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 rachelreaero@outlook.com
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From the Chair
'Submit your Best Photos' Competition 2018

The competition is now closed! Thank you to everyone who entered, we have some fantastic entries this year.

The photos will now be displayed in the conservatory of the clubhouse right up until the Classic Wings & Wheels event on the 21st/22nd July. The photos are open for voting; please pick your top 5 and pop your votes into the ballot box provided.

Any questions please email rachelrealaero@outlook.com

www.realaero.com
Events 2018

TICKETS NOW ON SALE FOR THE HANGAR BASH

The Real Aeroplane Club’s next fly-in for 2018 takes place on Saturday 21st July and Sunday 22nd July – our annual Wings & Wheels Event with the hangar bash and, as usual, is open to all aircraft types.

Our café will be open with a selection of meals and refreshments on offer during the day and we will have a gourmet BBQ, DJ and Live Band – Hot Foot Powder on the Saturday evening. The aerodrome itself is 5.5 nm north-east of Selby, North Yorkshire. Further details here – http://realaero.com/air.htm

21 Jul – Classic Wings & Wheels/Hangar Bash
22 Jul – Classic Wings & Wheels/Hangar Bash
02 Sep – Car Club Visit (Morris Minor Club)
16 Sep – Wingwalking (Wingwalk Displays) – also the North of England Classic & Pre-War Automobiles Motoring Classic Car Rally
22 / 23 Sep – Helicopter Fly-In (featuring a presentation on the 22nd by Jon Stanley, Search And Rescue S-92 pilot, for Bristow Helicopters Ltd)
01 Dec – Christmas Party at York Marriott (the booking list is now up on the club events board, if you would like the hotel booking link sending please email: rachelrealaero@outlook.com)

All of our members and family are most welcome and encouraged at all of our events – including the Christmas Party! (Please note the wingwalking days and helicopter flight days are listed on the website – http://www.realaero.com/bugle.htm). We’d love to see you there and hope you are able to join us – thank you for your continued support.
My introduction to aviation was most likely around the age of three, attending the 1973 Sunderland Airshow, back in the days it was held at the former RAF Usworth. I have vague real memories of the show, reinforced by a few photographs.

The Avro Lancaster had only just joined the Battle of Britain Flight that year and the Hurricane was sporting a Spitfire four blade prop. Other show aircraft I recall were the Rothmans Pitts Specials and an RAF Andover in middle east sand and brown camo. Teesside, RAF Finningley and RAF Leuchars were other shows I regularly attended during the 70’s.

In the early 80’s my dad and I became involved with the North East Aircraft Museum for a short time until 1983, when I started flying radio controlled models. As both activities happened on the same days, the museum gave way to the flying. In 1983, I also joined 2214 Sqdn Air Cadets, later flying Chipmunks and gliders at RAF Leeming and Catterick.

My first flight in any aircraft was in August 1983, in a Cessna from North Deans airfield in Great Yarmouth. It was a very hot day and lovely and smooth out to sea, but like a rollercoaster over the corn fields! Mum didn’t appreciate that!
In 1987, during my ‘A’ levels, I had a week work experience at Acorn Aviation, based at Newcastle airport. My time table left me all Friday free, so after the week, I arranged to go back every Friday for experience. At the end of my ‘A’ levels, I got a job there. We often had the RAF dropping in, either the BBMF for an overnight stop or Hawks following bird strikes.

In addition to general maintenance, we did accident repairs, resprays (such as this Beagle Pup) and re-assembling of imports for customers. Test flights were always fun, except for once in a Rally Commodore, which was a dog!!

By 1994, the models had got much bigger, and I started a team who displayed 1/6 scale U.S. warbirds around the country at model shows. Fighters like the P–51 and P–47 were around 6 to 7 feet wing span, while the B–17 Fortress and B–24 Liberator were around 18 feet span.

We displayed at large airfields such as Duxford, RAF Cosford and RAF Halton, and smaller model flying sites on farm land. We seemed to spend our lives on the A1(M), doing two to three shows a month.

