

# WINDSOCK

The newsletter of  
Dargaville Aero Club



Autumn 2013

## Wings over Wairarapa 2013

**Stephen Jeffery**

We were looking for an excuse for a weekend away and the Wings over Wairarapa air show ticked all the boxes. ZK-SLY prepared, we set off for Feilding on Friday evening after work.

A 20 knot south-westerly kept us down low over the west coast until a few miles south of Kawhia when we climbed and headed inland. The winds aloft abated as we got away from the coast and allowed us to enjoy the tiger country around Taumarunui. Lots of agricultural strips but equally lots of areas of unlandable native bush. My brother picked us up from the aerodrome just after 8 and took us over to Palmerston North to stay the night.

Back to SLY next morning and away after adding fuel. There were lots of Feilding locals preparing aircraft and generally getting ready. We took the 'easy' route to the Wairarapa through the Manawatu gorge and got a good view of the slip that

has been closing the road over the last year or three – certainly has been a lot of rock moving around down there.

Radio traffic was heavy and getting heavier as we approached Masterton. At one point we were about number 7 in the circuit for landing. But with everyone following procedures we were soon on the ground taxiing behind the "Follow Me" vehicle. There were 80 or 90 private aircraft in the parking area ranging from microlights to a turbine Cessna Caravan.

The organisers had arranged minivan transport around to the spectator area, so we were soon enjoying the huge array of static exhibits. The air force had several helicopters and plenty of displays for any youngsters considering a career in the forces. There were plenty of vintage military vehicles on display including several tanks – the perfect present for someone who has everything!



*Photo: Stephen Jeffery*

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After a quick look at the aviation museum it was time for the flying displays. To start, the Mustang/Kittyhawk/Spitfire/Corsair quartet put on a spirited series of high speed passes and aerobatics. Next up was the star of the show. The Mosquito was accompanied by no less than two Vampires and a Venom, and the combined sound was fantastic.



*Photo: Stephen Jeffery*

The rest of the day went by in a blur of great sights and sounds with every single aircraft displayed to its best. Slightly sunburned, we made our way back to SLY and got away fairly early in the queue.

The radio was a continuous stream of taxiing and departing calls. A few minutes after we got away, one of the other aircraft had a stuck microphone and everyone else received a running commentary on the two aviators' efforts to resolve a problem with a

headset. I can only imagine the chaos this would have caused among the 70 odd aircraft still departing.

A brisk westerly caused moderate turbulence until we got north of Palmerston North airspace and were able to climb and cross the Ruahine ranges to the upwind side. The flight north to Taupo was a fantastic mix of open high country and thick bush.

We managed to find and overfly Boyd airstrip in the Kaimanawa ranges – looks

like a great place to go camping for a weekend - hmm.....

A brief fuel stop at Taupo and then away to North Shore and Whangarei via the Kaimai ranges and Firth of Thames. Smoke from the Aussie bush fires really lit up the setting sun as we cruised back into familiar territory.

All in all a fantastic way to spend a weekend – we really are fortunate to be able to experience NZ in such a unique way.

### ***Boyd airstrip***



*Photo: Stephen Jeffery*



*Photo: Stephen Jeffery*

## **Seen at Tauranga**

Blake de Vries refuelling JBA, the club's Cessna 172, at Tauranga while on his solo cross-country on 19th February



*Photo: Dave Evans*

# Harness tight?

Dave Evans



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

*Fuel tanks full? Temperatures and pressures OK? Harness tight? Sphincter tight? OK, off we go...*

Each year the Sport Aircraft Association holds a summer fly-in and this year's was to be held at Ashburton, south of Christchurch. A small flock of planes from our local area in the Bay of Plenty was due to head down that way, more or less together, if the weather should turn out kind enough for us. The weather played its part so, early on a Thursday morning, we all showed up at the various airfields, jumped in the planes and put the flight planning to the test.

From our home base at Waihi Beach the first leg of our route was down the centre of North Island to Wanganui. Along the way the mighty mountains showed up through the inversion layer with snow on their tops, Ruapehu to our left and Taranaki to our right – most impressive. Wanganui appeared just when it should, after a scenic trip along the Whanganui River valley. We reckoned the coffee in the café was well up to the mark and worth stopping for. Topping up the tanks with fuel seemed like a good idea too. The next leg is going to be the scary one.



