



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT BUGLE

News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005



CLUB AND AIRPORT NEWS

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THE NEW YEAR BUGLE 2014



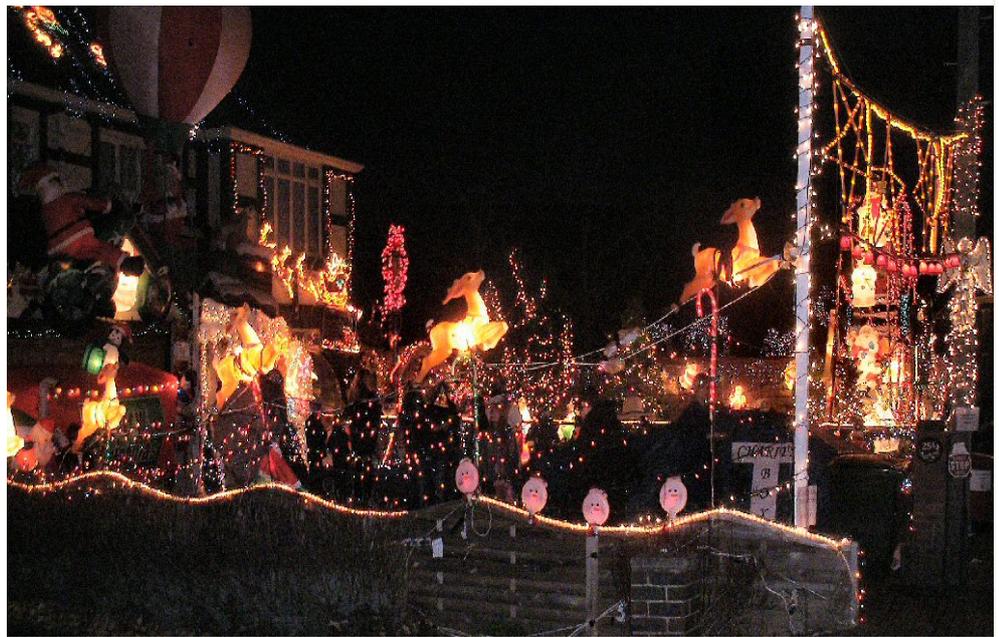
Happy New Year to all the Bugle readers, good luck for the future.

Xmas decorations of one of the pilot owners, at Biggin Hill who has a wonderful display of Xmas decorations each year at his home in Hays Lane, Bromley.

Well worth a visit, but beware of parking wardens who seem to delight in harassing drivers who stop to let their small children to have a look.

He also collects a lot of money for charity during the period of this magnificent display.

Perhaps light aircraft flying will pick up in the new year following a period of poor flying conditions which doesn't help the flying clubs. The current high landing fees and fuel prices in the UK make flying training an expensive business for students and pilots.



TOUR D AFRIQUE FINALÉ:



The final episode of this fantastic journey flown by Harry Harris continues from Bugle issue 106.

The bungalow-style hotel at Libreville was situated right next to the beach and it didn't take long for Linda and myself to get changed and head for the water. We stayed splashing around in the warm sea and light surf until well after sunset. On telling the hotel staff that we had been swimming in the sea they were horrified! It appears

That there were plenty of sharks along this part of the coast and nobody dared go swimming there – I guess we were just plain lucky!

February 6th 1964... The next planned landing place was to be Port Harcourt in Nigeria. Departing from Libreville didn't present too many problems and soon we were well on our way, coast-following for a while, passing another small enclave called Rio Mundi. Cutting the corner across the sea, I began to turn left towards the enormous bulge of the African coast we were to follow for the next few days. The visibility was beginning to reduce considerably as we flew into the Harmattan haze that blows dust in from the Sahara Desert at that time of the year.

I had been warned about this phenomena before and therefore it was not entirely unexpected. It

bothered me a little because I knew that up there ahead lay the enormous massif of Mount Cameroon, an active volcano and at 13,352 feet was the highest peak in West Africa. I had no desire to wander into it in such hazy conditions, as numerous aircraft in the past had done!

