

The newsletter of the UK Section of IFFR

The Rotating Beacon



The Curtiss Autoplane - The Flying Car

Enjoy our reports insides from around UK, Europe and USA Help us make membership to IFFR awesome

You provide the transport, we provide the refreshments and the sights!

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A letter from the President



President's musings

We've been here before: Covid restrictions almost gone in the UK...almost. Fortunately, our age group probably means that all our members are fully vaccinated and at minimal risk.

Society does seem to be opening up and our programme of 2021 fly-ins is now sorted. As I write, James Alexander is organising a fly in and BBQ at Cark/Grange-over-sands on 17th July. In August we have a unique opportunity to fly into RAF Scampton on 20th. Many members are planning to come (so far 29), most by car. So far only 4 aircraft are taking this one-off opportunity to fly in. It would be great if we could show the strength of IFFR and have as many aircraft flying in as possible. We need numbers before the end of July. RAF Scampton is a historically important RAF base, hosting WW2 bombers (including the 617 squadron Dam Busters) and V Bombers during the Cold War. Visitors will have the opportunity for a tour of the RAF Scampton Heritage Centre.

We'll be having our prestigious RAF Club lunch in London on 8th December. Put this in your diaries folks.

We have had a fantastic series of monthly Zoom meetings which are set to continue but we are still looking for a volunteer to take over the role of speaker finder (for 2022) and volunteers to host fly ins.

Remember, the Fellowship is not just for pilots but for any Rotarian with even a slight interest in aviation. Invite your friends to participate in the best Rotary Fellowship!

Take Care

Tony

President UK Section of IFFR.





The Flying Car

The Curtiss Autoplane

It is over a century since the Wright Brothers craft took to the air but still designers seek the holy grail - the practical flying car. Many attempts have been made since then but most have ended up as poor comprises. In 1940 Henry Ford famously predicted: "Mark my word: a combination airplane and motorcar is coming. You may smile, but it will come". It's 2021 and I'm still smiling!

The flying car story probably starts in 1917 when Glenn H. Curtiss unveiled his Autoplane at the Pan-American Aeronautic Exposition in New York City. It was the star attraction. The name Autoplane was derived from the word used for the wing. "Plane" comes from the Latin planum, "flat surface". "Plane" had only recently started to be used as shorthand for the whole "machine".

The Autoplane gave the designer's idea of the "limousine of the air." The body combined a car and an aircraft. It followed the lines of a Model T Ford. It was constructed mainly of aluminium with windows of celluloid. The interior, which accommodated two passengers in the rear and a "chauffeur" forward, had elaborate upholstery and tapestries.

At the front was a circular radiator through which passed a starting handle for the Curtiss 100 h.p. engine. The engine power was transmitted through a shaft to the four-bladed propeller located at the top. The pair of wheels were mounted fore and aft in a similar way to that on the Curtiss Wanamaker Triplane aircraft. The axle of the front pair, however, was pivoted and connected to the controls so as to enable the machine to be steered on the ground.

The triplane wings were similar to the Curtiss Triplane. The top wing was mounted on the roof of the "car," whilst the centre and lower wings were attached to the body itself. Struts separated the wings. Interconnected ailerons were fitted to top and centre wings. The tail was carried by a pair of horizontal tubular outriggers attached to the centre wing. The tail surfaces consisted of a rectangular horizontal stabiliser, divided elevators, rudder and triangular vertical fin. Mounted on the bonnet, just above the front wheels, was a small wing.

Although the Autoplane was capable of lifting off the ground, it never achieved full flight. It made a few short hops before the entry of the United States into World War 1 in April 1917 ended its development.

After over 100 years are we still await something that gets beyond a concept or a prototype If it ever gets past that stage, I suspect the solution will be sunk by regulation.

Angus Clark (with acknowledgement to Flight Magazine, March 15, 1917)



The Boultbee spitfire

Bill Montgomery PPL

I had the opportunity to fly the Boultbee spitfire In 2017 something I had wanted to do after a visit to Goodwood with the IFFR a few years earlier.

My visit covered two days as it was in the middle of November and there was not enough daylight to cover the three fights. The first day was first introductions and fitting up with all the flying gear. I was then introduced to my instructor Tim Granshaw and the chipmunk G-BBMV which was interesting as I have very little tail wheel experience and getting used to the vagaries of a tail wheel. I enjoyed learning to taxy then the takeoff and the strange feeling of pushing the stick forward to get the tail up after flying tricycle planes but I managed it and we then took to the air for some general handling and light aeros.