Our last big season was 2004, during which I got a cold that resulted in a chest infection that brought on asthma and a wood dust allergy. Not only did this stop the model building, but it also put me out of work as a college Woodwork/Art Department technician.

I’d had a long interest in World War 2 history, and growing up watching war films and M*A*S*H, my replacement hobby was to get a WW2 Jeep in Spring 2005. “Jessie the Jeep” was finished in U.S. 100th Bomb Group markings. The Jeep remained in standard olive drab finish for its first three years of my ownership until I converted it to an airfield “Follow Me” vehicle. A trailer went with it for all the camping gear.

Having an airfield vehicle opened up many photographic opportunities, including at Breighton with Maurice Hammond’s Mustangs. Over the years, I’ve managed photoshoots with the BBMF and Canadian Lancasters, and recently the YAM Halifax and Lanc “Just Jane”. I also had a great working weekend at the Rougham airshow, leading Spitfire MH434, Mustangs and other warbirds to their dispersal areas.
In November 2009, daughter comes along; and all of a sudden, there wasn’t room in the Jeep for childseats, pushchairs, cots etc. After a very brief discussion, Lynne and I decided to buy the 1944 Dodge Weapon Carrier, which I also converted to an airfield flying control vehicle. Once more, the three of us and camping gear could get to shows. I’m sure you all know how hobbies can get a little out of hand, and so it was for me, seeing a 1943 Ford GPW Jeep wreck on Ebay in 2012. Two years later, after a

All three vehicles are well travelled, with the first Jeep having been to France touring the Normandy beaches, plus trips to Belgium and then Holland for an Arnhem tour. They’ve also all been to Breighton over the years. Many of you have had a go behind the wheel, and it’s always great to see how big your smiles are after your first time driving a Jeep!

By the time you read this, I should have clocked up around 20,000 miles and about 700 hours of bouncing around behind the wheel of the three vehicles – physically demanding, particularly the Dodge, but great fun.
'Time Target'...
An Archaeological Adventure
by Tom Hope

A common question I’m asked by those who don’t fly is ‘does it ever get boring?’ Well, yes it does – if you fly without a good purpose. Flying with a purpose is one of the most important things a pilot can do. Take it away and – as is all too often the case – the mojo’s gone.

As I alluded to in my last article, for me, flying’s all about perspective. Whether that’s in terms of distance, speed, height or geometry, my love of flying is centred on perspective – on context.

So it follows that history makes a great bedfellow to flying. History’s also about perspective. It teaches us where we belong; it fixes our position in the grand plan and it’s often a beacon for our future.

And of course here on this small island we’re blessed with a rich concentration of historical landscapes spanning hundreds of thousands of years, each period permanently scoured into the earth in some way. As pilots, we’re blessed with a licence to see these scars from a rare viewpoint – and many of us shamefully lose sight of that. Why did humankind want to fly in the first place?

Add to it the relative youth of aviation and the even more recent development of photography and it’s all the purpose you need. With this in mind, I’m led to believe there’s an appetite for a regular slot in our airfield newsletter to waffle on about some of my aerial archaeological adventures; and as many of you already know, I love talking crap – so here we go:

Knowing what you’re looking at is always the best place to start. Archaeology is a complex and enigmatic subject: Stephen Dean, Principal Archaeologist of Staffordshire County Council sums it up beautifully:

“Archaeology is like a jigsaw puzzle, except you can’t look at the box and not all the pieces are there”

Except we, as pilots, are in a unique position – we’re allowed to take a look at that box – admittedly perhaps through fogged glasses – but a look nonetheless. With our PPL’s, we’re licenced to see and interpret our landscape through elevated perspective.

