

Magni Gyro

Newsletter South Africa

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M21 ENCLOSED GYRO



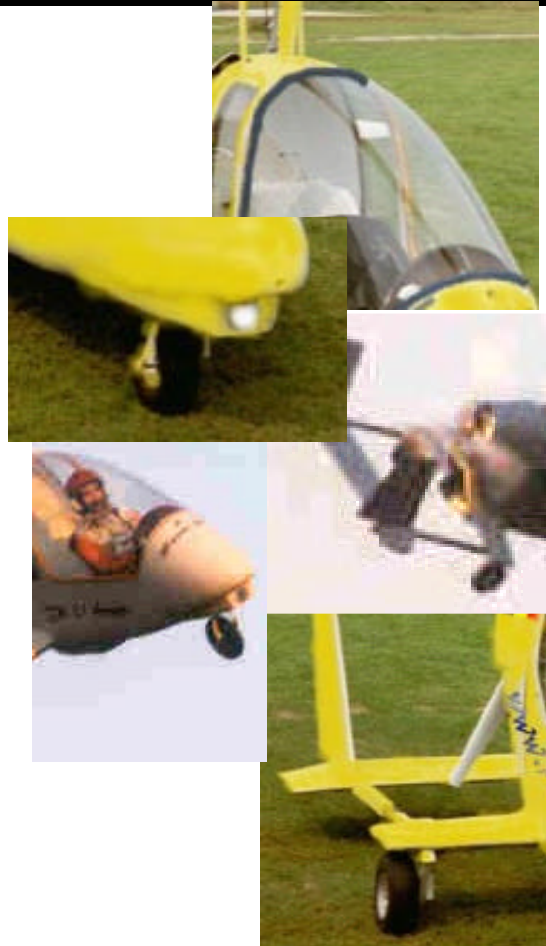
Pic of the editor.

My name is Kevin and I am the Magni Gyro newsletter S.A Editor Please Email me with your stories or anything interesting on gyro's. Let me hear from you Gyro's nuts outside of the South African borders, Just as interesting as you find African flying stories I promise you we will find European or U.S.A flying stories. My Email Address is KEVIN@ade.co.za

This exciting new product from Magni is still in its proto type stage and is being flight tested as you read this newsletter.

Luca Magni emphasizes that this is not the final product and that enhancements would be made on the production aircraft .

The initial results indicate excellent handling, and performance, could this be because of the greater surface area of the dual horizontal stabilizer and rudder system?, did I hear that it might be faster than the M16 because it has less drag, surely no Gyro can be faster than the M16-2000?.



The tried and tested Rotax 914 is the motor fitted, so no new surprises.

The Magni philosophy has always been to market "state of the art" Gyro's. This means that this Gyro will be comprehensively tested over and over again until the product is perfect before release to the Market and therefore should be available towards the latter part of 2003. This one is going to be worth the wait. Watch this space we will keep you update.

I CAN'T WAIT!!!!!!!!!!

Pilots and Pilot-ting skills.

It is quite common to find a low hour Pilot that has far superior Pilot-ting skills, than a high hour Pilot.

I have seen a high hour Pilot, "although displaying good judgment and airmanship by understanding his own capabilities", in a brisk crosswind-landing situation needing to do 3 go-around attempts before nervously dropping the Gyro onto the landing surface, even though with many hours under his belt, he should have been able to execute the landing without a problem, where the low hour pilot lands his Gyro on the same surface 2 minutes earlier perfectly first time. *WHY ?*

Well, I believe it fundamentally starts with the Instructor. The instructor is really the foundation of a Pilots flying future, a good Instructor will instill in a student the confidence to carry out ALL the maneuvers that are required to be a safe pilot, in all flyable weather conditions and in most types of landing conditions. How ? By making the student perform these maneuvers over and over again until confidently, it almost becomes second nature.

The responsibility continues from there with the flight test Instructor, we all know that we only really start learning to fly once we have our wings and are let loose, so to speak, to make the odd mistake and learn from it, isn't that exactly how it worked when you got your drivers license for your car, remember?

