



THE ROTATING BEACON
The Bulletin of IFFR (UK) Limited
THE UK SECTION OF THE
FLYING ROTARIANS

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SUMMER 2007

From the Chairman

Members of the UK Section have been giving good support to other sections, having great fun and fellowship in the process. I attended the German/Austrian meeting in Berlin and the Italian meeting in Albenga and was delighted that the UK section provided the largest delegation of visitors at each. I hope you will join me at the Scandinavian meeting in Visby (16-19 August) and French meeting in Bordeaux (7-9 September).

We have more than 50 bookings for our own **“Weekend of the Year”** 20-22 July 2007 in York. This includes representatives from Germany, France, and Scandinavia. If you cannot attend the whole weekend, we would be pleased to see you for the Saturday evening dinner and/or the AGM on Sunday morning. Please contact the organiser, Malcolm Hill on 01457 873250 to check on availability.

The 2009 Rotary International Convention will now not be held in Seoul, with the new tentative venue being Birmingham (England!). If this is confirmed, the UK Section will be responsible for organising the post Convention Fly Round – so this will be a hot topic of conversation at our AGM on Sunday 22 July. Also, if you have suggestions for 2008 venues, please let me know

If you are unable to attend York, or the overseas events, we still have two “informal” Sunday events. Sandown on the Isle of Wight (5 August), and Kirkbride, East of Carlisle (2 September), so I hope to see you at one or more of these events.

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IFFR INTERNATIONAL AGM - SALT LAKE CITY JUNE 2007

The Fellowship is in a strong financial position although numbers are down outside Europe and New Zealand UK was recognized as the most active in terms of events and recruitment. The UK with 129 paid up members has more than other Section and Europe is the largest region by a distance.

Significant decisions were taken in respect of the Directory. The Directory will now be issued August in each year to allow it to be up to date with only current paid up members included. If member has not paid for the current year then they will not be in directory. Historically overdue members were included - this principally related to the Americas where the administration broke down 3/4 years ago and a concession was given at the time to allow them to get up to date.

The processing of new members internationally will be simplified allowing a more accurate and faster acknowledgement.

Now that funds permit it was agreed that a minimum of two world bulletins per year would be issued - with three being the desirable number.

The following Resolution of the World Board of Directors of IFFR was adopted at the AGM in Copenhagen in June 2006 and not yet having been circulated to any members that propose to take part in any Flyaround organized by IFFR is now drawn to your attention

Flight conditions on IFFR Flyarounds

“Flyarounds will be carried out in VFR conditions although those holding valid instrument ratings may file IFR. If conditions are not VFR the whole party does not go - it does not split up unless the organisers specifically agree otherwise in what would be considered exceptional circumstances. Anyone breaching this and going their own way will be considered, with their passengers, to have abandoned their participation in the remainder of the Flyaround and will not be entitled to participate in further events on this Flyaround or to receive any refund in respect of their own or their passengers’ non-participation. Although the organisers may determine that the conditions are acceptable for VFR flight the decision to proceed remains the pilot’s alone.”

ANGUS CLARK

Immediate past World President.

We regret to report the death of Don Ward, a member of Cheltenham North R.C. and a staunch supporter of IFFR activities. His wife tells us that he was still flying at the age of 80 years up to the date of his death and we send her and her family our sincere sympathies in the loss which we share.

IFFR (UK) Limited

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

To be held at the Park Hotel, York
On Sunday 22nd July 2007 at 9.30 am.

AGENDA

1. Apologies for absence
2. Chairman's report
3. Membership Report
4. Financial Report
5. Approval of Accounts for 2006
6. To determine subscription for 2008
7. Election of Directors
 - (a) Vice Chairman – Proposed - Colin Walker
 - (b) Retirement by rotation and re-election:
Graham Browning
Colin Walker
The present Directors are eligible for and offer themselves for re-election.
8. To consider and if thought fit to pass the following ordinary resolution:
“That the Company may in future when permitted by the Companies Act 2006 give notice of general meetings and the business to be conducted at such meetings by electronic notice given by email or a posting on the Company’s website or any combination of such methods”
9. Proposals for future programme:
 - (a) UK programme for 2008
 - (b) International Convention Flyaround 2009 (Convention now provisionally to take place in Birmingham UK)
10. GAAC Report – Colin Walker
11. AOB

John Bowden
Company Secretary

BERLIN OR BUST !

