

The Rotating Beacon

The Newsletter of the UK Section of IFFR



May 2014

A letter from the Chairman

Fellow Flyers

All commercial aircraft operations are governed by an airline's Standard Operating Procedures. This ensures consistency and maximum safety. Their excellent safety record is a testament to this.

Despite having considerably less experience, we GA pilots, have no rules other than the formal rules of the air. We therefore have to consider the safety aspects of every particular flight – are we current?, is the weather OK?, do we have external pressures for the flight? I could go on, but I think you will understand the point that I am making – set yourself at least informal guidelines in order to ensure that your flights are conducted in the safest way possible.

I have flown with many pilots over the years. I find that I get a good idea of their approach to flying even before we leave the ground. The good points are having all the charts for the route and landing to hand, going through the check list in an orderly manner, and checking (where possible) all nav aids before departure. The bad points are relying on memory for checks, failing to check any of the ground based nav aids, and spending time during taxiing fiddling around with the GPS instead of looking

where they are going.

*Lookout brings me to one of **the** vital safety issues – many pilots don't do it nearly enough. Flying from a south coast airport and around the London TMA as I do, you do see a lot of other aircraft and all flying at around 2,500' so eyes do really have to be peeled. TCAS is a useful aid, but not unless the other aircraft is transponder equipped **and it is on**. Radar is of maximum value only if you are under De-Confliction service – Basic service is of very limited value.*

The safest way of flying is to assume that things can go wrong with pilots, air traffic and the aircraft itself, so always have a "Plan B". For example, when cleared to line up and take-off, check to ensure that there is not an aircraft on short finals. If any instruction seems wrong, check them. It is the same with the aircraft itself. When it comes out of a major service be that bit more thorough in doing the control checks.

Ronald Reagan once said in the context of trusting the Russians - "trust but verify". This would be a very good philosophy for our attitude to flying. Have a safe flight!

Martin Wellings

Front Cover: A hangar with a message at Aachen . Photo: Feroz Wadia

Joint IFFR and IYFR Meeting

Annette Lewis, Commodore of the Yachting Fellowship and our Chairman Martin came up with the idea of a joint meeting of our two Fellowships.

So it was that 12 Flyers joined the "Yachties" at their March meeting in St Ives, Cambridgeshire. The meeting was very well attended with over 100 there. The weekend began with an informal dinner on Friday evening. The printed menu contained a number of flying

river banks, meadows, reed-beds, scrub and woodland. It is particularly famous for its cormorants and nightingales. Jim's wife contributed with an excellent impersonation of the latter.



The IFFR Party at the welcome dinner

quotes. One from Amelia Earhart got it right when she said "Flying might not be all plain sailing but the fun of it is worth the price."

After dinner Jim Stevenson, Senior Ranger, gave a fascinating talk on the nearby Paxton Pits Nature Reserve. The Reserve now 25 years old is situated in the Great Ouse Valley between St Neots and Huntingdon. It is rich in wildlife habitats covering 78 hectares of lakes,

While the Yachties held their AGM on Saturday morning some of us enjoyed a walk around what had been a serious market town in its heyday. This was evidenced by the grandeur of the buildings on the main street. Occupying one of them was Wadsworth's - the finest off licence

that I have ever visited. The selection of malt whiskies let alone the range of wines was the most comprehensive that I have ever seen. The Parish Church further down the street had a flying connection. In 1918 a pilot was killed when his DH6 crashed into the spire. The circumstances are a bit of a mystery but I am told that the propeller is displayed in the church.

Later in the morning we boarded

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Joint IFYR & IFFR Meeting continued.....

(Continued from page 3)

our buses for the first visit of the day to the American Memorial Cemetery at Maddingley, not far from Cambridge. In addition to the 3,812 headstones the names of 5,127 servicemen who were missing in action are recorded on a memorial wall.

I always find visits to war cemeteries, regardless of the nationality of the fallen, to be very moving. Behind every headstone and name there is a story of a son, daughter, brother or sister of which we rarely have any knowledge. Our well informed guide helped to fill in the background to some of the names. We saw that a small number of graves had a floral tribute beside them. These had been left on behalf of a British organisation that remembers the sacrifices of members of the US Bomber Groups. These graves were ones where the deceased had lost their life some 70 or so years ago on the same day as our visit. One headstone had two floral clusters on it - one of them from the widow and son of the deceased - a remarkable tribute after so many years.

