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 rachelrealaero@outlook.com
Chairman's Update

Events 2019

Membership Update - By Andy Wood

'Meet the Member' - an article by Peter Lamb

'Time Target' - An Archaeological Adventure by Tom Hope

'A Normal Weekend at Breighton...' - an article by Steve Carr

'Avoiding the Wire' - an article by Cliff Whitwell

'Airstrips and Small Airfields of Yorkshire, Past and Present (Part 1: East Riding)' - an article by Darrell Aldersea

The Member's Section
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date &amp; Time</th>
<th>Event Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16th February @ 1600</td>
<td>A talk from our very own Stuart Garton “...there I was wheels in the weeds...” : Flying the 1000hp Dromader &amp; crop dusting in Canada. Visitors welcome.</td>
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<tr>
<td>16th February @ 1800</td>
<td>An opportunity for new and old members to meet. A social in the Club House, the café will be open and bring your own alcohol. With Live music.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3rd March @ 1400</td>
<td>The Annual General Meeting. Members only.</td>
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<tr>
<td>17th March</td>
<td>Visit by the Guild of Aviation Artists.</td>
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<tr>
<td>24th March @ 1000</td>
<td>First aid training course. Duty Managers are asked to attend, and this is open to all members. Registration required. Members only.</td>
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<tr>
<td>27th March @ 1930</td>
<td>A talk from Steve Slater CEO of the LAA on what’s new in the LAA, forthcoming events and Q&amp;A session. Organised by the LAA Strut. Visitors welcome.</td>
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<tr>
<td>To be confirmed</td>
<td>Duty Manager and Fire Training. Open to all members. Members only.</td>
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<tr>
<td>27th &amp; 28th April</td>
<td>Mclean Aerobatic Trophy. Organised and run by the BAA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1st &amp; 2nd June</td>
<td>Wingwalking. Organised by Wingwalking Displays.</td>
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<td>22nd &amp; 23rd June</td>
<td>Wingwalking. Organised by Wingwalking Displays.</td>
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<tr>
<td>29th &amp; 30th June</td>
<td>VAC 55th Birthday Celebration. Organised by the VAC. Fly-in. Visitors welcome.</td>
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<td>Date</td>
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<tr>
<td>6th &amp; 7th July</td>
<td>Wingwalking. Organised by Wingwalking Displays.</td>
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<tr>
<td>20th &amp; 21st July</td>
<td>Hangar Bash. Fly-in. The BIG 30th birthday celebration, 4th International Bucker Fest, Hangar Party, food, drink &amp; live music... and lots lots more... the evening event is ticket only. Visitors welcome.</td>
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<tr>
<td>24th August</td>
<td>Visit by the Guild of Aviation Artists.</td>
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<tr>
<td>25th August 1830</td>
<td>Summer BBQ. Fly-in. This a planned event and is in addition to the ad-hoc (BYO) BBQs we will be having throughout summer. This is not a BYO food event but feel free to BYO alcohol. Visitors welcome.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1st September</td>
<td>Visit from the Morris Minor Club. Organised by RACo</td>
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<tr>
<td>6th October</td>
<td>Wingwalking. Organised by Wingwalking Displays.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6th October 1200</td>
<td>Visit from the Veteran Car Club of GB with pre 1919 cars.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd November 1900</td>
<td>Halloween not Bonfire Party. The café will be open and bring your own alcohol - with live music. Visitors welcome.</td>
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</tbody>
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Chairman's Update

The RAC community is perhaps a little unusual for an airfield in so far that we don't just turn up, fly and go home. It is a sociable environment and the Club House is the hub. That can be a little daunting for new members, but we encourage you to join us for the member's social on the evening of Saturday 16th February (following Stu Garton's talk on crop spraying) and of course at any time for what appears to be the second favourite airfield pastime after flying – that of drinking tea/ coffee!

What is the Real Aeroplane Club? Well, we are the sum of our members. It is you that makes the Club and it is for you to take from the Club experience what you will. This is why we aim to have a diary of varied events; flying (of course), informative, training and importantly as a theme for all events... fun.

