

Fokker Friendship F27 Delivery To Norwich England.

On the 9th June 1984 I was asked by the Line Maintenance Supervisor would be prepared to go as Technical Crew on the second delivery flight of the two F27's for Busy Bee Airlines, Oslo Norway. The aircraft were to be delivered to Norwich in England for checks and modifications to meet Busy Bee's specifications.

The two aircraft which were to be ferried across were VH-TQN and TQP, and were scheduled to depart on the 28th June 1984.

There was a panic to get my passport re-issued. This entailed ringing Cairns and obtaining a full copy of my birth certificate so that I could apply for a new passport. I received the paperwork and started the process of renewal and I received the new passport on the 26th June for the 28th departure. The departure Date was finally set for the 11-30am on the 11th July 1984.

On Tuesday 5th July both aircraft were due for an acceptance flight by Scandinavian Air Services. Both aircraft went well. Except TQP, I noticed No.1 propeller had a bit of a vibration, which disappeared after the inflight feather check. The Scandinavians were not worried about it.

Both aircraft passed the flight test to Scandinavian Air Services satisfaction.

I had a couple of days off prior to departure date to organise the home front.

Both aircraft had a crew of three;

VH-TFNOVEMBER

Captain Keith Schriver (Tour Leader)

Captain Liam O'Moore

LAME Bill McGuinness

VH-TQPAPA

Captain John Cleary

Captain Mace Denholm

Captain Lionel Jeffries.

Wednesday 11th July

At 03:20 GMT on the 11th July we departed Tullamarine on route to Alice Springs, 1006 nautical miles with a flight time interval of 5hrs. 05 Mins. This proved to be an excellent shake down flight. We were cruising at 22,000 feet and moving quite nicely with an outside temperature of -40 Deg. Approximately 1 hour from the Alice we encountered a West/East Jetstream of 105kts. And this decreased our ground speed to 170kts. The pilots had to apply a 50Degree Drift to counteract the Jetstream. We finally arrived at Alice Springs at 08:25 GMT, 17:55 local.

TQN developed a Remote Magnetic Indicator fault (Compass), and the Artificial Horizon indicator glass was fogging up internally in the cooler atmosphere. The Indicator glass is electrically heated to prevent this happening. The RMI fault was traced to #2 Compass Amplifier.

TQP arrived with flickering International Distance Measuring Indicator, and airframe vibration.

The vibration in TQP was discussed with the crew and I gave them my thoughts on what I felt on the test flight and I suspected L.H. propeller. It was decided that I fly on TQP on the leg from Alice to Broom and have a look at the problem.

We contacted Maintenance Scheduling and ordered a new Artificial Horizon, a Compass Amplifier and a new DME Indicator. AWA also suggested that replacing the DME Interrogator for the DME.

I also asked for a set of Propeller Spanners be organised at Singapore for the propeller to be retorqued.

After a quick shower at the Oasis Motel, we went down to the Telford Territorian for dinner. The night was called the Fred Feathers Testimonial Dinner. All members of the group were introduced to the "Gorilla" of the group. (????????? *Forget the meaning of this?*)

At 0400 local time LAME Don Walker arrived on a charter flight with the required parts that had been ordered.

Thursday 12th July.

Don Walker had arrived from Melbourne with the required parts, and were installed and all functioned correctly. Our delay ex Alice was due to having to be repositioned onto a fuelling point.

As previously arranged, I flew in TQP to check out the vibration, and confirmed that it was the propeller that was cause, as the left-hand wing tip Pitot tube was vibrating.

On TQP we were travelling at the lower altitude of 17000 ft while TQN was flying at 18000 ft. The outside temp. was -20 Deg C. and we were experiencing ice formation on the windshield and the leading edge of the wings. For the first time I saw the de-icing boots on the leading edge breaking the ice off when they expanded. I was told all about it when I did the F27 airframe course way back in 1967. Seeing and learning something new every day.

John Cleary pointed out that the L.H. engine was not making 15000 RPM during the early part of the take-off, but I also noticed that the RPM's were split in auto sync., so if it was mentioned again, I would transpose the indicators for a test.

During this stage, the pilots got the aircraft tucked in real close for some inflight photos. The two aircraft were very close at one stage.



CLOSE FORMATION OVER WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

At Broome there was 45minute turn around for fuel and customs clearance.

Ex Broome we set off for Denpasar for an overnight in Bali. We passed the point of no return 20 minutes after we reached the halfway point of the flight.

The weather conditions were very good and we had an uneventful trip over. We could see the swell of the sea below us and it was moving from left to right from our position.

