



Welcome to the
JERSEY AERO CLUB

April 2016 Newsletter

News from the Flying Desk ... by James Evans

Once again the weather beat us on March 20 when we tried to complete the spot landing competition. 4 competitors had a try before the lowering cloud base forced us to stop, hopefully third time lucky as we are going to try again on April 17, everyone welcome, both competitors and spectators, Fatima will be doing her amazing bacon rolls all day!

We are currently planning this years awards evening on June 18, and while that's later than usual, we are taking advantage of the longest day of the year to combine it with bringing over a Harvard for members and guests to fly in. (Picture) We shall be offering flights in the Harvard until airport close, then using it as a backdrop for the awards night which will be held in the hangar. There are also plans for a couple of interesting speakers giving talks on the night, details will follow re all of the above when all is confirmed.



News from Guernsey Aero Club... by Gary Elson

Spot Landing Competition 2015

On a blustery Saturday at the end of February, six intrepid pilots landed in Alderney to take part in the delayed 2015 Spot Landing Competition. The wind was around 25kts, but luckily it was straight down RW08.

Following a briefing over bacon sandwiches and coffee, the first two competitors departed, Patrick in DEGDC and Chris Winch (a Jersey entrant to give the event an international feel) in PA18 GAWPW.



The event followed the well tried format of a timed 5 minute circuit (timed by Alderney ATCO Peter Hill) to a touch and go, with a spot landing (judged by Alderney ATCO Mano Moran) on the second circuit.

These competitors were followed by Mike Stratford in GBZIJ, Paul & Tim Hancock in 2-CHEZ and Jeremy Hibble in N210AD.

The undoubted winner of the competition was Chris Winch, who not only nailed the timed circuit in 5 minutes dead, but also set the Piper Cub down on the flour line. Alas Chris is not a GAC member, so is ineligible to win the trophy, but a nice bottle of fizz rewarded him for his efforts.

The timed circuit proved tricky for everybody else. Although Patrick was only 6 seconds out, the others drifted a little too far downwind and struggled into the headwind to make up the time.

For the spot landing, top GAC member was Mike Stratford, who landed slightly long (Paul Hancock actually got closest, but alas landed short, which is a no-no in these events), followed by Tim Hancock and Patrick.

Within 50 minutes we were all back in the terminal for tea and medals before returning to Guernsey.

The 2016 Competition will be held in the Autumn.... see Chris Winch for tips!



Air Display

Still a ways off, but the bookings are coming in for the 2016 Air Display. Flying Display Director (FDD), Barry Neal, informs me that the following are likely:

Red Arrows
BBMF (Spitfire, Hurricane & Lancaster)
T28 Fennec
Team Raven
Muscle Pitts of Rich Goodwin Wednesday, 30 March 2016
BAC Strikemaster
AeroSparx

and hopefully the RN Wildcat helicopters of the Black Cats.
More details in the next newsletter.

Air Rally

The organisation of the 2016 is well under way, with 41 aircraft currently signed up. We are hoping to get as many aircraft as last year, when 60 arrived - although the weather was perfect. The event will take the usual format, with arrival lunch and welcome drinks on the Friday 17th June. The Hangar party on the 18th this year will be "Saturday Flight Fever", with a disco by Island FMs Josh Gabriel (glitter ball, lights and smoke have all been booked!) and food by Cooked's James Ferguson. Plenty of opportunity to dress up with that theme!

Put the date in your diary and give a few hours to help us out if you can, and then book a place or table to party the night away.

Your story...Sun, Sand and Sea with Zulu-Delta and Me.....by Olaf Blakeley

ZD and I got to know each other a lot better during the balmy sunny month of August as we flew together - man and machine - through France, across the Med, down the Italian coast, across the Adriatic to Croatia, up the Dalmatian coast to Zagreb, over mountains to Vienna and into the Czech Republic before a long, tiring journey back home; and throughout all of it, not once did we argue.

