

IBM Flying Club Newsletter April 1998

Clear Prop! - Jon Butts

Welcome to another IBM Flying Club newsletter. Since the March edition we have had our Annual General Meeting. Denis Howe is our new club secretary, managing the membership list, membership enquiries, and (dare I say it) - organising the next AGM!

Clare Grange has a new role as our Event Co-ordinator for 1998, and as you will see in the Events Section, has begun in earnest mapping out the trips for our 1998 touring season. Dave Ashford and I are continuing a second year with our roles as Treasurer and Chairman respectively.

It was nice to chat to Gary Jones, Don Milton and Danny Elliott who trekked in from the east. Star prize though goes to one of our newest members, Jason Bamford, who had driven down especially all the way from Bristol. Jason even managed to persuade 'other half' Helen Bryant to trek out to Hursley. (Managing to find Hursley for the first time, in the dark, is no mean feat; I reckon Jason's nav is pretty sound!) Jason is a PPL who hires PA28 from the British Aerospace Flying Club at Filton. Helen is learning to fly and is up to lesson seven - I hope you will write up your first solo flight for a future newsletter Helen, we all tend to like reading those!

Jason is organising an IBM Flying Club fly-in to Filton for us on Saturday May 2nd (bank holiday w/e). Filton is closed at weekends but is open on May 2 as a British Airways Concorde will be in and out doing Bay of Biscay flights.

British Aerospace Flying Club are hoping to make a day of it for their flyers, by running some Young Eagles flights and having a BBQ. The spares-ship Concorde (G-BBDG Bob) *may* be viewable in its usually locked hanger, along with a couple of Filton based Spitfires. This is a super opportunity for us to join in on a special day at Filton, meet the BAe club and perhaps offer some Young Eagle flights.

If you want to come along, book in with Jason please, as the airfield will be PPR and he will laise for us. Places are limited to four aircraft (Jason did well to swing us a visit at all!). We are to arrive BEFORE 10 a.m. (anyone reckon Bob could manage that!?). Departure will be at 16:30. Jason is working at Leeds during the week; his mobile no is 0117 9295646; home phone no is 01454 327655 - leave a message with Reg, Type, From, POB.

I doubt we'd be able to muster more than four planes anyway - people will generally be doing family things for the bank holiday, and Zero is off to Duxford, BIBT is away etc. Still, if there is demand we'll have to sort it on a first come first served basis - apologies to those few people who still get this Newsletter via snail-mail.

G-ZERO is pencilled in for a private weekend trip to Brugges 18 and 19 April. If anyone else wants to make the same trip they are very welcome to join myself, Debbie, Neale and Pat Fray (please bring your own airplane). We plan to land at Ostend at midday, catch the bus into town, then the train to Brugge. Return trip on Sunday. Call me if you want to follow suit.

We have a growing number of PPLs who would like to be shown how to fly cross channel - Jonathan Airey, Martin Halfacree and James Hull to my knowledge. Anyone else? Would any of our instructors like to run a briefing session one Friday night at Hursley? We could then arrange a day trip to France/Channel Isles for the 'students' to go cross channel accompanied by more experienced members/instructors.

The list of books, videos etc that you can borrow from the Club Library has been updated by Dave Sawdon (see end of newsletter for the lists). Do feel free to call/e-mail Dave for any 'stock' you would like to borrow.

The new Southern England chart is out. Unfortunately its out earlier than in previous years, and what with Dave T out in South Africa and Denis Howe in Corfu I'm afraid there is going to be a delay in getting loan charts out to those 19 people who returned forms at AGM time (outlook is for posting to you on 20/4). Anyone who would like to volunteer to dispatch the first wave on Dave T's behalf please call me asap.

We have had a number of new members join us in the last year as a result of a couple of 'Subsection Ads' on the board in the North Harbour cafeteria. I am sure there are quite a few other IBMers around the country who fly, but have yet to hear about the club. How about putting a simple Ad up on the board at your IBM location? You just might find someone you can talk flying with - over lunch, of course!

Finally a reminder to check the expiry of your Certificate of Experience, Medical and Passport - these things come around so quickly! Keep the articles coming in - nice to see some new names on the contributors list this month, cheers.

