

# The Rotating Beacon

The Newsletter of the UK Section of IFFR



October 2014

# *A letter from the Chairman*

*Dear Flying Rotarians*

*Let me introduce myself. I have been a Rotarian and a member of IFFR for a number of years. I have been fortunate enough to be able to participate in IFFR events around the world. From the Hawaiian Islands to the Isle of Wight and from Auckland to Aberdeen I have experienced the special bond of our Fellowship.*

*The International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians has given both of us many hours of pleasure at home and abroad over the years. To be able to give back something to the organisation is a real pleasure and privilege.*

*As wife of Angus, the editor of the Rotating Beacon, I have always believed in supporting his interests as he has mine. This, of course, has included flying. I soon realised while sitting in the passenger seat of our Robin that if anything happened to Angus I would need to control the aircraft and land it.*

*Unbeknown to Angus I asked an instructor at our Aero Club to take me up in the PI seat and instruct me on how to land the aircraft. He took me to a long hard runway and I successfully managed to put it down. Success – this is easy!*

*Having got the bug I went on to get my PPL. It was only when I started taking the full flying lessons that I realised how much I had been helped on that first landing!*

*This year I have arranged a number of day meetings – both mid week and weekend. These give the opportunity for more of our Members and Friends to participate in the Fellowship's activities. Those hiring will always find it easier to get their hands on aircraft midweek rather than at the weekend. So far there has been a good response to all of these. I have more planned.*

*In the New Year we are going to Cosford in March and Sherburn in Elmet in April. Come by car or aeroplane – it would be great to meet you. Finally can I remind you of our Christmas Lunch at the RAF Club on December 10 where Polly Vacher will address us. It should be a memorable day.*

*Good and safe flying,*

**Alisma Clark**

<p><b>Front Cover: The Vulcan XM655 visit. Article on Page 16</b></p>
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# Dundee Meeting

## June 27/29 2014

**For Bob Patterson the UK Meeting of the year at Dundee was his first exposure to IFFR. He tells us how he got there and how he got on.**

So how did it come about? Why did I, a veterinary surgeon living in Grays in Essex (someone has to) who's only ever owned aeroplanes of the Airfix and Revell type, attend an IFFR meeting?

Well, I have a very good Rotarian friend, Alan Peaford, and he is lucky enough to have his own plane. I also have a very good Rotarian friend called Peter Minter who is, sadly, a Tottenham Hotspur fan, vertically challenged, and not as good looking as myself. We tend to meet most Monday evenings in the local rugby club for a quiet drink and to engage in our weekly masterplan which involves putting the world to rights in under one hour. If we can do it, why can't the Government?

Alan has spent most of his life involved in aviation journalism and media and was recently presented with a lifetime achievement award in the International Aerospace Media awards. He regularly organises trips to Farnborough for our Rotary Club. On one of these Monday evenings Alan mentioned that there was an IFFR meeting arranged in Dundee. Alan had been on a previous IFFR meeting in Belgium and he had said that it was great fun. Peter and I agreed that we

should all go together and Peter and I thought no more of it until Alan said that he had booked all three of us in.

Being Scottish (and proudly British), I was told that my role would be to act as the interpreter in Scotland as the other two were afraid that nobody in Scotland would be able to understand what the two Essex "wide boys" were saying. This was more pertinent as Dundee was known as "Yes City" before the referendum on Scottish independence. Peter



**Welcome refreshments at Dundee Airport**

had flown before with Alan but this was to be my first experience of flying in a light aircraft of any type. So, on a Friday morning in June, we set off from Orsett, our local airfield, bound for Dundee. The weather had not been good during that week and it was over-

*(Continued on page 4)*

## Dundee Meeting continued.....

*(Continued from page 3)*

cast when we set off. The Scots have a good word for this type of weather ..... dreich which means grey, overcast skies with drizzle. For my first trip I was in the back seat on the way to Sandtoft where Alan had decided to re-fuel. I can honestly say that I've never been on a journey before where I saw almost nothing of the terrain we were crossing and I was amazed that Alan seemed to be flying most of the journey using his instrument panel and his trusty i-Pad! I was very impressed and had to grudgingly admit that this whole flying thing seemed a bit more complicated in real life than the flying simula-



**First stop of the weekend - Glamis Castle**

tions I had previously run on my computer. I was also impressed that Alan did seem to know what most of the many dials on his dashboard were for, but he might have been bluffing with his answers for all I know.

