

# The Rotating Beacon

The Newsletter of the UK Section of IFFR



February 2013

# *A letter from the Chairman*

*Fellow Flyers*

*First of all, a happy New Year to everyone. Hopefully 2013 will have better flying weather than we had last year with its constant stream of low pressure systems coming in from the Atlantic.*

*In November we had a visit around RGV in Gloucester to see their works, and the location where they do a lot of work on Cirruses (or is it Cirri?) that come in from the States in preparation to their delivery to the UK customers. Following the tour it was across the road for a pub lunch, and then back to our aircraft for the flight back before dusk. Unusually for the time of year it was an excellent flying day. December was our Christmas lunch at the RAF Club which was as good as ever with just under forty. As I mentioned in the notice of the meeting, it is always worth going to the Club to see the magnificent WW2 paintings adorning the walls of all the passageways.*

*So much for last year, for 2013 we already have a number of key dates for the diary. The most important one being for our annual weekend meeting and AGM at Coventry from Friday 17 May to Sunday 19 May. I say Coventry, as that will be the nearest airfield, but the hotel is very much a country-*

*style one around six miles from the town centre, so it will be a good base with very pleasant surroundings in which we can get together. Full details will be sent out shortly, but in the meantime, please put it in your diary! Whilst the diary is out have a look at the Events listing on page 20 and see what you can fit in.*

*One other event that we are working on, and that is in connection with our opposite numbers in the Yachting Fellowship. The thought is that it would be good to have a meeting together, as their make up of members is probably pretty similar to ours.*

*We have not done a summer fly out with an overnight stop for some time, and wonder whether it is something we could have a look at this year. I would appreciate views on this. A couple of ideas would be to go just over the coast to France or to Ireland Either would make a good trip.*

*That's all from me for this bulletin. As usual, I would welcome suggestions as to any other possible venues or activities, but in the meantime I wish everyone a good flying season the weather **must** get drier and better. . . . . mustn't it?*

**Martin Wellings**

**Front Cover: Cessna 180 floatplane at Pretty Girl Lake. Photo - John Bowden. Article page 12.**

## Czech Mate! - *Alan Peaford*

**Charles Strasser organised the first ever European Region meeting in Prague at the end of August. Participants came from seven European Sections and also from the USA. For Alan Peaford it was his first IFFR meeting.**

“Welcome to Prague,” said the man in the tower. Turn off the runway whenever you are ready and look for a golf cart. And follow that. Someone will meet you when you have parked. Follow the golf cart? Meet someone. The flight had only been a few hours but had delirium set in? The golf cart was the marshalling vehicle which led us past the driving range and the putting green and parked us amongst the row of light aircraft that bore registrations from Austria, Germany, Belgium, the UK and the USA.

gle step.’ Well, in my case, the single step that began my journey to Letnany on the outskirts of Prague could be traced back to an RIBI newsletter item that had arrived in my email in box three months earlier.



**V-P James about to sample the Staropramen**

Our greeting party was not officials from the Czech CAA to grumble about our route into the country or our approach around the capital but instead, was made up of two beautiful girls each carrying a glass of chilled Staropramen beer and a welcoming smile. If this is what happens at an IFFR fly-in then I was hooked.

I think it was Confucius who was supposed to have said, ‘a journey of a thousand miles begins with a sin-

A joining fee paid, a lapel and a directory received and I was a member of the Flying Fellowship – but now to do something! The invite for the first ever “European Fly-In” was too good to miss. Coercing my commercial pilot mate and fellow Grays Thurrock Rotary Club member, Peter Hoche, was easy; paying our dues and booking into Prague’s biggest hotel, Hotel Duo, was simple, and then it was simply a question of flight planning and

*(Continued on page 4)*

## Czech Mate continued.....

*(Continued from page 3)*

praying for good weather.