In the afternoon we were to fly the Harvard but it was still in maintenance so we had the afternoon off.

Friday morning early and the Brief from Tim and Harvard G-TEXN beckoned. The starting procedure was interesting that magic rumble of the big radial and then we were off to the coast for a lesson on flying the Harvard. We covered rolls, heels on the horizon and round you go, loops and various unusual attitudes some self induced,I was exposed to the gyroscopic effect of the big radial engine up front but great fun.

I was asked if I would wait till the last flight of the day in the Spitfire as they had a few flight experiences to cover. The pre flight briefing was given by Zak Attridge a RAF pilot who flys with the BBMF and he was very thorough, the part about bailing out was interesting as he would call out three times "Bail out" a pause then repeated there after he would depart and I should join him. It was explained that If I decided after the briefing that I did not wish to go ahead I would be refunded my fee! No chance. It was gear on out to G-ILDA strapped in fire up then taxy out ready for takeoff.



The sound of the merlin starting and taxying to line up then opening up followed by the exhilaration of taking off and then handed control at 300ft was fantastic. We levelled out and headed for the coast for a some general handling then a dummy attack on the Isle of Wight ferry followed by a flight round the Isle of Wight with Zak taking control to circle the Needles then I continued round to do some Aeros "remembering all the speeds and manifold settings" on a line with the coast. Loops, barrel rolls, a victory roll and just the thrill of flying the plane but all to soon it was time to head for home tea, buns and medals and as we approached Goodwood Zak took control for a beautifully timed continuous curved approach and landing the culmination of an hour of pure magic.



An aircraft with memories for me...

Angus Clark

Over 60 years ago I attended the annual camp of my Air Training Corps squadron at Leeming, North Yorkshire. At that stage the RAF was re-equipping with the Gloster Javelin. Leeming was a conversion station hence there was a lot of activity. The highlight for me, and indeed of all my time in the ATC, was a flight in a Meteor NF11.

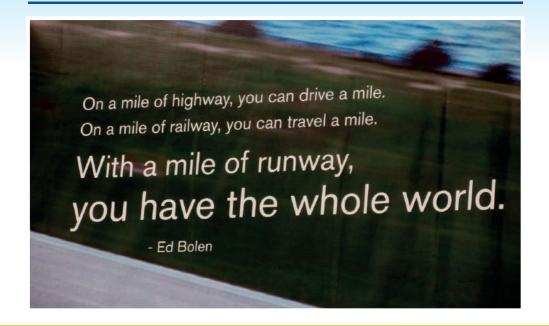
Had the health and safety considerations of today been in place then it just wouldn't have happened. My briefing for exiting the aircraft in the case of an emergency - there was no Ejection Seat - was simply – "You go over the wing and under the tailplane." Not a chance!!

The hour or so over the North Yorkshire moors and the coast have stayed with me for a lifetime. To experience G-forces, and



not be in a fairground ride, was beyond the experience of almost anyone of my age. I was luckier than I could ever imagine.

As a postscript I would pay tribute to the volunteer officers of my ATC squadron – 1297. As a young person you rarely appreciate their commitment. So, it is today, in conclusion I raise my glass to them and their ilk. It was my time in the ATC that ignited my passion for flying which still burns today.



John Bowden

29 May 1956 - 14 April 2021

John served as Company Secretary of IFFR(UK) Ltd from 2003 to 2018. He was a member of IFFR for over 25 years. With his wife, Patricia, he was a regular participant in IFFR events both in the UK and on the Continent. Initially this was in his classic Beagle Airedale (G-ATCC). It was a graceful lady of an aircraft but speed was not one of its properties. After 15 years of ownership John convinced Patricia that more speed would be a benefit so in 2011, he acquired an RV9 (G-CDMF).

This opened up new flying horizons. The epic trip was with his son, Harry, to Kiruna 90 miles north of the Arctic Circle in Sweden. Harry described the round trip of more than 3000 miles of having been one of the best experiences of his life. For this John was awarded the IFFR(UK) Flyer of the Year trophy in 2014

His flying interests were much wider than IFFR. He served on many aviation bodies among them – GASCO and the Consultative Committees for both Biggin Hill and Northampton Sywell Aerodromes. He also acted as company secretary for the Laddingford airstrip where the RV was based.