Events arranged by the German/Austrian Section always attract strong support from the UK and the weekend in Berlin was no exception. Members flew in from places as far apart as Inverness and Jersey. Having looked at the Met the others departed on the Wednesday, stopping overnight en route, and reaching Berlin in time for lunch and the city tour that followed it. Kevin’s busy dental practice kept him in the surgery on Wednesday and having considered the forecast for Thursday morning we decided to swallow our pride and travel by easyJet from Luton which took us into Schonefeld in time to meet the others returning from their tour.

The informal dinner that evening saw the reunion of many long-standing friendships and we rose refreshed for the Friday programme. A visit to the Rolls-Royce Engine plant where our English speaking guide explained in detail the procedure for the reception of time-expired engines which are then returned to pristine condition before being dispatched back to the airlines for another spell of duty was followed by lunch at a restaurant that had been the British Officers Club in the days of occupation.

In the afternoon we were reminded that the recovery and reinstatement of early flying machines is not the sole province of Shuttleworth and Duxford. A workshop in the centre of the industrial part of the city holds aircraft under repair ranging from WWI veterans to a HE 111 extracted largely intact from a Norwegian fjord. The corrosion was so slight that the fjord must have been full of aquavit to preserve it ! Dinner that evening was at the renowned Kempinski Restaurant in the heart of the city, only a few yards from our hotel. No sauerkraut & dumplings but a superb fillet steak.

Saturday morning saw us on the quayside of the River Spree that, like the Thames, winds its way though the city. One of the many river cruisers had been chartered for us and in the hot sunshine our English speaking guide pointed out the buildings of interest that line the banks. During the post-war period and until the fall of the infamous Berlin Wall the communist governments had occupied many of them that had now reverted to a less contentious use as museums and offices.

The afternoon was free so Kevin & I lunched at one of the many small cafes on the riverbank before tackling the railway to take us back to the hotel. Maintenance work had changed the train schedules and we found ourselves in a shuttle heading in the wrong direction before we worked out the answer. We were not alone in this !

That evening we all left by coach for dinner in the country. The restaurant was in a tiny village in a country park where the ecological conditions were preserved from an earlier era. By this time all question of nationality had been lost. No longer did the British sit together – they were scattered at the tables among the hosts who willingly conversed in English even between themselves. It was a memorable meal to end a memorable weekend. We give our thanks to Gerhard and his committee.

For Kevin & me the need to wait over until our return flight early on Monday morning gave us an unexpected bonus. While those that had flown in themselves departed to their aircraft we found that Charles Strasser accompanied by Dorothea Evans were also staying over for the night. We agreed that the four of us would take a city tour on one of the busses that run every 15 minutes, stopping off as we wished. While Charles & Dorothea enjoyed a coffee Kevin & I visited the museum set up at Checkpoint Charlie, the former entry point from West to East Berlin, to see the sad illustration of the divided city in which so many lives were lost by those trying to escape from communism. I am old enough to recall those years, but the museum was filled with young people of all nationalities to whom those years were history. We later strolled in the sunshine along the Unter den Linden to the Brandenburg Gate before a brief visit to Berlin's famous Sunday Flea Market.

Charles being a veteran visitor to Berlin had discovered that one of the theatres was showing a Revue that afternoon for which ignorance of the German language was immaterial. He acquired four seats and we watched an entertaining selection of acts including some acrobats operating without safety nets that kept us held to our seats. A quiet dinner in a nearby restaurant followed, with an early night prior to our departure in the morning. EasyJet got us home to Luton in time for Kevin's afternoon surgery and when reckoning up later we found that the flights had cost just half the estimated direct cost of using G-IFFR on that run. So much for the future of General Aviation !

John D. Ritchie

THE SUMMER SEASON STARTS

Whatever the trustees of the Shuttleworth Collection wish to call their airfield, in the minds of a generation of pilots it will always be "Old Warden". There on the first Sunday in May some 30 members of IFFR and their guests assembled to watch the opening event of the season.

