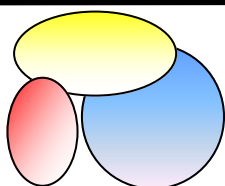




www.bristol-wing.co.uk



Bristol Wings



Newsletter of the LAA Bristol Wing

May 2011

NEXT MEETING — Forty Years behind the stick

Chris Harrison is coming to talk to us on **Wednesday 4th May** with his presentation entitled "40 years behind the stick". In 2007 Chris completed his Vans RV-8A kitplane G-RVCH and now flies it from a strip near Bridgewater.

Anyone considering building an RV should find him a font of knowledge about the process.



LAST MEETING - safety and life-raft inflation

Last month BAC took the stage with a two part evening.

For the first Brian gave an interesting talk on airside safety at Filton. Because all traffic to and from the hangars and apron 2 has to cross the active runway, access people need to be briefed on procedures. The track across to the northside takes a sharp turn at one point and returning vehicles have been known to drive straight on and onto the Active runway!!



The second part of the evening was demonstration inflations of BAC's two life-rafts before they go off for service. This is a very useful thing to see as treading water in the channel is not the best time to work out where the handholds are. Of course when an invite was made for volunteers to try it out for size

The four unfortunate 'survivors' who proved that it is 'cosy' in a four 'man?' dingy

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Where to go...

Free landing vouchers for May in:

Flyer Magazine: City Airport Barton, Culter Helipad, Donegal, Gloucestershire, Gigha Island and Holmbeck,

Pilot Magazine: Brimpton, Cromer (Northrepps), Elstree, Fair Isle, Gigha Island and Waterford.

14th May—Bodmin Airfield—'A Century of Lady Aviators followed by a Hanger Dance

Looking ahead

Bristol Wing Meeting—Wednesday 1st June—Talk on the Brabazon

17th—19th June—AeroExpo UK at Sywell Aerodrome

18th-19th June Farway Common Terry Case 01395 597535 / 07779-538991

26th June VAC are holding a second Classic Homebuilt Fly-In at the Leicestershire Aero Club

The featured types are Classic home-builts i.e. those over 25 years old and of more recently built plans built aircraft built to plans available 25 years ago.

All Fly-In visitors can take advantage of half price landing fee on the day i.e. £6.00

Any advance queries contact stuart@comper-aircraft.co.uk

Good judgment comes from experience and experience comes from bad judgment.

Snippets

Free flight planning tool

After the success of the AWARE GPS NATS has collaborated with Skydemon to produce 'Skydemon Light' a FREE flight planning tool for UK airspace. You get a UK vector map and airspace up to 4000ft with Notams of your planned route and CAS warnings.

Preliminary details and download info here: <http://forums.flyer.co.uk/viewtopic.php?f=1&t=69522>

You will need to install Microsoft Silverlight but will be prompted to do so when you load the software the first time. You are also invited to comment and offer feedback on the above thread.

Well done Jonathan Smith of NATS and Skydemon for an excellent initiative!

A couple of internet sites of interesting viewing:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YuE2cW8NMx8&feature=related> or

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o0G0HdF3w1Y&feature=related>

This has been circulated around the flying community. Did you help last time and can you help again?

Hello,

You may recall that when Northrepps Aerodrome applied for 'Permanent' Planning Permission following a year of 'Temporary' you contacted North Norfolk District Council supporting our application. We were subsequently granted a further year's 'Temporary' Permission.

The time has flown and following a successful year at the airfield we have recently submitted our application asking for removal of 'Condition 1' (the condition which gives an expiry date of 31/05/2011 to the permission). We have complied with all the conditions imposed for this last year.

Having spoken to the Planning Officer it seems that 'Support' mails, as well as 'Objection' mails are welcomed. Could we ask that you contact the Planning Department, on the link below, to offer your support.....yet again.

