



NEWSLETTER

Xmas Lunch see P7 and book early please

October Meeting

It was back to normal for our October meeting, so we met 1030am for an 1100am start. Our speaker was David Hearn, talking of his relative who flew in the 1st World War with the Royal Flying Corps.

David is also the father of Sam Hearn who formerly won our trophy at Hemel Hempstead ATC and is currently undergoing fast jet training at RAF Valley or as called in the recent TV documentary 'The UK Top Gun School'

Ian Mason reports:

The presentation today was given by David Hearn whose great uncle, who possibly resented being in a reserved occupation during WWI, enlisted into the Royal Naval Air Service in 1917.

He was trained as a pilot at RNAS Cranwell and completed his bombing training at Frieston which was adjacent to the Wash area and ideal for bombing the mud flats.

Throughout the talk David referred to diary entries by a fellow trainee and pilot. This diary mentioned that weather and mechanical problems often left them with time on their hands. Mention was made of meeting with ladies of Sleaford which helped to pass the time. Night bomber training was conducted from an airfield at Stonehenge on the HP0/100.

Once posted to France to 214 Squadron on the HP0/400, David's great uncle was stationed near Dunkirk where night bombing raids were carried out on Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges in order to restrict the German's use of the inland harbour at Bruges. Unhappily, it was during a takeoff during the summer of 1918 that the aircraft's wheels got caught in either debris or vegetation and tipped over on its nose. He was initially diagnosed with concussion at a hospital near Calais and a day later re-diagnosed with a broken back. He died four days later.



Handley Page 400

The talk had been wonderfully researched and relied on diary entries together with research data retrieved from the archives at Kew. It was excellent and most informative.



Remember 20th November 2019

**No Meeting BUT
Visit to Old Warden
The Shuttleworth Trust**

Meet @ Greenacres 1000 departure

B off B Dakota makes single engine landing at Manchester Airport



B of B Dakota touches down

On 14 September the Battle of Britain Flight Dakota was due to display at Warrington but the pilot reported fumes in the cockpit and feathered the starboard engine. Manchester was put on full standby but he then carried out a textbook single engine landing.



All safe

After repairs the aircraft took off for Conningsby on 3 October. Nothing strange about that except in recent months there have been two other Dakota incidents (not in UK) with totally different outcomes. So what is the problem? Training I suspect is very much in the mix, I dare say the BoyB pilot flies the Dakota regularly but one thing is certain he will have practiced Simulated Asymmetric Landings as part of his routine training, so he was well equipped to deal with the emergency when it came.

Now a look at some of the other incidents on these aircraft, many of which are 75 years old or more. On 9 Mar 19 DC-3 HK2494, operated by LASER (Columbia) took off from Miraflores and flew to San Jose del Guaviare (SKS) to refuel, where it landed at 09:14. The aircraft was fuelled and the crew submitted a flight plan to Villavicencio with a total flight time of 45 minutes an altitude of 8,500 feet. The aircraft took off at 09:55. At 10:15, when the aircraft was climbing through 8,100 feet and approximately 59NM (109 km) from Villavicencio, the flight reported engine problems and stated their

intentions to divert to a nearby airstrip. Villavicencio ATC suggested La Rinconada Airstrip in the Municipality of San Martín, Meta, Colombia.

The aircraft lost altitude and last radio contact was at 10:32 when the crew radioed that they had a runway in sight, with no further information. At 10:34 the aircraft hit the ground of a palm plantation with a high angle of descent and low speed. Flaps and undercarriage were retracted at the time of the accident. The aircraft slid across a gravel road and burst into flames.



3 crew and 11 pax lost their lives

On 3 May 19 DC-3C C-GJKM operated by Buffalo Airways, was conducting cargo flight from Hay River (CYHY) to Yellowknife (CYZF), Canada, with 2 flight crew on board. During the climb to cruise altitude after the departure from CYHY, the no. 1 engine (Pratt & Whitney R-1830-92) lost complete power. The flight crew elected to return to CYHY, however were unable to maintain altitude. As more power was added to engine no. 2 to maintain airspeed, it started to run rough. The flight crew declared a PAN PAN, subsequently followed by a MAYDAY; a forced landing was executed south east of CYHY. The aircraft was substantially damaged, but there was no post-impact fire or injury to either flight crew.

