

Dates for the Diary 2014

October 4th (5th)

Sackville. Members Only Event

Sun 26th October

All Hallows Fly In & AGM

Wellesbourne

Dates for the Diary 2015

Club Events

Sat 17th Jan

Snowball

Sat 14th Feb

Valentine

Sat 7th Mar

Annual Dinner and Awards - Littlebury Hotel, Bicester

Sun 22nd March

Spring Fly-In

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The Journal of the Vintage Aircraft Club

VAC Honorary President D.F.Ogilvy. OBE FRAeS			<i>Vintage & Classic</i>	
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<p><i>The aim of the Vintage Aircraft Club is to provide a focal body for owners, pilots and enthusiasts of vintage and classic light aircraft by arranging fly-ins and other events for the benefit of its members.</i></p> <p><i>The Vintage Aircraft Club is affiliated to the Light Aircraft Association and supports the General Aviation Awareness Council.</i></p> <p><i>Vintage and Classic is the quarterly newsletter of the Vintage Aircraft Club and as such is a privately produced magazine. The views contained within its pages do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor or the Vintage Aircraft Club. The magazine is free to members, but £5.00 when purchased separately.</i></p>				

Chairman’s Notes

First of all, above all things, THANK YOU for making the VAC’s 50th birthday party at Popham such a stupendous success!

If you flew in or drove in, thank you for making the event complete. If you were unable to attend in person, I apologise for making you jealous, but I am sure you were with us in spirit, as it is our whole membership that makes this club such a success.

Without doubt a big thank you must go to those hard-working committee members - and the many others who also got roped in. A massive vote of thanks is particularly due to the Pietenpol Club members, who braved the baking sun to judge the spot landing completion on Saturday. No less heroic I think, were Keith Picton and his team from the LAA Andover Strut, who provided everything from marshalling, generators and PA systems, to the burger van!

As you will read from Paul Loveday’s report further in the magazine, such was our success that it is hard to gauge the ultimate number of attendees. The parking lines were so long that signing in got split between the Clubhouse and the VAC Gazebo part way down runway 03, and I suspect that having met familiar faces on the way, many visitors forgot to sign in at all. In a way, that was a tribute to the spirit of the event, relaxed, informal and great fun!

There was quality too, some lovely aircraft, with rarities that included the Shipping and Airlines Travel Air biplane, Peter Holloway’s Fieseler Storch, Joe Dible with the Foster Wickner Wicko, the customary brace of the Gammons’ Leopard Moths and seven Fourniers which arrived in formation from Germany via Arras, joining a couple of aeroplanes and pilots which also arrived from France. Two Chinese Nanchangs gave a spirited formation arrival on Sunday, but they had come from no farther east than White Waltham.



The current Chairman with three of his predecessors .
L-R John Broad, Rex Coates, and Alan Biggs

One of the great things about ‘VAC 50’ was meeting old friends from the early days of the Club. Many noted that a couple of ‘founder’ aeroplanes were on hand by the Club marquee. The Reading Flying Group DH82 Tiger Moth G-ANFM has been a regular attendee at VAC events since the very beginning in the hands of the like of Sue Thompson and a former VAC Chairman, the late Tony Harold. Piper Cub G-ASPS, owned by Alan Chalkley for over 50 years, was also present, although sadly due to a temporary bout of ill-health, Alan himself was unable to join us.

G-ASPS was bought in New Jersey by Alan, then a BOAC First Officer on Bristol Britannias, on one of his transatlantic stopovers in 1962. Over the next few years he and BEA Engineer Rex Coates restored the aeroplane, which made its first flight in the UK in March 1964, the year that the VAC was formed with Rex and Alan among its founder members.

For the next half century Alan, with his wife Beryl as ‘the forward lookout’, flew the Cub the length and breadth of the UK. It has become a familiar sight both at rallies and as



the 'masthead' for his 'Over the Hedge' column in the LAA Light Aviation magazine, written under his pseudonym of John Beeswax. Earlier this year however, Alan elected to part with his beloved Cub and I was immensely privileged to become its new custodian.

Back in 1964, as the Cub was being prepared for its maiden post-restoration flight, Alan and Rex posed together in front of the aeroplane for the photo shown opposite.



At 'VAC 50' we had hoped to re-take the photo half a century later. Alan's absence obviously meant that was impossible, so instead it was suggested I don a set of period white overalls to take Alan's place. The resultant picture is also shown below. My only comment is that washing powders have clearly become more effective at oil stain removal since 1964!

HAPPY LANDINGS!

Steve

MEMBERS NOTICES

Information Requested

DHC.1 Chipmunk G-BBMO / WK514 is operated by a group out of Wellesbourne. They are in the process of tracing the complete history of this aircraft and are looking for any information on its life both in the RAF and civilian life. If you have any information it can be forwarded to Nick Coley via his email - nick@thecoleys.org.uk, or through me, the editor. They have already amassed a considerable amount of its history but of course there are gaps which need filling.

New Members.

We welcome the following new members to the Vintage Aircraft Club.

I. Allen	Altmannstein	T. Badham	Birmingham
P. Charles	Fairford	J. Comfort	Southam
P. Dibble	New Milton	R. Harding	Petersfield
M. Littler	Alcester	L. Moon	Esher
D. Moores	Beaconsfield	R. Mullard	Ludlow
R. Reeve	Long Itchington	R. Saw	Liskeard
	J. Theron	Epsom	

Front Cover :- Curtis-Wright Travel Air 12Q Travelair departing the 50th Birthday celebrations Popham

Rear Cover :- Piper J-3C-90 Cub G-ASPS sits in the sun at Popham

When on 13th August 1914, twelve BE-2 observation aircraft of No.2 Squadron Royal Flying Corps flew from Swingate Down near Dover to Amiens in France to support the British Expeditionary Force, it was the first-ever deployment of an air force to a theatre of action by air.

Lieutenant Hubert Harvey-Kelly was the first pilot to land, in breach of an order from his Commanding Officer, Major Charles Burke, that "all aeroplanes were to take off and land in Squadron order." However such was the euphoria that all 12 of the No.2 Squadron aircraft had safely arrived, disciplinary action was overlooked. As one contemporary account said; "H-K got away with it again".

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION

Fast forward almost a century, and Matthew Boddington, myself and Western Front Association vice-President Graham Parker started hatching plans to commemorate that first flight to France. Both the Western Front Association and the RAF wanted the BE-2 replica to be a center-piece of centennial commemorations at Dover, Amiens and at the Royal Flying Corps Memorial at Arras. In addition to our BE-2c, it was also hoped that two New Zealand-built 1917 BE-2e replicas currently based at Old Warden as well as a flock of de Havilland Tiger Moths, would all make the channel crossing, aiming to alight in Amiens 100 years to the day from the first arrivals.

Sadly the aftermath of Hurricane Bertha was set to throw a spanner in our works. Vintage biplanes are not good bedfellows with blustery conditions. Adding to the challenge was our low cruising speed and relatively limited range. At 65 knots, and 90 minutes of fuel at best, we even needed an intermediate fuel halt to get from Sywell to Headcorn!