Prior to retiring in 2019 John was Senior Partner in the Bromley firm of Solicitors, Clarkson Wright & Jakes. When he first joined the firm, he headed the Corporate department and latterly was in charge of the Commercial Property team. On his retirement Andrew Wright, who succeeded him as Senior partner, said "I would like to thank John for his immeasurable contribution to CWJ over the years. He has been instrumental in the firm's success and we will miss his outstanding and wide-ranging expertise."

John had many interests outside aviation. This included being a member of the Rotary Retro Automobile Fellowship. He and Patricia were regular attenders at tours both in the UK and France in their Morris Minor Traveller which John had meticulously restored.



Among the many tributes from IFFR members have been:

Michael Pudney – "A great worker for all things IFFR - nothing was too much trouble and no job too onerous even though he was a very busy man. A true professional in all senses of the word. If you had a legal problem, especially aviation related, he was the "go-to" man."

Charles Strasser – "I have received a lot of good advice from John. A true gentleman flyer. May he RIP."

Frank Hardiman – "The grief we all feel is part of the love and respect we had for John, friend, aviator and committed Rotarian."

James Alexander – "Our friendship spanned so many experiences, all of which were greatly enhanced when John was there. His ability to prop up the bar late into the night when required, and his never-ending anecdotes made him great company."

Peter Jude – "A dedicated member of IFFR – he was very helpful to me when I took over earlier than expected as Chair."

Angus Clark



Fly in to RAF Scampton

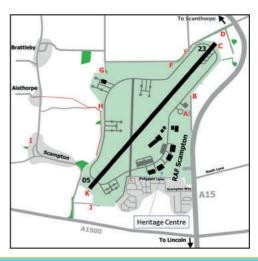
20th August 2021

Email: tonyflinn58@gmail.com

We are delighted to invite you to a Fly-In into RAF Scampton, home of the RAF Red Arrows display team.

[Please note that as RAF Scampton is an active military base only permanent GB & NI citizens are allowed on the base and to fly in]. RAF Scampton was an important wartime airfield most famously known for the "Dambusters" raid by Lancaster bombers of 617 Squadron in the 2nd world war and a home for V Bombers during the cold war. We are hoping to be treated to an air display by the Red Arrows during the day.

We will have lunch followed by a presentation and tour of the RAF Scampton Heritage Centre, before departure. The cost for Landing and Parking is £55 (Landing fees, Parking, MOD Insurance, VAT (20%)) per aircraft [based on a PA28. Other aircraft fees may vary and will be advised asap. We will be seeking a reduction for those whose insurance already covers MOD facilities]. A Buffet lunch will cost £6/pp.



International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians

We are pleased to announce the program of our fly-in to Saint Etienne on the 9 - 12 of September 2021

Please register the participants for the fly-in via the link below:

https://rotary-event.org/IFFR-FR/st-etienne-2021/new?locale=en

We are very much looking for to seeing you.

All the best.

Michael BOCK, President of IFFR France & the organising committee



Docspot

"Steve's on the phone Dad"

"Thanks Lucy, I'm just getting in the bath. Please tell him I'll call in a few minutes."

"OK Dad"

I undress and my right leg is in mid-air over the side of the bath.

"Steve says he wants you to come – a plane has crashed on the M1"

"That's not very funny Lucy – I'll call him soon." I don't get in for some reason.

"Steve says a plane has really crashed and you've got to go now." Crikey.

I pull my paint-spattered clothes on hastily and take the phone call. I put on my coat and drive to junction 24.

It was Sunday night, the 8th of January 1989 and I was second on call doctor in the Castle Donington practice. Dr Stephen Shortt was our GP trainee then and I was one of two trainers, Dr Mike McGhee was the other, whose task was to make sure that young doctors leaving hospital practice were equipped to deal with the many challenges of general practice. Steve was a good trainee and apart from one or two calls for advice I hadn't seen him since Saturday morning surgery. He had coped well with all the calls and visits of a normal winter weekend, and enjoyed a good Sunday dinner with the retired district nurse who provided lodgings for the trainees back then. Neither of us was expecting a call like this one.

I had spent the weekend decorating a room and was tired and rather messy when the call came.

Arriving at the motorway island a police officer tried to stop me driving down the slip road onto the motorway saying the road was closed. I explained that I was the Airport Doctor and had been called out, so he stepped aside. The motorway was deserted. I drove a few hundred yards and stopped on the hard shoulder. The barrier in the centre was intact but on the opposite, north-bound carriageway, there was some debris. Above the hard shoulder there was the rather extraordinary sight of a shiny new Boeing 737-400

nestling in the trees on the steep embankment, folded neatly into 3 pieces, like a letter "N" almost.