The day I got my PPL I made a vow to myself: never to get stuck into a rut of flying to familiar airports or to only fly when the sky was crystal blue. I promised myself I would continually stretch myself no matter how uncomfortable it may feel. That promise has led me to fly in some insanely pressure raising situations (a flight to Schiphol airport springs to mind). In fact, even before obtaining my PPL I had made that decision and for that reason carried out most of my training in the US because I wanted to be in an unfamiliar environment.

I needed a holiday and I needed sun. A flying holiday sprung to mind. But to where? I've done the Bay of Biscay and Spain, I've done Amsterdam and Belgium and so I decided to head more South-Westerly. I loaded up Google Maps on my PC and scanned Europe. Wherever I was to go I had to first get through France, that enormous chunk of land that stands between Jersey and the rest of Europe. I plotted a course which would take me South-West through France to Cannes, across the sea to Elba Island (east of Corsica), down the Italian coast past Rome and Naples to Sorrento, across Italy to Dubrovnik in Croatia, up the Croatian Coast and then inland to Vienna, north to Prague and then a straight line through Germany, Luxembourg, Belgium, France and home.

It took some planning. I read a lot, studied a good few charts, researched others' experiences on the net, spoke to and sought colleagues' advice and reflected. I concluded: it is no different to flying from Jersey to Dinard; you take off, you fly and you land. The only differences are the flying bit in between take-off and landing is longer and you haven't been to the airport before. There are some issues such as mountains, long stretches of water and busy airspace but not issues which should prevent anyone from being adventurous.

11th August, the day of departure, the weather was terrible in Jersey. Visibility was good but the ceiling was more like a floor. The helpful met men at the airport told me I may have a window of opportunity to get out but it would last no more than 45 minutes and then, it would get worse. No time to lose, ZD was packed up ready to fly. Graham at CI Aero Services and his colleagues looked on shaking their heads as ZD was packed with case after case after case. One remarked, "Olaf, seriously, you'd be better with a Cherokee 6". Maybe, but I didn't have one. We took off and when we got the chance climbed to 5,000 feet and headed to Clermont Ferrand just over 300 miles away. The flight was unremarkable. The airport itself is nestled in some high(ish) terrain but is a massive airport with hardly a soul in sight. A night stop.

Next morning, early, ZD sprung into life as we headed for Cannes. The terrain gets much higher during this leg and we cruised at about 7,000-8,000 feet most of the way. The mountains are beautiful and both skimming across and in between them is a memory I will hold for a long time.



ZD dancing above mountain ranges on the way to Cannes

Air traffic gets busy when with Nice and Cannes but provided you know what you're doing and where you're going it just means talking a bit faster. Cannes is a busy airport but dedicated to private flying. The most notable thing about the airport is the long walk from the stand to the exit gate.



ZD on final runway 17 Cannes airport



ZD just out of Cannes airport, en-route to Elba

Again we were staying one night in Cannes and a short walk along La Croisette and the neighbouring shopping streets lined with Aston Martins, Rollers, Bentleys and Lamborghinis reminded me why I only planned one day in this location.

I was looking forward to the next location, Elba. An Italian Island to where Napoleon was exiled for many years and where I would get the chance to relax for a few days and sip Italian beer by the pool. As we rolled down the runway at Cannes the sun was shining and the sea was azure blue. Everything was good, airspeed at V1 and I pulled back on the yoke and she lifted from the tarmac. My eyes suddenly notice the airspeed shoot right back down and the needle rest at the bottom of the scale. I dipped the nose slightly but no difference. The rate of climb was fine and we were clearly flying. Then suddenly, whoosh! the airspeed shot to 120 knots. It was obvious, ZD was having fun and testing my metal. So, that instrument was gone. I was committed. I was about 400 feet high and there was no point making a song and dance about it. I'd think about it instead.

