

June
2010



Aero Club of East Africa

AERO NEWS
THE PAPER AEROPLANE OF THE AERO CLUB OF EAST AFRICA

AERO CLUB NEWS

In support of Aviation

The Richmond Trust was formed by past Aero Club Chairman and great supporter of the Club, Mr. Mike Richmond.

The principles of the Trust are to support and further Aviation at the discretion of the Trustees.

The Richmond Trust sponsored Stephen Njoroge Kirubi for a three year diploma course in Aeronautical Engineering with Trans Eastern Airlines Aviation. College sponsorship fees paid was approx. 650,000 Kshs.

He passed all his College exams as well as the Kenya National Examination Council Diploma in Aeronautical Engineering and was

the only student from the College to pass with credits.

During his studies he spent 3 months on an Industrial Attachment with Kenya Airways obtaining practical hands on experience.

In May 2008 Z. Boskovic Air Charters Ltd employed him as an Apprentice Aircraft Engineer where he hopes to gain sufficient practical experience to enable him to sit for a Kenya Civil Aviation Authority Aircraft License.

The Trust congratulates Stephen on his achievement and wishes him every success for the future.



Stephen Njoroge Kirubi

New Procedures for departure direct from the Aero Club Apron

In order to continue to allow members' aircraft not to have to taxi to customs/security we have had to change the method that we use to inform the KAA of registered aircraft/owners and the way that we have to operate.

1. A list will be maintained by Leonida in the Aviation Centre of all members and their aircraft. This is a living document and will be handed to the KAA and ATC whenever there are any changes or updates.
2. In order to establish an initial list we will require members to proactively contact Leonida to add their aircraft to the list.
3. Members will have to agree to use the Aviation Centre for flight plan

submission and manifest processing when adding their aircraft to the list, if they want to avoid the taxi to security.

4. Departure from the apron cannot be used for commercial flights.
5. There is no cost for using the Aviation Centre. It is a control measure that will ensure that the KAA are happy that all fees have been paid.
6. If the Aviation Centre is by passed, aircraft may well be requested to taxi to security.
7. If you wish to process your own flight plan, manifest and General Declaration and still depart from the apron you must file a copy of all the documents with the Aviation Centre.

Your co-operation is requested so that we can keep this privilege!

Inside this issue

- A Year of Consolidation
- Information Required
- Flying North Atlantic by Bush Plane
- Flight 5N-AFR Nigeria - England
- A Different Scenery
- Aero Club House - Orly
- New Members & Reciprocating Clubs

A Year of Consolidation

From the Chairman:

Welcome to the first edition of our newsletter under your new committee. Although we are your 'new' committee that has been in place for six months, we still have many members who served on the old committee, giving us a solid foundation to continue with the strategies that were being followed before.

Over the last few years the Club has completed a number of capital development projects. Last year we completed the construction and opened the new Club House at Orly, thereby protecting the continuation of the Club for decades to come. We have recently employed Bernard on a full time basis to look after the Club House at Orly and its surrounds. The Club is available for use by all our members and guests. It's a self service facility, so take along your own food and drinks and call Bernard on 0725-568764 and he will ensure that the Club is open and is there to assist. We are planning to hold functions when the weather improves.

This will be a year of consolidation and review. We don't have plans for further capital developments in the short term and will be looking to building financial reserves for the next year, leaving a legacy of a sound financial situation. Our efforts will be expended on improving back office services and house keeping, things that "just happen" and don't have a high profile, but are essential to maintaining the high standards expected by our members.

We are developing new relationships with the authorities and service providers at Wilson in a spirit of communication and cooperation. Wilson Airport is under constant review in terms of security by the authorities. Our previous committee and chairman obtained a fantastic concession whereby club members could depart directly from the apron without having to taxi to security first. In a recent review of procedures we have found some gaps and so will be introducing new policies that meet the requirements of enhanced security. These are explained elsewhere in this newsletter and we ask that all aircraft owners comply, so that we can keep this concession. We have now reserved a parking space next to the gate as a loading zone, to give you ease of access to load your aircraft. Looking forward to next year - we have retained a professional event management company to hold an airshow on Sunday 6th March 2011. They are now involved in the initial stages of sponsorship search. We appeal to any member who can assist in convincing large corporates to come on board and sponsor the greatest aviation event in the region.

