

NEWSLETTER

July 2013



FROM THE EDITOR

Further to dismal weather curtailing our flying well into May this year, June onwards has proven to be very busy with loads of successful charters to Ascot, Glastonbury, Silverstone, Henley to name but a few! All pilots on the go non stop and all looking for PA's to do their paperwork, which is intense to say the least. As we go to print there is no slowdown yet in activity so if any of you would like to do some self fly hiring or revision please book up early



Captain Nic Rehbein

(aka Captain Grumpy) reached the ripe old age of 60 and celebrated in style.



Welcome on board to...

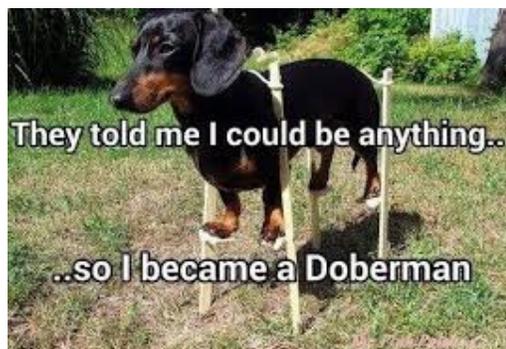
David Buck, commercial pilot currently flying the R44's.

Grant Snowden on our EC120's – YES I said “our EC120's”, after a long time of “goings on”
G IGPW is back in the Hangar.

If you have any interesting articles or news items please email them to

["info@ebghelicopters.co.uk"](mailto:info@ebghelicopters.co.uk)

Club Mascot gets above her station



A new Pilot Hub has opened at Redhill Aerodrome as part of an initiative by the airfield's General Aviation community. The team aims to make the airfield more user-friendly and attract more visiting aircraft.

Visiting Redhill - Why not stop off for some flying talk and light refreshments? There is an indoor lounge providing seating for more than 30 people where you can take in the sights and sounds, and relax with friends and family.



Chef on the Road at Redhill Aerodrome

BRINGS TO YOU
EXTENDED OPENING TIMES
AND THE
'PROPELLER' BAR & RESTAURANT



Café open 7 days a week including bank holidays

Tuesday – Saturday 6.30am till 5.00pm
(Restricted café menu after 3.00pm)

Sunday and Monday 6.30am till 3.00pm

Propeller Bar & Restaurant menu
Tuesday till Saturday 5.00pm till late
(Food stops at 9.00pm)



CLUB TRIPS AND FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Le Touquet

Club members ventured forth this July to invade the culinary delights and sights of Le Touquet enjoying an excellent day out. However, you can



only have so much of a good thing and the old die hards' fancy a change of scenery. Consideration is being given to a trip to Stratford upon Avon where you can enjoy Shakespeare's England, partake of the very fine hostelry of the area or just enjoy the scenery.

TBA --Yeovilton Navy Fleet Air Arm Museum

This event has been postponed owing to volume of EBG flying! We hope to re-schedule for September. If you are interested get your name down quick, it's a very popular trip.

16th August 2013 Clay Pigeon Shooting



***Try your hand
at Clay Pigeon
Shooting....***

In the words of Howlin' Mad Murdock aka Emma Starr (EBG Newsletter Nov 2012).

"The shooting instructor was very knowledgeable and also ensured everyone had a fair go. There was much fun had by all – the clay pigeons did not have a chance!"

22nd September 2013 BBQ and Unveiling of a New Helicopter Type!

We are expanding our fleet with a new aircraft which is coming to our BBQ on 22nd September for you all to have a look at and maybe a go in!!

Just another reason to join us – always an enjoyable day. Food to fill your belly, meet old friends and new, talk flying, relax with friends and family - what could be better?

TBA --Fireworks

The EBG Fireworks display will be held in November as usual; date to be confirmed.

Do come along – from one who was there ***"it's a great night for kids old and new"***. So be a kid again and come toast those marshmallows while watching the spectacular aerial displays light up the skies!

Don't miss out on all the fun

Book your space now and email:

David Milton david.milton@nmsi.ac.uk

or

Linda Rehbein info@ebghelicopters.co.uk



There is nothing like the thrill of racing.

Since the creation of the wheel, man has competed in the sport in one form or another, just for the adrenaline rush and the glory that comes with "taking it to the limit".