There was only one blot on an otherwise perfect landscape – Belgium. If you have never looked at the European VFR chart for Benelux, do so with fresh eyes. It is impenetrable. Belgium has always been an oddity to me. It has a reputation for making beer and fruit cocktails but unfortunately tends to mix them in the same glass; it celebrates its heroes, but led by Tin Tin and Hercule Poirot, they never existed; and they encourage the bureaucracy of the European Union by giving it a desk and an expense account and compound it by applying controlled airspace to an inch above just about every piece of land. It would have controlled space from surface to 1500 feet, and then 1500 to 6500 and a bit of 6500 to 55000 just for good measure. We decided to go for it anyway.

The Channel crossing was simple

we could see the French coast from before Canterbury – literally just a few minutes after our departure from Thurrock, the 650m private strip just a glide from the M25 and the QE2 Bridge. We popped down at Kortrijk to clear customs and were quickly on our way into Brussels Information area. But first we asked Kortrijk to activate our flight



**A very impressive turnout**

plan. “Do you have a flight plan?” he said. We confirmed we did. He then had a similar conversation with another aircraft and advised them to turn back to land as there was no record. We called him again and asked to switch to Brussels, sounding rather flustered he let us go and we called Brussels to be told to descend immediately to below 1500 feet – to what felt like a mere waffle’s depth from the roof tops



and hilltops. We were then switched to Beauvechain for clearance across the zone where we were warned active exercises were taking place – however the military controller told us the station was closed and there was no action and to enjoy our flight – but call Brussels information ... again.

Eventually, skimming the rising ground we crossed the German border, had a welcoming conversation with the Langan controllers and were climbing into a beautiful evening sky for the final 100 miles of our afternoon's planned sortie to Bonn Hangar. Bonn – the old capital before the unification – is apparently one of the longest-serving airfields in the world. It is GA friendly, lies just below the approaches to Koln and was a great stopping-off point. A hotel just a few minutes from the field and an easy taxi journey – along with some rather pleasant Schnitzel and local brew – made it a good overnighner.

Refuelled and a seat change saw us on our way for the final 300nm to Prague. It was a beautiful flight. Clear skies, and at 6,500 feet we were above the mountain peaks and the stunning castles and forests. Soon we were with Praha Control

and then Vodochody who brought us down to 2000 feet – or 1,000 feet agl – for a short cut direct approach to Letnany (LKL), our final destination.

Cleared for Letnany's runway 05L, just a moment of confusion as we looked for a grass field and saw instead a rather large tarmac runway which turned out to be the Kbely military base. Grass runway spotted exactly where the GPS said



**On the guided tour at Prague Castle**

it should be and down we went to be met by the golf cart, the pretty girls, the beer and an assorted bunch of people who seemed to go out of their way to make us feel welcome. It is always difficult to be a newbie at anything. Clubs, groups, associations are by their very nature, cliquey and can take time to penetrate. From the moment we were greeted by a cheery Feroz Wadia and Ingo Neufert and then the legendary Charles Strasser. We

*(Continued on page 6)*

## Czech Mate continued.....



**Charles Strasser's medal and citation**

*(Continued from page 5)*

were immediately made to feel part of the group.

Belgian horror stories were exchanged, especially with the Belgians who try to fly through Holland instead; secret routes were shared and while many sat in the warm sun and munched their way through a scrumptious buffet from the pilot briefing room (bizarrely with a portrait of H.M The Queen on the wall), others walked along the line of rusting L39

Albatross aircraft before heading off to the museum to see more about the Czech Republic's military and aviation heritage. Charles Strasser was taken off in a luxury convertible to the country's Ministry of Defence to be presented with a medal for his wartime services, while the rest of us headed to the Duo, for the Thursday night wel-

come dinner and to try to catch Charles on the evening TV news.

Dinner was a delight and any fears that this was going to be a sterile fussy leisure programme was quickly shattered by officers mess banter particularly between IFFR top teamers Angus Clark and James Alexander... and copious amounts of Czech produce, both liquid and solids.

The next morning's 08:30 call for the coaches to begin our day's tour seemed like an ungodly hour and even the most astute of us struggled to understand the group numbering systems for the coaches - A was for Anybody that spoke English; E was for English who were English or Belgian, G was for German or Austrian or something like that. Apart



**The Gala Dinner**



**Prague Castle from the SS Moravia**

from the navigationally-challenged James Alexander, most of us just aimed for the correctly assigned coaches and enjoyed a fantastic tour of Prague's great spots.

