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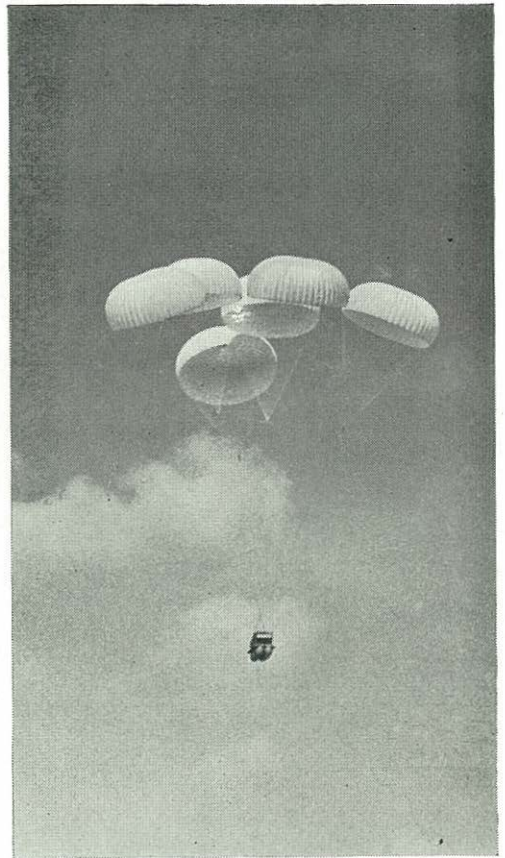
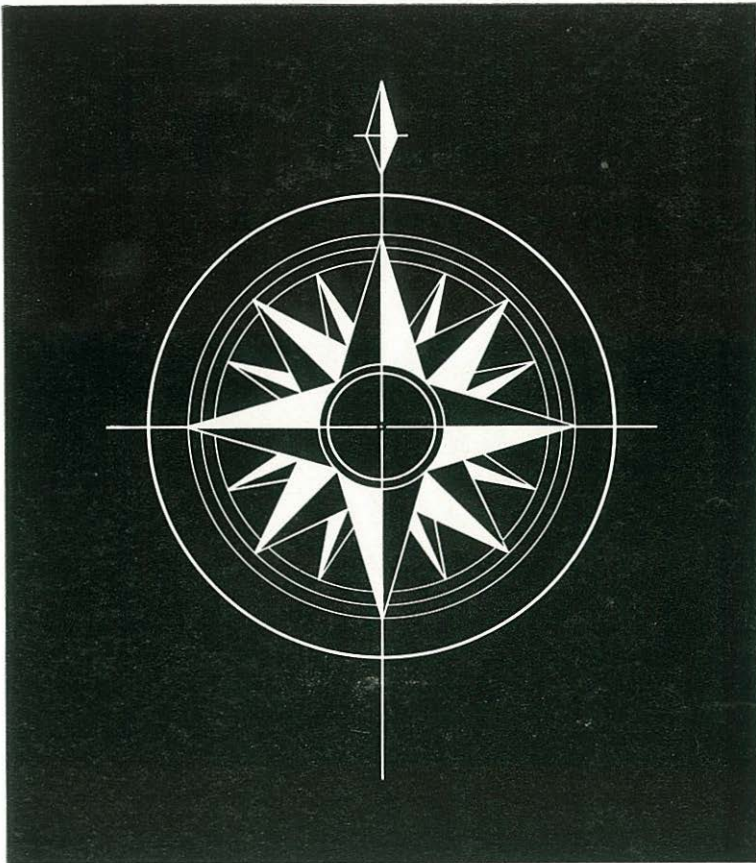
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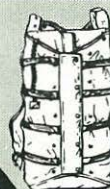
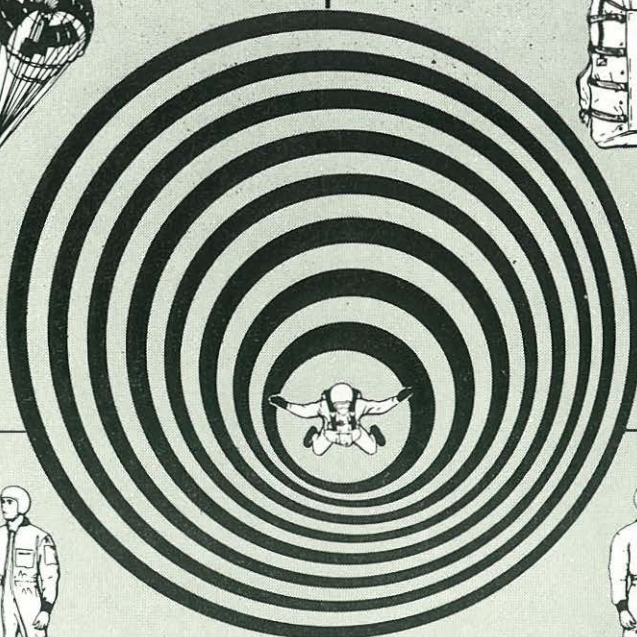
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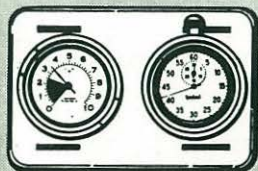
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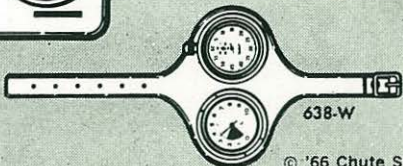
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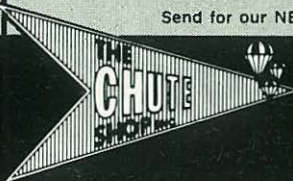
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**THE JOURNAL OF THE  
BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION**

# Sport Parachutist

Volume 4, No. 2      Summer 1967      Three Shillings  
(Ex U.S.A.)

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Ram and Penny Seeger before the 'off' baby Kate in the background.

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### **"COPY-DATE" FOR SPORT PARACHUTIST**

The following dates are the FINAL dates on which "Copy" will be accepted by the Editor:

Spring Edition: January 31st; Summer Edition: April 30th; Autumn Edition: July 31st; Christmas Edition: October 31st.

With regret, the Editor will not be able to undertake the return of any material printed in the Magazine. All such material will remain with the B.P.A.

Articles, statements and all other matter printed in "Sport Parachutist" are correct as far as the Editor and the British Parachute Association are aware at the time of publication.



## Editorially yours . . .

It never ceases to amaze us that our readers take such tremendous interest in SPORT PARACHUTIST after publication but almost none at all before. Immediately after the issue has gone out we get such remarks as "You know I'm surprised you didn't use that photo that was in last month's edition of Middle Bungleshire Herald", or "Why the hell didn't you print that article of mine which I scribbled on the back of a postcard but forgot to post to you?" You may think that we are joking but such comments are so nearly true. Thank goodness we do have some very fine regular contributors without whose help we just could not get anywhere near the presses.

SPORT PARACHUTIST is your magazine. We dearly want it to be a means of communication for Parachutists the world over. No doubt many readers will agree with this, but let's face it, if it is to be this, then those who want such communication must start communicating. So, here's another plea right from the heart. "Won't somebody, somewhere, write to me?"

We are still getting a trickle of correspondence concerning the latest batch of irate correspondence published in the last two issues but we did put the 'bar up' on this and feel that the matter should now rest. However, it has put the finger on the biggest problem facing Sport Parachuting in this country today, the shortage of good, safe D.Z.s. It seems that we are competing with other users of airspace, upset housewives who don't like us dropping in for tea, Gasboards, Electricity Boards and no doubt Waterboards. Undoubtedly the ideal solution would be a National Centre for the Sport, where anybody can come and jump, where courses can be laid on throughout the year; a centre with accommodation so that jumpers can spend a week or so at the centre even with their families. This of course would cost a vast amount of money and we know that the B.P.A. has spent many hours investigating all the possibilities. The committee has had many meetings in order to try and see whether or not it is possible to get a National Centre. Maybe it might be feasible if it were combined with a 'National Centre for Air Sport', which would include, gliding and aviation. However, whatever is the outcome, one thing remains, that being the urgent requirement for a National Centre for Sport Parachuting.

Should such a centre be possible then the next problem will of course be, to give thought to the form which it should take. To put on paper ideas on this subject would take the whole magazine and then probably not cover half the possibilities. Perhaps, though, some of our readers might like to let us know their ideas on the subject. We will certainly print the most constructive and pass them all on to the B.P.A.

---

Sean Friel (Green Jacket) exits John Gould's Rapide over Waterbeach followed by Ackerman.



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Clark-Sutton, Sgt. B. T. (P)	R.A.F. S.P.C.	Reid, W.O.II R. ... ..	Army Peregrines Scottish P.C.
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Crawley, T. ... ..	Green Jackets P.C.	Reddick, Sgt. J. ... ..	A.P.A.
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**Footnote:** (P) Member of the Panel of Examiners.  
This list cancels all previous lists of B.P.A. Approved  
Advanced Parachute Instructors.

N.B. Instructors' ratings lapse, unless re-appointed, two  
years after the last date qualified or on lapse of member-  
ship.



Left to Right: Charlton, Jickells, Beaumont, Wilson, Sanders, Hughes, and Sherman  
*6th World Sport Parachuting Championship, Orange, Mass., August 11th—September 3rd 1962*  
*Photo by Sgt. Joe Gonzales*

# Dare Wilson—a man apart

**(Brigadier R. D. Wilson, M.B.E., M.C., was chairman of the British Parachute Association from 1962 until 1966).**

One of the hard facts we have to live with in this fast moving world is the lack of appreciation we show in what is happening around us—while it is in fact happening. Only later, when the dust has settled and there is a brief moment for pause and reflection are we able to see clearly what occurred and who were the key people concerned.