TQP was experiencing difficulty receiving on their HF radio, so TQN's crew were on standby to relay the message through the Trans air,

VHF, frequency to TQP and they would reply themselves. TQN were receiving the HF transmissions at strength 4 and TQP were receiving the at strength 1. I could not understand any of it, but I did not have the trained ear.

On arrival in Denpasar we fuelled the aircraft and serviced the aircraft, and I re-racked TQP's HF radio, locked up and put them to bed for the night. We got ourselves to the Bali Beach Hotel. We booked ourselves into the Hotel, got some American Dollars, and did the route march to our rooms. After a clean and freshen up, we assembled in John's room for a briefing for the next day operation.

At 20:00 hrs local we set out for dinner. Trouped back to reception, and found a restaurant outside the complex. John was a bit apprehensive about eating out of the hotel complex, but in the restaurant was a photo of Malcolm Frazer having a meal, so we thought that it would be safe. Back to the hotel for a quick drink and then to bed after a big day.

Friday 13th July.

Up at 06:30 had breakfast and out to the airport. Held up again with customs processing the paperwork hence departed half hour late. Appears, nonregular flights take longer to process.



Volcano on Indonesian Island.

After we left Denpasar, we approached two volcanoes, one was putting out a wisp of steam. As we were looking one volcano in the distance put out a large belch of steam from the crater. TQN was still performing well, but unfortunately TQP still had the vibrating prop and poor reception on the HF radio. Everyone was reading them Strength 5. The rerack did not work.

We finally arrived at Singapore, landed at Changi Airport, parked the aircraft, then things went wrong. What a S.N.A.F.U.

Singapore had not received the message request for prop spanners. S.I.A. chap said that he could arrange the loan of a set of prop spanners. I said I would meet him outside customs after clearing. He said to meet outside McDonalds, which I did not hear. I missed him. After sometime we finally met up with the Singapore engineer Peter, Rang Melbourne to organise a work order for the hire of the tooling. Then we had an hour taxi ride out to the army base airport at Seletar. The pilots went into the hotel and I went out to the army base with the Singapore Airlines engineer, Peter, which in peak traffic, took an hour. Arrived at the army base and I had to hand over my passport to receive a security pass to enter the Base. We collected the required spanners from Tom, and returned to Changi airport. The return trip was very nice as we returned via the scenic route, past Changi prison, but time consuming. Arrived at Changi, into security, handed over passport for an air side security pass. Back at the aircraft at 19:30.

As suspected, I got two flats turn on the L.H. Prop nut to tighten it. I decided to check the R.H. prop also, as the tool hire was costing \$400 US plus Tom's Time @ \$20/hour for 3.5 hrs.

Removing the Pitch Lock from the RH prop, I did my usual trick and filled my LH boot with oil. The righthand prop was tight as I suspected, but I still gave it a tap with the 14lb hammer just to be sure. At that time of the night I decided to leave the functional check

until the morning as fatigue was setting in. Locked the aircraft up and collected my passport and handed in the security pass, back to the terminal and joined the queue for a cab into the city. I was ringing wet from perspiration, splattered with oil, greasy hair and hands, and one oil-soaked shoe. I finally arrived at the Marc o Polo hotel at 21:00 local. A very long day.

I rang Sue's mum, who was living in Singapore at the time, and she only lived 5minute walk from the hotel. I had a shower and shampoo and met her in the lobby of the hotel and went and had something to eat in the coffee shop. Walked back to mums flat and had a drink, which was all I could cope with, I said farewell, and walked back to the hotel. Found the boys and gave a full report on happenings after they left me at the airport.

Saturday 14th July.

Up bright and early as we had a bit of work to do before we departed for Bangkok, our next overnight stop.

Tried to ring home for 45 mins. before we left but nobody was home. Motion sickness was starting to set in.

Caught taxis to the airport, through the terminal to the control office for transport to the aircraft. Walking through the terminal the boys spotted a toy store, and went in and bought a toy to represent the gorilla. Actually, the toy was Taz the Tasmanian Tiger from the Bugs Bunny Cartoon. We were directed through the terminal to gate 40, through security and back to the control office, caught a bus to our aircraft.

When we finally arrived at the aircraft, I installed the spinners carried out the prop functions and carried out the required ground runs. Doing the auto check on the LH prop, it would not work, but the second attempt was successful. I nearly died when it did not work.

The crew did their checks and all went well.

The next leg of the trip was from Singapore to Bangkok, which was very peaceful. We had to divert around a couple of storms, but it was a pleasant trip. I dozed a bit as I was fairly worn out from the busy previous day.

