



Welcome to the **JERSEY AERO CLUB**

July 2016 Newsletter



Meet George...The new chef !

Great news - the kitchen is fully opened again with Sunday lunches available. Breakfast is served all day as well as a great selection of dishes....and even better...CHIPS are back on the menu!

News from the Flying Desk ... by James Evans

June has been a busy month at the Aero Club. We've hosted the International Flying Rotarians annual fly in, welcomed a T6 Harvard to the club that provided warbird flights for members, held our annual awards dinner and helped two groups of Beaver Scouts towards their aviation badges, never a dull moment!



Chief Marshaller for the International Flying Rotarians fly in.



12th St Luke's beavers being introduced to the airport fire and rescue service.



Ashley Johnson..."might just get myself one of those"

The Harvard was flying Friday 17th and Saturday 18th, and once flying was complete, she was wheeled into the hangar and used along with David Browns home built Sherwood Ranger as a backdrop to the awards evening, held for the first time in the hangar. After the awards were presented, David gave an extremely interesting and informative talk, using his aeroplane to directly illustrate points, and both he and the Harvard pilot/owner Chris, stayed late to talk to members and guests and answer their questions. If anyone has any interest in building your own aeroplane, I highly recommend speaking to David, a more enthusiastic and knowledgeable owner/builder/pilot you will not meet!

2015 awards:

Spot Landing Competition - Ashley Johnson

Youngest Solo (16) - George Romeril

Most promising student - George Romeril

Longest flight (Aero Club aeroplane) - Paul Davies

Longest flight (Private aeroplane) - Olaf Blakeley

Airmanship Award - Ashley Johnson



2015 recipients of divers flying certificates & awards



Flying Awards - relaxing after dinner!



David Brown and his Sherwood Ranger

Your story...reproduced from an article in Pilot magazine in August 1997.

Approval number 2459...by Richard Hawkin



Take one PA28 (Jersey Aero Club's G-BJOA), 3 PPL's (Tom Evans, Eveline and me), 830 litres of Avgas, 10 days holiday, 2 boxes of medicines, and 1 sack of clothing. Prepare the ingredients with care, mix well, add a few pencils and crayons, and pray for good weather. With luck, you should have a flying holiday, with a purpose, to remember.

Our purpose was to deliver medicines and clothing to a charitable organisation in Arad, Western Romania. Our contact was Dorel Popa, President of the Associate de Caritate "Maranata". Besides heading the Baptist Church, he oversaw the running of a medical centre and three orphanages. Communications were not always easy as the phones were answered by many different people, with differing abilities in English.

We were due to leave Jersey on Friday 12th July 1996. By mid-week we had collected the antibiotics, bagged the clothing, bought one or two very small gifts for our hosts. I had put all our paperwork into a folder, and checked with Tom that we had as many of the charts, both en-route and airfield, as we could reasonably carry. We all planned to travel light so that, even with full fuel, weight was not going to be a problem. The bulk of what we were taking was a different matter.

With 25 hours or so of flying ahead of us, we took the precaution of taking 6 litres of oil - we only needed one, and a complete set of spark plugs. There was little else we could do except hope for fine weather. Our next meeting would be at 09.30, Friday 12th July at the Aero Club - bags packed.

Friday 12th July

We took a detailed look at the TAFs and actuals across Northern France and in Luxembourg. The departure from Jersey was going to be IFR with 300' cloud base, expected to worsen (it did, Jersey suffered one of its worst ever weekend fogs) . Beauvais, about halfway to Luxembourg was just VFR, so we decided that I would fly the first leg, allowing Tom or Eveline to continue from Beauvais. We had planned for a 10.30 take off and managed 10.40 - not too bad. After months of planning and preparation, we were airborne.

Tom flew us to Luxembourg, by which time we were in warm sunshine. The Luxair handling agent organised re-fuelling as we debated our next move. It was 5.00pm local time, we still had plenty of daylight remaining, and more to the point, sufficient time to make Rothenburg o.d. Tauber in Germany before they closed for the evening. Another 1 1/2 hour flight over the River Saar, then crossing the Rhine near Mannheim with easy map reading and most military areas closed for the weekend saw us within easy sight of Rothenburg. An isolated heavy shower was just passing over the airfield as we touched down, with Eveline at the controls, with 20 minutes to spare. The controller came down from the tower, marshalled us in front of the open hangar and helped us push "OA" on to an empty space on the turntable. He then organised and took us to a local hotel. What service!