Karting at Lydd Kart Circuit, offers all the thrills of a fast paced Motor Sport plus a true "in your face" racing experience that cannot be beaten.



Not even the great British weather was going to stop our intrepid team as they took to the skies each contemplating the challenges that lay ahead in the form of 1040m circuit purporting to be the fastest circuit in Kent and one of the fastest in the Country. The track was purchased in 2010 by ex-racer James Clarke and his sole aim is to make Lydd the "Silverstone of Karting"...

Were our 11 brave souls up to the challenge?



Serious contemplation was given to the choice of outfit as wrong sizing could have dire consequences.

After much deliberation our Red Army was ready to take on Kent.



Relaxed in their new kit and with a confident air serious thought was given to driving style.

Remembering the golden rules of karting they hit the track.

- Pick a fast car
- Enter turns slow, exit turns fast
- Be smooth – accelerate and break smoothly
- Plan your drive path as "out in out"
- Limit the sliding in your turns
- Time your passes carefully
- Don't crash into people

Well here is our illustrious team quite relaxed with their achievements – can't say that about the footwear!!!

A good time had by all.....





FOUR GO MAD IN SILVERSTONE



As I positioned on final approach for the helistrip I counted four helicopters ahead of me, one by one a couple of hundred metres. We were all at 80kts so the spacing remained safe but it heightened the senses a little. My call of, "Black Black One Eight final..." was met with, "Black Black One Eight, pad three". Clearly this was no ordinary day in the Redhill circuit, so let's rewind a little...

Nick Cox had phoned me a few weeks before: "Hi Dave. How do you feel about flying into Silverstone for the Grand Prix?". Well ok, as the new boy on the EBG commercial scene it was a bit of a daunting prospect for my first charter, having cut my teeth on the London sightseeing and local buzz trips, but was I really going to say no? So on Monday 24th June Ken, Nick, David and I set off for Silverstone for the mandatory pilots' briefing. Or we would have done, had the M23 not had other ideas. A serious accident just north of Gatwick had closed it so that both Ken and David got stuck in the horrendous knock-on M25 traffic. A quick phone call to Heliair at Silverstone resulted in a later private briefing for us, and a flame-grilled Whopper en route.

We came away with a rain-forest worth of briefing papers and a head full of information. During the Grand Prix weekend a Restricted Area (Temporary) or RA(T) is implemented around the Silverstone area. Strict slot times are allocated to arriving helicopters to the incredibly busy helistrip. There's no parking at the pad so it's a case of land, ditch the passengers, lift and go. Clearly the emphasis is on safety, but with the sheer volume of helicopters and passengers involved there is no time for dawdling.

It was clear that we needed to get our heads around the routes and procedures, especially given that out of the four of us only Ken had flown in before, so once back at base we started to get to grips with the entry and exit procedures to for the Silverstone helistrip, with David almost causing smoke to pour from the computer while he plotted the routes and holds on Google Earth. Over the next few days we read, re-read and attempted to digest the information contained within, mindful that non-compliance last year almost resulted in a collision between the same two helicopters twice.

After a busy Saturday's flying we all landed to find that Linda had kindly cranked up the barbecue and so, with a bellyful of burgers, sausages and pork, we set about drawing lines on charts (yes - it should still be the basis of all your cross-country trips and the batteries never go flat on a paper chart...). We compared routes and drew the holds in place to give us an extra clue, noting tracks and planned times. Nick had given us a massive helping hand with a frequency list and crib notes - hugely useful to have to hand as getting into the helistrip involved no less than four frequency changes within just a mile or two. It was rather late when we left the airfield...

That night I sat up in bed with my new iPad Mini, drawing my route and the holds on the quarter mil chart on Memory Map, taking Ken's advice to draw the holds in as a separate route for extra clarity. I wasn't the only one who had a poor night's sleep, dreaming of approaches and holds and a sky full of helicopters.

When I arrived at the airfield at just before 7am on Sunday morning I found a rather shell-shocked Linda asking why she'd been told to be there from 6am. I couldn't answer as I thought she only needed to be there from 7, so I just smiled and made her a coffee - I thought it was safest. The weather was stunning at Redhill with bright blue skies and limitless visibility. Which is why it was particularly galling to hear that Silverstone was fog-bound and that Farnborough, right on our route, had broken cloud at 400'. The passengers arriving for Ken's first EC120 trip were equally bemused, but remained in good spirits once bribed with coffee and doughnuts. My first passengers for PGGY arrived in good time and were equally understanding, while Ken, Nick and I pored over the METARs (and that, folks, is why it's so vital to always check your destination weather before leaving, notwithstanding what it's doing at Redhill). Finally the sky started to appear both en route and at the racetrack, so as Ken lifted in G-OTFL I strapped my chaps into PGGY and called for start. Having just got used to being Redhill 09, remembering I was "Black Black 18" for the day was going to be a challenge...