<http://planweb.north-norfolk.gov.uk/Planning/>

AcolNetCGI.exeACTION=UNWRAP&RIPNAME=Root.PgeCommentNeighbourForm&TheSystemkey=75721

Thank you for your time, it is really important and much appreciated. Hopefully we'll see you at the airfield sometime this year, and in years to come.

Chris Gurney

Plymouth Airport to close

Sadly there is news about this on this link: <http://forums.flyer.co.uk/viewtopic.php?f=1&t=69947>

Quiz

Last month's picture:

Name the flexwing.....?

Well! Trevor really confounded everyone this month because there wasn't even one suggestion!

He says it is an 'ML Aviation Utility' 1955-61. 2-seat inflatable wing observation aircraft built for the Army.

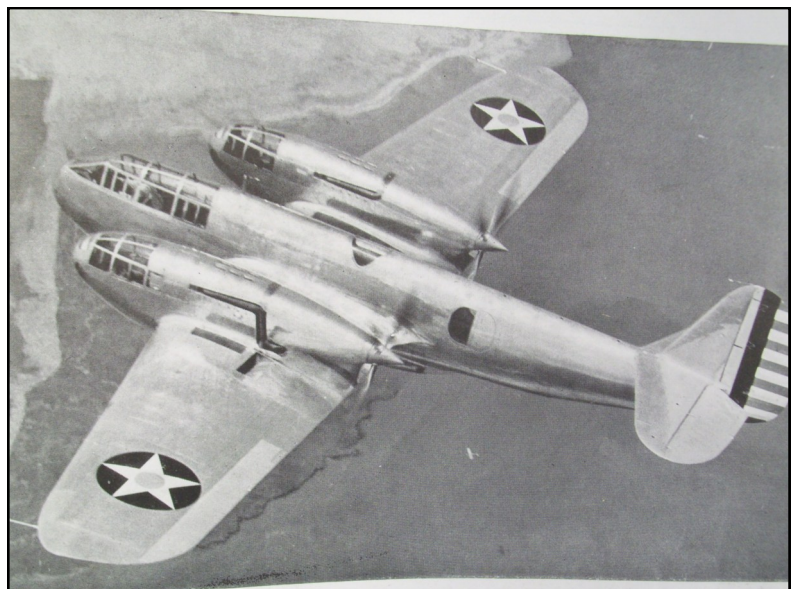


This month's we're lucky to have 2 offers from Graham.



Usual question: Name the aircraft, and a bonus point for where this photo was taken?

For this aircraft Graham has given us a CLUE: *They are still in business (amazingly!)*
Points available for each correct group.
And be warned!



POPHAM - A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

by Mariann Dale



TC was plainly the centre of attraction, zzzzzzzzzzz

Picture Courtesy of Stuart MacConnacher and the LAA Picture Archive Website

<http://www.laa-archive.org.uk/photo-reports/Jodel-Fly-In-Popham-2011/>

I have been asked to give a brief insight into the Popham Jodel fly-in, for the benefit of those like me who are new to aviation, or don't know the delights of this sort of get together. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will add a short list of important jargon at the end.

I have been to a few fly-ins/flys-in? now, with mixed results. The worst are on wet days:- standing under any shelter available, watching the rain pour down while all around you, men, and it is usually men, discuss the finer points of left-handed brass whatsits versus right-handed copper ones home made by experts in secret caverns during a full moon. Hard for enthusiasts to credit, but the excitement does wear off as

hypothermia sets in. The loos are often dodgy too.

On the other hand, some days are just about as wonderful as the guys believe them to be. It is always fun to fly, no matter what the destination is. On a good day it is magical. Popham was one of those perfect days. Wonderful weather to enjoy. Rows of delightful aircraft to wander round, all with perfectly bent wings – clearly the only correct shape for a wing to be. Reasonable loos, so important for the female of the species, coffee and cake available, and just right for hot days, ice-cream to be had. This is necessary to cool excited visitors overwhelmed by the sight of so many Jodels in one place.