As many of you already know, myself and a friend have recently been credited with the discovery of a prehistoric settlement in Lincolnshire – I’m very proud of that. Some way south of Louth between Stenigot and Donington-on-Bain on an early summer morning last year, tracking an ancient road, we passed abeam the low sun. Various structures and marks appeared in a field system abutting to the street. Being unable to find any record of the site, we sent our photographs to the county archaeologist who advised they were aware of its significance – and were able to date it as prehistoric from the various artefacts churned up through ploughing – but never had they seen the structures shown so clearly to us that day.

There are many ways history can present itself to a pilot. In this instance, the foundations no longer exist, having been extracted after the settlement fell into disuse. What then causes these structures to appear so clearly? Well, as the foundation is removed, the ditch is backfilled with richer soil. This richer soil causes the crops to grow slightly higher along the line of the ex-foundation. Seeing it is rare though – it often only occurs at certain times of year and in certain environmental conditions. It may only be visible once in every ten years: further flights over the same site show just how concealed the settlement is if the growth of the crops is in any way stunted. And we were just lucky enough to peer down at the right moment, at that field, on that particular day and ask the question.
Other sites, as you can see from the below photograph are much easier to see. Changes in the field systems surrounding the site and raised earthworks are all good, strong indicators of archaeological significance. Here you see Bainbridge Roman Fort in Upper Wensleydale.

One skeleton was of a man with the tip of a knife in his ribs, and the other, more fragmentary, was probably that of a woman. They had been buried in a clay floor beneath the rear room of what was probably an inn. There’s little doubt this was murder.

Even more visible is the vicus at Vindolanda Roman Fort, south-west of Housesteads. This well-excavated site has revealed all kinds of interesting artefacts, giving us a first-hand insight into Roman Britain.

Known as Virosidvm — 'the settlement of true men', this poorly published but well-known site was built in AD90 — that’s 1,928 years ago. It remained operational for about 300 years. Just pause for a moment to take that in.

These Roman forts usually had a civilian market town abutted to it, known as a 'vicus'. While it’s very likely Bainbridge Fort was no different, very little evidence (other than faint outlines shown on these aerial photographs) exist of this.

In contrast however, further North at Hadrians’ Wall, Housesteads Roman Fort has a beautifully visible vicus.

Of particular interest is the stash of personal belongings found within the barracks from Roman soldiers who occupied the camp.

These contained notes — etched onto tiny, disposable tablets — of daily life. Receipts for white paint sent from the battalions stationed in York to cover the nightly graffiti painted on the wall by the rebellious 'Northern Brits' are a real tangible link to this important part of our heritage. Rather reminiscent of Python’s 'Life of Brian' I think.

The five square structures outside the walls of the fort represent a fraction of the civilian market town which supported it. Perhaps one of the most interesting (and gruesome) finds to turn up at Housesteads was the discovery of two bodies buried beneath the floor of one of these civilian buildings.
Appreciation of our heritage is just so important, without it we’re lost and we don’t learn, we cock up and blunder through life hoping to find our mojo in whatever comes along. Perspective and context ground us; they give us depth and solid goals.

Finally, bringing this article into perspective – and giving us all a little appreciation of our local heritage in what connects us – I’d like to end it with two photographs taken of our own much-loved airfield, taken a bare 73 years apart.
The following is a light-hearted account of a flight made in two Jodel light aircraft, one piloted by myself, and the other by my friend David Hardaker.

We decided in Summer 1990 to fly up into Scotland, the first leg to be from Breighton to Glenforsa, Isle of Mull. The Friday forecast appeared to be very favourable for the next day. Hence, at 7am on the Saturday I was busy fuelling and checking the aircraft. No sign of David so far (he was to fly in from another field) and the morning mist was thickening despite the promises of the BBC. However, a few minutes later, David’s aircraft emerged from the mist and landed. "What’s it like?" I asked. "Rubbish to the South but O.K to the North West where we are going", was the reply. So life jackets on and off we went.

The mist was a thin layer only and VMC allowed VFR to apply. We climbed to 2500ft, and headed NW over-flying Harrogate and Grassington with the mist clearing progressively. Another 500ft. altitude and we were approaching the Lake District. Ullswater passed below and Skiddaw could be seen ahead; the crest some 50 ft. above us.

