



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT BUGLE

News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005



CLUB AND AIRPORT NEWS

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LOW CLOUD AND DRIZZLE !

Ticket holders are not put off by a few spots of rain with gates opening at 1200 midday, there is an instant queue snaking back down the main road to Biggin Hill.



This promises to be a good day despite a gloomy weather front moving slowly from East to West.

With funny hats and coolly boxes the crowds keep coming. Never mind the cloudy sky they are here to enjoy the fun, it has been so long since 2010.

We need to see aircraft flying past.





This seems a good spot for us kids!



Where have they gone..? Is the show all over..? I'm hungry..!!



Dads Army, were set in for the duration of the show guarding our perimeter.

These gallant heroes enjoy displaying their historical military equipment, most of it is probably approaching 70 years and still in fighting condition.



Ellie Sallingboe and Peter Kypers of B17 fame were glad to be back at Biggin Hill displaying 'SallyB'.



A close up of 'Sally B' flying past the many spectators.

This aircraft is the only one of its kind left in the UK and has displayed at Biggin Hill for 32 years, a favourite with the crowd always.

THE BUGLES CAMERA TEAM

produced many high quality pictures during the afternoon although the editor thought they were more suited to a 'Rambo' film crew with their huge focal length digital equipment.



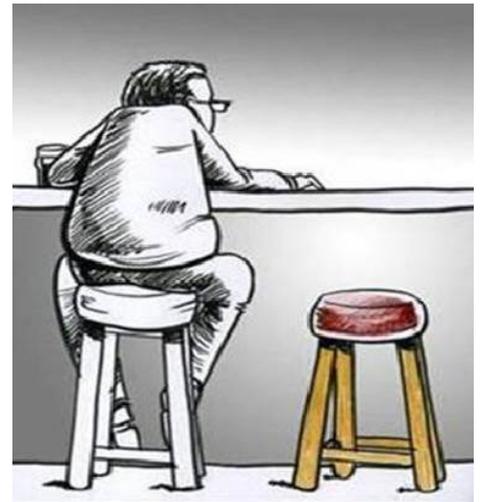
The Red Arrows open the show.



The Breitling 'Wing Walkers' seemed to make more smoke than the Red Arrows.



Sitting on the wing leading edge.



Sitting on a bar stool is skillful too.



Trig aerobatic team display.



The Blades aerobatic team.



Maybe that bar stool was a good place to be after all. A man could spill his drink watching this kind of flying.



Clipped wing and normal Spitfire gave a spirited performance, very good display, good formation.



A lone Spitfire amongst the Red Arrows was well hidden in the larger formation.



Another imbedded picture from the 'Bugle's' secret camera team, do they get your vote? If these people have an interest in aeroplanes, they can't be all bad.



A dramatic background for the Red Arrows emphasises their display.



The famous Red Arrow cross over.



As the sun dips toward the horizon the Red Arrows end the first Festival of Flight at Biggin Hill.



The Marquee facilities were very comfortable each with a large TV screen and a bar where many old friends gathered to chat about the "ole flying days of yester' year" Outside, each had an unrestricted viewing area of the display line.



A MEMORY OF PETER PAIN



A man we all knew for many, many years with his cheery smile and words of wisdom, his black hat firm and square, sat atop his head. 18th Jan 36-2nd June 14

POEM

'THE DASH'
By Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend,
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
From the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth
And the following with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
That he spent alive on earth,
And now only those that loved him
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own,
The cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

J. F. MOORE

(my friend)

*A 'PILOT POOR' MY FRIEND J. F. MOORE
HE STANDS PROUD AND 'ALL THREADBARE'
HIS PROCTOR 'JF' STANDS TO THE REAR
IT'S CLEAN AND POLISHED, WITH NOT A SMEAR*

*THE GRASS IS GREEN, HIS FEET 'LOOK CLEAN'
HIS TROUSERS BLUE, HAVE LOTS OF HOLES
THEY'VE BEEN SEWN, DARNED AND PIN'D
TO LOOK QUITE NEAT, AND HARDLY STITCHED*

*THIS PLANE HE BUILT, ALL BY HIMSELF
IT TOOK FIVE YEARS, AND NO ONE HELPED
HE RASPED AND FILED, UNTIL HIS ENERGY DEPLETED
AND AT THE END, HIS PRIDE AND JOY WAS COMPLETED*

*ON ITS WHEELS IT STOOD, WITH BRAND NEW PERSPEX HOOD
ITS COCKPIT HAD ALL SORTS OF DIALS, AND SWITCHES, TOO
EVERYTHING CLEANED AND POLISHED, TO LOOK LIKE NEW
THERE'S NOT MANY OF THESE PLANES LEFT NOW, JUST A FEW*

*THE MATT BLACK HANGAR DOORS, RATTLED AND SQUEAKED
AS THEY WERE FORCED OPEN, TO REVEAL THE DARK INSIDE
HIS PRIDE AND JOY, NOW PAINTED RED AND SILVER
ITS PROPELLER TOO, SHONE LIKE SOLID SILVER*

*THE MOMENT HAD COME, FOR THE GRAND ROLL-OUT
ALL WERE EXPECTANT, TO SEE HIS COMPLETED MACHINE
THE PROP WAS TURNED, CAREFULLY, LIKE A BIG SHARP KNIFE
THE ENGINE PRIMED, IGNITION 'ON' IT BURST INTO LIFE*

*A MIGHTY ROAR, A CLOUD OF BLUE SMOKE WAFTED AWAY
THE AIRCRAFT VIBRATED FROM WING TIP TO STERN POST
OIL PRESSURE RISING, WHAT A RELIEF, SO NICE TO SEE
THE NOISE FROM WITHIN, WAS LIKE A BUSY, BUSY BEE*

*IT HAS FLOWN MANY HOURS, AND THOUSANDS OF MILES
FROM RALLYE TO PAGEANT, AND LE TOUQUET FOR LUNCH
IT HAS BUT ONE CAPTAIN, WHO IS ALWAYS 'PILOT IN CHARGE'
HE WOULDN'T LET THEM RIDE HIS BIKE, LET ALONE "BE IN CHARGE"*

P.S. IT HAS ONLY BEEN FLOWN BY ONE OTHER, 'SOLO IN CHARGE'....(ME)

Words by John Bryan, January 2000

*Photography by John Bryan
West Malling Airfield - 26th August 1984*

