



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT BUGLE

News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005

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SATURDAY SHOW WEATHER

Peeking through the curtains the weather at Biggin Hill was a bit grim to say the least, considering we had some excellent weather for the past week.

The Red Arrows came to the rescue appearing out of the cloud (“just like that”) as the late comedian Tommy Cooper would say!



They continued with a marvelous flat display, (*how flat is this?*) The cloud base took another hour to clear which caused a bit of adjustment to the afternoons

display. Meanwhile the Red Arrows continue their flat display.



This was followed by a display by two helicopters of the RN Black Cat Display Team, in their Augusta Westland Wildcats, basically dancing in front of the crowd, excellent display, they did very well to stretch their aerial ballet time.



A spitfire gave a graceful display as with an ME109 German fighter

and an American P40 Kittyhawk fighter aircraft. Flown by the famous Flying Tigers in WWII.



THE FLYING TIGERS



They were based in Burma prior to the U.S.A entering WWII to prevent Japanese fighters, invading China.

It is interesting to note the similarity and shape of the fighter aircraft of this period in time.

AERIAL JEWEL OF THE DAY



The Euro Fighter and the historic Spitfire provided the Jeweled Performance of this second Festival of Flight.

SPECTACULAR BOMBING



This display surprised everyone with a very loud bang and the heat could be felt from 100 yards away.
Photo's: courtesy Richard and SueHasler.

INSIDE PILOTS MARQUEE



Many old buddy pilots gathered in the comfort of the pilot's marquee with their hampers, cucumber sandwiches and bubbly drinks. There was indeed a well stocked pay bar within which was positioned between two venues and never ran dry with very good service.



Some elderly pilots discussed the merits of their individual transport facilities whilst reminiscing of the old days at Biggin Hill. Many go back 50 years plus.



Some not quite as far, but pushing the boundaries nevertheless.

ESTABLISHED PIONEERS



These four have attended every air show at Biggin Hill and many others no doubt. Therefore, they certainly qualify for this prestigious recognition.
L to R: Sally Ames, Simon Ames John Willis, and Brendan O'Brien.

This meeting signified the end of the flying display.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS



This little contraption enabled small children to try their skills and shooting down the enemy. Quite unique!

DISPATCH RIDERS UNIT



THE AGE OF STEAM



Scaled down working steam engine was very well presented.

THE SHOW HAS ENDED



Let's get my prize home, it's heavy

OUR HISTORY BOOK TALES



Tales from a Grease Monkey

I was 17 years of age and beginning to realise that it was time to earn some money to be able to support myself and perhaps improve my adult outlook on life.

I knew Biggin Hill and Brands Hatch very well, all visited many times on my push bike, so why not start with one of these?

I had attended the British Grand Prix of 1968 at Brands Hatch which was exciting, and my first big motor race. My parents graciously provided the transport to this prestigious event.

These were the halcyon days of motor racing, where one could get close to the drivers and even talk with them.. From this moment in time I became hooked on fast racing car events.



Even royalty if you were lucky (*Prince Charles can be seen centre picture*) they could appear out of the blue!

I eventually went to Biggin Hill looking for a job as it was closer to Warlingham, I thought Fairflight would be a good place to start.

Cycling up to Biggin Hill aerodrome I walked into the hangar and found the right person to ask for a job, it was that simple.

The interview went so so, I said I would do anything. That probably helped, I thought. I had done enough: well, didn't want to over do it!

I cycled home and had only been home a few hours when the phone rang it was Fairflight, can I start Monday, they said. Today is Friday! how good is that?

August 1973, I was in aviation! Well then I say aviation, I was cleaning and emptying chemical toilets on their DH Dove aircraft.



Taking seats in and out and configuring the cabin for cargo. These were long days. We did carry some famous people though.

It was quite bizarre. I met him in the urinals, (no! this isn't a George Michael type story!) There he was standing next to me all dressed in black with a cowboy hat on, black as well and wearing a gold chain, well what does one do in this situation?

Hell! It's Yul Brynner, I couldn't ignore him, couldn't shake his hand, so I gave him a knowing smile.

He turned and looked at me with those piercing eyes and returned the gesture.

Phew! I was ready to leave at the same time as him it was a long walk back to the hangar. What would I talk to him about? The King and I, or how he liked the colour black? My brain was whirling for more questions to ask him. I ended up following him back toward the hangar (or Dillows Café)

Wait till I tell the guys in the hangar that I had just had a pee with Yul Brynner.

Well there was another encounter to come with the King!



I was called over to the aircraft to load some wicker baskets with some birds inside onto the aircraft. I thought I was being helpful by putting them in the nose locker. Job done!! I thought I would go into the cabin and check on my new friend to see if all was good, feeling that now we knew each other better than most, I felt quite confident and spoke to him. All OK I asked? He said NO, I said Oh! "Where are my Doves" he asked? Well I am no David Attenborough, the Doves were in the wicker basket !!

He seemed quite agitated and those piercing eyes now looked quite scary, the sort of look he gave someone when he was in 'The Magnificent Seven' just before he blew their brains out. Whoops!

“Bring them to me now - they will freeze to death in there. Bring to me, at once!” he added, with some scorn. Oh no, I am going to get the sack. I rushed out and brought the basket into the cabin and placed it on the seat opposite him.

I apologised and poured him a glass of water.

I felt our new found friendship was at an end. Earlier in the day it showed so much promise. Well there you have it!

I didn't ever see him again at Fairflight.

Probably, a coincidence.



DRAMATIC START TO FESTIVAL OF FLIGHT 2015

GM



HOW MANY FAMOUS PEOPLE HAVE TROD THE HALLOWED APRON AT BIGGIN HILL?