This evaluation is a process which cannot be accelerated—it begins to take shape through discussion and interpretation of what individuals have considered sufficiently important to remember. Yet it is precisely this lapse of time which allows many of us to accept, and take for granted, all the detail of the events in question.

Looking back to 1960, I think he has become a victim of this passage of time and I feel that he would not expect, nor wish it to be, any other way.

Dare Wilson is a tough one—a more complex man I have yet to meet. To give a proper appreciation of his tremendous efforts for Sport Parachuting in Great Britain would be an awesome undertaking.

Those of us who have known him, and worked closely with him, appreciate to a degree the massive volume of detailed work and the long hours he has

put in on behalf of the B.P.A. Nothing, I repeat nothing, was ever too much trouble however trivial it might appear and his unfailing enthusiasm and dedication to a new, thrusting sport set an example which inspired everyone to do their best and more.

Many of us found him difficult to work with simply because his requirements were of such a high standard and his intellect so sharp. At times it was difficult to keep pace and yet he was always patient and polite, firmly polite, I remember well, on one or two occasions. (On one such occasion, when anxious to introduce some levity into a long Council meeting, I suggested we should change the proposed title of “Native Women’s Champion” to domiciled or resident, in view of the large number of immigrants to the country, and perhaps the word Native might turn out to be unsuitable at some future date. His reply is unprintable).

As a professional soldier, proving to be brilliantly successful in his chosen career, he made every effort to understand the alien differences and problems thrown in his path by an essentially civilian sport. Utterly at ease with a long-haired young sport parachutist, or meeting members of Her Majesty’s



Government, his personality exuded competence and instilled confidence in us the parachutists and in the future of the sport.

He came to Sport Parachuting from an earlier success story—the Army Bobsleigh Team. His efforts there culminated in bringing them to competition standard, and produced an efficient club organisation. In 1960, when the activities of the S.A.S. in free-falling moved from Euston to Hereford, he loomed large on the scene. In 1961, his newly-formed S.A.S. Team competed in the British Championships which were held at Stapleford and Kidlington. They were not individually successful but consistent as a group. Then in 1961, tragedy for the B.P.A. and the world of Sport Parachuting—Mike Reilly, then B.P.A. Chairman was drowned whilst jumping for filming. Dare Wilson, who at the time was negotiating with the "Daily Telegraph" for some financial backing for the sport was elected Chairman unanimously.

In the Nationals at Easter 1962 we saw his skill in organisation. Held at Goodwood, his S.A.S. Team did so well it filled the first five places with Dare Wilson himself competing. Later, in September, he captained the first British Team (see photo) to take part in a World Championship Meet, held in the U.S.A. at Orange, Mass. Although unplaced the team acquitted themselves very well, learned a tremendous amount and put Great Britain into world class. That was only five years ago and now our best are up among the world's best.

1963 saw him overseas for much of the time but his enthusiasm never flagged. He was unable to organise the National Championships, held this year at Sywell but he had set the pattern and his guidance was ever available.

Remarkably, he organised the '64, '65, '66 Nationals all held at Netheravon despite being stationed in Germany for much of that time and somehow also managed to attend every Council meeting. He led the British Team to West Germany in 1964 and to the Adriatic Cup Meet in Yugoslavia in 1965.

Finally, his never-ending efforts in conjunction with Sir Godfrey Nicholson, M.P. and Group-Captain W. Caster, M.C., brought us foremost recognition for being a properly organised and increasingly popular young sport in the form of an annual grant.

He is first and foremost a soldier with all the skills and qualities inherent in his career. He is acknowledged to be a soldier in the very highest tradition and his ability, integrity and capacity for sheer hard work have benefited Sport Parachuting in this county more than anyone will ever realise.

He instilled a great spirit in all of us who know him and worked with him and will be remembered by us all with great affection. It is to be hoped that he may find time one day to return to the running of the B.P.A. and its important role in Sport Parachuting in Great Britain.

A remarkable man.

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# In Council, on your behalf

*These are condensed extracts from B.P.A. Council Meetings*

**THURSDAY, 4th MAY, 1967.**

## **Adriatic Cup.**

A progress report sent by Major Heerey was read. It was noted with pleasure that Major Heerey had been awarded the Royal Aero Club's Bronze Medal for services to parachuting in 1966.

## **Safety Committee.**

Captain Ridgway reported on the composition and ideas of the new Safety Committee, although neither were finalised.

Council considered that the Safety Committee should deliberate further and present a final report on composition and plans for approval. A panel of named D.Z. examiners should be submitted. The Safety Committee should present any rewriting of the yellow pages of the present Safety Regulations within 3 weeks. In this connection the Vice Chairman promised to cable Brigadier Wilson asking that he immediately forward agreed amendments. Publication was being held up over and over again.

## **D.Z.s.**

Reports on Blackbushe, Kirton in Lindsay, Waterbeach and Russell Water Common were noted. Restrictions are in force on all four. The Chairman was making enquiries on the possibility of Weston being available for civilian aircraft. Captain Ridgway would further investigate Goodwood.

## **Applications for Membership.**

303 new applications were approved. 5 new instructors were noted from the successful R.A.P.A. course.

## **Report on Lancashire Clubs.**

The Secretary General reported on a visit to Manchester in April and presented the county's viewpoints and needs to Council. These were mainly a desperate need for visits by Instructors to help out the only two available. The B.P.A. would try to obtain help for them.

## **Grant for Scottish entry to the Adriatic Cup.**

With the proviso that no precedent be set, Council approved a grant to the Scottish Team of £50 as they had no financial help from the Scottish Department of the C.C.P.R.

The grant was made in recognition of the achievements and support of the B.P.A. by Scotland.

## **Panel of Examiners.**

One only was available in Singapore. The Chairman would be visiting the Far East about 30th May and would deal with the matter on the spot. The A.P.A. also hoped to visit Singapore in October.

Sergeant Runacres and Corporal Jackson were appointed to the Panel of Examiners. Both are on the staff of the R.A.P.A.

## **Extraordinary General Meeting.**

This will be held at Artillery Mansions on 20th July at 8.15 hours to approve special resolutions.

## **Parachute Document Folder.**

Council expressed their approval of the prototype, which will shortly be available for sale to members at 10s. post free.

Council passed a vote of thanks unanimously to Messrs. Rothmans for their generosity and interest without which the folder would not have become available.

## **High Altitude Tests.**

Mr. Clark-Sutton asked for B.P.A. support in publicity and administration which was agreed to.

## **Whitney Straight Award.**

Council agreed that no nomination should be made.

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## **Notices**

### **COMPETITIONS**

Spa (Belgium) 30 July to 6 August. Entry fees 2,000 francs per person. Individual Accuracy and Team Accuracy. Details B.P.A.

### **GENERAL PERMIT RENEWALS**

From September 1st, in all Divisions, **renewals** must be accompanied by a form certified by an Instructor, that the applicant has completed 5 free-falls during the preceding year. Forms will be sent to Club Secretaries and are also available from the B.P.A. Office.

### **RAFFLE**

All books must be returned to the B.P.A. office by 7th October. Many prizes in addition to the first two! Can you supply one for the draw?





Robbie Wilder wet landing. Note: Water max. depth 3ft. 6 in. for 500 yds. out. All chutes need washing and drying.

# The Jersey Skydivers

## A Report from Channel Islands Aero Club

“Where? Jersey! No, not that American type place over there, but that little diddy island somewhere off the French coast. It looks good in the travel magazines and booze and fags are cheap. Oh, I see, so they must have a para club—Yes, well almost.”

So you think you have problems, oh, brother! let me tell you.

Jersey is approximately 8 miles by 10 miles with a series of valleys running from North to South, and all farms are broken up into small fields (côtees) which in most cases are not much bigger than your back garden, and usually filled with tomato or potato plants or Jersey cows. We are centered in one of the major air traffic control zones with a high volume of air traffic particularly in the summer season.

Our headaches started in March, 1966, when two of us decided to further the interests of “The Sport” over here—neither of us had much experience of parachuting, but where there’s a will we hoped there would be a way. We did a bit of thinking over a few gills and finally approached the Channel Islands Aero Club who gave us a very encouraging welcome. However, the local press heard of our intentions and blasted same all

over the front page. Within a very short space of time we were summoned before the C.A.T.C.O. who pointed out in no uncertain terms that we were not subject to U.K. air navigation rules and that there was no facility within Jersey law to cover sport parachuting. However a new law was being drafted which should bring us into line and exemption permits might then be valid although this could be some months or even years hence.

So suffering from that well-known parachutists’s complaint, frustration, we decided to try France. Caen was our first choice because it is not too far away—so off we went with bundles of enthusiasm and a French/English dictionary murmuring ‘sauter manger’ and numerous other odd sounding words. However, the patron saint of parachuting was not with us, for after many expensive visits and lots of form filling the pilot and the Instructor had words and all jumping was postponed and probably still is, for we got fed up and broke and so decided to try Lessay. Here everything seemed to hum and the boys and girls from the ‘Para Club de Manche’ were terrific, but due to weather and travel difficulties we only managed one jump in about six very expensive trips. We will not tell you of various hitch-hiking trips across France, but, for the uninitiated,





Robbie Willder, Harry Westle pilot, and Gus Martin outside Aero Club.



Gus Martin landing on target. Note the safety launch.

jump suits aren't as cosy as sleeping bags when you get stuck for the night.

