



Edinburgh gets a listening squawk



From 6 March 2014 you can
Squawk 0440
if monitoring 121.2

Edinburgh ATC is more than happy to speak to you over the radio. They would actually prefer you to call them up rather than watch you fly a perfect circle 1 mile around their zone. That is exactly where the listening squawk comes in. If you are flying close to the zone and you are listening out on 121.200 (Edinburgh Approach) put 0440 in your transponder and they can see that you are listening, that you are aware of where you are and what you are doing and they can attempt to call you if necessary. This will give them some stress relieve of staring at a dot with a 7000 squawk not knowing where he came from, where he's going or why he's pointing right at their zone.

Hopefully this will prevent some zone busts and awkward phone calls.

So make good use of the listening squawk (up to 25nm) and attend the Edinburgh Tower visits this year for better co-operation between GA and ATC and safer flying.

Anne Smeulders

Meet the members

Jim Couper

I am a Fife Flying Club member because: It's cheaper than Perth (only kidding ...)

First flight (Passenger): When I was eight years old in a DC3 Dakota owned by the Durbar (Rajah) of Kotah in Rajasthan in India – the Durbar was himself the pilot and sat at the controls smoking a big cigar.

First flight (At controls): Aged 59 with Luke Cassar, instructor, at Perth (I'm from Perth. we call it Scone).

I once remarked to Luke, while on finals, that he looked older than he was.

"I have control!", he yelled, "No wonder! People keep trying to kill me!"

Favourite Aircraft in Log book: DA40

Dream Aircraft: Who wouldn't want to fly SpaceShipTwo?

Logged hours: Alas, I'm a poor old man – nearly 100 ...

Most hours flown on: Cessna 172

Favourite Destination In Log book: Perth

Best airline flown: British Airways

Best advice: be humble (I've got a lot to be humble about); be safe

Club Events

Wed 19 March

Quiz Night

Edinburgh

Sat 29 March

Buddy Day

Tue 8 April

GASCo Safety Evening

Edinburgh, 7.30pm

19 & 20 April

Easter Egg Fly In

The IMC

In part 1 of this article I described the journey to getting the IMC, going through several airfields, instructors and aircraft types. Out of the Archer, Warrior, Cessna 172 and the TB9, I can totally recommend the 172 as the most stable aircraft platform for instrument flying out of the lot. I thought I was flying my second test on the 172, but most of the instrument kit on the Cumbernauld 172 was u/s or unreliable, so my instructor at the time and the CAA examiner agreed on an approach that I could fly in the TB9, using the VOR on the localiser at Prestwick, and radar ranges read to me by ATC. All of this was agreed, including the change of plane, less than 36 hours before the test, leaving me scrabbling around a bit to try to mentally rehearse something I'd never imagined possible.

The day of the test dawned warm and sunny. Too warm, as I was sweating already. I had to fly the TB9 to Prestwick to pick up the examiner. So I tried to practise this odd-ball approach on the way there but couldn't make sense of it all; but the localiser worked ok on the VOR, which I took as a good sign.

Having met the examiner, he put me at ease, we jumped into the TB9 after a ground briefing, and we were off. First boo-boo - failing to recheck the DI on lining up. Because of the short taxi and time to spin up, it had drifted a fair bit before we lined up. Second boo-boo - waiting for the ATC call I was expecting from the briefing as we departed on the Turnberry SID. It never came. Prestwick ATC were quiet, and positively comatose, throughout most of the trip. Despite the discrepancy in the DI, I made it to Turnberry within a few seconds of the predicted time (but cursing the "faulty" VOR that caused my 15 degree deviation!!). Then an easterly heading and some general handling on instruments, some climbing, descending, turns, etc. Then the partial panel stuff: then the unusual attitude recovery on partial panel. All reasonably ok (we didn't fall out of the sky).

Then re-orientation and a return to Prestwick. My one positive bit of feedback in all this came when I announced that an easterly heading would probably put the sun on my back, which helped with my direction disorientation due to all the manoeuvring. The examiner was pleased I had used that clue: I didn't want to remind him that in real IMC I shouldn't have been able to know where the sun was, foggles or not.

The approach back to the main runway at Prestwick was initiated by ATC but then they went quiet. Owing to the non-standard nature of the approach we were doing I didn't know what calls to expect, so I asked the examiner: silence. So I made it up, realised I was by then way too high relative to the list of heights I needed to follow in response to the ATCOs range calls, so Stuka-like I headed downwards and intercepted the glideslope, adopted 500fpm and at one mile was told to look up - and I was smack on the centreline of the runway at roughly the correct height. Foggles off, I executed what was the best, most gentle landing I have ever achieved.