The forward visibility was by now reduced to less than a mile, which is not much when flying at almost two miles a minute so I kept the map on my knee and began following every pinpoint as accurately as I could; a difficult task under those conditions. I was obliged to fly the Rapide partially on instruments now due to no horizon whilst studying the map at the same time.

After cutting the corner as the coast swung westwards, I caught sight of the lower slopes of the great mountain rising ominously up into the gloom.



I felt greatly relieved after we had passed by and left it behind us. The coastline was rather ragged from there on with numerous inlets and river mouths. It was imperative that I followed the correct river course up to our destination. Again I had been pre-warned about the difficulty of finding Port Harcourt even in good weather conditions, let alone in this confounded dust

haze. Don was sitting on the front right seat immediately behind me helping with the map-reading and we were pretty sure of our position, so when the correct-looking river mouth came in view out of the murk I turned and followed it. Luckily our joint navigation was so far correct and before long we found the airport and were given permission to land by the control tower.

We were now in Nigeria; so far so good I thought, but not for long! After parking the Rapide, as instructed by the control tower, onto the grass close to the terminal block, two very large fat grim-looking Customs and Immigration officials came strolling towards us. They immediately demanded to inspect the aircraft, its contents, and all our luggage and documents. In the meantime the three children, who were getting a little bit bored with all this paraphernalia, decided to squat under the shade of the wing. Linda had taken her guitar out and was happily strumming away at the Beatles latest song – the Beatles being all the rage at the time. One of the large fat officials then turned to me and started asking some rather awkward questions like “*where have you come from*” and “*where did you start your journey*” and “*who gave you permission to land here*”? I tried waffling around, avoiding giving direct answers and pretending to be as jovial and helpful as possible without telling them too much at all. I was desperately trying to avoid disclosing that our departure point was in South Africa as it would almost certainly have spelt dire trouble for us. Then one cut-in and sharply demanded “*have you had this aircraft sprayed*”? Meaning of course, being sprayed with disinfectant, prior to our last departure, which needless to say we hadn’t. So rather stupidly, saying the first thing that came into my mind, trying to humour him at

the same time I quipped “*why should I – I rather like the colour as it is*” realising the moment after I spoke that it was the wrong thing to say.

He didn’t find my remark very amusing and glowered at me in a threatening way, and was just about to make some awful remark I’m quite sure, no doubt landing us in deep trouble, when a miracle happened. Linda’s guitar, which was her prized possession, and for which I had good reason to cuss on more than one occasion when it got in my way in the narrow aircraft’s aisle, had apparently dried out completely during the journey, probably back in Windhoek where the humidity was only about five per cent. She had been gaily strumming away and humming a tune, whilst these two large fat Africans continued grilling us, when suddenly the guitar strings parted with a loud ‘twang’, flying in all directions, leaving the remains of the guitar in two pieces as the head broke off also.

The two Africans saw what happened and after a moment’s stunned silence, whilst poor Linda sat aghast in shocked stupor surveying the remains of her beloved guitar, they suddenly looked at each other and broke into howls of laughter. We joined in the hilarity and before long they were rolling over and slapping their thighs in mirth with tears streaming down their faces. I howled with laughter also with Don accompanying me, initially in make-believe laughter, but rapidly becoming infected ourselves with the way our two fat African officials were bent double and quite helpless – they were laughing at Linda whilst we were laughing at them!

It broke the ice and within minutes, and without any further ado, formalities were concluded. They ambled away still chortling

with delight. Linda meanwhile sat there, still looking expressionless, unamused and mystified, dismay at the mass of twisted strings still attached to the broken head of the guitar. Well, I did feel sorry for her but I must admit, it certainly saved the day for us.

After getting our passports stamped and handing over yet more of our precious but dwindling supply of Gen Decs, and having now refuelled also and of course, paid all due fees, filed flight plans, etc, we once more took to the skies for our final leg of the day, Lagos. There I had hoped to meet up with my good friend John Christlieb, whom I had taught to fly a couple of years previously. John was a very successful import/export agent in Lagos. The flight was estimated to take almost three hours. Lagos was not difficult to find and after an easy flight we were soon landing at the International Ikeja Airport. Before long, having finished all our airport business, we were on our way to the Ikeja Arms Hotel for a long, well-deserved rest.