Although flying VFR we were also using the Radio Navigation Aid at Deans Cross on the Solway Firth. This soon indicated we were overhead and we "coasted-out" to cross the Solway. So far the view had been splendid but the Firth was shrouded in mist and the opposite shore invisible. We climbed to 4000ft. as there was intermittent cloud at our present altitude. We were now routing via Turnberry, famed for its World War 2 Airfield and Golf Course. We called Prestwick. "Prestwick this is G-BFEB and G-BKIR, two light aircraft routing Turnberry to Glenforsa. 4000ft. and can remain clear of your zone to the West. Descending to 1000ft. over the sea". "That is approved. No traffic to conflict", replied Prestwick. "Own navigation and leaving your frequency", we said.

Over the sea the air was clear, the sky blue and cloudless with the sea and the hills presenting a well-remembered spectacle. The Isle of Arran was now on our left and its peaks some 1000 or more feet above us. Loch Fyne passed below and the Lighthouse at Lochgilhead (one of our landmarks) appeared "on the nose". The islands of Jura and Islay were now on our left with the Crinan Canal below and Loch Awe on the right. Such scenery cannot be surpassed anywhere I would imagine. Across the Firth of Lorn and then Mull rose out of the sea in front of us.

We chose to remain low and follow the valley to the airfield at Glenforsa. 2 hours and 40 minutes flight time was recorded and into the hotel for some food. "I could do with some fuel." said David and enquired of a member of the airfield personnel if AVGAS was available. "We hav nae such stuff around these parts", replied the Scot, "but I can fetch some petrol from the village if ye like". "That’ll do", said David, and so 5 gallons of four-star went into his tank, mixing quite well with the aviation fuel already in.
We left Mull and flew a short sea crossing to Oban, North Connel Glider Field. About 50 feet height from touch down, I noticed something fall from the sky and land on the runway ahead. A seagull swooped down and passed across my flight path. I thought I felt a slight bump but this coincided with touchdown so I was uncertain. However, a walk back along the runway revealed a dead gull complete with a fish. No damage to the aircraft however so we took-off again and headed up Loch Linhbe to consider an airstrip at Glensanda. We looked down upon this strip. It was short, uphill with a large quarry to one side and surrounded by hills and trees. "I don't fancy that", said I. "And I think it is a long way home by bus." said David. Hence we arrived overhead Oban once more, turned eastwards and followed the southern part of Loch Etive. Our route continued overhead the Pass of Brander and the northern edge of Loch Awe before flying along Glen Orchy. We were bound for an airstrip at Bridge-of-Orchy owned by a Mr. Andrew Gordon, sheep farmer. The route followed the valley with peaks around 3000ft on either side. We were flying about 700ft above the valley floor, 2000ft above sea level and the peaks, with snow on top, were at each wing tip. All memorable stuff!

We passed over the strip. "Did you see it?" asked David. "I saw something that looked as though it was last mowed in about 1976". I said. "That's it anyway", he replied. "Hold-off whilst I have a look and see if the sheep will scare-off". A few minutes later he said that the sheep would not move off the strip but the grass to the side looked OK and he landed with me in hot pursuit. "It's a bit bumpy!" he remarked. "OK" I said and passed over the wall for touchdown. A perfect 3-pointer! "What's he on about, bump....... u-hhhhhhh" I was saying to myself as the aircraft hit a hummock and became airborne again. Another touchdown and back up again before finally coming to rest. "Those sheep were in all the hollows and knew they were safe", I remarked.

The local shepherd, complete with dog, came to talk to us for half an hour or so. He told us that Mr Gordon seldom came these days and the strip was only prepared if required. This explained a lot.

Anyway, from there, over the mountains bound for Cumbernauld for fuel. The thermal activity was amazing. Talk about a roller-coaster ride until the high ground fell away. Fuel in (AVGAS this time), toilet visited and food ingested, we departed South-East for home.