*Photo: Dave Evans*

*Morning coffee at Wanganui*

## Ruapehu



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

The flock took to the air from Wanganui then hugged the coast down to Ohau Point, chatting to various people on the way. Paraparaumu was a challenge, the guys in the tower were so busy it was hard to get a word in. Eventually they seemed to be describing the traffic along the coast as 'a whole load of planes going south', much easier than trying to tell the other aircraft where all the individual aircraft were.

Ohau point is where we had to take the big decision – to go, or not to go, over

the sea. Fuel tanks full? Temperatures and pressures OK? Harness tight? Sphincter tight? The answers were all 'yes' so off we go on my first microlight crossing of Cook Strait. Piece of cake, really. Just keep on course, keep an eye out for the rest of the flock and wait for Cape Campbell to arrive. But getting over land on South Island was a pretty magical feeling.

The east coast of South Island looked every bit as rugged from the air as I



*Lunch at Kaikoura*

*Photo: Dave Evans*

## Cape Campbell



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

remember it from touring round there in a camper some years ago. Houses and settlements seem few and far between. The hills and mountains look spectacular, and really brown. It's a long time since there's been any rain in those parts. Kaikoura was our next stop, and time to munch some lunch. Ashburton next...

It's only a little over an hour from Kaikoura to Ashburton, and once again we were struck by how dry and brown everywhere in the Plains looked, apart from the paddocks that are irrigated. They stand out like green oases in a brown desert. Ashburton airfield is as

dry as everywhere else, so dry it's hard to make out the runways at first. But we are down, safe and sound and ready for afternoon tea. Another first for me – taxiing behind a 'Follow Me' quad bike that takes us to our parking place that will become 'home' for the duration.

So that's how we got to Ashburton – breakfast at Waihi Beach, morning tea at Wanganui, lunch at Kaikoura, afternoon tea at Ashburton. It's not just an army that marches on its stomach!

And we got home safely a few days later...

## Parked at Ashburton with interesting neighbours



*Photo: Dave Evans*

# Stubbies

Rusty Russell

Being brought up on a farm, my default dress code was a singlet and stubbies. For years that was me and comfy with it. Visits to the bank manager, stock sales, school working bees, etc., no-one expected anything different. I fitted in. The stubbie was so comfy, didn't restrict or limit in any way, regardless of the action!

Some 40 years later the missus decided I needed a make-over, cause now I was a pilot! She biffed all me bloody stubbies and bought in a bunch of horrible long shorts, cargo pants, surf shorts or some such?? Long to the knee, too tight on my muscular thighs, I didn't like 'em, not me! But as us married fellas know, it pays to just do as you are told, wear what's bought for you and say, "yes dear! Thank you dear".

Some days later I was enjoying a wonderful flight over the west coast when I felt the need to take a leak. There was no one on the beach and the tide was out. Cool, down I went.

After what seemed an eternity, the rotors stopped spinning and I hopped out, looked about - no one. Not even bothering to attempt a leg outage, I fumbled with the knot and lowered my "shorts". But just far enough mind you, cause you don't want to get caught with your pants down!

I got myself out. Whew, that was close.

I think I even whistled with relief as I drew a pattern in the sand.

Once done, with the appropriate number of shakes, I tucked things away. Oops, bugger, I should have lowered the shorts a bit further. I must have choked things off a bit. Oh well, I'm sure it was nothing!

A local drove up and we exchanged pleasantries and talked a bit. I said hurray, wound her up and flew off again. Checked my dash clock and noted it was 12 noon, time to head to Dargaville and get there in time for lunch.

There were around 20 planes and lots of folks milling around. I made a great landing and, as usual, lots of inquisitive folk approach and want a close up look and a chat about my beautiful gyro.

I jump out, proud as, standing tall and answering questions enthusiastically. After a few minutes, got a bad feeling! Glanced down and, yep, you guessed it - down the inside of my left leg was a huge wet patch! Crap!!!!

I turned quickly toward the plane. Embarrassed? You bet I was! Crap again!!!! It was made all the more obvious by the crappy colour of my crappy shorts!

