



BIGGIN HILL BUGLE

ESTABLISHED 2005

HOUD IGNOTA LIUOR



BEST NEWS AND SCANDAL
ISSUE No. 27

WWW.PILOTSPALS.CO.UK

IN ASSOCIATION WITH PILOTS PALS
1st MARCH 2007

SECRET MASONIC PARTY

A very, very secret knees up type party was held at the Pilots Pals Bar on the 30th January so as to miss the February issue of the 'Bugle' – Fortunately our reporters from the Bugle bubbled this event and were able to report that several drinks are in order (*behind the bar*) from the 'Pilot Chappie's birthday bash'. We are unable to publish his picture for fear of those who were not welcome (*including the editor*) who would probably claim friendship, and a free drink from behind the bar through the benefits of his (*Journalistic Licence*). On the other hand if you are able to claim *Masonry*, then, there is a drink waiting for you behind the bar following this tumultuous event.



FLASH BACK IN HISTORY

These bar maidens were of a pleasant nature and all virgins unlike our 'Frostie Maidens' Their under garments were not quite so modern as today's saucy

'G' string lingerie stretched to breaking point when stooping for the lower shelf – *Ker - rums !!*



LIANNE CREW IN UNIFORM

A proud moment for Lianne resplendent in her Air Training Corp uniform following a large parade in London on the 5th Feb 07



Lianne is based at Biggin Hill and attends Charles Darwin School during her spare time.

MORE WOMEN IN BLACK



Briony Clare is our latest woman in black fresh out of University with more women to follow during this series for this year 2007 – *We have two places left.*

MAJOR PRAM INCIDENT

What started out as a mild chastisement, *following criticism of membership* flared up into an international type incident akin to the recent radiation spy killing in London. Throwing one leg out of the pram and reaching for the wheel with his *Nike* trainer which had a disastrous effect, spinning the wheel violently causing the pram to move swiftly from the bar spilling the said occupant with a solid thump grazing an elbow and was left hitching up his *Huggies*. Which had fallen embarrassingly low, revealing a *nappy rash line*. With a quivering bottom lip, he left, vowing never to return

THE PAPA ECHO GROUP

Formed in May 1974 with the purchase of a B209 Monsun two seat aerobatic aircraft which has folding wings. Some of the original members have passed or whilst the rest have got older. Gary Merchant (Easy Jet Captain) hands over a cheque to John High who 'gleefully' accepts his membership to this unique group.



SNOW COMES TO IDE HILL

The editor was out and about capturing these wonderful scenes around Ide Hill. This scene is at the corner of School Lane.



FROM THE WILD WEST

Davey Crockett dropped into the Pilots Pals Bar and marvelled at the snow outside – he said 'Ah have never seen so much snow since the Clondyke days with my good friend Jim Rowie !!'



SWEARING WITHIN THE BAR

Whilst we are all adults and like a good story and a chat, it has been brought to the editor's notice, that sometimes swearing is a little boisterous at times, but on the whole the editor was able to reassure that behaviour is now more controlled within the present rules.

THE EDITOR UNDER ATTACK

A couple of senior members of masonry bearing used their superior bearing to embarrass the editor to a red face (*slight glow*) situation which according to the one with a proper beard, had taken 40 years to get his own back – the editor departed with a curled bottom lip, similar to the pram occupant *Touche !!* However, their threats were not well founded due to lack of internal knowledge regarding passwords and the skills of the editorial department to deceive and divert attention whilst the truth emerges. (*In other words, they got their facts wrong*), and the editor has the last laugh. '*Touche encore*'

The conversation, therefore remains intact, and as secret as their knee revealing antics performed from time to time behind closed doors

MEMORIES FROM BIGGIN

Bob Needham is pictured here with John Willis following his *second last flight* at Biggin Hill in a PA39. The last effort saw the scraping of the wingtip on the concrete, just behind where this aircraft stands as he flew between the hangars to the right of picture. Witnesses were not available to comment, then or now!