Edinburgh asked us to remain clear of their airspace and below 2000ft. They warned us of two masts up to 1900ft on our flight path but we said we could already see them in the 20 miles visibility. We then had to climb quickly to pass over the mountains to the south of Biggar. There is a Radio Navigation Aid at Talla and this was now some 600ft higher than our present altitude.

The remainder of the flight over Catterick and the Vale of York was uneventful. Overhead Breighton I noticed the tractor was mowing the grass runway. A low, fast pass cleared him off. After quickly climbing into a teardrop turn and descent, I landed.

A delightful day's flying to be well remembered.
Long haul flying is not everybody’s dream but the 747 had always struck me as an iconic design, and those who I spoke with praised the Boeing design philosophy. I was not to be disappointed.

In the early days of ground school we were shown around an aircraft – I can truly say it was a shock – I had not realised how big the 747 is compared to a Tornado. Eighteen tyres, main body gear steering, 213 feet wingspan, and to top it all, in some seating configurations over 500 SOB including crew. On the ground, the wing will sweep ahead of the cockpit by 40 feet, and that is even with the main gear turning in the opposite direction to the nose wheel to minimise the turning circle. The 747 systems are in principle the same as the fighters I had flown but commercial aircraft are operated completely differently. It took some time to get used to the fact that every take-off was not full power – the less power used, the longer the engines have between maintenance and the cheaper they are to run. Commercial awareness was something I had not been taught in the RAF.

Everything is easy in retrospect but at the time I found the conversion on to the 747 Classic hard – nothing was particularly difficult but there was so much to learn coming straight from a fighter background. The Classic has the short upper deck, no winglets and a ‘round dial’ cockpit. The Classic cockpit was a direct descendant from the Constellation (Connie), and although, for example, the manual fuel cocks had been replaced by electrically operated ones, the operation still relied heavily on a flight engineer.

The Classic had no auto throttle and power had to be manually adjusted all the way over the Atlantic. On the approach the flight engineer handled the throttles and flew the speed buggied on the ASI. Additionally, simple operations like fuel de-icing had to be selected manually. However, the Classic was obviously a great improvement over the Connie. For example, on the rear wall of the Connie next to the flight engineer’s seat there is a Cathode Ray Tube – with a rotary switch 1–4 and another 1–36. What was this for – selecting any of the engines and then any of the 36 spark plugs to monitor engine performance, in an aid to identification of rough running!

After ‘9/11’ I converted to the 747–400. The glass cockpit made a great difference but it also saw the demise of the flight engineer. I had thoroughly enjoyed flying with Flight Engineers and they had brought a certain style and panache to the flight deck – they were also often the first in the bar down route too! A fact that is little known is that Flight Engineers wear purple on their rank braids – as a tribute to the engineers who went down with the Titanic. King George V decreed that engineering officers would ever after display their gold braid epaulets upon a “royal purple” background as a memorial to the Titanic engineers.
The 747-400 is very similar to the Classic in terms of handling, although with winglets the wing flies to an even lower speed. The aircraft is well co-ordinated, handles smoothly and is a delight to fly. However, it is an extremely 'slippery' design and it will not slow down easily. During the arrival to some airports (particularly in the USA) the initial approach is always very high until the last moment, and the resulting rush can lead easily to an unstable approach. The best way to get down is remain level, slow, configure flaps and undercarriage and then start down – however it sometimes takes a brave man to get that high on the glide slope initially.

Landing the 747 has its moments. The cockpit is 35 feet above the ground and you start flaring at 30–50'. The 400 radar altimeter has a consistent auto callout to aid height judgement which is a great improvement compared to the Classic – some of the flight engineer’s calls were a little late which added to the excitement! In cross winds you can find yourself sitting perilously close to the edge of the runway as you flare, but with the main body gear being on the centre line. Finally, the huge wing flies down to slow speed and it is also very easy to scrap an engine pod if the wind catches you out.