The workload started to increase as the Cannes controller asked me to report at a point of which I had no knowledge (I still think he made it up) while my mind kept wandering back and becoming pre-occupied by the defunct instrument. I was travelling with a non-pilot. I decided not to mention the instrument failure - at least - not yet. As I flew I began to realise how often you look at the A.I. but don't realise you're doing it. I looked at it much more frequently than I'm sure I would normally and was becoming bemused by its totally ridiculous indications. At times it was comical. I thought ahead to landing: how do I know when it's ok to put down flaps? How close to the stall will I be? I was not looking forward to landing. I was forced to inform my passenger because as we headed towards Corsica I decided to text James Evans and ask him for any tips he may have! ZD doesn't have a stall warning buzzer but just a small red light to the left hand side. I'd come in fast. I'd rather be fast than stall.

Then another thought: Elba has one of the worst approaches of all the airports I've visited. Runway 34 is okay but landing on 16 with no A.I. would not be funny. Just before the runway (and I mean just before it) there is a large mountain. Yes, you could probably overfly and then nose dive but the proper approach requires you to head for the mountain, turn right base between two mountains/hills and then a very very short final. You only have to look at You Tube to see swathes of missed approaches. The airport website even has demonstration videos (there's a reason). Luck was with me, 34 was in use. I regret not being able to give 16 a go; I'd love to have flown that approach. I'm going back! Landing was fast but we stopped before hitting the mountain at the other end so I'd say it was good.

Elba is a lovely place and the staff at the airport fantastically friendly and helpful. I realised that probably, for the remainder of my trip, I'd be flying without an A.I. so I'd better get used to it.



After some relaxation we were on the move again this time to the Italian mainland. We left Elba on runway 16 and ZD climbed beautifully to clear us of the impending mountain dominating the airport at the far end of the runway. We crossed beautiful scenery over the Tyrrhenian Sea, dancing over small islands which just begged to be visited. Talking to Rome and Naples air traffic was difficult because reception was terrible. There was a sky of pilots all repeating "say again" and as many calling air traffic countless times with no replies. It became a headache and a downright nuisance and annoyance. I decided I just wouldn't speak to them until reception was better. I wasn't going to waste my breath and induce irritation. I've heard really bad reports about flying in Italy especially about grumpy air traffic controllers. Well, I can't give a bad report. Everyone was delightful and friendly.

As we got closer our destination I couldn't help but brush ZD's wings as close as I dared to the Amalfi coast and the commanding Pompei. She swerved and swept like a summer swallow along the beautiful mountainous cliffs and hummed and zipped round the various villages and bays before youthfully hopping over the island of Capri. I felt as though ZD was alive and bouncing with delight at the enjoyment and excitement of new places and scenery as much as I. This trip and exploration was overdue for us both. We landed at Salerno Airport which is about 90 minutes' drive from Sorrento our resting place. Again, and I'm sorry to repeat myself, the staff at this airport were magnificent. They did everything. In Sorrento, we dined, sunbathed, watched storms and shopped during our three day stay.



Aragon's Castle, Ischia Island in the Tyrrhenian Sea . Caught en-route to Sorrento, Italy.

By now, having no A.I. was not an issue. I just pretended it never existed. I think ZD felt she'd let me down but in truth she'd only helped me improve as a pilot. I felt sorry for her having some foreign body crawling around in her pitot tube (the likely cause of the problem); how un-ladylike.

The crossing of Italy and the 130 mile stretch over the Adriatic Sea to Dubrovnik was smooth and relaxing. I kept straining my gaze out of the cockpit to get the first glimpse of the Croatian coast. And, then, there it was, a hilly wall, lining the coast and directly behind it, hidden from view until turning base, Dubrovnik Airport's runway was beckoning. This is a busy commercial airport (you should see Saturdays...the day we left) but, of all the airports on this trip, the service here just takes pole position: efficiency that'd make Germans look slapdash. So wonderful were the people at this airport, I miss them. I think this wonderful city was the highlight of the trip for me.