As if it was the most natural thing in the world I took my emergency bag from the boot and walked across the M1, over the barrier and got to work. I saw Steve, who had arrived a few minutes ahead of me. Other people were few, but the Airport Fire team was present, some police, and perhaps the first ambulance had arrived. Most of the people there however had arrived rather unexpectedly on British Midland Flight 92 from Heathrow to Belfast.

What I find fascinating, looking back, is that my military training kicked in immediately. You may or may not know that the term triage, often used loosely nowadays, originally comes from military medicine, and is the practice of dividing battle casualties into three groups (hence "triage") that is a group who will die whatever is done, a group who ought to survive without immediate action (the walking wounded by and large) and a group who need urgent attention to maximize their survival prospects.

We were equipped in our practice to deal with emergencies in our semi-rural practice area and always carried fluids and giving sets so that we could administer intravenous fluids, all sorts of drugs, usually used for heart attacks, but strong painkillers for injury, renal colic and the like, drugs used in childbirth and so on. We also carried a de-fibrillator in the car.

I set to triaging people who had managed to get out of the aircraft unaided, and I suppose it's fairly obvious that most of them were in the "let's have a look at you later" category.

I climbed up the embankment, which in 1989 was still steep and covered in small trees. The bank was slippery so I used the tree trunks as hand holds. I think Steve must have gone into the main cabin through the break in the rear fuselage. I know I didn't see him for hours. Mike McGhee turned up and helped manfully, having seen an item on the news I think.

I went higher up the bank and found that there was a hole in the cockpit floor. This for a while was the

only way to get to the poor pilots. Memory is a funny thing and I can't be certain without extensive research, but usually when an airliner crashes most deaths are near the front and I think they were in this case too. (I often think First Class should be near the tail, or at least the wing root, and you should pay extra to turn right rather than left.)

As is traditional in these affairs the pilots reached the scene of the accident before the passengers, so it was amazing really that they were both alive. Anyway I wedged myself between two broken trees and climbed halfway into the cockpit, through a hole in the cockpit floor, to assess the pilots. Both were conscious but badly hurt. I couldn't for some reason get inside the aircraft to access their arms so I put drips up using veins in the feet. Because of the limb injuries they had this was unsuccessful it turned out, and proper resuscitation didn't occur until the fire crews had cleared the passenger cabin and forced open the cockpit door.

I remember I slid my way down to the roadside two or three times at least to fetch more equipment from the expanding fleet of emergency vehicles.

At a guess it would be between 11pm and midnight the last time I slithered down the muddy bank grabbing trees.

One of my abiding memories of that extraordinary night is that the next time I went back to the road my 50 yard journey was transformed. AA and RAC patrols had turned up, thought how best to help, and using spades and ropes had dug steps on the bank up to the aircraft and made a handrail using the ropes and the trees. A wonderful example of initiative I suggest.

By the time I drove home at about 3am the M1 south of Junction 24 was like a scene from some film set of your imagination.

There must have been 30-40 ambulances and fire engines. Various cars had conveyed the Major Disaster Teams from the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, the Queen's Medical Centre and the Leicester Royal Infirmary. Proper A+E doctors had arrived in strength to take over the task from us.

There were several helicopters parked on the motorway, including RAF Sea Kings.

The Red Cross had set up a caravan dispensing tea and coffee.

There must have been film crews from the BBC and ITV I suppose too but I didn't notice them.

I somehow reached my car, did a 17 point turn and

drove back up the entry slip road of the M1 without getting into trouble and went home. I had a large scotch and ran a fresh bath, forgetting that my on-call had some hours left.

Whilst Steve and I had been gallivanting at the crash site the senior partner, Patrick Beauchamp had stepped into the breech to care for our 8000 patients. He went to see an old lady who had fallen and fractured her femur. I don't know how long she waited for an ambulance, or for an orthopaedic surgeon to mend it, but I suspect it was longer than usual.

Of the 118 passengers 39 died immediately and a further 8 succumbed to their injuries. There were 74 seriously injured and 5 had only minor injuries. All 8 flight crew survived. Amazingly the aircraft missed all the vehicles on the motorway and there were no injuries at all on the ground.

Many of you will remember that the immediate cause of the catastrophe was a fire in the port engine. The pilots had recently transferred from the 737-300 to the 737-400 and this proved highly relevant.