The Charles Bridge (not named after Charles Strasser – or at least not yet – but after some Czech King); Prague Castle, where the country's president has his office and was hoping to meet us there before being distracted by affairs of state. The castle was where Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen before giving alms to the poor, his blood to his murderous brother and his heart to a little box that now resides in the Cathedral within the castle walls. The Vltava River, seen from the SS Moravia was the backdrop to another splendid Czech feast and more beer; then a

walk around the Jewish quarter and old town before dashing back to the hotel for a wash and brush up ahead of a visit to U Kalina, a traditional Czech restaurant with entertainment, great food and unlimited beer and wine.

On Saturday it was another castle, Karlstejn – this time on a rather steep rural mountainside and where the

climbing capability of many of our 90-strong group appeared to be as slack as my old Cessna 172 – before heading to a brewery (yes they did organise one) in Prague and then the chance to visit the new town before rushing back to change for a spectacular gala dinner and extended drinks reception at the city's Intercontinental Hotel. The promised speeches were short; the heckling funny and the fellowship



**The Impressive Karlstejn Castle**

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## Czech Mate continued.....

*(Continued from page 7)*

extended. Then back, ready for our early departure the next day.

But Belgium struck again. Heavy storms spread out to Holland and across central Germany. Heads were put together, Lord knows what the collective noun is for iPads but every aviator was glued to the screen checking weather stations looking for some route out. While some gave up early and hit the bar again, Peter and I looked for chinks in the storm's armour, routing above or below, going via Italy or western France. By 01:00 we gave in and joined in the drinking. Sunday became a real day of rest, with an optional museum tour or more wandering around the Czech Republic's beautiful capital ahead of an evening of flight planning for Monday's rapidly improving outlook.

Despite a few clouds over the mountain tops, we left on time. We could hear various IFFR voices ahead and behind us as we each followed our chosen routes. A fuel stop at Siegerland gave us the opportunity for a coffee boost and a chat with James and Catherine Alexander and then a clear run – even the Belgians seemed in a sunnier mood – back to the UK. Five hours in the air from Prague back to Thurrock and home to the comforting emails from newfound friends reporting their safe arrivals back too.

It is hard sometimes to make that first step. To be part of a new group. To challenge your flying capabilities with new adventures. But this was a rewarding experience. And one, I am hoping to repeat in the future – subject to avoiding Belgium!

***Alan Peaford***



**James Alexander receives the  
Aircom's Perpetual trophy from  
Chairman Martin Wellings**



# AIRCOM'S PERPETUAL TROPHY

**The Trophy is awarded annually to the individual making the most meritorious flight. This year James Alexander received it following this nomination by Tony Erskine.**

I would like to nominate James Alexander for the Aircom's Perpetual Trophy. This is for the professionalism he displayed during a very difficult approach after a 3 hour flight from Rennes in September when returning from the French IFFR Fly in. Under radar control we were vectored to the 27 ILS at Liverpool. The Wx was 280/18 variable, overcast at 1100ft with 4000m visibility. Unfortunately the front was over the airfield as we approached.

From waypoint Kegun ATC cleared us to descend to 2000ft on a heading of 350 which was positioning the aircraft onto base leg. The conditions were IMC from FL080 and on reaching 2000ft and turning onto our cleared heading we encountered severe turbulence in an isolated weather cell.

The aircraft was very difficult to control and it was impossible to remain in your seat. James displayed excellent airmanship staying very calm under these character building conditions. I don't remember much of a conversation be-

tween us except just reminding my P1 of our cleared heading which he achieved after great difficulty. Further heading clearance was received to intercept the ILS and descend with the glide slope. Maintaining descent and localiser was very accurate considering the conditions which remained IMC until 800ft.

James's dedication to training and his on-going instrument practice enabled him to navigate the ILS with success. The event highlights the importance of keeping current with your IMC flying and instrument approaches. So grab an Instructor and do some training.

I spoke to ATC the next day regarding giving vectors around such weather; however they did not have the equipment to read the severity of local weather cells. They did report that in an aircraft landing just after us the pilot had a small head injury from the turbulent approach.

