

# The Aldwark Chronicle

Newsletter of the Royal Air Forces Association

York Branch



*Branch Headquarters*

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**Club opening hours: Thurs - 7:30pm to 10:30 pm; Sat - 11:30am to 3pm**

**Our Website is at: [www.rafayork.org](http://www.rafayork.org)**

**Membership: 494**

## **York Branch & Club Official Appointments for 2019**

President:	Mr Richard W Gray	
President Emeritus:	Air Commodore W G Gambold DL FCMI RAF (Ret)	
Life Vice President:	Mr H R Kidd OBE Mr J J Mawson	
Vice Presidents:	Mr J Allison BEM Ms S Richmond,	
Chairman:	Mr B R Mennell	<a href="mailto:chairman@rafayork.org">chairman@rafayork.org</a>
Vice Chairman:	Mr R Ford	<a href="mailto:depchair@rafayork.org">depchair@rafayork.org</a>
Hon Sec	Mr A Bryne	<a href="mailto:secretary@rafayork.org">secretary@rafayork.org</a>
Hon Treasurer:	Mr D Pollard	<a href="mailto:treasurer@rafayork.org">treasurer@rafayork.org</a>
Asst Treasurer	Mr A Ramsbottom	
Membership Secretary:	Mrs K Allison	
<b>Welfare Officer:</b>	<b>Mr R Ford</b>	<b><a href="mailto:welfare@rafayork.org">welfare@rafayork.org</a></b>
Dep Welfare Officer:	Mrs C Hanson	
Wings Organisers:	Mr I Smith	<a href="mailto:wings@rafayork.org">wings@rafayork.org</a>
N Area & Annual Conf Rep	Mrs M Barter	
Branch Standard Bearer:	Mr G Murden	
Dep Standard Bearer:	Mr R Ford	
Bar Officer:	Mr R Gray	
Ass't Bar Officer:	Mr G Murden	
Social Secretary	Mrs G McCarthy.	
<b>Publicity Officer:</b>	<b>Mr A Bryne</b>	<b><a href="mailto:andybryne@rafayork.org">andybryne@rafayork.org</a></b>
Buildings Officer:	Mr R Webster	
Chronicle Editor	Mr D Taylor	<a href="mailto:newsletter@rafayork.org">newsletter@rafayork.org</a>
<b>Website Manager</b>	<b>Mrs M Barter</b>	<b><a href="mailto:webmaster@rafayork.org">webmaster@rafayork.org</a></b>

**Please address all general enquiries to the Hon Secretary**

## **Editorial**

Hello all, Now we *are* well into the New Year, festivities long gone, as has the AGM, it seems this may also be the last newsletter printed for us by RAF Linton-on-Ouse, with the kind permission of the CO, Group Captain Keith Taylor ADC MA BEng RAF.

As I doubt many members get to visit our excellent website - [rafayork.org](http://rafayork.org) - I have decided to use this as a source for reports of what has been happening in the branch, some of which will be edited. Note, you do get to see lots more wonderful photos on the Website - difficult to reproduce here.

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## **Turning of the Page**

**Report by Andy Bryne**

On Tuesday 8th January, the 1st Turning of the Page Ceremony for 2019 took place in York Minster at the RAF Memorial Astronomical Clock at 12 noon. The veteran page turner for this event was Mr Ray Ashby, who is a World War II Merchant Navy veteran and RAF Association member. He was assisted by Wing Commander Graham Bingham from RAF Linton on Ouse and Cadet Flight Sergeant Felicity Hunter, a member of the Air Cadet Organisation. Personnel from RAF Linton on Ouse, and members of the RAF Association York Branch were also in attendance, with over 20 RAF personnel, and 12 RAFA veterans also on parade. The Branch Standard Bearer for this occasion was Mr Gordon Murden.

Mr Ashby's son served in the Royal Air Force, hence his Service link to the day's ceremony. Members of the Merchant Navy Association and the Royal British Legion also attended the event. After the ceremony, RAF personnel and RAFA Branch members and guests made their way in bright winter sunshine to the Branch HQ in Aldwark for refreshments.