Eventually a new law was passed back in Jersey, but as per the U.K. rules it required a B.P.A. approved instructor. These very rare birds are even rarer when you are about 100 miles from the English coast. So we contacted the B.P.A. who gave permission for us to train under a French instructor, although not so rare, were not so willing. Back to square one.

Rothmans very kindly stepped into the breach at this stage with an offer to sponsor the visit of an instructor for a week of intensive training, by this time we had twelve members.

Unfortunately the new Jersey aviation laws did not include parachuting. However, the Airport commandant saved the day and made arrangements for Mr. Windebank to come to Jersey to grant special dispensation. Then problems with insurance. Use of the beach as a D.Z. Permission from Tourism. Arrange for safety boat. Find life jackets of suitable type. Permission for deep water berth for safety boat (with up to 30 ft. rise and fall of tide, most harbour berths dry out at low tide). Permission for use of vehicles on the beach. Police H.Q. link-up with Air Traffic Control, and a thousand other things.

Well our big day dawned on April 15th with the arrival of Sgt. M. A. (Gus) Martin, whose arrival was

heralded in the local paper by placing his handsome features captioned by an article referring to a seventeen-year-old vicar's son (the same paper later apologised to the vicar's son) no comment needed.

Gus Martin soon proved to us that keen as we were, we were lacking in both physical fitness and parachuting knowledge.

On Monday, 18th, came a trial static jump from 2,500 feet and a 5,000 feet 20 second delay from a club-flown Beagle Airdale. Both jumps went extremely well although due to high winds these were the only jumps of the week.

Needless to say we were all sadly disappointed, however we have proved it can be done and are now scheming to try again, although Air Traffic Control state we may not jump from May till September—Problems! Oh, brother.

All the best from everyone in Jersey and should anyone be over here on holiday we can usually be found at the Channel Islands Aero Club—the Airport St. Peters.

Phil Sturgess, Robbie Willder, Jim Wilde, Colin Glass, Peter Richardson, Harry Lowe, Mike Truscott, John Marshman, David Yapp, Terry Barke, Larry Kardewell, Bob Cameron.

**CLUB NEWS—continued on page 27**

# IT'S A MAN'S LIFE



The Parachute Regiment wants men with courage, dash and determination, who are physically fit and mentally alert.

## **YOU WILL GET**

**Exciting and hard training**  
**Extra pay for parachuting**  
**Guaranteed travel and plenty of action**

## **THIS IS A CHALLENGE—CAN YOU MEASURE UP TO IT ?**

For further information call at your nearest Army Careers Information Office or write to RHQ The Parachute Regiment, Maida House, ALDERSHOT, Hants.



# Letters to the Editor . .

Meadow End,  
The Green, Mudford,  
Yeovil, Somerset.  
23rd March, 1967.

219 Birrell Street,  
Bondi, N.S.W.  
Australia.  
5th March, 1967.

Dear Editor,

I would like to point out to Mick Reeves that in actual fact he was not one of the six that started the free fall club in the 1st Battalion The Parachute Regiment. I enclose a list of 8 of the original 12 (I cannot remember the other 4) and feel sure that those members mentioned would still remember that the Club was the brainchild of Jack Partridge and it was he who got the Club started with the guidance of Lt. Col. Awdrey who was our C.O. at the time. We started off with 12 members each of us paying the sum of £10 in order that we could purchase 2 flat circular G.Q. trainer mains from George Quilters at Woking. In fact Jack and I went to Woking on my motor cycle one afternoon to arrange this with Quilters and I still have in my parachuting kit the 3 temporary packing pins that they gave each of us on that occasion. To the best of my knowledge the 8 members were Jack Partridge, Nobby Clark, Taff Williams, Dan Treadgold, Keith Repper, Cpl. Andrews, Peter (Charlie) Gowens and myself.

I do not remember the exact date that the Club was formed but it was during the summer of 1960 which was some months before Major Weeks or Major Tugwell took an interest in the Club. In fact we started without an officer (our highest rank being Corporal) and Lt.-Col. Awdrey suggested that to be officially recognised we should have an officer in charge and the late Lt. R. Penley duly took charge.

I hope this jogs Mick's memory a little and should he wish to verify any point I am sure that Charlie Gowens or Taff Williams would support my theory. I should think Bernie Green would remember when our Club was started because I can remember on many occasions talking most of the night away on the difficulties we were having concerning equipment and instructors and I feel sure that any of the original members would join me in thanking Bernie for putting up with us and keeping us under his wing down at Thruxton.

Yours faithfully,  
LINDSAY G. LOVE.

Dear Sir,

Sydney's parachuting base is at the Camden airfield, 40 miles south west of Sydney but because of government restrictions a D.Z. three miles away is used. Cunningly placed trees, fences, telephone lines, water-holes and a farmyard bring some of the challenges of the golf links to the D.Z. whenever spotting gets fouled up.

Individual charges for the Cessna 182 are slightly under £1 sterling for 7,000 feet. Air space above 7,000 feet is controlled by Sydney Airport, but permission to go above 7,000 feet is easily obtained, provided radio watch is kept.

I hope the weather is kind to you this summer.

R. L. MORRIS (1075).

Australian Skydiver Magazine,  
291 Senate Road,  
Port Pirie,  
South Australia.  
4/4/67.

Dear David,

I hope you enjoy reading the enclosed March issue of "Australian Skydiver".

Ken Vos, who was through here last weekend, and competed in the annual Gulf Invitational Meet, suggested I send a copy to you with a proposal to trade subscriptions.

The A.S.M., which has been in existence for nearly two years, is printed every two months, at the end of January, March, May, July, September and November. If you are agreeable I would be willing to airmail each issue to you in return for airmailed copies of "Sport Parachutist".

Being a great believer in the dissemination of knowledge amongst sport parachutists of every nation I would be quite agreeable to you using any material you wish from "Australian Skydiver". In return for this I

would, naturally, like to use material from "Sport Parachutist". In matters of safety, in particular, such an exchange can be very valuable to skydivers in both countries.

I trust that the above proposals meet with your approval and look forward to receiving your early reply.

Yours sincerely,

TREVOR M. BURNS, D67.  
Editor.

Dear Editor,

"It has been decided by the Council that all refusals are to be entered into log books."

I was surprised to read this in B.P.A. Newsletter.

Would it be possible to have some more information on this subject?

Since the "Sport Parachutist" is psychologically minded enough to print articles about instructors knowing the Students' psychology and alluding the post accident jump psychology to post accident pilot psychology I suppose one could read some "convenient" psychology into this.

My first reaction to this information is to think that many more accidents will take place; because, although students may be sensible enough to know their judgment and fitness is impaired (for various reasons), they will become over conscious of the fact that any refusal will be documented and a failure noted. This may particularly apply to those on Free Fall.

Perhaps as a parachutist I was not dedicated enough, but I was a parachutist and liked the informality of the sport.

I refused several times whilst still on the ground and at least twice while in the air.

Once, during a flight whilst lining up the aircraft under supervision for the jump run, I became fully aware that my judgment was not as accurate as it should be at 4,000 feet. When I refused to jump the comment of the instructor concerned was merely, "Not to worry, we all have our off days; at least you had the sense to say no."

This kept the whole thing in the right perspective. I had no problem with the next try the following day and completed about 70 more jumps and had plenty more fun out of the sport.

In the last two years it seems that more formality has come to the sport and cut down accidents.

If it is necessary to give this formality a psychological explanation try the "Defense Mechanisms". Perhaps these may explain why people won't refuse when they know they should due to the fact that it will be a recorded "failure" in their log book and in some organisations "grounding"? Pro tem grounding.

DEANA PENNINGTON.

British Parachute Club.

29th April, 1967.

Dear Sir,

Since the B.P.A. first started printing "Sport Parachutist", I do not remember ever seeing any lists or record of 'firsts' achieved by jumpers (British Nationals) in this country, i.e. 1st 60 sec. delay, 1st baton pass, 1st hook-up, 1st three-man hook-up, 1st D.C., etc. etc.

If there is no such a record, then for posterity's sake I think you should start one, because some of the earlier jumpers who made these 'firsts' may be disappearing from the scene, and the records may never be able to be accurately kept.

Should you agree, then lets' get everyone writing in; I think it will make interesting reading. Come to think of it, someone may even make the effort and write a short article on 'that' jump!

I was very interested in an article in the last "Sport Parachutist" called "A Serious Side to a Serious Sport", and maybe the author could enlighten me on a few points. 1. What is the type of reserve canopy used, and what is the method of deploying it? 2. Has anyone yet had a terminal opening on his reserve with all this gear on? Also, what is the procedure after the reserve canopy is flying?

As ever,  
LAWRIE ST. JOHN.