On arrival at Bangkok I found out that TQP's LH propeller was still vibrating at low RPM settings. I opened the engine cowls and checked the engine externally and found nothing loose. Everybody was prepared to proceed.

That night the others went out, I went to bed as the previous afternoon in Singapore took it out of me.

Sunday 15th July .

After procedure checks for new day, we ventured off to Calcutta for the next overnight stop. TQN's RH window heat was not working, and TQP's RH Prop was still vibrating at low RPM.

When we arrived, there was a bit of a wait to get the aircraft refuelled. We spent the time doing a bit of housekeeping in the galley, emptying the ice water out of the cooler box and generally tidying up the cabin. Air India people arrived with a stand high enough to get access to the engine and gearbox oils. I took a couple of bottles of water for use for the morning wash.

The drive to the hotel in an Indian version of the Morris Oxford was something to remember.

We all checked into our rooms and I laid out the clothes for the next day. Inspecting the room and was taken back. The toilet had a sticker 'This toilet is disinfected for your protection' does not fill one with confidence. We all went up onto the roof of the hotel for an elevated look around the town. Lots of Morris Oxfords, and cows on the road.



Hotel in Karachi and The Crew.

We were invited out for dinner by Harjit and Sheila Singh. A staff member from Melbourne TAA, had organised that we catch up with them. They were childhood friends, and now the owners of Coca Cola factory. First, they took us for drinks at the Calcutta Swimming Club, the club atmosphere took us back to the days of the Raj. The drink waiters were referred to as bearers. The establishment was started in 1923. There was an inside pool, which was used for competition swimming, and the large outdoor pool was used for general swimming.

We had drinks and prawn nibbles. They then took us to restaurant for a banquet dinner. It was an Indian feast; we could not eat it all.

After dinner they took us back to the Coca Cola factory and Harjit and his wife left us, and his bearer took us back to the hotel. The bearer could not speak English, I do not know how we would have got on if the car had failed to proceed, because we did not know where the hotel was, and we did not have any local currency.

The sights we saw on the streets that night will remain with us for ever. The sight of the people living, bathing and sleeping on the streets was thought provoking.

In those days millions of people lived on the streets of Calcutta.

Monday 16th July.

Next morning out of the hotel bright and early out to the airport and off to Karachi Via New Delhi. The radar on TQN stopped working, so TQP was spotting the storms for us, and we listening out on HF radio for TQP and relaying the messages. We dodged a few storms, and received clearance to fly over some restricted areas to dodge a couple of big CBs'.

Landed in Delhi OK and taxied to the fuel point. While I was doing the engine oils on TQN, the fuelers finished, and they should have loaded approximately 2900 litres, but their gauge on the tanker shown they had only delivered 2700 litres. After disconnecting and reconnecting hose, checking gauges in the flight deck and dipping the tanks, we ascertained that the tanks were full. I discussed with the head refueller that his gauges were under reading, but he said that his gauges were correct. He then went and dipped his tanker, after much discussion, he found that he was 2500lts short for the day. He just charged us for the fuel that was showing on his gauge, *i.e.* 2700lts. We got at least 200lts for nothing. So long as our tanks were physically full was all we were worried about.

Off we went headed for Karachi. There was a bit of confusion with Ground control Delhi, as the flight numbers were similar *i.e.*

Tango November (TN.) 98

Tango November (TN.) 99.

TQN took off and were on track route 74N and 5 minutes later TQP departed. About 5 minutes later TQP called up on Trans air and reported that the righthand oil pressure was fluctuating between 9 and 13 psi, the blue light remained on. Bravely, John forged on to Karachi and monitored the oil Pressure, with the Prop switch in emergency selection. TQN arrived in Karachi a good 5 minutes ahead of TQP. When TQP arrived, he taxied in on one engine. When they reduced the power lever for decent the oil pressure light came on so they shut down the Engine. A conference was convened and I checked the oil pressure and scavenge filters, and there was not any metal in the filters, that meant that we did not have an engine change to worry about.

We all had a round table conference and we came to the conclusion that we required a propellor change. After carrying out the overnight service on both aircraft, cleared customs then we headed into the Hotel to ring Melbourne.

I Rang Melbourne Maintenance Scheduling and Vic Thorley was on duty, I asked him to get me a couple of good engine men to talk to. Fortunately, Tek Marko and Steve Kinson were on night shift, two of the best. After explaining the problem to them we went through various scenarios, and we all came to the conclusion that a prop change was required and also it was suggested that we also replace the Prop. Control Unit (Governor).