Finally I would like to reiterate that this committee is here to serve the members and we appreciate your input, so next time you see any of us in the bar, please don't hesitate to come and chat to us and give us your thoughts and ideas.

Chris Hardisty
Chairman

Information Required

We have numerous requests coming through from old members who now reside overseas and various people doing research for books and articles. It would be appreciated if any member has any information could contact those below.

Bruce Williams is trying to get in contact with Dave Diamond. Contact bruce.williams@gasTraxx.ca

Robert Pas would like to find out what happened to an Aerocommander he flew in the region some years ago. Registration 5Y-NCF (previously N124CF). Contact: dutchmacon@hotmail.com

Chris Duirs would like to find out more about his father's flying career in the region. Contact: cunningplans@xtra.co.nz



Flying the North Atlantic, by Bush Plane

Introduction

Recently Sam Rutherford passed through Kenya in his Maule MX7 and requested some local flying tips from Cor Roest at the Aero Club. These were happily given so long as he paid us back with an article on his flying trip! This is Part 1:

Texas to Belgium

As the new owner of an old Maule MX7 (4 seats, single engine, tailwheel), there was only one thing 'wrong'; the aeroplane was in Texas, over 13,000km from home.

With an enthusiastic Mike McGinty (ignorance is a wonderful thing), we started planning. Our route would be Texas-Florida-New York-Quebec-Iqaluit, to Greenland: Kangerlussuaq-Narsarsuaq-Kulusuk, then Keflavik in Iceland, to the Faeroes, to Stavanger, Norway and via Aarhus for Belgium.

All went well, and easy, until Connecticut – where the weather was horrible. Five days stuck on the ground in the mountains. We were not expecting this. Finally things improved and we flew to Quebec, but that left just nine days, assuming good weather – and that's the rub. The weather!

With our maps, immersion suits, life-raft, PLBs, oxygen system, 3x GPS and a huge box of cereal bars – we were ready again.

We departed Quebec under low cloud and rain, but it soon cleared and a 5 hour flight took us to Schefferville. No avgas, so took petrol from the local petrol station. Depart 0330 the next morning and climbed above the clouds. Poor weather forces a breakfast in Kuujuaq, we make Iqaluit later.

Up at 0100, check the forecast (which is good, not great), file and go. First two hours are over the frozen tundra, and then out over the broken pack ice. Mike announces that this is the most dangerous thing he's ever done which raises cockpit morale considerably (!). After four hours, we pass the point of no return and simultaneously run into deteriorating weather, dropping to 1000ft., then 500ft...

Find the fjord for Kangerlussuaq, and spend 45 minutes at 100ft. agl, visibility under a mile - Mike calling visuals on each promontory. It's with no

small sigh of relief that we land (still in pouring rain). The Met man asks with a smile if we had 'fun in the fjord'!

Central Greenland is solid ice 9000ft. thick. We can't go over the top so we route south. Five hours later, we arrive in a sunny Narsarsuaq and sit watching the ice floes.

Next day we're off for Kulusuk and Keflavik, but 2 hours into a 3 hour flight, by satphone, we discover that Kulusuk's weather has gone from clear to closed with severe turbulence. Time to turn around – 4 hours in the air, over USD1000 worth of fuel, and we're back!



Kulusuk airport, Eastern Greenland

Mike is running out of time, but there are no options. Luckily, the next day we have a beautiful flight through Kulusuk and arrive late in Keflavik. Mike must leave, but options are again limited. As we ponder, a Gulfstream arrives from the US. They're headed for Paris, but with a stop off in Edinburgh for a round of golf. Fifteen minutes later Mike is on his (their) way!



Mike, Sam and 'Never Say Never' in Kangerlussuaq, Greenland

There is still a job to do, so I check the Met – very strong (30knots) headwind. Scratch thoughts of making the Faeroes today; but will pre-position on eastern edge of Iceland.

I get in the air, and find the winds much less than forecast and I decide to go for it. Land, fuel, customs, file and out of Iceland in 30 minutes and off to Vagar. A long flight in cloud sees me land, exhausted, in the Faeroes 15 minutes before they close.

Fog! Delayed, then take off downwind (under 50ft. cloud base), out to sea and climb through to sun at 9000ft., to Stavanger and Aarhus.