ZD at refuelling at Dubrovnik Airport

At 5am on the day we were to leave I was woken by the most fantastic storm. Thunder was booming so loudly that you could feel it shaking your skeleton. The lighting was, of course, electrifying. I stood on the balcony of the hotel overlooking the sea and watched in awe. I knew storms were on their way because my habit had been to keep a watchful eye on weather 24 hours before any planned departure in case it may be better to leave a location slightly earlier. My prediction, based on weather information, was that this storm would hit Croatia around Split (north of Dubrovnik) and move south and that it should pass by 0830. We had a long flight today. At the airport we did all the necessary with the fantastic handling they provide (for 15 Euros) and sat in a minibus by the side of ZD waiting for the rain to subside. While we had been sunning ourselves over the past few days in the city, the agents at the airport had taken it on themselves to tie down ZD and chock her.

We took off from runway 12 heading directly for the storm which could still be seen beyond the end of the runway. I knew that we were to turn right after departure and then right again to take us along our route following the coast so leaving the storm behind us (this happened a lot during this trip). I had been warned by airport staff that the wind coming from the North-West over the mountains caused serious turbulence on take-off and I was ready for it. It was bouncy and unpredictable but I loved pitching ZD and myself as a team against the burbles and gusts.



Croatia has several 'Adria' routes which run along the coast and I had planned to fly Adria 1, 2 and 3 because I wanted to see the magnificent scenery of the Dalmatian Coast and the hundreds of islands scattered in the sea. I wasn't disappointed. It was a marvellous route and I would climb and descend at a whim to get the best vantage point. Air traffic couldn't have been more accommodating.



The route was bumpy in places and when it came to turning North West over the mountains to head inland the rough and lumpy weather increased. ZD was struggling in some parts to climb high enough to clear the terrain but that was fine, we'd just take it slower and let her climb in her own time. Met had warned me that this part of the route would be difficult and we may be 'squeezed' on the tops of the mountains.

After 3 hours 15 minutes we touched down in Zagreb to refuel ZD and ourselves. Again, Zagreb is a massive international airport. A 'follow me' car was deployed (as it was in Dubrovnik and Salerno) and staff were helpful. An hour's rest and we jumped back into ZD for a flight of just under 2 hours to Voslau airport, Vienna.



ZD, taking a short nap at Zagreb Airport

The approach to Vienna was the low point in my flying trip. I totally messed up the joining approach and still kick myself and wish it had all been different. We had been talking to Vienna Information for a considerable time and when I looked at the GPS I thought, 'we're going to be there in about 1 minute'. I asked Vienna if I may switch to 'Voslau' to which the controller said, "...of course you can...." Yes, I know, the clue is in the name 'information' but having flown most of the time in controlled airspace I am so used to being told what to do rather than deciding for myself.

By the time I had switched to Voslau I was above the airfield and the controller informed me, calmly, "this is not our procedure". Yes, I know....I'm trying to work out what your procedure is in the 60 seconds remaining. You need to think about your approach before you start it and the airport had sprung out from the ground and taken me by surprise. With hindsight, I would have got out of the area, paused, thought about the joining and then executed it properly. I was so embarrassed when we parked at the stand that I didn't want to leave the aircraft. Luckily, the line of people eating and drinking on the elevated terrace of the café didn't seem to have noticed anything odd (or didn't appear overly interested in these newly arrived aliens).

I made friends with a local pilot, Eric, who is also an instructor, who led me to the control tower - where I really didn't want to be - ("hello, I'm the idiot who just landed. Pleased to meet you.") - and the paperwork and formalities were carried out. I thanked Eric for his help to which he said, "Well, we're all pilots aren't we?"

Voslau is a good airport for Vienna. It is about the same distance to the city centre as the international airport and there is a train station not far from the airport that will whizz you into Vienna in about 30 minutes. After three days and our fill of Mozart, architecture and Viennese cake and coffee we once more leapt aloft, this time en-route for Letnany Airport, Prague. This leg was a short hop of just 1 hour 30 minutes. The airfield is set amongst a myriad of others and right next to it, a military airfield, Kbely, with whom most of the air traffic transmissions take place as you approach. Kbely is strict with its procedures and instructions but we passed with flying colours and landed on Letnany's 23R narrowly missing the biggest hare I have ever seen darting across the grass. The airfield is very close to central Prague. A 10 minute walk down a gravel track gets you to the metro and you can hop on a train which will get you into the centre in about 20 minutes maximum. My tip: get a taxi if you have luggage; it costs about £13.00 (wish I'd known that when I arrived and saved having to lug cases galore down the path to the metro).