*"Inglewood Edge,"  
14a Deacon's Hill Road,  
Elstree,  
Hertfordshire.  
1st May, 1967.*

*Dear Sir,*

*Following Mr. O'Neil's letter in your Winter 1966 issue and the interesting replies in your Spring 1967 issue, I was intrigued to compare Mr. O'Neil's experiences with my own, which proved to be so much happier.*

*It all began in the winter of 1965. I am not in the habit of watching television to any great extent but I do watch the news on B.B.C. I at ten to nine each evening. On Wednesday evenings I found myself sitting bolt upright in my chair after the news waiting for the introduction to the Wednesday play which regularly included a five second shot which I have come to regard as one of the more dramatic moments in the art of film—doorway of aircraft—parachutist, almost lazily, departing through doorway and free falling—mountains below. I would then turn off the set. I used to think to myself that it must be great fun to jump in such a way.*

*The next stage in the mischief was in January, 1966, returning by car from looking over a factory at Lancing. I was in the company of Louis Johnston and it came out in the course of conversation that he was an experienced parachutist and a member of the British Parachute Club. He remarked that he could introduce me if I so wished but did not press the point. The seed was sown but it had to survive the cold breezes of doubt; I was within a month or two of becoming forty, I had just become a father. I am not a courageous person and so on. The idea survived the great debate (myself v. myself—all in the mind—rather to my surprise I won) and in July 1966 I asked Louis Johnston what he could fix up for me.*

*Shortly afterwards he told me to telephone Jeff Orchard which I did. We had a long chat and I was told that a course was starting in October which was full and that he would be in touch with me to fix up a place for me in the next course due to start about January, 1967. Time went by and nothing happened due I now understand to difficulties over the DZ.*

*Eventually Louis Johnston came on the scene again, making the necessary arrangements with Fred Gayler, to take over my instruction and at various meetings at my home, at Louis' home and later at Blackbushe I received personal tuition in what appeared to my ignorant mind to cover everything pertaining to basic parachuting from the parts of the parachute to what to*

*do in a number of rather horrifying situations ranging from coming down on power lines to getting hooked up and not coming down at all. I was then examined by Fred Gayler who declared himself satisfied with my training and I was ready to join the delayed October course. One is surprised to find that as one learns about how a parachute works and becomes familiar with the strict safety precautions, a lot of one's doubts disappear.*

*The fact that I actually jumped on the first Sunday in March this year came as something of a surprise. Arriving at Blackbushe the first problem was no aeroplane and the second, a cloud base firmly fixed at seven hundred feet. It seemed that there would be no jumping that day. During the morning an aeroplane was found. At lunchtime a chink of clear sky appeared to the south west. All of a sudden it was on.*

*The rest, while one of the great moments of the sixties for me will be all too familiar to the experts; the slightly ridiculous business of sitting on the floor of an aeroplane looking down past one's kneecap on Basingstoke; the slightly ridiculous business of taking elaborate care in lifting one's right foot off the wheel of the Cessna and replacing it with one's left without falling off when one is going to jump off anyway; and the extraordinary peace and calm of the descent. It all adds up to a magnificent experience.*

*One thing only was disconcerting—to find that even at my age I was not the oldest fogey in the Club. B.P.C. has in the last year or two had three people all appreciably older than me training and jumping.*

*Two main points emerge. I was very surprised at the amount of time and attention which experienced parachutists devote to the training of students when one would imagine that they would want to spend their time jumping themselves. So far as I could judge the standard of safety and training at Blackbushe was of a very high order and I would like to express my very sincere thanks to those members of the British Parachute Club who did so much to make it possible for me to jump, including especially Fred Gayler, Mike O'Brien, Louis Johnston and Eric Mitchell.*

*I am sure that the British Parachute Association is doing everything possible to further the sport and will eventually overcome the many problems that have to be faced. One has only to ponder for a while to realise just what a complex problem the finding of a safe dropping zone for students is—avoiding water, away from air lanes, freedom from trees, telephone, electric cables, main roads and buildings, avoiding damage to crops and so on and so forth. Add to this an airfield, aeroplane, pilot and a supply of suitable weather and one appreciates a little of what is involved. Good luck to the Association—they are doing jolly well.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*HUGH WADIE.*

# Poem

*by an anonymous writer*

*There we were on Prees (blasted) Heath,  
Grey skies above, wet sod beneath.  
First things first, pitch the tent,  
A weekend's jumping our one intent.  
By half past four still no plane,  
In groups, standing in the pouring rain,  
Only one thing we could do,  
Organise the barbecue.*

*Brothers, John, had brought the steaks  
Sausages, charcoal and fresh barm cakes.  
Mustard and onions and party cans too.  
Quick as a flash we had a queue.  
Pretty soon everyone's on the razzle,  
Sausages and onions cooked to a frazzle.  
Nothing's nicer take it from me  
Than eating food you cannot see.*

*Very quickly spirits soaring,  
Over yonder bonfire roaring,  
Munchers, chompers, gather round  
Talking, laughing, happy sound.  
Smoke blackened faces, what a sight,  
Looks like the Zulu's are here tonight.*

*Later on as flames die down,  
Decision made, we'll go to town.  
Unanimous which shall be our haven,  
Into Whitchurch to the Raven.  
Debonair landlord soon looks queer,  
Thinks, "What the hell have I got here."  
Then despite the grimy faces,  
Recognises the Manchester Aces.  
Into the toilets, quite a squash,  
Two at a time to have a wash.*

*Three hours later feeling bright,  
Marching and countermarching into the night.  
Hoskins, Jim, will give the order,  
Search for dentures in herbaceous border.*

*Back at campfire steaks are cooking,  
Crafty 'tiddle' when no one's looking.  
The only jump we'll get tonight  
Is into bed, turn out light.*

*Dentist Dave, 'Cor what a caper,  
Had "Eskimo Nell" on toilet paper.  
Verse after verse he read with glee  
Many of which were new to me.  
He had copied with frantic haste,  
This saga of the frozen waste.  
And where he'd written the words all wrong,  
Made them up as he went along.*

*Early morning, the skies survey,  
Looks like repeat of yesterday.  
Enough to give a camel the hump,  
A jumping weekend without a jump.  
Nevertheless a time to remember,  
When we nearly made in mid-November.*

*'One Jump Jack', feeling hep,  
Tried an exit from the caravan step,  
After that, still full of folly,  
Practised landings with his 'brolly'.  
Butcher Bradley, though feeling dead,  
Demonstrates a nifty spread.  
A word of praise for our ladies, three,  
Who spent the morning making tea.*

*Training, packing, standing around,  
Still with feet upon the ground.  
The morning gone, the cloud still low,  
At last, at last, we had to go.  
Still it had been a real good do,  
Our wet and chilly barbeque.*





Ram and Penny Seeger linked over Blackbushe 1/500 @ f5.6 on Tri X.



Ram opening up while Penny carries on!

The sequence continues . . .



# A MAN, A AND A PA

Photos by Charl





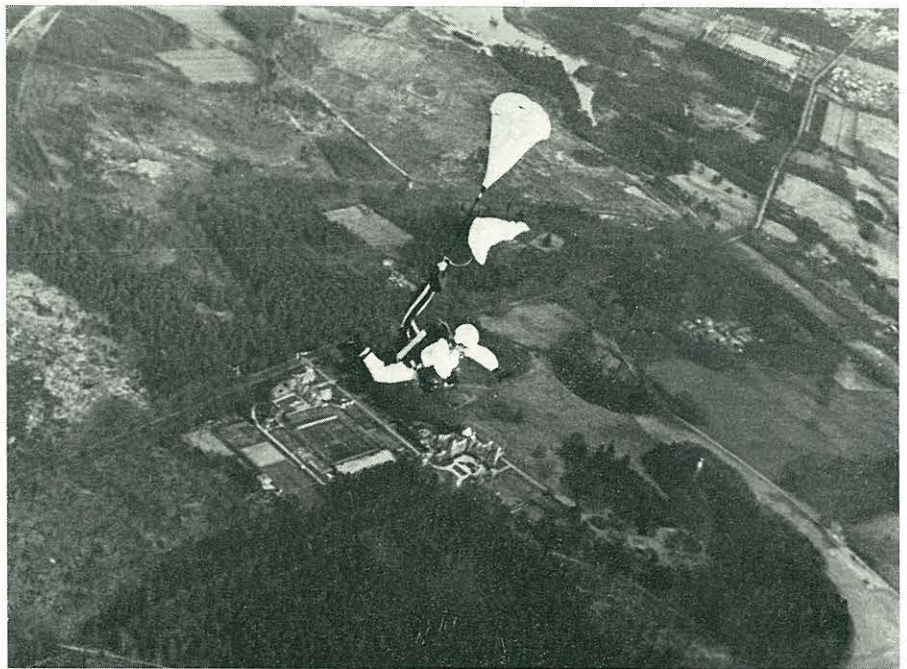
# CAMERA PARACHUTE

Charles Shea-Simonds



... etc. . . . Penny gets ready for the pull . . .

Now it's Penny's turn . . . Staff College, Minky Manor below.



Charles Shea-Simonds models the helmet mounted NIKON F with 35 mm lens and Remopak.





# More News from CYPRUS

by Adrian Hill

**Captain Mike Forge helping Sergeant Dick Dunfort fit his equipment at Nicosia.**

**Since our news letter in the Spring issue of the "Sport Parachutist" things have moved very quickly.**

**We have been experiencing unusually bad weather in Cyprus, and so our parachuting activities have been affected quite a lot. There have only been half a dozen good weekends this year, but the standard is getting better and two of our prodigies are on fifteen second delays. A fine effort, considering all the difficulties we have experienced recently.**

The club has now been renamed the Cyprus Combined Services Parachute Club and a new committee and constitution were voted in at the Annual General Meeting earlier this year. Due to other commitments, Squadron Leader Gerry Wilson decided to retire as Chairman, but not before we extracted a promise that he would act as commentator at our future displays.