***Tony Erskine***

# Airfield Website Upgrade

**Were you one of the thousand or so Rotarians who were at the official opening of the Rotary Room in the Duxford American Air Museum in May 2001 by US General William Hess ?**

This was organised by the Rotary Club of Cambridge. If you were there you may recall that, at that time, the Club had set up a database on its website

listing all the USAAF WW2 airfields in Eastern England.

In many cases it also listed a local Rotarian to contact if a veteran wished to visit the site of his war-time service and needed guidance.

This year the website has taken a good few steps further. The continuing visits to the site encouraged the Club to upgrade the website to include the RAF airfields in Eastern England. These are located precisely on an interactive map. Zooming in and clicking on the map reveals which units were based there during the war. A database

facilitates tracing the different locations of units.

During WW2, East Anglia was the

centre of the Allies air warfare effort, firstly defensive and later offensive. The enormity of the task meant that 500 new airfields were constructed across the UK to add to the existing 200 to house the thousands of aircraft, air-crews and support staff.



**Interactive Airfield map**

This proved to be an enormous civil engineering task given the scarcity of manpower and modest equipment of the day. Each took 9 to 18 months to complete but was often active long before completion. A typical airfield covered some 750 acres, with 3 runways, the main some 2000 yards long. Some idea of the scale

and concentration of resources in Eastern England can be seen in the map. Over the wartime period, priorities, residents and aircraft changed but memories of the visitors and their hosts have remained.

Concentrated in Eastern England were about 250 airfields. Some are still active military bases or even commercial airfields, using the original runways and hangars. However the majority have been returned to agricultural use. The reinforced

concrete runways and hard standings have been removed as well as the buildings built to house aircraft and workshops as well as the thousands of ser-

vicemen who made up aircrew, technicians and support staff. In some cases, surviving traces can be found, a control tower or a hangar or a concrete hard standing of characteristic shape. Unnaturally long straight lines aligned roughly SW to NE can also be a giveaway in otherwise characteristic agricultural country-

side. The Google Earth view from above makes them easier to spot.

Look at the map for sites near to you. Remember the purpose is to help WW2 veterans, their children and grandchildren to trace the locations where they spent a dramatic and stressful time at a young age as part of the Allied war effort.

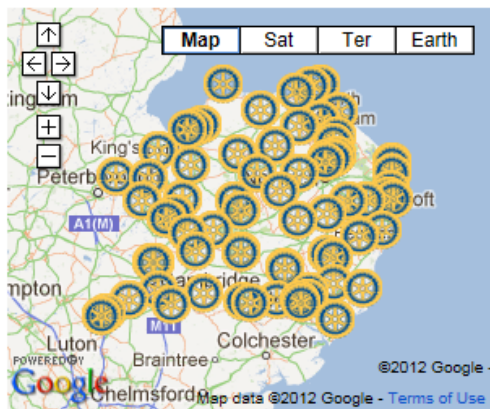
As a typical example, the Club was contacted by a USAAF flyer who had returned with his family to

England for the first time since he took off on a bombing raid on Christmas Eve 1944. He was shot down, captured and returned direct to America at the end of the war. To return to that airfield after 60

years was an emotional pilgrimage with which the club was delighted and privileged to assist.

*Thanks to Robin Davies, Rotary Club of Cambridge for this contribution*

Web address of site:



**Interactive Rotary Club map**

<http://www.rotaryribi.org/clubs/page.php?PgID=314569&ClubID=460>

# Floatplane flying on Vancouver Island - *John Bowden*

**In late 2011 two of my business partners had the excellent idea that we should start taking sabbaticals. In the end, it turned out to be my turn first – very welcome but a bit concerning that I was the one considered most in need!**

With various office commitments I could not avoid dealing with, it became clear that my 3 month leave could begin at the end of July, coincidentally with the start of the Olympics and some drier weather. Having never had more than a fortnight off at a time in the last 30 years, it became obvious that we were going to have difficulty packing all that we wanted to do in 13 weeks and have a rest at the same time. I could not miss the IFFR European meeting in Prague for instance... One thing Patricia and I both wanted to do was visit Western Canada. With the help of a Canadian travel agent in Tunbridge Wells, we put together a plan that included a week on Vancouver Island, part of which was to be in Tofino.

