Articles Wanted...

All members are invited to write a piece for the newsletter including:

- 'Meet the Member…'
- 'I got into Flying…'
- General Aviation

Please email rachelreaaero@outlook.com
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The Real Aeroplane Club Scholarship 2019
In this edition of the Gate Guardian I wish to look back at 2018 and to also inform of our plans for 2019. I am covering a lot of ground here and have made it an easy a read. Stay with it.

To start, a little house keeping…

The Shower Block: The water supply has been turned off to ensure pipes do not freeze. The facility is therefore now closed until spring. We do require a new cleaner and so if you know of anyone locally that may be interested in earning a little extra please let me know.

Membership fees are increasing - but not without reason! Breighton is special because we really are a Club - not a collection of people. Our members don’t turn up and do their own thing. We pull together, support each other, share and enjoy our passion for flying together. We recognise and cherish the affordability of Club membership and must find balance which maintains this whilst enabling the Club to invest in its future. The fees for 2019 are listed below.

Please ensure you pay the correct amount - Membership Forms for 2019 will be initially sent by email as a editable PDF.

**FULL FLYING MEMBERSHIP - £95**

This is normally intended for pilots with aircraft based at Breighton who hold or have held a pilot’s licence. Facilitates 2 votes.

**ASSOCIATE FLYING MEMBERSHIP - £45**

This membership is intended for pilots or aircraft owners not based at Breighton who regularly use the facilities and wish to take part in Club affairs. It is also available for regularly participating crew of aircraft and facilitates 1 vote.

**MUSEUM MEMBERSHIP - £35**

This membership is for non-flying enthusiasts and supporters of the Real Aeroplane Company and entitles the member to free admission to the airfield (except on certain events days).

**Looking back at 2018 it has been a full year and is worth a quick review:**

- The newsletter was established. We are always looking for someone to write; ‘Meet the Member’ and we also want to hear your stories. Please do submit them to Rachael: rachelrealaero@outlook.com
- We have made upgrades to the weather station and webcams – thank you Mike Atherton.
- There was the Aero Jumble & Radial weekends – thanks to Cliff Whitwell for organising the Aero Jumble.
- We then had the Hangar Bash.
- The photo competition was a great success. Please continue to support this in 2019.
- There was a talk from Search & Rescue S-92 Pilot Jon Stanley (with a fly by from the S-92). This proved very popular and saw the conservatory overflowing with people.
Chairman's Update

- As the nights drew in, we had the Halloween not Bonfire Party; fancy dress, with live music and gin tasting. It was an excellent night and will be repeated.
- The Broussard has also flown numerous trips which enabled non flying members to share in the passion of the flying members and to visit other airfields and aviation events.
- We ran a Radio Operators Certificate of Competency training course, leading to another 9 licenced ground to air radio operators. This was in part sponsored by the Club and by the Company, thereby reducing the cost to the member. If there is sufficient appetite, we will organise another course.
- A Defibrillator has been installed outside the Crew Room.
- We have new hangars, new aircraft and new members; welcome to you all and we look forward to seeing you around the airfield and at future events.
- Les & Taff took part in the Vintage World Aerobatic Championship (Skive, Denmark) - Les came 2nd in the Loop de Loop, Les & Taff came 2nd in the Freestyle/Performance and Taff was also awarded the sportsmanship award; for... passion, dedication, energy, helpfulness, talent, wisdom, fairness and much more........

Looking now to 2019 we have plenty in the planning...We are starting the year by refreshing the crew room:

- A lick of paint.
- New chairs and tables.
- A new flight planning and computer area (Mike Atherton is taking lead).
- A revamp of the museum (Tom Hope is taking lead).
- And a display of some of the Club shop items.
- Broadband is coming to the Club House which will improve the quality of the web cam images and help with flight planning and weather watching. Watch this space for further upgrades to IT functionality.

Don’t worry, we aim to keep the Brighton feel.

To round off 2018 we have also seen:

The Flying Scholarship 2018 awarded.

- We have awarded the first Real Aeroplane Club Flying Scholarship; in memory of our dear friend Nigel Peetham.
- 22 Applicants, 7 interviewed, 3 flight experiences, 1 selected.
- The scholarship was awarded to George Gohl – an enthusiastic young man to say the least. I am sure you will make him most welcome and help in any anyway you can.