The day began for us with a call over the Tannoy "Will Angus Clark please come to the Control Tower – James Alexander is lost !" Dire thoughts of infringement of Luton or Stansted Control Zones – both nearby and hostile to General Aviation – jumped into the minds of the pilots but all was soon resolved. Having flown in from the Lake District the previous evening and now on foot James was unable to locate the parking compound arranged by Angus to allow IFFR members coming by road to assemble together.

A moment's lateral thought might have saved his face. One of the prime attractions was the wing-walking team now sponsored by Guinot Skincare who on finding that the private pilots that had flown in were members of IFFR had their display aircraft parked on the flightline immediately opposite the IFFR compound, doubtless in the hope of finding some vital & dynamic male company for the day. We were thus able to enjoy the sight of three long-legged lissom lycra clad ladies doing their exercises prior to the afternoon airshow.

The weather stayed fine & dry in spite of a gusting 20 kt crosswind that made for some interesting landings and prevented David Mathers, one of our new members, from flying his Hornet Moth up from Wiltshire. He found it a long drive. The wind also limited the flying display to the more modern pre-war military and training aircraft such as the Tomtit and Hind, as well as the Sea Hurricane and Lysander both from the years of WWII.

However for many the highlight of the afternoon was the sight of the three slender young ladies on top of their Guinot Stearman aircraft doing loops, crossovers, and other aerobatic manoeuvres with smoke belching from the exhaust as they turned and twisted. What that does to their complexions I shudder to think. You may consider that jets are noisy – the sound of three 450 hp Pratt & Whitney engines at full power on takeoff makes Gatwick seem ghostly !



Altogether a delightful and relaxed start to the summer of IFFR activities. Our thanks to Angus for making the arrangements with the Display Organisers, and to the families and guests who accompanied our members and made it an enjoyable day out for us all.

John D. Ritchie
Polish Picnic

May 24th to May 28th (OK May 29th, then)

By Malcolm Barnard

The Rotary Club of Olsztyn, in Eastern Poland have found a useful way of fund raising and generally raising their profile by holding an event on the local airfield. They call it "The Rotary Aero Picnic". This amounts to a great fete with the usual sorts of sideshows, food outlets, folk singing and dancing and the rest. It attracts in excess of 10,000 people, who pay only the equivalent of 40p to get in, but the stallholders pay rent for their pitches. Because it is held on the airfield, and with the co-operation of the airfield Director (himself a Rotarian), there is something of an aviation flavour. Pleasure flights in an AN-2, a Wilga and a C172 were on offer, but not a display as such.

This year, they had invited IFFR in Europe and the UK to participate by way of a fly in (and bring along some cash to go into the kitty for a Rotary Foundation matching grant to buy surgical equipment). Past World President of IFFR Angus Clark resolved to make the journey in the Robin and recruited a crew consisting of Jim Mundell, of the Greenwich club and myself like Angus a member of Sheffield Vulcan club,

The plan was to leave Netherthorpe in the middle of the day on Thursday 24th May, returning on Bank Holiday Monday 28th May. We would overnight at Munster on the Thursday and we would pick up Jim at Cambridge on the way, as it was pretty much on track. The first sector was not too bad, bits of cloud and clag, but decent VMC at 2000', but as we left the UK via Clacton everything became settled and nice over the sea and over Holland and through to our destination.

Munster seems to be a medium sized regional airport, with very good facilities, used by Air Berlin and what looked like a fairly modest amount of bizjet and GA. As we stopped engines and got out at our parking space, an official soon arrived and greeted us most cordially. "I do not have you on my database" he said, "may I have some details?" The details turned out to comprise a full scale ramp check, viz:

C of A

Radio Licence

Insurance – he wanted it expressed in "Special Drawing Rights", but settled for what looked like the Euro equivalent on Angus' certificate.

(See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Special_Drawing_Rights if you are interested!)

Flight Manual

Noise Certificate - he wasn't totally happy with the wording, but accepted it as OK, and

Angus told him that it had been accepted at Berlin only the week before.

Journey Log

Pilot's Licence

Pilot's medical certificate

Charts – Angus had just bought a complete set of up to date ones.

Weight and Balance calculation.