There were two Dakota ditchings this year with engine failures being investigated, if loaded correctly the DC3 should fly on one engine but are crews sufficiently trained in such matters, one has to beg the question. The training in the RAF is always stated as being second to none and perhaps the incident in Manchester has proved this to be true?

What a stinker!



A peculiar odour permeating the cabin of an Air Canada Rouge Boeing 767-300ER forced the crew to make an emergency landing on the Montreal-Vancouver route.

After takeoff, as the aircraft climbed to 7,000ft the crew detected a "strong odour," according to Canada's Transport Safety Board. Flight crew requested to level off at 25,000ft to investigate and troubleshoot the odour, which pervaded the entire cabin, but to no avail.

They then made a PAN-PAN call, donned oxygen masks, and turned the aircraft around to return to Montreal. The cause of the "strong odour" turned out to be a shipment of durians in the forward cargo compartment.

The incident took place on 17 September on board flight 1566. It was carrying 245 passengers and 8 crew members. No injuries were recorded.



The offending article - a durian

Anyone who has lived or worked in the Far East will remember the stink this fruit permeates!

New aircraft for No 32 (The Royal) Squadron?

The future of 32 (The Royal) Squadron was recently discussed within the RAF, as there are plans to sell off the two BAe146 CC2 (serials ZE700 and ZE701) and two BAe146 C3 (ZE707 and ZE708) that were primarily used to transport the Royal Family and other VIPs. Although of late have been running a shuttle between UK and Brussels!

Further reports that in 2017, "UK Ministers were 'urged to show solidarity' with workers at the Bombardier aerospace factory in Northern Ireland and select the C-Series aircraft, of which parts are built in Belfast, as the new jet for 32 Squadron. That aircraft type is now marketed by Airbus and built by Airbus Canada, a joint venture with the original manufacturer Bombardier." Bombardier's Northern Ireland operations have been sold to the US firm Spirit AeroSystems in a deal worth nearly £1bn. The Canadian firm put the factories up for sale in May as part of a reorganisation of its business. The aerospace manufacturer employs about 3,600 people in Northern Ireland.

Spirit, which is based in Kansas, is a major supplier to Airbus and Boeing. Earlier this year the company said it wanted to do more work for Airbus. Buying Bombardier's Northern Ireland operation is part of that strategy. The wings for the Airbus A220 are made at Bombardier Belfast's plant and it also supplies other Airbus parts, particularly engine covers. Spirit is also buying a Bombardier factory in Morocco and a repair facility in the US.



Airbus A220

The plan was to tempt the Royal Family back to the RAF. So let us wait and see what will happen with these developments concerning 32(TR)Sqn, BAe146 and new VIP jets! With a General Election in the wings and of course the "B" word, the only thing for sure it will not happen quickly!

When things go wrong - with a Merlin!

Ed: Originally published in November 2011 here is Stan Colley's account of landing a Spitfire after an engine failure in Egypt in 1945

It was a bright sunny morning, quite typical of Egypt at that time of year. 1945, July, wartime, Germany had capitulated two months previously and as my Spitfire left the runway, I reflected that the scene was a possible prelude to action in the Far East theatre of war. We had no sign then that Japan-the other enemy-would soon be crushed by the horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.



I was on an early morning operational training flight, scheduled for an hour, which would return me in time for breakfast to our aerodrome at Fayid near the Great Bitter Lake, south east of the Nile delta towards the southern end of the Suez Canal. My mission was to rendezvous with another Spitfire at 6000 feet about 25 miles away and we were to carry out air-to-air fighter exercises. The wing gun-spaces in our aircraft contained cine-cameras and film instead of ammunition. It was intended that the accuracy of our 'dog-fighting' would be checked at a film-show the following day. All the pilots in the flight would be there to hear critical comment on their individual performances from a Flight Commander who was a veteran of many operational sorties.

