the airfield would have closed by now.

The arrangement we have is that the Flyers take on responsibility for paying the rates on the airfield, mowing the grass, maintaining the runway and the windsocks. In return the Flyers collect the landing fees, use that income to help pay the rates and other costs, and personally guarantee to make up any cash shortfall. Either party to the agreement can give the other side one month's notice to terminate the agreement, so we still can't be certain that the airfield will stay open the full year, but we will give it our best shot and hope for further months or years to follow.

A couple of months back, when we received news of the impending closure of the airfield, the Flyers organised a

fly-in and barbecue. This event was well attended considering the short notice and time of year, with the furthest travellers arriving from Dargaville. The turnout was a major encouragement for us to go ahead with efforts to reach an agreement with the owners. We aim to put on more events of this type over the coming year, hopefully restoring Waihi Beach's reputation as a friendly place to drop into, with a great café alongside the runway.

One of the Flyers has managed to come up with a tractor and mower. Regular grass cutting is already happening so the airfield is in as good condition as ever.

We'd like you to make sure Waihi Beach is on your 'must visit soon' list. You'll be able to enjoy the pancake specialities and other great food and coffee at the neighbouring Flip'n Bear café, take a leisurely stroll to the beach, or enjoy the relaxed life at the beach. If you let one of the Flyers know you're coming, we may even be able to get there to meet and greet you. The landing fee is a modest \$10 - as many landings as you like in a day - just look for the honesty box on the end of the hangar nearest the aircraft parking area.

And of course if you, dear reader, are a person who would like to buy an airfield where there's a group of Flyers ready, willing and able to support you – look no further. The owners may well respond to a good offer to buy the property!



Oxfam Trailwalker 2015

Jo Hales

I would like to thank everyone who has supported me in the Oxfam trailwalker 100 km held on 28th March in Taupo. This was the 10th year that Oxfam has held this event. It consisted of teams of four who walk together along a 100 km trail in the Taupo region, ending up at the Tongariro domain in Taupo.

Our team is called 'Young and Restless' — boo I hear you cry! To enable us to enter we needed to pledge a minimum of \$2,000 by 16th March, which we have raised thanks to you. Our target

was \$2,500 and we ended up raising in excess of \$2,600, which went to Vanuatu.

Recently I had a raffle circulating around which showed our trail and had 100 squares at \$2 each. We managed with a final burst from Murray to sell all the squares, and drew the raffle. The lucky winner of the \$50 prize was Maurice Hansen — congratulations.

Dave Evans said I had to add a flying-related photo, so here it is. Graeme saw a Lear Jet on slow approach for Taupo.



Photo: www.bombardier.com

[Graeme's photo was "similar" but slightly different. Ed.]



Jo's team at the finish line

A cheap ‘Artificial Horizon’?

Dave Evans

Have you ever considered using one of the many “Artificial Horizon” apps that are available for smart phones? Some are free, some you have to pay only a few dollars for. Sounds good compared to the price of a conventional gyro-stabilised artificial horizon? You might be interested in a little trial I did recently.

My friend and I prepared a selection of phones and tablets, loading each with an Artificial Horizon app. The app on each of the devices seemed to work well on the ground – tilting the phone instantly produced exactly the response we expected. But what would happen in the air?

The long story short is that none of our devices had a good-enough gyro



inside. That means the app displayed a balanced turn exactly the same as level flight – not what you would want if the going got tough. Reviews of the apps on various web sites suggest that some devices have good gyros inside, but not all. So our conclusion is that if we want a reliable Artificial Horizon, we'll have to pay the money for an aviation instrument.



Hoo-hah in the Hokianga

Maurice Hansen

This incident aboard La Carino, a 9-metre yacht that I designed and built, began with a desire to enter the uncharted Whangape Harbour. This inlet lays within a narrow valley a few miles north of the Hokianga, which Mike Fowley, Rex Morffet, Grant Waldren, and myself had entered and anchored the day before.

My order to the crew approaching Whangape was to don life-jackets. The wind had dropped to nil so we motored toward the entrance. At 500 metres offshore the depth was 17.5m, reducing to 16m at 475m, and to 10m within 150m. At 1201 hours we entered with a steady 3m under our keel, experiencing some good swells.

At 1130 on the following day we headed out to return to the Hokianga. The wind was very strong from the nor'east, but 1015bar. We were close inshore when we picked up a long line on our keel. Inside the Hokianga it was very rough; however, we tried to berth at the wharf at Omapere. It was a lot of hard work so we decided to go to anchor. As we reversed out, disaster struck. The engine stopped, started again, then stopped in gear.

We figured it must be something around the propeller and hastily lowered the

anchor. But the anchor started to drag so we quickly dropped the storm anchor, but by this time we were ashore on rocks with two hours to go to low tide. After retrieving the storm anchor, Mike rowed out to deep water and dropped it, then returned with a warp, which we ran through a sheet on the forward bollard and back to a sheet winch.

As we lay parallel to the shore we had to try to swing the head toward deep water. The gunwale was already under water. Don Goodhue came aboard and, together with Mike and myself, went out onto the boom. Grant manned the winch and with Mike tailing out, to our relief she moved. With increased exercise we managed to re-float La Carino.

Mike then dived to inspect the propeller and found a great bundle of 150-pound nylon tangled around it. With much effort he managed to cut it off. We then proceeded to motor into wind to gain a more sheltered anchorage further up the harbour.

The next day we resumed our voyage around North Cape, which acted more like Cape Horn, but that is another story. I should have taken up flying years ago, although probably I would have crashed.

Happy flying!

Maurice is a regular at the club's Saturday lunches



Whangape Harbour's treacherous entrance



Photo: John Wegg

Whangape Harbour



Photo: John Wegg

Seen at Dargaville

Maurice Hansen eyeing up a potential toy?



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Maurice Hansen and friend with Super Cub ZK-BKD



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Partenavia P68B Victor dropped in for fuel



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Zenair 701 STOL, with Mark Norgate's Sonex in front of the clubhouse



Photo: Bill Lambeth



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Above: TL-3000 Sirius, from the Czech TL-Ultralight factory

Below: Sling 2 from South African maker “The Airplane Factory”



Photo: Bill Lambeth

Tim Harrison prepares to fly back to Kaipara Flats in the Zlin Savage Cub ZK-ZSC



Photo: Dave Evans

Ripiro Beach - the view available only to flyers!



Photo: John Wegg

The co-pilot's lament

I am the co-pilot. I sit on the right. It's up to me to be quick and bright;

I never talk back for I have regrets, But I have to remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the Flight Plan and study the weather, Pull up the gear, stand by to feather;

Make out the mail forms and do the reporting, And fly the old crate while the Captain is courting.

I take the readings, adjust the power, Put on the heaters when we're in a shower;

Tell him where we are on the darkest night, And do all the bookwork without any light.

I call for my Captain and buy him cokes; I always laugh at his corny jokes,

And once in a while when his landings are rusty I always come through with, "By gosh it's gusty!"

All in all I'm a general stooge, As I sit on the right of the man I call "Scrooge";

I guess you think that is past understanding, But maybe some day he will give me a landing.

Keith Murray

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