Angus gleefully produced everything in good order and, although the man's manner throughout was most correct, we couldn't help feeling that it would really have made his day if he had been able to find grounds for impounding us! **So you have been warned!**

On Friday, we were planned to Stettin, just over the German/Polish border, as Olsztyn, our destination is non customs/immigration. Although, in the first half hour, the conditions were very milky it soon cleared up and we had a straightforward run. It was noticeable that as we left the Bremen FIR (i.e. the airspace of the old West Germany) and changed to Bremen East (formerly Berlin FIR) the quantity of traffic declined amazingly. There still seems to be an economic split between the two halves of Germany. Equally, airfields became very sparse, though a forced landing wouldn't be difficult in the flat terrain.

Refuelling, and entering Poland at Stettin, without being able to avoid handling fees, we set off on our final one hour forty leg to Olsztyn. As soon as we were airborne, we were ordered to fly South, at ninety degrees to our desired track, for twenty minutes to avoid a restricted area which was apparently active. So this prolonged our flight a little. Finally, Gdansk FIR passed us on to Olsztyn Approach and we were handled normally until being passed on to Olsztyn tower. There was some kind of brief, though unintelligible response when we called, but then, silence. Going back to Olsztyn approach, we told them that we were intending to land at Olsztyn, expecting them to liaise. However, it turns out that they are miles away in Warsaw and were unable to communicate on our behalf. By this time, we were overhead and there seemed to be no signs of traffic. Keeping a good lookout, and transmitting blind our intentions and positions we made an approach only to see a C172 trundle out and cross the threshold as we turned final. He positioned on the parallel grass runway, so we landed anyway. The field turned out to be "staffed" on the occasion by a young chap with a hand held, who spoke practically no English. So we parked up and took a short taxi ride to the Novotel, which was everything it should have been and inexpensive to boot.

On the Saturday, we were taken under the wing of the Rotary Club, who took us around and about before the evening function, a wild boar roast over an enormous open fire. This was held in part of a forest in which were planted trees from all over the world. This arboretum is part of the forestry service and local university and is managed by another Rotarian. We met at this point their first District Governor from ten years ago, when Rotary in Poland had been set up by a Rotarian from our own club in Sheffield, as coincidence would have it. By this time, we had been joined by several members of French Section IFFR, Jean-Luc and Dominique Brice, Jean-Pierre Gabert and Joel Launay. Jean Pierre said that on the Sunday Jean Recullet, past President French Section, celebrated his 87th birthday having held a PPL for 70 years. The Polish, Latvian and Lithuanian AOPA group were also there in some numbers. They were all young people in their twenties and thirties, up to various entrepreneurial aviation activities, and keen to form a lobby for the development of GA.

While the wild boar was roasting, we were invited to partake of other Polish delicacies all accompanied by various kinds of vodka. Indicating a large plate of circular, bony looking things, a burly Rotarian said to me "You like smoked eel!" "I don't think so, thank you" "They very good, you try!" Completely intimidated, I picked at one with a fork, only to discover they were utterly delicious! "Now you have vodka!" he cried.

The boar roast was punctuated by a tree planting ceremony, but by this time I didn't know or care why. All I remember is that your erstwhile World President did the honours with the spade, along with Dominique.

On the Sunday morning we all attended a reception in the Mayor's office, where speeches were made thanking everybody for coming and generally spreading goodwill. The reception was followed by a walking tour of the town, conducted by the most tedious man imaginable. Our crew soon bunked off and we took a taxi back to the airfield to discover a hive of activity, with thousands of the locals having a good time. Jim fancied a ride in the AN-2, but in the end had to settle for the Wilga. What an amazing machine the AN-2 is! It is built more after the fashion of a heavy goods vehicle than an aircraft. It put me in mind of the Glaswegian drink In-Bru – "made frae girr-ders".

Now we had had glorious weather all weekend, but the track home had forecasts of wall to wall CB's over Germany. Accordingly, we set off for Munster, via Stettin, of course, in mid

afternoon. There was a bit more cloud, some developing vertically, but nothing to worry about. However, as we landed at Stettin, the first flashes of lightning were seen to the West. We refuelled, but the weather got worse and we resigned ourselves to an enforced overnight. With the aid of a couple of local air taxi pilots, we found a little B & B hotel which, including a couple of rounds of drinks, set us back all of £16 each. We could still get back on the Monday, although it would be a long day.