As my Spitfire climbed into the blue sky my exhilaration was a mixture of youth, adventure, power and the simple 'good-to-be-alive' feeling. I had flown many hours in the past three years-first in training and then instructing in the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. But my introduction to the Spitfire was relatively recent and I hadn't gotten over it. Aerodynamically beautiful and immediately responsive to the touch, it was a joy to control and I was elated to have charge of such a many splendored thing. The thrust in my back exerted by the Rolls Royce Merlin engine as I opened the throttle to speed down the runway was a feeling of power that is delightfully recalled. Ten minutes later I surveyed Egypt from 6000 feet. The

green lushness of the delta with its numerous native villages spread out like an emerald carpet to the north and west but the barren sand dunes below were monotonous and uninhabited. They were relieved only by a finger of green cultivation about three miles wide that broke from the irrigated delta area and thrust its way eastwards to Ismailia and the Suez Canal. The marked contrast between desert and cultivation stood out as stark as that between the poverty of the 'fellaheen' toiling in the fields and the wealth of the few rich landowners of Cairo and Alexandria.

Out of the sun came my 'enemy'-Ron Chandler in another Spitfire Mark IX-that indicated the attack was on. It was a pre-arrangement that I would 'stooge' for him for twenty minutes or so, whilst he made a variety of fighter attacks, closing in and shooting film of the 'kill'. Then we would turn about, he to be the stooge for my attacks. For the next twenty minutes therefore I flew backwards and forwards over the desert as Ron got in several good attacks. At times he was down to a range so close that my aircraft must have filled his gun sight and his slipstream jerked me violently aside. But then-interrupting my thoughts of breakfast in about half an hour- it was my turn and I headed away from him to take up my position. Switching on the gun button to energise the cameras, I prepared for a 'curve of pursuit'. This means starting an attack from broadside-on position then turning, pursuing and overtaking the target in a sweeping curve requiring an ever-steepening rate of turn and keeping the target in the sights until the range and deflection are right. At this point the aircraft is in a steeply banked turn, the 'G' forces are pressing the pilot through the seat, the target is fast filling the gun sight and action is counted in seconds. Checking aim- correct; range-correct; deflection-correct; no skid, no slip, then-'FIRE'.

As the manoeuvre was completed I broke away downwards and under the other aircraft to climb up again on the other side to repeat the 'curve of pursuit' but this time from the starboard beam. The pattern was identical until I neared the target then-engine failure! The powerful response from the throttle lever was no longer there. My first reaction in the emergency was instinctive-break off the attack, ease back the stick and gain height. Every pilot's training stresses how those precious extra feet of altitude are invaluable whatever may be the decision that has to follow. Now, a quick examination round the cockpit checking controls and instruments in an attempt to spot the trouble, but the signs merely confirmed total

(Cont'd P5)

power failure. The propeller was still turning, but no longer under the powerful torque of the Merlin engine but merely windmilling in the air. Quickly checking position and height I resigned myself to a forced landing in the desert and pressed the emergency channel button on the R/T. 'Mayday-Mayday- Mayday this is Pewitt-One-Three, engine failure; preparing for forced landing-over' Immediately Control emergency watch acknowledged my call and confirmed that they would be on constant alert. By this time I had trimmed the aircraft to optimum angle of glide and was now in a position to examine my position more closely.

Below lay the desert, uninviting but no great hazard to a wheels-up landing for a small aircraft. To the north the strip of vegetation with palm trees and criss-crossed with irrigation channels. To the west, more sand. To the east, sand as far as the Suez Canal and then-yes! Within my reach-or was it?- the airfield at Deversoir immediately adjacent to the Canal. Instantly I swung the nose directly towards this refuge and then assessed my chances-height, rate of decent, wind speed and direction. 'Hello control-this is Pewitt-One-Three attempting to reach Deversoir for forced landing. Over'. The decision made and Control duly acknowledged.



Deversoir

There were two main runways at Deversoir and as I approached from the west it soon became apparent that I was across and slightly downwind. There would be no chance of a conventional landing into wind on the runway in use because I estimated I could only just make the airfield.

