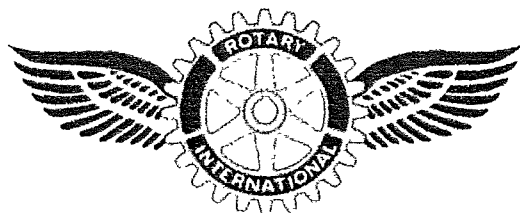


# INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF FLYING ROTARIANS



## THE ROTATING BEACON United Kingdom Section

### AUTUMN BULLETIN 2002

European Events for the year are now over, and you will find reports on these in the following pages. Remember that all IFFR members are entitled to take part in IFFR activities around the world and there are meetings in Australia, New Zealand, and America Southwest still to come

#### Provisional European Diary 2003

March	Retford, UK.	How to use your dinghy in an emergency
9 April	United Kingdom	Wednesday meeting at Brooklands Air Museum
May 2-4	Southern Ireland	UK Section Fly-in to Waterford, Ireland
May 17-18	France	French Spring Meeting at the Vendee Air Park
June 19-22	Austria	German/Austrian Section meeting in Vienna
Dates TBA	Italy	Italian Section meeting in Venice
August 21-24	Sweden	Scandinavian Section meeting at Kalmar, South-east Sweden. Draft Program available
Sept 5-7	Germany	German/Austrian Section meeting in Nuremberg Or Black Forest district

Sept 12-14 France French Section meeting - Marseilles district  
Note these dates in your Diary now. Full details will be supplied when available and can then be found on the IFFR Website: [www.iffir.org](http://www.iffir.org). Join in the fun in 2003.

## BILLUND - AUGUST 2002

Louis Ludvigsen, the organiser of the Scandinavian Section's meeting, had two of his planned events cancelled on him. We could not visit a Danish Air Force base, as the military doesn't go to war on a Saturday afternoon. The visit to the Lego house, where access is limited at any time to a select few was cancelled. The still secret 2003 products were on display for key customers. In the event the substitutes Louis arranged more than made up for these losses.

With a flight time to Billund of nearly 4 hours Alisma and I decided to leave on Thursday afternoon and break our journey at Groningen in Holland – it proved an excellent choice. The hotel was but a few steps from the airfield office – this was to prove particularly valuable in the morning when a visit to the on-site Met Office before breakfast warned, on the weather radar, of the imminent arrival of a serious thunderstorm. So, after a quick disposal of the cornflakes, we were loaded up and away in 15-minutes just as the canopy took the first patter of rain. After 30 minutes, having kept clear of storm, we outran it – and it was then direct track to Billund. On landing a 5-minute walk took us to our accommodation and another 5 to Legoland where we spent the day. This was good fun and not a bit like the 'in your face' of Disney – is this our second childhood coming on? In the late afternoon it was back to the airport to meet the other arrivals. The UK, as usual, was well represented with Jo and Colin Walker coming from Gamston and Ian Kerr and Bill Montgomery flying in from Perth.

Saturday morning took us to the oldest town in Denmark - Ribe - which dates from the 8<sup>th</sup> century. Our Danish guide took us around the cathedral and then the town with a passion that only the true enthusiast possesses. In its time Ribe had been the most important medieval North Sea port as the meeting point for the Viking North and Western Europe. It had also been the seat of Danish royalty. Its golden age came to an end in the 17<sup>th</sup> century as its river silted up and the traders went elsewhere.

In the afternoon we went back to Billund. The terminal at Billund Airport, capable of handling 3.5 million passengers a year, is the newest in Europe having only opened at the end of May. The Airport's Marketing Director led us on a conducted tour. It was an unusual experience to be in the hubbub of an Airport without being part of travelling throng. After the terminal visit we moved on to the fire station – here we had a demonstration of the power of the fire engine's water cannon – will someone remind me next time not to stand downwind of it! Our visit was completed with a tour of the Control Tower. In the evening we had an excellent Gala Dinner with wine and beer flowing freely – pity we were flying the next day.