The debriefing was not as bad as it could have been as the examiner was kind, gentle, and injected a lot of humour into what was to me a complete cock-up of a trip. My brain froze as if I were my 5-hour student self all those decades ago. What little sense crept out of that lump of concrete between my ears got me through, somehow. As I flew the TB9 back to Fife that evening with a glorious sunset beginning behind me, I cringed every minute in between the feeling of satisfaction that I had actually succeeded. Too many boo-boos, but not enough to make me unsafe.

Would I recommend doing the IMC? Definitely. It is well worth it, and I learned so much from the whole protracted exercise. If you've ever thought about it, do it.

Air Travel Nostalgia

Jim Millar's nostalgic article (Issue 40) on flying to London in the '60s certainly brought happy memories of my time travelling to and from boarding school, during the school year 1965-66. I used to fly as what BEA quaintly called an "unaccompanied minor", a term which when I first heard it conjured up visions of a man digging for coal all on his own. The stewardess, as they used to be called, met me at check-in and accompanied me on to the aircraft and indeed right up until I was met at the other end. A flight deck visit was usually thrown in.

At that time flights between Glasgow and London during the week were mainly by Vanguard and a splendid aircraft it was, I have many happy memories (even though adult passengers were allowed to smoke on-board in those far off days). Of course I didn't know as much about aircraft then and I recall a "bright spark" in the seat next to me telling me I was on a sister aircraft to the one which had just crashed – this was G-APEE in the autumn of 1965. Peak time flights were by Comets and if you were unlucky enough to sit adjacent the wing (the jet engines were in the wing root) you could forget conversation. Imagine my joy when I arrived at Abbotsinch one evening (this was when airports had real names, not "John Lennon" or "Pure Dead Brilliant") to find the Comet was in full Olympic Airways livery, presumably just returned from lease. And at the other extreme, Sunday night homeward flights were often by Viscount.

In my opinion Vickers made, in the space of a dozen years, the world's ugliest airliner, the Viking, and the most beautiful in the graceful shape of the Viscount. It is fascinating to note that in those days the Vanguard was timetabled 1h20min Abbotsinch to Heathrow and the Viscount 1h30min. Today Easyjet timetable 1h30min for the shorter haul to Luton by 737. Just as Jim recalls the old Turnhouse, my memories are of Renfrew's terminal with it's graceful arch and classic design, and I remember flying out of Abbotsinch two days after it opened.

Interestingly I cannot recall coaches from Heathrow to Victoria but I well remember the West London Air Terminal in Cromwell Road, Kensington. If you caught a taxi in central London the driver would try to persuade you to let him take you right out to the airport but that was pointless as you could just go to Cromwell Road and check-in there and the bus (London Routemasters pulling dinky little luggage trailers) took you airside to the aircraft steps.



Fast forward a decade and I was travelling in the '70s on the genuine hourly shuttle (Tridents and BAC 1-11s). If you arrived in time you were supposedly guaranteed a seat, but so often the backup aircraft for the 8am was in fact the 9am service. I used to go over to Abbotsinch after school on summer Friday evenings to spot planes, this was when charter airlines such as Spantax were

flying DC-6s and '7s, Lockheed Connies, and Bristol Britannias. I could write a book on the interesting aircraft at Glasgow in the '60s but others have beaten me to it. Thanks for stirring the memories Jim.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Scott MacIntosh

AWARDS



Radio Operator Certificate

Calum Walker

William Tomlin

First solo @ Night

Calum Walker

ATPL written exams

Karen Simpson

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Words of Wisdom

Any attempt to stretch fuel is guaranteed to increase headwind.



GASCo Safety Evening

Tuesday 8 April, 7:30pm

This event forms part of the CAA's commitment to working with the GA community to improve air safety.

Bring your log book to be stamped to show you have attended this accredited programme. Prizes will be awarded for safety related fun and trivia.

Edinburgh
Ross High rugby Club
Balwearie Road
Tranent, East Lothian
EH33 2DB.



Fife Aiport Open Day

KEEP
CALM
AND
SAVE THE DATE
JUNE 14, 2014

A red poster with a crown at the top and the text "KEEP CALM AND SAVE THE DATE JUNE 14, 2014" in bold black letters.

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We are looking for volunteers! Please contact

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