Must hide it, so I hitched my pants right up getting all my things on one side to allow a higher hitching. I pulled



and stretched my tee shirt down as far as I could, covered things reasonably well, made a pathetic excuse and bolted off to the hanger where the sun and wind dried things off, cursing all the while. Crap! Crap and double crap!

I did make the end of the meal queue just in time, and no one said anything as I joined a table. Nice people!

I still pine for my stubbies. I still hate my “shorts” and I will always wonder what’s really behind those goofy grins!



*Rusty, with “shorts” well hidden*

*Photo: Dave Evans*

# Don't burn the MEAT

Trevor Andrews

It is great to be back up North and spending some quality time with the Dargaville Aero Club after an extended period of going "Walkabout" in Australia. During my time in Aussie I served with the Country Fire Authority (CFA) of Victoria, where I was based at their HQ in Burwood East, Melbourne.

While there, I was involved in the assessment of the fire-fighting effectiveness of air attack aircraft. Also during my "Walkabout" I attended the Avalon air-show, visited the famous Woomera missile testing facility, took a charter flight out of Coober Pedy over Lake Eyre in South Australia where we dropped into the William Creek pub on the Oodnadatta track for lunch and I also flew out of Moorabbin airport with

the Royal Victorian Aero Club during my time in Melbourne.

As you know, Australia, and in particular Victoria, is prone to bushfires. The CFA has responsibility for protecting large tracts of Victoria from the ravages of these fires and they are constantly assessing new and better ways to combat these blazes where one of the most challenging features is the tyranny of distance.

To combat both these factors, bushfires and distance, the Victorians decided to try some MEAT. No, not kangaroo meat, or emu meat, not even New Zealand lamb, but some Canadian MEAT. Multi-engine-air-tankers, or MEATs from British Columbia were on the menu!



*Photo: Trevor Andrews*



*Photo: Trevor Andrews*

They were Convair 580's, with a fire retardant payload of 8 tonnes. The idea is lay down a fire resistant "line" in front of a fire to cut it off and stop it spreading. Or if necessary, a direct attack by dropping water on the head of the fire. This can be very effective, but can also be extremely dangerous if you happen to be a fire-fighter on the ground! Imagine 8 tonnes of water

raining down on you! To ensure safety and that the payload is delivered where it is needed, the MEAT's were guided in by an Aero Commander 690A spotter. Just before an attack run by the MEAT's the Aero Commander would fly a circuit reconnoitring the target area and sound a siren to alert ground crews that the MEAT was due to come in and drop its cargo.



*Photo: Trevor Andrews*

# President Peter writes:



*Photo: Dave Evans*

As usual the club is ticking over nicely with Murray Foster at the club house just about every day keeping an eye on things. We continue to see a steady flow of new members and students—I think Murray must have a fishing net set at the end of the road reeling them in.

JES is back in the air after its accident. The insurance is all signed off. Special thanks must go to Allan Jessop and Brian Taylor for all their hard work ordering the spare parts and making the repairs and reassembling the plane.

Saturday lunches continue to attract excellent numbers of members and visitors in planes and cars bringing in much needed funds for the club. The wonderful flying weather this summer has seen has certainly helped to keep the numbers up.

The recent SAA fly in for the Singer Trophy was well supported and was a most interesting and rewarding weekend. Brian Taylor won the trophy for the most

accurate bombing and spot landing. My thanks to Graham Walker and his band of helpers who organised and made sure the weekend was a success. This is why the Dargaville Club is so successful - everyone mucks in and does their bit without any fuss or fanfare.

Some of you may be wondering why the limestone has not been spread on the runway. We have decided to leave it until it starts raining again so that we obtain better compaction. Hopefully the heavens will open soon and we can get the job completed.

Shortly Z energy will be removing the old underground fuel tank and replacing it with a larger (55000 litres) fuel tank. So check the Notams if you are wanting to get Avgas at Dargaville. We hope a temporary fuel tank will be set up while the work is in progress so Avgas will still be available.

Fly safe.

# Tiger Moth heaven

Dave Evans



***Don hitching a ride***



***Photo: Dave Evans***

It seemed like too good an opportunity to miss, the Tiger Moth Club's fly-in should bring loads of De Havilland aircraft to Opotiki. The sunny, warm weather helped too. Opotiki is less than an hour's flying time from home at Waihi Beach. My Canadian friend Don and I decided to go over for a visit.