The event list is periodically updated and so keep an eye on: The Club House noticeboard, the website, Facebook and of course this newsletter.

With regard to training events, a first aid course is being run on March 24th. This is open to all members at a subsidised cost of £15. It is however free for Duty Managers and I ask all DMs to register to attend.

A date for Duty Manager and Fire training has yet to be confirmed. Both of these are again open to any members wishing to attend (at no cost).

Activates such as training sessions, having a live singer at the Member’s Social evening and being able to refurbish the Club House is of course possible thanks to membership subscriptions. I wish to thank the majority of our members for renewing swiftly which does make Andy Wood's life much easier.

There are however some points I would like to raise:

1) The pro-rata membership fee only applies in the year you join. If you delay renewal, for example until May, you will still have to pay the full annual membership fee.

2) With the exception of some group aircraft, aircraft owners and generally pretty good at renewing their Club membership. It is after all a condition of operating from the airfield. If you are in a group and have not renewed, please do not let your fellow group members down! If you run a group, please check all your members have renewed.

We do try our best to remind people and encourage people to renew in a swift period of time but we will soon arrive at a date when, if you have not renewed your membership, you will not be permitted onto the airfield. I am sure you can appreciate we cannot allow non-members onto the airfield for various reasons and if you are not a member then we will have to ask you to leave. This applies to all, even those with aircraft based here. Should anyone wish to discuss this further then as always I welcome a conversation.

Let me update you all on the refurbishment of the airfield...

As mentioned and as many of you will have noticed, the Club House interior is being refurbished. With a lick of paint, new furniture, a new museum presentation and a new computer flight planning area we aim to retain the Brighton feel whilst creating more seating and a fresh feel. This work will take a few weeks to fully complete and so please bear with us. I am sure once we have finished you will like the result.

For now, that's all from me

Charles
As I write this in early February we have a total of just over 300 members who have re-joined for 2019. We closed 2018 with a record number of 485, and it would be good to see 500 members for the first time this year.

Thank you to all who renewed promptly, for any others wishing to re-join there is a membership form attached to this newsletter/e-mail and with payment now possible via BACS it couldn’t be easier.

Continuing membership allows you all year round access to the airfield and regular updates of all the news and events through the newsletter. If you wish to continue receiving this please renew at your earliest convenience and enjoy all the benefits The Real Aeroplane Club brings.

*Andy*

**Membership Secretary and Treasurer**

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**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).

*Please can I ask that you pay your membership as a matter of priority now; any questions please email andyrealaero@outlook.com*

*Thank you*
It’s 1954 and I have reached the grand old age of 18 yrs having being brought up during war years living in air raid shelters and going to school with a gas mask. Things have improved rationing over and the badly bombed city is on the up. I am training to be radio engineer at the local electrical shop and TV is in its infancy. Life is great well into my teens smoking Woodbines and chasing the girls. What could spoil this? Well it came in a very official looking letter through our front door...

‘Mr Peter Lamb you are requested to serve two years National Service in the armed forces. You will appear at the recruiting centre for a full and thorough medical check...’

Some medical...drop your pants, cough, look in your ear...can’t see daylight...you're in!! Which service would you like to join? The Navy is a minimum of 5yrs; very limited vacancies for the RAF unless you sign up for 3 yrs.

That then left the army and more than likely The East Yorkshire Regiment based at Beverley and where did they go? Every trouble spot - Cyprus, Aden or the Jungles of Malaya! No Thanks! I will take a chance and stick out for the RAF.

Several days later a letter arrives to confirm I have been accepted into the RAF for 2 years! 'Thank god I am safe...' Within a week or so a rail warrant is received telling me to appear at RAF Cardington. From the moment I got off the train my life changed. We were shouted at and bullied, did everything at the double, some welcome. We spent a week at Cardington being kitted out with uniforms, knife, fork and spoon, and told to send our civilian clothing home.