After an initial day's delay we eventually deemed the wind (just) within our limits and with Matt at the

CHANNEL DASH – NOT!

helm, launched from Sywell on Tuesday 12th, the day ahead of the actual centenary. As we flew overhead Old Warden, their hangar doors remained firmly closed. A good call I think; the BE-2e replicas are even more kite-like than ours!

Squadron Tornado. Instead, the Tornado came to us, with a spectacular pair of flybys which delighted the Headcorn locals!



ON THE LIMIT

A couple or three bumpy hours later (and after a thought-provoking take-off into curlover at the end of Stapleford's runway), Headcorn hove into view. The inevitable low level turbulence meant that we were right on the limits of controllability when we 'arrived' and to make matters worse, the RAF's media department had ensured a healthy sprinkling of TV cameras and press photographers!

With the wind still building, we sadly could not fly again for our next planned sortie; along the white cliffs in the company (well it was never going to be a formation) of a No.2

SLOW RETURN

On Wednesday we finally admitted defeat as continuing high winds and storms en-route thwarted our plans to cross the channel. A dozen or so hardy souls in Tiger Moths did battle through, but the slower speed, smaller fuel tank and poorer controllability of the BE meant it would have been foolhardy to try.

We did at least get within sight of France, as we made a personal fly-past over the white cliffs and Swingate Down where those first aircraft departed 100 years ago, then slowly headed back to Northamptonshire. With a 20 knot headwind, our return ground speed was just 45 knots!

Steve Slater



The Waco Trail - Episode 1

I'm often asked "Why a Waco?" I suppose the simple answer is a return question "Why a Cespibuscombe?" or whatever it is they're flying. We all have reasons to own/fly what we do, often there's no logic. Like your choice of car/bike/house/dog sometimes even you don't understand. As a bit of a petrol head, I like big engines, and believe loud is good, most of my motorcycles are this way and my 26ton 15litre V8 Crash Tender fire engine is err... loud. So that explains the Radial engines then. Does the wife need convincing? No. Is she fully supportive? Yes. Is she for sale? No.

The original plan was to go and see a Waco that Ken Horwitz (Old Thyme Aviation, Seattle (www.oldthymeaviation.com)) is restoring, back in April for a long weekend. Ken then suggested that if I postponed the trip to June I could fly back from the Waco fly-in in Ohio to Seattle in his YKS-7. OK, tough question this. For about 2 milliseconds. Fly a 1937 Waco Biplane nearly 2000miles across America? Excuse me? What's the catch? None. So, rapid permission obtained from the CO, flight changes and we're green for go.



Flash forward to last week of June, flight to JFK connecting to Pt. Columbus, no sleep thanks to a Mum and Baby next to me (when are they going to invent baby-free areas? I'm sure it's a winner, I'd pay extra). Taxying in at Pt Columbus I see Ken's Waco parked on the apron, somewhat out of place amongst the International heavies trundling past. How cool is that? Sadly none on board seem interested, ignorance is bliss eh? Half an hour later I'm climbing into the Waco cabin. Ken

starts up and taxis for R28L behind some heavy traffic. Depart with immediate left turn for heading 360, which had us climbing out over the terminal at a couple of hundred feet, the beginning for me of airport flying procedures I experienced over the week that you would never see in the UK. 25 minutes later we arrive at Wynkoop Airport just in time for the Corn Boil Picnic, the start of the 55th Waco Fly-in



Flying in the US is different to here in the UK, for those that have, excuse the indulgence. In the week of flying several hundreds of miles and many airport landings, never once did we pay a landing fee (not even Port Columbus). Airports the size of Bristol, Bournemouth and Southampton, FREE. We never had to ask for permission (PPR what's that?)

and were always welcomed, occasional help required was willingly provided, hangarage often free for overnight stay, and transport frequently provided FOC. Many of the Airports (airfields) have no A/G radio, just use a safetycom frequency. Avgas is about £1 per litre, Mogas is approx 50p a litre. Boy have they got it good.

The Waco fly-in gathered 23 Waco's plus a few others, a fair turn out of the make, as with all fly-ins there are

a lot that can't/won't/don't make it, but that's still a lot of radial engines and biplanes in one place.

Sunday morning was the start of the trip west back to Seattle. Up at Sparrows fart, drag the Waco out of a hangar and climb out above the white fluffy stuff. Having spent the previous 2 days sheltering under a wing, I was aware that the day ahead could get warm. Now, a 1937 biplane

is not equipped with yer modern facilities Rod-er-ney. Sadly lacking in aircon, restroom, flight attendant, sound proofing, anti-turbulence stabilizer, automatic pilot, etc. The 300hp Jacobs radial is notorious for generating enough heat to warm Scotland, the restroom is a large plastic bottle (the use of which you need autopilot and anti-turb-stabilizer), flight attendant is a self-service water bottle or ready wrapped banana.

First fuel stop, smart turn around, quick restroom visit, umpteen gallons of avgas and climb out for the next 3.5 hours. Weather front coming in, storm cells mean we have to make a dash to Mason City as they're in a gap between showers. Plant the Waco in a hangar and borrow transport to go to town for lunch whilst the storm passes over.

Now it seems that most airports have a courtesy vehicle which is available for loan to visiting pilots that may be stranded for weather or repairs. The goal is to provide the biggest heap of junk possible that is still legal to drive. Fair to say that these guys must be near the top of the list. What a POS. But at least it's free, once again USA rules OK. 10 hours of

flying in hot noisy cramped conditions tests the resolve of most, and the final stop was a welcome one. Pierre, South Dakota on the edge of the Missouri River, dropped into town by the helpful chap at the airport, returned next morning by taxi paid for by the hotel. (Jeepers we could learn a thing or two here.) Fuelled from the night before, a quick depart to the west, with mild amusement provided by a local Cessna L19 "Birddog" pilot we'd seen taxiing from the hangar, who, at every opportunity informed radio traffic (only us at this time of the day) that he was "Birddog taxiing", "Birddog holding" etc. No doubt very proud of what he was flying.



Heading west into a strengthening wind we start to see mountains and hills. Passing over Sturgis, home of the annual bike meet, the turbulence makes it hard to hold the camera steady. Next fuel stop taxiing to the pumps proves interesting as we're losing the left brake. Fuelled up and taxiing back to depart the brake fails resulting in a departure from the taxiway. I climbed out and wing-walked (ran) down the taxiway. Point 1) I am not built to run. Point 2) This was not you're average 600m grass runway, it was more like 2000m asphalt and stinking hot. Point 3) Combine point 1 & 2 and the result is not a pretty sight.

Depart and climb to 6500 (even number plus 500 if heading west, odd number plus 500 for eastbound) Slightly deprived of air and still breathing heavily from over-exertion I start to cough (old smoking habit reminding me of the good days!), Ken passes me a bottle of water. I'd have preferred the Oxygen bottle. Headwind now slowing us down to a ground speed of 60, the decision is made to land at Sheridan to see if the

brakes can be sorted, as we could not safely land in the stronger crosswinds, so making airport selection limited for fuel stops. Safely down at Sheridan, turning off the runway results in taxiing problems again. More wing-walking again for another kilometre or two, during which the right brake fails, ending in the Waco weather-cocking into the wind, resulting in shut-down and pushing backwards the final stage into the hangar. Point 4) I'm never running again. Ever. It turns out wind was recorded at 35 gusting 45.