It was great to be part of, and I would go again gladly, only don't tell Graham I was dozing, lying in the shade of the wing. I sort of implied that I was admiring the plane from a different angle!

JARGON BUSTER

1 Jodel Probably the most perfect light aircraft ever designed.

2 Jodelier Anyone wise enough to believe 1) above.

3 Accepted attitudes to Jodels:

Two are allowed.

Either outright worship, clearly the wisest view, or, for those who have not yet achieved this, one of indulgent delight, as in a granny for her grandson, (so near perfect that any slight imperfection can be forgiven.)

4 Unforgivable remarks

That Piper Cub looks nice. Are Jodels a bit out of date now?



Mariann prepares to give Popham the bird's eye view! Picture, Graham Clark

How to get it badly wrong

Thanks very much to Tom Geake for this honest account of a lesson learned many years ago

It was June 19xx and I was at a University Air Squadron Summer Camp in very privileged circumstances. Every day was warm, dry and clear, perfect VMC. There were a dozen Chipmunks for thirty cadets, and the CO was a WW2 veteran who liked flying and considered any aircraft standing in dispersal to be an underutilised asset.

That afternoon I was given a solo general handling detail, effectively an hour's flying doing pretty much what I wanted at the tax payers' expense and being paid. I had never been above 4000ft and wanted to see the world from a more senior altitude. By 6000ft the climb was getting very tedious. The Gypsy Major engine was feeling the height, and the carburettor air was wired hot. The greenhouse effect of the canopy was made worse by the Mae West, and the only relief was to open the canopy to the first stage. This added quite a lot of drag and the turbulence from the open canopy gave an unpleasant buffet on the head unless one kept it very carefully centred. Bone domes were not then in fashion for Chipmunk crew.



At 8000ft it seemed time to stop climbing, admire the world, note the absence of any sensation of motion and do something else. I had often wondered what life was like for the pioneers who had to teach themselves to fly, and now was my chance. I had received the inverted flight lesson, all two minutes of it. I knew that I did not know how to fly inverted, but could recover should turbulence or clumsy flying put me upside down. Now was my chance!

After a HASELL check I closed the throttle, rolled over and wondered what the gliding speed should be. This was pioneer stuff! 90kt is a useful speed in a Chipmunk, so that would do for a start. The angle

of attack would have to be large to overcome the lift of the wing section, so I put the nose fairly high. Eventually a glide at 90kt was achieved with three surprises. One was just how high above the horizon the nose had to be, another how far forward the trim wheel had had to be spun and the third was how easy it was to keep my feet on the rudder pedals. Fuel issued from the wing vents and I indulged a few moments of fantasy, imagining myself as a fast jet pilot leaving condensation trails across the sky to the amazed admiration of school boys on the ground.

Opening the throttle produced a bark, a grumble and then silence.

Then it was back to work. What about a coordinated turn, say to the left? My left, or spectator left? I opted for my left and thought about what to do. It worked after a fashion, so I glanced at the slip ball to see it hiding in embarrassment in a corner of the tube. I set to wondering which of the gyro instruments were still reading usefully. A right turn followed, and I became able to execute coordinated gentle turns provided I had nothing else to think about.

Height was lost rapidly, and at 4000ft I decided to roll erect just in case there should be a problem. I put the nose where it should be and unwound the trim wheel to a normal position. Opening the throttle produced a bark, a grumble and then silence. I knew the problem immediately, but my instructor was an enthusiast for emergency drills, so I raised the nose, gained a little height and then lowered it for the approved glide. I selected a forced landing field and planned the approach. The brief, silent prayer of committal that always precedes a flight had become very serious.