When it comes to flying, yes we do only learn to fly properly when we get our wings but the responsibility in my opinion, is more serious than hitting the curb with the back tire of your car, and lies with the Test Instructor not to issue a license if the student does not perform a maneuver properly.

Finally and this is where it all goes wrong, and this is normally where Pilot A is separated from Pilot B, period, no matter how good flight instruction was, or how strict the flight test was.

Here is a scenario I would like to paint for you, Pilot A has in excess of 1000 hours and this is how most of those hours were made up over many years of flying. Pilot A would religiously arrive at the airfield everyday late afternoon and wait for the windsock to drop, observe it for 5 minutes watching for any movement, no movement and he would fire up his airplane take off and fly around, never leaving sight of the Airfield, when it comes to flyaway or breakfast runs Pilot A would join his flying buddies, but gets there by car and so over many years builds up his hours.

One day he goes flying again and to his horror the wind picks up, his heart starts racing, he is in a panic, this situation is unnatural to him, his thinking is clouded by one thought only and that is I am going to die!
He rushes back to the airfield for a landing, the wind is crosswind over the runway, he comes in for a landing and crashes his airplane.

Pilot B on the other hand has 150 hours but this Pilot, every time he goes flying, some time during his fun flying time, practices one of the maneuvers his instructor taught him, today it is side slipping, tomorrow it is spiral diving or hovering or short field landings ect. One Saturday he goes to the airfield the wind is blowing 15 knots he is very scared, but goes and does a few circuits anyway, after flying in 15 knot winds on a few different occasions he becomes relaxed and confident, and now practices Crosswind landings in the same conditions until he also feels relaxed and confident.

He flies cross country trips whenever he can, flying with buddies that have knowledge in reading the weather and not panicking every time they see a cloud, his buddies instill in him the confidence that if they do run into a serious weather problem, we land anywhere safe, no problem, and wait it out, he learns from them.

Guaranteed Pilot B enjoys his flying experience more, and with added safety, only because most flyable situations are not unnatural to him and that makes him confident in his ability's to fly his Gyro.

If you have forgotten how to sideslip or spiral safely, go and see your flight instructor for a lesson or two and practice, practice.

OUR HANGER AT SOLITUDE AIRFIELD

Five Magni Gyro Pilots/Owners purchased a hanger at Solitude Airfield late last year. Flying and owning Gyro's has advantages even on the ground, and one of those advantages is that we can fit so much more into a hanger than you can if you own a fixed wing or a trike, the other pilots call us "Squatters".

We were all in for a sum of R45000.00 for our fifth share of the hanger and you will be surprised at what we got for our R45000.00. We have a state of the art Electric Fence, Remote activated Electric Gate, Separate Toilet and Wash-up Basin, Armed Response Alarm System, a Pet Eye activated Pepper Spray System, automatically activated floodlight, electricity, plug point for every Gyro, running water and lastly our own Concrete Taxiway.

We have Work Benches, Drill Presses and a "Wap" machine for cleaning the floors. Spoilt Hey!

We like to fly from Solitude, the runway is tarred, there is a clubhouse with a bar, and the people are good fun although mostly couch pilots.



Hanger Owner/ Pilots are:

Hugh Mobray - Patent lawyer and partner at Spoor and Fisher
Rene van Wyk - Makulu Boss of some division BOE/NEDCORE
Leo Levine - Krugerrand Trading.
Malcolm Taylor - Majestic Financial Services.
Kevin Katzke - Analytical Design Electronics.



A Flight to "Plett-Doll" from Solitude Airfield Johannesburg *By Malcolm Taylor*



Our intrepid Gyro Pilot and good friend Malcolm after returning, three days prior to a 9 Day 43 hours and 12 minute Safari trip in his Gyro to Namibia with 4 other Magni's goes and does another trip, this time to Plettenberg Bay to see the whales, single handily Nogal of another 21 hours. What a "boytjie". Mel talk about ripping the ring out of it, don't you ever get enough of flying your MAGNificent machine? I believe this story of yours will be of great interest, as far as routing goes to a lot of Gyro Pilots so near to the holiday season. I know Rene will be flying down to Port Alfred in December, and will read this article with great interest.