We then moved on to Duxford which is very familiar to many of us. Back in 2002 Alisma and I had a very special visit when we represented IFFR at the rededication of the American Air Museum there. It



A flyer remembered 70 years on by his widow and son

was a privilege that day to be with so many US veterans who made the trip over to remember their colleagues. The rededication was led by Prince Charles and ex-President George Bush, a veteran himself. I have to confess that of the four aircraft that were permitted to fly in that day the Robin was by far the most modest! The American Museum was much as it was and none the worse for that. The exhibits from the massive B52, through the sinister looking SR-71 Blackbird to

the bombers of the Second World War were all in mint condition.

Other parts of the Museum were not as uniformly as good. Perhaps it was because it was early season but we got the impression that there were fewer volunteers working on



Angus Clark, Rabab and Frank Hardiman, Alisma Clark and James Alexander at Duxford

restoration projects than previously. Such ventures need such people and I have a concern that when the current generation of volunteers passes on there will be insufficient replacements. Regardless of that the nostalgia and memories engendered by the exhibits made it a very worthwhile experience.

In the evening we had what we would describe as a Gala Dinner. To maintain a balance the menu this time contained sailing quotes. All resonated with us as flyers – one from Francis Stokes, an acclaimed trans-oceanic sailor, “The sea finds out everything that you did wrong”, rang particularly loud

bells. Chairman Martin gave our greetings and our thanks for the hospitable manner in which we had been received.

The after dinner speaker was the writer and broadcaster Paul Heiney. He entertained us firstly with his

memories of Esther Rantzen's "That's Life", particularly talking about the dog who could say "sausages"! He then talked of his sailing experiences. His description of his participation, in the family boat, in the single handed transatlantic OSTAR race, was fascinating. His account of the race's history and his own slow crossing has been published in

"Last Man Across The Atlantic". He was second last! His self depreciating delivery masked the real achievement of sailing the Atlantic the wrong way – East to West.

Sunday morning was farewell time – with the promise that we must do a joint meeting again. Fellowships, regardless of their affiliation, bring out some of what is best in Rotary. Thanks go to Annette Lewis and her band of organisers for such a varied weekend and to the members of IYFR for making us most welcome.

Angus Clark

Bill Jevons

Bill, an IFFR member for 29 years, has finally decided to “hand in his wings”. Here he tells of an early meeting and its consequences.

The first IFFR meeting which I attended was in early 1984 when we visited Hendon. I took with me a fellow Rotarian Don Brown, who had proposed me for membership of Rotary some eight years earlier. I had been aware for some time that he had served in aircrew during the war, and had been shot down and taken prisoner. However, he had always been reluctant to talk about it but, when we were at Hendon, obviously stimulated by sight of the Halifax there, he told me of his experiences and the fact that he had taken off, as flight engineer, from Middleton St George.

That evening I diligently searched charts and airfield information documents to find Middleton St George, without success. However, later that evening, I was talking to my neighbour, a Britannia Airways captain who originated from the northeast and mentioned that our next meeting was to be in his part of the country, namely Teesside, to which he commented “Oh, you mean Middleton St George”.

Knowing that my friend Don was not in good health, and not having flown since his return from captivity I spoke to his wife who assured me that he would cope with the flight. We told him only that we were going to an IFFR meeting at Teesside but didn't, at that time, tell him that we were going by air as opposed to road. When I told him as we were collecting him to take him to Cov-

entry his immediate reaction was to leap out of the car exclaiming “b****y hell. Eventually my wife persuaded him with the assurance that she would sit with him in the back seat of the C310. The back seat was, in fact a bench type seat with three seats across. Needless to say, he strapped himself firmly in the middle seat and refused to look out of the windows, saying very little.

After flying for some time, during which he did become a little more communicative he said, “Teesside is that anywhere near Stockton on Tees?” at which point I said “haven't you worked it out yet, we're going to Middleton St George. He then became very animated, especially when I told the controller on finals that I had with me a Halifax flight engineer who had taken off from there in 1943 and I was just bringing him back.

Don had a wonderful day, visiting all parts of the airfield to see how it had changed and having lunch with the IFFR members in the St George Hotel which had been the officers' mess. Looking back over my 29 years of IFFR membership I have many happy memories but I think that that visit to Teesside and the obvious pleasure which it gave to Don is perhaps the most memorable.

Bill Jevons

Honeymoon in the Bahamas!

