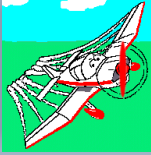


September 2012



SKYWRITINGS

Newsletter of the **Kent**

Destination Cape Town!



Light Aircraft Association

Editorial

Don't miss this month's talk from Peter Gorman on his flight to South Africa last October as described over two issues of *Light Aircraft* (March & April) and ask questions.

Following on from Gary's article last month we have another to the

"An interesting empirical result of all the prop testing was that the cruising miles per litre at any given indicated airspeed was approximately independent of altitude"

same area from Paul Smiddy. Did you enjoy the opening ceremony of the Parallel Olympics? There seemed to be something missing at the start on TV!

Escaping the RAT

It was never an option to keep my Glastar marooned at Rochester whilst Typhoons roamed the skies of Kent. Like some latter day Spitfires, only this time with their own citizens as targets!

Once my wife Tina and I had the idea to rent our house out during the Olympic bunfest, relocating the Glastar to France fell into place. Departing Rochester Atlas could not find my flight plan, so I had to circle overhead the field for three and a half minutes whilst they rummaged around for the bit of paper. Hardly conducive to safety when I am not in contact with Rochester tower.



Nigel Read - Editor

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**27th September Meeting
RV to South Africa—Peter Gorman
Cobtree Manor Golf Club, 20:00hrs**

Having seen the NOTAMS I knew the Reds would be in the area soon after my departure, and sure enough, bang on time, they came up on London Info as they transited from Manston to the IoW and Bournemouth. Sadly I was already offshore by the time they passed.

This was my first trip to Normandy since the curtailment of customs facilities across Northern France. So my usual stop at Dieppe, where the guy in the tower was always very laid back and friendly, had to be binned. I chose Le Havre instead - usually easy to get into, even in bad weather (it's just a hop over the cliffs), and the landing fee is most reasonable (€11). In contrast to its greedy neighbour Deauville. On arrival I discovered another reason for going there - three smartly uniformed reception staff, looking as chic as only the French can. With only 2 scheduled flights a day they have plenty of time to gossip and do their nails. Even the two customs people were moderately friendly.

So 10 minutes later I was off to Bernay (LFPD) in strong sunshine and cycled to my French hovel in the fold-up. Tina drove down four days later and a friend arrived another three days on. It seemed a waste to leave SKUA tied down for three weeks like a tethered horse, so I planned to take my mate on a day trip. We went to Flers, as I had never been there before. He had put on weight since I last saw him, and ate & drank for three whilst with us. With 120kgs in the passenger seat the Glastar crabbed over Normandy. We overflew Livarot (great cheese), and Falaise (Richard the Lion heart castle, WW2 battlefield, etc).

Flers had a DR400 landing ahead of us, but was otherwise very quiet. Nice long tarmac runway (marked for landing competitions, I noted). One reason for choosing it was that the walk into town was just the right distance - about 25 mins. So a pleasant wander past the chateau and towards the restaurant I had chosen from Michelin - to find it shut for the summer hols (lazy French). We made do with a brasserie which was in the centre of town, and the centre of activity. Solid value. I noticed the waitress had a full complement of tattoos, and also that the usual pile of local newspapers and tourist handouts was supplemented by a pile of tattoo magazines! Despite my dieting advice my mate was supplementing his non-diet with some beers. As I saw the skies darkening outside I hurried him along. We arrived back at the airfield just as spots of rain were starting. With a strengthening tailwind ahead of the front, the leaning Glastar made good time back to Bernay.

I persuaded Tina that we ought to make use of having SKUA there by taking a break from slaving in the fields by having a mini-holiday. Ile d'Yeu was my first choice (I always think islands are more fun to fly to) but there was no accommodation. Quiberon was my second choice so we set off one hot Tuesday. It was a very pleasant 2 hour flight. The Golfe de Morbihan looked very pretty with yachts everywhere. On our starboard wing was Vannes - which brought back some unhappy memories. Firstly I had had to divert there some years ago in a Bonanza that had developed brake trouble. Secondly, we had had huge fun at a friend's party at nearby



The Southern end of the peninsula



Auray one year but a few months later she died at Vannes with her partner when their Twin Comm had an engine failure just after take-off.

After a good service from Brest Info, Quiberon was absolutely humming when we arrived in the circuit. It would have been seriously tricky had I not spoken French. What I had not anticipated though was seeing a parachutist to my left when on finals. They seemed very

relaxed about having blokes dangling under canopies whilst aircraft were all over the place. We hiked into town, by now in baking sunshine and had one of those refreshing post-flight beers - the best in the world, I always think.

Quiberon is a seriously charming place - easily walkable, although many hire bikes. Plenty of good restaurants and sandy beaches - busy but not rammed, even at the height of the season. The sea was just warm enough for a swim. It was enlivened by the imminent arrival of the French Beach Rugby Tour. Tina was looking forward to ogling *les Bleus*, preferably with naked torsos; she was therefore most disappointed when the following morning it turned out the players were the public. Having studiously avoided the Olympics in our TV free house, it came as a shock to watch a bit on the hotel's TV - the French commentator was in danger of premature something or other as a fellow countryman took the lead in a cycling race. The screams of anguish as he was overhauled by three riders on the last lap were priceless!



Our departure from the aerodrome was a little delayed - the man returned to the tower late from his lunch break and getting fuel took a while (it's not the cheapest place in France for avgas). But we departed over the sea again in brilliant sunshine. It was an uneventful flight back home to Bernay.