At a few hundred feet I heaved a sigh of relief as I could see that my aircraft would reach the airfield. Wheels up or wheels down? My right hand moved the undercarriage lever to the 'down' position-I deressed the emergency bottle lever with my right hand and the answering 'thud-thud' as the air forced the wheels into the down

and locked position was almost immediate. I was committed! There remained only the final assessment of touchdown point. The runway I could reach was across wind and I would join it about a third up its length. Now to lower the wing flaps to reduce the landing speed; as I pressed the control lever the answering hiss of air and immediate change of attitude and increased drag confirmed their successful operation.

I flung open the cockpit hood and commenced the final turn to port that would allow me to straighten up just prior to touchdown on the runway. I had already resolved to do a 'wheel landing'-flying the aircraft on to the runway on its main wheels with tail up instead of the usual three point landing. The faster 'wheel landing' would afford me greater control of the aircraft, reducing the risk of sideways drift demolishing the undercarriage on touchdown and would allow a better forward view over the long nose of the Spitfire. Seconds later the wheels met the runway and I was concerned with keeping straight and gently letting the tail come down as the speed reduced. But very quickly the feeling of success at my safe arrival was replaced by a feeling of helplessness as the Spitfire silently came to a halt on the runway. Now the realisation of total lack of power overwhelmed everything but I knew the emergency was over.

Not knowing whether I'd be heard or not now the aircraft was on the ground I pressed the R/T button. "Hello Control, this is Pewitt-One-Three; landed at Deversoir. Going to breakfast-out"

And how good that breakfast was!!



Stan by his Spitfire at Fayid

Ed Now turn to Page 6 to here about Stan and Project Propeller

Project Propeller

Chiltern Aircrew Association had six representatives at Amersham Crematorium on Wednesday 30th October and we met up again with Andy Hardy, who some of you may remember gave us a talk in February 2014 about flying his Cherokee all the way to Australia. Well it may well have been that meeting that started a long friendship between Stan and Andy. Andy always offered his aircraft at Booker to fly for Project Propeller and flew Stan for a number of years. He also flew him socially on a number of occasions including a short hop (by Andy's standards) to Le Touquet.

The friendship blossomed, not just because of Stan's sense of humour but as Andy soon found, his real love of flying. On their first PP Stan was offered to fly the 180hp Cherokee and started to to throw it around as he would the Spitfire. After a quick "I have control" from Andy and a few words about the relative power and strength of the Piper versus the Supermarine Spitfire, things calmed down, a bit! As Andy said Stan flew all the way pulling and pushing over a bunt just as he did in his Spitfire.

They did one trip to Stapleford Tawney in Essex and were walking across the grass airfield back to their aircraft. Hurry up said Andy to Stan we are crossing a live runway but Stan just sauntered along. On the trip back Stan told any about the two bulls that went flying and looked down to a field full of cows. The older bull said to the other 'Let's rush down there and make love to some of them' but the other bull said 'Lets stroll down and make love to them all'. Was Stan trying to tell him something! (Ed: There may be a slightly more risqué version of that joke but Andy had changed a couple of words, having then cleared it with the Vicar! A south Australian, well I never!

The congregation I think soon realised how important aviation always was to Stan

Here is a report of Andy's trip from the March 2014 Newsletter

Cherokee Challenge to Australia

What a fabulous presentation from Andy Hardy, those privileged to attend the February Meeting in 2014 heard. A pity that his young co-pilot Sam Kydd was unable to join him but it was obvious from the start that the camaraderie between them was one of the centre pieces of their success.

Andy gave us a thorough run through of the planning, modifications to the aircraft, the additional safety equipment and the execution of the flight. It was certainly not all plain sailing and we heard of the delays in Port Said, which required considerable tenacity and diplomacy!

In the end it all worked and Andy made it to Australia where he visited part of Northern Queensland where his ancestors originated. This was all before finally reaching his beloved Sydney and before landing he got Sam to put on his best English accent to persuade Sydney's Air Traffic Controllers to give permission for a low flight over the harbour area. A fitting treat to conclude the epic journey.