Arriving at a busy Opotiki presented an interesting challenge, with several Tiger Moths in the air doing aerobatics on different sides of the airfield. Hmm – overhead join? downwind join? straight in seemed best. So many aircraft to look at – wonderful. After feasting our eyes on all the wonderful and beautifully presented aircraft, it was time to feast on the barbecued sausages. Tasty!

Don is a charming guy. Soon he had found someone who would give him a ride in one of the Tiger Moths, fulfilling a dream of his. The grin was still on his face when we arrived back home at the end of the day. He's probably still grinning back home in Canada. Lucky guy!



***Photo: Dave Evans***

# Singer Trophy weekend

**Greg van der Hulst**

The skies over Dargaville were abuzz with visiting aircraft from Friday 8 to Sunday 10 March, from as far away as East Cape and the King Country. Dargaville Aero Club and the Northland chapter of the Sport Aircraft Association again organised the very popular Singer Trophy fly in event.

Dargaville is well known in aviation circles for the now legendary 'Saturday lunch', which can see in excess of 20 aircraft flying in from all points of the compass on a Saturday morning to share lunch with like-minded enthusiasts. The weekend event is an extension of this concept, providing an open invitation to

all aviators to fly in and stay in town (or on the field for the more hardy), while exploring Northland and honing their flying skills competing for the Singer Trophy.

The Singer Trophy is a substantial silver cup that was first awarded in 1973 to the pilot with the highest score at the annual Amateur Aircraft Constructors Association fly-in at Dargaville (AACAs being a predecessor to SAA). In earlier years, the event usually consisted of a flight from Te Kuiti to Dargaville via Thames, with fuel consumption prediction, flight time and spot landings being scored.

*Hardy types settling in for the weekend on the field.*



*Photo: John Wegg*

*Bill Henwood's DHC-1 Chipmunk*



*Photo: John Wegg*

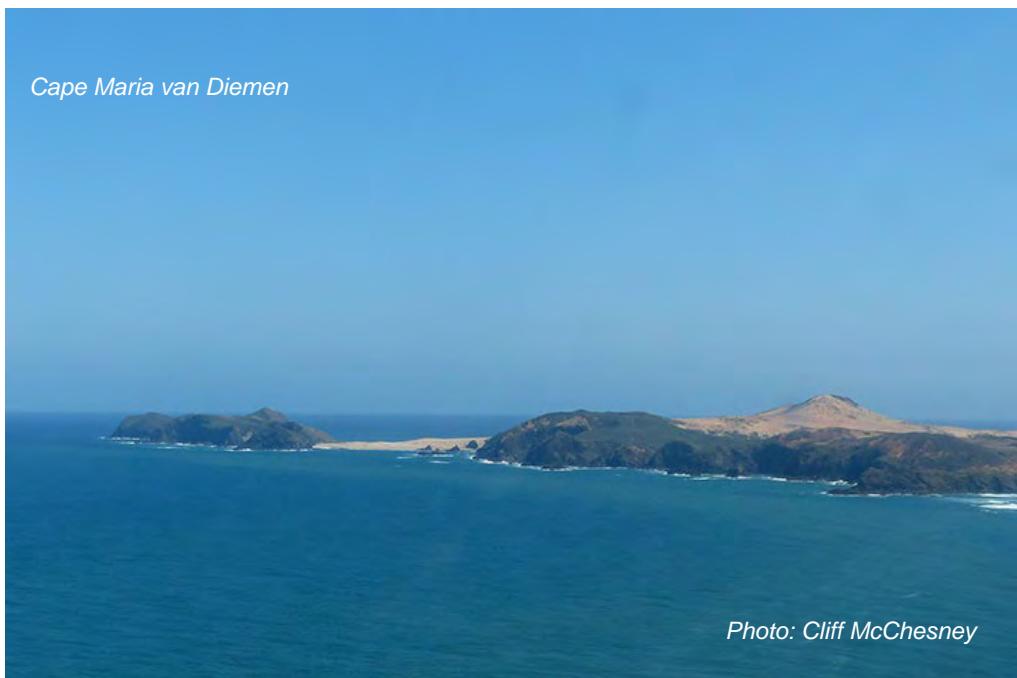
Visiting aircraft this year included a De Havilland DHC-1 Chipmunk which locals may have spotted performing aerobatics to the east of town on Friday and Saturday evening. This historic aircraft is based at Te Kowhai and was built in Britain in 1952. This aircraft replaced the Tiger Moth as the primary basic trainer for the RAF in the late 1940's, while retaining the same 145hp Gipsy Major engine. There were a total of nearly 1300 Chipmunks produced in Britain, Canada and Portugal, but there are only a very few of them around in such original condition as ZK-UAS.