After a fortnight of radio silence and straight line navigation – suddenly I'm in northern Europe, headed for Belgium.



USA-Canada-Greenland-Iceland-Faeroes-Norway-Denmark-Germany-Holland-Belgium

It's supposed to be one of the world's great flying trips – we agree! Next stop, Cape Town!

You can see more of our adventure at www.prepare2go.com

5N AFR and C 150 From Lagos Nigeria to Shoreham –by- sea, Sussex, England.

Two pilots with just 60 hours each, made this trip. One of them was myself, and the other my husband,..

After months of preparation both our selves and the aeroplane were ready. 5N-AFR was an old stand up tail C 150 owned by us. Painted with brown and cream stripes.

Permission to land at each of the designated stops we had planned to make, had been obtained. Also AVGAS availability. The trip took two weeks and 70 hours.

We set off from Kiri Kiri airfield in Lagos, Nigeria, in August, a few years ago with great fanfare from the Lagos Flying Club members, who were all there to see us off that morning.

We landed at Accra in Ghana, a few hours later, and after refuelling/ flight planning, plus lunch, we set off for Abidjan, the capital of the Cote d'Ivoire. We refuelled, and took a taxi to the Hotel Ivoire. We decided to think of the trip one day at a time, because if we thought about the whole thing ahead of us, we would have been daunted. We

studied our maps and plans and realised that we would have to make an extra stop the next day, at a place called Sassandra, (still in the Cote d'Ivoire), as we could not make it to (Monrovia) Robertsfield in Liberia in one hop as we had originally thought.

We ascertained that we could take AVGAS at Sassandra. As we came to the landing strip, we realised that it was grass, and as we taxied in, we saw that the only way we would get fuel was from drums. This took some time to set up, and complete, but soon we were on our way to Robertsfield. Four hours later, we landed there and were given a hefty bill for what was to become familiar to us as 'Customs Overtime' The usual landing fees, refuelling and flight planning went ahead.

We stayed at a hotel with a long bar straight out of the Wild West. The next morning the weather looked pretty awful. We set off for Freetown in Sierra Leone, and it started to pour with rain as it only can over the West African rain forest. We stayed low over the trees, in appalling visibility, until we reached the sea, where the rains abated

somewhat, and we were able to follow the coast. We had some engine problem in this first hour, which was cleared up by using alternate air. Sheets of rain over the air intake had caused this problem.

We reached Freetown by lunch time. Refuelled, flight planned and lunched, as usual. However we were warned of a line squall across our track overhead Conakry, the capital of Guinea, a near communist state, which had not given us permission to land. We waited an hour, then took off anyway, or we would have arrived at Bathurst (as it was then known), in The Gambia, after dark. We missed the line squall. However we found we needed fuel before we got to Bathurst, and landed at a small airfield in Senegal, called Ziguinchor. We had been totally unable to raise them on the radio, and when we landed, we found no-one in the Control Tower and no fuel.

The airfield was deserted. So we took off for Bathurst, and just made it with the fuel. By this time one of our fuel gauges was not working, and we had a high oil temperature. The ADF, which was our only radio aid, had packed up. We were unable to get any help with these things, so we refuelled, flight planned, and stayed the night. The hotel we were in had more mosquitoes than I have ever seen.

The next morning, another unscheduled stop, this time in Dakar, the capital of Senegal, where we thought we could get help with our minor problems before we set off across the Sahara. Senegal is a large French speaking West African country, and The Gambia is a small anglophone country which is encircled totally by Senegal. We set off the next morning for Nouakchott, the capital of Mauritania. Mauritania is a large French speaking Muslim country. We had already been told that there was no hotel there, and stray pilots were put up in the Police Station.

So we were not scheduled to stay the night, and refuelled and flight planned and lunched. The ever present Customs Overtime bill was getting heftier and heftier.

The next stop was Port Etienne, now known as Nouadhibou. The northernmost town on the coast in Mauritania. We were now in the Sahara, following the coast. A phenomenon known as 'rising sand' obscured our visibility, which was

quite worrying. The Port Etienne runway was covered in sand, and there was a strong cross wind.