For the flight back to the UK a few days later I planned on clearing customs at Le Touquet as I thought they might be more clued up about getting flight plans through Atlas than

anywhere else. I hadn't been there for a while (its €25 landing fee even for a domestic arrival going int'l seems a rip-off to me). I was looking forward to renewing my acquaintance with Olivia, my French girlfriend. She makes her Anglo-Saxon counterpart, who goes by the much less charming name of AFPeX, seem very clumsy. But I was amazed that Le T still use faxes. So a fax it was and to my amazement the magic text came back in 45 minutes. So I was soon back in the air and heading back to Typhoon territory. London Info could not get my authorisation

number quickly enough but apart from that it was a trouble free journey back to Kent. We landed with only a few days to go before R112 dissolved, and we could all return to doing what we want. But I'll be back to Quiberon.

Paul Smiddy August 2012

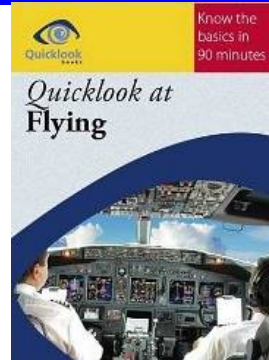
Paul has written a book designed as a quick primer for all aspects of aviation and is especially useful for people considering careers, or those about to have a trial flight. Now available as a paperback at Amazon and good Bookshops. QuickLook @ Flying ISBN 978-1-908926-06-7

Olympic Flight Plans

Atlas (the people controlling the restricted area) received over 18,500 flight plans over the period, over 40% of which came via SkyDemon.

Paralympics and Aerobility

With Channel 4 taking over the broadcasting they started by cocking up the start. A pre-recorded piece overran and by the time the studio handed over to the commentator all he could manage was a brief mention with a shot of the audience looking skyward. Luckily the beeb's news at ten did get some distant



It's a good job Channel 4 wasn't in charge of aerial security—they missed this!



shots of the spectacular scene of fiery wing tips wheeling against the twilight sky—of which I snatched stills off the *IPLAYER* and Sky News web sites.

August BBQ meeting at Rochester

About two dozen members and guests came along to Rochester to enjoy Gary Smith's culinary skills, Simon's pudding and Steve's ice cream.

Once again the weather was not particularly kind although the rain had passed by the time the cooking started, leaving a far less impressive rainbow to the east than last year. With the wind whistling round the control tower the gazebo was straining

What do you call a row of dolls?... A Barbie-queue!

to stay in place. Thanks to Kelvin, we had use of the room under the tower so it became an indoor event.

Project news



Inside John's workshop



Looking down a fuselage



Two more in storage

Are there any strut projects out there to share progress with other strut members? Meanwhile, though not a strut project, John Tregilgas at Great Oakley has four Proctors to restore. Two are under way with another two in storage.

PAFRA recently had a fly-out to Great Oakley for a visit and BBQ.

For my part, the latest thing is reshaping (again) the Jabiru made cowlings for my Europa to improve the view over the nose, especially while taxiing. This seemed like a good idea while the Olympic



*John Tregilgas
Percival Aircraft Projects*

Politicians and nappies have one thing in common. They should both be changed regularly and for the same reason.

restrictions were in place but of course has taken longer than expected! After hacking away the front and wedge shaped sections of the sides the front has been lowered about an inch. Styrofoam and modeling clay were used to reform the shape and seven separate moldings were made and then refitted to lay up the new front. The original flange and front were re used. Starting with half a plan and making up the rest it was necessary to add a 'power bulge ram air ducts.

*Left: Finished shape apart from filling and painting!
Right: splash moldings in 3 parts for each opening & one for the spinner fairing to allow removal after laying up the new front.*



Walking the dog (or another Paralympic gold medal contender)

A woman was flying from Seattle to San Francisco. Unexpectedly, the plane was diverted to Sacramento along the way.

The flight attendant explained that there would be a delay, and if the passengers wanted to get off the aircraft the plane would re-board in 50 minutes.

Everybody got off the plane except one lady who was blind.

A man had noticed her as he walked by and could tell the lady was blind because her guide dog lay quietly underneath the seats in front of her throughout the entire flight.

He could also tell she had flown this very flight before because the pilot approached her, and calling her by name, said, "*Kathy, we are in Sacramento for almost an hour. Would you like to get off and stretch your legs?*"

The blind lady said, "*No thanks, but maybe Buddy would like to stretch his legs.*"

Picture this:

All the people in the gate area came to a complete standstill when they looked up and saw the pilot walk off the plane with a guide dog for the blind! Even worse, the pilot was wearing sunglasses!

People scattered. They not only tried to change planes, but they were trying to change airlines!

True story.....

Have a great day and remember....

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS AS THEY APPEAR.



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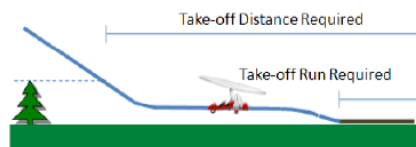
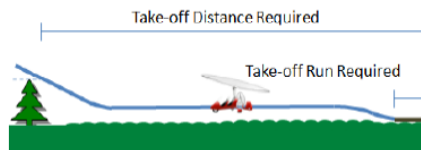
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Next Month : Schaffen-Diest revisited

www.solleysicecreams.co.uk

After filling, spraying white primer and repeating umpteen times and risking snow blindness looking for flaws, it finally went to Kevyn May at Challock for final painting.

Safety Sense Leaflet**The Performance Take-Off****The Rough-Ground Take-Off****Dates for your Diary**

Thur 27th Sept Peter Gorman
RV to South Africa

Sat/Sun 29/30 BBC@Stow Maries

Sat 29th Sept LAA AGM

Sat 29th Sept Abbeville PAFRA

Sun 30th Sept Abbeville Fly-out

Thur 25th Oct Battle of Britain
Museum Talk

Sun 28th ditto visit by road

29th Nov TBC

8th Dec Christmas dinner at
Newnham Court Inn