The west coast of Vancouver Island resembles the west coast of Scot-

land, save that it makes Scotland look heavily populated! It became clear that the only way to see it was by floatplane. Before we left, I thought I had an aircraft booked for the day before we were due to leave Victoria. As it turned out, my confirmation emails got lost in the ether and by the time I made con-



**Flores Island North West of Tofino**

tact again when we were on the Island, the aircraft had been double booked. Disappointment started to creep in, but I was recommended to contact another operator in Tofino and they happened to be free to



**The coast near Lake Hesquiat**

take us the next Sunday, for which the forecast was CAVOK.

We turned up at the “office”, which turned out to be a small hut on a pontoon pier in Tofino harbour and met Dan, our pilot, and Atleo Air’s trusty Cessna 180 floatplane. Dan very kindly replaced the dual control yoke after refuelling from the barge also moored on the pontoon before we all loaded up.

Whilst the 180 was similar in many respects to my old Airedale, floats were a novelty. Happily whilst Dan was not an instructor, he was kind enough to talk me through the taxiing and take-off process. After keeping a careful eye on the odd RIB crossing the harbour area, we were off on our take-off run. With progressive application of power and aft stick relaxed as we got on the step of the floats, we were soon in the air. It was then that I learnt that the floats continue to make a

big difference in the air; substantial rudder inputs are required to stay in balance and counter the adverse yaw in turns.

Levelling off at 300 feet (more than enough, according to Dan), we continued NW up the coast hopping from island to island, each covered with pine and

fir trees, virtually to the exclusion of everything else. Every so often, there would be a fisherman’s hut but not a road or track in sight anywhere. This is country that is only accessible by boat or float plane.

We then saw a couple of whale watching boats stationary off the coast and went to see what they had found. After a couple of orbits a whale surfaced and blew a huge flume from its blowhole, thrashed its tail and disappeared again. We moved on to our first lake landing at Lake Hesquiat which is just inland, a short stretch of river leading from it to the coast. Just before we arrived there we saw a school of sea-lions and flock of gulls over a bait ball of fish. We flew an orbit overhead before seeing two humpback whales surface. We were then treated to a fifteen minute display of foraging by the whales and the sea-lions into the fish bait ball that

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## Floatplane flying continued.....

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Dan said he had never seen the like of before. The water was beautifully clear so we could see all as we circled.

Arriving at Lake Hesquiat, I saw that there was going to be no normal circuit to land. On the contrary, a tight run down one side of the steep sided valley, skimming the trees, followed by a tight 180 turn at the far end of the lake preceded the landing run. With no particular runway to land on, the most important thing is to check the land-

ing area for floating debris. Dan had done this whilst I was flying down the lake, so we set up for the landing; descent power with full flap is both significant and retained until you actually want to stop. The art is to fly the aircraft onto the water descending at about 200 fpm, especially if the water is still as it is then very difficult to gauge exactly where the water level is in the reflections on the surface, letting the

drag of the water on the floats slow you down until you actually want to stop. Pulling the power then immediately brings the aircraft almost to a halt, leaving you with the minor problem of docking with neither neutral nor reverse to play with.

Timing of the engine cut-off is all

that you have to avoid ramming the bank or leaving yourself in the middle of the lake.

Dan took the opportunity during our stop to polish the windows with some household window cleaner that certainly did the trick. He then emptied the water from the floats that

particularly the rear compartments ingest through the top covers. This is done by attaching a simple bicycle type pump to a valve on the top of each float compartment and with a few strokes it is all done.

Hesquiat Lake Provincial Park was established in 2006. It was sobering to think whilst we were there that, although we were only 120kms from Tofino, there was no person,



**A gorge en route to the glacier**



**The lower end of the glacier**

Girl Lake, a rather smaller tighter lake a little further inland, approached by skimming a ridge of pines and then following much the same procedure as last time, only this time with a steep 180 turn at the end of the lake over the pines... Not a time to lose or gain height in the turn!

road or track between us and if we had tried to walk back it would have been more like 500kms through the forests and over the mountains, avoiding the bears. Not a good time to have hot starting problems then...