The new Chairman is Lt.-Colonel Steve Clark, R.E., Secretary is Adrian Hill; Treasurer, Sergeant Dick

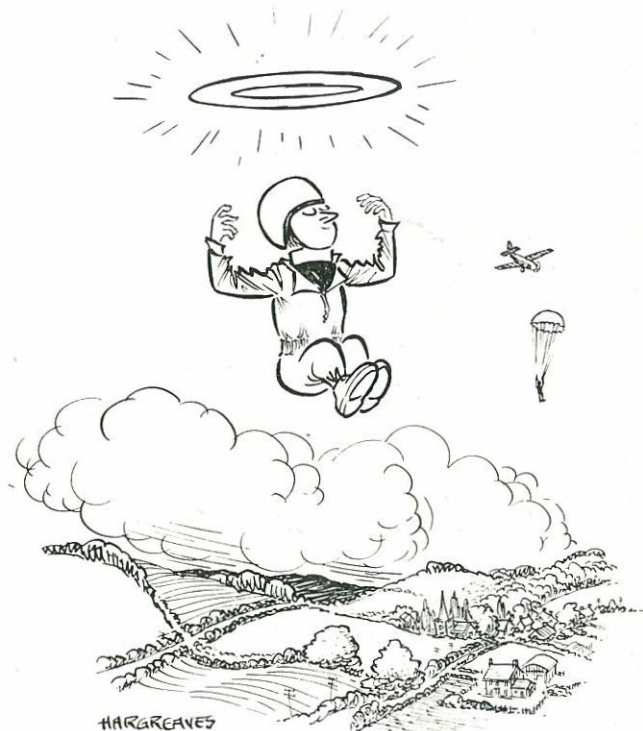
Dunfort; Chief Instructor, Sergeant Jan Sparkes; Army Representative, Captain Mike Forge; and Royal Air Force Representative, Flt.-Lt. Ted Allen. The Club now operates at Nicosia and a new development is that United Kingdom based civilians are now eligible for membership. Visitors are always extremely welcome, as I am sure the 7 Parachute Regiment, R.H.A., will bear out. I would like to apologise for the fact that they caught us in the teething stage and so they did not have as good a time as I would have wished. However, I am quite certain that all those who came up for the first day of jumping at Nicosia, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Just ask Geordie Laing! I came to grief, the next weekend, but luckily Geordie wasn't in the audience, or else my ears would still be burning now! Don Hughes has paid us two fleeting but 'eventful' visits. (We have done the High Commission Club Bar up, Don). The second one was only for an hour, but Major Geoffrey Hill and Sergeant Joe Reddick came out as well. We caused the usual disturbance by dis-

rupting all the Akrotiri transit passenger routine, but so what! They should take up jumping and then they could have their priorities right. Thanks to their efforts and to the generosity of Wing Commander Turnbull and the Royal Air Force Sport Parachute Association, we are going to have another twenty-five rigs for use with the Club. This is a wonderful gesture and we cannot adequately express our thanks to all those concerned. We owe a very great deal to Mr. Robin Adair, the British Deputy High Commissioner, who is on leave in Britain at the moment. He is now purchasing a Piper Tripacer for the Cyprus Aero Club, and is very busy negotiating on their behalf. By the time this article is printed he will probably have flown out here with Mrs. Adair as passenger/navigator. We are very lucky here with the best relations between Civil Aviation, Flying Club and Parachutists, that I have seen anywhere. The local Department of Civil Aviation and the Air Traffic Controllers could not be more helpful.

To sum up, by the middle of the summer we should have a Tripacer, thirty complete rigs, and good accommodation at Nicosia. The club is already affiliated with the Army Parachute Association, we are in the process of affiliating with the Royal Air Force Sport Parachute Association, and of course, with the British Parachute Association. Our membership will be approximately sixty per cent Royal Air Force and forty per cent Army, but we will have a number of civilians and visitors jumping with us. The membership fee is £2 10s. and the annual subscription is also £2 10s. British Parachute Association membership is mandatory. Members are expected to provide their own helmet, boots, goggles, and coveralls, and parachute equipment hire is five shillings per day. If you are coming to Cyprus, please bring your equipment, and if anyone has equipment for sale, contact me at the British High Commission, Nicosia, Cyprus. Jump fees are expensive at the moment, but with the arrival of the Tripacer they will be very good. I estimate ten shillings for up to 3,000 feet, 15 shillings up to 5,000 feet and about £1 for 7,000 feet. Sterling and Cyprus pounds have the same value. What about Mr. O'Neil having a jumping holiday here, and need I say it, girls are always more than welcome!

## Congratulations

*to Major Mike Heerey on his recent award of the Royal Aero Clubs Bronze Medal for services to Parachuting during 1966*



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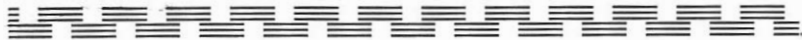
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in Design, Operation and Training for new gliding, soaring and sailing parachutes and balloons, their instrumentation and ancillary equipment.



# CLUB NEWS



## A brief round-up of news and events from the clubs

### Scottish Parachute Club report

The first jumps of the 1967 season took place on Saturday, 15th April at Strathallan Castle, Auchterarder from Beagle Terrier Carlo.

Two visitors took part in this inaugural jump: Neils Asche with 360 descents to his credit, a member of Southern Cross Skydivers, Victoria, Australia, who is working as an engineer at Longannet Power Station on the Firth of Forth, and film stuntman Tex Bazeley, who is a member of 44 Para. Brigade O.F.P. (T.A.) Club, at this time on holiday in Scotland.

One of the Club's most promising jumpers, Bob Macfarlane, left for Canada in March. He has joined a club in Kingston, Ontario and made a bruising first descent in sub-zero conditions.

Chairman Tom Dickson was in London for the months of February and March and reported enthusiastically on the hospitality of the R.A.F. Freefall Club at Weston on the Green, where he did three descents.

Members at Weston are reminded that a reciprocal arrangement is now in force with the S.P.C. which will enable any of them who came north on a visit, to jump at club rates without having to take out temporary membership.

The presence of Major John Clark, formerly of the A.P.A. Centre, Netheravon, at Glasgow University O.T.C., has sparked off some interesting developments in Scottish parachuting.

He is forming a club at the O.T.C. and Lt. Rory Grant is also forming one with the Cameronians at Redford Barracks.

Both of these clubs intend to affiliate with the S.P.C. and use the facilities at Strathallan Castle.

In August a Scottish Team consisting of W.O. II Bob Reid, R.A.O.C., W.O. Robbie Robertson, R.A.F.,

L/Cpl. Jim Penny, 22nd S.A.S. and Tom Dickson, S.P.C. will take part for the first time in the Adriatic Cup at Portoroz, Yugoslavia. A bagpipe expert is being taken along to demoralize the opposition and it is rumoured that team uniform will be kilts.

Jumping during the 1967 season will take place at Strathallan Castle from Dove, Cessna 175 and Terrier aircraft.

Intending visitors should phone Loanburn 3105 between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. on a Friday to ascertain whether jumping is on for the weekend. Please bring your documents.

TOM DICKSON.

### British Parachute Club news letter

Early February saw everybody in the Club enthusiastic about our new D.Z. at Stonor in Buckinghamshire. It had been cleared by the Board of Trade for jumping by General Permit Holders and as we understood, only required checking out by two B.P.A. Instructors for it to be passed by the Board of Trade for use by Restricted Permit Holders.

However, although it was cleared by two experienced, independent instructors for use by students (with certain restrictions as regards wind directions in relation to power cables), the Board of Trade decided it was not suitable. Now somebody must be right and somebody must be wrong! It's very obvious to me that it's high time the B.P.A. and the Board of Trade got together and decided what is acceptable and what is not!

Several people wasted a lot of their personal time on this project, and I don't want a repetition of it. For myself, I thought that if a D.Z. was approved by the B.P.A. it was automatically cleared by the Board of Trade, if not, then somebody isn't on the same wavelength!

One Swiss member, Louis Anliker, is regrettably returning home and we shall miss him. His jumping has considerably improved since he has been with us, also he should now be able to drink any of his clubmates under the table. Bon Sante!

We hear from Adrian Hill in Cyprus that a vast shipment of student rigs is on its way to him. Better kiss all those "burds" goodbye, Ade, and save your strength for packing!

We have commenced jumping at our student D.Z. at Woodmancott again, but the weather over the last couple of months has not allowed the experienced members to do more than 4 or 5 jumps, let alone a student who must be restricted by winds in excess of 10 m.p.h.

John Galt from Booker has started bringing his Rapide down to us each weekend, so, IF the weather is good, the aircraft doesn't break down, the pilots are fit, enough instructors turn up, there's not too many aircraft in the circuit, the old man from Yately hibernates all day, enough students turn up, there's no drag racing, visibility is approximately 500 miles, somebody has remembered to make a drift indicator (on rainy days?), our G.P. holders can get out of the sack in the morning, and nobody wants to exterminate all the wild-life on our student D.Z.! **We should be able to jump.**

LAWRIE ST. JOHN.

## News letter from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Green

The weather's not been bad, but we have discovered that the rattling of B.4 harness buckles can have a most stimulating effect in a large breeze. We've seriously considered cutting up an old rig, packing it into little leather charm bags and selling them to inshore Yachtsmen.

The soles of our jump boots are charred from stamping out innumerable cigarette ends, and our eyes are pale and strained through staring miserably at an indecently rigid wind sock. Not such an ill wind, may be, training has progressed by leaps and bounds, as can be verified by the "parachute dragging" student who fumbled with his capewells and finished in the next county.

Between gales, however, we have managed to train and jump students, and raise a brace or two of fledgling G.P.s. Also our logbooks have become dogeared enough not to cause us too much embarrassment if we happen to leave them lying about.

The past few week-ends have indicated a favourable change in conditions and the really fine weather has encouraged the "High" members to try their hands at a bit of serious relative work. At the moment this seems to entail skidding about the Staffordshire skies like amorous gnats, but very soon now we'll be able to produce photographs of crouching, airborne couples to signify that we've entered in the BIG TIME.

---

## Classified Advertisements

PARACHUTES FOR SALE. Altimeter/Watch Board, 6 Assemblies and some Spare Canopies. Varying from new to 30 jumps. Most Canopies modified 2TU. Prices from £45 downwards. 7 Queen Elizabeth Road, Camberley, Telephone 24859.