Honorary Membership

It is customary to recognise the commitment and hard work of one of our members by awarding them Honorary Membership. This year I was delighted to give this honour to Geoff Cline.

- Geoff joined the Club as a founding member.
- He rebuilt his Cub in 1983 and brought it to Brighton in 1986.
- Has been Chairman.
- Helps in engineering and with the collection aircraft.
- And was involved in first European trip with collection in 1995.
Chairman's Update

Turning now to look at events planned for 2019; please make a note for the dates in your diary:

- A talk from our very own Stuart Garton “...there I was wheels in the weeds...” : flying the 1000hp Dromader & crop dusting in Canada. 1600 on 2nd February.
- Meet the members 2nd February. Old and new members social in the Club House. 1800 on the 2nd February.
- The Annual General Meeting. Date to be confirmed.
- First aid training course 26th March.
- Duty Manager and Fire Training. Date to be confirmed.
- Aero Jumble May 12th.
- VAC 55th Birthday Celebration June 29th & 30th (and LAA visit).
- Hangar Bash July 13th & 14th July - A Vintage Aircraft Extravaganza, celebrating 30 Years of the Real Aeroplane Club & Company, Featuring:
  - Vintage aircraft of all types
  - Vintage Aerobatic Competition
  - The 4th International Bucker Fest
  - The International Auster Club
  - The Miles Aircraft Club
  - Military vehicles
  - YAA
  - RAFA – possibly
  - Photo Competition
  - Patrick Smart is bringing his Bristol Hercules engine for ground runs (other engines may also be coming)

...And much more!

- A summer BBQ on the evening of August 25th. This a planned event and is in addition to the ad-hoc (BYO) bbqs we will be having throughout summer.
- Halloween not Bonfire Party November 2nd.
- Remembrance Service November 10th.
- Christmas Party December 7th. Yes, this really has been booked already and will again be at the York Marriot.
- Mixed in with hosting the McLean Aerobatic Competition April 27 & 28th; Wing Walking, visits from Car Clubs and Broussard trips.

We are also in discussions/ early stages of organising:

- A sponsored charity tandem sky dive with the Red Devils – no less!
- Duty Manager training/ refresher training.
- Fire Training (more focussed on our requirements).
- First aid training. This will be free to all Duty Managers and available at a modest cost to non-Duty Managers.
- We would like to run the scholarship again and are in need of a sponsor (or a few). If interested, please let me know.

Finally; to close off my piece and the year, I wish to say a big thank you to the team that makes all this happens: Principally Rachael and Andy. There are also numerous others who have help at events and in general throughout the year;

- In the shop.
- Marshalling aircraft, cars or people.
- Pushing, pulling and cleaning the collection aircraft.
- Taking and sharing photographs.
- And in so many other ways

You are too numerous to name but are vital to making the Real Aeroplane Club so very special, and Breighton Aerodrome a unique airfield, alive with enthusiasm and passion.

I thank you all.
Merry Christmas
Charles
I was born just west of London less than a dozen years after the end of the Second World War – something that now seems impossible to contemplate. Rationing of petrol following the Suez crisis would end the month after I was born!

Having an older brother I followed his lead in becoming interested in aircraft at a young age and spent a lot of my time as a teenager cycling to White Waltham and Booker to watch the aircraft. My choice of career as an airline pilot was the obvious next step but my plans were thwarted when British Airways started to wind down their training at Hamble around the same time as I was doing my ‘A’ levels. Even though I had no real interest in the military my only option was to get a hair cut (it was the seventies after all!) and join the RAF. Looking back I'm amazed that I got past the selection process, when asked what I wanted to fly I ignored the latest and greatest RAF fast jets and said VC10 or Hercules – I was still thinking airline pilot! But I got through, struggled with officer training (I was re-coursed having not achieved the standard at the first attempt) and only started to find my feet on flying training. The truth is that on flying training you don't really need to be 'officer material' so I had the next three years or so to grow up a bit and figure out what the RAF expected of its officer corp.