"I took off from Solitude at about 11h30 on Wednesday 16th October and headed direct for Tempe, I had scheduled to make a stop at Kroonstad but had a quartering tail wind and decided to go direct to Tempe. I was watching the fuel gauge and have a very good knowledge as to when the reserve is going to come on (as you are aware!). I made Tempe in one shot and filled up with 65 Litres of Avgas, so I had about 9 litres left in the tank. This was a little risky but the weather was good and I had spare fuel on board so a precautionary landing would have solved any problems.

From Tempe it was direct to Gariep Dam and this flight was uneventful at about 100 foot AGL. There was one incident that spooked me in that I was altering the radio frequency and looked up to find a set of low electrical pylons directly in front of me. I did get a fright but thankfully was above them. I did however increase my margin of safety from then onwards. This is the biggest danger especially when flying alone. When we fly as a group we are constantly chatting and warning each other about the wires etc. It is a bit lonely on such a long trip without the comforting sound of friends close by. Another thing for me was the radio work, which I always get you guys to do but it was no problem.

I got to Gariep at about 17h30 and was collected at the airfield by Malcolm Southey from Orange Valley Guest Farm. He was very accommodating and took me to the petrol station twice to get fuel. His guest farm is very tranquil and my friend Ed who was traveling down to Plett on his motorcycle was already there. Dinner was roast lamb with all the trimmings and was excellent (I am so fussy but really enjoyed this.) Early to bed for a fresh start in the morning.

When I woke at 06h15, Ed had already left for Plett. I had a breakfast and got Malcolm to take me to the airfield. At Gariep they have a hangar that is partially open and it provides shelter for the plane. The landing and parking fee was a nominal R20 each and there is a caretaker that sleeps there who, for a few rands will look after your plane. I gave him R20 in the morning and he was most grateful. After all the mandatory pre flight check and warm up I was on my way to Graaf Reinett. There is no fuel there, so I carried a full 45 litres with me. The mountains loomed into view and the vertical nav was still pretty flat but about 20 miles outside the airfield I decided to follow the road as there is a pass that is very steep on the decent into Graaf Reinett. I came over the top of this pass and there were some motorists who had stopped at the observation site and were looking through binoculars at the view only to see me pass about 100 meters in front of them and then descend into the valley like a rocket. I think they got quite a shock, as this was the last thing they were expecting.

At Graaf Reinett there was a charter operator giving all the workers who had just tarred the runway and built the terminal buildings a flip around the town. He must have done about 20 flips. As I landed the crowd converged and I was answering all sorts of questions regarding the gyro. Some woman even booked her seat for a flip on the Saturday as she thought I was down for the opening of the airfield and she wanted to "go in this microlight". I informed her that this was not a microlight and enlightened her about the gyro. I did mention that I might come back on the Saturday. I re-fueled and pressed on to Plett.

The wind was coming from my right and was not slowing me down too much. I pressed on and was a little concerned about the vertical nav on the last 30 miles as there were some high mountains to negotiate. I did not worry too much about it, as there was no headwind and I took things in my stride. The mountains loomed and I climbed to about 5500 foot and picked my route through the lowest points trying not to veer off my course too much. I did get a few serious knocks and did feel some trepidation as there is no way you would get a gyro out of those mountains in the event of an engine failure. My only consoling thought was that I would more than likely survive an engine-out due to the short landing distance and steep approach angle of a forced landing. I was in cell contact with a friend at Plett and he was going to meet me on the seaward side of the mountains in his "Bush Baby". John got airborne from Plett as the Airlink arrived from JHB and we rendezvous near the Keurbooms beach. I was dressed in a shirt and jeans and must say the temperature dropped significantly as I got nearer the sea. I was bloody cold over the beach and John escorted me in to Plett.