PARACHUTISTS DOCUMENT FOLDERS are now on sale from the B.P.A. at 10s. each. All forms are ready and members wishing to change existing ones may do so for 2s. 6d. each. the same price as replacements. These forms are: membership card, medical certificate, instructor's certificate, packing certificate. Personal detail forms are supplied with folder.

B4 RIGS must be sold.—10 The Polygon, Hotwells, Bristol 18.

CHEAPER JUMPING! Buy your own parachutes. Unused 32 ft. Dia. Mains, 24 ft. Dia. Reserves. Also other ancillary equipment. Money back guarantee. Send S.A.E. for full details to—Steve Talbot, 71 Old Hawne Lane, Halsowen, Birmingham.

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## Important

People using the Security Tandem System Pack and Harness, otherwise known as the (Piggyback), are advised to make certain the second pin is pushed completely home before enplaning.

It has been known for this pin to be withdrawn, probably through a combination of weak pack opening bands and insufficient bulk of sleeved canopy under the cone.

A second pilot chute, if used, positioned beneath the cone, would help eliminate this.

This applies to the two pin pack.

W. J. MEACOCK.

---

## BPA Third Party Insurance

An additional clause to this policy means that subject to policy terms and conditions, airport authorities, etc., are indemnified in respect of claims made against them by third parties and arising out of the negligence of parachutists.

Club Secretaries, please note.



# Aircraft Collides with Parachutist

**At Rabaul, New Britain, three members of a local parachute club had arranged to make descents from a Cessna 172.**

The aircraft, with the three parachutists on board, one of whom was the club's parachute instructor, took off from Rabaul shortly after 1400 hours local time to fly to the approved dropping zone, a disused airstrip at Vunokanau, eight miles south of Rabaul. The aircraft belonged to a flying school based at Rabaul and was being flown by the school's chief flying instructor.

The day was fine and ideal for parachuting with only a very light breeze from the south, but as is usual in the afternoon in this area, large cumulus clouds were developing inland to the south of Rabaul. One cloud lay immediately to the south of the airstrip at Vunokanau, with a base of about 2,500 feet.

The brief flight from Rabaul to Vunokanau was uneventful and at the parachute instructor's suggestions during the flight, the pilot changed heading three times to assess the direction of the wind. This indicated the wind was negligible, confirming the meteorological information obtained by the instructor before taking off.

Approaching the airstrip, the aircraft made a dropping run at reduced airspeed toward the southwest. When the aircraft was over the northern edge of the strip at 2,700 feet, the first parachutist jumped, using a static line. The aircraft flew on, turned to port before reaching the cloud and made a wide circuit to bring it back on to a south-westerly heading for a second dropping run over the strip. On this run, however, the second person to jump, a young woman student parachutist, who was also using a static line, was not dropped until the aircraft was beyond the strip and only about 300 feet from the cloud. The student parachutist made a successful exit and her canopy deployed correctly, but almost immediately the aircraft entered the cumulus cloud which was lying to the south of the airstrip. From this point on, the events that followed are largely a matter for conjecture, but it seems probable that the pilot then began a steep turn to port to break

out of the cloud as soon as possible. The aircraft remained in cloud for about half a minute, during which it continued turning through nearly 270 degrees and lost nearly 500 feet in height.

Just as the aircraft emerged from the cloud again, it collided with the woman student's parachute. The aircraft rolled on its back and entered an inverted spin. The parachute instructor jumped from the stricken aircraft, opened his canopy immediately and moments later the aircraft struck the ground. Although the instructor's parachute deployed only just before he reached the ground, he was not injured and he ran at once to the aircraft wreckage to render assistance. Both the pilot and the student parachutist sustained fatal injuries.

Examination of the aircraft wreckage indicated that the rear section of the fuselage had failed in flight. It is probable that the failure was initiated by the impact of the parachutist against the tailplane. There was no evidence of any malfunction in the aircraft which might have contributed to the accident. The engine was not running when the aircraft struck the ground, but as the parachute canopy and rigging lines were entangled around the propeller, it was considered that the engine would have stalled under the load imposed upon it.

The pilot held a commercial pilot licence with an "A" Class Flight Instructor Rating, and had accumulated over 3,000 hours aeronautical experience. He had carried out a good deal of instruction in instrument flying, but his own instrument flying experience was only 12 hours. His experience on parachute dropping operations was also limited, amounting to less than seven hours flying.

The parachute instructor, who was still in the aircraft when the collision occurred said that there was a terrific crash just as they were coming out of the cloud and the aircraft went into a violent spin. He did not see what the pilot did as the crash occurred but was not aware of any sudden control movements. The instructor said he made several attempts to get out of the aircraft after the collision and succeeded on his third or fourth attempt. The wing struck him as he cleared the door and he opened his parachute immediately. It was hardly open before he reached the ground. The parachute instructor said that when the aircraft entered the cloud, he was standing at the door holding on to the safety strap with his left hand and was reaching out with his right hand to pull in the static lines which were still trailing in the slip stream. The pilot had banked so sharply as the aircraft flew into the cloud, that he was swung off balance.

Why the aircraft lost so much height while turning in the cloud could not of course be definitely established. What is certain, is that the pilot continued his turn for nearly 270 degrees before the aircraft emerged from the cloud. There is no logical reason for him to have done this, for at the most, a turn of 180 degrees should have been sufficient to bring the aircraft out of the cloud with the least possible delay. Rather, the prolongation of the turn to almost 270 degrees suggests

that the pilot did not have effective control of the aircraft after it had entered the cloud. It is possible the pilot, suddenly confronted with a transition from visual to instrument flight and not experienced in instrument flying, might have attempted to turn before he had fully adjusted himself to controlling the aircraft by reference to the instruments. Undoubtedly his intention in turning steeply was to regain visual flight as quickly as possible and probably also to avoid being caught in turbulence in the developing cumulus cloud.

From witnesses' evidence it was determined that the aircraft was in cloud between 25 and 30 secs., and as the second parachutist would have descended some 500 ft. during this time the rate at which the aircraft must have descended during its 270 degree turn, was of the order of 1,000 ft. per minute. In this type of light aircraft, such a rate of descent would not be abnormal either for an inadvertent loss of height as a result of the pilot's loss of effective control in cloud, or for an intentional descent made by the pilot during the turn, to try and break out of the base cloud.

Evidence obtained from a number of eye witnesses who saw the accident from the ground, clearly indicated that the collision occurred while the parachute was partly obscured by wisps of cloud. Although, at this stage, the aircraft had been visible to the witnesses for some seconds after reappearing from the main cloud bank, it was still flying through wisps of cloud which

could have greatly reduced forward visibility from the aircraft. It is evident from witnesses' statements that both the aircraft and the parachute were partially obscured by cloud when the collision occurred, and it is almost certain that the pilot did not see the descending parachute until the moment of the collision.

The accident was the culmination of a set of circumstances that began with the decision by the parachute instructor to delay the student parachutist's jump until the aircraft was so close to cloud that its subsequent entry into the cloud was committed. In accepting this situation, the pilot contravened Air Navigation Regulation 149(2) by approaching closer than 2,000 feet horizontally from cloud. No one can be sure of the precise actions or intentions of the pilot beyond that point, but the circumstances of an inexperienced instrument pilot being in cloud and undoubtedly wanting to get out as quickly as possible, and a parachutist descending, in close proximity, had combined to set the stage for an accident.

#### Cause:

The probable cause of this accident was that, after entering cloud, the pilot, who was inexperienced in instrument flying, did not maintain effective control of the aircraft and the circumstantial flight path which resulted was such as to bring about a collision with the parachutist.

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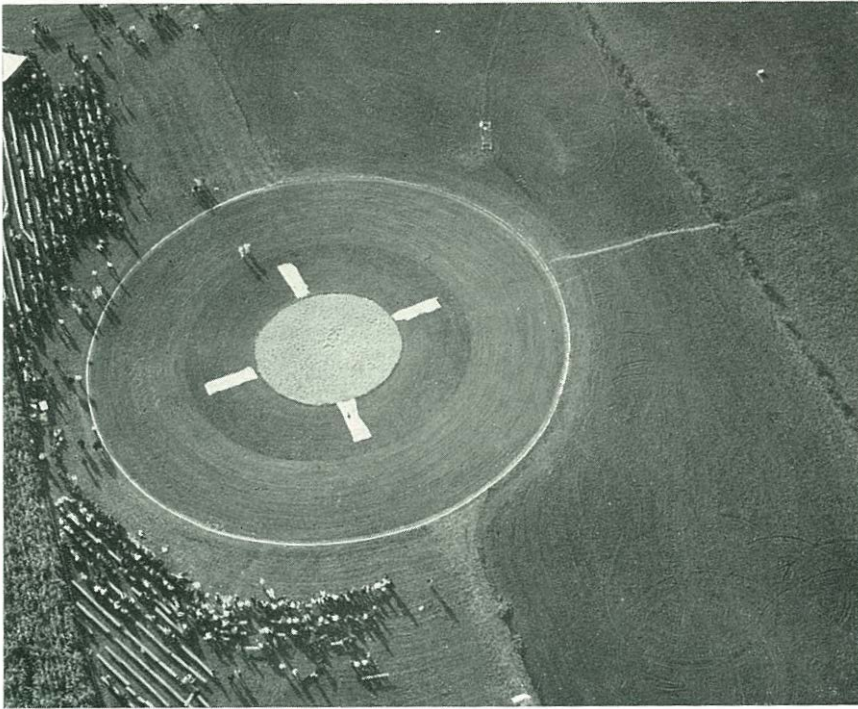
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# A DREAM OF A HOLIDAY

by Louis Anliker



Dead Centre Airfield at Sifferdorf, Switzerland.