Off to the World of Bankers but no Fountain - Paul Goodman

Following an offer of free accommodation it took absolutely no hesitation for Neale Fray, James Mason and myself to take the opportunity to fly G-ZERO to Geneva. Come the day of departure there was a weak front lying north to south across the eastern part of the English Channel so we delayed our departure for an hour so that we'd pass through any murk in English airspace. Neale flew this leg of the journey to Toussus-le-Noble (just to the west of Paris) and as usual all his timings were (yawn) spot on. Toussus has lots of light aircraft but the most interesting was the Riley Dove which although I couldn't get a photo as it was a little far away I have subsequently found that spotter Bob has got one for me.

I flew the second leg to Dijon-Longvic. With the weather trending towards CAVOK and electricity pylons taking me all the way to Dijon it was an easy navigation exercise for me. Dijon looks totally military but there is a small part of it for general aviation. This is where the trip started to get interesting because as I parked by the fuel pumps I spotted the nose of a B25 Mitchell in a hangar - that's it I'm off to investigate. I walked into the hangar and said "Excusez-moi, Je suis un anglais pilot" to which the reply came "Yes I can tell by your French you're not French"! Sure enough there was a Englishman whose job it is to fix warbirds who said that I could have a good look over. So I went up into the cockpit, then crawled to forward and aft gun turrets. Soon it was time to depart for Geneva with James at the controls but not before Neale did a touch 'n' go so he could log Dijon. (*ed: some people just dont miss a trick do they...*) We climbed to 4500 feet to transit through a valley which brought us onto left base at about 15 miles out from Geneva's runway 05. We were number 2 to an Airbus but 2 airliners were allowed to depart before we were cleared to land. James just managed to get Zero down on the 4000 metres runway but when told to go to stand 25 he managed to pull a masterstroke by turning instead towards a sign which said "GA Grass Parking" and we ended up parked in the middle of the airfield facing the runway just at point where airliners were starting their rotation (my camera would be going into overdrive).

That night Dasher will be pleased to know that we set a record for the most expensive Zero meals ever. However, this was not surprising as Geneva is generally very expensive but then there are main offices for many corporations such as Rolex. Although it was almost midnight when we finished our meals we then went to McCluskeys Bar for a refreshing Guinness and chat with the locals. Next morning we were back at Geneva airport at 9 o'clock but we did manage to visit the sight of the famous Lake Geneva fountain. Although all the postcards show a plume of water 250m high we saw

not a drip! (*ed: maybe they were being kind, not wanting to stress your 'short-range' bladder Paul! Anyhow, full marks to the Zero boys for NOT improvising*).

Neale wanted to log Geneva so he flew a local trip anti-clockwise around Lake Geneva. For the second day we saw no clouds in Switzerland so navigating was simple yet again. Returning to Geneva airport was interesting as Neale was asked to join overhead at 3000 feet, then do a left-hand circuit with a 'Popham' style dog-leg on final approach to the grass strip with an Airbus 50m to our right landing on the hard runway. After refuelling I departed from Geneva and flew direct to Reims-Prunay; I was on track for 180 miles but 10 miles short I embarrassingly took the wrong river tributary although a minute later my error was rectified with absolutely no assistance from the hasslers on board.

Reims-Prunay had a few interesting aircraft such as 2 Fougas (one in Patrouille de Francais colour scheme) and a Texan which was being filmed - what the film crew said when James taxied in front of their camera when the Texan did a low flypast I do not know but I'm sure our engine sound was not what they wanted! (*ed: I'd like to see a real Texan doing a low flypast...*) An hour and a half later we were back at Southampton feeling that we'd had a terrific weekend. The thing that struck me, however, that it was easier flying down through France and into Geneva than it can be getting into Southampton from Old Sarum. C'est la vie!

(ed: The Zero boys would be happy to have company on trips like these. If two or three of you want to rent a plane between you and tag along we'd happily team up to help out anyone who wants an experienced tourer in the right seat).

From our Southern African correspondent - AKA Dave Thomas

I have been sent out to South Africa (Johannesburg) on business for four weeks. Once I knew that this was going to happen, I started reading old articles in Pilot and surfing the web to find out as much as I could about flying in SA, as I couldn't survive for four weeks without taking to the air. The situation is relatively simple; you have to pass a nav test, a general handling test, pass an air law exam, and have your RT licence validated. Once that is done, you are legal and can fly in South Africa on your UK PPL for one year.

Next, I found a man in the UK, who was the representative for the Flying School at Grand Central airport just twenty minutes away from where I was going to be working. So, contact was established, the ground rules understood, and off I went.