That night I slept very well.

Before I rang off from Maintenance Scheduling I told them not to ring me before 13:00 Melbourne time due to the 5-hour time difference.

Tuesday 17 July.

I woke up at 4:30 local time to amplified prayer from the Mosque across the road from the hotel. At 04:35 Jack Matthews, Maintenance Scheduling Manager rang, fortunately I was awake, re our propellor problem. Jack gave me a contact, Mr Marhoon at Pakistan International Airlines to organise the loan of a propeller to get us to England. After Breakfast, and when Karachi had started work, I spent 2 hours on the phone trying to locate Mr. Marhoon. I finally found out that the gentleman had passed away 6 months previous. I finally located a name and a phone number to contact, a PIA Maintenance person to arrange the loan of a propellor to get us to England. Keith, John and I decided to go out to the airport and discuss the problem with their experts and organise the loan of a propeller to get us to Norwich.

Liam and Mace Spent the day seeing the sights in Karachi, Lionel stayed at the hotel telling the world that we shall be running late for a couple of hours. Keith and myself went out to the airport to PIA to negotiate the hire of a propeller.

Our contact at PIA, Karachi, was MR Saeed and MR. Kara, Principal Engineers. As we were having propeller troubles, they included their Propeller expert, Mr Begg, who they referred to as Prop or Punka Begg. After much discussion on all scenarios, it was agreed that we definitely had a propellor problem and required changing. The loan of a propellor was at IATA standard rates, which was for 15 days worked out to 22,000 Pounds Sterling. We negotiated for PIA people to change the propeller and I would supervise the change and sign all of the TAA paper work.

The loan cost was phoned through to Melbourne, and the reply of 'NO' came back within the hour. Melbourne were going to ship a Propellor to us and we organised for PIA to assemble the propeller in their workshops, and I would certify the work.

That night we had dinner in the coffee shop in the hotel after a couple of drinks in our room. All cupboard drinkers in Karachi, being a Muslim State. Alcohol is not served in the bar, can only be served to hotel guests after producing a foreign passport.

Wednesday 18th July.

Woke again at 04:30 to the strains of morning prayers over the amplifier.

At 06:30 I rang home and braved a chat as home sickness was setting in. I was alright until our daughter came on the phone and that was the end of the call, too upset. I was not good for the next hour.

On the telephone with TAA Melbourne I informed them that as discussed with PIA in the initial talks, I informed them that PIA could carry out the propeller assembly.

Melbourne informed me that a propeller would be dispatched and arrive in Karachi Thursday afternoon. This information was relayed to PIA and they informed that Friday was a holy day and all labour charges would be at double time penalties, this was ok'd by Melbourne. The departure date ex Karachi was Saturday Morning.

Maintenance Scheduling also sent a teletype to Karachi confirming the agreed terms.

With all of the planning arranged, the six of us set out in three Victorian Horse drawn coaches. We booked a two and a half-hour coach tour of the city, which extended to 4 hours. It was such a good

deal for the coachmen they reshod one of the horses during a stop the tour.

The horse coaches have right away at all time and vehicles had to give away to the horse drawn carriages. Fabulous time for us all.

We were taken around to all of the main points of interest in the city and finished up in the big bazar. We wandered around and went in deeper and deeper and found it very interesting. We walked deeper into the area and it was endless passages and became darker the deeper we ventured. The carpet and furniture and copper inlay shops were interesting to see. Just as well we were not heading home. It was getting close to 18:00 hrs so we decided to head back to the hotel.

Then it started to rain, and it came down heavily, tropical storms like the 3:00pm storms in all tropical areas. The gutters ran over the road and the sewer lids popped and bubbled out. The water covered the road. Havoc reigned supreme.

We hailed a horse carriage to take us back to the hotel, and due to the rain, the price tripled, we thought that Liam was going to kill him. He was not happy.

When we arrived back at the hotel, there was a message from Tony Wilson, TAA's England stores representative. I tried to ring England, but due to the rain storm, the telephone system had failed.

After dinner we returned to the rooms and Keith received a phone call from London and informed us that the prop was arriving along with a PCU and an Oil Pressure Transmitter. The parts were on SIA to Singapore and Lufthansa to Karachi arriving in the early hours of Friday morning. London could not arrange a work order for the work to be carried out, we contacted Melbourne to send to PIA the necessary work order.

Keith and John and I planned to go out to the airport next morning and organise the prop change.

Thursday 19th July.

Katherine's, Daughter, 2nd birthday, could not ring home again.