The sun was setting as we disembarked, and made for the rudimentary Airport terminal. We paid our usual bills, but refuelling would have to be done in the morning. By now we were into unknown territory. During the months of preparation for this epic trip, the authorities in the countries in the Sahara that we needed to land and refuel at, had been very specific about what we had to carry as a survival kit, when overflying the hostile terrain of their countries. We had also been told that in the event of us coming down in the desert, a rescue aircraft would fly once up the coast and back, and if we were not seen that would have been it.

We checked into the only hotel in town. The proprietor was a Frenchman, and boasted that there was only one tree in Port Etienne, and that it was in his garden. We changed and entered the bar/restaurant via the obligatory bead curtain. It was packed with French men and women, who looked at us as if we had come from another planet. There is a large iron ore mine in the Northern interior of Mauritania, and the French were working at the mine, and had their families living in Port Etienne (Nouadhibou). There was a railway line between the town and the mine.

There were no roads into or out of Port Etienne. Someone came up to us after realising that we were English, and asked us how we had got there! Since there was no road, and no ship had come in that day and no airliner from France had landed. When we told him we had flown there in a C 150 from Nigeria, and were on our way to Europe, we were surrounded by well wishers and assailed by a chorus of 'courage' (in French). After dinner we were taken out to see the town, about which they were all very proud, especially the Red Light district!

We refuelled next morning, paid our dues, flight planned, and then set off for the Western Sahara, which is Spanish speaking. Our next port of call was Villa Cisneros, now (Ad Dakhla) about 300 nm north, and four hours flying. (All our flight legs were about the same length in time and distance.) We now had another problem, as one of the little wing nuts that held the cowling in place for our oil checks, was seriously wobbling



and about to come off, as I noticed on this next leg.

The oil temp was still high, (but not in the red!), and one of the fuel gauges was not working (as mentioned before). The ADF was also not working. We were now seriously in the Sahara, and looking along the wing to the right, the view was daunting as the distant horizon was non-existent and the whole area faded in to a red mist. The sand dunes below seemed very near, as we cruised along at 4000ft amsl following the coast.

After about one hour the RPM needle started fluctuating wildly. I was flying this leg, and my husband who had been dozing, suddenly demanded to know what I was doing! I said, 'I'm not doing anything, it's doing it itself!' After some frantic activity, and a Pan call to Port Etienne, who asked if we were landing, we said 'Yes'. As we descended to 1500 ft, I pulled the carb heat knob and the engine thankfully came back to normal.

Of course we did not have 'ice' but it was the problem of the rising sand which had clogged the normal air intake (as we found out later). At Villa Cisneros we refuelled, paid all the fees and had lunch. We had Spanish mechanics look at the air intake and the wobbly wing nut, and noticed them crossing themselves as we took off for El Aaiun, which is the capital of the Western Sahara. Another four hours of the Sahara and the sun setting, the view was amazing as we saw an enormous fort in the desert, looking very 'Beau Geste'.

We landed on the sand covered runway, and after the usual payments, and refuelling, we took a taxi to the only hotel. We noticed the streets were crowded with soldiers, from the Spanish Foreign Legion, their uniforms criss crossed with bullets and the trademark hat with flap down the back of the neck.

The Hotel and restaurant was full of them in the evening. Again we were looked at as if we had come from outer space. There were a number of priests in the restaurant, and we observed that the soldiers' spiritual needs were being looked after by the church. Presumably, (my husband noted) their other needs were met by the Red Light District! We left the hotel early for the Airport,

and had a look at the wing nut, which was still holding on.

We took off for our next four hour flight, this time to Agadir in Morocco. (Back to French speaking again). By this time we had got over our fright which we had on the trip to Villa Cisneros, and we were comforted by seeing a road in the desert below, with a few trucks from time to time. Agadir had been completely rebuilt after a serious earthquake in the 1950s. We had lunch at the Airport, and set off for the exciting break we had planned in Marrakesh.

We did not think we could fly over the Atlas Mountains, so we set off north up the coast, and on reaching Essouira, we turned due East, heading into that red mist I had seen all the time on our right as we flew over the Sahara. After about three hours I saw a town and wondered if that was Marrakesh. We circled, but silly me, we had a four hour flight, so we could not possibly be there already. When we finally caught sight of the city of Marrakesh, the setting sun on its pink walls, and the long beautiful avenues, it was a beautiful sight. We landed, and were asked how we could have a Nigerian Registered C 150 in Marrakesh.