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## **BURNS NIGHT SUPPER - 25<sup>th</sup> JANUARY**

The Branch's first formal social function of 2019 saw 22 guests piped in to the dining room by Mike Pringle. Everyone had dressed for the occasion, with much tartan on show. After the dedication, delivered by President, John Mawson, followed by Ray Kidd's grace, everyone sat for the traditional supper. Cock-a-leekie soup opened the proceedings. Then the haggis was piped in and addressed by Andy Bryne who, despite little Scottish ancestry, had been unable to dodge the Chairman's request quickly enough. The piper received his traditional whisky, then everyone sat for the main course, accompanied as usual with "tatties" and "neeps." Dessert was a superb Blueberry and Vanilla cheesecake, followed by coffee. After the Loyal Toast, led by Chairman, Brian Mennell, we adjourned to the lounge bar.

Grateful thanks to Geraldine Woodhall and her family helpers for a wonderful evening.

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## **LETTER OF APPRECIATION**

I and my family would like to express our sincere gratitude for the kindness and care shown to Maureen and us during the recent months.

You can all be very proud of the wonderful family that is RAFA York. In particular we would like to thank Catherine and Ron our welfare officers, Gordon for organising the Standard bearers at the funeral, Dick for arranging the Guard of honour, and to all those who attended.

The retiring collection raised £568.05, a cheque for £25 from the church trustees in recognition of the gift aid claimed and a further £75 that was put through my letter box. The just giving page total currently stands at £123 and I have been assured by RAFA HQ that the final total will be credited to York Wings Appeal account on the end of year statement.

Thank you all once again and please continue to support Wings in Maureen's memory.

Ian



Born Holgate Hill nursing home York, 14 April 1944, died Stockton Lane, York 12 January 2019



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### ***TALES FROM THE PAST - or A Suitcase Full of Dreams***

I recently thought about buying a battery-assisted bicycle, or e-bike as they are known - so I was informed by the salesman - to help me get around without having to rely on others so much. Then I took account of the traffic when riding the bus into town, instantly changed my mind. I decided, at my age, it would be too much of a risk given today's "road rage" attitude. Even were I to equip it with rearview mirrors, a tall florescent flag, lots of florescent paint, electronic direction indicators, a horn and blinking lights, all the things most of today's motorists seem to ignore, especially when on their mobile phone! (I noticed young cyclists were at that, too.)

This got me to thinking back to earlier times, much earlier! Like in the fifties. Whenever you were lucky enough to be bought a bike, say for your birthday, was the day your world changed. You just needed to learn to ride without falling off, and once that was mastered you were on your way. The locality, indeed England itself, was within your grasp, even though those bikes were heavy. No fancy alloys then. No gears. As for seats, they appeared to have been designed with no particular part of the anatomy in mind, least of all that which relates to sitting. Still, we rode them for miles, from Norton, where I then lived: York (OK going, but Whitwell Hill was a bit of a pain on the return!); Scarborough; Bridlington; over the Wolds and Dales, and back, all in the same day. Driving along those routes today I often wonder how we managed, but of course we were young, fit, resilient, had a seeming surfeit of willpower. And of course there was very little

other traffic to worry about: few cars, the odd tractor, as for lorries, all that freight went by rail.

But of course, there were mishaps. Especially during the learning process. Like the time I was distracted by a girl whilst riding my bike along Commercial Street. Full exposure, too, for this was Norton's major thoroughfare.

'Hi, Jennifer.'

In the act of trying to impress one of the graceful beauties who were constantly to reject my feeble advances, I took my eyes off the road, one hand off the handlebars, gave her a smile and a wave. It was an opportunity not to be missed, for, once you'd conquered the basics, a bicycle was a means of showing off. Seems I attempted it too close to the start of the learning curve, for it was at this point I became vaguely conscious of something not being quite right.

Bang! Slap into the back of a parked car. I don't remember the make, but make wasn't important. What was important was the fact it had a sloping back, nay, a launching ramp. For a moment there I seemed well placed to beat Gagarin into orbit, possibly would have had not gravity finally claimed me.

I suppose it was only to be expected Jennifer wouldn't even crack a smile as I picked myself up and dusted myself down - which is what we did back then. In fact I swear she turned her back on me, stuck her pretty little nose up in the air. Ah, well, not the first or last time disaster struck in the process of my trying to impress a girl. Life can be so cruel at times.