Woke up at 02:30 in the morning boiling hot and ringing wet, Tossed and turned until 08:00 feeling unwell. Went down for breakfast, and that did not improve things. Took an Alka-Seltzer and a couple of pills from Lionel, and went back to bed. The boys looked in on me during the day. I eventually worked out that I did not have a stomach problem, I was out in the sun the previous day with no hat on, hence a touch of sun stroke.

Keith and John went out to the airport to organise the work package and inform them about the arrival of the propellor and the other spares.

After dinner I took a couple of sleeping tablets to relax and get a good night sleep. I was so wound up with worry of the aircraft serviceability I was not sleeping properly. I know I won't relax until this aircraft is serviceable and we are on our way and headed for Bahrain. By Saturday night, with Bahrain being a wet port I may be tempted to have a couple of drinks.

That night we booked ourselves into the Lotus Room Restaurant in the Hotel for a Steam Boat. At 19:00 we arrived and what a gastronomical delight it was, meat, prawns, fish, chicken, all cooked in a large bowl of chicken broth, with a side plate of fried rice. The only thing that would have topped it off would have been a nice fruity Mosel or a nice dry Riesling (depending on your taste), but this is Karachi.

Friday 20th July.

Up at 06:30 and after breakfast headed to the airport. The TAA security pass got me through airport security, and I found my way to

the Principal Engineers (Foreman) office, introduced myself. The Principal Engineer knew nothing about our aircraft, as there was not note in his log advising him of the situation. Their week end off is Friday (Holy Day) and Saturday, so no bosses in the office. The chap who was in to co-ordinate the exercise arrived and he went and located the parts in customs, had them released and then delivered to the prop shop. Initially they were going to have the new prop assembled and 09:00 the next day and the old prop disassembled whenever. I informed them that we were leaving at 10:00 next day. I stayed calm and negotiated a delivery time of the new prop by 23:00 that night and the old prop disassembled by 09:00. The old propellor was removed and the PCU and the oil pressure transmitter were replaced and just waiting for the new prop. The PIA engineers wanted to know why I was changing the Prop Control Unit. I was covering all bases and also as insurance. I negotiated the purchase of engine oil, as I had run out of the oil that I had bought with me from Melbourne

I negotiated with their store to purchase sufficient oil from them. They had Exxon oil and we used Shell. I did not know if the two brands were compatible? I checked it out in the Maintenance Manual and that did not give me a suitable answer, so I obtained 20 tins oil to do a complete oil change. I had four cans left over to get us to England. I drained all of the Shell oil out of the engine and filled the tank with Exxon oil.

By 19:00 the new prop was assembled and delivered and the old prop was taken away for the blades to be removed so we could pack it in the forward cargo hold in the shipping box that the new one had arrived in. I did not have to do much of the work as I was going back and forth from the aircraft to the prop shop. The PAI engineers were very competent. I just stepped in when I thought that they were slowing down a bit.

The new propeller was delivered at 19:00 and we started the installation.

I was impressed with the work standard of the PIA engineers work standard, and they knew their job.

At some stage in the evening we stopped for the evening meal. I ate the local food available in their canteen, and I did not find it too hot. I forgot to take a couple of bottles of water out of the aircraft, and after checking if the local water was safe, that is what I drank. (Big Mistake)

Back on the job, Installed the prop and after the PIA boys carried out the prop checks, and they worked satisfactorily, so we were ready for a ground run. Started the engine, the Blue light came on, as it should, but the oil pressure was low so we shut the engine down and filled the oil tank up with the spare oil. It took 7Qts of oil to fill the oil tank, I expected that. Started the engine again, all normal to idle.

Oil Inlet temp 55 Deg C.

Oil Pressure 15psi

Idle RPM 7200

Advance throttle to 12000 Rpm below lock light on and off with control of trim switches.

Take off 15200

Oil Pressure 12 psi

Oil inlet temp 60 Deg.C.

Shut down engine, checked oil

Quantity, full. Shortened Prop Control Unit rod 11 one full turn. Ground run carried out, Take off RPM 15000, oil inlet temp of 65 Deg.C. Nil vibration from engine during both engine runs.

At 23:00 local, old propeller disassembled and delivered to aircraft. We stowed the box in the forward cargo hold of TQP, and had to rearrange the cargo nets as the box was too wide for the normal cargo space for one side. Installed the box and set the cargo net poles on the other side of the centre passage and access to and from the cabin to flight deck was through the LH cargo area.

At 23:30 left the aircraft in the very capable hands of the PIA crew to reposition the aircraft at their leisure.