The end of the week we where told we were going to a square bashing camp called West Kirby not far from Liverpool for 6 weeks. Six weeks of pure hell, drilling, P/T, polishing anything in sight, living in freezing wooden huts with 20 other lads and always hungry.

"I could write a book about that place but best forgotten"
Meet the Member...

An article by Peter Lamb

At the end of my basic training I am told that I am to be sent on a 12 week training course on Teleprinters at Compton Bassett in Wiltshire. Life improved there, not so much bull but lots of class work. Any failure in exams you were threatened to become a cooks assistant. Near the end of my course I was presented with a form asking where I would like to be posted and given three choices! Easy this one! I opted for Leconfield, Driffield Finningenley. Life is looking good, I'm going to be home most weekends - brilliant!

The day arrives and we all parade outside, names and postings are shouted out. Once your posting is announced you are dismissed, there were just two of us left. No Yorkshire postings yet so it's looking quite possible: "Aircraftman Lamb you are posted to HQ FEAF". HQ sounds like London area to me...damn it!! Five minutes later one of the old hands asks where I am posted to only laugh out loud and tell me I am going out to the troubled country of Malaya.

After a weeks embarkation leave I am kitted out with overseas kit and told that I will be flying out of Blackbushe airport on a Handley Page Hermes cruising speeds 270 knots with luck heading to Singapore via Rome, Cyprus, Aden, Bahrain, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Bangkok and finally Changi. This takes several days but was quite an adventure for someone who had never been out of England.

On arrival at Changi the first thing that hit me was the very clammy heat, I'll never get used to this I thought. We are billeted in the RAF transit block which is a real dump of a place for a few days until they decided which camp I was to be stationed. The main camps on Singapore Island were Seletar (Sunderland flying Boats), Tenga, Changi. My posting came through RAF Butterworth. 'Where the hell is that?' I asked only to be told with wry smile that it was way up north in the jungles of Malaya and to get there I will be taking the long journey by rail and will have to draw a rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition as the train got ambushed now and again by the Communist terrorists... 'BLOODY HELL I am still 18!'
So I find myself waiting for the the train on Singapore station complete with a Lee Enfield 303 and fifty rounds of live ammo strapped around me. As I wait for the train an amoured car on the rails with a heavy machine gun and searchlight passes by; this I'm told is to go ahead of the train to check for any possible ambush attempts. The train pulls into the station and looks like one out of a western movie. The loco being a log burner (they have plenty of trees out there). I look around and see lots of military the British Army Indian Army Gurkas all armed to the teeth. During the long journey I slept on a bunk in the sleeping car amongst Malays, Chinese, and Indian civilians carrying baskets of chickens and god knows what. I slept that night with my rifle in bed with me and my ammo under the pillow.

After the long train journey through thick jungle scenery I arrive at RAF Butterworth. This turns out to be a great camp stationed on the beach with the Island of Penang a short ferry trip away. I arrived just as the De Havilland Hornets were being scrapped, it seemed the local termites had taken a liking to their wooden construction. These were replaced by some well worn vampires for a short while until replaced by venoms. The job of the aircraft was to attack any terrorist jungle camps with mainly rockets or 20mm cannon. Flying conditions out there could be very hairy and weather conditions could change rapidly and an engine failure over a vast area of mountain jungle could be your lot and even if you did survive it would take days for anyone to reach you. Life was pretty good for once, weekends spent in Penang where goods like cameras and watches were cheap and way ahead of what was available in the UK. Thus, my interest in photography started! I spent lots of time drinking Tiger beer in the bars of Penang and going to taxi dances. This is where you bought a ticket for one dance with a girl - watched over by her minder! Lots of areas both at Butterworth and Penang were out of bounds, step into those areas you would be chancing your luck!