Saturday 13th July

After a couple of hours wondering around the streets of Rothenburg - a beautiful medieval walled town, we returned to the airfield, filed our flight plan and set off for Prague. At FL070 we were in calm air except near to one or two TCUs, entering Czech airspace at the Cheb VOR. A small tail-wind gave us a ground speed of 120-125kts, which was to be the case throughout most of our trip. The Prague approach controller was keen for us to make a visual approach to runway 22 - only after landing did we realise that he was doing us a favour. The GA centre, in the old terminal, is close to runway 22 but miles from runway 24!

We spent the afternoon seeing as much of Prague as possible with Tom acting as our very able guide. Having seen Charles' Bridge, Wenceslas Square, and countless shop windows of Bohemian glass, we retired to the Staromestke Square for an excellent dinner. What a captivating city.

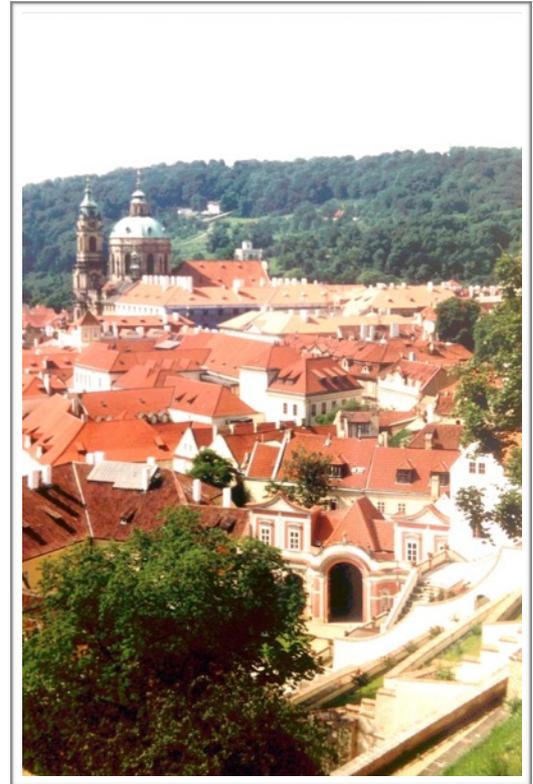
Sunday 14th July

After breakfast, Tom set off in search of old haunts and souvenirs, whilst Eveline and I were enthralled by the architecture of Prague Castle - not to be missed. We made our way to the airport which unlike the previous day was very busy. After a few minutes spent flight planning, we got airborne for Vienna.

Prague

An hour or so over the rolling countryside of the Czech Republic brought us to the Austrian boundary. As with all the FIS frequencies we worked, Prague Information automatically provided us with a radar information service. Now working Vienna, we followed the VFR arrival route from Stocherau, affording us magnificent views of the Danube and the city of Vienna before landing on Runway 11.

A short mini-bus ride to the main terminal, after the usual formalities, allowed us to take the train into the city. The rest of the day followed the usual pattern of walking, lots of walking, visiting the sites prior to collapsing into a good restaurant for the evening.



Monday 15th July

Another fine day saw us en-route to Budapest. Again flying VFR past Gyro, the scenery was interesting but not dramatic until we saw the Buda Hills ahead with the Danube and the city of Budapest just beyond. Radar positioning took us to final on runway 31L adjacent to terminal 1 and the GA centre. Guards were present on the apron. One stayed close to us whilst we waited for the minibus although the terminal was only 100 yards or so and could have been easily walked - clearly this was not allowed.



Budapest

Again, there were a lot of tourists but compared with Prague and Vienna, Budapest had a very different feel to it - fewer opulent buildings, plainer shop windows, and a complete mixture of cars. Volvos and Mercedes would sandwich Trabants and Skodas in street parking.

The highlight of the afternoon was the funicular railway on the Buda side of the Danube and then the walk to the Matthias Church and the Fisherman's Bastion. Musicians played in the tower of the Bastion and we took countless photographs of the view over the river to Pest. In the evening, foot-sore, we relaxed in what was reputed to be the oldest restaurant in Budapest - Szazéves Etterem. The food was excellent and we were entertained by a group of traditional Hungarian musicians who played table to table.

Tuesday 16th July

Planning a slightly earlier start than usual, we arrived at the airport in good time to file the flight plan quoting the all important permission number, 2459, which Bucharest accepted within minutes. Although a VFR flight, we planned to follow the airway routing via BUGAC VOR to the boundary position at BATOG. The weather again was good with just a few bumpy Cus around. About one hour after departure, we reported at BATOG, where Budapest information transferred us to Arad information. We touched down at 14.55 local time, Romania being two hours ahead of BST. As we approached the apron, we could see an ambulance, which turned out to be our transport, parked in front of the small terminal building.