There were to be many similar incidents, a lot, admittedly, nothing to do with girls. The extremely macho, late-late braking technique, for instance. This involved building up a fair lick of speed as you approached the gang, straddling their stationary bikes and lost in some group discussion - at the time probably relating to aviation. Anyway, the idea was to leave your braking to the last second, jam all on, skidding to an impressive halt only inches away. This, naturally, required precise judgement and timing. Not exactly my forte I was to discover. And, to complicate matters further, if the road happened to be damp, or one brake block had fallen out, unobserved..... But planting both feet firmly on the road slowed you hardly at all, served only to wear out the soles of your shoes that much quicker. And even if it did warn the gang that something untoward was about to befall them, it was far too late for them to take evasive action. Scree... 'Look out! Ahhh....' More Elastoplast treatment. No, never did quite master that late-braking technique. What the hell. Some people have it, some don't. But that was not to say I *never* would have.

A couple of other events involving bicycles, though not necessarily cycling, which come to mind from my years of travel.

As postings went, Gan was good with respect to environment, but in terms of just about everything else, it was poor. The expression "piss poor" didn't exactly fit the bill, for competitive drinking appeared to be a fact of life on the island. No aircraft were permanently based there. The airfield's prime function was merely as a staging post and refuelling stop en route to points east and west. Fine for a day or two - the category into which I fit - but a Posting here lasted a whole year. Singles only.



Given that situation, it was no wonder such inane diversions as the jetty cycle race were devised.

The jetty was ten feet wide, fifty yards long, so, with two riders side by side, they would race to the end. Stopping - apart from being impossible - was apparently much less important than it had been to me during my youthful pile-ups. Winning was the prime aim here, ie, crossing the line first, which meant committing oneself, totally, for the line was the lip of the jetty. Eject! Eject! Though, "The sensation of becoming airborne, to splash down in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, is not too bad at all," so I was informed. To aid recovery, the bicycles were of course tethered with a fine line, as resupply out here would have been difficult. Ah, well, whatever turns you on.

And so to West Africa, source of many unusual, occasionally unbelievable, stories.

In Douala - a major coastal city in the ex-French colony of Cameroun - there is a road which descends a fairly steep hill to join the main road, which runs at ninety degrees to it along the bottom, via a roundabout. A group of us were walking up this hill one day, probably heading for one of our usual haunts - Danny's Bar, the Akwa Palace Hotel, or suchlike - when sweeping past, heading down for that roundabout junction, going at a terrific pace, came a local on a bicycle. He wore national dress; a loose kaftan thing topped by a flowing cloak. Nothing unusual in this. Often the cloak would get caught up in the chain, or rear wheel, dragging the rider to a halt. But his was streaming out behind, clear of everything, though all was certainly not well. He was in big trouble, and he knew it.

"Accidente! Accidente!" he was shouting, hanging on with one hand, waving traffic aside with the other. Either that or he was waving goodbye. Seemed he had a problem with his brakes. Like a dire shortage of! From our viewpoint it looked hilarious, but apparently not from his. In fact he didn't seem at all amused by his situation. Not with that busy main road rushing up towards him.

Give him his due, he was right about there being an accident. It happened when he arrived at that roundabout, where a gendarme was on traffic duty. Yeah, I know, a roundabout. But this is Africa. Anyway, this gendarme couldn't believe what he was seeing. He held up his hand, the universal sign for stop, but as that didn't seem to have any effect, he leapt out of the way. In the nick of time, too. But it was a close run thing, cloak catching his porkpie hat and flicking it off his head as he flung himself clear. As for the guy on the bike, or off it, as he now was, he arced upward at seemingly undiminished speed, giving a fair impersonation of superman. Arms ahead of him, cleaving a path through the humid air, cloak streaming behind. Quite graceful, really, for a while. Until he reached the top of the parabola, when gravity took charge. He plunged back to earth, an avalanche of arms, legs and clothing. I knew the feeling.

One thing never ceased to amaze me in Africa: the speed with which a crowd could gather, especially to watch someone else's misfortune. Didn't see the end result, for by that time the point of impact was hidden from view. But the bike was definitely a write off.

We continued on our way, intent on reaching one of those bars.

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## **ANNUAL SERVICE, ALL SAINTS - 3 MARCH 2019**

The annual RAFA York Branch service took place at All Saints, Pavement, at 10:30am on 3 March and was well attended. The Rev Allan Hughes officiated on what was his last Annual Service prior to his retirement as our Branch padre after 15 years' service. This was also the last service that we had the pleasure of a Royal Air Force official representing RAF Linton-on-Ouse, prior to its closure in November this year. The service was also attended by the Lord Mayor and members of the Civic Party. Lessons were read by the Lord Mayor, Councillor Keith Orrell, and the Station Commander of RAF Linton on Ouse, Group Captain Keith Taylor ADC MA BEng RAF. Branch Life-Vice President, John Mawson led the Act of Remembrance. A number of Service Standards were paraded, including our Branch Standard, the Royal British Legion, York, and the Royal Naval Association, York.