Now and again we would get warnings of possible raids by Terrorists and would be fully armed just in case; our main weapons being the old Lee Enfield, Bren or the useless Sten gun. Several times I flew from Changi to Butterworth in a Vickers Valletta looking down at mile after mile of solid jungle and thinking let's not have engine trouble here. Eventually Canberra sqds came out on three month stints to carpet bomb possible enemy camps, but how effective this was no-one knows, though from a terrorists point of view it would be nerve wracking. I could write a book about my Malaya escapades, good job my mother didn't hear of them! So back to Blighty a different person to that young 18 yr old.
Pilgrim Pilots of the Saxon Worthies.

This site's something of a mecca, and it's not hard to see why. Even when the Normans invaded, the history of Ely Cathedral already spanned four hundred years. Architecturally, it's just magnificent – and seeing it from the air in the low, dawn sunrise is a privilege beyond words.

It starts in the middle of the Dark Ages – in the year 672AD. For anyone who fell asleep in their history lessons, the Romans left England 230 years ago, there's another 120 years or so before the Vikings invade and it's the middle of the Anglo Saxon rule.

Now stay with me here because this gets a bit confusing: the site started life as an Anglo Saxon abbey. Funded by Æthelthryth, daughter of the East Anglian King, Anna (yes, you read that right – it's not a gender-confused queen, the Kings name was Anna). Now, Æthelthryth was a perpetual virgin – even when she married – she persuaded her husband (Tondberct) to respect her vow. When Tondberct died in 655, she retired to the Isle of Ely, a gift from Tondberct.

In 660, Æthelthryth was then remarried for political reasons (what other reasons are there?), this time to a young chap called Ecgfrith of Northumbria. There was a big age gap – the lad was only 15 at the time and his queen in her late 20's. In 670, Ecgfrith ascended to the throne and, wishing to remain a virgin, Æthelthryth became a nun.
While the teenage Ecgfrith initially agreed to Æthelthryth's virginity, he couldn't keep it in his pants. Growing ever tired of fruitless advances and self-abuse, he tried to force himself on his wife. Æthelthryth ran away with a couple of her bezzies and, nuns on the run, they founded a double monastery at Ely.

Now as the story goes, sixteen years after her death, her sister dug Æthelthryth up with the intention of re-burying her at the successful new Ely Church. She (apparently) found her to be in pretty good shape, rot-wise. Her body was 'uncorrupted' and her coffin and clothes 'possessed miraculous powers'.

All you need is a rumour and a relic, the fanatics will do the rest - since then (in true Python-esque style) the site became something of a shrine and therefore the major driving force behind the success of the re-founded abbey.

I've missed out whopping great swathes of history behind the construction of the Cathedral you see here. Shame on me – but then, the important thing is how Ely gathered its’ following. Known as the Saxon Worthies, pilgrims would walk hundreds of miles to pay homage to it and, while I'm certainly not the religious sort, I do find it strangely satisfying to think that 1,347 years after Æthelthryth ran away from her rapey husband and sparked the whole thing off; minding our own business in the quiet early morning, we took-off on our own 4 hour pilgrimage.

**Good show Æthelthryth.**
Is there such a thing as a normal weekend at Breighton? Perhaps there is, but that doesn’t mean that there won’t be interesting activity to see. Wifey and daughter had abandoned me for the weekend, so I decided to bring the Jeep along to the North of England Classic & Pre-War Automobiles Motoring Club Rally on September 16th 2018. Since it’s a 3 hour trip in the jeep, I made a whole weekend of it and camped over. In addition to the vehicle rally, there was to be wingwalking all weekend too. Saturday morning started overcast and breezy, though the wind was straight down the strip. The wingwalking began probably around mid morning. There were around fifteen people booked in for the first day, wanting to perch on top instead of making use of the perfectly good seat in the front cockpit! Lots of family members were there to cheer them on and also kept the ladies in the café busy!

The sky brightened up late morning and even gave us some patches of blue, which was much better for photos. The brighter conditions probably encouraged a few people to fly, both those based at Breighton and visitors. These included two Robinson helicopters, G-COPR and G-EJTC, both of which arrived early afternoon.
The sky brightened up late morning and even gave us some patches of blue, which was much better for photos. The brighter conditions probably encouraged a few people to fly, both those based at Brighton and visitors. These included two Robinson helicopters, G-COPR and G-EJTC, both of which arrived early afternoon.