Renting a car and driving 2 hours to Billings to catch an Air Alaska flight for the remainder to Seattle, I get to see

the Rockies from FL25 in air conditioned comfort with beverage in hand. Sad but physically exhausted from exertions of the day I realise that the experience of the last 2 days were to be cherished.



Next day Ken rolls out his Cessna 180, and we climb out over the scenic Seattle vista, to go see George and Lee, who are restoring a couple of Ken's Wacos. Landing on a short grass strip that ends on the edge of a cliff, we taxi to Georges' front door. His house is half-hangar. Utopia. I hate him already. George (ex US Navy jet pilot) is working on the UIC that I am

eventually to own, and a sterling job he is doing too! In a hangar surrounded by Waco airframes and radial engines, wings, wheels and other paraphernalia, I feel privileged to have him rebuilding the old girl. In the hangar next door Lee is rebuilding another Waco and also working on his GeeBee replica (little more than a flying Pratt & Whitney). Been round the block, has Lee, with his T6 parked outside (races at Reno every year) and flying for Ken in the Stearman and Waco, together with Marion (both A&P engineers and wing walkers see <http://www.leeomanairshows.com>), a formidable couple. Parked casually nearby is a Citabria, and somewhere there's another Stearman also being worked on.

It's easy to spend time here, but we have to go, depart in the 180 to visit Kens' son at another small strip some 20mins away, carved out of the forest, short strip flying applies. Park outside the log cabin (read: big house) and tour the adjacent hangar (heated and de-humidified, naturally) to find an immaculate Piper Cub, and another couple of radial engines.

All too soon the US trip is over and I'm back on a BA flight to Heathrow. Sometimes there is too much information for the brain to absorb in one go, another example of the 80/20

rule, certainly turning it into hard copy has helped me re-assemble it all, and recover some of the 80% that's residing in the back room of my grey matter. Episode 2 is scheduled for later this year, September/October time, to go fly the UIC, take the wings off and wedge it in a container for the trip to Blighty. Watch this space.

Gordon Williams

THE GREAT LANCASTER FIASCO and other disasters ! (Part 2)

At the end of part one we left G-ASXX touching down at Biggin Hill, having successfully flown from Australia and being passed into the hands of less than 20 enthusiastic amateurs who jointly knew less than a modern 15 year old ATC cadet. If you want to know what the plan was, the answer is that there was no plan. We, or more correctly I knew that I wanted the aircraft preserved as a more representative Lancaster than either S for Sugar, gently corroding away on the gate at RAF Scampton or PA474 which at that time was being used for research at Cranfield, with bits of aircraft mounted on the roof for icing trials.

In the 1960's the man I had to deal with at The Air Registration Board at Redhill (the A.R.B. were responsible for C's of A., the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation issued registrations – that's the way the civil service mind worked in those days) was guy called Paul Whitcher. He was adamant that G-ASXX would never fly again and in order to get the C.of A. to bring it home I had to sign an agreement to that effect. We therefore had a static Lancaster, no money and few ideas.

As had always happened other people came up with the good ideas and because so many people wanted to look inside the aircraft Roy Taylor (Jock Maitland's No. 2) organised Cobby Moore to find a long ladder so that people could climb in the rear entrance look through the aircraft and then climb out via the nose escape hatch. We were told to charge 2/6d. per person. Brian Arbery, who had made his way from Enfield by public transport took the money and on the Monday after the show I staggered up to London with over £ 2,000.—largely in silver, to be banked. Apart from Cobby, who was a stalwart supporter of what we were doing, but never a member of H.A.P.S., we were also introduced to the team from Field Aircraft Services at London Airport, who were in charge of aircraft handling at the Air Fair. The key players were Arthur Heath, Tony Hearn and John

Catchpole who subsequently undertook all the maintenance on the aircraft at no charge. The week-end following the Air-Fair people came up, hoping to look inside because during the Air Fair the queue was too long, so further half-crowns were collected and the H.A.P.S. bank balance grew – largely because we had few outgoings. Parking was free and the aircraft was not insured (because we could not determine a value and the value for the flight back, where a premium free policy had been issued by Lloyd's syndicates was for the £ 10,00 put up by Hawker Siddeley).

The arrival of the aircraft generated interest from people wanting to become members, some being former Lancaster crew members, some being enthusiasts and a small minority who saw the aircraft as an asset with which they could make money for themselves. The ex-Lancaster crews included Roy Perrin who worked in a bank and undertook the position of Treasurer and Mark Hart, an ex-Pathfinder, then employed at Ordnance Survey and an officer in my local ATC squadron. Others, although never members became enthusiastic supporters and behind the scenes “ string pullers “ and those included Lewis Benjamin “ Benjy “ who edited the Tiger Club magazine and ran a shop in Carnaby Street called Modern Man and another Tiger Club member, Barry Griffiths, who was a solicitor.



Initially G-ASXX was parked on the grass outside the café at the Surrey and Kent Flying Club but as this was within the public access area we found one day that it had moved to a patch of grass on the South end of the GA parking area. We had a mixed relationship with the lady who owned the café, who was happy to take our money when we went in for a cup of tea, whilst the Lancaster resulted in more visitors, who also bought her tea. I do however remember one very cold and windy day when we trooped in for teas to warm us up and she had bread pudding for sale, warm from the oven. In my usual form, of open mouth before engaging brain, I said “ *Don't take it all, I need some to hold the Lancaster down with* “. That resulted in a considerable amount of grovelling in order to get any of us served.

We muddled along for a year, during which Brian Arbery procured a number of Horsa glider sections, the largest of which were the Nose and forward fuselage of TL659 built by Harris Lebus. These were stored for a time at Stapleford and eventually became the basis of a Horsa displayed at Middle Wallop. My request for an F-86e resulted in the society be loaned an ex Italian Air Force Sabre, serial 19477 which was registered to Bernard Clarkson and myself in March 1967. My plan was that Neil Williams, with whom I had become friendly through the Tiger Club would fly it from Italy to Biggin Hill. I believed this to be a fantastic

plan, Field's had Sabre experience and Neil was keen. Added to that Jock Maitland had been awarded a kill when flying a USAF F-86 in Korea, although the RAF did not recognise this because he was on secondment to the USAF at the time. Then a minor snag arose 19477 was not airworthy. MDAP, the Mutual Aid Office in Italy with whom I was dealing decided that problem could be resolved, by substituting 19607 and the registration of G-ATBF (my first BF suffix) was duly transferred. My plan failed to impress Paul Whitcher however, who insisted that the flight would not occur, no arguing, you can't do it; full stop. As an interim measure, and to get it under cover I had hoped that it could be loaned to the growing collection at RAF Colerne but the Colerne collection was being broken up and the shortly to be formed RAF Museum at Hendon considered an ex RAF F-86e Sabre to be totally uninteresting, although they eventually obtained another for their museum.