I had previously written to John Christlieb from Cape Town advising him that I was on my way to his neck of the woods, but I hadn't received a reply before departing, so I really didn't know what to expect. One of my first tasks therefore was to ring John's penthouse flat in Lagos.

Unfortunately John was in London on business, but having received my letter, and knowing he couldn't contact me before departure, he had asked his number one to meet and entertain us accordingly. His deputy duly arrived later on and introduced himself, and then took us to his club where we joined him for a beer or two at an outside club bar whilst Anne and the children amused themselves elsewhere. As the evening drew on we returned to our hotel where he stood us dinner

and then bade us goodbye before departing home. We were in no hurry to return to the English winter, and anyway, being well on schedule, the decision was made to spend two nights at the hotel so we could relax for a full day.

Lagos being approximately the half-way point home, a short break before tackling the last part of our lengthy journey home seemed like a good idea. Most of the time we spent relaxing by the hotel pool where we were fascinated by the large multi-coloured lizards flitting around the place, some of them a foot long. The girls picked up a few souvenirs near the hotel, then we took a ride into the crowded streets of Lagos. We were unimpressed with the place though and were glad to get back to the hotel.

February 8th 1964... After our welcome half-way break, we were once more raring to continue our long journey homewards. Soon we were back at Ikeja airport going through all the various departure procedures, and by 10:30am we were airborne again, on our way to Abidjan, the capital of Ivory Coast. Air Traffic staff at Lagos informed us that we were supposed to have clearance to fly over neighbouring Ghanaian territory and also the other countries en-route like Dahomey and Toga. To avoid any problems I flew low down, well off the coast, until we were clear of Ghana airspace at least. After passing a promontory called Tokoradi, where there was an airforce base close by, I converged onto the coast again once I was sure we were well clear of any problems. Still flying rather low, I crossed back from the sea over to the land and commenced following a stretch of brackish-looking water running inland, but parallel to the beach. Suddenly I saw the white wake of a speedboat careering along in the same direction as ourselves. I thought I'd have a bit

of fun to break the monotony and came down right behind him just above the water. On zooming overhead I pulled up to the left and looked behind me to see the speedboat's white wake now snaking left and right all over the place as we'd obviously shaken the living daylights out of him. We all roared with laughter and carried on our way.

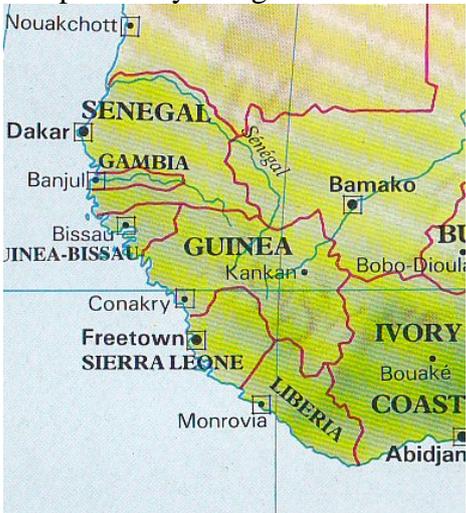
Some years after this event (by now flying commercially) I happened to be staying in the Mandarin Hotel, Hong Kong, and struck up a conversation with a fellow drinker at the hotel's 'Bamboo Bar'. Hearing that I was an airline pilot the subject inevitably got around to flying. He then related an extraordinary experience he had whilst doing his rounds as a District Officer in Africa. He said that one day he was steering his patrol boat fast along an inland stretch of water, travelling along from one village to another, when above the roar of his own outboard motor, he heard the sound of engines approaching fast from behind him. He glanced behind him just in time to see the shape of a Dunlop tread coming straight at him, attached to '*the oldest god-damned looking biplane you have ever seen*'! It transpired of course that it must have been me but I didn't let on, being unsure of his reactions. What a coincidence! This world of ours gets smaller by the day it seems!

We had previously been told that the way to locate Abidjan airport was to look for an old wrecked cargo vessel that was beached pointing straight at the runway situated at right-angles to the coastline. It appeared that the ship had seen the airport approach lights one night, and mistaking them for the harbour entrance lights, had headed for them straight onto the beach. Sure enough we caught sight of the wrecked vessel clearly up ahead.