Martin Wellings tells of a flying holiday in the Bahamas where the guests joined the honeymoon.

We have all had invitations to weddings, but I wonder how many people also have an invitation to the honeymoon? I received an invitation to a friend's wedding which was going to take place in Florida, and duly accepted, but shortly afterwards, I and other pilot friends, were asked to join the newly weds on a flying honeymoon to the Bahamas. Surprised, but keen to join in, we all readily accepted.

The actual wedding and reception took place at Jumbolair, an airpark near Ocala in Florida, all in the open air and an unusually pleasant and informal ceremony. The airpark incidentally, is home to the aircraft owned by John Travolta which can be seen parked outside his house there; the aircraft is a B707 in Virgin colours, somewhat bigger than most GA aircraft to be found in a US airpark!

There were twelve of us heading to the Bahamas in assorted aeroplanes - C172s, C182s, PA28 and SR22s, which we were renting from various Floridian FBOs. My own pick up point was just outside Tampa, and first intro-



A bit different to tying tin cans to the bumper!!

duction to the C172 that I had booked was not very promising, as bits were hanging off the back seat, the primer was not working, and all in all it did not look in very good condition, but I thought this would do for the check ride and then I could have something better for the actual trip. Unfortunately this was the a/c to be used for the duration, but there was not time or opportunity to make any changes.

Together with a fellow pilot who was sharing this particular 172, we did our check ride and then flew up to Jumbolair to join the others. After the wedding day, we were all to leave for the Bahamas, and as usual, best laid plans for an early start were hampered by strong winds and low cloud, so we had to hang around until around midday for conditions to improve. Our "squadron"

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Honeymoon in the Bahamas continued.....

(Continued from page 7)

took off in convoy, and headed for Fort Pierce on the east coast of Florida, where we would clear US customs, submit flight plans and pick up our pre-arranged rental life rafts and jackets.

The flight to the first stop in the Bahamas was a two hour sector to Marsh Harbour on Abaco Island, and whilst it sounds like a lot of over-water flying, in actual fact it was not, as we tracked towards, then over, Grand Bahama Island to our destination. We were working Miami air traffic until we were actually over the Bahamas, and hearing all these aeroplanes with British voices was too much for the controller's curiosity, so he asked what we were all doing, and had to explain that we were all joining bride and groom on a honeymoon – not your normal ATC parlance..

After an overnight stop in Marsh Harbour, it was off to Staniel Cay in the Exumas where we were to stay for two nights; the sector time was just under two hours flying more or less due south. The airstrip was very close to the hotel which featured separate bungalows, each with its own outboard equipped boat to explore the surrounding reefs. All very enjoyable, and certainly the favourite place on our trip to the Bahamas, and if this was a travel article instead of a report about a flying trip, I would have put myself into travel

agent mode, and written of our stay at length, but suffice to say extremely enjoyable and we ate and drank very well.

Our next leg to Stella Maris was continuing to the south on another one hour leg in a southerly direction taking us just past 24 deg. south. Whilst the weather was very good in terms of cloud base and viz, at virtually every



airport, we experience strong cross winds, probably because the islands are long and narrow, runways were roughly north/south and the wind was from due west! One memorable landing – not one of our group I am pleased to say, was after we had just landed at Stella Maris, and there followed a C172 that had our heart rate rising. This fully laden aircraft was being shaken about a fair bit, and the pilot chose to land around half way down the runway – I think he was coming in too fast, but he had precious little space left before all the trees at the end of the runway. All of us were either thinking or actually shouting go around! go around!, but he did not, and

stopped literally feet before tall trees right at the end of the runway. How he stopped in time remains a mystery to me.

After a night stop in Stella Maris, it was time to head back to Florida and home, so in one day we returned with a flight time of just over four hours and one stop in the Bahamas to clear customs,



Staniel Cay with airstrip in the middle of the Island

and another at Fort Pierce for US immigration.

Apart from the usual flight plan, the US entry requirement for GA pilots is much more complicated than we are used to, and long notice and form filling has to be given for the intended entry to the USA, but apart from this, flying is all very straight forward with AVGAS easily available and landing fees unheard of. Aircraft flying outside the US have a small sticker attached to the tail, and it seemed clear that this was probably the first time our particular aircraft had left US airspace, which even given the average American's ignorance of any other country, does seem amazing in view of the proximity to the Bahamas.