On Sunday morning we were fortunate in being able to visit the largest brick works (it produces 14 billion a year) in the World – Lego. Although the fundamental simplicity of the Lego brick remains it is now linked to the modern marketing of such high profile characters as Mickey Mouse and Harry Potter. The innovative nature of the product is matched by a truly brilliant manufacturing operation with robot machines and robot trucks abounding. A true Danish international success story. Following a quick lunch it was time to head back home. After avoiding a bit of CB building up in

Denmark the weather was good. Our initial track took us down to Heligoland in the German Bight and then it was across the North Sea back to the welcoming English coastline – yes, it is a fair amount of water to cross.

Our thanks go to Louis, his wife Lene, and all the Scandinavians for making us most welcome and giving us such an interesting programme. As a postscript, for anyone who might think that UK IFFR events are not local enough for them, spare a thought for the Finish couple whose flight from ‘Santa Claus Land’ to Billund took 10 hours – now that is dedication.

Angus Clark

Dr. Seuss Explains Why Computers Sometimes Crash (Read this to yourself aloud.)

If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port,  
and the bus is interrupted at a very last resort,  
and the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort,  
then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash,  
and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash,  
and your data is corrupted cause the index doesn't hash,  
then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house  
says the network is connected to the button on your mouse,  
but your packets want to tunnel to another protocol,  
that's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall,

And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss,  
so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse;  
When the copy of your floppy's getting sloppy in the disk,  
and the macro code instructions cause unnecessary risk,  
so you'll have to flash the memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM  
then quickly turn the damn thing off and be sure to tell your Mom!

### FLAT OUT ALL THE WAY

Such was the persistence and persuasiveness of Rodney Spokes, our Events Coordinator, that the closing UK event of the year turned into a true international occasion. Section Members came to Leicester to watch Air Racing from as far away as Oban and Amesbury, but the real long distance visitors were Mark & Karen Hagen from Detroit Springs USA, and Italian Section President Georgio Aletti bringing four other Italian Rotarians with him in his Piper Malibu from Milan.

As we assembled we watched planes practising for the Stewards Cup, meeting Len Smith the past RIBI President who was competing that afternoon, before we set off by coach to the National Space Centre. There we were amazed to learn of the amount now being done to explore the Universe. The programme included a 30 minute film describing the efforts made to contact any other intelligence able and willing to communicate with us, so far without success. Adjacent to the Space Centre is the Abbey Pumping Station, constructed in the late 1800's to handle the effluent from the

growing population of Leicester, where we admired the four huge beam engines and a well presented history of the problem of sewage and its solution.

The black tie dinner that evening was arranged by the Royal Aero Club, whose (paying) guests we were and was followed by the presentation of trophies to the winners of previous contests and silver paper knives to the many members who had done so much over the past years to keep Air Racing going. The top trophy, the Kings Cup, first presented in the 1930's was to be the subject of keen competition on the Sunday afternoon, and after a fascinating tour on foot of the city centre, during which our guides showed us many of the important buildings ranging from the ancient Roman remains and the medieval Guildhall to the fine Victorian City Hall, we returned to the Airfield.

There, by courtesy of the RAeC we were supplied with a list of the 19 aircraft, ranging from a Condor to two Beech Barons, who were to compete. The handicapping system provided a delay of almost 30 minutes between the start times of the first and last aircraft, each of which had to complete four circuits of a 25 mile course changing direction at each of the four turning points, before crossing the finish line. The weather was glorious with light cumulus cloud and a visibility such that with the naked eye one could watch as the faster planes gradually crept up on the early departures. First across the line was a Piper Tomahawk closely followed by the rest of the pack darting about like a swarm of very noisy bats. Heaven knows how the Stewards could tell the order of their arrival.

For the majority of the IFFR members who as usual were well supported by their wives this was their first taste of air racing. The RAeC members made us very welcome, two of our Scottish contingent being offered a flight during the Saturday morning practice, and our Chairman Ian Kerr took the opportunity to personally present IFFR badges to our two newest recruits, Alisma Clarke, the wife of our Immediate Past Chairman & current European Vice-President Angus, and John Fok from Perth. Alisma makes the fourth lady member of the UK Section and with the other three will ensure that IFFR programmes will include activities that appeal to the fair sex. Our thanks go the Rodney for his excellent organisation, to Keith Gayton his fellow member for taking care of us, and to the Royal Aero Club for their hospitality.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Rules to fly by.** From "The Log" journal of the airline pilots' union BALPA:

- \* Things go right gradually, but things go wrong all at once.
- \* There is no limit to how bad things can get.
- \* Don't believe in miracles - rely on them.
- \* A bird in the hand is safer than one in an engine.
- \* Anything adjustable sooner or later needs adjusting.
- \* No two identical parts are alike.
- \* If you consult enough experts you can confirm any opinion.
- \* No one is watching until you make a mistake.
- \* If you explain it so clearly that "nobody" can misunderstand, somebody will.
- \* When in doubt, predict that the trend will continue.