The modern navigation and communication systems are phenomenal. The 3 inertial navigation systems are updated via GPS giving great accuracy (the requirement on the Atlantic is 12 nm but .06nm is typical) and RNAV approaches are becoming the norm. Systems now allow communication with ATC with automatic position reports and altitude and route clearances now arrive by print. Additionally, the Sat phones allow us to call ATC units (particularly useful in Africa where the HF comms are appalling and the controllers are often snoozing). Finally, in the event that a passenger is taken ill, his/her vital signs can now be down-linked for an instantaneous diagnosis.

Flying commercial aircraft also involves many other issues that I was not particularly aware of previously. For example, this winter has seen a lot of snow and the need for de-icing and anti-icing of aircraft. The pure size of the Jumbo means it is a time consuming and expensive process. The time that the anti-icing protects the aircraft is timed from the start of the process, and it can often take 40 minutes to treat the aircraft! Consequently, there are occasions when there is not enough time available to get airborne before the whole process needs to be started again.

As with all modern aircraft, the 747 will land itself in low visibility and at the same time in 25 knots across! It is hard to describe the feeling as the threshold appears just under the nose in 100 meters visibility and the throttles start to retard. Some approaches do not even need any visual references to land. I do know that those professional pilots reading this will know exactly what I mean when I say it is one of the most uncomfortable feelings that you have to experience in the commercial world.
Welcome to my ramblings in this July issue of the Breighton newsletter.

As you are doubtlessly aware it is the Club’s main annual fly-in event and party night, the Hangar Bash, on the 21st and 22nd of this month. This year the theme of Classic Wings and Wheels has returned and in addition to numerous wonderful aircraft types visiting by air we have a selection of military vehicles coming by road as well as the Morgan, Lotus and TVR car clubs.

The evening hangar party on the Saturday starts with a Gourmet BBQ & desserts, provided by our very own Gail and Andrea (veggie option available), live music from Hot Foot Powder, our resident Comedian, Mr Brian Newbold and a DJ. All for the small price of £ 15 per adult and £ 5.50 for children (U12). The bar this year is provided by the Jug & Bottle. Always a lively evening, I hope you come and enjoy good company, good food and dance the night away.

Looking a little further forward to September instead of hosting the Helicopter fly-in over one day, for this year we are turning this into a 2 day event starting on the Saturday with a presentation from Jon Stanley, who pilots the Search & Rescue Sikorski S-92 out of Humberside. Jon will talk about his role as Pilot in this vital Coastguard service. The presentation will be followed by a meal in the Club House. A Helicopter themed event and it would be great to increase the number of visiting helicopters. Rachael will organise accommodation for any visiting pilots and crew requiring it. Please put the word out.

We had some great entries for the newsletter name, some witty and some clever. We hope you like the one selected. Thank you to all who submitted.

Finally, for those of you who expressed interest in the ROCC course, I will be announcing training dates before long. We had such a good response to this we will be running two separate courses during Autumn/ Winter.

That’s me for this month. There’s plenty of activity behind the scenes which the team is working on and which will come to the fore in due course.

Blue Skies

Charles

PS. Please note I have a new email address, specifically for Club matters: chairmanrealaero@outlook.com
The Real Aeroplane Club presents

WINGS & WHEELS

FLY/DRIVE-IN BREIGHTON AERODROME
21/22 July 2018

HANGAR BASH:
LIVE MUSIC by Hot Foot Powder
(mix of music from the 1950s through to modern)

Gourmet BBQ
Saturday evening (including veggie)
Tickets: £15.00 (£5.50 u12's) inclusive

Gin & Prosecco and general bars
provided by the Jug and Bottle

RAFFLE throughout the weekend

All aircraft welcome • Refreshments available • No landing fees

Hangar Party (Saturday Evening) with Meal and Live Entertainment

Further details: www.realaero.com facebook.com/realaero

Images: Andy Wood and David Butler