



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT BUGLE

News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005



CLUB AND AIRPORT NEWS
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EMAIL ADDRESS: CHANGE
The editor has a new Email as of today – the old one is closing down at the end of May.

NEW: < johnbryan13@sky.com >

Please use this email to contact me from now on – send a brief message so that you are added to my address book – *DO IT NOW..!*

Many have already responded, so don't be left out. Whilst I have hundreds of addresses it is easier to have them appear automatically when trying to send a message.
Many thanks. 'JB' Editor

EARLY MORNING AIR SHOW

Can you imagine the contents of this very casual early morning balloon departure flight..!



Hey, What the? Oh shit..! The pilot said afterwards, he panicked as he lit the burner and held the gas handle down and rapidly left the scene, claiming circumstances were

beyond his control ability. (This incident was sent by one of the Bugle readers).

BALLOONS AT SUNRISE

Balloon flights can be quite thrilling according to the editor's wife, on a recent holiday to Luxor, Egypt where balloon flights take place just before sunrise (03.00).

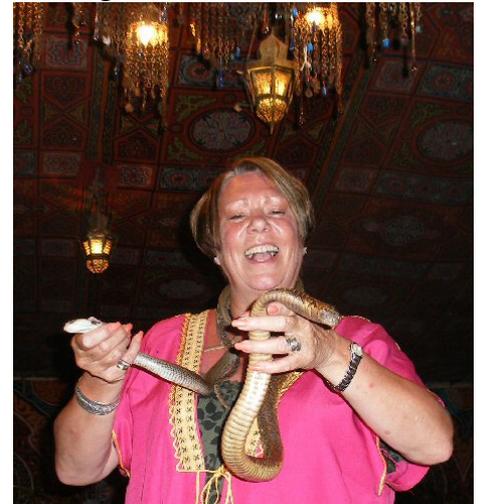
The following views are spectacular, and all flights are terminated as the desert temperature rises and the wind reaches 8 knots (very sensible considering the weight of the people and creaking basket which contain the occupants) and of course the pilot whom we are sure, doesn't want to be dragged across the desert with an ever increasing wind. The scenery over the desert



is spectacular around the early morning skies at Luxor, Egypt.



This wonderful experience being culminated with a little bit of snake charming that evening downtown Luxor.



By comparison, balloon flying is probably a **little** safer. The Editor prefers solid wings bolted securely to a fuselage supporting him for flight in the atmosphere having much more positive control.

Bring back the airship, a gentleman's way of air travel with proper sleeping quarters, breakfast on proper china plates, and a grand piano in the first class bar – quite frightening though when you see some of the old films of airships and their demise. (*Must try a hot-air balloon flight one day.*)

A CAUTIONARY TALE

“Buttocks Border”

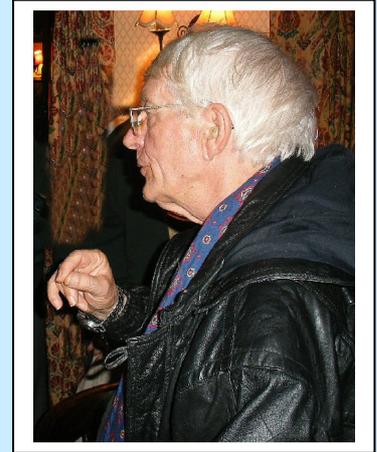


His part in

**H.M. Queen Elizabeth the second's
visit to conception island.**

Told By

Bob Needham



Clive was odd, very and decidedly odd. One could almost say he was close to being the oddest of all odd things – an English eccentric. He had a laugh which I always thought sounded something like a bark or perhaps a cough. A sort of booming “HUT HUT HUT” sound. Even more arrestingly it was about the equivalent of Force 10 on the Beaufort scale. Now, as any Flying Instructor will tell you, force 10 is a storm and easily recognised as such since trees start to be uprooted and considerable structural damage is done in ones immediate vicinity. In short his laugh was seriously loud. Sometimes when laughing, his face though beet red would remain quite impassive and on first meeting with Clive this could be quite unnerving to say the least. All this together with a set of eyebrows that made Anthony Quinn's luxurious growths pale into miserable insignificance would, in most other company, have made him a particularly remarkable character. However in juxta position with all of the other remarkable characters of 1960s Biggin Hill he passed in as averagely normal.

Clive also had a passion for words which, no pun intended, bordered on the bizarre. Not so much the meaning of the words but more the sounds they might make. Having fastened on to a new word he could be heard and seen wandering around the aerodrome at all hours repeating the word in as many different permutations as it's component syllables would allow. He would then contrive to introduce the word into the conversation at every opportunity. This produced some very odd pronunciations of perfectly normal English words being used in not always appropriate contexts. Although this was a source of amusement for Clive it was often disconcerting for passing strangers.

For some days before our crash on 1st March, 1966, in County Flying Club's Auster X-ray Pa-pah, Clive had been conducting linguistic experimentation with the word buttocks. Butt-ocks, but-ocks, boo-ttocks, boo-ittocks, you know that sort of thing, Anyway we were on the homeward leg of a navex to Stapleford and Ipswich and battling with that dirty yellow smog that was so common to the east of London in those days. Suddenly, as Mrs Robinson would have it, we could hear “The sounds of silence”. My immediate response was the classic “shit the engines stopped” Clive's rejoinder of “BUT-tocks, it has too” was less classic I felt, but equally ineffective I started to pump the throttle. Well as even the most experienced of pilots know, this action is guaranteed to contribute absolutely nothing and is therefore not particularly recommended. However this is not the place to dredge through the minutia of the whole sorry fiasco. Suffice to say that the national grid, a farm house and a hedge were all kaleidoscopically and memorably compressed into the next few minutes. Finally the whole box and dice terminated with Clive and I saturated in petrol, hanging upside down and trapped inside an inverted wreck of an aeroplane in a boggy field somewhere in darkest Essex.