We said 'we've flown it from there.' Again, the French word 'courage'. The hotel, La Mamounia, is famous. Mainly because Winston Churchill always took his holidays there, to paint. But also in its own right, as it was a five star beautiful hotel, the most expensive in Marrakesh. We treated ourselves for three days there. We enjoyed the Djna el Fna in the evening, the lovely restaurants, the dancing girls coming on after dinner, and lounging on our cushions, drinking mint tea.

Arab women in Morocco are in purdah and are covered in a pale grey burka outfit, which I thought very elegant. Berber women are the dancing girls, and they were very good and very much covered up, which was tasteful.....

(To be continued in next issue.)

Celia Alexander (now Evans) Member of The Aero Club of East Africa.

A Different Scenery

Libya, an interesting place located between Algeria and Egypt at the southern edge of the Mediterranean Sea.

In January we are looking at fairly cold and dry weather brought by the European regions. Mornings give us around +8°C and +15°C during the day.

For the past ten years, I used to be a training Captain for Air Kenya on various types including Twin Otters, Dash 7 and Dash 8.



Arrival at an Oil Rig in the Sarir Libyan Desert

For various reasons, I left and joined a different operator which had a contract to fly Dash 8s for a big petroleum company in the Libyan Desert. The place is called Sarir. For those of you familiar with international flying, this place is colocated with the GS beacon at the corner of Libya-Sudan and Egypt on the airway linking East Africa and Europe.

Enough of the technical stuff, the exposure was now totally different compared to my 10 years of Masai Mara and Kenya coast runs. The job description was pretty straight forward. Fly food, drilling equipment and crew to various oil locations in the desert. It was on a schedule basis with some medevacs at night when needed.

Probably the worst part of this episode was the journey to Sarir. Having left Nairobi on the Saturday night, I only arrived at destination on the Wednesday after transiting via Dubai, Tripoli and finally Benghazi. I was now facing a big problem. Nobody speaks English! After searching the terminal around 21h00 local time, I eventually found the station manager of Air Libya who could

speaking a few words. What a relief! He obviously had no idea of my arrival....?? This was one of many issues I had to deal with which could have been sorted prior to my departure but anyway there I was.

A typical day would start at 08h00 local where we would proceed to Mehta a 10 minute hop, then off to Tubruk or Labrak, coastal towns to the North which would take us 1h30. On other days, we would fly to Booster. Booster was actually a "Boosting" station along the pipeline located half way to the coast from where the oil would be shipped out.

On Thursdays the flying was destined to Benghazi with a couple of stops before to collect workers going on R and R. Friday was a day OFF.

At the end, I had a great experience and sincerely enjoyed the flying, the crew I flew with and the good memories which I tried to share with you guys.

For those of you interested, you can watch my movie on Youtube by following this link: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QsoPxVsOXM>



Flight Attendant Maurice and myself next to the Fly 540 Dash 8

I am now flying the Dash 8 for the United Nations in Sudan where once again the flying is different, but I guess I will keep this story for another newsletter.

Eric Boullay
Aeroclub Committee member



AERO CLUB HOUSE - ORLY



- Bernhard is contactable on 0725 568 764
- Bar B Que and Charcoal Available
- Bring your own Booze and Bites

Please sign the visitors book on entry and carry with you your current Aero Club membership card. The club house and it's surrounds are looking great, so please visit and enjoy what is a very pleasant picnic location.

Diary Date:

Sunday 27th June : From 12.30 Onward LIVE JAZZ & Roast Lunch / Curry Buffet @ 900/= Per Person

New Members

- Alec Daniel Wildenstein
- Brennen Matthews
- Hon. Justice. Muga Apondi
- Kenneth Ndungu Mburu
- Richard Clayton
- Samuel Lengete Pertet
- James Ngati

Reciprocating Clubs

- Adventurers Club of Chicago (USA)
- Eldoret Club
- Kampala Aero Club
- Kilimanjaro Aero Club (Moshi)
- Malindi Deep Sea Fishing Club
- Mashonaland Flying Club (Zimbabwe)
- Mombasa Club
- Nanyuki Sports Club
- Rift Valley Gliding Club
- Royal Commonwealth Society (London)
- Ruiru Sports Club
- The Driftwood Beach Club (Malindi)