Florida itself is a popular place to fly, and certainly there are a number of FBOs where you can rent aircraft, and for anyone who has not done it, I can certainly recommend it, and when you consider that the average rental costs less in dollars than we would pay in pounds at home, plus no landing fees, it is a huge bonus. Crossing the water is more of a big deal for the Yanks, but

for us used to regularly crossing the Channel, it is no problem, at least if the worst happened, you would be unlikely to suffer from hypothermia!

Although I have done a fair bit of flying in the States, the only thing that I can often have problems with, is the R/T, as some of it is non-standard, and frequently delivered at such a fast

rate that it is quite impossible to write it down – a long way off the ICAO recommended 100 words a minute; the Bahamas is more what we are used to.

I would certainly recommend a trip like this, as it is absolutely ideal for light a/c flying, as all the islands have at least one air strip, the weather is usually very good and the only factor is a frequent cross wind. Costs of accommodation and meals are significantly higher than in the States, but it was worth it to have idyllic beaches with hardly anyone on them, superb flying and an ample supply of Planter's Punches.

Martin Wellings

Suck Squeeze Bang Blow - a Weekend in Aachen

Raye Wadia tells how a gap in her education was filled during the German- Austrian Section's meeting in Aachen on May 2/4.

There is always a collective sigh of relief when nearly 70 participants arrive safely at an IFFR meeting. With the forecast of low cloud base on arrival into Aachen, some participants diverted to Maastricht; others used the Maastricht ILS cloudbreak approach before landing at Merzbruck, where there is extensive training for private and commercial pilots, as well as gliding and balloon sport and scientific flying experiments of the University. The field lies at the cusp of three countries - Holland, Belgium and our host, Germany, and grew from humble beginnings of a helicopter base to three grass runways, split between military and civil use, finally acquiring a hard runway through military support.

While waiting for the stragglers we visited the 'Old Timers' hangar, housing two Boeing Stearmans, a Ryan ferry aircraft, Kleman SV4 and two Bucker Jungmanns. They are privately owned and in immaculate flying condition for the passenger flights which several of our group took advantage of during the weekend.

Next an engineering extravaganza. At the University of Applied Sciences we visited the Faculty of Aerospace Tech-

nology where we were given a detailed talk and tour by dedicated aeronautical guru Prof Dr. Frank Janser - engineer, test pilot, vintage car and boat enthusiast, entrepreneur and all-round innovator and motivator - also our IFFR host and the man who introduced me to the 'suck squeeze bang blow' theory of internal combustion (with his wife's permission of course).



Suck Squeeze Bang Blow - Section Chairman Frank explains it all to Raye.

Taking an holistic approach to teaching aeronautical, aerospace and automotive engineering, this University allows an initial annual intake of 1200 students to live, breathe, touch and smell engines during intensive training modules, while allowing their imaginations free reign in research, design, development,

measurement, testing and certification of all things automotive and aeronautical.

The emphasis is 90% hands-on, combining theory with intensive practice. While the students learn to fly and drive rally cars as part of their knowledge base, they are also actively encouraged and expected to regularly dismantle and re-assemble the aero parts and engines freely accessible; within the corridors we saw immaculate engines from a Harrier, Tornado, Eurofighter and Phantom F4. The students build their knowledge in average 70 hour weeks, pushed and inspired to be open-minded towards their own innovative engineering projects.

Unfortunately the fall-out rate during 4 to 6 years study is around 70% but the result is that the average time from graduation to employment is one day - indicating that industry believes this University must be producing the cream of future engineers. Strong industry contacts also reinforce reciprocal benefits for the University and commerce, particularly in areas of sponsorship and leading-edge information. Our tour of the engine test bed, combustion chambers, structural design workshops, wind tunnel and sports car projects emphasised the importance of free-thinking within laboratory conditions, combining cutting-edge dynamic teaching and practice in a creative atmosphere. Very humbling. And I learned more about 'suck, squeeze, bang and blow' than a middle-aged

woman should acknowledge in print.

After a short rest/swim/sauna in the glamorous Hotel Quellenhof (thank you very very much Daniela) we were ready for a quiet evening of friendship. However.....competitive spirits rose when we realised Frank had arranged a model speed boat and knot-tying race between small groups at our restaurant's lakeside setting. Muffled up against the cold and rain but undaunted we rose to the challenge - a



Frank with one of the many engines used in training.

navigator bellowed steering directions to their blindfolded 'captain' to steer a model boat around a marked course. Fortunately, Feroz is used to blindly following my instructions (haha) and, combined with James' and Catherine's dexterity with knots, somehow we won first prize. Charles, Ian and Gregory won second - but we still harbour doubts about that one! Anyway, a lovely dinner in the warmth was very welcome afterwards, and competitive spirits mellowed into friendly banter again.