We landed at Sandtoft and re-fuelled both the plane and ourselves at the airfield. I had been surprised that there actually was land beneath the clouds

but definitely felt disoriented during the descent until I could see land and had something to focus on. The first stage of flying in a light aircraft had been a great revelation to me but, more to the point, had been great fun and had altered my whole concept of being a pilot. Apparently it's not as easy as driving an automatic car.

Peter and I swapped places for the second leg of the trip and I was in the front with Alan for the trip from Sandtoft to Dundee. Luckily, the weather had improved for this leg of the trip and I could actually see where we were going. I didn't study geography after second year at high school, I took up history instead. Luckily, the geography I had studied, along with local knowledge, really helped me on the second leg. I was born in Kirkcaldy in Fife, had gone to university in Edinburgh and I had also worked in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and so I was confident in my knowledge of the airspace we were crossing. I was delighted to recognise most of the terrain we flew over as we now had good visibility and this was what I had originally thought flying in light aircraft was all about. Truly amazing views.

I never ever thought I would have a chance to fly over St James's Park, the home of Newcastle United, and then go over the Pentland Hills and the River Forth on our way to Dundee. Another highlight for me was to pass over Leuchars which used to be my local military airfield. I was always amused that 111 Squadron was based at

Leuchars as this was originally an Essex-based RAF squadron. Whenever I had telephoned RAF Leuchars from Essex, someone from Essex had always answered the telephone and they would tell me that they missed Essex and I would tell them that I missed Fife.

As we flew on to Dundee, I knew exactly where the airport should be as I had often played for the Edinburgh Vet College against Dundee University and the Dundee University playing fields were next door to what is now Dundee Airport. The thing that really surprised me was that I saw the airfield before the others. I had no idea that it would be so difficult to see a runway from the air. The weather was good by the time we arrived at Dundee and so we landed and taxied off the runway. This was the time when the IFFR organization tripped in and took over. It was truly a marvelous feat of organisation that had been arranged by Ian Kerr and the other members of the organising committee. We were driven from where we had parked to the airport in transport organised by a local member of IFFR and we were greeted in the airport lounge with beers and a buffet lunch and presented with name badges and an information docket.

I was still slightly anxious at this time as I felt somewhat overawed about the company I was in but all three of us were welcomed by everyone we met and they all seemed to be genuinely interested in whom we were and where we had come from. From the airport, we were organised onto coaches for a trip to Glamis Castle and I was

strangely comforted to see that Rotary events, wherever they take place, are always similar in that the organisation is always good but invariably let down by the fact that Rotarians always behave like a flock of sheep and are apt to scatter unless strictly supervised and controlled.

After a guided tour of Glamis Castle, we returned to the Apex Hotel in Dun-



**On the guided tour of St Andrews**

dee for dinner. This was to be our HQ for the weekend and it was extremely comfortable and centrally placed. As a Scot, I was extremely pleased to hear other delegates talking on the coach and saying how impressed they had been with their Scottish experience so far. I was also amazed to find that there were members from as far afield as America and New Zealand and that some had flown from Denmark and Norway.

At the Rotary Club of Grays Thurrock, we have annual Tripartite meetings with our Contact Clubs in Iserlohn & Voorshoten-Leidschendam so it came as no surprise to find that we were sharing our dinner table with delegates who

*(Continued on page 6)*



## Dundee Meeting continued.....

*(Continued from page 5)*

were not from the UK. I have been in Rotary for over 25 years (I joined young!) and I find that there is always a certain degree of inhibition when there are “mixed tables” organised for meals. In my experience, this lasts for only a few minutes and then everyone on the various tables start to speak and interact. *This is the whole point of Rotary, we interact and try to improve things from local to international level.... and it works.* By the end of the evening, we were all friends.