After the Service, many Branch members adjourned to Club HQ in Aldwark to host the Station Commander and his wife, the Lord Mayor, and the Civic Party. Branch President, Dick Gray, presented the Rev Allan Hughes with a gift on behalf of the Branch. Gill Gray provided an excellent buffet, whilst Ron Ford and Don Gunn did sterling work behind the bar.

**Andy Bryne**



*Bill with offerings*

*Civic Party review standards*

## **BRANCH & CLUB ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

The Branch and Club Annual General Meeting was held at the Club in Aldwark on Saturday 23 February and was quite well attended. There were more members present than last year, which might have been due to the much better weather and lack of snow and ice this time.

Committee posts remained unchanged apart from the following: President - Dick Gray took on the post from John Mawson: Vice-Chairman, Ron Ford taking over from Dick Gray. After 5 years stalwart service as Hon Secretary, Maureen Barter stood down, with Andy Bryne taking over. Maureen remains as Conference representative and Website Administrator. Ron Ford also took over from Catherine Hanson as Welfare Officer. Catherine is staying on as his Deputy.

It was clearly noticeable that we very much miss our Wings Appeal Organizer, Maureen Smith. However, we were all delighted that husband, Ian, will continue in the role. After the main AGM business was completed, it was time for the new President's address.

New President, Dick Gray, began his address by expressing honour of being elected President, and thanked outgoing President, John Mawson, for his 6 years service. now reverting to Life Vice-President. Dick also reminded the Meeting that John Mawson should be recognized with the title "Most Excellent Senior Citizen" of the Branch, having been associated since the Branch formation in 1946. After giving his address, Dick Gray presented 3 awards to members who had made a special contribution to the Branch over the past year, and beyond. He presented certificates of appreciation to Maureen Barter, for her work as Hon Secretary, website administrator and Branch Conference representative, Don Gunn, for his work with the RAFA Wings Appeal, the Harry Cowan Memorial Trophy being presented to Barry Snaith, for his outstanding volunteering on Wings Appeal fund-raising stalls during the year.

The AGM concluded with an update on the Northern Area and RAFA issues in general given by Stuart Gray, our Branch Support Officer.

Andy Bryne

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## **UP THROUGH THE RANKS**

AIR COMMODORE W G GAMBOLD FIMgt RAF (Retd)

***From the Aldwark Chronicle June 2002***

**U**nder the microscope this time, it is the turn of our resident President, Air Cdre Bill Gambold; and what an interesting Service career he has had.

A life in aviation began with the ATC, attaining the rank of Cadet Sgt with No 215 (Swansea) Sqn ATC before joining the RAF in 1956 as a Cadet Air Signaller. On completion of his Signaller training at Swanton Morley, Norfolk, Bill was to spend the next two years at RAF Shawbury, flying on the Vickers Varsity and Valetta. Pretty mundane stuff it would seem, compared to what was to come, for, in 1959, now a sergeant Air Signaller, he was selected for pilot training as a commissioned officer. Therefore, after initial officer training at RAF South Cerney, he found himself posted to RAF Ternhill for basic flying training on the piston engined Percival Provost. Next came a move to RAF Oakington, for advanced training on the Vampire T11, and on completion of his pilot training he was selected to become a "creamed off QFI." Now a F/O, after carrying out training at RAF Little Rissington, he was to spend three years as a flying instructor at No.3 FTS, RAF Leeming, flying the Jet Provost until .....

Misfortune No. 1: Following an engine failure shortly after take-off, resulting in a low level ejection - in the days before the zero-zero seat, Bill suffered a back



injury that was to see him hospitalized for several months at RAF Nocton Hall, Lincolnshire, before moving to the Rehabilitation Centre at Headly Court, near Epsom. Luck was with him, as he did however regain his flying category, and was back at the controls of the Jet Provost within a year.

A few weeks after his return to instructional duties, Bill was to suffer misfortune No2 .... another of Her Majesty's Jet Provosts being destroyed when the engine exploded shortly after take off. The result this time was an emergency landing, and a rather rapid evacuation of the blazing machine.

1965 brought with it a change of fortune, and a conversion to the English Electric Lightning air defence interceptor, which he flew with No.5 Squadron from RAF Binbrook, Lincolnshire, before being posted to 226 OCU RAF Coltishall, Norfolk, as an instructor on the type.