Visiting pilots enjoyed a BBQ dinner on Friday evening, with a pancake breakfast on Saturday morning. Following a briefing, the first aircraft took off from

1030am, followed by the rest of the group tracking up the west coast. At Whangape the group filed through the scenic harbor entrance and headed north east via Herekino and Diggers Valley, named for the WWI veterans who were resettled there on their return from Europe. Once clear of the hills, the landscape changed to sand dunes and pine trees for the 50 nautical mile run up to Cape Reinga. The group was kindly given access to the private airstrip at Waitiki Landing by lease-holders SaltAir, and the group stopped there for lunch.

Following takeoff from Waitiki Landing, the group made the 100 nautical mile trip down the scenic east coast to Whangarei Gliding Club's Puhipuhi strip, and later back to Dargaville. On their return to

*Cape Maria van Diemen*



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

*Cape Reinga*



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

*Waitiki Landing - Paul Hopper's EZY arriving*



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

*Waitiki Landing - the Chipmunk arriving from the other end*



*Photo: Cliff McChesney*

Dargaville, pilots were judged on their spot landing abilities, and attempts to 'bomb' the target painted on the airfield with sand filled plastic bottles. Winner of the Singer Trophy on overall points from the weekend was local pilot Brian Taylor.

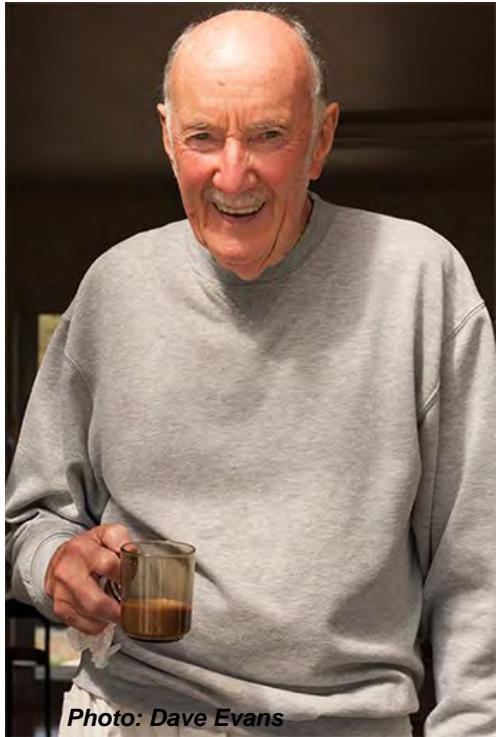
Dinner was followed by prize-giving and a well-received presentation from local historian and pilot Noel Hilliam. The

impression left on all visiting pilots was the incredible natural beauty of Northland, with a huge variety of land and seascapes on the 270 nautical mile trip around the Far North. Many have promised they will be back next year for what is fast becoming a popular addition to the New Zealand aviation events calendar.

*(Originally written for the local press)*

## Murray's message

### Murray Foster



*Photo: Dave Evans*

We've had a lot of good flying weather and many have taken advantage of it. We have had good flying hours in the Storch Texan and the Cessna. And it's great to have JES back in the air again as it takes a lot of the load off the Texan. Thanks for the efforts of repairing JES go to both Allan Jessop and Brian Taylor for bringing it back into its original condition.

We welcome this year new flying members to the club: Tom and his dad Mike Roberts have started their training, as have Alex Mcleod, Elpham Herbert and Tom Roe from Australia. Congratulations to John Askew who has completed his licence; Luke Gillingham for going solo in both the Texan and the Storch, and Tom Roe is now solo. Scott Davidson is ready to complete his licence when his exam results return and he will do his fight test. They make a good husband and wife team, Scott Davidson and his wife Rebecca, both doing PPL training with Jill. Greg and Nicky are another husband and wife

flying team, which is a real asset to the club. Plus all the other mothers in the club – we wouldn't be without them.