**Piped aboard the Discovery**

The next day, we had a choice of a walking tour around St Andrews or a coach tour of Fife in the morning and early afternoon. As a “Fifer”, I opted for the coach tour and persuaded Alan and Peter to opt for this too on the basis that I had a good knowledge of the pubs in the area and I personally wanted to see Fife from a coach rather than having to drive through it as I normally do. I was pleased to see how attractive the Kingdom of Fife looked to me and the

others. The others had spent time on a walking tour of St Andrews and we all linked up in St Andrews before returning to the Apex Hotel.

From there, we made the short walk to Discovery Point in Dundee. This is the permanent site where the ship that Captain Scott used to make his voyage to Antarctica is berthed. We were “piped aboard” the Discovery by a traditional bagpiper rather than boson’s whistle. We enjoyed a champagne reception and a tour of the Discovery before moving to the Discovery Centre for a gala dinner and a very interesting talk about the local air ambulance.

At this point, I was again impressed by the organisation of the whole weekend and I feel sincere thanks are due to Ian Kerr and Angus & Alisma Clark who worked so hard to make everyone welcome throughout the weekend and to Ian in particular for organising what appeared to be a stress free, entertaining, efficient weekend programme. From our point of view, it was flawless but I’m sure that it was not as easy and problem-free as Ian made it out to be.

On the Sunday after breakfast, the weekend was officially over. Needless to say, Ian had gone the extra mile to ensure that there was an option to do something on the Sunday. This involved some of us flying to Plockton for Sunday lunch. I had no concept that any airfield could be so small that we would have to fill in a form and post it

along with a ten pound note into an honesty box to cover landing fees etc. This was also where I learned that Mr. Kerr was not infallible. He said that the pub where everyone was having lunch was “just down the road from the air-strip”. “Just down the road” my ass, it was miles. However, we did eventually get there and had a great lunch and enjoyed a very social afternoon in one of the most beautiful sites in the world before flying on to Oban.

Our initial plans had been to fly to Islay but we had missed the time slot to get onto the island on a Sunday and so we flew to Oban for an overnight stay. I also discovered that I was indeed essential as interpreter between Alan and Scottish Air Traffic Control. He had no clue as to the true pronunciation of Scottish landmarks and towns. I was really amused when ATC asked him to notify them when he passed over the Great Glen. He said “standby” and asked me where the hell the Great Glen was. I had to laugh when I referred him to the great trench which was cutting across our horizon transecting Scotland and filling most of our whole field of vision.

We had a great time on the way back to Essex flying over the Western Isles, the Lake District and eventually the main road through Grays on our way back to Orsett airfield but that’s another story.

But I digress.... Would I go on another of these IFFR meetings.... YES, without thinking twice.

Did I feel out of place not having my own plane.... NO.

Did I make friends with new people.... YES.

Would I like to meet these people again.... YES, each and every one.

Did I enjoy myself.... YES.

Did I feel that IFFR was a useful adjunct to Rotary International.... YES, it’s truly international.

Both Peter and I joined IFFR at Plockton. I’ve never seen anyone produce the requisite application forms and fill in direct debit forms as quickly as Ian did on that day. Since coming back from that trip, we’ve managed to get two more of our Rotary Club to join IFFR and we have two more potential new members in the pipeline. Interestingly,



**A truly international Gala Dinner**

you can be affiliated to IFFR without being a Rotarian so this might be a way for other members of IFFR to introduce their friends to Rotary. I have no hesitation in recommending IFFR to anyone and look forward to meeting some of my new friends again at future IFFR meetings.

**Bob Patterson**

**(Photographs - Feroz Wadia)**

## “Friends of IFFR”

**World President James Alexander’s idea of “Friends of IFFR” was approved at this year’s International Board and AGM held in Sydney in June. The UK Section has been quick to adopt this innovative scheme to increase membership both of Rotary and the Fellowship. By the end of September 12 UK “Friends” had been signed up.**

James explains “My motivation for this is to grow the membership both of the Fellowship and Rotary by involving like minded individuals in our activities. We have already seen a number of guests who have attended IFFR events become so impressed with the Fellowship and, in turn, the ideals of Rotary, that they have become committed Rotarians. To be a member of IFFR or indeed any Rotary Fellowship, one has to be a Rotarian, a spouse of a Rotarian or a Rotoractor. “Friends” would therefore not be members but would, as the title states, be Friends of IFFR “

The guiding principles of “Friends of IFFR” are as follows:

A “Friend” will:

Behave like a Rotarian with integrity and consideration for others.