**Contributed by Ives Branson**

## FRENCH MEETING 13- 15 SEPTEMBER 2002

France is one of our favourite destinations. Unrivalled flying facilities, attractive countryside and superb cuisine – what more do you want? For those reasons we set off a day early to visit Avallon prior to linking up with the meeting proper. With an airfield on the edge of this historic town and a highly recommended hostelry in the centre it appeared a place worth setting the wheels down. High pressure ‘gloom’ delayed our departure from Netherthorpe - visibility 1500 metres, cloud 300 feet. As Alisma sat in the clubhouse reading the Telegraph, I made numerous visits outside convincing myself that it was clearing and so it did - 2 ½ hours later. A 3-hour flight took us to Troyes to clear Customs and refuel. It was then on, with the minimum of delay, to our destination. Avallon deserves an article in its own right so I will leave it for now. Suffice to say we were not disappointed.

A 30-minute morning flight took us to Darois, the home of the Robin. A visit to the factory had been programmed but unfortunately the company had just made one of its periodic visits to bankruptcy. The Aero Club de la Côte d’Or hosted us to welcome refreshments and an extensive buffet. Familiar faces soon began to arrive. Raye and Feroz Wadia flying in from Spain with Neil Smith, and Ives Branson with Ian Kerr and Bill Montgomery from Biggin Hill. Walter Burton joined us later by way of Go and Buzz from Edinburgh. After lunch we visited the Dyn Aéro factory on the airfield. The Managing Director, Christophe Robin, is son of the legendary Pierre. His aircraft must be some of the prettiest out – sleek designs using modern materials. Building the aircraft around carbon fibre keeps weight to a minimum. Purchase options include completed aircraft or self build. The latter could be done in whole or in part at the factory using the facilities there. At least two of us began to think of the benefits of decamping to France for four months to build our own aircraft. Following a visit to a warbird hangar, a Corsair treated us to a high-speed flyby. It was then on to what makes this region famous - vineyards. At the Château de Marsannay, which dates back to the 7<sup>th</sup> Century, we had a description of the wine making process and yes - a very generous tasting.

Beaune, the wine capital of Burgundy, is a town we enjoy going back to. The Saturday morning programme began with a visit to the Hotel Dieu or Hospice. Founded in 1443 the two-storied timber structure occupies three sides of a courtyard. One of the special rooms here is the Kings of Burgundy Room where we were later to enjoy the Gala Dinner. Our wine education for the weekend was then completed by a visit to the local wine museum. After lunch we drove to the 18<sup>th</sup> Century Grand Forge of Buffon. This was remarkable facility, deep in the French countryside, produced wrought iron from iron ore, coal and charcoal assisted by a series of water wheels. Our personal highlight of the weekend was then to come - Fontenay Abbey. Founded by the Cistercian monks in 1118 it is in a remarkable state of preservation. From the 12<sup>th</sup> to the 15<sup>th</sup> centuries it was one of the more prosperous abbeys in France. During the Revolution it was sold and converted into a paper mill – continuing in production until 1906. All traces of its industrial past have gone and the grandeur of the buildings is now accentuated by their rural location. Leaving this imposing, yet peaceful location, behind we returned to Beaune for the first-rate Gala Dinner in the Hotel Dieu. During this five new members were inducted including one who had been

introduced to IFFR by one of our members, John Bowden. John, unfortunately, was not there to witness the occasion.

Sunday morning saw us on a walking tour through the narrow streets of old Dijon. It was then back to Darois. After an uneventful flight home we were back at Netherthorpe by six. Thanks go to Jean-Pierre Gabert and his team, in particular members from the Dijon West Club, for producing, even by the high standards of their Section, one of its best weekends.