After a tidy up, left the maintenance area out to the terminal to catch a cab to the hotel. The security person who looked out for the taxis told the driver where I wanted to go and told him what to charge me, and also told me not to pay any more than that price, and if he did over charge me, let him know and he would deal with the taxi driver. The taxi price was correct.

Back at the hotel rang Maintenance Scheduling to inform them that the aircraft was serviceable. I also contacted Keith Schriver that the aircraft was serviceable ready for a 10:00 departure Got cleaned up and repacked the case ready for departure.

At 02:00 local, 0700 Melbourne time, George Fyfield, MTS, rang me to confirm that the aircraft was serviceable. As they had just started work, he was ready for a chat, and I had just finished a 16hour day and had to get up at 07:00 I had to cut him off. The only sad thing was that it was 07:00 Melbourne and too late to give Jack Matthews an early morning call.

Saturday 21st July.

Up at 06:00 cleaned up and packed and down to breakfast and pay the bill.

Left hotel at 08:00 to airport and it took us 45 minutes to get through the terminal on air side. TQP had to be shifted onto a fuelling point, they did not have tankers. One of the aircraft had a low oxygen bottle with low pressure. The BOAC maintenance did not know about the American standard with pipe fittings and it did not look anything like what the Tristar had. Fortunately, PIA was able to fill it in their workshop. All of this racing around the aircraft was not refuelled. The aircraft were finally refuelled and we departed Karachi at 1115 local, which would make it a long day for the pilots.

After take-off I cleaned my shoes as they had done a lot of work the previous day, and walking around in the rain and wet tarmac this morning. After, that I stretched out on a chair and had a couple of hours sleep. I had missed the flight over the Strait of Oman and the coast of Iran. Muscat was just coming up on the horizon. We turned right at Muscat and headed for Abu Dhabi. Not much green in this area, no distinct horizon due to the red dust. The road systems were something else, six lane carriage ways everywhere.

The two hours between Muscat and Bahrain went by very quickly, with lots of interesting things to see in the Persian Gulf. Oil rig tenders were everywhere, large tankers moving in the water and attached to the rigs and filling up. No wonder the Americans have a Carrier group base just outside the strait.

The pilots were relieved, as the radio work was much Easier due to all of the states having British or American controllers and they all have the latest equipment. No state can have something that the others do not have.

We landed at Bahrain and the lights on the strip are state of the art, no one could land on the wrong strip.

Bahrain was hot and humid and the aircraft did not hold the cold for long and I took my jumper off during the taxi in.

I carried out the overnight checks on the aircraft and fuelled them ready for the next day. And ordered the catering for the next day.

The new propeller on TQP's LH engine performed well with no vibration, and the engine oil pressure was a constant 30 PSI. As the left-hand engine was now smooth and no vibration, the crew were picking up a slight vibration from the righthand engine, but as I had checked the torque in Singapore, I knew that it was torqued correctly.

Things went well as it only took us one and a half hours to get through the terminal and a cab to the hotel. As we left the Karachi hotel at 08:00 local time and arrived at the Bahrain hotel at 17:30 Karachi time, it had been a long day, but put the clock back two hours, makes it a respectable day's work.

After a quick shower and organise clothes for the next day, it was down to the bar for a quick drink. This Muslim state sells alcohol freely. At first the inside bar was closed, so we went out to the pool bar, but everything is covered from a the very fine sand, and the drinks served in plastic cups. We did not think that this was civilised drinking, so we waited for the bar to open for happy hour.

We went in for dinner and the smorgasbord was very extensive. We all over ate. We decided that we deserved a bottle of French wine with our dinner to celebrate getting out of Karachi, the fact that we were moving again. Everyone rang their home that night.

When we got the hotel bill the next morning, we were all a little bit shocked.

Sunday 22nd July

By this stage of the trip I had learnt to only bring the necessities to the hotel every night and leave the suitcase in the aircraft. This worked really well except I forgot to bring a uniform shirt this night. When we arrived at the airport in the morning, they would not let me onto the tarmac with the crew. We finally negotiated with the authorities, and they let me pass with the flight crew. As we were preparing our aircraft for departure, the King of Bahrain's aircraft was being readied and was parked next to us, it was being prepared for a trip. And being polished, and big vases of flowers were being taken on board.

Without any further drama we left Bahrain for Luxor in Egypt.

At 08:55 local, we set off for Luxor, 4Hrs 45 Mins flight time.