Be interested in aviation as a social member or pilot.

Be sponsored by a current IFFR member.

Not previously have been a Rotarian, a member of IFFR or a “Friend”.

Pay an annual administration fee to a Region or Section.

In return a “Friend” will:

Receive all relevant correspondence.

Receive IFFR Bulletins.

Receive details of events and activities of IFFR.

Be encouraged to attend IFFR meetings, rallies and fly-ins.

A “Friend” will not:

Wear the IFFR pin, badge or any Rotary emblem.

Have access to the Member Manager section of the website.

Have the right to vote at or attend Section, Region or International Business Meetings.

Hold office within IFFR.

Act as sponsor for a “Friend”.

Term

A “Friend” will be allowed to remain a “Friend” for a maximum of two years following the year in which they become a “Friend”. In that period it is hoped that they will have become a Rotarian and therefore eligible to become a fully fledged member of IFFR.

The idea received an enthusiastic response when James outlined it to the other Rotary Fellowships at the “All Fellowships AGM” in Sydney. It was recognised it would be an excellent tool for growing Rotary and Fellowship membership.

Application Forms for “Friends of IFFR” and Full Membership are available by email from Membership Secretary Rodney Spokes.  
(flyer@spokes.biz)



## Christmas Lunch

**The 2014 Christmas Lunch will be held at the RAF Club, 128 Piccadilly, London on December 10. The guest of honour, who will address us, will be Polly Vacher MBE. Polly is an aviator extraordinaire!**

Her first *Wings Around the World Challenge* in aid of the charity "Flying Scholarships for the Disabled" was in 2001. Between January and May she made a solo eastbound circumnavigation of the world in her single-engine Piper Cherokee Dakota G-FRGN.

In May 2003 she set out from Birmingham International Airport on a *Voyage to the Ice* for the same charity flying over the North Pole, Antarctica and all seven continents. She returned in April 2004 becoming the first solo woman flyer over the Polar Regions.

Four years later she again set off from Birmingham this time on her *Wings Around Britain Challenge* in which she was to land at all the airfields in the Jeppesen VFR Manual. Between 21 May and 31 July 2007 she visited 221 airfields flying 19,000 nautical miles in 158 hours. 96 disabled passengers were flown on legs of the flight.

The cost of the Lunch is £45 p.p. Numbers are limited so early booking is essential and places may be gone by the final deadline of 11 November. Contact Alisma Clark at [alismac@me.com](mailto:alismac@me.com)

## 50th Birthday Bash

**IFFR celebrates its 50th year in 2015. To mark this World President James Alexander has put together a special programme at the largest airshow in the USA - Oshkosh, Wisconsin. This will be followed by an eight day Fly About.**



Oshkosh is the annual gathering for aviation enthusiasts. The airshow, which lasts a week, is sponsored by the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA). It is estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 aircraft come each year with approximately 250,000 individuals attending the event.

A number of special IFFR events have been organised including a Birthday Celebration Picnic on the airshow site.

Following Oshkosh there is a Fly About over the 10,000 lakes of Wisconsin. For those not flying there will be a coach option. Already there is a good number of the UK Section going - why not join them?

The choice is yours - come to Oshkosh or the Fly About or both. Time is now short for booking and if you are at all interested contact James Alexander - ([j&c.alexander@castlegreen.co.uk](mailto:j&c.alexander@castlegreen.co.uk)) without delay

# To the Arctic Circle and Back

**Harry Bowden joined his father John in an RV9 on a trip to the Scandinavian Section meeting in mid August. This was held in Lapland at the most northerly town in Sweden - Kiruna**

It was with great excitement that my father and I departed from our small farm strip in Kent bound for the Arctic Circle on the Tuesday before the meeting. I left the route planning, hotel bookings and any other possible responsibilities to Dad. I was literally and figuratively a passenger for the journey we were about to undertake.