Whilst I was collecting aircraft down South Russ was doing his own thing in Scotland and had identified that Seafire 47 VP441 was located, somewhat neglected, with 335 Squadron of the ATC at Saltash in Devon. The warbirds directory, and various websites give me credit for obtaining VP441, whereas it was solely a Russ Snadden project and he arranged for it to be collected by RNAS Culdrose and to be restored there. He also located the Walrus G-AIZG, the former N.18 of the Irish Air Corps and L2301, which was lying dismantled and gently corroding away on the boundary of Thame Airfield. He negotiated to purchase it from F.D. O'Dell Ltd., the scrap merchants who owned it for the £ 25.00 they had originally paid and it was removed to RNAS Arbroath for restoration in readiness to being displayed in the Fleet Air Arm Museum.

When the next Air Fair came upon us further supporters came out of the ether. One of these was Profile Publications Ltd., who not only wrote a booklet called **Spotlight on Preservation** for us but also gave us a distribution agency for their newly

released range of aircraft profiles, where we made 100% profit, or a shilling a copy. The society was also “adopted” by the County Flying Club and their clubhouse became our meeting place. When we decided that we could



occasionally run the engines – something Arthur Heath probably instigated, Barry Griffiths suggested that as an unincorporated body we each had unlimited liability if anything went wrong and it would be better if we became a Company, Limited by Guarantee. As a result The Historic Aircraft Preservation Society Ltd. was duly formed, we saw the benefits but, unfortunately, not the disadvantages. In a company limited by guarantee each member has an equal vote, whereas HAPS was dictatorship and I was Stalin. There were other things going on, Russ had been accepted for the Royal Air Force and Bernard was preparing for another of his trips abroad for GEC, this time to install an STD telephone system in Nigeria ignoring the minor inconvenience that since April 1967 the Eastern Province had been in dispute with the Federal government in what was called the Biafran war! I after two changes of Lloyd's brokers, neither of which were what I wanted as a career, I gave up working in the City of London, took off my suit, put on my wellies and went to work for Farm Aviation Ltd. at Rush Green, near Hitchin. The result was that the day to day affairs of the Lancaster became the responsibility of some of the new members. These members now had an equal vote in the running of the Society and their voices had to be heard. One of

the new members was John Roast who came from a background in shipping and forwarding and claimed to be a close friend of Barnes Wallis and had been a consultant on the making of the Battle of Britain film. It was John who persuaded the

younger members that G-ASXX should be returned to its RAF markings and flown to the Dambusters reunion at RAF Scampton on 19th/20th. May 1967.

Brian Goulding's various editions of **Story of a Lancaster** stress the efforts of the young members of the Society, whilst ignoring the strings that Field Aircraft Services had to pull, in order to persuade Paul Whitcher that the flight should be made. On our side however we had another ally, this time in the form of Peter Harris, a free-lance journalist with one of the red top newspapers, maybe the Daily Mirror. If I got a definite NO Peter would ring for a story saying *I am sure my 6 million readers will be interested to know why, having flown from Australia to Biggin Hill, it can't now go to Scampton or wherever!*

The aircraft attended two further displays, one at Blackbushe where Neil pulled so much G that we ended up putting 22 lbs of pop rivets into the upper surface of the wings and Arthur Heath had to rebuild both aileron, which Neil said had become very heavy, the result of severe glue failure. It was also at Blackbushe that XX floated so much that Neil thought he would need to pull the gear up to stop, although eventually it came to a halt so far into the

overshoot, that it had to be towed out with a tractor !

All flights were clear of cloud and in sight of the ground. Unfortunately Specsavers had not opened their first branch. For those concerned about .833 spacing it should be remembered that G-ASXX flew Bankstown to Biggin Hill with a 12 channel set, one channel being 121.5 and another RAF Common.

Within HAPS there was a lot of moaning about how things were run, resulting amongst other things in Fred Kirby, the membership secretary and Lloyd's underwriter responsible for HAPS getting the Mew Gull and Roy Perrin, an ex Lancaster pilot and treasurer, both resigning. Many of the enthusiasts who helped at Biggin Hill were dissatisfied with the progress being made towards establishing a museum at Biggin Hill. Issues such as leases and planning requirements were not understood and John Roast fanned these complaints, eventually calling an Extra Ordinary General Meeting in London, to occur mid-week and persuading those who did attend that the assets of HAPS Ltd., should be transferred to a new company, Reflectaire Ltd., the directors of which were John Roast and his wife.

All paperwork relating to the HAPS aircraft was with me, and as a result a document was drawn up passing ownership of the Sabre, actually the property of the American Government, the Corsair owned by me on an agreement with the Ministry of Defence that it would be exhibited at the Fleet Air Arm, and if I remember correctly, two Fa 330's on loan from the Royal Aircraft establishment at Farnborough, to Reflectaire. Not transferred were the Aeronca 100 G-AEVS and the Firefly T.T. Mk. 5 VX388 which I had just purchased as Australian surplus for £ 200.00 and was located at Bankstown. The knock on effect was that, with ownership changing to a private company Jock Maitland cancelled the agreement of free parking and the Hunting Group withdrew their engineering support.

Having a job I enjoyed with Farm Aviation and HAPS having imploded my involvement with G-ASXX came to an end – so what about the other aircraft ?

The Sabre was stuck in Italy and Neil was not going to get the chance to fly it but John Roast persuaded Denis Kay of Manchester Tankers Ltd., whom he had assisted in importing his Spitfire XIVe SG25 through Dover, to go to Italy and bring the Sabre back to Biggin Hill. The Sabre at Dover docks with John Roast with his hand on the trailer. The Customs guy told us that



in order to complete the paperwork he needed the engine number. The driver promptly replied that it was on a plate on the side of the engine, accessed by splitting the fuselage but Customs could use his tools whilst we went for a cup of tea. When we returned about 10 minutes later we were told that customs now has the engine number ! The Aeronca 100, G-AEVS had been purchased by me from Lloyd's Aviation Department after an accident at Lee-on-Solent. The aim

being to have an aircraft in which members could be flown. The rebuild was put in the hands of a licenced engineer called Len Cooper but little work took place and eventually it was moved to Biggin Hill in February 1968 and later to Middle Wallop where one of the members, Bob Moggridge, hoped to either get it rebuilt, or exchange it for an Auster 9. Whilst Bob was on a posting to Germany a new CO appeared at Middle Wallop and instigated a clear out which resulted in the Aeronca, and a number of cars belonging to servicemen posted to Germany, were sold. The CAA has a

note on file that the individuals named on the certificate or registration are not the legal owners but, after more than 50 years, I treat the position as somewhat academic.

At Filton I was more interested in Chipmunks that I had not previously seen, rather than my Lancaster, so the only shot I have is in the background of Chipmunk WP872, which was sold in Canada in the final large MoD surplus sale and is now in the United States.



The Firefly was passed to the Camden Museum, where I saw it on a visit to Australia. It is inhibited and could be returned to the air, but there is little interest in the type and the rebuild costs would far exceed its market value. My dastardly scheme for Neil to make an attempt on the record that Ron Flockhart had attempted and failed, was a non starter.

Arthur Heath and I kept in touch and in December 1970 I purchased the Beagle Mark Eleven from the estate of Charles Boddington. It was moved from Sywell to the Jet Centre at Heathrow where Arthur, Bernard and I eventually rebuilt it, having it flown out by John Lee, an ex Auster/Beagle inspector who had performed more than 50% of all the flights recorded in the log book.