The route home after three days in Prague was quite gruelling. I estimated a flight of about 7 hours 45 minutes. We left Prague and headed to the German airport of Mainz, west of Frankfurt and about 3 hours away. As we got closer the weather deteriorated. Air traffic even asked us to give a report on the weather as we progressed. As we got to Mainz the weather was...how should I describe it? ...'marginal' I think is an appropriate term. Perhaps another way of putting it is, "I was grateful for gps". What really causes the heart to race in such weather at this airport is the fence of wind turbines on high terrain completely encircling the airport; spikes set into the ground like barbed wire round a garden wall. It is definitely a game of dodgems.

My passenger who had now become very competent with Skydemon would constantly remark, "terrain, terrain" as we made our joining approach. Our plan was to simply land and refuel but it became apparent that we weren't going anywhere. The ceiling was 300 feet and the airport next to us through which we had to transit, Frankfurt Mahn, had the same and nothing was flying.

We booked into a small guesthouse in the village of Finthen for the night and returned to Mainz airport the next morning where we eventually got airborne at about 1130 local time. 4 hours 45 minutes goes slowly during that slog from Mainz, through Germany, Luxembourg, Belgium and France. If it hadn't been for the very very busy Beauvais airport as we neared the end of the journey I am sure I would have been begging for sleep.



ZD and its crew say goodbye to their last European Airport, Mainz, Germany

It is always a joy to see Jersey but our landing was delayed slightly as we gave way to other landing and departing traffic. ZD told me that 4 hours 45 minutes was quite enough and although fully leaned during our flight she'd need a top-up if she was to stay up much longer. We landed with fuel to spare, exhausted but exhilarated and perhaps, slightly relieved.

If you'd like to read more, find more detailed information or watch some of the videos of this trip you can do so at www.olafjersey.com

News from... **helping wings**

We are planning to use the club's car park for a car boot sale late spring/early summer and so, the car park will need to be free of "long stay" cars. Once the date is set, an email will be sent out to you all from the desk. Thank you for your understanding.

Reminder - Closing date for the 2016 Flying scholarship for the disabled is **Monday 18th April 2016**.

Plane Spotter's Corner ... By Bob Sauvary

This month...black and white photos from 1964/1965 Jersey International Air Rally



G-ASMC Percival Provost T1



F-BDXV Nord 1002 Pingouin



G-ARRY SAN Jodel D140 Mousquetaire



OO-ADS Percival P44 Proctor 5

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY...

Helping Wings day for Young Adults	Saturday 16th April
Spot Landing Competition	Sunday 17th April
Club Night	Friday 6th May
Guernsey Aero Club Open Day	Sunday 15th May
Jack O'Sullivan Competition	Saturday 14th May
Club Night	Friday 3rd June
St. Brieuc Air Day	Sunday 12th June
Guernsey Air Rally	Friday 17th - Sunday 19th June
Flying Awards	Saturday 18th June
Alderney Fly-in	Friday 24th - Sunday 26th June
Club Night	Friday 1st July
Club Night	Friday 5th August
Club Night	Friday 2nd September
Jersey Air Display	Thursday 8th September
Alderney Air Race	Saturday 24th - Sunday 25th September
Helping Wings Day for Young Children	Saturday 1st October
JAC AGM	Wednesday 5th October
Club Night	Friday 7th October
Club Night	Friday 4th November
Club Night	Friday 2nd December
Christmas Dinan Trip	Saturday 10th - Sunday 11th December

and finally...

Anything of interest, please email me at evelinehawkin@gmail.com

See you all at the club!

Enjoy the spring!

Eveline