As we departed Laddingford on the Tuesday afternoon the great tailwinds that had been promised, materialised. This was a fantastic piece of news; we made our channel crossing in record time coasting in over Midden Zeeland where we turned north-east towards Sonderborg airport, our destination for the night avoiding the thunderstorms on the way. We were greeted by two local police who attempted to engage in old fashion English 'banter'; the Scandinavians should stick to their dry humour. As with most flying trips, having sorted out our lodgings for the evening and found a restaurant to eat in for dinner, it was time for bed. From our travels in various taxis, Sonderborg looked like a lovely, relaxing place.

Wednesday was a new day; the poor weather over northern Denmark was trying to impede our progress north. The first hour of the flight to Karlstad was spent dodging numerous CBs with

15 mile diversions becoming the norm. However, we persevered and the weather cleared up over Sweden. We landed at Karlstad to refuel and for a spot of lunch, only to find the airport was 'closed for the holidays'. Fortunately, we found a fireman who was able to refuel us and we set off for our next leg on an empty stomach. We arrived in Vilhelmina to glorious sunshine; it made the place look beautiful. The air was crisp and fresh, with the lingering smell of spruce trees revitalis-



## On Approach to Sonderborg

ing our fatigued bodies. We arrived at what was described as a 'hostel' in the town centre, and with some trepidation we entered what could only be described as the most luxurious 'hostel' in the world. It was the equivalent to a suite in a hotel, with a separate living room and en-suite. Not quite the hostel experience that so many young people are used to when travelling around Europe. We wandered the town looking



### On the ground at Kiruna

for much need nourishment to find the only place serving food was the local hotel. I indulged in the local delicacy of reindeer. After supper I was keen to put my new camera lens to work so we wandered the shoreline of the lake whilst the sun was setting. The sky was illuminated with a wonderful red hue reflecting off the clouds emphasising the abundance of natural beauty that was surrounding us.

Thursday, we woke to bright sunshine and feeling of anticipation to reach our final destination, Kiruna. We set off from Vilhelmina, leaving civilisation behind. The north of Sweden was eerily quiet, desolate and on more than one occasion the dire consequences of a forced landing in this barren land crossed my mind. However, soon the stunning mountain scenery to the west nullified my slight anxieties. After 220 nm civilisation came back into sight in the form of Kiruna; it was welcomed. We landed from the North having watched a commercial flight land on a straight in approach from the south; just why the big boys think they can do what they want is beyond me. After a warm welcome from Bo and World President James Alexander, warm beer con-

sumed, we boarded the coach bound for the hotel. Thursday evening we sampled the traditional Scandinavian remote lifestyle. We visited a camp in Kuravaara on the shore of the Torne River. The hour preceding dinner allowed ample opportunity to capture the dipping sun and take in the stunning surroundings. We sat down to our meal in a cabin overlooking the river where we were treated to Souvas stew, a

wonderful mix of thinly cut reindeer with potatoes cooked over an open fire infusing a delicate smoke taste to the meat. After this the more adventurous people (the Scandinavians, Catherine Alexander and I) took up the invitation to use the saunas and hot tub. This was a fantastic experience, a great way to unwind after 3 days of intensive flying and travelling. Rolf bought this tranquillity to an end when I accompanied him into the River, he claimed it has various health benefits but knowing Rolf I think he was hoping there would be some bikini clad women in the bleak, 12 degrees centigrade river. We returned to the hotel for the customary bedtime beer to end the day.



### The Torne River

*(Continued on page 12)*

## To the Arctic Circle and Back continued.....

*(Continued from page 11)*

Friday allowed us a much needed lie-in with the day's activities not starting until 10 45 am. Bo may have set an important precedent here. We started the day with a visit to the IRF, Sweden's Institute of Space Physics, where we were treated to a lecture by a Northern Lights expert who explained the phenomenon in great detail. For further information, please contact Angus Clark who seemed the most enthusiastic and alert during the course of the lecture. (Have a care, young man! Ed.) This was followed by a tour of the facilities where we were able to inspect the monitoring equipment and their research facilities.