Miss Lettice Curtis---a personal memory

With the recent passing of Miss Lettice Curtis at the age of 99, I thought I would pen a short memory of this remarkable lady.

In the early 1950s my friend and I were hangar rats at Personal Plane Services at White Waltham. After we had been there long enough we became accepted and began doing odd jobs.

One of the notable people there at the time was Miss Lettice Curtis, who operated the Fairchild Argus G-AIYO on behalf of the Women's Junior Air Corps. You will notice the "Miss" in my form of address – still do it now! In those days manners were still rather formal and it would have been unacceptable to address her otherwise, particularly as she was rather imperious in her manner!

Actually, a short while ago, Freydis Sharland, one of her contemporaries in the ATA, also departed. She also frequented White Waltham, but at that time she was Miss Freydis Leaf. My friend and I used to deliberately

confuse and conflate their names and refer to a Miss Lettice Leaf. We used to sit behind the hangar sniggering at our brilliance, horrible youths. I should add that this in no way diminished our admiration for them and their wartime achievements.

However, back to Miss Lettice Curtis. One morning the battery on G-AIYO was a bit tired, and as the Personal Plane Services boys were all otherwise engaged, I decided to help out with the trolley acc. Miss Curtis had been making repeated attempts to start, and was now running late, and the battery was getting very weak. In her usual imperious manner, she suggested I expedite my task (!), and because I was alone I used our old unofficial trick of placing a penny (old penny –big things) across the terminals of the push button. This enabled me to go to the aircraft and stay there until it started, rather than running backwards and forwards repeatedly. I plugged the power cable into the aeroplane's unders and we were ready for action,

this time on ground power. The Warner Scarab was still very reluctant to start, but after a lot of grinding away it finally began to fire. All the previous activity had flooded the damned thing quite badly, and when it did fire there was great gout of flame out of the exhaust, downwards to where I was crouching in exactly the wrong place. My hair, eyebrows and even my tweed jacket were all badly singed, and I was slow getting the cable unplugged, and Miss Curtis, now in a hurry, just started taxiing. I shuffled forwards at the crouch and managed to get unplugged, and she just taxied away without a backward glance to this little smoking person she had left behind.

The unkindest cut of all was, when I got back to trolley, the excessive activity had welded my penny to the terminals, and I had to get a large pair of pliers to get it clear. Cost me a penny that did.

Bob Harding

**Report by
Photographs**

**Bill Fisher
Bill Fisher
John Hamblin
Paul Loveday**

Mignet and related types



Turmeau HT-01 (VW powered HM14) at Brienne le Chateau Flea 50th Anniversary, July 1984

M. Henri Mignet published his book *Le Sport de l'Air* at the end of 1933, describing his novel single seat tandem wing aircraft for the masses, the Pou de Ciel, or Flying Flea. The HM14 had only two means of control: a variable incidence front wing for pitch control and a rudder for directional control. Once plans were published there was a wave of enthusiastic construction, both in France and in Britain.

A number of aircraft flew successfully before problems were encountered with uncontrolled dives leading to

fatal accidents. It emerged following wind tunnel tests that if the aircraft exceeded a certain negative incidence (due to entering a downdraft, or following a sharp control movement), there was insufficient nose up control available to recover from the resultant dive. This brought an end to the 1930s Flea craze.

The basic design concept (when modified) was sound however and a range of new Mignet types (and Mignet-inspired designs) were developed and flown in France,

where they remain popular to the present day.

A number of Mignet (and Mignet-inspired) types are illustrated. These photographs were taken at the RSA Mignet 50th Anniversary event at Brienne le Chateau, unless otherwise noted.

Article and accompanying photographs

Ron Smith



F-PLUZ Mignet HM 360;



OO-96 HM293, Cranfield, Bedfordshire, July 1998



HB-SPG Mignet HM19C;



OO-32 HM293, Balen Keiheuvel, Belgium



G-MYDZ Mignet HM1000 Balerit, Henstridge



F-PSYT Roy Mignet GR01



Landray GL4 Visa Pou;



F-PYQJ Briffaut GB10 Pou Push.



Croses Noel CN1



Croses EC7

THE TRUE 'FIRST AIRCRAFT IN FRANCE' REVEALED

On 13th August 1914, twelve BE-2 observation aircraft of No.2 Squadron Royal Flying Corps flew from Swingate Down near Dover to Amiens in France in support of the British Expeditionary Force. It was the first-ever aerial deployment of an air force to a theatre of action.

The feat, in terms of airmanship, was unprecedented. In the years after Louis Bleriot's faltering first crossing, only around 50 pilots had flown the Channel, yet all twelve of the No.2 Squadron aircraft made the crossing and in the opening weeks of the Great War, more than 60 of the frail aircraft successfully made landfall in France.

However there has always been mystery about which of the Royal Flying Corps aeroplane was the 'First in France'. It is well recorded that Lieutenant Hubert Harvey-Kelly was the first to land, in breach of an order from his Commanding Officer, Major Charles Burke, that "all aeroplanes were to take off and land in Squadron order."

The photograph was in fact taken 100 years ago this week, on the moors above Whitby in North Yorkshire when the squadron, upon the outbreak of war, was heading south from its previous base at Montrose in Scotland. A day or so later the aircraft suffered an engine failure and Harvey-Kelly damaged its undercarriage in the resultant forced landing in a field in Northamptonshire.



Determined not to miss out on the crossing, Harvey-Kelly it seems made his way to the Royal Aircraft Factory

Western Front Association and its vice-President Graham Parker" said Stephen Slater. "One day he said he had an interesting document for us to see".

It turned out to be a faded, typewritten copy of Major Burke's diary for the day of the crossing. In addition to giving a first-hand account of the crossing, the diary page

contained a list of each aircraft and the pilot flying it.

"It was a bitter-sweet moment for us, on one hand we had uncovered a piece of history and now knew definitively the correct number. The bad news was, that having flown as '347' for the past three years since we restored our aircraft, we now had to completely remake the rudder with a new fabric covering painted with the correct code."

A week ahead of its flying from Dover to France to recreate the first channel crossing, 'Biggles Biplane', an authentic replica of a 1914 BE-2 originally built in the 1960s for a Biggles film, unveiled its new tail code. Royal Flying Corps "Number 471", as recorded in Major Burke's diary will once again fly into history in commemoration of the brave aviators of a century ago.

Steve Slater



For most of the past century, it was assumed that Harvey-Kelly's mount had been a BE-2 with the tail code '347'. The assumption was based on a photograph, still held by the Imperial War Museum, which shows Harvey-Kelly reclining against a haystack next to his aircraft. In a piece of early twentieth century 'spin', the picture was used by contemporary newspapers to illustrate "The First in France", but it turns out that the aircraft never made it as far as the English Channel.

at Farnborough and took over another, newly-built aircraft. However the identity of this machine has frustrated historians until Stephen Slater and Matthew Boddington, owners of the 'Biggles Biplane' replica of the 1914 aircraft, uncovered some exciting new information.