Forensics were perfunctory. I knew that the problem was a rich cut. I had forgotten to turn off the fuel before rolling inverted, and gravity had put far too much fuel into the carburettors. Setting the mixture fully weak was obvious, but what about the throttle? Full throttle would maximise the air flow through the cylinders, but the carburettors were set to give a very rich mixture for maximum cooling. An intermediate setting seemed a good idea, so I advanced the throttle a little further than the position to which the link between the two levers had dictated. Should I turn off the fuel? I decided

against that because, should the engine recover, a closed fuel cock could add an extra complication close to the ground.

There was a Mayday call to make. Once made, there would be questions that I would rather not answer, so I decided to delay the call. For a little while there was nothing to do but to pray honestly. "Lord, I have been a prize idiot. In your mercy, please let me escape the consequences." I rehearsed my "explanation", something about very

...there was nothing to do but to pray honestly.....

slow rolls and hoping that the engine would recover its manners, so had delayed the distress call somewhat. Passing 1500 feet I rehearsed the call. PATCASATNIE was the approved acronym then, so a rehearsal was needed to sound competent. The call was made at about 1000 feet and not answered. That did not bother me. I had made the call and my priority was a successful forced landing.

At about 200 feet agl there was a cough and splutter. The mixture went instantly fully rich to produce more splutters and then a nice purr. Tentatively opening the throttle allowed level flight and then a gentle climb. The forced landing field was now out of reach, but I was flying. Power lines passed below, and the engine tolerated full throttle.

At 1500 feet I levelled out, said a prayer of intense thanks and tried some airmanship. A cockpit check was satisfactory except that the DI was still caged. Outside the cockpit was trouble. The fuel gauges showed one and one and a half gallons. I could not believe that so much fuel had come out of the vents, but couldn't argue. There was enough fuel to get home (upwind) without a reserve, so I estimated a best penetration speed and set off. Mental DR indicated that I would arrive early and get fined. (There was a system of fines for minor offences, the proceeds going to the ground crew party at the end of camp.) The fine would be seen by my instructor and start an unwanted conversation, so I did a quick risk analysis and slowed down.

There was a routine call on the radio with a normal reply, so it seemed that my distress call had not been heard. Yet another prayer of thanks!

I was granted a straight-in approach, but the previous aircraft was slow to leave the runway and I was ordered to go around and try again. Climbing away, I looked at the fuel gauges and saw empty

and half a gallon. "Please, Lord, do not let "Empty" mean "Dry". The circuit was as tight as I dared make it, and the landing very bad. The aircraft tolerated it and allowed me to stay on the ground. Once off the runway, I looked at the fuel gauges, hoping for enough to get back to dispersal. There were five and six gallons [1], so I would not have to explain how I had used almost eighteen gallons of fuel in one hour's flying.

Back at dispersal, I shut down and climbed out. The marshaller was very angry.

"You've been inverted flying, Mr Geake!"

"Who, me? What makes you think that, Yorkie?"

*"Look at all that f***** oil under the b**** fuse-lage!"*

I looked, and had to agree. Engine oil had been pouring from the crankcase breathers. Quite contrary to normal habit, I had a ten shilling note in my pocket, almost a day's pay. I took it out.

"Will that help to clean the oil, Yorkie?" The eyes narrowed to the note.

"Yes, Sir. That will be fine. Thank you, Sir."

After filling in the forms, stowing my parachute and noting happily the absence of my instructor I slumped into a chair for a short relaxation before going to the Mess for a very welcome cup of tea and some buttered toast. From behind came a voice.

"I thought I heard a MAYDAY call during the last detail. Did anyone else?"

Two negative grunts replied.

"Oh, well. I must have been mistaken."

Tom Geake

26th April 2011

1. A partial explanation is that when inverted the fuel gauge floats had risen to the bottom of the tank, an unusual position, and stuck there because of corrosion and dirt in the linkages. This does not explain the change in reading, which is a clear recollection.

Pilots are a rare kind of human.
They leave the ordinary surface of the world,
to purify their soul in the sky, and they come
down to earth, only after receiving the
communion of the infinite.

Jose Maria Velasco Ibarra