With a full load of fuel and three sizeable gents on board, it was something of a skid-scraping departure to the north from the 18 numbers, but we were soon up over Nutfield Priory and heading west along the ridge of the North Downs, with a basic service from Farnborough LARS West. Already Silverstone helicopter call signs were filling the airwaves and we skirted beneath a wispy layer of cloud at 1400' as we took the 'British Rail' routing to Frimley just outside Farnborough's ATZ, then headed north. We passed a glorious Henley-on-Thames with its marquees set up in preparation for the upcoming regatta then as Stokenchurch Mast on the M40 appeared we

were handed to Farnborough LARS North with a change of squawk. Then as I bade them farewell the fun started as I listened in on the Silverstone ATIS, selected the initial frequency and was quickly QSY'd (funny - I thought we didn't use that term anymore...) to the Tower frequency. I was expecting a tricky and lengthy hold but was cleared straight in to East Point, which sounds really easy to see but was merely a position just north of some woodland, for an approach to the 21 helistrip. I was very glad of our meticulous planning, especially as I was now being joined by helicopters from all directions. Once into the RA(T) the rules were all lights on and 80kts so nobody was too close for comfort as I slotted into my place. As I started to line up behind a Squirrel there were two others ahead approaching the helistrip. I called "Final," in turn and was allocated my one of the nine pads. There was no time for hesitation as there would be somebody else hot on my tail so I quickly hover-taxied to my spot and put her down. With a thumbs-up to the swarm of ground handlers my passengers Martin and Adam were helped from the helicopter and disappeared towards the terminal. As soon as I got the thumbs-up from the marshaller, I lifted into the hover, spot turned to the left and called, "Black Black 18 ready." I looked to my left at a line of helicopters approaching the FATO (Final Approach & Take Off area) but with a, "Black Black 18 lift and go," it was nose down and get the hell out! Max angle of climb was required, avoid the campsites either side of the departure route and leave the RA(T) at 1000' before setting off en route back to Redhill in ever-improving weather.

After a quick refuel was about an hour late lifting with my second passenger, Richard, due to the weather delay, but he was understanding and good company as I repeated the route. Yet again there were no delays and no hold required as we headed towards the FATO. Given my spot I taxied towards it to see a Twin Squirrel lifting to my left. "This is going to be bumpy," I said to Richard, as we were downwind of the bigger twin. Sure as eggs is eggs, as I came to the hover his rotor wash hit us. It wasn't my prettiest landing ever, but a rather firm 'coming together' with the ground as I lowered the lever quickly to get us down through the turbulent air. It's one to remember when manoeuvring on the pad at Hangar 1 when one of the bigger helicopters is lifting or landing upwind of you - if possible delay your approach or departure until the disturbed air has passed.



My day had gone very smoothly thus far, although time was now getting tight. The Red Arrows were due to display over the racetrack in ten minutes and the airspace would be closed to everybody else while they did so, so I had to exit the RA(T) double-quick and get into Turweston Airfield, just west of Silverstone, for our lunchtime layover before the Reds appeared. With some enthusiastic waving from the marshalls on final approach I made it and shut down with minutes to spare.

Nick had already made it there in the 130, with G-WCKD parked in amongst one hundred or so other machines. He'd picked up his passengers from Goodwood earlier that morning and all had gone well. Ken was on the ground at Oxford having had a more complicated day. After Silverstone he'd gone via Elstree then Brocket Hall in Hertfordshire, back to Redhill then to Glastonbury. David's day had gone less smoothly - Redhill to Elstree then Silverstone then back to Battersea Heliport where a very limited power departure made him concentrate somewhat, only to get to the outskirts of the RA(T) just as it closed. Every cloud has a silver lining, so as he held south of Buckingham he and his passengers had a lovely view of the Red Arrows' display. It was to be 30mins before he was able to land and drop off, then meet Nick and I at Turweston for lunch and a chat.