On contacting the control tower we were given permission to land, approaching from the sea right overhead the wreck. And so we arrived at Abidjan, almost five hours after taking-off from Lagos; our longest flight in the Rapide to date. The hotel wasn't too inspiring but Linda and I soon found a local swimming pool and enjoyed a couple of hours cooling off. Being a former French colony, everyone spoke French of course, with just a splattering of English, but we somehow managed to communicate with them without too much of a problem.

February 9th 1964... Leaving Abidjan at 8:30am, we set course for our next port of call, Monrovia in Liberia, which turned out to be a comparatively straightforward but



a very long flight, heading inland for a while to cut off a large bulge on the coast. After a quick refuelling, Customs and Immigration clearance, lots more Gen Dec's, which we were running very short of now, and before anybody could ask too many embarrassing questions, we took to the blue skies again, heading for our next intended night stop in Freetown, Sierra Leone. The

airport lay across the bay from Freetown itself, at a place called Hastings. Being a former British colony it was no doubt named after our own Hastings in Sussex, near where the famous 1066 battle took place. We spent the night at a Government Rest House, which was a bit run-down but adequate for our needs. Linda and I had a short swim in the tiny pool nearby but as the water didn't look too clean we soon abandoned it and went back early for our evening meal... That was the last swim of our entire trip!

February 10th 1964... We took off early and set course along the coast for Bathurst in The Gambia. Due to possible problems we may encounter in passing-by Communist controlled Conakry in Guinea, we flew well out to sea at a low altitude in case they had radar, and didn't approach land again until we'd rounded the corner of the vast African bulge. Then we headed North towards our destination, spending only a short time in Bathurst; yet another ex-British colony, before setting course once more for our next night stop, St Louis in Senegal.

To save time I cut off the westernmost tip of the African coast at Dakar, a place I would not see again until some years later when flying a large DC-4 transport aircraft en-route to South America. I headed quite some miles inland, regaining the coast again before reaching our final destination for the day, St Louis, which was situated on an island at the mouth of the Senegal River, and of course as the name implied, was another former French colony.

We noticed that the temperature still remained pleasantly warm but nevertheless a shade or two cooler than previously experienced since leaving Cape Town. We were still in the tropics however but this slight drop in temperature gave us our first hint that we were now

heading gradually into the northern winter. The night stop at St Louis was not memorable and the next day I was not too unhappy at leaving the place as it had little to recommend it.

February 11th 1964... Our next port of call was to be Port Etienne in Mauritania, another ex-French colony. By now we were flying almost due north, still following the Atlantic coastline.

The land was fast losing its greenery and giving way to scrubby featureless desert instead. Port Etienne was formed by a long spit of land enclosing a natural harbour, with the airstrip nearby, where we landed three and a half hours after leaving St Louis. As expected, the French Customs and Immigration weren't all that interested in us, or where we came from, and we acquired the feeling that most of our problems with officialdom were now behind us. Just as well because our dwindling supply of Gen Decs was almost exhausted. This was long before photocopying was available so no chance of copying any.

Soon we were back on our way, heading in a north-easterly direction to a place called Villa Cisneros in what was then Spanish Sahara. By the time we reached Villa Cisneros, the surface wind from the Sahara Desert was blowing large amounts of sand-dust into the air, reducing the visibility considerably. This was not too good because it was just a sand strip according to the information I had gleaned from our last port of call, and with little to distinguish it from the surrounding landscape. Don was sitting behind me searching through the gloom with me when suddenly I caught sight of some white markers. It was the strip alright but I was too high and too fast to try and attempt a landing. I did a steep turn to the left to try and keep it in sight but by the time I had completed a one-eighty I had lost it. Timing a downwind leg

and again onto finals I saw it once more but too far off to one side to effect a safe landing so once again I went around. On the third attempt I just glimpsed the white-painted stone boundary markers at the last minute and with a quick turn to line up and level the wings again; flaps selected fully down, I chopped the



power as we crossed over the threshold and dropped her positively onto the rather rough surface. Applying the brakes firmly, not knowing what lay ahead in the gloom, I slowed the Rapide up almost to a standstill and then back-tracked the runway in a big cloud of dust towards a single low concrete structure, which I took to be the control building, and shut down the engines.