They couldn't see the engines from the cockpit of course, but a smell of smoke in the cockpit implied fire in the right or starboard engine on the 300 series Boeing due to the air conditioning feed being from that engine.

The 400 series had been modified to use bleed air from both engines, so the smell of smoke in the cockpit could have implied fire in either or both engines. The wrong engine was shut down and the 737 became a large heavy glider in effect.

I believe the cabin crew assumed that the pilots knew from their instruments which engine was on fire and did not approach the flight deck. They and many of the passengers knew it was the port engine, but the pilots did not.

There is a wealth of information available online for anybody who wishes to learn about the lessons learned in the subsequent inquiry and the changes made to training and procedures as a result.

I think it fair to say it was the most memorable night on call I ever had!

IFFR Worldwide Membership

George Chaffey - President

Southwest Section – Sacramento Fly In (June 12-13)

We flew in to McClellan Field in Sacramento, California, rode trains, and saw a fabulous NASA display regarding the Mars exploration.



Last month you saw the group and Tim "Top Gun" Pinkney in front of a EA-6B Prowler Tim flew on the last carrier landing of the Vietnam War. This month we saw a more angelic side of Tim. Tail winds and halos to you.

Alaska Section – Airstrip Maintenance (June 19-20)

Led by Chair, Al Clayton, Alaska IFFR members flew to May Creek Strip for a fly out and maintenance party. Like an old fashioned barn raising. Photos later.

Travels with George July 11 – October 23.

Yes, on the road 3 ½ months. WP George takes off on July 11 for an 11,000 mile trip around the United States in his 100-mph 1948 "stick & rudder" Luscombe— touching every corner of the country and attending the Oshkosh AirVenture. And, in between, he'll fly with wife Carol to Europe (commercial) to attend IFFR fly ins in Denmark, Germany, Italy and Netherlands…and wherever else things are going on. Watch for news.

Special General Meeting (SPM) December 2, 2021.

Save the Date for the second annual mid-year, virtual General membership meeting Thursday, December 2 (it will be December 3 in Australasia-Asia). Stay tuned.

Houston. Tranquillity Base here. The Eagle has landed

That was July 1969. And in June 2022, another landing in Houston. This time it will be the Rotary International Convention, between Sunday 5 June and Wednesday 8 June. "Discover New Horizons", the theme for 2022, is truly meaningful for those of us who look up the sky or like to fly over the horizon. And in addition to the great Rotary Fellowship that's a given with any convention, Houston is a fantastic place for pilots to visit.



Space Center, Houston, where you can tour the former Mission Control room and see the rockets and landing craft used in the Apollo missions to the moon, as well as the space shuttle and International Space Station, should be a once-in-a-lifetime for anyone https://spacecenter.org/. But Houston has other great aviation activities, including the Lone Star Flight Museum https://www.lonestarflight.org at Ellington airport (KEBD), which displays more than 24 historically significant aircraft, most of which remain flyable and a wealth of GA airports around the city.

The Convention is also the launch pad for the fly around, typically around one week, and starting next year on Thursday 9 June. This will be the best opportunity to fly together with a bunch of Flying Rotarians, visit places and do things you wouldn't otherwise know to do, and get the most from your IFFR membership. We will be hearing more details of the "Texan Tour" shortly.

The IFFR AGM is normally held during the Convention. For the last two years we have held it virtually, via Zoom, and that has been a great success, engaging far more of our membership than can attend in person. But the technology is now here to have



successful "hybrid" meetings, which can work with people in the room and those online participating equally. I'd like to hope we can make that happen next year.

The Presidency of IFFR rotates two-yearly around the three regions, Australasia/Asia, Americas and Europe. I am truly honoured to have been nominated by the European Sections as the next World President from the European Region. I am due to take up this role at the next AGM in Houston. I'll have big boots to fill, looking back at Past World Presidents from Europe, most recently Svend "The Big Dane" Andersen, and prior to that James "Air Commodore" Alexander, Feroz Wadia, Angus Clark, Graeme LeQuesne* and Charles Strasser. So, it would be great to be in the company of fellow members of IFFR UK on that occasion, and on the fly around after.

I'm already investigating potential rental options for those looking to fly themselves on the fly away. Let me know if interested. And remember, if you don't want to fly, you can always participate in the tour and activities by taking the bus option.