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Suck Squeeze Bang Blow continued.....

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Frank with the prize winners - James, Catharine, Raye and Feroz. Photo: Gregory Guida

The following day, after a first class breakfast, the sun finally emerged for our walking tour of Aachen, now a city of education and research, but founded as a Roman settlement and continued as an ecclesiastical and imperial town following the Emperor Charlemagne's reign. The city has had to evolve, rebuild and recuperate from many periods of demolition, including the destruction of two inner city walls by Napoleon, almost 60% structural loss during World War II and a planning blight during the 1970s when bath houses were replaced with ultra-modern buildings. As we walked through the cobbled streets, under Roman arches towards the magnificent Town Hall, the eclectic mix of buildings reflected these continued adaptations to waves of destruction. Even today former bunkers, which pock-mark the city, are being trans-

formed into concert arenas and parking places.

A change in aroma indicated we were near the Roman baths and spring waters, naturally heated up to 70 degrees, which was the original reason Aachen existed and formed the basis for the textile and needle industries. Unfortunately the smell dissuaded us from 'taking the waters'. As the water comes from 3 or 4 kilometres underground in this volcanic area, and is up

to 10,000 years old, even Ian could not be persuaded to test the theory of everlasting life after smelling his wet fingers!

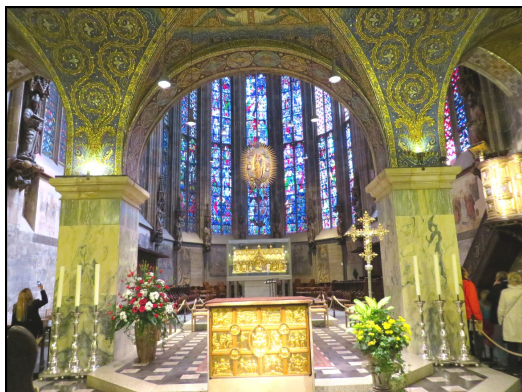
When we reached the magnificent Cathedral founded in the 7th century, the dichotomy of history and modernity was plain to see. The Cathedral building, although a mixture of styles exter-



The magnificent Rathaus or Town Hall

nally (including a dome which reminded locals of an orange squeezer) had remained structurally untouched, and dominated its more modern neighbours. However, we only had to step inside to feel the power and majesty of a richly embellished mixture of historical influences. Immediately you could be transported to Istanbul. A steady procession of tourists, heads swivelling in all directions, and mesmerised by the rich ornamentation on every surface from floor to ceiling, tripped and pushed us towards two golden chests which purportedly hold relics and fabrics from Jesus and Mary and the bones of the Emperor Charlemagne.

It was a relief in a sense to leave the intensely hypnotic experience, al-



The majestic interior of the Cathedral

though, on the lighter side, we couldn't quit before checking our guide's story about the devil's thumb being left behind in the original bronze door handle 1200 years ago. Volunteer required. All but James took a step back and I can report that he heroically confirmed that the devil's thumb is still there - or something is. Thanks James. Hope your nerves recover soon.



James checking to see if the devil's thumb was still there.

A free afternoon was very welcome for lunch and shopping or resting. During a steady walk back through the cobbled streets, munching on the local sweet, Lebkuchen, we ladies admired the evidently romantic souls of the Aachen men. For the month of May branches are decorated with ribbons and fixed outside their ladies' houses as public declarations of love. Just a slight hint here gentlemen - internal combustion works better with fuel.

An evening champagne reception at the Town Hall's Ratskeller was quickly followed by a sumptuous dinner. Charles ensured that the German/Austrian section of IFFR were well

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Suck Squeeze Bang Blow concluded.....

(Continued from page 13)

thanked. The host section also informed us of their second meeting at the end of August. The warmth of our welcome during this weekend certainly ensured our enthusiasm to meet again soon. A rousing speech from James, our imminent new World President, closed off the evening before a weary stroll back to another night of luxury.