I had taken a few flying lessons at Blackbushe before joining the RAF just so that I could prove at the interview that I was serious in my ambition but my first real training was done on the Jet Provost at RAF Linton-on-Ouse. That went well and I was lucky enough to go onto the second to last Gnat course at Valley (the Hawk was in the process of being introduced). Great aircraft and such fun tearing around Wales (we didn't have the fuel to go any further) at 250 feet. I was given my dream posting onto the Buccaneer at the end of Valley, but first I had to convert onto another wonderful aircraft, the Hunter, and do the tactical weapons course at RAF Brawdy. Unfortunately the conversion didn't go well and I found myself still trying to learn to fly the Hunter properly as the TWU course started. About two thirds of the way through the course they pulled the plug on my training and I was left with a major decision as to whether I stayed in the RAF or left. Naively I wrote to Sir Freddie Laker to see if he would give me a job (he never wrote back!). I told the RAF that I wanted to fly Hercules or Nimrod, but was told that there weren't any METS (Multi Engined Training Squadron) courses available and that I would therefore be posted to the Vulcan. It was a known fact amongst us students that a Vulcan copilot was only trained to fly the aircraft straight and level long enough for the crew to bail out (I have no idea if that is true!) so, to the horror of my parents, I resigned my commission! The RAF kept me waiting six weeks but finally relented and gave me a short refresher on the Jet Provost and a posting to the Nimrod – no METS course required.
Meet the Member... An article by Nick Lee

The next five years was spent flying all over in the Mighty Hunter, playing cat and mouse with Soviet submarines, conducting surface surveillance, Search and Rescue and fishery protection missions and generally living the life of Riley at Kinloss. There was the small matter of a punch up with the Argentinians over the Falklands in 1982, but if you are going to have to go to war I can thoroughly recommend Ascension Island as a place to be based. Just enough action to feel like we were doing something important whilst getting a wonderful suntan and listening intently to the World Service for our updates. I flew as copilot on the aircraft that linked up the first Vulcan raid aircraft with the Victor tankers as it returned to Ascension and had no idea about how close that mission came to failure until I read the book many years later. A couple of years later, as captain of my own crew, I took a Nimrod to Port Stanley and operated off the steel runway for 3 weeks before bringing the then defence secretary Micheal Heseltine and a BBC film crew from the Falklands direct to Brize Norton in seventeen and a quarter hours with three air to air refuels (a World record at the time).

The standard second posting in the RAF was a tour as a Qualified Flying Instructor, so following the Central Flying School course at Scampton I was posted to RAF Church Fenton (Leeds East as it is now) to be an instructor on the Jet Provost. On the lookout as I was for a town house to buy in York I chanced upon a helpful estate agents and not only got a house but found my future wife! More change soon came along as I had decided that I didn’t want to continue in the RAF until I was 38 and applied to leave on a Premature Voluntary Retirement. The usual reaction from the RAF was to ground the pilot concerned which would have made it more difficult to find a flying job outside the RAF, but fortunately the shortage of instructors meant that I continued flying until I left.
My Nimrod flight time counted towards the Airline Transport Pilot Licence so I just had to pass all the exams and do an instrument rating – I did mine at Humberside. It was some of the most difficult flying that I had done and I take my hat off to anyone flying single crew twin engined aircraft. The shiny new licence was obtained and I then had to chose between jobs with British Airways and Cathay Pacific, both on the B747. I chose the excitement of Hong Kong, so just six months after getting married, Isobel and I headed off to the Far East for the next 13 years. With no kids we were in the fortunate position of being able to travel whenever the opportunities arose. We spent a lot of time in Australia where I was involved with a syndicate that had been formed to restore a P51 Mustang just north of Brisbane. We also restored a Wirraway (an Australian version of the T6) to fly as a training aircraft whilst we waited for the Mustang to be completed so I flew that as much as my schedule permitted. Unfortunately Cathay Pacific was working up to a full blown dispute with the pilots union and the management decided to terminate the contracts of 50 pilots to intimidate the remaining crew. I was one of the unfortunate recipients of a DHL package telling me that I was no longer required by the company, so I went from being a training captain at one of the best airlines in the world to being unemployed! We were looked after somewhat by the pilots union, but they were unable to negotiate our return so Isobel and I had to return to the U.K. to find another job. Cathay Pacific was taken to court by the pilots for not following the contractual discipline and grievance procedure (they had no grounds so they couldn't!) and we ended up with a payout in return for our withdrawal from the court case.