Then we headed off to visit the Sami camp, where the indigenous reindeer herders house their reindeer over the summer months. We learnt about the culture of the Sami people, but most interestingly we got to feed the reindeer, who are endearing creatures. It was fascinating to learn that they shed their antlers yearly and that they grow back identically each time. After that visit we returned to the hotel to smarten up before the gala dinner. We had a fantastic meal accompanied by some lovely wine with great company, as usual. We returned to the hotel for our customary bed-time beer when James decided to introduce me to a Swedish girl as Prince Harry who lives in London. Needless to say James's wit and charm secured my escape from the 'golden oldies' to the young persons' bar in Kiruna. It was interesting to gain an understanding of what the locals felt

about Kiruna, their reasons for staying there and how active they are. It puts the British sofa culture to shame - this was highlighted by the fact I don't think I saw a single 'large' person in



**It wouldn't be Lapland without a reindeer!**

the whole of Scandinavia. As a society we have a lot to learn from our Scandinavian neighbours.

Saturday saw us take a trip down the mine that sustains Kiruna. We learnt about the history of the mine and the reasons why Kiruna is currently undergoing a period of transition with the town centre having to be moved 3-4 kms away due to the imminent collapse of the land near to the mine itself. Fortunately, no architectural masterpieces will be lost in the demolishing of the old town, mainly because there aren't any. Kiruna is a Spartan town that is befitting of a mining town. After returning to the hotel, Dad checked the weather forecast for the next few days. After careful deliberation it was decided we'd make a break for it on Sat-

urday afternoon in an attempt to outrun the looming weather. We set out with the weather reasonably clear and stopped for a comfort break and refuelling at Sundsvall. We carried on to Västerås; upon landing we helped a couple of gentlemen put their aircraft in their hangar and then enquired as to where we could stay for the night. After saying we knew Bo the gentlemen secured us the flying club discount at the local hotel. It pays to have friends in high places! Västerås is a wonderful city, with great architecture, fabulous bars and restaurants, and an abundance of lovely looking Swedish women. I can understand why you chose to live there Bo. There aren't many times in your life that you will be able to say that you spent the morning 500 metres underground and then flew most of the length of Sweden in the afternoon.

Sunday brought bad weather. We set off for Kristianstad, running into thick cloud with the base being around 1,000 foot over high ground. We spent an hour flying 'Ives Branson VFR', relying on a GPS approach into a non-responsive Kristianstad. After landing at Kristianstad airport we found it to be completely shut, not a soul on the airfield. The weather at this point was looking particularly unpleasant with the rain beating down on the canopy as we took shelter to check the weather. The weather forecast suggested that there was a thin band of grot to the south but after that we would be in the clear. After much deliberation and checking fuel levels, we set off towards Bornholm in search of the better weather. Thankfully the forecast was accurate and soon after we coasted out from Sweden we could see the better weather. We managed to continue to

our further alternate of Lübeck after battling 40 knot headwinds; a rather demoralising situation as we struggled to reach ground speeds in excess of 100 knots when we had seen 160 knots going north. We managed to secure a room at another great hotel, courtesy of the lady in the airport office after having to pay our first landing fee of the trip. (Kiruna subsequently caught up with us with a bill to home – their preferred method, probably to avoid arguments as to the amount at the airport!)

Monday brought thoughts of home, just most of Germany, Holland and the English Channel to cross first. We set off early towards Midden Zeeland with the unfavourable headwinds against us once more. We headed south-west to Osnabruck initially to avoid a band of nasty looking CBs in the northern parts of Germany and Holland and finally reached Midden Zeeland in time for a relaxed lunch before our final leg back to Laddingford. The feeling of reaching home after 3 days of intensive flying in less than ideal conditions highlighted the feat we felt we had achieved. 24 hours of flying time, 2,800 nm travelled and 560 litres of avgas consumed made for one of the best experiences of my short life. It makes me feel fortunate for the opportunity to be able to undertake such trips in your fantastic company. IFFR is an institution that needs preserving as highlighted by James during the Gala dinner. I hope that the documenting of this trip inspires more incredible trips to be planned in the future.