Alisma Clark

#### **New Members:**

In addition to Alisma Clark, who was admitted to the Hope Valley R.C. on 4<sup>th</sup> September and John Fok who was admitted to Perth R.C. on the following day as mentioned above, we have welcomed into membership of IFFR Colin Walker, husband of IFFR member Josephine Walker whom he has joined in the Retford Club, Christopher Weston of the Margate Club who flies gliders, and a second member of the clergy the Revd. Brian J. Hunt of the Torquay Club. Furthermore two of our lapsed members have returned to the fold, Ian Hunt from Llantwit Major in Glamorgan and Gwyn Howells from Swansea. We welcome them all and look forward to seeing them at our meetings next year.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### **Brooklands Air Museum**

The visit to the Museum at Brooklands in Surrey had to be cancelled this year due to lack of support. To justify the cost of a guide and lunch a minimum of 20 is really necessary. It has been suggested that Brooklands would be a suitable venue for a weekday visit during the summer period and might especially appeal to those unable to attend activities abroad. Accordingly it is proposed to reinstate the visit on a Wednesday. To enable us to judge the likely support please email, phone, or write to Rodney Spokes now with your views. 0116-241-4301. Or [spokes@compuserve.co.uk](mailto:spokes@compuserve.co.uk)

\*\*\*\*\*

#### **Journey to Weimar via Erfurt.**

**Colin and Jo Walker.**

**F**riday morning dawned grey and misty. However the predicted weather implied an early improvement with cloud lifting to 2,000ft. So at 0800Z we lifted off from Gamston and tucking up our wheels we set course for Great Yarmouth where we intended to coast out. Since the weather was bumpy, cold and grey at 2,000ft we changed the flight plan with Waddington to an IFR plan and climbed through the cloud up into the sunshine and smooth air.

We had intended to do a slight dog-leg to get between the danger areas in the Wash but Waddington said that both zones were cold and cleared us direct to the Great Yarmouth NDB. As we crossed Norfolk Waddington passed us to Norfolk radar who were with us out towards the FIR boundary.

As we crossed the coast at Yarmouth the weather cleared below us and we changed the flight plan back to VFR as originally filed and descended to slide between the layers of the military areas where the American fighters like to do their practice. As it transpired this was unnecessary as Norfolk radar informed us that they too were having a long weekend break.

We crossed the border and were passed on to Amsterdam radar who welcomed us and watched us across their country towards Germany without incident other than the occasional traffic warnings.

However just short of the German border the smooth progress of the flight changed. The Dutch radar controller asked us to turn south for 20 miles and then to orbit short of the border. After about ten minutes of this we asked if they could advise us of a time when we could continue and the controller gave us the news that Dusseldorf radar did not have our flight plan and were refusing to allow us to enter the country. The Dutch controller told us that since he had our flight plan as did the UK then the fault must lie at the German end and that he was trying to sort it out for us.

We orbited in place for nearly an hour with the Dutch controller regularly coming back to give us progress reports (or rather lack of progress reports). It seemed that Dusseldorf radar had simply dug in their heels and were saying that we were refused leave to enter Germany and we would not be allowed to land at any German airport. The Dutch controller said as far as he was concerned we were welcome to land at any Dutch airfield and try to sort matters out from there but he was unable to get any movement from Dusseldorf.

Then we had an idea. I asked the Dutch controller to call Erfurt airport on a landline and check if they had received the flight plan as the destination airport. He agreed that this was a good idea and within minutes was back to say that Erfurt did have our flight plan as did Berlin radar who were at that moment making enquiries along our route since they were expecting us in their airspace and we were late. The Dutch controller told us that Erfurt was at that moment talking to Dusseldorf radar on our behalf.

Soon the Dutch controller came back to tell us that Dusseldorf radar had now accepted our flight plan and that they had admitted their mistake and would allow us entry immediately.

We were then passed to a female controller who in very good English with a marked German accent apologised for their mistake and cleared us on our original route as filed. I replied that since we would then have to go back up north in order to go round Dusseldorf controlled airspace and as we had been orbiting for about an hour this would mean that we would not have our desired fuel reserve when we reached Erfurt. She then offered us an IFR route that was more direct. I hold an IMC rating which not being recognised outside the UK meant that I could not accept her routing. I am in the process of training for a full Instrument rating but at the time that was of no help. So I told the controller that I would prefer a VFR route to Erfurt from my present position overhead Geldern.