Our exit from the aeroplane is yet another story, but the saga rolled on and we found ourselves explaining our precipitate presence in their midst to the local farmer person, ambulance persons, assorted passing yokel persons and the local constabulary person. The usual, “are you the owner of this 'ere hairyplane sir?” routine was patiently endured, after which locals released us and we ignominiously made our way, by public transport, back south of the river and hence to civilisation.

Looking back now I believe that Clive and I were suffering from sort of local delayed re-action, since on our journey home we seemed to think that every single thing that was said by either of us was uproariously, side splittingly, funny. Our progress was marked by Clive “HUT HUT HUTTING” at full volume, much misuse of the word buttock and me rolling around all over the place clutching my sides. This, together with fact that we were both covered from head to toe in good solid Essex mud and smelling the high heaven of Avgas, ensured that the pair of us travelled back to the protective sanctuary of Biggin Hill in perfect isolation; even though it was the height of the rush hour!

I would just like to add in closing that up until the occasion of the Queen's visit to Conception Island on that very chilly March day in 1966, like most people that knew him, I had always thought of Clive as “Eyebrows Boarder”. For ever after that, I thought of him by another name.

15th August 2009

Wauchope
NSW
Australia

Editor's comment: *The heading pictures of this article were chosen for their - Individual Ecclesiastical Reverent Postures*



THE, CONCEPTION ISLANDS

For those who have never heard of this place, there are in fact two such places, however we think the one referred to in the article on page two is the one in the Bahamas Group of Islands 23.83N 76.113W and is only 8.5km/2.

The second is within the Seychelles group of islands though slightly larger at 603km/2. 40.40S 55.22E However, this second island consists of Coconut Palms and is uninhabited having been returned as a sanctuary for some rare species of birds

MEMORIES OF OLD SEARCH

The light hearted story above is true and entertaining to those of us who know each other and the fact we became engaged in the world of aviation. Whilst our appearance has changed little, a few wrinkles, the same person lives within. The Editor last saw Clive 29 years ago whilst sipping coffee at Ras Al Khaimah airfield in the UAE and Bob, probably 42 years since he left the UK. (Although Bob did return for a Biggin Hill Air Show a few years previous – but it still adds up to 42 years)

The point of this small article is to search out some other tales of long forgotten pilots at Biggin Hill during the 1960's.

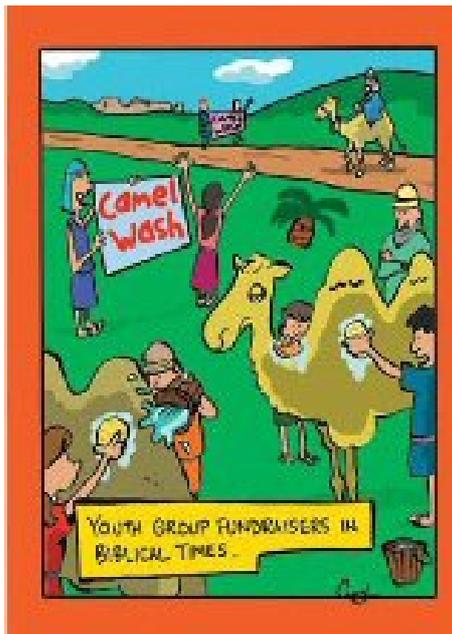
The halcyon days of learning to fly and the exploits of those who survived the training and their final dispersal to various airfields around the world.

If you know a good story pass it on, we will use fictitious names to protect the innocent which may enhance the authenticity of such a report.

The editor's son had disappeared whilst at Biggin Hill one day during the 60's, eventually strolling into the bar at the end of the days flying, explaining that he had been on an instant trip to Le Touquet with the Wing Commander and his dog, **yes his dog..!** No passport, nothing..! Imagine such an act of disregard, of today's security protocol. There would be blue flashing lights, police officers with body armour, sub machine guns, sniffer dogs, an airfield surrounded with tape stretching from tree to tree to pole to fence. Fire engines, and ambulances. What's up mate? Dunno..!!

YOUR LOCAL CAR WASH

If you look around at the car wash Brethren it is probably not far removed from ancient times when cars were not around.



If you have ever seen a Camel up close they have never been washed and this cartoon is only a mockery of our modern day failings.

I prefer the modern day manned car wash units, they do quite a good job, and certainly were the demise of the old automatic car wash units with their thrashing nylon brushes. Have you ever had trouble understanding how to punch in the numbers, and of course, stopping too far from the machine being unable to reach the buttons – getting out of the car wondering if you can get back inside the car

quick enough before the wash program starts.

Finally as the dreaded wash machine starts moving from behind with rotating brushes thrashing and shaking the vehicle you suddenly get a sensation of moving out of control, pressing the brake pedal hard only makes it worse, nothing happens, you don't stop – then you realise it is the machine moving, not your vehicle.

WEDDING STREET PARTY



The editor will be having his own garden party with a few bits of salvaged road kill and may be a cat if it gets too inquisitive.

The bugle hopes that its readers wherever you may be enjoyed a very nice Easter – the weather was certainly hot and sunny, and the pubs were empty, where did the people go? Perhaps they were watching the setting sun at Kingston-on-Thames:



Overheard at the bar – Isn't there a river nearby, 'now what was it called'?

Don't forget the editor's new Email.

< johnbryan13@sky.com >