It was very dry and dusty with not a sign of greenery anywhere. What a change from the dense green jungle of the tropical regions we had been through recently. Somewhere along this leg we crossed the Tropic of Cancer once again, but going northbound this time. Henceforth we would notice the temperature changing daily as we approached the European winter.

Villa Cisneros we soon discovered was a Spanish penal colony. There were no fences around it because there was nowhere for the inmates to escape anyway, what with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the limitless

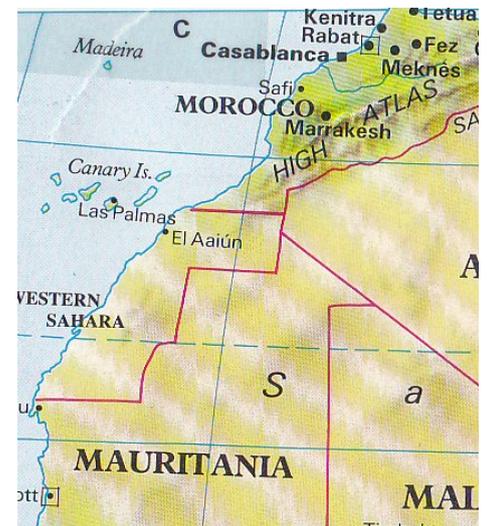
Sahara Desert on the other. However, the Commandant was most courteous and helpful, especially towards our four females of course, but he regretted that accommodation for us was rather sparse. He somehow managed to get all five members of the Parker family fixed up but the only place where I could sleep for the night was on a straw-filled mattress on the floor of an open cell! Well I had guessed that one day I might finish up inside a prison but not under those conditions...

That night I was almost bitten to death by bed bugs with big cockroaches crawling all over me. I couldn't wait for dawn to arrive to get up and out of it. The Commandant was very kind though and we thanked him most genuinely for his hospitality before departing.

February 12th 1964... The next landing was scheduled to be another small enclave called Sidi Ifni which was still controlled by the Spanish at that time. The coastline gradually curved off to the right as it stretched towards the far off Mediterranean, and I flew a series of dog-legs to cut a few corners on the way. Somewhere out to our left lay the Canary Islands. On arrival over the harbour at Sidi Ifni I had difficulty at first in locating the landing field.

The visibility was still somewhat hazy but with the help in broken English by the friendly Controller, I finally found it and landed safely. Don stayed with me to help with the refuelling whilst Anne took the girls for some refreshments in the airport building. Then Don and I went up to the control tower to pay all the fees, file our next flight plan, and complete all the normal formalities. The Airport Commandant was extremely friendly and courteous to us, as was the one at the previous stopover, but then I don't suppose he had too many old biplanes full of English families coming through his small

airport. His curiosity got the better of him and after completing the normal rigmarole, he politely enquired as to how we came to be there? Our problems with officialdom were now well behind us as we were now dealing with a fellow European, so I saw no reason to withhold any information. When I told him that we had flown all the way around Africa his eyes lit up and became fascinated and wanting to know more about it. I opened the small canvas bag that I carried all the documents in and started to unfold a Bartholomew's map of Africa that I had marked our journey on, in order to show him. He was most impressed. We then concluded our business by thanking him for his hospitality, shaking his hand and departed. Soon afterwards we all emplaned again for the final trip of the day, to Marrakech in Morocco. The visibility had cleared considerably by the time we passed abeam Agadir. I flew along with the Atlantic coast in sight to our left until we'd skirted the lofty Atlas Mountains then banked to the



right and flew directly towards Marrakech where we landed some time later and quickly cleared all formalities. Soon we were on our way to a hotel in town for a wash-up and meal. After dinner we strolled around town, and viewing the kasbah from the outside (entry being forbidden to us infidels of course), we then wandered back in

the direction of the hotel again as the youngest girls, Tony and Jillie, were feeling tired. Don and Anne went with them so Linda and I walked around town for a while longer taking in the sights. This time though, and recalling her vivid experience two months earlier of strolling through Tunis on the outbound leg in tight shorts, she was more modestly attired in keeping with local culture. As we meandered down a wide avenue of trees I noticed oranges growing on some of them, so at Linda's instigation, and choosing a moment when I judged nobody was looking, I jumped up and picked a few to take back to the hotel with us. When we began tucking into them back in the hotel room we found them very sour and quite inedible. We later discovered them to be marmalade oranges!