"As we have been preparing our aircraft to cross the channel in commemoration of that first flight, we have been liaising closely with the



The VAC's 50th Anniversary weekend at the idyllic grass aerodrome at Popham was a fantastic success on all fronts. The weather could not have been better if it had been ordered. Saturday saw blue skies with some fluffy bits and light winds, although a few darker clouds did try to intrude, but without success.

Saturday saw over 130 aircraft on the ground for most of the day, the majority of which were flown by or crewed by VAC members from all over the country. In fact there must have been some 200 or more aircraft on at least one occasion over the weekend. In addition a similar contingent of members arrived by road with the car parking area filling up quickly.

Saturday was the main event day with strong competition for the Liz Inwood, Concours d'Elegance Trophy, and the Spot Landing Competition, for the Mo Thompson Trophy. Participants being those who on joining the circuit stated their intention of taking part. Judging was carried out by members of the Pietenpol Club who had been adjudged to be independent.

The Liz Inwood Trophy was named in honour of the popular flying instructor, Tiger Moth and Hornet Moth pilot and vintage aeroplane aficionado who sadly passed away last year. The award was judged by members of her family as based, not just on aircraft condition, but "the aeroplane Liz would most liked to have flown away in".



It was duly presented to Philip Whiteman with his Piper L4H Cub. G-BGPD, on account of displaying period 1940s US Army memorabilia and Philip wearing an authentic USAAF officer's cap and shades on arrival, with the award being presented by the club chairman Steve Slater.

Steve later received a letter from Philip Whiteman which is reproduced here.

Dear Steve,

I would like to say how honoured I am to have been presented with the Liz Inwood Memorial Trophy at the VAC's 50th anniversary event on Saturday. I am sorry not to have known Liz, but everything I have heard about her suggests she was held in high regard, as both as a

person and an aviator. It thus a special pleasure to learn that Liz's family judged G-BGPD to be perhaps not the most immaculate machine or authentic restoration, but the aeroplane she'd most liked to have flown away in. My late father and long-time Vintage Aircraft Club member Pip Whiteman was in fact responsible for the lion's share of the work in maintaining Papa Delta over the years, and put in hundreds of hours of work in returning the aircraft to its wartime L-4 appearance. It is also on his behalf that I accept this wonderful award. It means a lot to me, and it would have meant a lot to him,

Regards,

Philip



Winner Concours d' Elegance



Winner Spot Landing



Runner up Spot Landing



Winner Shiny Sunday Award



AWARDS

A series of awards were presented by Charles Church, the son of the late Charles Church, whose family still owns Popham airfield.

Jonathan Turnbull was the winner of the Mo Thompson Spot Landing Trophy, in Britain's oldest flying Tiger Moth, G-ACDA. On receipt of the trophy, Jonathan looked closely at the Gipsy Major conrod and asked "Is it serviceable?"



The "Zebedee" Award for the "most determined spot landing arrival" (Counted on the best of three touchdowns) was presented to Philip Wiltshire, in the Christavia, G-MRED.

(Quote: "I didn't realise it was a spot landing competition, I just got distracted by all those people standing next to the runway.")

Following the awards there was the cutting of the Birthday Cake made by Barbara Rose, which was extremely good and worthy of an award itself if there had been one.



Saturday evening saw around 50 members sitting down to a celebratory meal in the marquee, lubricated by fine wines and beers (with extra supplies appropriated in a last minute dash to Sainsbury's in Basingstoke by Jean Slater, John Broad and Paul Loveday after the ordered supplies failed to be delivered. Thank you all!)

Other award winners on Saturday evening included "Win An Aeroplane Sweepstake" which went to VPAC stalwart Marj Keech, who had appropriately drawn the Piper Super Cub ticket and the winner of the "It Was Happening in 1964" quiz was Jon Morris, despite not having even been born in the year the VAC was created. Then as darkness settled over the airfield a projector and screen



materialised to show "Sunday Flyers", a film following VAC members from a quarter of a century ago. A fitting end to a perfect day.

There was one further award to be presented on the Sunday, The Sunday Shiner Award, which was a 'People's Choice' Concours. This was awarded to Valery Gammons, DH85 Leopard Moth G-AIYS, winning by just a single vote over Steve Slater's Topsy Trainer!

A great selection of photographs are shown here, more can be found on the VAC Facebook page (<https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Vintage-Aircraft-Club>) and better still, please feel free to post some of your own from the event!

Report Paul Loveday
Steve Slater

Photographs Alan F Grey
Ron Smith
Paul Loveday



Postscript to Popham

Following the award to Philip Whiteman we have received this photograph of his father, long serving VAC member, Pip Whiteman seen here with the Cub in its earlier guise.



Flying in a Home-made Aeroplane



I got to have a go at flying. By pushing the stick forward the houses get bigger as you go closer to the ground and if you pull the stick back the houses get smaller as you go higher.

By pushing to the left or right you can turn that way. When you land on the bumpy ground, you feel like a mad rabbit going boing boing boing as you touch down on the ground but bounce back up, quite a few times!

Can't wait until the next time!

By Tom Ketley (age 10)

It was the start of the October half term holidays and I was staying with my Uncle Peter. He has a Pietenpol aeroplane that he built with his friend David and my Uncle Andrew.

It was my second flight and I was nervous but excited as Peter carried out his pre-flight checks. He then spun the propeller 6 times to draw the fuel into the engine. Then put the switch into the on position and spun the propeller again to start the engine. It doesn't always start first time.

Once Peter gave the thumbs up, my Dad carefully pulled the chocks out and we were off. We then taxied out onto the field and Peter checked that everything was working.

Taking off is not my favourite part, but once I'm in the air I really enjoy the feeling of the wind against my face and the views are spectacular. It is a very different feeling than being in a big jet plane like the one I went to Greece in this summer.

It's strange because you look and feel like a pilot from 'The Dambusters' as you wear a helmet and goggles and it made me hum the tune in my head as we had watched the film. You can hear yourself really loudly in your head because of the helmet you wear. Your hands start to feel as though they will drop off because it is very cold. My Mum and Dad were watching from the ground and that made me feel happy.

I went up again on the Wednesday after my Mum and Dad had gone home. I challenged Peter to do a dive. He did and I felt as though I was lifting out of my seat. I was very glad I had the harness on! My tummy felt as though I was jumping off a high diving board. It was brilliant.



My first flight. Another time. Another place.

Having recently seen a DC-3 in D-Day markings.

1953. Age 13. While still at a secondary school in Islington I was selected (can't think why, as a pupil I was a member of the awkward squad!) to go on a six week summer stay at a youth camp at Bad Ischl, Austria. Financed by the Austrian Government. I think it was part of a European effort of post war reconciliation. Several kids were picked from various schools around the UK, Germany, France and Italy to go. We were told to be careful about what we said as Austria was still recovering from the devastating after effects of the war.

We, the Brits, checked in at the BEA. West London Air Terminal, Kensington and were met by the Austrian representative. Who was to be our escort. Then, from there by coach to Heathrow. The plane waiting for us on the tarmac was a British

European Airways. Pionair. Ex military DC-3 Dakota, (Some old pilot once described it as "A collection of parts flying in loose formation") that had been converted into a civilian 32 passenger carrying version. On take off the engine noise and vibration were deafening. None of us had ever flown before.