One thing I noticed the Garmin 295 GPS has the runway at Plett marked incorrectly, it has 30 from the landside and this is in fact from the seaside.

All in all the 2 days flying was enjoyable and uneventful with the Rotax 914 not missing a beat. I did a total of almost 9 hours to get to Plett and must say was looking forward to flying my friends up and down the coast looking for the whales. I parked the gyro in a rented hangar that John had arranged for me and went looking for some lunch. Pat and Lynn, Ed's wife came to collect me at the airport but we missed each other and John gave me a lift to Ed's house. Pat called me on the cell as we were driving into the driveway, she was concerned I had not landed, but she was about 30 minutes late for that.

On the Friday morning we did an early flight in rather cool weather and did not see any whales but did see seals and dolphins frolicking in the waves. The weather turned nasty in the late morning with low cloud and rain for the rest of the day. Saturday morning was okay but we decided to do the picnic thing and fly in the afternoon. We took off at about 16H00 and again it was cold and no sign of the whales. We chatted tot the local glider pilots who had not seen any for the last 2 days. The last sighting was on Thursday and I must admit having seen one breaching about 300 meters off shore but I was too cold to go and take a closer look, I just wanted to land after the long flight.

Sunday was also cool and with the weather forecast being favorable to Gariep I decided to head for home a day early. Lots of work to catch up on. I took off at about 11h30 and headed up the coast to Tsitsikama Fly Inn as the route from there to Graff Reinett has a more favorable vertical nav. I had a monster head wind of about 25 miles per hour and on arrival at Fly In decided to land and fuel up for the flight over the mountains. I had flown for about 25 minutes longer than expected to get to Tsitsikama Fly Inn due to the wind and a small detour at Bloukrans to see bungee jumpers. There was no one jumping and the people must have thought who is the idiot flying in this wind. I was tempted to fly under the bridge but common sense prevailed and I did the responsible thing. At Tsitsikama Fly Inn the owner whose name escapes me, met me. He was very friendly and welcomes any pilots to drop inn.

The vertical nav over the mountains was far friendly than the direct inwards route from Graff Reinett but I still had to get up to about 4000 foot to get over. It was cold but the terrain was far more hospitable. The problem was the headwind that was not straight into me and gusting to 35 miles per hour. This makes for a long flight over the worst terrain. All went well and I landed at Graff Reinett at about 14h45, about an hour behind schedule. My friend and client Colyn Jones was there to meet me and took me to town to fill up the fuel containers and get a bite to eat. We had a toasted sandwich at a little coffee shop and then he showed me his new house and business premises and then back to the airfield to refuel and next leg to Gariep and Orange Farm guest lodge. At the airfield there was a local waiting for us who wanted to know all about this machine, hinting for a flip but I was not biting, as time was tight. I gave him all Butches details and he was going to make contact.



I got to Gariep at about 17h45 and decided not to go to the airfield but land on the road outside the guesthouse. I called Malcolm had he came out to stop any traffic. The landing was made without problems. Again Malcolm took me to get fuel and the plane was prepped for the next leg. Dinner was a chicken dish and I skipped the greens, broccoli etc. The pudding was good and I was off to bed early. Up at 6 and ready to fly after breakfast. Malcolm got two of his staff to stop any traffic and I took off at just after 8am. The flight to Tempe was uneventful and mostly low level. It took about 2 hours as I had the usual head wind all the way. There are some mountains to cross and I opted to follow the road through the valleys.