Happily, we were soon taxiing away with the Continental rumbling smoothly and, after a few quick checks on the run, turned down the lake for take-off. The take off run up the narrow lake made the need to use a significant amount of right rudder very obvious as the power was progressively increased if a very close inspection of the shoreline was to be avoided. One slightly curved take-off run later and we were climbing away over the pine trees to our next stop at Pretty

Pretty Girl Lake was where Atleo Air had set up a camp. This was a landing stage with steps and an area of decking next to the lake with bed and furniture built from driftwood, covered with a canvas tent structure. It was absolutely stunning in the middle of the wilderness and did not seem to have been visited by the bears or other wildlife in the area. We took the opportunity to eat our lunch in these idyllic sur-



**Patricia at Lake Hesquiat**

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## Floatplane flying continued.....

*(Continued from page 15)*

roundings, after which I wandered off for a pee. When Patricia decided that was a good idea before our third flight Dan pointed her to a path leading up the hill from the decking and said “the Ladies’ room is up there”.

Thinking that a squat behind a tree was in store, she was stunned to find a throne in the middle of the forest – a composting loo with a stunning view fit for a queen!

Leaving Pretty Girl Lake, Dan directed me to climb to 4500’ and turn inland. We flew over wooded cols and dodged around hills on our climb to the glaciers. We were soon flying alongside the permanent ice on the mountains. Luckily the weather was still glorious with very little wind, so there was no problem flying close, though when Dan suggest I flew over a snow covered col ahead, I had to comment that I did not think we were high enough for that. Assured that we were, I flew towards

the col and involuntarily climbed 100’ before reaching it – and clearing it by 50’ by my reckoning! Meanwhile Patricia was busy with the cameras...

We then flew back towards Tofino



**The throne!**

and had time to spend a few minutes looking at the salmon and oyster farms in the sheltered waters of the inlets on the way. Other than tourism, these represent just about the only economic activity in the whole area. We then moved on to the Tofino area itself, found our hotel on a wooded headland between two sandy beaches and checked out some of the islands offshore, finding

one had a lighthouse on the seaward side, hidden from the shore by the trees (what else!). Making one of the few required radio calls to Harbour Control, we approached for our final water landing and taxi back to the landing stage. We had been away for nearly 3 hours with two hours in the air.

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# Christmas Lunch

**The third annual London Lunch was held at the Royal Air Force Club in Piccadilly on Monday 10 December 2012.**

This would be an excellent venue just for the aviation art on the walls but we were also looked after well with a glass of champagne on arrival and an enjoyable lunch. Chairman Martin Wellings welcomed the 38 members and guests and in particular our overseas guests and the Commodore of the Yachting Fellowship, Annette Lewis.



President James Alexander for some difficult bad weather flying (see item on page 9).



Our overseas visitors were Claudio Lambri from the Italian Section and Han and Gienke Klinkspoor from the Benelux Section.

The important business was presentation of the Aircoms Perpetual Trophy for aviation achievement. Charles Strasser had been the first recipient for his flight to Israel to attend the International AOPA meeting. Chris O'Connell won last year for his Eastern European trip. This year the Chairman announced that the winner was European Vice



Everyone agreed that this lunch should be in the programme for 2013 – we hope to see you there.

***Rodney Spokes***

# The Cat and the Duck

**Ann Nominous writes:** *Although usually modest, I am forced to admit that I am considered to be an expert on certain aspects of instrument flying. Only recently, I have done a considerable amount of research on the "Cat and Duck" method of blind flying, and I wish to say that it's highly over-rated.*

You are probably familiar with this "Cat and Duck" dodge, which sounds like simplicity itself. All it takes is a cat, a duck, and you on an instrument flight. The cat is placed on the cockpit floor, and working



on the theory that a cat always remains upright; he or she is used for a needle and ball. Merely watch to see which way the cat leans to determine whether a wing is low. The duck is used for instrument landing.