February 13th 1964... We took our time going to the airport as we had only intended to fly as far as Malaga in Spain, via Tangier, where we would need to clear Customs. It was too late in the afternoon to refuel on the previous day, so whilst I supervised the refuelling, Don took care of all the other paraphernalia and by mid-morning we were rolling down the runway at Marrakech for our final flight over the African mainland. Passing by Casablanca and Rabat on our left-hand side, we made straight for Tangier. The fine weather held all the way and before long we were making our final landing in Africa. Quickly clearing departure formalities, within an hour we were rolling down the runway again. When our wheels left the ground it became our last physical contact with that enormous continent; our next landing would be in Europe.

Shortly after crossing the North African coast we caught sight of the famous Rock of Gibraltar on the other side of the narrow straits separating Europe from Africa. banking the Rapide around so the

girls could take their final look at Africa, we left that great land mass behind us and flew straight across the sea towards the Spanish coast, with myself at least contemplating the unforgettable memories of the adventures we'd recently experienced.

Gibraltar was a wonderful sight out to our left but I kept well clear of 'The Rock' in case we were caught in any down-draughts in its lee, having heard of the notorious Levante wind associated with this promontory. A short while later we were in the circuit to land at Malaga.



Unfortunately, after parking the Rapide for our over-night stay, we were obliged to take some transport right around to the other side of the airfield to pay the landing fees, and file our next day's flight plan with the military authorities who ran the field. I was fascinated though by the number of ex-German Luftwaffe Heinkel III's parked there, remembering as a young lad their role in the decisive Battle of Britain over two decades previously. They were no doubt a legacy from the Spanish Civil War where Nazi Germany took the Fascist's side in the conflict, now in Spanish Airforce markings of course and re-engined with Hispano power plants so I was told.

The weather was still good with clear blue skies but we realised that from now on we would be running into the dreaded European winter. We decided to spend an extra day there before braving the elements again on the final stage of our long journey. Our stop-over in Malaga was quite enjoyable but something of an anticlimax after our recent adventures. Although the sky remained clear and sunny, the temperature was cool enough to warrant wearing a pullover after

the sun set, and by late evening it had grown distinctly chilly – a foretaste of what lay in store for us ahead!

February 15th 1964... The flight to Valencia our next intended landing, was coast crawling once again, to avoid flying over the hilly interior where a fairish amount of cloud persisted, however, the weather held good and three and a quarter hours after leaving Malaga we were landing at Valencia airport. A quick refuelling and minimal departure clearances and we were on our way once again; this time to Toulouse in France. Barcelona lay off to our left but being a busy airport I gave it a wide berth and flew about five miles out over the sea for a while.

Once we were clear of the Pyrenees Mountains I turned the corner and flew directly towards Toulouse, where we decided to night-stop again due to the bad weather ahead of us.

February 16th 1964... The night-stop was not memorable and now that we were on the home stretch we were eager to get going again, and because now we were into the European winter, the daylight hours were getting noticeably shorter so we had to get as far as we could in the time available. After minimal formalities when we arrived back at the airport, we were airborne once again on our way to Toussou-Le-Noble, an airfield near Paris. The forecast was still not good but at least a slight improvement on the previous day's weather. The first part of the flight across France was quite uneventful, but after about three hours the weather began turning rather cloudy and rainy. I was getting a bit concerned about wandering into the Paris Control area with all the commercial traffic around, so I kept below the cloud base as far as possible, map-reading my way across the terrain, as by now my beloved ADF had long since ceased to function.

Before long I was more in cloud than out of it and soon began to lose my bearings.