What I was aiming for was a clearance to the north of Dusseldorf and Dortmund at a lower altitude which would have meant some slight diversions but would have allowed us to reach Erfurt with the least delay. During our orbits I had been flying slowly with the engine leaned and I was in the process of calculating what our remaining fuel endurance was.

I needn't have worried. The German controller came back and said that we had been granted clearance direct to Dortmund VOR at 3,000ft and from there direct to Erfurt. This would take us right through some very busy class C airspace and straight overhead Dortmund airfield. Whilst it was a very direct route I offered to pass slightly to the north of these busy areas if it would help them, but the controller came straight

back to inform me that I was cleared through ALL airspace on the route advised, at 3,000ft.

So, I said “thank you”, and turned on course. The rest of the journey went swiftly, passing from Dusseldorf control to Hamburg, then Berlin, and finally Erfurt. Each controller apologised for the mistake made by Dusseldorf and promised to speed us on our way.

Erfurt was very efficient. They enquired about our fuel status – I replied that whilst we were within our 45min reserve we should land with over 30mins remaining endurance. To lighten the mood I stated that bladder endurance was more urgent than fuel endurance. This went right over the head of the controller, who came back with the request to clarify which aircraft system would be affected if “bleeder failed”. So I just said “no problem with fuel so long as there are no further delays”.

As we approached the field we were given clearance to land and told that the IFR member who had enquired about our arrival had been telephoned and informed that we were on final. Then we heard the tower telling another aircraft to orbit left to allow “priority traffic” to land. I have never been “priority traffic” before and I am not sure I want to be that again really.

In order to ensure that I kept safe with the fuel situation, I had been running on the right tank until it’s gauge was in the red leaving the left tank with about ¼ full indicated. I thought that if the engine coughed at 3,000ft I could change tanks and would know that we had used all useable fuel in the right tank and still had some in the left. As it transpired, on approach when I switched to the left tank the engine had still been running from the right so there must have been fuel still there even though it showed empty. We landed with just under ¼ indicated in the left tank. After the landing I checked the tanks visually and could see fuel remaining in the right tank so all had been OK after all.

As we shut down, the tower asked me to bring all the aircraft documents and my flight documents to the control point. Thinking that I was going to get a rocket for infringing some German law I went with some trepidation to the office. Once there all became clear. It appeared that something was amiss with the German aviation computer database. Dusseldorf apparently never received our flightplan though all the other areas including Hamburg and Berlin had received it. Then Dusseldorf tried to manually create our plan from the information passed by Rotterdam. On our flight plan we had indicated the aircraft type as an AC11 yet when our callsign was typed into the Dusseldorf computer, this came up as a Moroccan registered Airbus A320. This was what spooked Dusseldorf. It was only when Erfurt had pointed out that a G-registered aircraft surely could not be on the Moroccan register that Dusseldorf had checked again and discovered their mistake. Then to make matters even more confusing when Erfurt asked us to confirm the aircraft owners this did not agree with the Erfurt computer information. In the office they showed me the printout which indicated the previous owner as still owning the aircraft. This was cleared up with a call to the CAA who confirmed the information I had given them. Erfurt then admitted that their aircraft database was over seven years out of date.

With matters cleared up and the German authorities now satisfied (and after I declined to pay the parking charge for an Airbus) the airport staff became very friendly and made us comfortable whilst we waited for our lift to arrive from Weimar.



We had chosen Erfurt as the published length of the grass airfield at Weimar is uncomfortably short for the Rockwell with full load, and Andreas one of the German members very kindly drove us by arrangement from Erfurt to Weimar and on the way gave us a fascinating insight into the local area and the changes he had seen since the reunification that followed the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The Hotel was excellent with beautiful marble floors inlaid with the old Imperial Russian Crest in the foyer, and the rooms were very comfortable indeed. On Friday evening we joined the IFFR party at a local restaurant with an excellent buffet before returning to the hotel for a needed rest.