At the airport the next morning we met the inspirational organiser of flying and sailing youth camps for children with specialist needs or challenges. From a single idea to help these children integrate into the local community and her chance meeting with one of the University's professors, also president of the local gliding club at Merzbruck, two camps a year are organised, matching aviators and children on a one to one basis. Children who have been run-aways, neglected or in some way disabled are matched with others of a similar age who may have faced different challenges or are being rewarded for voluntary work. Focussing on flying and sailing together, the results have apparently been spectacularly successful in breaking down social barriers, leading to greater integration and confidence. The commercial and private sponsorship now underpinning expansion of this scheme to other countries was augmented by a cheque for Euros 1500 presented by the German/Austrian IFFR section on our final morning.

After enviously watching Ulrich fly over us in a Boeing Stearman with Jurgen Kraus, a famous Warbird Air-

show pilot, we had to admire Natalie as she ticked more aircraft off her 'bucket list', adding aerobatics in the Stearman to the ride in a Harvard a couple of days previously.

We had such a gloriously fun-filled



Charles Strasser with a typical polo shirt talking to Natalie Chudiak and Raye.

weekend, and although the weather was 'iffy' on arrival, on departure all pilots were happy. The hotel and food were par excellence and the company was even better. Thank you to all those involved, but particularly Frank and Daniela who orchestrated and organised an unforgettable experience. Don't miss the German/Austrian meetings!

Raye Wadia

Photos, unless otherwise stated, by Feroz Wadia.

Goodbye and Hello

After two years of hard work for the Section Martin Wellings hands on the Chairman's baton to Alisma Clark at the AGM in Dundee.



Where have the last two years gone? It seems like only yesterday when James installed me as Chairman in Oxford. I have had a most enjoyable two years. The Continental meetings have been particularly rewarding with the greeting always warm and the programme always appealing. The Fellowship has added another dimension to my Rotary experience. That is the message we should be sending out to those Rotarian pilots who have yet to join us.

Before I finish I must thank the Committee for all their hard work on behalf of the UK Section. They have been an exceptional team.

All that remains now is for me to wish Alisma all the very best for her two years.

Martin



I would like to thank Martin for all his work over the last two years. We have had some memorable meetings. The Coventry Fly In, in particular, stands out. It reminded us all how the second World War had devastated that City. The morning visit to the Cathedral - both old and new was very moving. The afternoon visit to the Heritage Motor Centre at Gaydon brought back memories of our earlier days on four wheels.

Martin broke new ground with the meeting with IFYR, the Yachties, at St. Ives. It was a weekend of real fellowship and I hope that we can repeat this in the future..

Thanks again Martin, you will be a hard act to follow but I will do my best!

Alisma

Benelux 20th Anniversary

Back in 1994 Charles Strasser and the late John Ritchie helped Stan Jesmiatka found the Benelux Section. This year's event on May 16/18 was held at the same venue - Vlissingen. It was fitting that Charles and John's children, George and Jenny were there. Unfortunately both Stan and his fellow organiser, Egide Van Dingenen, were indisposed and had to drop out of the festivities.



A short walk took us to Friday's Welcome Party at a strategically placed restaurant with breathtaking view of the comings and goings on the sea. The sunset was spectacular.



On Saturday morning we had a guided walk around the old picture postcard port of Verre. Our guide Sylvia Van Dam transmitted her passion for the town of her family. There many indicators of its maritime history. Weather vanes on churches and the Town Hall took the form of classic sailing ships. Canons were much in evidence along the



quay and the shoreline. In its day it had had a special relationship with Scotland as it was the port for the wool trade between the two countries. At the Schotse Huizen, now a museum, we had a "mannequin parade" of historical costumes. The wide gold bands on the ladies' head-dresses were stunning.



At lunchtime we repaired to the quayside Yacht Club. Before going inside for lunch we enjoyed an alfresco refreshment or two as we watched the activity of boats going one way and the other.

After lunch we drove to Arne-muidemmn to visit the “Scheepswerf Meerman”. This is a working museum preserving the traditional

skills of wooden shipbuilding. Moored alongside was the sailing ship “Jetty” (pictured right). Built in 1913, it is in truly pristine condition. It was designed to win races and it was virtually untouchable in the 1920s and 30s in the Zeeland area.



We were then guided around the workshop. Traditional methods and tools were still used to preserve the integrity of the work. Some of the tools, specially shaped planes for example, went back three centuries.

