



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT
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News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005



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FINALLY A SNOW SHOWER



After many weeks of miserable dull weather the editor suffered from a period of writers cramp, almost becoming a hermit in the process and thought he would never see a blue sky again.



We are not sure how this accident happened, whether it was subject to bad weather or poor judgement.

The aircraft during the early days of aviation were rather forgiving.

TREE PRUNING IS ESSENTIAL AROUND THE PERIMITERS FOR THE SAFE LOW FLYING OF AERIAL FLYING MACHINES



Note the skillful dexterity of the tree surgeons and their equipment



BOB NEEDHAM HDFC, NSW.

Following Bob's (*last*) trip the UK is pictured with Joanna Orib with her 1st Solo Certificate at the young age of 15 years 1 month. Joanna flies with the Hastings and District Flying Club, NSW, Australia, where the sun shines all the time, everyday included.

BOB'S OLDEST STUDENT



Bob with Roy Cousins who is 93 and just loved flying as a pure hobby and his total enjoyment.

THE ORIGINAL CLUB HOUSE



Note the basic foundation supports.

Activities of some members



Much fun is had at the club each weekend where kids can get to grips with the real thing. Who knows where they will end up in their quest for the airlines.

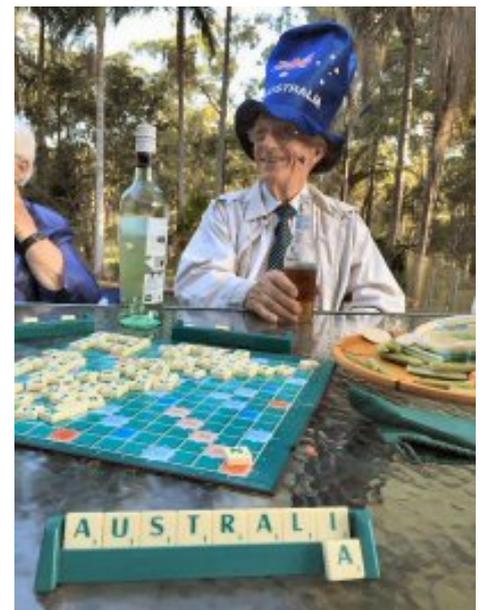


How good is it to be able to fly when you want, unlike the UK where it can be good, or interesting weather wise, *grounded*.

Although being grounded, does teach respect for sudden weather changes.



It'll never fly, you'll smash it.



Bob celebrates Australia Day with a large game of scrabble which helps when your brain gets scrambled after a few too many tinnies.

A SPOOKY STORY OF 1973



A very foggy, November night at Biggin Hill Airport, 1973.

Having worked for several weeks at Fairflight, I was in a position to do my first night solo, which would involve putting out flare torches along the main runway for the returning Heron after its nightly newspaper run.



Configuring the Doves, for an early departure, the next morning.



The most challenging were the day old chick flights which is another story.

This particular evening the Dove I was working on was on the Southern apron.

It was a really foggy night with drizzle blowing across the airfield, because it was my first night on my own I was particularly spooked already.

At this point in time I was making my way to Dillows Restaurant (which was closed and very dark) where high up on the outside wall was a box with some doggy looking electrical cables hanging out of it with the risk of death looming from without.

This was the location point for the Customs light switch.

I reached in and quickly flicked the switch, to my amazement it worked.

Just then I heard in the distance a shuffling which sounds like it is coming from the path that runs along the buildings and I am about to proceed along this path.

Although I had just illuminated the Customs building, it was still very foggy with drizzle and very dark, spooky like.

The shuffling sound was getting closer and I was beginning to freak-out, could it be Lord Lucan who had mysteriously disappeared the year previous.

I froze in my tracks, if my time has just come, please let it be a quick death.

Just then this figure appeared out of the gloom with a handlebar moustache wearing baggy khaki trousers and a shirt unbuttoned to the waste whilst carrying a loo roll, as he passed me he said, what-cha son and disappeared into the foggy mist and drizzle.

I stood my ground for a while too scared to move for fear of running to another mysterious figure in this ghostly mist.

If the Surrey and Kent club bar had been open I would have gone in and had a stiff drink of brandy or equivalent.

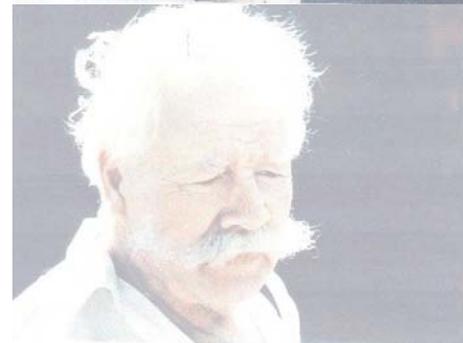
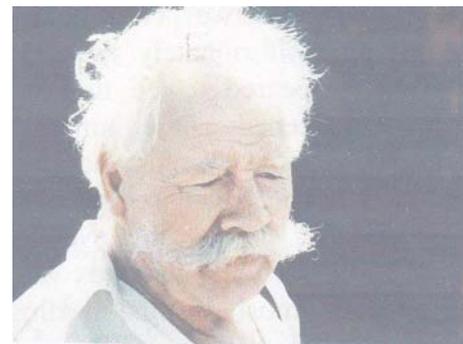
To make things worse, at the end of this spooky night I was sleeping in the office with all the creakings of a metal hangar during the night with the wind making strange noises, howling and whistling.

In the morning when the early shift came in they asked how was my night alone.

I explained the night away as best I could and of my spooky evening which I wouldn't be able to do again.

When I explained about the figure in the mist, they all started laughing and explained it was only Cobby on his nightly ablutions.

Little did I realize at this time that Cobby would play an important role in my aviation career at Biggin Hill.



He vanished, whence he came !