I did get to go solo on the Mustang because Isobel insisted that I take the flight from the U.K. to Australia so that I could do the training on the aircraft once it had been finished. She knew that it was a dream of mine and she wasn’t going to let Cathay Pacific management take that away from me.

We had our son Max within a year of leaving Hong Kong, so it was another time of great change.

I scratched around with jobs at European Aviation Air Charter and Air Atlanta Europe before finding a job with Nippon Cargo, where I have remained. So I have been flying the B747 commercially since 1989! I am part time now but I can continue until April 2022 when I get to 65.
Meet the Member... An article by Nick Lee

Of course I still hankered after my own vintage aircraft so got into discussion with Ian Ross about basing an aircraft at Breighton (I was looking at at Bolkow 207 but really wanted a British aircraft). Ian mentioned a Miles Messenger at Sherburn and put me in contact with David Fenton. I thought the Messenger just the job so I bought ‘Blossom’ and moved her to Breighton as soon as I was able. Breighton is the perfect place for a vintage aircraft and since my arrival I have been fortunate enough to be invited to fly some of the Real Aeroplane Co aircraft as a company pilot. It’s an absolute privilege to fly unique aircraft such as the Fairey Junior and the Dart Kitten, but I think that the sheer quirkiness of the Aeronca C3 makes it one of my favourites. Last year I qualified as a display pilot so I hope to be flying the Messenger at some of the smaller displays around the country next summer. I also finally got my act together and sorted out my civilian instructors rating and have been helping Mickey out at the York Flying School for the last few months.

So I seem to spend an awful lot of my spare time at Breighton, what with my aircraft, the RACo aircraft and instructing at the YFS. Isobel says that I have my ‘happy head’ on when I’m there and I certainly enjoy the opportunities that it gives me. Just a pity that I didn’t find it earlier.
'Time Target'...
An Archaeological Adventure by Tom Hope

Whether it’s picking up Dickens’ ‘A Christmas Carol’ or checking your insta newsfeed, everyone loves a good story – they excite the imagination (if you’ve got one). Assuming you have got one, I thought I’d introduce you to Bolingbroke Castle.

Being of such a turbulent past, Bolingbroke’s surrounded by a wealth of rich stories. This tiny little site has seen whole dynasties come and go, it’s seen the birth and death of rulers, it’s been held under siege, attacked, rebuilt, defended and destroyed – if only these walls could talk.

It’s the 1220’s and Norman England’s gripped in the fifth crusade. All over the country, English Christian kings, noblemen, knights and soldiers have been – for decades – fighting Muslims in the Middle East; the Holy Land.

It’s a leper colony; a hospital for soldiers unfortunate enough to return to Blighty with more than just deli-belly. Hospitals like this have popped up all over the country to try and control the spread of the disease.

Meanwhile, 70 miles away in Lincolnshire, Ranulf de Blundeville, Earl of Chester returns to the settlement of Bolingbroke from fighting in the Middle East. The site’s already well-fortified from Anglo-Saxon occupation during the 6th or 7th century and a large structure, possibly a Norman motte and bailey castle already stands on a nearby hill overlooking the settlement.

It’s not just the fighting taking its’ toll on our government and landscape; this is Burton Lazars near Melton Mowbray:
He decides to abandon the existing fortification and work begins on a new type of castle, one without an internal stronghold or ‘keep’. Bolingbroke Castle becomes one of the earliest examples of this type of castle in our country.

Without an inner defensive keep, Bolingbroke relied on a moat, thick walls and five ‘D’ shaped corner towers built from the crappy, porous Spilsby Greenstone.

Cue the boring bit: Ranulph died in 1232 without a male heir and the title, land and castle therefore passed to his sisters. Following various births, deaths and family politics, the castle eventually became the property of John of Gaunt through his marriage to Blanche of Lancaster in 1361.

In 1367, the two have a son – Henry – who, (surprisingly) became Henry of Bolingbroke. If that name rings a bell with you, good – I’ll come to that later.