I landed with a direct in approach on 01 at Tempe and wasted no time in refueling and paying about R5 landing fees for a helicopter. There was a local wanting all the info on the gyro and I chatted to him for a while. Airborne again at about 10h00 and headed for Kroonstad. I had fuel with me and due to the headwind thought it would be prudent to stop there as on the way down I made Tempe with 9 litres left. The wind moved from an in the face to

quartering from my left front so I managed to make up some time. I decided to press on and not stop at Kroonstad as the GPS indicated only 2 hours to Solitude. I felt that if I need to stop to refuel I could do so at Parys, or the barrage. I had about 15 litres with me and this was more than enough. I pressed on and to my amazement the wind shifted and I was now getting a slight tail wind. At Parys I was getting about 10 miles per hour on the tail and made Solitude with out refueling and about 15 litres in the tank !

Home sweet home and almost another 21 hours under the belt. It was an experience doing such a long flight alone but I would definitely do it again. The Gyro never missed a beat and was a pleasure to fly even in the strong headwind conditions. The mountain crossings did give me some hairy moments, but nothing that needed a crowbar to get my asshole off the seat. The Magni is a awesome machine.

Malcolm

Magni Safari to Namibia



Five Magni Gyro's have just returned from a 9 day expedition into God's flying country, Namibia.

A cumulative total of 220 hours was flown without any Incident or Accident .

Hottest takeoff was 45.5 Celsius .

Most difficult takeoff was a 20 knots crosswind with a outside temperature of 42 Celsius.

Fuel burned for the trip was a Cumulative total of +- R10,000.00 .

Furthest distance flown in a day was 730Km

Special Guest on the trip Dr Robert Hunter, Chief of Aero Medicine CAA U.K.

BACK SEAT PILOT *By Laura*

To introduce myself, I offer some pertinent credentials on my flying history.

- I am a “back seat” pilot with approximately 250 hours.
- My highest altitude has been 12,000 feet over the Sani Pass.
- I have several grey hairs which I can directly attribute to being a Magni owners wife.
- I have my own headset as well as my own backseat GPS. I’m still waiting for my “Press to Talk” button.
- I can navigate in the air as well as being able to offer a “luxury in-flight” catering service.
- My eyes are well trained to spot fellow Gyros.
- Power lines are my speciality – I see them miles into the distance.
- I can talk the Gyro lingo, words like Mags, rotor speed, EGT, Oil temps, CHT’s, Nav, 18/36 and 02 /20 . And these strange terms all have normal common rational meanings.
- I know that the rotors have to be turning at least 250 before the gyro will start flying.
- I know that you should land against the wind, but that cross landing are unavoidable depending on the 02/20 or 18/36.
- The temperament of Magni pilots are directly proportional to the prevailing weather conditions and the availability of flying time.

In short, I could in all probability fly a Magni and with a stroke of good luck and no wind, I could land a gyro. Takeoff is without a doubt, out of the question.

I have spent quite a bit of idle time with the Gyro Guys and have noticed a few common traits amongst them.

A standard weekends outing will consist of a similar scenario :

We arrive at the hanger at a pre-determined time, for takeoff in 20 minutes.

Phase one.

They guys chit chat about odds and ends whilst fiddling with their gyro engines. They poke and probe randomly at the engine parts and circle their gyros several times in this process. They inspect certain parts randomly with extreme caution and great objective, leaving me wondering if the part is up to scratch. They gently stroke and lovingly clean the rotors with great attention and delicate care, which makes me wonder whether these long steel things are strong enough to carry us both to our destination and back. Petrol is decanted into the tanks and the gadgets are fitted, powered up and tested.

Phase two.

Everyone climbs into their gyro’s and then the ‘without fail’ questions are asked : “So, what’s the co-ords for XYZ ?” Well what co-ords have you got? My co-ords are from your email” “Which Email, the first or second” “ Oh, that email was wrong, I’ve now got the correct co-ords” etc etc Then the phaffing with helmets, radio’s, cables, maps, flightsuits, Easy-plan data and accessories starts and eventually, the gyros are pushed to the taxiway. More phaffing. Someone is on a go slow and the waiting begins. We wait, and wait, and wait.

Phase three.

