

# The Education of Biplane Bill

By Tim McClure, Oct. 2003

'Twas Biplane Bill from Blustery Hill that caught the gyro craze, he turned away the "Tiger Moth" that served him many days. He dressed himself in flying clothes, resplendent to be seen, and hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine. It was a top machine, but Biplane Bill wanted nothing but the best, "I'll make my mark in this machine" he said (I hope) in jest. With parts from "Rotor Hawk" and "Brock" and "Wunderlich" as well, and a ninety horse McCulloch, who's future you can't for-tell.

As he proudly took it from the shop, gazing at the sky, the grinning shop assistant said "excuse me, can you fly?" "See here young man" said Biplane Bill "from Ayres Rock to the sea, from southern coast to northern shores, there's none can fly like me. I'm good all round at everything as everybody knows, although I'm not the one to talk, I hate a man that blows, but flying is my special gift, my chiefest sole delight, just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it fight. There's nothing clothed in cloth or paint or built of wood or steel. There's nothing soars or sails or fly's on rotor, wing or wheel, but once I sit, while belts will hold, and flying wires are tight I'll fly this 'ere round winged concern right straight away at sight".

'Twas Biplane Bill from Blustery Hill that sought his own abode, on Blustery Hill, not a strip, a flat beside the road. He turned the gyro down the hill and strapped in for the flight, he pre-rotated as he was told and prepared to fly the "kite".

He tickled the McCulloch with the whip, and leaped into the air, to forty feet in one quick jump, "How the hell did I get there"? With zero speed, he thought it time to put the nose back down, thought his face was now quite pale and his undies turned to brown. The gyro porpoised up and down, in a fashion uncharacteristic, and all the while he sat full scared, chalk knuckled to the stick. With a will to live, he coaxed the stick, till he'd nearly seen it through, it was right about that very time the 'Mac' nipped number two.

As we all know, without an engine, a gyro cant fly far, the glide path can be likened to that of a greased crowbar. What goes up must come down, I think Newton lent a hand, all Biplane Bill had time to do was select a place to land.

And make his mark, did Biplane Bill, at the bottom of the rise, when the machine came down, tail first, you could see terror in his eyes. As it struck the ground, it folded up and broke itself to pieces, it shed its rotors, as at shearing time, sheep do shed their fleeces. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, it flogged up quite a storm, in a few short seconds, it was destroyed, and again reduced to kit form.

'Twas Biplane Bill from Blustery Hill who unbuckled from the wreck, "Never again" he thought to himself "I could've broke me bloody neck. I've flown the worst in my life span, over twenty years or more but I've never yet struck anything like this bloody round winged whore"

Now Bill has given up his wings and the wreckage is there still, lying crumpled and inverted at the bottom of Blustery Hill. And while around the local bar, the listening pilots gape, he tells the story o'er and o'er and brags of his escape. 'Them blokes that sell those death machines, they really come on strong, one sold me one, still yet untried, obviously assembled wrong". And whether he's believed or not, the fact remains there still, that eagles only use the air, up there at Blustery Hill.