Up bright and early and back on the airfield, we were hampered by poor visibility, but managed to get away before too long. We had changed the routing to stop and refuel at Groningen, rather than Munster. Most of the flight was in pretty reasonable VMC and it seemed that we would be able to refuel and get on our way to Cambridge, though it did begin to clag up nastily as we entered Holland. We arrived in a rain shower, refuelled and set off to see the Met man. It soon became obvious that there was a horrid circulation of cloud and heavy rain lying across the North Sea and East Anglia. It looked as if we might be able to fly North about it and make landfall above the Wash in Lincolnshire, but it was itself moving North and discretion being the better half of foolhardiness, another overnight was decided on, this time in the little hotel on the airfield, to facilitate another early start.

In the air bright and early (about seven o'clock) we made our way across Holland low level, but maintaining VMC. Crossing the coast, we came into heavy layers of cloud, but just about managed to maintain VMC (honest guv!) at 2000' or so until crossing the FIR boundary, where Angus' IMC rating allowed us to climb to 6000' in the clear. Anglia Radar gave us an excellent service right through to Lakenheath, and we soon landed at Cambridge. After our farewells to Jim, we made our way through the scud back to Netherthorpe.

Rotary and the Rotarians of Poland seem pretty much the same as we are used to, and get up to much the same things. We were struck by the fact that the young people of Olsztyn looked bright and confident and well turned out, but the older people still had a subdued look to them. Olsztyn itself is quite a pretty place, set in hundreds of square miles of lakes and forests, and doubtless well capable of developing a tourist industry in the future. IFYR are already established in that part of the world, and were having a shindig on a lake a little way away the same weekend. We were told that there are only two flying Rotarians in Poland, so they have a long way to go before setting up a section.

All in all, an interesting trip.

Part 3 of Feroz Wadia's African Safari

ELDORET

The Final Departure

As we were heading in a different direction from the others we elected to depart last, watched the others leave, started, had a short taxi to the hold, performed our run-ups, leaned for best power at this high altitude and rolled. Acceleration seemed normal at first, then slow with Peter keeping her rolling till we had 80 m.p.h. indicated. She climbed slowly at first then the stall warning came on and Peter had to keep level to keep her flying. I checked that we had full throttle, prop fully forward, slightly lean mixture and the gear and flaps were up. All we could do was look around for lower ground in the hope that we could put the nose down and build up speed.

We passed low over one set of pylons and realized that the ground was rising in all directions. With more power lines and trees ahead I spotted a large wet ploughed field to our 10 o'clock and asked Peter if he wanted to put her down. The answer was an immediate "YES".

As he started to turn she dropped the port wing, I saw the field through the pilot's window and felt her going down. I only had time to think "**OH NO**" before passing out. Peter later said that he saw the port tip tank hit the ground and break loose. When I regained consciousness I noted that we are sitting very close the ground. I asked Peter if he was alright and he said that he was fine. I remember saying "Then thank God **we are both alive.**" Peter then very slowly and deliberately switched everything off and handed me the keys that I had given him only ten minutes earlier.

I had bruised my elbow and found that I did not have the strength to open the door but almost immediately it was opened from the outside. I got out, stood on the wing and shouted to people standing on the wing and all around to get away as there was a definite risk of fire. They moved back a couple of feet. I then turned and noticed that there was nothing forward of the firewall. I was informed that the airport fire engines and ambulances were on the way so sat down on the wing, then lay down till two ambulances arrived and we were carried away.

We eventually got to the hospital (with a fairly lengthy stop at the petrol station first). I sent a text message to Raye to say that we had had a problem with the aircraft but were well and that I would be hitching a ride home. The back of my head needed stitches, my back and neck were X-Rayed very quickly and declared to be fine. I enquired about Peter and was told that he was in better shape than I was. I was very relieved to hear that. I was then driven across the road to the Memorial Wing and one of the private rooms. Peter was wheeled in a few minutes later and reported that his first vertebrae was split and that he would have to lie still.