Around the time of Henry's birth, his dad also becomes an Uncle to Richard (third in line to the throne). Little Richard's only nine when his dad departs this mortal coil and John then becomes his guardian. When Richard is crowned King Richard II in 1377, he's only ten years old!
Two ‘sons’, both of a similar age, both with the same father and yet one the Ruler of England and the other biological – the history books all tell us that Henry had a tempestuous relationship with his cousin – and you'd not be far off the mark to imagine this led to some pretty substantial daddy issues.

I'll not go into any detail about their relationship as they were forever falling out – the fact is though that after Henry effectively challenged Richard for government in 1387, he was exiled to France.

When his dad eventually dies, Henry returns to England; landing at Ravenspur, Yorkshire with a small entourage. His intention is the ‘reclaiming of his beloved Castle Bolingbroke’. That's bollocks, he's had enough of Richard and he wants the throne.

Richard's caught with his pants down. The king – and all his noblemen, knights and loyal household members are away in Ireland – Henry experiences very little resistance.

Bolingbroke Castle Today

This modest footprint of foundations, lying forgotten and overlooked has sat cold and quiet under the Lincolnshire landscape for centuries. The mortar bearing scars of distant, yet relevant, conflicts; sites like these are a precious looking-glass, one through which we have the opportunity to regain our perspective and better grasp our context – and how good is that?
September 9, 1983. I’d just left the RAF for the first time, taken my civilian controller exams and entered employ in air traffic control at Lydd airport. As part of my RAF resettlement entitlement I had taken the Assistant Flying Instructor course at Dundee. I’d been checked out by the CFI at Cinque Ports Flying Club and done a couple of ‘easy’ navex flights with a well-experienced student.

On the fateful date, I was on the roster for my first real ‘bread and butter’ flight with a pre-solo student. It was to be an Ex 12/13 circuits detail. I hadn’t even met the stude, a gentleman of Arab extraction from North Africa. I pulled his ‘screech sheet’ to discover he had quite a bit of time in the circuit and wasn’t progressing too well. I collared another instructor who had flown with Mr Z……, to ask what ailed. The QFI adopted a hounded look, asked if I was on the club’s instructor insurance, and then shot out to a waiting aircraft. Further enquiries produced the rolling of eyes, looks of pity and expressions of sympathy, but not a lot of help.

It was a warm, bright day with a gentle south-westerly, giving a gentle crosswind from the left - ideal weather. Mr Z…… turned up in razor-sharp pressed slacks, an immaculate white airline shirt, a shiny new C152 checklist, and would insist on calling me Captain Newall.

I did a pre-flight brief straight from the Flying Instructors’ manual and despatched him to do the externals on his own. Naturally, I peered into the curtains in the briefing room to see how he fared. Any closer looking and the aircraft could have passed its C of A! As I climbed into the right-hand seat, Mr Z…… whipped through the pre-starts, turned the key, called for taxi and even remembered to do his taxi checks. Run-up and pre-take-off VAs were like John Wayne in the old films!

Lined up, power up and off we go. Straight down the white line, gentle rotate, nose into wind, climb speed spot on, left 90, up to 1000’, really nice Attitude, Power, Trim to level and turn downwind. Nice drift assessment, downwind VAs, good positioning (Lydd downwind is over the sea and too far out - you’re going for a swim in the event of engine failure). Carb heat, power back, half flap and round onto base leg. Nicely judged turn onto the centreline and a good glidepath.

At this stage I became quite relaxed; obviously the other instructors considered it OK to have a good leg-pull with the new boy. Arms crossed and legs tucked neatly away under the seat so as not to obstruct the stude, and everything was coming up roses. The numbers got bigger, on speed, on height, cleared to touch and go, wonderful. Then it happened! I’m still not sure what; it’s all rather hazy. Just where you would round out, the aircraft went one way, the numbers another, and I recall the empty biscuit tin noise a C152 makes when you hurl it at the ground. GOT TO TAKE CONTROL. flashes across the grey ceiling, but how? My feet seem tangled with the springs under the seat, my folded arms seem jammed together as though I was in a straight jacket. All I can think is WE’RE GOING TO DIE, and what a shame it would be on my very first circuit instructional detail.