The rest of the weekend went in a whirl of informative guided tours and fine food. There was so much to see that I felt we had only scratched the surface and that a week at least would be needed to begin to appreciate the town and there would still be the local area to explore. We learned about the famous people associated with Weimar – including Goete, Schiller, Straus, Napoleon and many more names that were familiar to us all. We had a tour of Goete's "Garden House" and looked at the different styles of historic buildings in the town and learned a little about the long history of this "town of culture". Before we came, all I really knew about the town was that it had been in the Soviet bloc and I thought that this would be a major part of its history. However we soon learnt that this era was just a tiny part of the long history of the town which goes back long before Napoleon and even Charlemagne.

On the Sunday we were genuinely sorry to have to leave for our return to England and decided that a return trip was definitely on the cards.

The journey back went fairly smoothly, I was being extra cautious on the radio since the German controllers seemed to be very pedantic. When we were passed back to Dusseldorf from Hamburg they asked me to state our intentions. There was some poor weather ahead of us on a frontal system and I wanted to be as high as possible to try to go over it yet I did not want to give the controllers any hassle by going through the approach area to Dusseldorf. I therefore asked the controller whether they would be happy for me to continue on a direct route to the border or would they prefer me to go lower and route round their airspace. This friendly request for the controller to make a decision got a very frosty response. The controller replied in clipped tones, "*all I require of you is that you remain within the rules for airspace, and state to me your intentions*". So instead of asking anything further I gave a short direct answer that I was routing as filed to the German border at 3,000ft. This did the trick.

As we were passed to Rotterdam we spoke to a controller with a Scottish accent who was extremely friendly. He advised us of presence of severe turbulence reported to the west on our track, and asked us what we wanted to do. I requested a climb to go over the cloudbank in front and the controller then gave me an alternate route to REDSO intersection, which he said would keep us in the best weather. Once we had passed the worst of the weather along the line of the front we were passed to Norfolk radar and soon arrived back at Gamston awash with the memories of the trip, the town and friends we had made over there.

Definitely worth a return visit!

**Colin Walker**

## DUXFORD REDEDICATION

The American Air Museum at Duxford, England stands as a memorial to the 30,000 Americans who died flying from the UK in the Second World War. In 2001 Sam Bishop, the then World President of IFFR, was an honoured guest at the inauguration of the Friends and Founders Room in the Museum. The Room, an initiative of the Rotary Club of Cambridge, is a place of quiet for visitors to the Museum.

Following significant upgrading the Museum was rededicated in September. Among the aircraft that have been added are a B-24 Liberator and SR-71 Blackbird. Former US President George Bush performed the ceremony assisted by our Prince Charles. It was particularly appropriate that George Bush should do this for, at 18, he had been the youngest US Navy pilot to be awarded his wings. He served as a torpedo bomber pilot flying 58 combat missions from various aircraft carriers in the Pacific during World War II. His Avenger aircraft was shot down and after several hours adrift in his life raft he was rescued by submarine. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his actions during this raid. As IFFR Vice-President Europe I, together with Alisma, were honoured to be invited to maintain the IFFR link by representing the Fellowship at this moving ceremony.

There is really only one way for an IFFR member to arrive at Duxford and that is by air. I requested and was duly given permission to fly in. On the day of the flight I checked out the Notams only to discover that Duxford was closed for the day due to "VIP movements". And yes, sharing the tarmac with a Presidential executive jet and Royal and Ambassadorial helicopters was a certain Robin. There were only two other aircraft around!

Many US veterans had made a special trip to be there. It was both an emotional and humbling experience to be in the presence of so many – most of them in their eighties, several of them infirm. Yet these were the lions of their generation who had fought for justice and freedom some sixty years ago. It was fascinating to listen to them – they talked of the visits they had made to some of their old bases in East Anglia. One can only speculate on the good and bad memories that such pilgrimages had aroused.

Following lunch in illustrious company we moved on to the ceremony itself. George Bush made a particularly strong speech on the theme of the special relationship between the US and the UK. For a man in his late seventies it was stunning performance – clearly his own experiences strengthened the bond he had with the Veterans. Prince Charles was, as one might expect, more reflective dealing with the human aspects of the sacrifices made. The formal part of the proceedings ended with a fly-past and display by US aircraft of the Second World War. This included an Avenger in which George Bush naturally showed a particular interest.

The afternoon concluded with a tour of the rededicated Museum. Our lingering memory of this will be that of a B-24 crew standing proudly beside their aircraft. Yes, it had been their day but also one that we will not forget.

*Angus Clark*