Evening came and, all too soon, it was time for the final party. In the absence of Chairman Egide and fellow organiser Stan, Past Section Chairman Karel Waagenaar presided over proceedings. Charles Strasser reminisced on the founding of the Section. Thanks were then given on behalf of the UK Section’s guests by incoming Chairman Alisma.



Coming Events

August 23 2014

The Vulcan at Wellesbourne Airfield



XM655 is one of the few Vulcans remaining in ground running condition. It is the only one with the most powerful of the engine variants (Bristol Olympus 301s). The aircraft systems are powered up and exercised regularly, engine ground runs are carried out several times every year, and a "Fast Taxi" event is carried out every summer to show off the aircraft and raise funds to support its preservation.

XM655 is maintained by a small team of skilled and dedicated volunteers, many of whom are ex-RAF, (some even ex-V-Force personnel and one of whom actually worked on XM655 in service). These personnel give up their Saturdays working to preserve XM655.



**September 25
2014**

The Lancaster at East Kirkby

The Lincolnshire Aviation Heritage Centre is a family run museum and was set up over 20 years ago. It is now widely seen as a living memorial to the 55,500 men of Bomber Command who lost their lives during WW2. It holds one of the rarest aircraft, an Avro Lancaster Bomber, in its collection along with many wartime vehicles including a Ford WOT1 Crew Bus, the only one of its kind known in existence.

The Centre feels that Bomber Command has never been given the recognition that it deserves and they see it as their job to educate both old and young as to the acts of heroism and dedication shown by Bomber Command throughout the Second World War.

Registration forms of both events will be circulated in due course.

Thomas Sheridan 1938 - 2014

Tom, a third generation Ford Dealer from Waterford in Ireland, who died in April, will be sadly missed by many but none more so than by his wife Constance, their two sons Gerard and Joey, daughter Jennifer and their families including nine grand children.



The dealership celebrates its centenary this year and now has the fifth generation working in the business. A real Irish family success story. Tom was a truly wonderful host. Those who attended the Waterford meeting, that he organised back in 2003, still talk about it in glowing terms. He, with Constance, attended many UK rallies. Latterly he has been a regular at the Annual IFFR Christmas Luncheon held at the RAF Club. We look forward to welcoming Constance there again in December.

Tom, we will miss you.

James Alexander

UK Section AGM

The UK Section AGM will be held on 28th June at 9:30am at the Apex Hotel, Dundee.

Whether or not you are participating in the Dundee Weekend you are very welcome to attend the AGM. The meeting will see the handover from Chairman Martin to Chairman Alisma. (No, she doesn't like being referred to as a piece of furniture!)

Apart from the formal part of the meeting with the approval of accounts etc. the meeting is an important forum for discussing what activities the Section should be having. The Committee is very keen to add new members to it and if you are interested, or if you know of someone who might be interested, please contact John Bowden. His contact details are over-leaf.

Even if you can't get there but have some suggestions as to future events do not hesitate to contact in-coming Chairman Alisma. Her email address is alismac@me.com

Diary

2014

July 24	Fenland (EGCL)	Fly in for lunch and a chat
August 14/17	Scandinavian Section	Kiruna, Sweden
August 23	Wellesbourne (EGBW)	Vulcan XM655 visit
August 29/31	German/Austrian Section	Bonn
September 12/14	French Section	Quiberon
September 25	Lancaster taxi run	East Kirkby
October 23	Leicester (EGBG)	Fly in for lunch and a chat
December 10	Christmas Lunch	RAF Club

For the latest information on events check www.iffir.org.uk

And finally....two blind pilots....

..... are both wearing dark glasses. One is using a guide dog on a harness and the other is tapping his way along the aisle with a white stick. Nervous laughter spreads through the cabin, but the men enter the cockpit, the door closes, and the engines start up.

The passengers begin glancing nervously around, searching for some sign that this is just a little practical joke. None is forthcoming. The plane begins its roll and moves faster and faster down the runway. The people sitting in the window seats realize they're heading straight for the water at the edge of the airport.

As it begins to look as though the plane will plough into the water, panicked screams fill the cabin. At that moment, the plane lifts smoothly into the air and begins its climb. The passengers relax and laugh a little sheepishly, and soon all retreat into their magazines, secure in the knowledge that the plane is in good hands.....

In the cockpit, one of the blind pilots turns to the other and says, "Ya know, Bob, one of these days, they're gonna

scream too late and we're all gonna die."

Thanks to Graham Browning for this!

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