The press arrived and the PR lady offered us the option of making a statement or refusing. Peter made a twominute statement and was filmed praising the firemen, ambulance crews, doctors and nurses. For a while there were 10 pressmen, photographers and hospital staff in the tiny room! We were lucky to have landed within five miles of a teaching hospital. Further north and we would have been in Ethiopia with very limited medical facilities.

Within a couple of hours all our belongings and aircraft spares were brought to our room. It was only when I saw Helmut's blood-stained mahogany aeroplane model that I realized what had knocked me out. He had delivered it to me that morning along with a backpack just before departing as his aircraft was well over gross weight. I had put it on the hat shelf never thinking that it might launch itself at me.

We received calls and messages all day and the Kenyan AAIB chief flew up from Nairobi to speak to us and take copies of Peter's licence, log book and the insurance certificate. A local loss-adjuster would speak to my insurance company on Monday. He also informed us that the Mogas we had used had not come up from Nairobi as we had believed but had been purchased locally by the driver of the truck. A fuel sample from the main tanks was being sent to a lab in Mombasa for analysis and the engine was being taken to Nairobi for inspection.

The German travel-insurance company arranged for Peter to be flown by Air Ambulance to Johannesburg the next day for surgery and the doctor cheerfully told me that bruising would reach its maximum after 72 hours. Something else to look forward to!

A copy of the Sunday papers the next morning had a picture of the aircraft with a mud covered engine and bent prop lying beside the port wing. Only then did I know where the engine had landed. The owner of the farm arrived looking for compensation and said that he had seen us go into his field nose first

Peter was immobilized and taken to Johannesburg that evening. I spoke to the Chairman of the Aero Club in Nairobi and arranged for an engineer to fly up and remove the instruments from the aircraft. All that the engineer wanted as payment was the 300 litres of fuel that was still in the locked main tanks.

The next day Peter phoned to say that it had taken six hours to transfer him to Johannesburg. Tests had found that he had a damaged lung and compressed liver as well as a split vertebrae. They planned to operate the next day. The insurance company called to say they would send me home first class in a fully reclining seat and asked if I will feel more comfortable in a hospital in Nairobi? I could see no advantage and chose to remain where I was. The contents recovered from the aircraft were covered in mud and needed cleaned, packed and sent back to Edinburgh.

DHL eventually appeared and quoted \$385 to send a 27 kilo box back to Edinburgh. The aircraft was being moved to Eldoret airport and Peter phoned to say that his operation had gone well. His wife, Johanna, had returned from Vienna and Mary de Klerk our host at Durban had visited a couple from times.

Brian Souter, World President of IFFR phoned to check on progress and advised that as the aircraft now belonged to the insurance company, I should not worry about salvaging the instruments. Dr. Ayumba came to say that I was fit to travel and could leave the next day, Friday. The travel insurance company called and wanted to know where the nearest airport in Kenya was and where in Germany I wanted to go? It took a while to convince them that not everyone wished to be repatriated to Germany!

It took them a few days to arrange the journey home and eleven days after the accident I saw Fox Whisky for a few minutes before boarding the flight to Nairobi. The wings had been removed for transportation and the seats ripped out to enable the ambulance crew to move Peter safely. The fuselage, rudder and elevators were intact and unmarked and even the door closed well. The only damage appeared to be firewall forward and at the wingtips.

Surely good reason to buy another Bonanza for the next long trip.

NORTH OR SOUTH ?

The late summer season gives you the choice, although we should be delighted to see you at both events. For those south of the imaginary line that joins the Bristol Channel to the Wash the meeting on Sunday 5th August would involve the shortest flight

Fly in to Sandown Isle of Wight (EGHN) to arrive by midday for lunch at 1.00 pm before taking a taxi to the seafront for a paddle or a stroll along the prom. It is a nice grass airfield with an impressive new restaurant for those that have not been there recently. Jeff Watkins is co-ordination the event so please email him at jeff@dentistbath.freeserve.co.uk or phone 01225-852153 or mobile 07990-505977. Tell him if you are interested – no commitment or cancellation fees

For those north of the line, Fly in for lunch at the White Heather Hotel, Kirkbride, 9.5 miles west of Carlisle, on Sunday 2nd September if you are not going to Kiel. Lunch £11.95 and no alcohol for the pilots ! Contact Rodney Spokes, details on front page, if you are attending.