Less lucky was the poor fool in a fixed-wing spamcan who blundered through the RA(T) just as the Reds were about to display. One of the RAF Hawks broke off to have a look and get the registration number. Somebody will most likely be waving goodbye to their licence and a lot of money. There's a lesson here: read the NOTAMS and phone the AIS information line EVERY time you fly. It takes minutes and saves lives and licences.

All on the ground at Turweston, we met up for a debrief on the morning's events, caught up with a few old friends and filled our faces with a rather nice lunch. There was a big screen showing the Grand Prix but after watching Lewis Hamilton's tyre shred itself to bits we decided to find a bit of peace and quiet instead and plan our return legs. Nick had been ramp-checked by a CAA inspector, as many others were, but of course all his and WCKD's paperwork were in good order. There was a an important reapplication of the factor 50 sunscreen as we'd all been cooking in the cockpit (apart from Nick, who complained that the air conditioning was a tad cold...) and a game of dodge-the-helicopter-spotter as we waited by the aircraft.

There were slot times to make for the return trips, so PGGY was fuelled and checked with me strapped in and requesting rotor start at 1700 ready to lift at five past. There were some, 'interesting' departure profiles from the airfield, particularly by those who had found themselves parked in the middle of the many helicopters. I'd

planned to position back from my parking spot onto the runway and use that, but in the event there was a fixed-wing turboprop waiting to line up, so I found a clear strip ahead of my line of parked aircraft, turned right and transitioned away into some fairly clear space, giving myself more options in the event of an emergency. I left a rather forlorn-looking David Milton sat in PAMY as all those around him left. His departure was not scheduled for another hour.

The route back into Silverstone wasn't straightforward as you had to exit the Turweston ATZ via a notified 'gate' before requesting permission to re-enter the RA(T), but this was in fact achieved with minimum fuss as everybody seemed to be adhering to their slot times and were behaving in terms of altitude and speed. I soon found myself on finals for the now more familiar FATO and plopped myself down on Pad 3, oblivious to the fact that our ground contact Charlie from Phoenix Aviation had been texting me not to rush from Turweston as the passengers hadn't arrived. Fortunately by the time my skids touched the concrete they were there, quickly loaded in and it was, "Black Black 18 lift and go," all over again. Martin and Adam seemed to enjoy the more spirited departure and we were soon chatting about their day on the return route. Farnborough remained helpful and accommodating despite their high workload including a gaggle of fixed-wings returning from a fly-out to Alderney, and before long I was settling PGGY onto the pad at EBG with an hour's chill and refuel before my return to the racetrack. Ken had already landed having delivered his Silverstone passengers back and was completing his tech log before heading home.

Nick's thorough planning came to the fore again and I touched down back at Silverstone on the dot of the allocated slot time. Things were quieter now and ATC had moved to a single frequency. Richard my passenger was punctual so with him strapped in it was, "lift and go," for the last time and a, "see you next year," from ATC, and we enjoyed a pleasant chat en route back to Redhill. He'd taken ten hours of helicopter instruction some years ago so he was a good companion, and as a sponsor of a Suzuki motorcycle racing team had been schmoozed by one of the F1 teams to try to get him on board. He had been unimpressed, citing the flying as the best part of the day - a big thumbs-up for Team EBG.

I was last to return to Redhill so it was coffees, tech logs and a debrief on the day's events all round for David, Nick and I. As three Silverstone all buzzing as a result of the the helicopters down for the convoy for Nick's local Indian lager. The success of the day least due to some excellent organising by the team at EBG, helicopters. I'd love to report experience unscathed, but that later that I noticed I'd blobbed previously immaculate tie. I It's a kind of medal to denote the successful completion of my first British Grand Prix.



first-timers it was fair to say we were experience, so we swiftly bedded night then three cars headed off in restaurant for a light supper and a was down to a lot of people but not behind-the-scenes planning and including a fleet of faultless that we all emerged from the would be an untruth. It was only some of my lunchtime gravy on my remain philosophical about it though.

May there be many more.....

Talking Cars.....

Nick Cox had a James Bond moment experiencing the thrills of the latest technology for cars - can't say any more otherwise we might have to kill you, it's that top secret. All Nick could do was to follow the smoke trail.....



All will be revealed in the next issue of the newsletter so watch this space