



BIGGIN HILL AIRPORT BUGLE

News from our Airport at Biggin Hill - established 2005



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OLD PHOTO'S REVEALED

Sieving through some de-classified wartime Bugle files these amazing photo's were found in a box file of two Biggin Hillites who appear to have consorted socially with an undesirable of the day. Actually, the chap pictured below shares the same birth date as Adolf.



These afternoon tea parties were very cosy and polite (Note Eva's arm nonchantly draped along the arm rest).



J.B. :- IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T START FROM THERE

Göring loaned the other 'Biggin Hillite' one of his rather fashionable uniforms for this memorable meeting. Sound advice given, fell on stony ground..!!



A 'GRAND OLD AEROPLANE STANDS TALL AT 77 YEARS

The first De Havilland Executive Twin aircraft, the 77 year old DH 90 Dragonfly G-AEDU and their last. (her 21 & 8 year old younger cousin's) the DH 125 now wrongly known as a Hawker or BAE 125. All have now been engulfed by the huge Beechcraft Corporation.

29th WOBURN DH FLY IN

Several of the DH stable attended this annual event on the 16th August and were lined up in front of the Abbey.



Is this a swarm of Hornets or a clutch of Moths adorning the front lawn of the Abbey.



We didn't have a big enough camera at the ready to capture this epic moment of the day.

SHOREHAM AIR SHOW



The famous Gloster Gladiator the RAF's advanced fighter of the 30's. Unfortunately not quite up to scratch by the start of WWII, nevertheless a very good aeroplane to this day. British built to last.



We are not sure if this flight is daring, spectacular, or out of control, certainly thrilling for the pilot and indeed the immediate spectators.



Seems to be a lot of trees around the perimeter today..!!



Not only trees, but a very large building (Lancing College) looms closer for this Tiger Moth.



The ever awe inspiring Catalina gave a spirited display.



Not sure if this display was in cloudy conditions or just plain pollution.

LANCING COLLEGE



This interesting old building dominates the skyline at Shoreham Airport near the village of Lancing. Building started in 1848 and some of the piling holes were so deep and very dark (without light) that it was possible to see stars during daylight hours.



This interior is quite grand. This college was built by Nathaniel Woodard along with some other college's around the country. There was a price fixing cartel exposed in 2003 which resulted in the college's having to refund a lot of money to the parents.

A VISIT TO NORTH WEALD



DH Dragonfly & Miles |Messinger.

TATSFIELD BEER FESTIVAL

Was held on Westbourne Green in brilliant sunshine, where many people came to enjoy themselves.

A pilots dream come true you might say, but getting a drink in the beer tent was another story. First of all you must buy a (glass) plastic of course at a cost of £4. (good quality plastic). Next you have to buy a book of vouchers at £10 per voucher sheet, struth mate..!! We are in for some serious drinking cobber..!!

No cash over the bar, just a deduction off your £10 voucher by a smudge from a felt pen within a circle on your £10 voucher card! Does this mean you still have credit after one drink.

Yes! But not enough for one more drink! at £4 a pint

You are left with the glass (plastic) classic design and quite strong.

Why charge so much for the glass?

Well..!! Having cost so much you are not going to bin it so you take it home and put it in your crystal cabinet for the next beer festival.

What a clever way to get rid of rubbish.

BOUNCY CASTLE VILLAGE



Some very big slides for youngsters, assisted trampolines, face painting, food outlets.



Some of the crowd who attended this beer festival enjoying the sunshine.

SPACE CORRESPONDENT



The Bugles very own Space Technician from Biggin Hill sends some pictures from his recent visit to NASA's Cape Canaveral Space Centre and Museum Park Areas.

These huge buildings rising to 500ft house the Space Shuttles and Space Rocket vehicles during assembly.

Bottom left of this picture, cars are visible which gives some scale to this huge building.



The massive crawler transporter which carries the space vehicles to the launch pad.



Magnificent pictures taken by G.D.



Our space technical adviser poses by the shuttle 'Atlantis'. When asked about his frayed trousers, he explained it was caused by the entry speed as they flapped ferociously in the breeze.

Following this visit to the space centre museum, our space technician and the Bugle have merged to sell *'flight to space vouchers'*. Early Investors will get priority, and secure a seat booking.



Our banking details are secured via a private bank account in Nigeria, similar to those internet messages that one receives offering a financial cut in the inheritance of a dead relative in exchange for ones bank details.

This sounds so easy...!!