**I think my dream started when I saw the needle of the baggage scale at West London Air Terminal read 35 lbs. overweight. The girl behind the desk said with a big smile, "You take your small handbag in your hand, we have a little less weight, and I can close one of my eyes."**

I was the last passenger to get into the Coronado of Swissair. There were only two seats left, so I sat on the inside one. The outside seat had a ticket with "Reserved for crew member" written on it, and I was wondering who it was for . . . The stewardess was a nice change from the fresh wind which I had at Blackbushe on take-offs.

On arrival in Switzerland I met Fred Gayler and his wife, Jacky, who had driven over in Fred's Landrover. We moved together to the Centre at Sitterdorf, which is the Parachuting Centre of Switzerland.

For Fred, who had been to this place before, it was not new. He had told us about a big rose-garden, a garden restaurant, a marvellous bar and a charcoal grill. Of course we tried the chops from the grill with some Swiss beer. At midnight they closed the building.

Especially for the guest from England, the owner of the airfield opened his bar and celebrated with an English drink. A couple of Swiss parachutists helped him and we had in less than three hours more whisky than in the last year. Needless to say, the owner and the Swiss jumper played their accordians all the time.

It was so funny when we got out of bed the following morning.

At 10.00 we went into the hangar which has packing tables for eight parachutes. A few minutes later the first parachutists dropped from 10,000 ft. from the Turbo-Porter. It climbs in less than ten minutes to 8,000 ft. and lands before the last jumper reaches the ground. It starts like a jet and if you look out of the window after the pilot asks "O.K.?" you have to look down. Of course the door is closed during the climb. It is the only prop-plane of this size which I have seen with a reverse. It stops on the ground within a few lengths of itself.

I was on the second lift and we dropped at 13,000 ft. I could not find the airfield, so I tracked the same way as the other jumpers who had jumped before me. At



View of the Airfield.

2,000 ft. I opened the parachute and immediately I realised that the airfield was over a mile away. You have plenty of room here, because nobody is against you; everybody likes the parachutists. We were immediately picked up by the Swiss Champion in his Mercedes, who drove us back to the airfield. By the way, at the Championships he did three D.C.s out of four jumps.

Fred was on the next lift and he did his first jump with his new para-commander. I saw that day more para-commanders than other parachutes. Para-commanders in all colours, only a couple in the blue, red and white shape.

Other interesting things were the very soft gravel target and the windspeed and direction indicator. You can watch it from the plane. There were over 400 spectators, and that was only an ordinary training day. I don't know how many there were at the Championships.

In the later afternoon I did a second jump from 15,000 feet, and that was, by the way, my 101st.

On this day they did, from 10 o'clock to 4 in the afternoon, 94 jumps, which included 50 over 12,000 feet. (The plane takes seven jumpers.)

In the evening we had another celebration, but a relatively early night. On the following days we travelled with the Landrover over the Julierstreef, which is 8,700 ft. high. We very much enjoyed the snow and we went on the mountain railway to the top of a mountain which is 11,000 feet above sea-level. Jacky worried

about this white space and the thin oxygen. I said it is only the same as the height over Blackbushe for a 50 sec. delay.

When Fred was driving in the mountains I watched my sensitive altimeter and he sometimes climbed at the same rate as the old Rapide at Booker.

On the Thursday night we were invited by a Swiss parachutist and his wife to dinner. After this we separated and Jacky went with Fred to Germany to visit some relatives. I went home to my parents in Zurich.

On the following Monday night I had the same seat in the Coronado from Zurich to London. On take off I talked with the stewardess, and I said to her, "I do some parachuting". She asked me if I wanted to see the cockpit. Of course, I said "Yes", and she asked the Captain, who said it was alright.

So I stayed in the cockpit until we saw the runway at Gatwick. It was so interesting, the complicated controls and the wonderful view looking down at all the lights at night. But now the main thing that the Crew wanted to do this summer is a parachute jump—happy crash! During my visit to the front of the plane the outside temperature was -51 degrees C.

At 4 o'clock in the morning I was in my bed. I realised my dream-holiday was finished when I heard my alarm clock at 7 o'clock, which reminded me to get to work.

Fred must have thought we were having a "nightmare" when my aunt asked him if he would like jam or mincemeat with his omelette. (A real Swiss Dish). S.A.T.!



# Relatively Speaking

Dave Waterman



Ron Griffiths of the A.P.A. Centre

Picture by Dave Waterman

As some of you may, or may not have noticed this column was missing from the last issue of "Sport Parachutist. To those who did notice my apologies (those who didn't probably don't read it anyway), unfortunately I missed the copy date due to the cold fact I was in the Norwegian Arctic photographing British troops on Arctic exercises.

What a hornet's nest Mr. O'Neil stirred up. The army boys all quite rightly took umbrage but most people missed the point of the letter which was "How about the poor beginner." The stories of how hard the old timers in the sport had it does not wash with me. I too have travelled 200 miles or more for just one jump of a weekend and in doing so have an average of 2 jumps a week since I started. But the point is this does not make it right today in 1967. The sport is supposed to have progressed and is more sophisticated.

With all these soldiers and airmen jumping with cameras and doing a good job of it I might say I guess I'll have to think about starting my own army or airforce to make a living. All these service clubs have now opened their doors one way or another to civilians even the A.P.A. Centre but I wouldn't mind betting that not all the vacancies that Don Hughes has left open for civilians are taken. I'll be very surprised but pleased if they are.

We have an excellent set of safety and training regulations, we have a first class magazine, we have experienced jumpers who can more than hold their own in the world in at least the accuracy events. But in student training, which let's face it, is the future of the sport we have not progressed as much as we should have.

It appears that some of my remarks in this column have been criticised as being both pessimistic and bad for the sport. I am sorry if they have been misinterpreted this way. I care a lot for sport parachuting but don't believe in the line "paint a pretty picture to keep up the morale of the troops."

My readers, I hope, have enough intelligence to put their own interpretation on what I write.

Who is Colonel Blimp?

This gentleman contributed a letter to the last issue of the magazine in which he had a go at the length of civilian jumpers hair. If this sort of thing is going to creep into the sport I can see in the not too distant future a new paragraph in the safety regulations in the section which deals with checks before emplaning to include haircut check, clean boot check and blanco-ed harness check. Be a Colonel Blimp and identify yourself. There is something cowardly hiding behind a nom-de-plume.

Suddenly the advertising world has taken an interest in sky diving, three separate commercials and advertisement have recently been made featuring the sport. I took pictures of one which entailed a person jumping with a tape recorder and interviewing another jumper in free-fall. It really works. But the tape recorder costs £400! Another advertisement was for a sherry party in free-fall with bottles, glasses, etc. Our regulations may cover drinking before jumping but I don't remember seeing anything about drinking during jump-

ing. The other advertisement was for a razor-blade I think. See how many shaves you can get from this blade during a 30 second free-fall.

We don't hear much about the Manchester skydivers.

Last Summer Terry Button and I walked six miles with rigs on our backs from Rhyl to St. Asaph in North Wales, at four o'clock in the morning after travelling from London by train during the night, because the Manchester Skydivers were short of instructors at their St. Asaph drop zone. A keen bunch of lads we found there, very frustrated by the lack of D.Z.s, rigs, instructors, etc. What has happened to them? The Midlands should be teeming with potential B.P.A. members?

My! How the relative work in this country has progressed. Three and four man link-ups are a weekly occurrence at Thruxton. All without a two door Argosy, 16,000 ft. to do it in, and a couple of thousand pounds of the defence budget paying for it.

In May, I saw my first streamer type malfunction with Ernie Rowberry of the Parachute Regiment on the end of it. He had no problems with the reserve. It was flying within a couple of hundred feet.

Too bad the Queen was watching, Ernie! After

taking some good pictures of the entire Royal Box watching Ernie Rowberry on his merry way and a picture of him enjoying a glass of ale after, the Picture Editor of the "Daily Sketch" wasn't keen to use them as he thought it was all a stunt laid on for the Queen.

I soon enlightened him with a few facts about parachutes. Including the point that if one wanted to malfunction a parachute intentionally and come down on an unmodified 26 ft. reserve, one just wouldn't do it with a 50 lb. kit bag between one's feet and on a D.Z. such as Long Valley in Aldershot.

A couple of interesting facts. From January to the second week in May, Thruxton had made 1,274 descents. A general permit which was issued in March, 1967, was number 147. This means that in March there were only 147 jumpers in this country with general permits.

At the Oxford County Show in which the Green Jackets did two displays, the President of the show was congratulating the team after the jump. On coming to Sean Friel he said "You are older than the others. How many jumps have you done?" Sean is of course, the baby of the team at a tender age of 24. I'll guess he will have to start wearing a topee on displays in future.

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## CLUB NEWS—continued from page 21

### THE MANCHESTER SKY DIVERS

Following the formation in November, of a new committee, several changes in club policy were decided upon.

To weed out non active members who were behind with their subscriptions and to develop the social side of the club. We have slimmed down the list of over eighty members to thirty active, interested parachutists. This in turn has enabled us to take in a number of new members and at the time of writing the membership is still open.

Our first social event was a combined Jump/Barbecue weekend to take place at Whitchurch. Whilst the weather turned out to be cold, windy and very wet, the barbecue cum booze up cum camping out bit, was an hilarious success. Our Christmas Buffet Dance was a complete sellout and everyone had a whale of a time. The buffet and the prizes were so lavish that we just about broke even. We have since had a Social Evening, also highly successful. We have had a number of suggestions for future events, many of which are impractical, since we have eight lady members in the club! We feel that if the club has a social side that wives and girl friends have an interest also and that there should be less likelihood of divorce, where the man of the house is a dedicated parachutist.