Another twenty minutes went by without recognising any features in the rare glimpses I caught of the ground below through occasional breaks in the cloud. Suddenly through another break I spotted a large runway off to my right. I tried making radio contact on my limited VHF frequencies but to no avail, so I circled the field until they flashed a green light from the Tower giving me permission to land. It was an American airforce base called Chateaudun, about sixty miles short of my destination, so now that I knew where I was, without further ado they let me take-off again. Thirty five minutes later I was over Tousous-Le-Noble and joining the circuit to land. The weather had deteriorated considerably so we decided to call it a day and spend the night in Paris. The forecast for the following day was not good either, so having come this far in safety, I suggested to Don that we spend two nights there so we can make a clear run through to home on the following day when the weatherman promised an improvement. Having come so far in one piece I was not prepared to gamble the odds by pressing ahead in conditions I was painfully aware that neither myself nor the aircraft were capable of handling in safety. This was agreed upon so we took a taxi into the outskirts of Paris and found a cheap hotel to stay in.

February17th 1964... After a leisurely start and a Continental breakfast we took in some of the sights of Paris, including the Eiffel Tower, finishing up with a boat ride on the Seine. It was cold and miserable though and none of us enjoyed it very much. No doubt there were many sights to be seen had it been a warmer time of the year, but after our experiences in the tropics, Paris in winter held little attraction for us.

February18th 1964... The weather forecast was still not very good, particularly over the UK, but was reasonable between Paris and the French coast so we decided to press on as far as Le Touquet. We finally landed there in the middle of the afternoon in grey lowering clouds with rain and sleet flurries. We spent the night at the same hotel as we did on the outbound flight the previous December 12th. That evening as we all strolled along the cold deserted wind-swept beach, Don gave me a £10 bonus for my efforts, which may sound a trifle paltry by today's standards but at the time was quite a welcome amount, which in that era, given my enforced frugal way of life, would have kept me fed and watered for nigh on a week.

February19th 1964... Our departure was delayed until 10am due to the inclement weather but finally we decided to give it a go as a slight improvement was forecast.

I followed the French coast at low level to Calais before setting course across the English Channel, but was soon enveloped in sleet and snow showers, with the dark grey heaving sea beneath us looking just as uninviting as it did on the outbound trip. Forward visibility was reduced to a minimum and my concern heightened as I noticed ice building up on the struts and wires between the upper and lower wings. I was therefore very relieved to see the English coast slide past underneath me. Miraculously I found Lydd airfield and wasted no time in getting the old girl back down onto English soil again, having arrived from our epic journey in one piece.

The Customs and Immigration were a mere formality but due to the atrocious weather conditions ahead I called another halt to the day. Having come thus far in safety I was not about to push my luck any further. Just one more short flight to Biggin Hill but the

weather beat us once again, so night-stop it would have to be. By this time Anne and the children had simply had enough of it. They were getting extremely bored with the constant flying and at Anne's insistence she decided to call it a day and complete the rest of the journey home by train. I was sorely disappointed of course, having come all this way together, and tried to talk her out of it but she was adamant, and so it was that the four females left us to continue the final leg home by a far more reliable mode of transport. I was rather sad to say goodbye to them after all the adventures, trials and tribulations we had been through together but I fully understood and appreciated their feelings.

February20th 1964... The one thing I was dreading at this point was that Don would suggest that now we were on our own, he could fly it back to Biggin Hill. This would have been quite legal as I was a multi-engine instructor, but given the very poor weather conditions we were facing, plus my avowed intention of getting this old girl safely back home in one piece, I was not prepared to give in. Fortunately he never asked so with great relief we took off on our final leg home at just before 3pm in the afternoon as the weather cleared slightly.

Again in marginal flying conditions I struggled on through the murk and low cloud with intermittent snow showers. By the time I called Biggin Tower, and joined the circuit to land, a tremendous feeling of relief swept over me as I realised it was all coming to an end at last. As I turned onto finals to land, the Controller, who as I recall was Stan Lee, had already received our flight plan, heartily congratulated me on our safe return. A few people met us on arrival as I taxied in and shut down. Soon we were surrounded by friends, eager to hear our account of the trip. That night at