If we have any surplus cash from the above scam, it will be wisely spent on some Indian Take-aways.

First Solo

In memory of Richard Elles

By Malcolm Clark

I sat there that early day in May, when no sun shone
Alright for him to say "Have fun", and then begone,
That I had done many times. Cost me a king's ransom.
Although sometimes, I have to admit, I was high, wide and handsome.

But now the time had come, I was on my own alone, on me Jack!
This just had to be done, though there might be no coming back.
Huh! Look at him, he turned, giving me a cheery wave,
What a laugh he's having: sending me to an early grave.

Now, think-think-think, just remember all you've learned,
And keep in mind what Mother said, don't get your fingers burned.
Taxi to the hold.
Do what you've been told, make full use of lessons you've been sold.

They've let me go, the throttles in and I'm flying through the air,
This is solo, this is mad, and the world is all down there.
But, Hey! It's me! I'm the captain now, just one thing left in hand,
To make the clearest radio call, and bring it in to land.

***"Victor Charlie's down wind for a full stop landing"
That's the message, I'll be sending.***

Pick up the hand-mic' lick the lips, get it all just right.
HELL! Dropped the hand-mic' grovel around, keeping level flight.
Mouth's dried out, palms are greasy,
Runway's before me, this ain't easy.

Make the call "Charlie's up, No! Victor's windy, now,
I hope the tower understood that message somehow.
Heavens above and getting nearer, I'm getting slower,
Flying too slow, don't panic, increase the power.

"Victor Charlie we have you in sight, you are cleared to land"
A comfort alright, to my gripping hand.
Now back-off on the power, sink back to earth,
There are smiles in the tower....and I know what I am worth

Malc: Thanks Richard, often in my mind.



Richard Elles:

(13/1/46 – 10/10/98)

A Flying Instructor / CAA Examiner spent his life teaching people to fly, with a method 'par excellence'.

He was also an avid model aircraft constructor / model pilot.

Seen here with his model of the JU52 and the real life Junkers, which stands in the background.

MET POLICE FLYING CLUB

Jeff Cleary gathers his flock around their Grumman AA5 G-MPFC as he calls people to the Bar-B-Q which had less smoke than last years event.



Unfortunately the weather was very dull and gloomy which meant there was no flying.

However there was plenty of nice food and some very decorative cookies.



A lot of effort went into the creation of these and they were all scooped.



There was a lot of in depth concentration on building model aircraft and painting thereafter.

It was surprising how quickly these youngsters could build and paint these kits from scratch.

No adult dared try their skills in front of such opposition for fear of being sent to the corner in disgrace.



A paint scheme can alter the appearance of a familiar aircraft tail, given a little artistic licence of the photographer.



A very nice model of G-MPFC produced by: Jez Plumridge of 'Old Crow Models'
jez@oldcrowmodels.co.uk

These models are spectacular with exquisite detail. 07976 643 486

BIGGIN HILL REUNION 1998

With the closure of Croydon Airport in 1959 almost all pilots moved to Biggin Hill.

In those early days various Clubs and Groups formed around the Perimeter track gathering members. Clubs had individual buildings all furnished with cast off furniture from peoples front room.

Who cared what it was like, it was comfortable between flights, tea and coffee flowed freely.

In the evening everyone gathered around a makeshift bar within the confines of the club building. Much liquor would be consumed.

The weekends saw an influx of pilots, Instructors and many more. Many aircraft had no radio with anything up to 20 aircraft in the circuit at one time.

Eyes wide open no one complained, the circuits were confined with no one cut out, pilots were aware, of all other aircraft in the air. The circuit is crowded, the day goes well, everyone has flown, the sun is setting and the bars are open.

The drinking starts, the night is long and going well. The days flying discussed in detail and the drink enhances the days flying event further.

The cast off furniture comes into its own, a make-shift bed for the night for those in first, the rest will sleep on the floor. Out of their minds, they sleep peacefully...??

The morning dawns they're up and about, preparing the aircraft for their first flight of the day.

Time flies by and things get better as aircraft improved with better range and each has a radio and some have a VOR, flights to the continent abound, Le Touquet for lunch and back, how good is that.

Some 39 years have past (it is 1998) and over a drink at the bar, Joe Merchant and John Willis discuss the possibility of holding a reunion which became a huge success with some 400 people passing through the door on that day alone.

This event can be viewed on *You tube* and well worth a visit with a couple of beers at arms length.