Andy said he already knew what a privilege it is to see the world from the air, it is what drives him to fly. But seeing so much of humanities variety slide under our wings from a height at which you can see houses and people, was an even greater privilege.



Sam and Andy on arrival in Sydney

As for what he felt upon landing at Bankstown Airfield in the western suburbs of Sydney? Elated and Deflated! Elated because we've achieved our goals from an aviation and charitable fund-raising perspective, (Ed-£14500 + to OXFAM) but feeling a bit deflated because the journey has ended and I'd love to just keep going on and on.

Ed: I 72380 Flt Lt Stan Colley RAFVR was trained in Canada like so many of our colleagues, flying Tiger Moth and Stearman, before graduating on to the Harvard II. He was posted to Fayid OTU in June 1945 to fly the Spitfire. During his time there up to September 1945 he flew the Spitfire Mk I, Mk II, Mk V and Mk IX. He left the RAF from Fayid after the war and became a civil engineer.

It may have been a short time on the Spitfire but he managed as a result of his previous training in Canada, when faced with an engine failure after only 6 weeks on the OTU, he completed a safe landing at Devesoir. I was lucky enough to know Stan and was honoured to attend his funeral service 31 October. RIP Good Friend. and our sincere condolences to his family

Graham



**Chiltern ACA
Christmas Lunch
Green Acres Tavern,
Leys Road, Bennetts End, Hemel Hempstead,
Hertfordshire, HP3 9LZ**

**Wednesday 16th December 2019
1200 Noon for 1230**

Traditional Christmas fare including 1st drink and wine at the table

**Please reserve me tickets for the Christmas Lunch @ £ 20 per person
Widows @ £ 10 per person**

Name

Address

.....

Postcode **Tel No**

Name of Guests

.....

Special Dietary Requirements

**I enclose Cheque for £ payable to ‘The Chiltern Aircrew Association’
or by BACS: Chiltern Aircrew Association 40-43-46 61132806. Please email
me & Ian Mason to confirm you have made a BACS payment and Ian will email
your tickets by return**

**Please Post together with a stamped addressed envelope to:
Rod Finn
67 Hayfield, Chells Manor Village, Stevenage
SG2 7JR**

Closing date: 10 Dec 19

Programme 2019

Events at 1030 for 1100 at Greenacres unless (*)

- 20 Nov Visit to Shuttleworth Collection at Old Warden* 10.00 depart Greenacres
18 Dec Christmas Lunch*

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Chairman

An interesting and well researched and presented talk by David Hearn on Great Uncle's flying in the RNAS in the first world war on night bombing. That really did fill a gap in our knowledge.

Our own Bill George often mentions flying in Meteors during his National Service. As a seasoned Meteor Pilot I try not to yawn but those were hairy days. Wikipedia tells me that 3,924 Meteors were built and 10 air forces operated them. Some 890 aircraft were lost in RAF Service as were 450 pilots (not sure if this included navigators on the night fighters). Bill will always remember, I am sure, asymmetric flying, shortage of fuel and canopies misting or icing up on let downs. But we both coped some how!

Des

Welfare

No real news, although we have had a few members poorly I am hoping they are now feeling better

David

Membership Secretary

Please note Page 7. Pay your monies direct to our account by BACS or a cheque to our treasurer. I need to know you are coming so I can issue you with a ticket/ raffle ticket

President

On Wednesday 17 October 2019 I was called to hospital for urgent tests, arriving there at 17.14 At 20.15 I was cleared to return home by ambulance and waited impatiently until I was given my clinical discharge notice which recorded a departure time as midnight on 01/01/2200!

Is this a record for the longest time ever spent in the care of NHS?

Actually I was dumped at my front door at 01,30 on Thursday 18 October 2019 My next encounter with NHS was on Monday 28 October reporting at 14.40 to be told that the appointment was cancelled by the team: in September, failing to notify me.

All I can say is KEEP WELL.....

Geoff