The little 152 ricocheted back into the air and two seconds later (seemed like a lifetime), I became untangled, was about to grab the controls but suddenly realised we were climbing away on speed, over the white line, nose into wind, back to perfection. At this point Mr Z…… looks across at me with eyes like saucers and says, ‘Please, Captain Newall, it is now that all the other instructors, they shout at me.’

As my pulse rate and respiration were returning to normal, I gently explained to him that, should he repeat his previous attempt, I would exit the right-hand door as it touched down and he’d be off on his first solo. He looked at me in wonder and said, ‘Captain Newall, you make good joke.’

Yes, he was simply ground-shy, not unheard of in new studs. A bit of humour, patience and encouragement and all was well. He soloed after my next trip with him and became a superb pilot, bit of the Arab horseman.

Me – I now have my feet within an inch of the rudder pedals and my hands palm-upwards on my knees, but insist studs extract us from the ‘**t’ he/she got us into unless I get that old feeling … WE’RE GOING TO DIE.

I learned about instructing from that!

Ray Newall
Ex-QFI, very retired
On a recent visit to my daughter in Anchorage Alaska, I was afforded the opportunity to do a ‘mountain flying’ trip to Mount Denali (formerly McKinlay).

After two or three unsuitable weather days in the mountains a beautiful day finally arrived and off we went to Ted Stevens International Airport to mount up.

The Ted Stevens complex in Anchorage is amazing to say the least and is ‘paradise’ for the aviation enthusiast. The airport is a cross roads for airfreight and a vast array of ‘heavy’ freighters can be seen each day from a large number of global operators. The ‘gems’ of course have to be the many DC-3s and DC6s on the aprons still plying their trade servicing the remote settlements in the wilderness and operating into the most unlikely strips. Breighton, to some of these guys, would be like Heathrow!

Adjacent and connected to the main airport is Lake Hood the busiest float plane airport in the world with a series of water runways where reside a mind boggling variety of over 700 float equipped aircraft and a gravel runway and parking area with around 300 land planes. There are squadrons of Beavers, Otters (both piston and turbo conversions with the PT6A), Widgeons, Gooses (or is it Geese?) Norseman – many serving communities dotted around the thousands of small lakes and many private Pipers, Cessnas and the like.

It’s a rather good arrangement as you can land VFR on the strip at Lake Hood and taxi right round to the main domestic apron at Ted Stevens! GA is ‘enabled’ here rather than discouraged.

Duly briefed, I secured my harness in the P2 seat in Cessna 185 N1292F and after start up (no clearance required) we taxied from the main airport around to the gravel strip at Lake Hood for a VFR departure. Although on the surface everything appears very relaxed, the procedures for VFR traffic are fairly complex in this area and careful planning is required to ensure arrival at the various reporting points at the specified heights. Not surprising - as in addition to Ted Stevens/Lake Hood, Merrill Field the down town GA facility of Anchorage offering IFR procedures (hundreds of aircraft based here and a daily FedExB727-100 freighter onto the 4,000 foot runway) and Elmendorf AFB operating F22 Raptors, C-17s C130s Sentinels and a host of smaller stuff are in the immediate vicinity!

You cannot imagine a more varied and intense mix of traffic.
All checks completed we departed from the gravel strip and headed towards the first reporting point before crossing the approach path to Elmendorf AFB (at the prescribed height) and headed north. The terrain here is flat and strewn with lakes – most with cabins and float plane docks - and the odd small settlement with an airstrip (of course). After a short while and after climbing to 9,000 feet Denali came into view rising majestically from the flat plain below. 30 minutes or so later we were approaching the inbound route to our destination, the snowfield above the Ruth Glacier situated in the ‘Don Sheldon’ amphitheatre, with peaks towering above us. Don Sheldon was one of the early pioneers of ‘flight seeing’ and operated from the town airstrip in Talkeetna. Sheldon Air Service is still operating today from the ‘new’ airport in Talkeetna.