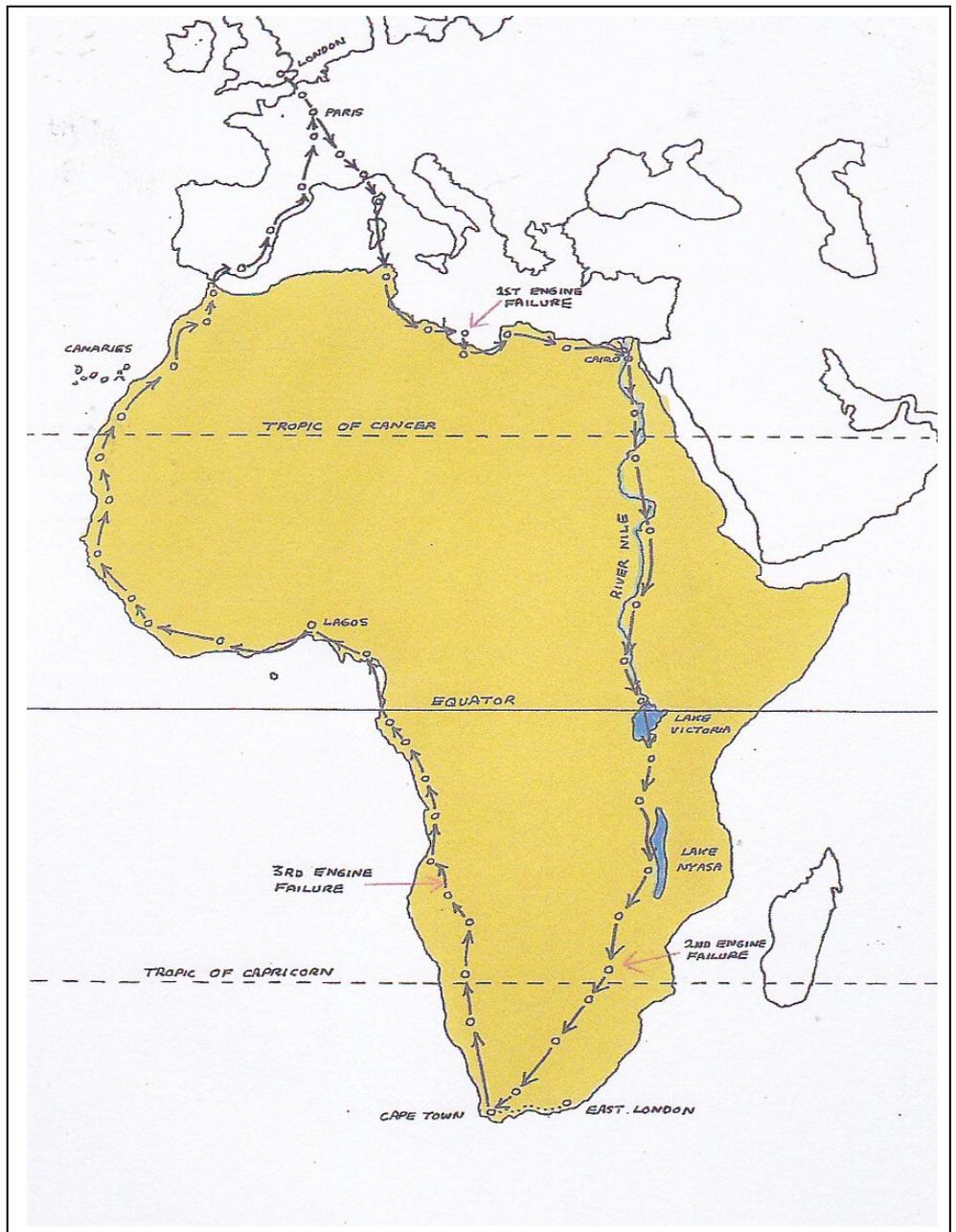
Sid's bar I had the greatest satisfaction of all times by collecting the bets that had been laid before departure some ten weeks earlier. It was this final little act that had later been the motivating force behind my determination to get myself, the Parker family, and that dear old Rapide, back to Biggin Hill again in one piece. I slept soundly that night in the sure knowledge that I had finally done so.



Flight summary:

Distance flown = 16,875 miles
 Flying hours = 152
 Average speed = 111mph
 Engine failures = 3
 Countries landed in = 26

How time flies..!!



A faded picture of the Flyaway Parkers as published in the Daily Telegraph 1964, it is hard to imagine that fifty years have passed, since this rather epic journey. Well done..!!