Finally someone starts their engine and everyone follows suite. Once again, we wait. The radio tests begin. “What have you got?” One has 37 another 42 another 33 and so we wait. Hurray! At last, we head onto the runway. Oh no, we can’t go yet. We first have to have the discussion of how far apart we should be. Once this is resolved the pilots start spinning their rotors. Now this process can be done fast or this can be done slowly. Its pot luck. Today is slow. So again we wait. Finally the gauge hits 180 rpm and I can close my game of solitaire on my palm and pack it away. Our take off is 35 minutes later than scheduled.

Phase four.

At last, we climb into the air, my camera and I are ready. For a brief while each pilot does his little “this is XYZ, leaving ABC and heading in a XYZ direction” and then they change to the chat frequency. This part is rather entertaining as although I don’t have a press to talk button, I can hear the conversation which generally contains words like “amazing, beautiful, awesome, stunning, fantastic machines, XYZ’s genital statistics, the current status of each others butt condition, tail wind statistics and various other entertaining subjects. These guys can be real sappy when they fly !

On route the rotor speeds, oil temps, height, tailwinds, common heading points and other stuff will constantly be compared.

Phase five.

This is where the guys move from being Jekyll to Hyde. They assume their quick pilot roles.. The destination runway is in-sight, a quick exchange on wind direction, 02/20 or 36/19, a quick radio call and they have all landed and are stretching their legs. 1 2 3 the gyro’s are lovingly shut down and closed up.

Phase six.

The group heads for the terrace, a drink and they then start discussing everything they have just discussed on route ! It’s an action replay except this time we “back seat pilots” get to have our say. After lots of laughter, discussion and debating the guys slowly sink down from their high, and become normal people again. The evenings generally consist of a lot of Pinotage, beer, a good meal, a team sales talk on Magni’s to the resort owner/Hotelier and a fairly early night.

The following day, after breakfast, and the routine brag of not having to leave at first light, the whole scenario is repeated on the return trip home, again, and again and again.

I have resigned myself into acceptance of this routine and somehow when flying on a Commercial flight I find myself wishing I had access to the radio and the poking, probing, phaffing and fiddling before takeoff !

Am I unknowingly becoming addicted to this world of flying for the pure pleasure of it ?

Long weekend and Holiday Getaway

Guys this one is a must, with Summer and the Holiday season upon us, and if you were fascinated by the Namibia trip story and want to experience similar conditions i.e. open spaces as far as the eye can see, dunes, vast salt pans, hot and dry conditions and wildlife in the form of Gemsbok, Eland, Springbok and Ostrich. Molopo Kalahari Lodge in the Kalahari is the place to be. Only, 5 .30 hours with your Gyro from JHB.

This Lodge is one of those places where you feel at home, straight away. The two Afrikaans speaking owners are most accommodating and will serve you personally in their well stocked bar, on the terrace or around the pool area .

They pride themselves in having the best "T" bone steaks in the country and I can, and an oversea's guest from the UK can vouch that this is the best steak we have ever tasted. An offer of a "no pay return" if the "Tbone steak was not to your satisfaction is in place here.

The price of accomodation is very reasonable. We paid R139.00 per person per night, on a bed and breakfast basis.

Routing is as follows JHB Klerksdorp (has fuel) - Vryburg (has fuel) - Van Zyls Rus (has fuel but requires a 300 metre Taxi to pumps) - Askam (has fuel but requires a 250 metre Taxi). Molopo Lodge does not have a runway but the owners were busy with plans to build a runway when we were there, so check first otherwise you land on a long runway in a pan about 2 Km away called Koo-pan and the lodge will fetch you . The lodge number is (054)511-0008 and the Co-ords are S26:59:13 E 020:46:38 runway 16/34 1000m x 100m



Newly licensed pilots first long X country Experience *By Ben Henderson*

Ben is a newly qualified Magni Pilot that spends half his time in Switzerland and the other half in the Natal Midlands, but I hear he is returning to S.A permanently next year, Ben thanks, nice story from a New Pilot perspective.