It was a white knuckle ride over mountains, through down drafts and air pockets. The turbulence was frightening. Many brown paper bags were filled! During a lull in the aerobatics, the two pilots, one who was a Terry-Thomas look alike, (he must of thought of us, as "An absolute bloody shower!") took turns in coming back into the cabin for a smoke and a drink! And regaling us with tales of their WW2 exploits and near misses, flying Mosquitos. I guess they thought it would distract us from the bumpy ride. In fact it made me doubly anxious. Two of the other passengers were in uniform. We

found out later that they were former German Paras who had fought at Monte Cassino. We landed at Munich, where the two West German Paras disembarked. They had been on an exchange in England. We waited on board for an hour. Then took off for Salzburg, where a steep approach, then touch down, could only be described as a controlled crash landing! We taxied to arrivals, I tried to stand up but my legs had turned to jelly! Happy landings.

'Que sera, sera.

Regards,

Lewis Pollock.

Hi Mr Editor, Paul.

The summer issue of "Vintage and Classic has a report on Wings & Wheels event at Halfpenny Green with a rather nice picture of a Chipmunk WK 514. Seeing it rang a bell somewhere in my distant memory and had me grabbing for my second RAF form 414, flying log book to those that don't know these things. And there it was!

Fifty-five years ago this month, when I was serving as Simulator instructor on the Hunter (ah the Hunter, last of the sports models.) We instructors had to beg, steal or borrow real cockpit time by just hanging around flights and making up 'battle formation' numbers. We were allowed the rather doubtful privilege of doing the daily weather check so that the Sim people could keep their hands in. It was always a struggle to get a trip otherwise and the Station Flight Meteor and target towing Mosquitoes where jealously guarded. But tucked away at the back of the hanger and somewhat scruffy was a solitary Chipmunk.

I sought out 'Chieffy' and asked him what it was doing. I received a rather interesting reply. "Well Sir, this a jet conversion Station and nobody wants to fly that" he said wagging a derisory finger at it. "Well," I said "I do!" He was some what taken aback but replied that he would do the work required if I could guarantee that I would use it. When could it be ready? This evening perhaps? Done! I grabbed my bike and flew down to the Sim section to tell my Boss what I had done, not really a Court Marshall offence but as I knew he was a QFI on the machine he just might be interested and he was. So WK 514 was wheeled out some time in the evening when the job of RAF Chivenor had come to a halt I found myself being given a re-famil trip with my Boss. I knew that an Air Training Corps camp was being set up and was to be quite small in numbers but the chance of a flight for these lads was an opportunity not to be missed.

And so it was that Chipmunk WK 514 became mine from the end of July to

end of August 1959 when I flew a total of 15 hours and 20 minutes with a bunch of ATC cadets in the back seat. I had my own fuel bowser and two Airmen to refuel, oil and starter cartridges for the use of, and even our own grass strip beside the main runway. Many Cadets asked for some aeros but one tall Corporal Cadet, the same rank that I had achieved in the CCF, asked me if he could do some general handling and circuits. He got an hour and a bit of my attention and I wonder to this day if he ever became a high ranking RAF Officer? Incidentally nobody else flew it at that time

So it was a true delight to see that "My Chipmunk" is still being very carefully looked after but it looks rather less scruffy than when I had it! Happy days indeed.

Best cheer,
Joe Dible.

Out and About with Paul Morton

VAC member Paul Morton has been on his rounds visiting vari-

ous events throughout the summer. So starting with AeroExpo he has

provided some brief reports along with his usual excellent photographs.



in the livery of a Royal Navy Admirals Barge KP110 in the static aircraft park. Built in 1952 and registered N506SN it was imported to the UK and was painted up at Bruntingthorpe.

At the moment it is based at Dunkeswell, Devon with owner Andy Foan. But during the 3 day show Air Expo organiser Alex Ayling told me that it had been sold, lets hope it stays here in the UK

French registered visitor from Gueret St-Lauret in France was Renon Jean Pauls immaculate Moravan-Zlin Z.526F Trener Master F-GYRS



Built in 1960 G-ARHB c/n 5733 Forney F.1A which of only a few remain was a welcome visitor amongst newer aircraft but seen in its newly refurbished yellow and black colour scheme.

A welcome change to see a De Havilland DHC-1 Chipmunk in a Civil scheme was G-BCCX. Built in 1952 and serving with the RAF as WG481 after de mob was re engined with a Lycoming O-360 power plant and became a glider tug for the RAF Gliding Association based most of the time at Tibenham, Norfolk

Classic Beech 18 Expeditior G-BKGM



Seen here on a beautiful day and wonderful setting a "Gaggle" of some of the many Auster aircraft

that attended The International Auster Club AGM and Auster Fly-In over the weekend of 21st/22nd June

2014 at the home of the Shuttleworth Trust at Old Warden Beds.

One of only a handful of female Auster Pilots in the UK is Dot Mathie. Seen here taxiing in with her beloved Auster J/1N Alpha G-AIGF (c/n 2188) Built in 1946 "Golf Foxtrot" is a wonderful example of the type in its stylish blue livery



Out of all the Austers that attended



over from Blue and White to what can only be a cakked desert scheme is Auster 5/150 G-ALXZ. This 1944 classic has been painted with the military serial NJ689 and was imported back some years ago from Germany where it was registered D-EGOF

the most unusual has to be the Auster B8 Agricola G-CBOA based at Spanhoe. Built in 1966 this is the only flying example left and was a welcome visitor to the event. Built as ZK-BXO c/n 860 and imported back to the UK and restored to flying condition it turned many a head at the event



Seen for the first time since its make



One again the the home of the shuttleworth Trust at Old Warden was the venue for a AGM and Fly-In on the 28th June, this time it was the UK Pietenpol Club.

A well attended meeting considering the Storms and rain which these intrepid aviators were able to skirt round.

Bernard Pietenpol first example flew in 1928 which made this a special meeting for the club and coincided with this being the 85th anniversary year.

From the previous page you can see these were not the best of flying conditions but well done to those who did make it a great meeting.

Sleap Airfield saw the 70th Anniversary of the Pitts over the weekend of 5th/6th June when the British Aerobatic Association held a Fly-In and Aerobatic Competition to celebrate the 70th Anniversary of the first flight of the Pitts Special.



Several marks of this energetic little aircraft were in attendance. It's hard to think that its designer Curtis H Pitts started out in the 1940s building aircraft with just a buoyant enthusiasm for flying and designed

one of the most popular aerobatic aircraft of all time. Many marks of Pitts Specials have been produced over the years and Sleap airfield accommodated most of the types over the weekend event.

Shobden Airfield, Herefordshire was the location for the Aeronca Club and American Classics Fly-In on 12th July.

Here is a taste of some of the vintage visitors to the event.

A regular to Aeronca events in its smart Yellow and Brown scheme was 1946 built Aeronca 11-BC G-BRCW which was one of the first to arrive.



Another mark of Aeronca in attendance was 7AC G-ATHK in super condition considering it was built in 1946

The event was billed as Aeronca and American Classics which meant that Great Lakes 2T-1A-2 Bi-Plane G-GLII was warmly welcomed from the London area.

Ex N3613L this immaculate example was built in 1978 even though registered out of sequence



From its base in Devon 3-1923/G-BRHP gave a military feel to the event..