All the aircraft are flying very well and we are trying to keep the flying rates affordable for members. It will be helpful if everyone helps with the cosmetic attention to the aircraft i.e. cleaning, washing, looking for the corrosion and many other little things that can help to keep the cost down. It's about time for us to update the Texan and we are looking into the cost of replacement, so the Texan will soon be on the market for sale. It's the club policy to update our aircraft - maybe the Cessna will be next (joke).

The club is going well financially and we have an excellent president in Peter, and a committee of good keen members. Running the club requires a lot of hard work. Sometimes I wonder if we are running a restaurant or a flying club, but we are being very successful at doing both. The numbers at lunches are

increasing and so are the flying members, let's keep it up. A lot of pilots passing through from NZ and overseas stop over for a visit, and after they have sorted out the \$1000 landing fees, they comment that this is the only place where you can have free landings and free coffee, and enjoy meeting interesting people - like Bill Lambeth who is usually around somewhere with a friendly welcome.

Has anybody heard about that old dude Rusty? Every club should have one – just don't nail him to the wall or give him a bucket full of stupid rules. He works on good common sense which is very rare these days. He is our most enthusiastic pilot and well-liked by all the members. His gyro is well known in the district. He lands on the beach and often takes people for rides when they stop to talk to look at his machine. He is an ambassador and an encouragement to people to learn to fly. And he always calls me the old dude – so from the old dude, 'Go Rusty!'.

***Murray with long-time friend,  
Anne Nicholson***



*Photo: Cupid*

# Radio Censorship

**Stephen Jeffery**

One fine Saturday afternoon I was out for a local flight with my 7 year old son in JES. On returning to the airfield, I thought it a good idea to pretend I knew how to fly and carry out a few touch and go circuits. As usual, my passenger was chatting away continuously about all the matchbox cars and other miniature things he could see down on the ground. He didn't seem to be taking any notice of the radio traffic - at least that's what I thought. Anyway, I reasoned this

was quite normal as, to the untrained ear (mine included), radio calls are mostly unintelligible. I made a couple of approaches and landings with the stall warning going off with a beep-beep through the headset just as it should on touch down. On the second to last circuit, another aircraft made a radio call just as I touched down. Shortly after adding power and getting airborne again, my passenger asked "Dad, if I said rude words on the radio, would it go beep again?"

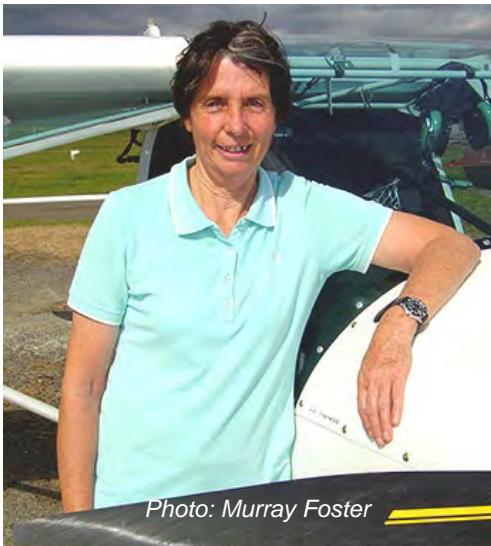
*Seen at Dargaville: SoloWings Aquilla trike microlight*



*Photo: Bill Lambeth*

# Jill's message

**Jill Mortensen**



*Photo: Murray Foster*

Hello from the GA section. I hope everybody has had a nice Christmas and New Year, and more recently, Easter.

JBA has had a busy start to the year, having done 8 cross-countries – with Joel and Blake completing the cross-country syllabus for their PPL. Well done to you both. Congratulations to Rebecca for her first solo and also for passing her FRTQ (radio) exam. Well done! And also to Tyler who did his first solo. Tyler had to wait till he was 16 before he could go solo. Keep up the good work everybody.



*Photo: Bill Lambeth*

# Seen at Dargaville

Allan Jessop arriving for Saturday lunch in SAV,  
his ICP Savannah microlight



*Photo: Dave Evans*

## Trivia

Did you know? Cape Maria van Diemen (see picture on page 18) is one of only two places in New Zealand that still have the name Abel Tasman gave them in 1643. The other place is the Three Kings island group.



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