Finishing all the CAA paperwork that was necessary in Pretoria on Tuesday 17th Sept, the day after my flight test, I was in the air on Wednesday morning, heading for Underberg / Himeville by way of Newcastle, Dundee and Rorke's Drift. My first trip away on my own.

Despite Eric's preferences for doing everything by the map, I switched on my GPS Pilot III and, leaving FASY, "drove" straight down the "road" towards Newcastle. The map was near to hand and I used it for on going reference, but my GPS was "it."

I was a little nervous about my radio work, but, having marked all the changes on my knee pad, I broadcast my position and QSY's at every change or 15 min intervals. Everything seemed to be going well. Newcastle appeared over the horizon, exactly where and when it should. Remembering all my training, I joined overhead, landed and re-fuelled - almost as if I'd been there and done it all before. I even closed my unofficial flight plan.

In the air again, bound for Dundee, I was feeling quite pleased with myself, having made my first landfall so successfully. Using Dundee Airfield as a waypoint, I turned onto the new heading for Rorke's Drift and flew over that historic battleground, passed Dave and Nicky Rattray's place at Fugitives' Drift, and turned on to my final leg to Himeville. The route takes you south of Weenen across "miles and miles of bl... Africa", land almost uninhabited, it seemed.

I had been flying quite low, and approaching the N3 just a little to the south of Estcourt (FAEC) the land began to rise up to meet me. I crept higher and higher to avoid just that. One of the good things about GPS is the amazing flexibility it provides as you change routing to suit the ground contours. No complicated routing plans, just follow the line. And having two GPS on board, it was even easier, one unit remained on the original course and heading, and the second unit was used to adjust to the dictates of the land over which I was passing.

ZU-COU landed at Himeville some 5 hours after setting out from FASY. The Magni had not missed a beat the entire journey and my post-flight inspection showed no sign of her even having left the hangar. After refuelling and wrapping her up for the night, I was sitting in the car on the way out to the friends where I would be staying, when I noticed that I was having difficulty stringing words together into a meaningful sentence. By the time we reached the farm, I was almost beyond coherent speech. A half hour's sleep put me right again, but, thinking it through, I realised that I had perhaps taken on too much for my first flight.

Several times en route I had noticed my hand tightly clamped around the joy stick, my teeth firmly clenched together, and had to consciously tell myself to relax. Thinking about it in hindsight, it was clear that these long trips can really take it out of you, particularly if, as was my case, you are not used to it.

Continued on next page . .

Magni Gyro

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The return journey was much better. I broke the trip in Dundee, spent a day with friends at Fugitives' Drift Lodge and continued on "home", through FANC, the following day. I arrived back in FASY in much better condition than on the outbound leg!

Sadly, ZU-COU went back into Hanger 8, and I departed to Jhb International for my flight back to Zurich that evening. Perhaps it was just as well that it was a night flight on Swiss as I am sure I would have been sitting at the window, looking down on all those places below, planning another trip somewhere... One with more stops!

How do you save on the purchase of a New Magni?.

Easy, place your orders now, prices are going up as from the 01/01/2003, also the exchange rate is at its best this year (at time of printing).

Treat yourself to the best, sexiest, reliable, Xmas present ever, a MAGNificent Flying machine.

Classified Section

M16-2000 Magni(Rotax 914) *Contact Butch Brown for details (011) 753-2261*



Seen here is a Magni M16 at a Kenyan Air show on the 12/10 sharing the display area with a Ferrari which was a promotional stunt from Shell. if I had to make a choice of one or the other to keep, it would be a very tough decision!. The Magni belongs to Bruce that also did a flying demo of about 30 minutes to the delight of a lot of spectators that had never seen a gyro before let alone a Magni, as well as various high hour pilots that were dubious about the machine until they saw the quality of the workmanship and the maneuverability in flight to the point that they now want a "Flip" .

Bruce, a few Magni Pilots from South Africa want to visit Kenya next year, we will keep in touch

*We're on the
Web. [www.
magnigyro.co.za](http://www.magnigyro.co.za)*