## Harry Bowden

For those who are interested my photos are available on - <https://www.flickr.com/>

## James and Ian take office

**At the IFFR AGM held in Sydney in June James Alexander became World President of IFFR. At the same time Ian Kerr became World Secretary/Treasurer.**

On taking office James set out his vision for IFFR. This is reproduced below. In developing his theme he identified that clear communication was central to what he hoped to achieve during his two years as President.

He saw his role as President as one of leading by example and by advising as opposed to mandating. IFFR must essentially be fun with the interests of the membership being at the heart of everything it does.

Attractive events be they monthly, half yearly or yearly were essential to maintain Members' enthusiasm and hence their involvement.

He saw it as the responsibility of each and every member to do everything pos-



**W P James**

sible to encourage fellow Rotarians to join IFFR whether they were active pilots or aviation enthusiasts. Members should also seek to recruit suitable individuals to join as "Friends of IFFR".

With James now in the chair we are clearly in for a lively two years!

### **IFFR**

#### **The Vision ....where we are going**

- We will uphold and encourage an active international group of enthusiastic aviators... Members/Family of IFFR.
- We will encourage GA and especially young flyers.
- We will adhere to safe flying at all times, considering the elements, our ability and the capability of our machine.
- We will provide different and interesting activities that Members are keen to participate in and return again and again.
- We will provide meaningful and regular communication to all Members and "Friends".
- We will establish the IFFR "Pilot of the Year" award.
- We will embrace the ideals of Rotary International.



# Memorabilia

**Ted Richey is Chairman of the IFFR safety Committee and a former Chairman of the Australian Section. He writes.....**



*other photos of the survey aircraft, a large single radial engine high wing monoplane.*

*I suspect some of this may be quite valuable to a collector in the UK and wonder if you may have, in your list of Rotary and aviation contacts, anyone who may be interested in this, or knows of someone who is. I am quite sure that is something happens to Colleen and I the children will have a glance at this and probably throw it out, so I don't mind finding a better home for it."*

If you are interested or can help Ted you should contact him at [tedrichey@tassie.net.au](mailto:tedrichey@tassie.net.au)

*"I have had in my possession for quite a long time a large amount of items, with indisputable provenance, from Imperial Airlines, the predecessor to BEA, to BOAC, and to British Airways. These include brass buttons, brass wings, brevet, licences, log books, photos, letters, an employment contract, a leather suitcase from about that time with a leather Imperial Airlines bag tag and other bits and pieces.*

*Also a Palestine Airways, (taken over by the British Government 1940 for the war effort) cap brevet and wings badge. An album of large black and white low level aerial photos of what is now Israel, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Capernium and including areas of Christian significance, probably taken pre WW2 and*



## Vulcan at Wellesbourne

**At the end of August over twenty members and friends either flew in or drove to Wellesbourne in Warwickshire. They came to see a very special aircraft - Avro Vulcan XM655. They were not disappointed.**

Avro Vulcan XM655 was the third from last of the Vulcan bombers produced for the Royal Air Force, being delivered in late 1964. It was part of the UK's nuclear deterrent force throughout



**The iconic aircraft prepares for one of its high speed taxi runs .**

the 1960s and 1970s. Now owned by Wellesbourne Airfield it is looked after by 655 Maintenance and Preservation Society (655MaPS) which is a volunteer organisation of Vulcan enthusiasts.

XM655 is one of the few Vulcans remaining in ground running condition and the only one with the most powerful of the engine variants - the Bristol Olympus 301. 655MaPS aim to keep it running for as long as possible. 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

of whom are ex-V-Bomber personnel. One of the team actually worked on XM655 in service.

The IFFR party were particularly fortunate to have ex Vulcan pilot Nick Dennis on hand to conduct the cockpit tours. Here was a man who had seen it and done it during the far from glamorous times of the Cold War. Had a nuclear strike been launched it is highly unlikely that any of the crews would have returned alive. They were very aware of these risks.