Jack put some air time on his new toy, a Jodel D112, a real oldie built in 1952 and with a serial number of only 67. During his circuits, the sun came out and I got some nice pictures of it brightly illuminated against the trees behind. It looked great in the sun.

Ray was busy flying the Super Cruiser G-BSYG for much of the afternoon, with a number of friends enjoying a ride along; myself included.

Sunday started showery, again with a fairly strong wind, but across the strip. I drove my Jeep down to where the classics would be parking and met the organiser, who was concerned the wet start would put vehicle owners off from coming. It dried up however, and we got a couple of dozen vehicles parked opposite to the new hangars.

The wingwalking continued at a brisk pace, but there were fewer visitors and club members flying. This was possibly because of the strong crosswind making the conditions less pleasant. There were still plenty of people around and it was a nice relaxing social day.

Due to the dark nights now closing in, I put off my return trip until Monday morning when the slow Jeep would be more visible on the roads. Sunday evening was fairly clear, with lots of stars in the sky, so I combined my astronomy, photography and aviation interests with some long exposure images of the York Flying School aircraft with a starscape background.

As always, an enjoyable weekend with great friends.
Our Chairman’s comment in the last Newsletter got me thinking. Burn Gliding Club has experienced pilots of powered aircraft flying through its circuit from time to time. How would you feel if this happened at your airfield?

It is a bit more than proximity of two aircraft: either gliders or powered. Glider pilots are used to operating close together when they are soaring in a thermal or on a hill site. So why are they concerned at Burn airfield?

Let’s consider their operation and at most gliding sites. Gliders are usually launched by one of two methods: either a winch launch or aerotow such as Burn or Pocklington gliding sites. If you look at an air map you will see they have airspace with a maximum altitude of say 2500’ and are always marked above mean sea level [AMSL] with the following symbol:

This altitude is the potential height of a cable winch launch. Yes, CABLE, a wire one; similar to a cheese cutting wire but stronger. OK, message received and understood, but... On a winch launch the glider is pulled through the air until it has sufficient flying speed and then boom. The aircraft then goes near vertical to a point where it reaches a maximum height before releasing the cable. This can take maybe 2 or 3 minutes at most, but in this near vertical attitude the pilot cannot see forward or underneath, only the sky above. The winch driver will be intensely focused on the glider to ensure a safe launch. Just imagine if you approached the glider site from behind the winch driver [i.e. you heading downwind] towards the glider with his aircraft belly towards you. Neither the winch driver nor pilot will see you coming. The closing speeds will be high and quick.

The free falling cable after release can have a mind of its own. I have seen a winch cable drop on to a glider wing and saw its part way through the wooden structure with ease. Luckily it wasn’t flying at the time.

Remember we have at least 5 gliding sites in our local area. A “point” for each one you can name.

I would recommend anyone to have a go at gliding. It’s a totally different flying experience and a great opportunity to try a different skill [soaring, one chance at landing, spot landing]. I will be arranging a gliding day in 2019 at Burn, so watch the notice board for details.
Preface.

Place names with suffixes of Barrow, Bury, Ford, Ham, Hurst, Leigh, Ley, Mer, Mere, Ney, Port, Stead, Stow, Ton, Tun, Wick, Witch are usually former Saxon settlements.

Place names with suffixes of Ain, Beck, By, Dale, Fell, Garth, Gill, Ghyll, Holme, Kirk, Keld, Scar, Skel, Sty, Thorpe, Threl, Toft are usually former Viking settlements.

Many airstrips contain these suffixes, particularly in Yorkshire. Incidentally Yorkshire did not exist in early Saxon times. The Saxon kingdom of Northumbria extended from the north bank of the river Humber to the Firth of Forth and included what is now Merseyside. Viking settlement names, in the northeast of England, tend to exist between the rivers Humber and Tees. With the creation of the Danelaw in 886, the southern part of Northumbria came under Danish (Viking) control: the Danelaw extended from the Tees to Essex. The Danes established the kingdom of Jorvik (York) and the three Ridings (North, East and West). Over time the Danelaw was reduced by conquests and in 927 the Saxon King, Aethelstan, conquered the kingdom of York. Hence he became the first Saxon King of all England.