Logistics:

- Find out about the Convention, Houston and Host Organising Committee events at https://www.houstonri2022.org
- · For registration: https://convention.rotary.org
- Accommodation: the IFFR hotel is the Hilton Americas-Houston. Email convention@iffr.uk by the end of September
- Any other queries, including if you've never been to a Convention and just want to know what its like and what goes on, email george.ritchie@btinternet.com

Here's hoping to see you there. Let's have a blast!

George Ritchie

IFFR President-Elect

Top this for a speeding ticket....

Two British traffic patrol officers from North Berwick, east of Edinburgh, were involved in an unusual incident, while checking for speeding motorists on the A1 Great North Road.

One of the officers (who are not named) used a hand-held radar device to check the speed of a vehicle approaching over the crest of a hill, and was surprised when the speed was recorded at over 300mph. The machine then stopped working and the officers were not able to reset it.

The radar had in fact locked on to a NATO Tornado fighter jet over the North Sea, which was engaged in a low-flying exercise over the Borders district.

Back at police headquarters the chief constable fired off a stiff complaint to the RAF Liaison office.

Back came the reply in true laconic RAF style. "Thank you for your message, which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Tornado had automatically locked on to your 'hostile radar equipment' and sent a jamming signal back to it. Furthermore, the Sidewinder air-to-ground missiles aboard the fully-armed aircraft had also locked on to the target. Fortunately the Dutch pilot flying the Tornado responded to the missile status alert intelligently and was able to override the automatic protection system before the missile was launched.





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Membership available to Rotarians, Rotaractors and their close family. Pilot licence not required.

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Fly-In to Bembridge IOW Saturday 24th June 2021

Last September George Ritchie was our speaker at a combined meeting of the Cinque Ports Rotary Clubs. I had the pleasure of introducing George and managed to include the fact that I am a non-flying member of the IFFR. His illustrated talk on a fight he and Caroline made to Finland was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, with his quote "The plane doesn't know it is flying over water, but I do" being often recalled.

George subsequently invited me to accompany him on a flight when weather (and Covid) conditions permitted; I eagerly accepted but then had to temper this by saying that I am disabled and worried that a) I wouldn't be able to climb onboard and b) that I could be a safety risk. George seemed undaunted by this and told me he would get me onboard somehow.

Spring arrived and George invited my wife, Elspeth, and I to attend the Bembridge Fly-In on 24th June this year. The plan was that George and Caroline would fly in to Rochester Airfield, collect Elspeth and I, and continue to Bembridge. Although we waited at Rochester in clear weather George was delayed by low cloud north of the Thames for a couple of hours.

The staff at Rochester were exceptionally friendly and kindly allowed us to park very close to the Control Tower giving us a grandstand view of the action on the airfield.

I admit my concern about getting into the cockpit was mounting but when George and Caroline arrived, they had devised a plan, demonstrated by George whereby he sat on the wing-root walkway, slid up on his posterior then swung his legs round into the cockpit and



used his arms to transfer on to the seat – simple! I followed his example and was soon into the right-hand seat, was I delighted and relieved.

We were soon airborne flying to the east of Tunbridge Wells and the Gatwick controlled airspace, over Goodwood race circuit and on to Bembridge. A moment of nostalgia between Goodwood and Chichester as I realised that somewhere below was RAF Tangmere (or the site of) where I first flew solo on summer camp as a member of St Andrews University Air Squadron. The year was 1966.

The Propeller Inn is right on the perimeter of Bembridge Airfield, this was the venue for the meeting and lunch. With great attention to detail George had arranged permission to taxi beside the fence so that I would have a very short distance to walk to the pub garden.

Lunch and chats with other members and we were homeward bound again using George's patented access procedure.

On the return, joining the circuit at Rochester and landing again brought back happy memories of landing at RAF Leuchars, which was also home to two squadrons of Lightnings and one of Javelins in addition to our five Chipmunks.

Finally, a photocall and wave goodbye as George and Caroline returned to Duxford.

Elspeth and I had a truly happy and incredibly enjoyable day and we thank George and Caroline for making it such a memorable one.

Stuart and Elspeth McVey



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Aviation Enthusiasts

If you enjoy this magazine, why not join our fellowship. Full membership is open to all Rotarians.

Not a Rotarian?

You can become a friend of the International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians and enjoy the fly-ins.

Organised events are held throughout the flying season and valuable help is on hand from members if it's your first time anywhere.

Just visit our website for more information

www.iffr.org.uk

We look forward to meeting you!

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