The flight over Saudi Arabia, at 18000 ft, was quite interesting. We could make out the black Bedouin tents with herds of either goats or camels. Bit hard to tell from above. In the mountain areas we could see the small villages in the valleys all connected by winding roads.

Around the modern developments, the road systems were quite comprehensive. We could see four lane highways with flyovers and clover leaf intersections, all seem lead to nowhere with no vehicles on them.

We then flew over a new agricultural development in the desert with large circles of green vegetation. I had read in a national Geographic Magazine previously, that the ground is sprayed with crude oil, which binds the soil together and the chemicals in the Crude oil assisted in the growth of the plants.

We finally reached the Red Sea, (which is blue). It took 35 minutes to cross the Red Sea, and we were on the lookout for the Nile and Luxor. The desert looked even worse than on Egypt side of the Red Sea. I was sitting mid cabin on the left-hand side listening to the

communications on a head set. Because of the position of the headset jack point that I was using lined up with the engine nacelle which limited my view and all I could see was what was directly below us. I did see a military airport that had a few MIG 18's lined up outside some hangars that were in the sand dunes. I shifted further back down the cabin and looked out the right-hand windows and there was a strip of green vegetation. The conversation up front got the better of me so I wandered up to the flight deck, and there was the Nile in the middle of the green strip.

No short turnaround as per usual. Keith and John went off to the tower and submit a flight plan, Lionel to send messages, Liam and Mace supervised the refuelling and I did the oils and walkaround on both aircraft for the pre-flight check.

After Lionel paying out some US dollars because they had not received our flight plan submitted in Bahrain, we set off for Cairo. We saw the Pyramids on the way and the big Aswan Dam.

The arrival at Cairo was quite spectacular, not counting the Gulf Air flypast at 38 Miles DMN. As everyone knows, Cairo, is the most dangerous airport to arrive at, no Radar control does not help. With no radar and our DME unserviceable, all of our position reports were dead reckoning and wild guesses combined. We all kept a good lookout for other aircraft. We landed and followed TQP into our parking position. Both aircraft were parked out in the boondocks near the aircraft grave yard. There were a couple of Egypt Air Comet 4's sitting on 44gallon drums. No engines or landing gears. I was running out of engine oil so the BA engineer went and acquired some for us. We had the toilets serviced, but they only serviced TQN, so we left TQP to be serviced in the morning.

After the aircraft was cleared by customs and the aircraft serviced, and we cleared customs and off to the hotel. It had been a full day from Bahrain. Keith, Lionel and John went straight to bed and we did

not see them until after Breakfast. I crawled into bed with a bit of a chill, and slept until Lian rang, and with Mace, we went down and had dinner in the Hotel. Turned in after dinner and slept very well. Sleeping much better now that TQP's LH engine is performing as should be.

Monday 23 July.

Had breakfast in my room this morning as tummy was a bit rumbly. There was a bit of confusion with the room bill when we were checking out, so Keith paid for all of the rooms.

Out to the airport and through the terminal, held up the usual 45 minutes, then out to the aircraft, did the pre-flight checks. The Toilets on TQP was serviced, and the BA engineer came up with 2 cans of engine oil.

We received our start clearances and taxied, headed for the operating strip. At one stage took a wrong turn and we had to do a 180 deg turn, onto the right path, arrived at the operational strip and took off for El Aleman, turned right and headed for Greece and Athens. By this stage TQN had lost the IDME, No 2 Compass system and the Weather Radar. These deficiencies had placed a lot of extra work load on the pilots. Their navigation was first class and they never missed a check point by any more than a minute. All of the midway points were obtained from cross referencing from off track Stations.

Landed in Athens, and the usual procedures, then went to work checking the aircraft, TQP's RH gearbox Oil Quantity was low, the first time that it required oil the whole way. I located the leak in one of the oil lines to the Roots Blower, I tightened the fitting, and topped up the oil. We had ordered lunch out of Athens. We were all set to head for Milan.

Our departure from Athens was delayed one hour. This gave us time to have our salad lunch ordered from Qantas, in semi comfort, before we left. Finally, we took off, low level, noise abatement, turn to the left, high angle climb, and a 180 Deg. Turn back over the airfield before setting course. It was a jet departure envelope, which was very expensive on fuel burn. At 16000 Ft. levelled off and flew over the Greek Islands. The scenery was beautiful. The pilots had to make sure that they stayed on track and not venture too close to the Albanian Border, as their procedure was shoot first and ask questions later, and we did not want that after coming all this way. Up the east coast of Italy and the Adriatic Sea. The scenery was beautiful. Just before Rimini Florence they diverted us to the left onto the Florence Navigation Aids. The controller called it Firenze, and Keith did not understand until I explained that it was Florence. Before we left the Greek Islands, John, who was using too much fuel, requested 18000 Ft and was allocated 16000 Ft before we entered Italian Air space. This made our margins much better. Saw a couple spots of snow in the alps.