Yorkshire is now divided into North Yorkshire, West Yorkshire, South Yorkshire and East Riding of Yorkshire.

Now to the airstrips.

Most airstrips are privately owned and permission to use is paramount. Several strips do not have windsocks as some pilots take one to be an opportunity to land. Permission to use a few strips is by strict invitation only!

Since there are so many Yorkshire strips, I have only described those I have visited. I also include some small airfields.

East Riding of Yorkshire.

The first airfield of mention is Paull. This small airfield was just inland from the village of Paull Holme on the Humber estuary. It was opened in 1968 and closed in 1981. Hence I was only able to visit twice. Due to it being only a few feet above sea level it was frequently flooded. The last time I visited, there was standing water on the runway. Some rather vigorous ‘rudderng’ was required on both landing and take-off to avoid the worst.

However, Paull was easy to find. It possessed a very prominent landmark: a Blackburn Beverley cargo aircraft parked on the field. This aircraft (number XB259) was built at Brough and used for various purposes until its last landing, at the end of its useful life, at Paull. Landing on the 06/24, 670 metres strip was only accomplished due to the available reverse pitch of its 4 propellers. When Paull closed, the aircraft spent some time at the Museum of Military Transport in Beverley but then moved to its present location at Fort Paull; not far from the site of the former Paull Airfield.

Of next interest is Burton Constable situated some 5½nm NE of Hull Docks. I mention this next as it was within a ‘nest’ of nearby strips. The strip is situated within the 300 acres estate connected with the Constable family.

There are several Constable families in England originating from Norman times. Surnames were relatively unknown until the Norman Conquest but the requirements of the Domesday Book required a more accurate identification.
Surnames, at that time, began to be associated with profession or origin (provenance). Constable is a corruption of an old French word meaning Law Keeper.

When I visited the strip, John Raleigh Chichester-Constable had inherited the estate. His grandfather had abandoned the Hall in 1929 as he could no longer afford to inhabit and maintain the structure. The army used the hall during WW2 and possibly the airstrip was created by them. John Chichester inherited the hall and grounds in 1963 and began a restoration project. However he had to seek assistance in 1992 and the Burton Constable Foundation Trust took over. John died in 2011 and his grandson inherited. The family still inhabit the south wing of the hall.

The strip is 488 metres grass and orientated 17/35. An accident report in 1972 referred to a fatal crash involving Typpy Nipper G-AVKT during a display. Another incident involving a Gyrocopter is noted in 1993. Use of the strip began to reduce when the Trust created a holiday park and began Sunday Markets close to the strip. I only ever knew of one resident aircraft, Slingsby T67 G-BJZJ, and this is now based at Bredington. I last landed at Burton Constable on 11th November 1990.

As far as I know the strip is now disused but is still visible on Google Earth.

About 2½nm north of Burton Constable was Marton (Hill Farm). This was owned by Harold Swift who piloted a Bolkov Junior aircraft. The grass runway, 01/19, was 490 metres in length. There was a deep ditch at one side and the adjacent ploughed fields were about 1 foot below the runway surface due to soil erosion.

One wall of the hangar was adorned with about half a dozen broken wooden propellers. Just to the east was Danger Area Cowden Range. This was often used for bombing practice by jet aircraft from Conningsby.

With the demise of Harold, the strip closed.

Some 2nm South of Burton Constable was a farm strip known as Sproatley or Sproatley Grange and operated by Rawson Partners: Terry Rawson being the aviation minded partner. This was an interesting field. The runway, 08/26, was 635 metres in length and the runway was higher towards the middle than at both ends. If using 26 the landing involved gently touching down near the crest and then rolling-out downhill. At the 08 end was a set of red and green traffic lights. A bridle path crossed the immediate threshold and horse riders operated the lights. Two other features were a two-holed earth toilet and a radar installation. The radar antenna was of the rotating beam type used in marine installations. Terry informed me that its former use was a Coast Guard installation. Hence the screen display was of slow-moving ships in the Humber Estuary.