The day after I arrived, I drove out to the airport, made myself known, bought some charts, and made the arrangements. The flight test would start at 07:00 (not a misprint!) on Sunday morning, and the Air Law exam would take place afterwards. So, out came Trevor Thom Vol2, the charts, the whizz wheel, the GPS (*ed: WHAT!! Did you write this on April 1?!*) so that I could plan my nav test flight. The actual course was straightforward - out from the airport to a VOR, then a touch and go at an airfield at a game park near Sun City, and a return to Grand Central. Because of the altitude, and the proximity of Jo'Burg International Airport, the airspace around Jo'Burg is very complex. You have the class 'A' airspace around Jan Smuts, some class 'D' airspace around two small airports and two airbases, and then a peculiarly shaped area of airspace known as the Johannesburg Special Rules Area, which is coloured dark blue on the map, making it very difficult to see anything underneath it! As an added complexity there are one or two prohibited areas in the middle of this lot which just adds to the general confusion. In the JSRA, the rules are that you travel North at 7500 feet, and South at 7000 feet. Whilst you are in the JSRA you call blind to other traffic giving your position, altitude, and intentions. This works quite well, with aircraft talking to each other, and providing their own ATC. However, for someone who doesn't know the area, and who can't pronounce some of the

Afrikaans names, it is rather tricky - you don't know where you are, and if you do, you can't pronounce it, and you certainly don't know if someone who is transmitting is anywhere near you or not. Having said that, there are one or two clear landmarks which stand out, and are frequently used, so you just talk a lot and usually someone will come back to you if they think they are near you, and so it goes on. It also reminds you to keep a very good look out, as there are some guys who don't transmit at all, and just bumble through the middle of the whole area!

So, off we go through the middle of this lot in a PA28-161 at 07:30 on a Sunday morning! Oddly enough, even at this time there is quite a lot of traffic. Finding the VOR was no problem, and then we headed West towards Pilansburg. The first confusing element is that there are two very large lakes on the ground, and only one on the map! Apparently this is quite common - the lakes come and go with the seasons, so the maps are quite likely to be inaccurate. The terrain is rather boring, apart from one or two hills, and the odd village/township - not a lot to navigate by. When you're out here you talk to Jo'burg Info if you're more than 1500 ft AGL and flying at a FL, or just transmit blind on a chat frequency if you're less than 1500 ft AGL. We managed to find Pilansburg very easily where I did a touch and go; it seems funny using QNH, coming in to do a circuit at an indicated 5100 feet! Apparently they stick with QNH as no known altimeter has enough adjustment to cope with a QFE given the local airport elevations. Just after we took off, I started to head back to Grand Central but rapidly noticed that the DI was not moving at all - it had stuck! So, back to Grand Central, relying on steering by the magnetic compass - some of those hours spent flying on limited panel came into their own. Back into bandit country (JSRA), and then safely home to Grand Central. A pleasant hour and a half, and one hurdle jumped over.

The next challenge was the Air Law exam. Having been told that SA Air Law is very similar to our own, I had studied Trevor Thom - very interesting and worthwhile revision - it enabled me to answer a couple of questions that Clare and I had been puzzling over for some time. But, the exam was more aimed at Commercial pilots and asked some questions, which, frankly, I didn't even understand! A nervous few minutes, but I managed to scrape through meaning that hurdle number two had been overcome.

Finally, the general handling test. Off to bandit country again (still with no DI!), where I was put through steep turns, stalls, and a PFL. No problems, so that was hurdle number three.

As an aside, the Flying School uses C172s, but they have two PA28s available for rent, one a 150 hp machine, and the other a 160 hp machine. No Tigers!

Once I had jumped over the hurdles, the bureaucracy began. All the bits of paper together with a small donation had to go to the Government offices in Pretoria. Luckily one of the guys in the office here lives in Pretoria and kindly volunteered to sort it all out for me. It turns out that he had to wait for an hour and a half whilst they scrutinised the forms, the colour of the money and my UK PPL, before they were prepared to provide him with the letter confirming that my licence was now validated for use in SA. The following day, I went to the Post Office, obtained a receipt for 30 Rand (about £3.75), and then took this to the local PTT office where after a long wait they gave me a letter validating my RT licence.

So, I was legal, now for some real flying, but where to go? Wait for next month's exciting episode!

Snippets from John Akerman

I flew into Little Gransden a couple of years back and would be delighted to help them. So please send details. (*ed: did that, hope you got the sheet*). For anyone who hasn't been, it is a super strip, very friendly people, but PPR essential.