After flying through ‘747’ pass, we turned final for the snowfield which is situated at an elevation of around 5,700 feet. I found it difficult to judge height due to the (more or less) featureless snow on the uphill approach but it is imperative to get it right as there is no ‘go around’!! The skis were extended and we landed firmly – twice I think!

After taking in the awesome vista with the peak of Denali towering a mile or two away, we loaded up, started up and wound up the IO 520 Continental engine for the down hill take off. A 45 degree left hand turn brought us into the gorge of the Ruth Glacier with the sides of the gorge towering 5,000 feet above the glacier and a good 2,000 feet or more above our altitude. This was a most magnificent and awesome experience as we followed the glacier descending to the plain below.

All too soon we were in contact with Lake Hood tower – actually the ‘controller’ sits in the tower at Ted Stevens. The conversation went: N1292 Fox inbound passing MacKenzie’ ‘You for the water 92Fox’ ‘Negative for the strip – to join right base. ‘Roger – call final’. Perfect landing on 32 and taxi round to Rusts.

We retired to the bar/restaurant at the east end of the lake beneath the approach to the main water runway to watch the Beavers, Otters etc. returning from their days work – the perfect ending to a perfect day.
'Schaffen Diest...'

Our Annual Pilgrimage to the 35th International Old Timer Fly-In and Drive-in at Schaffen Diest, Belgium

With the dark nights upon us I thought it was time to look back on one of the best weekends of the summer and our annual pilgrimage to the 35th International Old Timer Fly-in and Drive-in at Schaffen Diest in Belgium.

Departure was planned for early morning on Friday 10th August with us all making our way to the airfield for around 08.00hrs – Charles, Rachael, Les, Richard, John and myself. The first leg was to Headcorn in Kent for lunch. This is where circumstances transpired to be against us with a problem on the aircraft taking a little while to sort. Rain arrived by mid afternoon and having witnessed someone in a Pietenpol Aircamper depart in to a very dark sky before rapidly turning east for Schaffen, we elected to make a night stop as the forecast for Saturday was CAVOK. So, an early finish and across to The Wings Bar for a couple of pints before our host from the B&B arrived to give us a lift in to the village where we enjoyed an evening of good food at The George and Dragon.

Saturday morning found us up early and back at the airfield for 08.00hrs where we were in good company parked close to a Dakota and Dove amongst others. With the early departure the skies were quiet and we enjoyed a perfect channel crossing coasting in just west of Calais and overflying the French entrance to the Channel Tunnel. About one hour in to the flight and we called Kortrijk/Wevelgem, our port of entry in to Belgium, to hear a familiar voice on the radio, it was Neville and Newby in the Falco, they had just flown direct from Breighton in less than two hours! Time to spare...go by Broussard....
Our Annual Pilgrimage to the 35th International Old Timer Fly-In and Drive-in at Schaffen Diest, Belgium

After casual banter and having our passports checked we had a one hour flight to our destination which involved a transit through the Brussels – Antwerp gap where we met Andy and Anne in the Condor and Alan Kilbride in his Jodel going in the opposite direction!

On arrival at Schaffen the Broussard was immediately surrounded by photographers, who waited patiently until we had wiped all the oil of and made her look respectable. We were also met by Guy Valvekens the organiser of the event, who follows us to our parking spot every year to thank us for attending. The rest of the afternoon was spent looking around the numerous aircraft, classic cars, bikes, military vehicles, old tractors etc. Most years attract 250+ aircraft and upwards of 2,000 Old-Timer vehicles.

The organisers provided us with a lift in to town and we were soon sat outside the Bier Tempel where a menu was presented to us listing around 120 Belgian Beers ranging from 4 to 10% – where to start? As it cooled of we moved in to a restaurant and enjoyed steak and frites before returning to the bar for a few more drinks having met our friends Patrick and Anna who own an Auster based at nearby Hasselt/Kiewit.
Our Annual Pilgrimage to the 35th International Old Timer Fly-In and Drive-in at Schaffen Diest, Belgium

The following morning having been presented with our award for The Longest Distance Flown by Guy, we retraced our steps to Kortrijk and then on the next leg were joined by two friends for some impromptu formation flying with a Stampe and Pulsar, all bound for Headcorn. The bad weather in the channel was holding off well to the west and after a refuel we were on the last leg back up to Breighton for an evening arrival and the obligatory debrief in The White Swan....Monday was to be a day off then on Tuesday morning we started again, Denmark bound....but that, as they say, is another story.
A Poem by Julie Ball...
Halloween Party 3rd Nov 2018  Breighton Club House
A poem of thanks