Ever since we left Cairo airspace we were constantly on Radar, and without the IDME, the ground control knew and would tell us where we were.

Landed in Milan, and the service was fantastic, in the land of the living again. Liam was worried about the DME again, So I replaced the indicator, as it was the only component I had for the system. Previously I had re-racked the box, checked and cleaned all of the plugs, pulled the aerial connector and gave that a clean.

When the refueller arrived, he was the happiest refueller we had struck the whole trip, for this was his last day of work before going on holidays to Los Angeles and the Olympic Games. A very funny time was had by all.

We were relaxed.

The half hour taxi ride through some very green and beautiful country side, the first green we have seen since leaving Singapore and Bangkok. Towards the end of the drive, we had a close encounter with a combine harvester. All ok. We arrived at the hotel which overlooked a very large lake.

We checked in and were informed we better hurry the kitchen would close soon. We had twenty minutes to get back to the dining room and order before the kitchen closed. We made it in time and ordered a big meal of Anti pasta, Scallopini, and finished with Raspberries and Strawberries sprinkled with castor sugar. This was all washed down with glasses of Chianti. Was not the best for my stomach. Had a coffee and retired for the night.

Wednesday 24th July.

Well, this is the last leg, Milan to Norwich.

Could not eat breakfast as dinner last night was too much. Settled for a cup of coffee. The waiter was a very happy chap and very entertaining.

Out to Milan Airport, did the Pre-flight, and submitted flight plans.

Walking through the terminal a chap recognised my shirt logo. He was a Flying Tiger Pilot, and we handle them in Sydney and Melbourne. He had been in Sydney a couple of weeks earlier. We had a bit of a chat as he interested to know what we were doing out of our own territory.

Without any hold ups we were ready to depart. The take-off was a pure jet take-off again with maximum climb power and high angle of attack. We had to get to 18000 Ft in a hurry to be able to get over the Alps. The cloud base was about 9500 to 10000 ft. The highest mountain on our flight path was 11600 ft. The views we saw were absolutely beautiful. We saw Towns in valleys, dams, snow fields, peaks and plateaus, the whole works. Absolutely beautiful.



Swiss Alps

Once over the alps, we descended to 16000 ft, along with TQP. Control in Europe was a piece of cake as we were under radar control all of the way, passed from one controller to another.

Before we reached Brussels, we passed under the main trunk route between London and Frankfurt. There was a competition to see who could identify the most aircraft tails. I was counting aircraft and contrails and counted fifteen. It was a bit like a freeway in peak period. As we passed over the European coast, we could see the Dunkirk beach and, on the right, we could see Holland. Just below us in Holland was Keith Shriver's home town. He still had an uncle living there. When he left Holland, aged three, he did not realise that he would be in command of an aircraft flying so close to his home town. A very touching moment.



Vlissingen, HOLLAND.

Over the channel, which was full of boats, we were now under London control. Very British, and we were vectored to Norwich. We were passed onto Norwich Radar and were given a clearance to descend to the altitude at the top of the cloud base. As we reached the cloud, we levelled and flew with the fuselage in the cloud and the tail fin sticking out above the cloud. Just like a big shark.

We let down through the cloud and there was Norwich on the nose. We arrived and landed at Norwich at 12:17 local summer time.

After all of the greetings we sorted out all of our cases and equipment to be returned to Australia. I reported the condition of the aircraft to the new owners, and a list of the problems, but they did not seem to be interested and they were going to strip it all and give it a new lease of life. I felt a bit upset, as these aircraft became part of me over the weeks as we travelled to Norwich.

We went to the Norwich Hotel for a couple of bottles of champagne and a celebration dinner for a successful journey's end.

The next day we made our way to London and went to a hotel near Heathrow, where we stayed for a couple of days. I had to get the

doctor in for some medicine because of the water I drank at the dinner at Karachi Maintenance Base was causing ongoing problems.

Fortunately, there was a cricket test match on at Edgbaston between the English and the West Indians. Met up with some of the boys for dinner each night.

After 3 days we flew from London to Copenhagen, and then flew to Bangkok for an overnight stay. Next night we flew to Melbourne on Thai Airlines.

This is how to do an all stops tour from Melbourne to England with all expenses paid. I hope that you enjoyed the journey.