Not much news from the Cub crew. Many flights into Ron Souch's strip at Durley, where the DH60

is very close to being complete. Will write a flight test report in due course. (*ed: yes please! And when can we see it at one of our fly-ins?*). In the meantime anyone who wishes to fly into Findon is welcome to do so - just need to contact me or David Cooper-Maguire first, and to have a stol aeroplane plus experience of flying into and out of tricky strips. Cheers, John

Florida Flying - Roger West

(Having just finished writing this, I have glanced at Irv's florida tale in the March edition and I can see how lucky we were, weather-wise. The tornadoes hit the week before we arrived.) Verity and I returned from Florida last week where we went to try out some of this cheap air time. People had told me it was easy. Well I suppose it was considering. It was certainly fun.

We had arranged to base ourselves on the West coast at Clearwater Air Park and stay in a waterside motel apt. The plan had us flying with an instructor on the first day to Orlando to pick up my US licence. In fact because of the weather we drove there, and as it happened, without a map. This tended to turn the 2 hour drive into a 4 hour one, but we found the FAA office eventually. The acquisition of the licence took about 15 mins. You have to fill in the form at the premises now, because too many instructors have been doing it for pilots unable to understand the questions!.. like name, address and so on. The man said the permanent licence would be mailed in 3 months but he couldn't say where it would end up, muttering something about "strange English addresses like "Mushroom Cottage" and the like.

Next day we did the ground part of the Biannual Test. For me this included some intensive instruction on the different Airspace classes. Round about Clearwater there are classes B, C, D, E and G.

Having worn myself out with all this, we took the next day off to explore up the coast a bit in the car. Then Verity and I set off with the instructor for the flying bit of the Biannual. Well I was just congratulating myself for making it off the ground and steering in a straight line when the instructor (ess) put these foggles on me and two minutes later covered up half the instruments. "What just happened?" she asked calmly. Luckily having just completed my IMC I was still in control enough to offer a sensible response. Her stall exercises confused me a bit until I realised we were simulating a complete roll down a runway and a stall on take off, all done at 3000ft. Because of the built up surroundings, landing consisted of overflying the runway at midfield, dropping down to 1000' as one turns downwind and remaining close enough throughout the 1/2 circuit to make the airfield in the case of engine failure. Well that was the intent.

She then declared me fit to fly where-ever.... but Verity wasn't so convinced. Well the only other thing to do according to the instructor would be to fly overhead Tampa and touch down at Lakeland, for some radio work. The trip was certainly good for education and I got the idea, though these controllers will speak fast with that foreign accent. So she had to butt in a couple of times (as instructors will to save their own dignity).

I thought that was enough for the day since the wind was getting up but the chaps in the office said Cedar Key should be visited. Cedar Key was about 100 miles north and seems to consist of a runway on a rock (sea at each end). It looked a bit exposed to me but I was assured that there was sure to be a cup of tea in the nearby town and also there was an English chap from Halfpenny Green who would appreciate the ride, and knew the way... so off we set. We approached it from the sea and as it became visible Kelvin took over the radio since this was a side of radio work that was new to me. "Cedar unicom" he said "we will be there in 10 mins. Can we have a lift into town please?". "I'm on my way" replied the taxi driver. I learned a lot on that landing. If you are landing on the edge of a rock in very breezy conditions, so you still cant straighten up, even with full rudder, its best to keep to 2 stages flap and a little power on. It was a firm landing even by my standards.

Next day Verity and I set off by ourselves with an initial target of Crystal River where the man in Pilot mag had said people went for an ice cream. We called in on their unicom frequency with no response. Eventually another plane responded saying he would land on 09 if I would. He suggested I go first but I said I was still trying to sort myself out and told him to go ahead. As usual this was a huge concrete runway with not a soul in site. I do find it difficult to judge flare heights on those things after getting used to Goodwoods grass patch. So after recovering by helping ourselves to the usual free coffee (no landing charge of course), we went to find the ice cream. Very nice but one helping of it was enough for the two of us, as like all food in the US it seems.

Next we stopped off at Hernando County, a free coffee and off again. As a last call on our return we thought we would try Pilots Country, a residential runway with big houses on either side with their own hangers. I had been warned that one such strip had a reputation for clamping aircraft, to deter uninvited visitors. So I tried calling them on their freq. I think someone replied but it was impossible to hear because that freq was so heavily used by other air fields. Anyway I decided the voice sounded not unfriendly and landed anyway. I got a bit lost taxiing and found myself on a fairly narrow "taxyway" trying to avoid signs at the side of it. When I eventually found myself in a carpark I figured it was time to backtrack a way. There were a couple of old fellows by the pump. I asked for reassurance that it was OK to drop in. They kidded about a basic charge of \$500 and led us into their club house for a chat. They didn't have any coffee on and offered us a can from the fridge but we declined muttering to them that that would probably cost another \$500. We had a pleasant chat with them and left for Clearwater.