MORE THAN ONE HAND

Frostie bar maiden arrives for work with seconds to spare, clutching a mobile phone to her ear, deep in conversation with a third party. Immediately starts dispensing drinks with the free hand, operating the till, and asks a customer to help uncork a bottle of wine whilst she holds the bottle. When it comes to bed time she is a '*real live Octopus*'.

HDFC FLYING CLUB NSW

This is where Bob Needham operates from these days in Australia (*not Hastings UK*) you can look up their newsletter which is quite interesting, almost as good as the 'Bugle'. Bob came all the way from Australia to the Mini Re-Union at Biggin in September 2006 – Well done !

DUSTY GROTTLE CORNER

Unbelievable layers of dust generated over years of smoke clinging to dust particles in the air. This will cease in July 2007



Everything be clean and shining from the cessation of smoking in public place's in the UK.

NEW ZEALAND BOUND

Dave and Pam our very own 'Guinness Representatives' have gone south for a couple of weeks. Their adventures will be reported in our next issue of the Bugle.



SUCCESSFUL FAREWELL

To Patrick and Pauline was held at Pilots Pals with much food and booze for all to consume. (on the 17th Feb) A big vote of thanks to Pat and Pauline for everything IT'S 'GROCKLES' BIRTHDAY



Following last night's successful event, Rob has seen fit to inflict this celebration on us with his infernal pipe (cough, cough, choke) hooray for the 1st of July. Robin did supply some nice cheese for the occasion. "Happy Birthday" When the smoking bar comes into force the bar will get a clean up, wiping away all the smoke stains. (Have you seen the small curtains above the windows on the airfield side) Yukky yuk !! Anyone out there with some ideas for some new ones, or indeed a good seamstress. We will assist with material and cost.

BOOMING MEMBERSHIP

Membership response has been better than expected with all our regulars responding to the call. Now the initial one month 'blanket acceptance period' has ended, which allowed all regular users to join with minimal formality, we now have to tighten up the requirements. Members from outside the aviation community will no longer be accepted, unless there is provable long term involvement with the airport, and support of it. Effectively membership is being reserved for people with a real interest in aviation and the airport. Obviously, any employees of any organisation based at the airport (within the exterior boundaries) are eligible to join, and this can either be individually or via a 'Corporate Membership' if their employer wishes to participate in this way. We are being permitted to continue on this airfield **ONLY** as a '*private club, for members only*' and we must try to reserve that right for our own security and future.

INCREASED BAR ILLUSION

The policy of employing small diminutive staff has given an apparent increase in the size of the bar. Plenty of room to swing a cat.



A FADED AVIATION PICTURE

This picture was found in the archives of the Bugle. Roger Dunn and John Bryan, who have been flying for almost sixty years with struts and wires several yards of fabric covering, amassing almost 120 years flying



'LINDBERGH EARADIO'

Science, freedom, beauty, adventure
What more could you ask of life?
Aviation combined all the elements I loved... There was science in each curve of an airfoil, in each angle between strut and wire, in the gap of a spark plug, or the colour of the exhaust pipe. There was freedom in the unlimited horizon, on the open fields where one landed. A pilot was surrounded by beauty of earth and sky. He brushed treetops with the birds, leapt valleys and rivers, explored the cloud canyons he had gazed at as a child. Adventure lay in each puff of wind. I began to feel that I lived on a higher plane than the skeptics of the ground; one that was richer because of its very association with an element of danger they dreaded, because it was free of the earth to which they were bound. In flying, I tasted the wine of the gods of which they could know nothing. Who valued life more highly, the aviators who spent it on the art they loved, or these misers who doled it out like pennies through their ant-like days? I decide that if I could fly for ten years before I was killed in a crash, it would be a worthwhile trade for an ordinary lifetime.



These legendary pioneers made it possible for all of us to be able to travel the world in those great big Jungle Jets & Air Busted flying thingammies. .. **Real hero's !!**