**Ex Vulcan Pilot Nick Dennis gives expert instruction in the cockpit.**

It was not just the excellence of the cockpit tour that impressed. The visit was brilliantly organised with individual members of the team covering different aspects of the aircraft's operation. Demonstrations included ground power up, operation of the air-brakes,

*(Continued opposite)*

# 2014 Flyer of the Year

## Call for Nominations

**The Aircom's UK IFFR Flyer of the Year, Perpetual Award, was created in 2010, by the then UK Chairman James Alexander. It was to be awarded annually to the member or members whose flying achievement had been particularly meritorious.**

The inaugural winner was Charles Strasser. This recognised his 5800nm journey that year to Tel Aviv and back. In 2011 Chris O'Connell was awarded it for a 3000nm adventure which took him as far as the Crimea and Turkey before returning home through Greece and Croatia.



an approach in extremely difficult weather conditions. Last year it was awarded to Alisma and Angus Clark for their extensive participation in IFFR events both in Continental Europe and Worldwide.

The next winner in 2013 was James himself for what, Tony Erskine who nominated him, described as the professionalism he displayed whilst making

So we come to 2014 - who should be recognised by their fellow members? Section Chairman Alisma Clark is asking that nominations be sent to her (alismac@me.com) by November 30 so that the Trophy can be presented at this year's Christmas Lunch.

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## Vulcan at Wellesbourne concluded.....

*(Continued from opposite)*

exterior lighting, bomb door opening, and the powered flying controls in operation.

One cannot speak too highly of the enthusiasm and commitment of these volunteers. Our sincere thanks go to

them with a very good Saturday out. If you are able to go to Wellesbourne on 21 June next year you will witness at first hand a "Fast Taxi" run. That will be some experience.

**Angus Clark**

## Photo Album



**Left: Jim Hull, Charles Strasser and Feroz Wadia enjoy lunch after arriving at Quiberon. A full report on the Quiberon Meeting will appear in the next edition.**

**Right: G-IFFR meets the Lancaster at East Kirkby. Report in the next "Beacon".**



**Left: Chairman Alisma negotiates the Vulcan's cockpit steps.**

**Right: Dwarfed the Vulcan's bomb bay.**



## Coming Events

### 2014

December 10

Christmas Lunch

RAF Club

### 2015

March 19

RAF Cosford

Museum tour and lunch

April 23

Sherburn in Elmet

Fly in for lunch and a chat

May 1 - 3

German /Austrian Section

Kassel

May 6 - 10

French Section

Corsica

May 30 - June 1

Benelux Section The Fields of Flanders - Kortrijk

June 19 - 21

UK Meeting of the Year

Goodwood

July 21 - July 24

50th Anniversary IFFR

Oshkosh

July 25 - August 1

10,000 Lakes Fly About

Wisconsin

August 14 - 16

Scandinavian Section

Svendbourg, Denmark

August 28 - 30

Swiss Section

Basle

September 19 - 20

French Section

Lens

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



**Some of the members who attended the Fenland mid week meeting in July. There we welcomed our first "Friend of IFFR", Stephen Reilly.**

**Intrepid IFFR member Tom Lackey opens the Bournemouth Airshow with a Wing Walk. Not bad for a 94 year old!**



## *And finally....*

### *The Ten Commandments for Pilots*



1. Beware of the intersection take-off, for verily the runway behind thee and the altitude above thee are no more than another hole in the head.
2. Tarry not on active runways, for mad confusion may result, causing thee to make like a chopping block.
3. Ignore not the checklist, for many are the switches, valves and handles waiting to take vengeance on thee.
4. Look to the left and right as thou journeyest through the sky, or thy fellow pilots will surely buy beers for thy partner and console her in other ways.
5. Buzz not, for this incurreth the wrath of thy neighbour and bringeth the fury of the CAA.
6. Take the measure of thy fuel, for verily a tank full of air is an embarrassment at 10,000 ft.
7. Push not the scud, lest the Angel Gabriel be waiting on the other side.
8. Trifle not with the thunderstorm, for the wings and tail leathers are likely to be shorn from thy sky chariot and thyself be cast upon the firmament.
9. Be wary of weather prophets, for the truth is not always in them.
10. Check frequently thine airspeed on finals, lest the ground rise up and smite thee.

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