1969 saw Bill being selected for a three year exchange posting with the Canadian Armed Forces, converting to the CF101 (McDonnell) Voodoo with 410 Sqn at CFB Bagotville, Quebec. Following this, he was assigned to 416 Sqn, operating from CFB Chatham, New Brunswick, still flying the Voodoo.

It was during his Canadian tour that Bill was to suffer Misfortune No.3 ... a night interception exercise that went wrong. With separation being a little less than the desired minimum, his CF101 was to experience a mid air collision with a USAF B57 (Canberra). Although both aircraft were badly damaged, both were able to make successful landings back at Chatham; but only just, Bill reports. The CF101 ended up with a B57 tip tank attached to its wing, and only by dint of the fact that his wingtip eventually broke off outboard of the ailerons was he saved from a second ejection. The court of enquiry was to clear Bill of any blame.

On his return from Canada, in June 1972, Bill was promoted to Squadron Leader and appointed Sqn/Ldr Ops, back at his old haunt of RAF Coltishall. And although this was a ground appointment, one of Bill's other duties was to serve as Officer Commanding another unit that at the time was based at Coltishall - known back then as the RAF's Historic Aircraft Flight. There was an added bonus in this job, for, being one of the selected pilots, he got to fly and display the Flight's four Spitfires and two Hurricanes at air displays throughout the country. It was during his tour that plans were made to: introduce the Lancaster to the Flight (November 1973), rename the flight as the Royal Air Force Battle of Britain Memorial Flight (also 1973), and a move to RAF Coningsby; although this wasn't to take place until 1976.

In 1974, Bill attended the Tactical Weapons Unit at RAF Chivenor, flying the Hunter, in preparation for conversion to the F4 Phantom, and a planned move to RAF Leuchars, Fifeshire. Unfortunately, it was during the Phantom conversion course that he was medically downgraded, losing his flying category. Undecided as to whether or not he wished to fly a desk, he was eventually persuaded to transfer to the fighter control branch, who were desperately short of qualified senior officers. This saw him spending the next three years as a fighter controller at the Control and Reporting Centre (CRC), RAF Neatishead, Norfolk, before attending the Advanced Staff College Course at RAF Bracknell in 1979.

Promoted Wing Commander during the course, upon completion he was posted as a Sector Controller to the Sector Operations Centre at SOC/CRC Broczetal, Northern Germany. This was followed by a staff appointment to

Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), and upon return to the UK in 1984, a six month detachment in the South Atlantic, serving as OC FIADGE - Falkland Islands Air Defence Ground Environment.

In addition to his three year tour in Canada, Bill says he also enjoyed his overseas staff appointments at the NATO Sector Operations centre at Broczetal, and at SHAPE, Mons, Belgium.

Back in the UK once more, it was off to the RAF College Cranwell, for an Air Warfare Course, then, in September 1985, on promotion to Group Captain he was given command of RAF Buchan, the Air Defence Radar station in Northern Scotland, spending two years in the post.

On return from the Highlands, he was posted to the Ministry of Defence, Whitehall, where he completed four years as a Deputy Director in the Air Defence Directorate. Following the Gulf War, during which he was a member of the Air Force Operations Staff, still in Whitehall, he achieved Air Rank, and as an Air Commodore was appointed to the staff at Headquarters Strike Command, RAF High Wycombe. On the reformation of No. 38 Group, Air Commodore Gambold became its first SASO, and was then appointed as the Air Officer, Plans at HQSTC for the final six months of his service.

Bill retired from the RAF late in 1993, assuming a retired officer appointment as Regional Commandant of the Air Training Corps in the North of England, with his HQ at RAF Linton-on-Ouse. The North Region stretches from the Scottish border to a line joining the Mersey and the Humber, encompassing over 7000 cadets spread amongst 170 squadrons and detached flights, located in most towns and villages throughout the region.

Air Commodore Gambold and his wife, Jennifer, now live in York. They have two sons: Keven was an RAF Tornado Pilot, serving with 617 Sqn at RAF Lossiemouth, whilst Iain is working in London following his graduation.

In addition to his appointment as Regional Commandant Air Cadets, Air Commodore Gambold is also Vice Chairman (Air) of the Reserve Forces and Cadets Association for Yorkshire and Humberside, RAF patron of the Combined Ex Forces Association of Bridlington, and a President Emeritus of the York Branch RAF Association; quite a workload when all said and done.