We switched off and were immediately greeted by Nelu and Felicia Rosca. Nelu is the administrator of the clinic where the medicines were destined and Felicia, his wife, managed the orphanage. We loaded the boxes of medicines, clothing, etc. into the ambulance whilst we waited for the customs officer. Having the correct documents meant only a cursory glance before we set off into Arad.



Arad - Just landed!



Unloading with our hosts - Felicia & Neru Rosca

First impressions were of terrible roads, as we constantly swerved to avoid pot-holes. Nearer town, there was a mixture of older-style single storey houses and newer, but poorly constructed, blocks of flats. Many of them seemed unfinished yet inhabited.

Arad - View from our accommodation



Nelu and Felicia took us to their house on the outskirts of town. Waiting for Dorel Popa, we learnt more about the "Maranata" association - run by a Baptist Church which, by its own efforts, and donations from the west, had built a church, a clinic, and had taken over three orphanages - all since the 1989 revolution. Felicia acted as Dorel Popa's secretary whilst working at the main orphanage. This explained the constant background of children's voices whenever we had telephoned.

After a short while, Dorel Popa arrived with his brother, Ovidiu. More greetings, more talking - they were both fluent in English, Dorel with a strong American accent having spent some time in the USA. Ovidiu gave up his afternoon to show us the town of Arad. This part of Romania was once in Hungary, as confirmed by the style of some of the buildings. There were few shops and they had limited stocks. Changing our Deutschmarks into Leis was to prove very interesting. Instead of being taken to the bank, which apparently you couldn't trust...we found ourselves in a car park where Ovidiu did the necessary with a 'dealer'!

Our accommodation was at the back of the church, which had very simple but adequate rooms.

Wednesday 17th July

Remembering awful scenes of Romanian orphanages as shown on television news programmes, we kept open minds as Ovidiu drove us to the main orphanage in Arad. It was very soon apparent that this was, thankfully, far removed from the worst that Romania had to offer. Twenty four children lived in the orphanage. There were divided into three families, each with a 'mother'. All the children, who ranged from three to sixteen years old, were very clean, simply but well dressed and, most important, looked very happy and healthy. I know that we felt a great sense of relief. The younger children sang songs for us in English. With everyone gathered, Felicia distributed the pencils, crayons, T-shirts and sweat shirts which we had bought. It was reassuring to see that, even as an orphan, you have the right to be colour conscious! So with styles and colours suitably re-issued, everyone was happy.

As a last minute thought we had brought rolls of sellotape. These, and the plastic bags in which we had carried them, turned out to be prize possessions. We played catch and football with the children in a small garden surrounding the orphanage, and talked to two Irish students who were spending several weeks helping to re-decorate and install playground equipment which, like everything else, had been donated. The orphanage received no assistance from the state.



Arad - The orphanage

Our next visit was to the clinic - five consulting rooms, a pharmacy, and a laboratory. It was very well run with those with an income paying a small fee, whilst those without received free treatment. How big our contribution was, we don't know. If it was small, as we suspect it was, they certainly didn't make it appear so.

Before lunch at the orphanage, Dorel took us to the town hall and told us about the events of December 1989. The revolution had started just 30 miles away in Timisoara and soon spread to Arad where Dorel, himself, was one of the leaders against the Ceausescu communist regime. Twenty one people were killed before the troops were swayed by the thousands of people gathered before them. We left deep in thought as we returned to the orphanage.

We had achieved our goal and met some wonderful people doing excellent humanitarian work with the assistance of various organisations and individuals in the West. We had played a very small part but we had done our bit and it was time to say our farewells.

We followed our inbound route in reverse back to Budapest where we managed a remarkably fast turn around prior to one of the longer legs , to Portoroz in Slovenia. We cruised at flight level 100 past Lake Balaton, Zagreb (half an hour's flying south would have put us in the war zone - quite a thought), then over the Julian Alps to land at Portoroz on the Adriatic coast some two and a half hour later.

The coastline around Portoroz is beautiful with the foothills down to the sea. Mediterranean styled villas perched on the hillsides. The welcome was very friendly with a glass of eau-de-vie on arrival!