3rd Nov the date is **BOOKED**
Halloween Party to attend is a **MUST**
Fancy dress costumes some were a **FRIGHT**
Pie & Pea supper what a **DELIGHT**

Gin tasting session what a **TREAT**
A singer Ben gave a groovy **BEAT**
Spooky decorations The Club House looked **GREAT**
An amazing evening “thanks” from members **1158**
Member's Section

Caption Competition Winner - Les Clark

"Bloody hell, this stuff gets you pissed quick"!!
Up until 18 months ago, I was quite happy to watch airplanes at airports and airshows, flying on holiday and a few quick trips on jets including a flight on Concorde. That was until Jez found out about The Real Aeroplane Club at Brighton and joined as a museum member, mainly to take photographs of the airplanes.

I was not sure if this would interest me but it was a trip out. After the first visit I think I was hooked. I was a little nervous at first then we started having tea and meeting some of the members now friends. Best of all was the flight in Ray’s Piper SuperCruiser.

As the year moved on we became regulars nearly every weekend we could be seen; Jez taking photos and me drinking tea. Getting to meet new friends, attending the Bucker-

Fest and the hanger bash. I enjoyed the Christmas do and the next day we finally had our first flight in the Broussard over York. Les then decided that we had become Brightonites as we had been nearly every weekend and had helped to move the airplanes about. That was it for 2017.

Now it was 2018. All though cold at the beginning of the year we did going to two fly-ins at North Coates and Sandtoft in the Apache owned by a club member Paul.

I have had a few more flights with Ray. It was the time for the Brighton events to start. I helped at the Radial fly in and enjoyed my roast pork dinner. The weather was brilliant.

I was looking forward to the summer and enjoying the weather and airplanes flying in. Unfortunately I was then seriously ill only coming back for the Wings and Wheels event.
'My Breighton Journey So Far'...

An article by Di Poller

I did not do any flying until the end of September, when Charles asked us if we would like to fly on the Broussard to the North Lincolnshire Heritage Aviation day at Hibaldstow. This meant getting to Breighton at 7am a little early for a Sunday we made it and had a great flight to a great event and with wonderful company.

It was a throughly enjoyable day with great company, but sadly Les could not be part of the show as the Comper Swift had a technical problem.

This is a picture of Jez and I looking forward to the flight home. Thanks Dawn Evans.

Unexpectedly the following weekend Charles asked us if we would like to fly in the Broussard to Old Warden for the Shuttleworth race day and season finale. Although this would mean getting to Breighton at 7am again we said yes. I am glad we did as it was a lovely clear but cold morning, the views were fantastic and the flight in formation with Les in the Comper Swift was wonderful.

The flight home was lovely.

Thank you Charles for two wonderful trips and I am looking forward to more trips in the Broussard.

I never thought I would like flying in small airplanes, but I love it. It gives you a new prospective and the views are great. So if any flying members need company I would love to go flying with you sometime.

I am looking forward to 2019 and hopefully visiting other airfields and celebrating 30 years of the Real Aeroplane Club.

Di Poller
The Real Aeroplane Club is delighted to announce that George Gohl has been successful in winning the 2019 Real Aeroplane Club Scholarship. The Club celebrates its 30th anniversary next year.

The competition was open to applicants aged between 17 to 25 living in Yorkshire. Over 25 submissions were received and the standard was exceptionally high. George demonstrated his passion, commitment and enthusiasm towards aviation during a challenging interview and flying skills test.

George is currently studying for ‘A’ levels and has always wanted to be a pilot. His goal is to be a commercial pilot or join the RAF. He is an active member of his local RAF Air Cadet (872) Hull Squadron. His hobbies include building and flying scaled model aircraft, and designing and building telemetry systems for his models. He has also built a flight simulator in his parent’s loft so he can practise his flying.

The scholarship has been kindly funded by a Club Member in memory of our dear friend Nigel Feetham.