This Aeronca is a 0-58B variant given the name "Grasshopper" and is a 1942 built variant



Unique Day at Shobden

July 12th 2014 saw a unique photo opportunity at Shobden Airfield for Photographer Paul Morton.

Resident Pilot Dave Edwards and owner of three vintage aircraft under the name of South Wales Swallow Group celebrated the restoration in

its 80th year of his beloved BA Swallow II G-AFGD with a never to be seen again Photo call.

Unique because not only Swallow G-AFGD and his other mount De Havilland DH.94 Moth Minor G-AFPN were joined by Swallow EI-AFF.

Only on the day before had the CAA granted Dave the right to register the ex Irish example its former registration G-ADMF.

By the time you read this she will adorn her original markings and will be a welcome guest with her other stable mates at any vintage gathering.



Vintage Farnborough 2014

Farnborough Airshow has always been associated with the leading cutting edge developments in aviation and the showcase of new aircraft but yet again its the "old timers" hold their own against all the modern types on show as seen at this years Farnborough week .



About to touch down from its Cotswold Base is MidAir Squadrons classic English Electric Canberra PR9 XH134

Now back from retracing Lady Mary Heaths 1928 Capetown to Goodwood flight in 1928 was Tracey Curtis-Thomas in her Boeing N2S-3 Kaydet N56200 which became a point of interest all week in the static park seen here taxiing in on Farnborough's long runway .



Still looking majestic along side the new modern airliners, Breitling's Lockheed L.1049F Constellation HB-RSC was a welcome attraction to all visitor weather being trade or not basking in the mid week sun.



Still wearing its original 1940 service markings, 1936 built De Havilland DH-87B Hornet Moth G-ADND/W9385 takes up only a fraction of Farnborough's massive runway on landing

Operated by the RAF since 1953 The Avro Vulcan still raised heads skyward during this years show with its Delta Wing XH558 showed that the type with 61 years loyal service still pulls the crows as well as the modern Jets



From the Hangar Troll

The club's 50th Anniversary was a fantastic success and all credit to those who made it happen, regardless of the amount of input they were able to provide, be it before or during the event.

The number of aircraft that were to be seen on both days was a testament to the high regard the club is held in by all members of the aviation world. The atmosphere was

somewhat reminiscent of the club events at Finmere

As far as I, and I know a number of others whom I spoke with, were concerned the icing on the cake was the arrival of the Foster-Wickner Wicko along with its owner, club member Joe Dible.

As one person put it, and what will you be doing for the centenary!!

For one member it will no doubt be an unforgettable event, his aircraft suffering an engine failure as he made his way home on the Saturday evening.



He was able to perform a textbook forced landing at Turweston where he was well looked after. Perhaps a spot landing mention in dispatches?

VAC Northern Fly-In

Saturday 14th June saw the VAC host its first-ever Northern Rally, at Sherburn in Elmet in Yorkshire. The historic airfield, once home to testing for D-Day glider landings and the production site for Blackburn-built Fairey Swordfish aircraft, hosted some interesting visitors including Cessna 165 Airmaster, Topsy Belfair (G-APIE, returning to its birthplace, it was one of three shipped from Belgium and assembled at Sherburn in 1958), a recently fully restored 1963 MS.880 Rallye, Morane Saulnier MS.317 Parasol and a visiting J-3 Cub; all the way from Switzerland.



Admittedly the emphasis was on quality rather than quantity of visitors, as day was affected by the vagaries of the British weather, but Sherburn Aero Club enjoyed hosting us and we have already been invited back for next year.

A big thank you to VAC member John Gibbon, for all his efforts. Hopefully better weather will allow more members to attend what we hope will become a regular event on the VAC calendar.

Steve Slater

Award Presentation

Due to an unforeseen number of circumstances which meant it took a long time for both the recipient of the Allan Clewley trophy, Peter Holloway, and our chairman, with the trophy to both be in the same place at the same time it was not possible to present the award until Sunday 15th June.

Peter is seen here finally accepting the award, the Avro Plaque, at appropriately Old Warden where this magnificent aeroplane is based.

Photograph:- Malcolm English









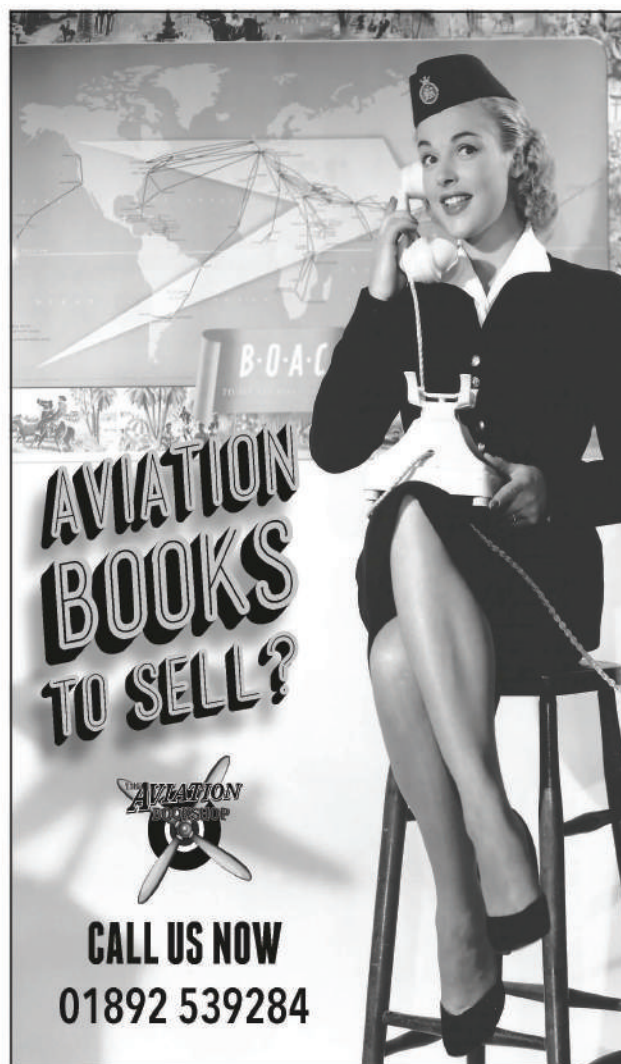
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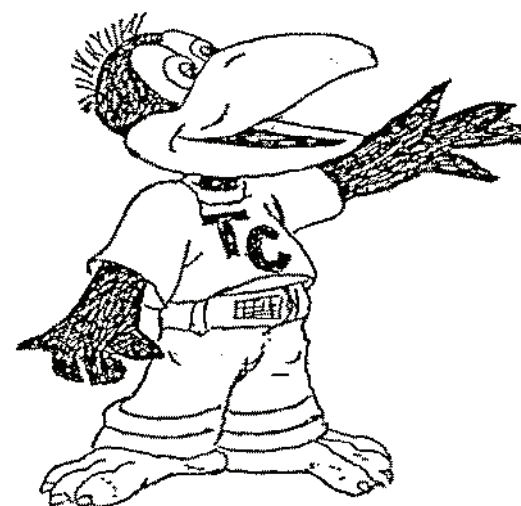
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