Bill says his favourite aircraft has to have been the Lightning, for the sheer exhilaration, although did also enjoy those Battle of Britain veterans. His most memorable posting he classes as being given command of a station, even if it did happen to be up in the highlands of Scotland!

Today he finds great satisfaction in working with the air cadets, the future generation of steely-eyed jet jockeys.

***Published 2002.***

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## ***EATING IN THE FIFTIES***

Pasta had not been invented; It was macaroni or spaghetti.

Curry was a surname.

All chips were plain.

Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.

Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves, and never green.

Sugar enjoyed good press in those days, regarded as being white gold.

Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.  
Fish didn't have fingers.  
Health food consisted of anything edible!  
Cooking outside was called camping.  
'Kebab' was not even a word... never mind a food.  
Prunes were medicinal and stewed.  
Surprisingly, Muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed.  
Pineapples came in chunks, or were round with a hole in the middle, in a tin. We only saw a picture of a real one.  
Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock.  
Three things we never ever had on/at our table: elbows, hats, and cell phones!  
There were always two choices for each meal; "Take it" or Leave it".

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The train was quite crowded, and a U.S. marine walked the entire length looking for a seat, but the only seat left was taken by a well dressed, middle-aged, French woman's poodle.

The war-weary Marine asked, 'Ma'am, may I have that seat?'

The French woman just sniffed and said to no one in particular 'Americans are so rude. My little Fifi is using that seat.'

The Marine walked the entire train again, but the only seat left was under that dog.

'Please, ma'am. May I sit down? I'm very tired..'

She snorted, 'Not only are you Americans rude, you are also arrogant!'

This time the Marine didn't say a word; he just picked up the little dog, tossed it out the train window, and sat down.

The woman shrieked, 'Someone must defend my honour! This American should be put in his place!'

An English gentleman sitting nearby spoke up, 'Sir, you Americans do seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. You hold the fork in the wrong hand. You drive your cars on the wrong side of the road. And now, sir, you seem to have thrown the wrong bitch out the window'.

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### **HWO NOTIFICATION**

At the RAFA York Annual General Meeting held in February, Mr Ron Ford was elected as the new 'Honorary Welfare Officer' and with his assistant Catherine Hanson, they will be providing welfare support to all present and past members of the RAF, widow(er)s. Spouses, civil partners and dependent children. Ron works in partnership with the RAF Benevolent Fund and other services to provide home visits in order to offer advice and support relating to finance, short breaks at one of the organisations comfortable hotels and other issues relating to disability, health and social support.

Please be assured that **ALL** visits and conversations will be strictly confidential and if any member would like a visit then please make initial contact by writing to: **RAFA York, Branch Headquarters, 3-5 Aldwark, York YO1 2BX**

Tel: 01904-652796 Sat 11am to 3pm (leave message)

**Ron Ford HWO**

## **EVENTS for RAFA (York) Branch 2019**

Dates will be up-dated on a regular basis on website and Club noticeboard.

Please note, it would be appreciated out of courtesy if you intend/would like to attend any of the events listed to inform the chairman so we know numbers to seat/cater for.

**Limited lunch menu available most Saturdays**

### **2019**

Fri 10 & Sat 11 May Wings Collection at Tesco Clifton Moor.

10 to 12 May RAFA Annual Conference – Birmingham.

Fri 7 Jun Turning of the Page Ceremony – York Minster – 1130.

Sat 22 Jun Wings Collection at Monks Cross Shopping Centre.

Wed 10 Jul & Thu 11 Wings Collection at York Railway Station.

Sat 27 Jul Auction at the Club – 1200.

Fri 9 Aug Dinner/Dance – Officers' Mess RAF Linton on Ouse.

Sun 1 Sep Allied Air Forces Memorial Day – YAM Elvington.

Tue 10 Sep & Wed 11 Wings Collection at York Railway Station.

Sat 14 Sep Wings Collection in York City Centre.

Sun 15 Sep B of B Service & Page Turning Ceremony – York Minster.

Sun 10 Nov Remembrance Sunday.

In relation to all the above Wings/Fund raising events, an appeal for volunteers will appear on the Branch/Club notice board nearer the event date (as various times/confirmation details of some are yet to be ratified).

**PS. Please note: 'Themed dining-in dates' may be subject to change/cancellation in order to avoid clashing with other more pressing branch activities/matters.**

**For the latest events list please check our website - [www.rafayork.org](http://www.rafayork.org)**