At fly-ins the BBQ's were some of the best I ever experienced. I last landed at Sproatley on 20th January 1990.

However, on the death of Terry's father, Terry's brother wished to leave farming and the farm had to be sold and the strip closed. This closure resulted in resident aircraft dispersing to Marton, Ottringham & Burton Constable and prompted the creation of the next strip in my list.
When Sproatley suddenly closed, Gerry Bantin, the owner of Blue Hall near Garton village and some 4nm due east of Burton Constable, purchased some land and began the creation of Garton Field landing strip. The grass runway 28/10 is 550 metres in length and with one hangar on site. This provided a home for his Cessna 172, a Typpy Nipper, a Jodel 117A, and a Robin DR220 2+2. I first landed there, soon after the strip began operation, on 29th May 1993. Gerry would find many reasons to have a BBQ: sometimes family & friends and aeroplanes at other times.

I have often tried to work out why, if I landed at Garton with my wife as crew, Gerry would ferry us to and from his home in his vintage Rolls Royce. However, when alone I invariably had to walk the ¾ mile distance: there and back!

The airfield changed hands in 2010 but, without Gerry, the field appeared to somehow lose its heart. Over subsequent years most of the aircraft left Garton for various reasons. The only remaining aircraft was a Europa owned by Terry Greaves. Thieves broke into the hangar and stole the Rotax engine. This left the field deserted! However, recent news stated that the field is now in the ownership of a local farmer, Mathew Butler, and has a resident Eurostar aircraft. I hope this is a prelude to a revival of Garton activity.

To the south of Garton, there used to be an active strip, named Hollym, situated close to the village of that name. Ken Wootton operated the strip in connection with his microlight business. His home was adjacent to the strip and most pilots were invited there for tea, biscuits and a chat.

For reasons I do not know, Hollym closed. Google Earth, however, still shows this field with runways 19/01, 35/17 & 21/30.

A new strip was created very close to the coast of Holderness and just south of Withernsea. This strip is named Hollym East (N53 42.92, E000 02.98) but is usually addressed as Hollym. Hollym East is situated on an area of unconsolidated land subject to coastal erosion. Originally 3 runways were created but this has been reduced to two (14/32 and 17/35). On 10th August 2016 a Europa aircraft, whilst landing, went over the cliff edge and onto the beach. The pilot had to climb the cliff edge to find assistance and arrived, with his muddy appearance, at a nearby house. I have not been able to discover if this strip is still active but I have included a Google Earth view.

The strip at Willy Howe Farm, near Wold Newton, was likened to grass tarmac. Unfortunately this strip never stood a chance of survival. The owner thought that a strip with a portacabin, equipped only with tea-making facilities, was a licence to charge £10 landing fees.
Eddsfield (N54 06.42 W000 27.26) is situated in the East Yorkshire Wolds: some of the most picturesque scenery in Yorkshire. I first flew into Eddsfield on 2nd August 1998. The grass runway 27/09 is 775 metres long. A row of high trees, close to 27 threshold, encourages a bit of sideslipping on approach. The clubhouse consists of two well-furnished static caravans. The field quickly became very popular and some excellent fly-ins were arranged. Two more hangars were built to add to the original one and self-service Avgas became available. In December 2010, the roofs of two hangars collapsed due to heavy falls of wet snow and some 40 aircraft were damaged. The unexpected is never so rare, or as far away, as one would hope! These hangars have not been rebuilt and, up to this year, the field suffered from lack of activity. However, some metal-framed, plastic-sheet covered hangars have recently been erected and the website indicates renewed activity. As with Garton, let us hope for a revival!