Because a duck will not fly in instrument weather, all you need to do is throw it out of the cockpit and follow it to the ground. After several experimental flights, however, I have found that this system has some serious pitfalls, and the pilot using "Cat and Duck" for the first time would do well to observe some important rules:

## Cats:

- Get a wide-awake cat. Most cats do not want to stand at all at any time. A large, fierce dog should be carried to keep the cat at attention.
- Make sure your cat is clean. Dirty cats will spend all their time washing. Trying to follow a washing cat usually results in a tight snap roll followed by an inverted spin.
- Old cats are best. Young cats have nine lives, but an old used-up cat with only one life left has just as much to lose as you have and will be more dependable.
- Avoid stray cats. Try to get



one with a good pedigree. Your local vet can help you locate a cat with a good character.

#### Ducks:

- Be sure the duck has good eyesight. Near-sighted ducks sometimes fail to realise that they are on the instruments and will go flogging off into the nearest hill. Very near-sighted ducks will not realise they have been thrown out at all and will descend straight down in a sitting position. This is hard to follow in an aircraft.
- Use land-loving ducks. It is very discouraging to break out of cloud and find yourself on finals for a farmer's pond, particularly if there are duck hunters around. Duck hunters suffer from temporary insanity when

they are sitting freezing in their hides and will shoot at anything that flies.

- Choose your duck carefully. Many water birds look very much alike, and you may get confused between ducks and geese. Geese are very competent fliers but are seldom interested in going the way you want to go. If your duck heads off to Canada then you know you have been given a goose.
- Beware of cowardly ducks. If a duck discovers that you are using the cat to stay upright, she will refuse to leave the cat. Ducks are no better on instruments than you are.

Remember these points, and instrument flying will be seen in a totally new light.

***Ann Nominous***

## Floatplane Flying concluded

*(Continued from page 16)*

We had been treated to some stunning scenery on our trip from Banff, through the ice field to Jasper and across to Vancouver on the train, but our trip in the Cessna had raised the bar. We had been treated to a stunning variety of sea-life, landscape and seascape and even Patricia said she had enjoyed the flying. As many will know, that's praise indeed... Dan said that he

had enjoyed it too, especially as he had done nothing more than attend to mooring duties.

Lastly, did we forgive the guy that double booked us? We certainly did – the day we were due to fly from Victoria Harbour the cloud base never got above 300 feet. Even the turbo Beavers stayed on their moorings.

***John Bowden***

# Coming Events

## 2013

March 14	UK Section	Visit to Swanwick ATC
April 7	UK Section	Brighton Spring Fly In
May 3/5	German/Austrian Section	Island of Juist
May 17/19	UK Section Meeting + AGM	Coventry
May 31/June 2	Benelux Section	Spa
June 15/22	Portuguese Section - Pre Convention coach tour	
June 27/July 6	French Section	40th Anniversary Fly Around
July 27	UK Section	BBQ West Newlands
August 7	UK Section	Elvington or Cosford
August 16/18	Scandinavian Section	Riga - Latvia
August 22/25	Swiss Section	Lucerne
October 9	UK Section	Shoreham
December 9	UK Section	Christmas Lunch RAF Club

For the latest information on events check [www.iffir.org.uk](http://www.iffir.org.uk)

### French Section 40th Anniversary Fly Around



Full details are available at:  
<http://www.iffir.fr/modules/content/?id=1>

### The International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians (UK Section)

**Chairman:**  
Martin Wellings ([mwellings@mjgw.co.uk](mailto:mwellings@mjgw.co.uk))  
Tel. 01323 506222

**Company Secretary/ Treasurer:**  
John Bowden ([john.bowden@cwj.co.uk](mailto:john.bowden@cwj.co.uk))  
Tel. 01892 862531

**Membership Secretary:**  
Rodney Spokes ([iffir@spokes.biz](mailto:iffir@spokes.biz)) 7 The Albany,  
London Road, Leicester LE2 1RH, Tel. 0116 270 4710

**Bulletin Editor:**  
Angus Clark ([clark.calver@gmail.com](mailto:clark.calver@gmail.com))  
Tel. 01433 631585

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