Thursday 18th July

The next morning, courtesy of the airfield minibuss, we briefly visited Piran, an old fishing town just a few minutes up the coast. Piran looked quite beautiful as we saw it again an hour later from the air en-route to Venice. We followed the VFR route passed Trieste to Grado before turning West along the Italian coast to Venice. The flight time was just less than forty minutes.

Piran - En route between Portoroz and Venice



We landed at the small airfield of San Nicolo, which is situated at the East end of the Lido, the

We expected Venice, of all places, to be very expensive and we were slightly apprehensive as the local flying club kindly organised a hotel. The hotel's owner arrived 5 minutes later and drove us around the corner to the Hotel Buon Pesce, overlooking the lagoon and Venice.

Sitting in the garden we did not hesitate to extend our stay to two nights. We had a day in hand and could think of no better place to spend it. We spent forty eight perfect hours in Venice, took far too many photographs, ate well, slept well, and only regretted having to leave.

Saturday 20th July

But leave we had to, with just two days of our trip remaining. If there was a disadvantage of being in Venice, it was that our route home would mean crossing one range of mountains or another. Whilst Venice was under blue skies, the Alps were not. With CB activity expected to intensify, we decided to fly to Cannes, hoping to continue to Brive for our last night.

We overflew the flat plains of Northern Italy VFR, working various FIS frequencies without a hitch. As we approached Parma, it became apparent that the cloud base ahead would not guarantee a visual crossing of the Apennines. So Milan organised an IFR clearance. The minimum level was FL100, and we started the long climb. There was little to see at this height, just a glimpse of Genoa below the haze. After the Albenga NDB we dropped out of the airway to follow the coastline towards Cannes, VFR again.

We refuelled (the most expensive of the trip), had a sandwich, visited met, and set off again for Brive. We had a certain amount of luck avoiding thunderstorms, routing down the coast towards Fréjus then right, more or less on track to Avignon. Climbing to FL85 limited the turbulence and gave us a better view of the cells either side. When we eventually came into clear air, the view behind was dramatic. I don't think we would have been keen to turn back! The rest of the leg was blessed with blue skies and unlimited visibility. Having crossed the Massif Central, we landed at

Sunday 21st July

The next morning, we did some shopping before getting airborne to Saumur, then onto Dinard, and finally back to Jersey. 'OA was back on the ramp, just as it was 10 days ago as though it had never moved. But we had souvenirs, photographs, recordings, 24 hours flying and nearly 2500 nautical miles behind us plus, of course, wonderful memories.



Brive - Flight planning trolley!

Your story next month...NO more in reserve I'm afraid...This one had to be dug out from deep in the cupboards...can't wait to see what YOUR story is !!!!

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY...

Friday 1st July	Club night
Friday 5th August	Club night
Friday 2nd September	Club night
Thursday 8th September	Jersey International Air Display
Saturday 24th -Sunday 25th Sept	Alderney Air Race
Saturday 1st October	Helping Wings day for Young Children
Wednesday 5th October	JAC AGM
Friday 7th October	Club night
Friday 4th November	Club night
Friday 2nd December	Club night
Saturday 10th - Sunday 11th Dec	Dinan Christmas club trip

Plane Spotter's Corner ... from Bob Sauvary's collection

The aircraft below visited Jersey on 14th & 15th September 2005 Air Display



ZB603 Bae Harrier T8

XX309 Bae Hawk T1



XZ112 SEPCAT

Jaguar GR3A

XH169 Canberra PR9



NEWS FROM



Flying scholarships.....

We were delighted to welcome H.E and Lady McColl at the Club on Tuesday 28th June. In the presence of Myra Shacklady, Key Account and Marketing Director from Ports of Jersey our sponsors for the 4th year running, Sir John presented Les Amis resident Val Gavey with a certificate for 5 training flights and a HW cap and William De Freitas with a certificate for £2000 worth of flying training and a flight bag offered by Robert and Sebastian Pooley of Pooley's Flight equipment.

Myra surprised us all by announcing that for the 5th time, Ports of Jersey will sponsor this scholarship

It was my opportunity to thank Myra and Ports of Jersey for their continuing support and to wish H. E. and Lady McColl a long and happy retirement. The evening was very well attended with over 50 people present including past scholarship winners. Everyone was very supportive in wishing Val and William all the best with their flying.

We are also delighted to announce a new scholarship for the lower limb disabled for a three year period sponsored by the Sir James Knott Trust.



and finally...I've had a request from three club members to organise another visit to the control tower. If you are interested, please send me a quick email to get on the list.

If you have anything you would like published, please sent it to my email - evelinehawkin@gmail.com.

Eveline