North of Beverley, at N53° 57.72, W000° 22.92 and on the side of the river Hull is Corpslanding. The name has nothing to do with corpses but, according to historians, is a corruption of Old Norse from around 937 AD. Many Norse place names derive from a person’s name, natural formations, sources of food, or some event. I don’t know the Norse for ‘Good fishing place’ or ‘the place where Viking Radnar lived with Saxon Sally’ or ‘the field belonging to Korpr (an Old Norse name)’ but these are possible examples. Then, over the years, passing information verbally between Vikings, Saxons, Normans and English could have resulted in Corpslanding.

Alan Braime used to have an airstrip at his farm of the above name. Alan owned a Piper Pawnee aircraft and later a Jodel D140, Mousquetaire. This Jodel was built by Richard Yates and Alan. The hangar was complete with a resident owl that gazed disdainfully at any intrusion upon its privacy. There was no guard dog required at the farm as the peacocks always gave adequate warning. A cup of tea and homemade buns were always part of the welcome.

I last visited in September 1999. Google Earth now shows no sign of this strip.

Just northwest of Bridlington town, at N54 07.22 W00014.18, is the airstrip named Bridlington used for parachuting. I visited the former Bridlington Grindale in August 1980. This field was a little further inland and also used for parachuting. The CFI, John Harris, had been the former CFI at Sherburn where I learnt to fly. I arrived at the clubhouse and was greeted by two people, both with arms in plaster and one of these with a similarly adorned leg.

I do not recall ever visiting Grindale again!

Just in passing, if tracking directly between Filey and Bridlington town, the newer Bridlington airstrip is directly on track. Free fall parachuting may be from FL150 so a deviation from a straight track is essential!

To the north west of Breighton, and across the river Derwent, is the village of Skipwith. Mr. Geoffrey Eastwood created a microlight strip near there but Jodels visited fairly frequently without problems. I do not know if this strip is still active. Incidentally there are 6 Tumuli near this village. They are within 2 areas identified on O.S. Maps as Danes Hills.

Although no longer classed as a strip, I wish to briefly mention Breighton. I first visited Breighton, then owned by David Fenton, in 1987. No proper runway then existed. Landing was on a banana-shaped part of the old WW2 peritrack some 550 metres long. There were 2 hangars and the clubhouse was close to the present middle gate entrance. I have included Breighton in the East Riding, rather than North Yorkshire, as this is where the Danish Vikings included the village and I have no wish to argue with them.
Slick by Champion issues revised Service Bulletin SB1-15A that now affects Magnetos from over the past 10 years.

This latest SB addresses the potential decreased service life of distributor gear assemblies in Slick 4-cylinder magnetos, K3822 distributor block replacement kits, and K3008 distributor gear assemblies dated September 26, 2008 thru September 1, 2016.

The current edition of this important Service Bulletin is attached to the newsletter.

It is imperative you comply with this crucial Service Bulletin as soon as possible and NOT TO EXCEED THE NEXT 50 HOURS.

A copy of SB1-15A is attached to the newsletter
Kent Pietsch is a hugely experienced stunt pilot who performs all over the USA. His repertoire includes landing on a Winnebago and a ‘Hillbilly done took ma’ airplane..’ routine during which he actually sheds an aileron (no, I don’t know either) and flies ‘drunkenly’ along the crowd line occasionally banging the wingtip on the concrete. Suitable pyrotechnics are generated by the wingtip plate which operates rather like striking a Swan Vesta.

The aircraft is a 1942 Interstate Cadet sponsored as you can see by a sweet manufacturer. You will know that this type of flying demands a great deal of skill which he later demonstrates with an impressive ‘dead stick’ display of energy management. Starting at 6000’ he finally rolls gently to a stop with the prop boss resting in the commentator’s outstretched hand.

Whilst the Snowbirds seemed totally unconcerned that it all took place right alongside their expensive jets, I suspect the apoplexy at the CAA if such a display was proposed here would be something to behold -.shame really - an old yellow aeroplane would fit right in at Breighton too...........

*Pictures taken by Mike Verier at MCAS New River in 2011.*