We had a day motoring at leisure to recover and then set off again, this time for Naples down in the South. Kelvin once again hitched a ride, in the back this time. We got handed through the various Tampa Controllers as we went. Navigation became a little lax as we had the coast to follow. Verity was getting good at dialling in squawks and VHF freqs by now and took over the driving for some time while I worked out how Tampa Bay fitted in with this "coast line navigation". Past Sarasota (Class C but within Tampa control) and on to bypass Fort Myers airspace. Kelvin, who had been playing quietly with some toy in the back till now chipped in to suggest we identify ourselves to Fort Myers. Always a good thing he said. So we did and were promptly asked to climb to 2600'. This turned out to be an ideal height to watch the airliners float underneath us on an ILS approach. (*ed: very subtle Kelvin, whoever you are!*).

Naples was quite big. The proper procedure was to contact tower to land, then a ground frequency and then request a handler frequency. Having missed the instruction to change to ground, we somewhat failed all this. Kelvin told us that it is good to recognise a couple of good handlers in case you have to choose one (*ed: this is the stuff certain Zero boys' dreams are made of!!!*), as the airport is not allowed to recommend. He said some give more goodies like food and he said he even got a red carpet rolled out somewhere in the mid-west. (*ed: wow, just who IS this Kelvin chap?*) Anyway our handler didn't seem to have a coffee thing going so we found an up-market German plane hirer (offering a flashy C172 with air-conditioning and CD for about £50/hour .. obviously way above our range) and he had coffee going together with some very nice cookies.

Mission accomplished, we flew up to Venice. This was a Unicom place again without a tower and they had a taxi man who took us to Sharkies on the beach for lunch, again for a tip only. After a walk along the beach in the sun and a walk back to the airport I felt like a sleep on the way back, but I was the captain! So off we went and eventually checked into Tampa airspace. I thought he told us to go up to 2600' but the controller assured me he said "not above 2600'", so I opted for 2000'. The controller who was at the end of his shift and had had his fill of foreign pilots wandering about, decided to punish us by insisting on a 180 and a climb up to 2600' and then refusing to answer my request to get back on track. So in the end I told him what I was doing and did it. There were obviously no big aircraft around to warrant it. Anyway the new controller came on and she pleasantly told me to navigate at my discretion. She then handed me on to St. Pete who had nothing else to do and seemed to want to hold on to me until we had landed at Clearwater. But since finding

Clearwater needed all our attention I had to wave him good-bye long before that.

Verity and I went up once more a couple of days later in fairly blustery conditions just for a local. Then we drove down to the Everglades to prod a few crocs though we resisted the alligator fritters which were on offer.

An amazing experience, though I think Verity felt safer in the air than on the roads, with the amazing lane-changing techniques. And Irv, we did miss visiting the Keys! (*ed: thanks for the write-up Roger, very enjoyable; must have a crack at Florida myself sometime - what do you reckon Mrs ed?*)

NVQs have a future? - Steve Adcock

First a bit of information about myself, by way of introduction. I got a flying scholarship from the RAF in 1991, but ran a bit low on the old beer tokens whilst at university, so I shelved my flying urge. When I came out of university and joined IBM, I started flying again and finally got my PPL (A) in 1997. I've now got about 70 hours (and counting!) on C-150/152/172 and PA28s (mainly C-152). (*ed: Steve rents from the Old Sarum Flying Club*)

Do you know what the future holds for the NVQ scheme? The answer is probably not. At the time of writing, even the Inland Revenue didn't know. At least, if they did, they weren't telling anybody! I've just been to the Flight Training Exhibition in London (organised by "Flyer"), and this was the 'hot topic' at the seminars.

Just in case you don't know, NVQs (National Vocational Qualifications) are effectively where the government gives you tax back at the lowest (*ed: highest?*) rate on your flying training. So, (currently) 23% of the training cost is picked up by the government. However, the Inland Revenue have made it clear they wish to terminate NVQs for flying training.

In about early March, the Inland Revenue stated that NVQs for flying training will cease from 1st July 1998. At the time, the IR said *all* money would need to be paid *before* this date to be eligible to NVQ relief. Training could then be taken any time in the next three years. However, the ATA (Aviation Training Association) who effectively administers NVQs in aviation training, took a different view. They understood the situation to be that if the person registers before 1/7/98, training may be paid for and taken at any time over the next three years. This is a subtle difference...! :-)

Since then, there have been a lot of press releases, lots of confusion and a general state of no two organisations giving out the same information. Things appear to be heading in a common direction at this point in time, but it is not concrete enough to set out here. The consensus appears to be a combination of the situations described. Most of the IR's press releases simply stated that they had decided to hold another meeting!

So, in summary, we still don't *know* what's happening. Any two flying schools/ATA/IR will probably still give out contradictory information. Just about the only thing that is certain, is that NVQs are on their way out, and will have been phased out within 3 years.

STOP PRESS (Just to prove how quickly this is all changing!): In the last few hours (on 6/4/98), the ATA have received *written* confirmation from the Inland Revenue stating that if you are registered with the ATA *before* 1/7/98, then you will be able to claim NVQ tax relief (aka VTR) on flying training until 30/6/2001 provided the school is registered for NVQ flying training. Registration at the ATA costs £350 + VAT, but this registration fee is in itself eligible for tax relief, so the actual cost comes out at $(350 * 1.175 * (1 - 0.23)) = £316.66$. I have forms to register if anyone is interested.

Cheers, Steve.

Happy Landings - Andrew Astley

Real stories from Flight Attendants apologizing for rough transport on the airlines.....

Upon landing hard, the pilot gets on the PA system, "Sorry folks for the hard landing. It wasn't the pilot's fault, and it wasn't the plane's fault. It was the asphalt."

An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, give a smile, and a "Thanks for flying XYZ airline." He said that in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally everyone had gotten off except for this little old lady walking with a cane. She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?" "Why no Ma'am," said the pilot, "what is it?" The little old lady said, "Did we land or were we shot down?"

From a disgruntled Southwest Airlines employee.... "Welcome aboard Southwest Flight XXX, to YYY. To operate your seatbelt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt, and if you don't know how to operate one, you probably shouldn't be out in public unsupervised. In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child traveling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are traveling with two small children, decide now which one you love more. Weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive. Thank you, and remember, nobody loves you, or your money, more than Southwest Airlines."

United Airlines FA: "Ladies and Gentlemen, as you are all now painfully aware, our Captain has landed in Seattle. From all of us at United Airlines we'd like to thank you for flying with us today and please be very careful as you open the overhead bins as you may be killed by falling luggage that shifted during our so called "touch down."

About 5 or 6 years ago I was on an American Airlines flight into Amarillo, Texas, on a particularly windy and bumpy day. I could tell during the final that the Captain was really having to fight it, and after an extremely hard landing, the Flight Attendant came on the PA and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Amarillo. Please remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our airplane to the gate!"

Another flight Attendant's comment on a less than perfect landing: "We ask you to please remain seated as Captain Kangaroo bounces us to the terminal."

Landing: a controlled mid-air collision with a planet.

Experience basic aerobatics or unusual attitudes - Guess Who!

Aim is to provide an introduction to the fun and freedom of simple aerobatics, develop handling skills and give an opportunity to fly a military trainer. What: Mass brief on basic physiology, general aircraft limitations, specific aircraft details (C/s prop, fuel injection, speeds to fly, etc as required), parachute usage and manoeuvres to be flown. Flights are 30 minute trips which count towards the AOPA aerobatic certificate. With the addition of a pfl this is eligible for your £30 VFR safety refresher so you can claim the subsidy. Aircraft: Bulldog. (*ed: 2 seat, side by side, prop*). Who: Club members and family, there are no special health restrictions. Where: Old Sarum. Date: TBD (May-July) Cost: About £40-50 (less £30 subsidy, if eligible) What now: Contact Dave Sawdon to express an interest before you forget. Tel: +44-1962-816120. Fax: +44-1962-842327. eMail: dave_sawdon@uk.ibm.com

[Events calendar - Clare Grange 01962 715144](#)

(ed: I think its worth letting new members know the 'events ground-rules' so here goes. If there is an event you want to join in then feel free to do so, by booking in with that events named ORGANISER. If you would like to arrange an event for us, please let Clare know so that date clashes are avoided. Each particular event organiser keep Clare up to date with who is going on their trip, and I will publish Event updates supplied by Clare in each newsletter.)

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[1998 Membership Form](#)