We continue to use the excellent premises of the British Railway Police Club, where alcoholic beverages

are available, after training is over, and where the air is polluted by the fumes and smoke of two standby steam trains parked outside. The axiom of 'where there's muck there's money' should make us the wealthiest club in the country.

Our problem over an instructor has been solved, the position has now been filled by W. Patrick Slattery. How a man with a name like that can speak with a Cockney accent I do not know, glad to have you with us, Pat.

During the winter most of our jumping has been down at Shobdon, we greatly appreciate the help and facilities afforded us by Mac and his boys. This despite the fact that he considers us to be sub-human and the root cause of all the bad weather experienced at Shobdon recently.

We have secured the use of our D.Z. at Tilstock for a further 12 months but unfortunately the runway is only suitable for light aircraft, our dreams of having the S.A.S. Rapide up here occasionally have vanished. However we are looking forward to better weather and lots of good parachuting.

Before I finish, just one more cheep,

A motto for you all keep,

Contrary to the well known saying

And to help you whilst your friends are praying,

'Don't look before you leap'.

JOHN COOKE,  
Club Secretary.



## BRITISH SKY-DIVING CLUB THRUXTON

Well it appears that 1967 is to be an excellent year for parachuting at Thrupton. At the time that this short note was drafted (mid April) over 1,000 descents had been completed. A number of factors have contributed to this first class total and one is that the Club now owns its own Rapide. For obvious reasons our Rapide is commonly known as The Chocolate Box or the Brown Bomber and it is hoped that it will drop all its live bombs on target.

Two of our Instructors, John Harrison and Diane Parker are at present parachuting at Chalon sur Saone and we have no doubt that they are giving a good account of themselves.

Our regular Instructors are of course working as hard as usual but we are exceptionally grateful to Sherdy Vatsndal, Brian David, Charlie Gowens and others from that team based in Aldershot. We believe they call themselves the Good Samaritans or is it the Red Devils. Anyway, they certainly live up to the former even though they are officially called the latter. They have regularly been visiting Thrupton, giving valuable advice on free-fall and canopy control, to anybody in need of assistance.

It really is good to go into the George on a Saturday night and have a drink with the A.P.A. staff, the Red Devils and the B.S.D. members. All parachutists.

The Club Chief Instructor has become the proud owner of a new addition to his family and already the Burgess Junior can lay in a stable face to cot position. It is also noticed that a few other parachutists wives are expecting new additions to their families and it would appear that the parachutists themselves are not content to merely participate in day jumping.

A fair amount of relative work has been carried out at the Club and this has been capped by a four man link from the Rapide. In addition Charles Shea-Simonds took some excellent photographs of the link.

We hope to enter a team for the Nationals this year, so the British Parachute Club had better start serious training.

It was very sad to hear about Ken Vos's unfortunate accident in America but it is reassuring to hear that he is jumping again.

In conclusion suffice it to say that 1967 should be a great year in parachuting at Thrupton and we warmly welcome any old or new faces.

## FORT MYER SPORT PARACHUTE CLUB, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.

The FMSPC, situated a mere twenty minute drive from downtown Washington D.C., is a club solely for the use of "active military personnel". With a keen following of approximately eighty members, it boasts an extremely comfortable club house which includes such amenities as a large packing room with three tables, a sewing room, equipment room, showers, ample training space with good facilities and the inevitable bar complete with T.V., film screen and gallons of iced beer.

The Club's Committee of six, which is elected every year, is headed by the President, Major Harry Hodges. Standing six feet one and weighing 235 lbs.—about 17 stone—the major's rate of descent beneath his 28 ft. "Cheapo" can be disturbing if your car should be parked anywhere near his apparent point of impact.

The Club's drop zone is a 45 minute drive south of Fort Myer at the United States Marine Corps base at Quantico. Every Saturday the Marines supply the "jump ship"—a CH 46 Helicopter which holds sixteen jumpers and has a ceiling of 12,000 ft.: while on the Sunday the Army supplies a Beaver. Apart from being able to get more jumps per day from the chopper, it has the added attraction of being able to land next to the D.Z., whereas one has to drive for fifteen minutes to Quantico airstrip if you want to be in the Beaver when it takes off. With Pea Gravel due before the end of June, and the prospect of two evenings of jumping per week in addition to every weekend, this summer promises to be fun!

With the closing of "The Targeteer's" field at Manasses—an event brought about by the State of Virginia's decision to build a housing estate on the D.Z. and the tragic death of Carl Rutledge's son, Danny, I was put in touch with Fort Myer via the normal devious parachuting channels:

"Ring this number and 'Bla Bla' might be able to fix you up."

"Bla Bla", alias Sgt. Laframboise (he acquired this nickname because no one can pronounce his name), turned out to be the club custodian, and invited me round to the club house to meet the President and "the boys" that evening. I was greeted with the warm hospitality that is typical of every American Sport Parachute Club, and having lived through Harry Hodges' handshake which was reminiscent of an unpleasant childhood experience when my hand was trapped in a slamming car door, a beer was thrust into my somewhat mutilated palm. One or two club customs were then explained, which include buying a crate of beer if you dropped your ripcord, when you made a dead centre (I breathed more freely here), and on the occasion of your first free-fall—an event which is also celebrated by the presentation of an unmodified canopy with the compliments of the club.

The greatest joy was yet to come. On approaching the manifest officer—who was of course sporting a baseball cap and dark glasses, my enquiry as to how much I owed him for the day's three jumps from Seven Five was greeted with:

"Why nuthin' Cap'n, all jumps in this club are free".

## D.Z. NEWS

**Sunderland**—Parachuting permitted to all classes of parachutists with precautions. (Secretary, Northumbria S.P.C. has details) Also Mr. M. Reed.

**Halfpenny Green**—Parachuting permitted to all classes of Parachutists, but only as members of South Staffs. S.D. Club and **under their control**. No individual parachuting. Secretary, Mr. J. Forsdyke, 23 Hudson Road, Birmingham 20.

# The Psychological Motivations of Skydiving

Reprinted from the American publication "Parachutist"

by Dr. William H. Lockward

It has been oft repeated that there is nothing more constant than CHANGE. People in all walks of life are enjoying more time for sports and recreation than at any period in history. The working day and also the working week is shrinking with amazing regularity.

There seems to be a hobby or sport for people of all temperaments, psychological drives, and physical capabilities. It would be time consuming, but interesting, to evaluate why some people race cars, scuba dive, climb mountains, capture snakes, hunt wild animals, and a myriad of other pursuits. Behind all endeavors there is subconscious motivation. For example, no little boy ever grew up that didn't have a desire to throw stones at a cat or a dog. Unknown to him, this is an innate hunting obsession. Many eons of time ago our club carrying leopard skin wearing antecedents protected themselves and their families and hunted animals for food by throwing rocks. This basic principle has come down through the ages. Hunting and fishing are multi-million dollar past-time nowadays. The sportsman is just exercising his neanderthal man proclivity to kill animals for self-protection and provide meat or fish for the table. Many avid sportsmen pay thousands of dollars for rods, reels, boat rentals, etc., to catch a marlin for a wall trophy, or to eat, when he could buy a fish dinner anywhere for \$2.50. However, his basic ego is concerned here and this must be assuaged and indulged, no matter what the cost or danger involved.

It is interesting to note how clanish and proud of their sport people become. For example, bowlers, golfers, hunters, motorcycle riders, fishermen, and yachtsmen, all seem to have their own clubs, organisations, parent associations, and individual esprit de corps. This is good.

But of all the sports, I think parachutists have greater interpersonal respect and regard for each other than in any other comparable endeavour. In other words, it takes a certain something (or many things) to dare the odds and function in an un-natural environment. We were not equipped to be fish or birds, yet man constantly seeks to swim at great depths and fly like a bird.

Sky divers seem to accept other addicts of the sport with unbelievable facility. Talking about addicts, my son, Bill Jr., who is on the Army Parachute Team, reminds me of a mouse working in a cheese factory. (I should talk, I get paid every day for what other fellows get slapped for.) Well, so much for that.

I've had the privilege of participating or observing jump meets at club, state, national and international levels, and I have enjoyed meeting the greatest parachutists, perhaps, in the world. As a physician, I am utterly fascinated by the psychology of "Why a person jumps." Despite my personal research and the text book didactic perusal—I believe you will concur with

my summation: "To Wit," there are as many reasons WHY a person jumps as there are devotees of the sport. So, now, where do I start?

On self-inventory, I know more about DiMethylpoly-siloxane or Nicotinamide Adenot--dinucleotide (which is negligible) than what motivates ME to jump. All I know is I love it and jump as often as I can find time.

In December 1962, I wrote an article which was printed in "Sky Diver Magazine", entitled "Physical and Psychological Effects on a Human Subject. After Sustained and Multiple Parachute Jumps." "This Week Magazine" on August 15, 1964, saw fit to include part of my article context in an excellent bit of writing entitled "The Search for Excitement", by one Arthur Whitman. He called me from New York for permission to quote me. He covered various endeavors such as skiing, scuba diving, ballooning, ice boat racing and parachuting. Allow me to just repeat a paragraph he used of my article. Quote: "The quest for excitement is a creative experience and is a result of overcoming fear. Dr. W. H. Lockward, a sky-diving Arizona physician who made ten parachute jumps in one day to test his physical and psychological reactions, recalls that as he was waiting in the windswept cabin of the plane to make the first jump, he kept asking himself, 'What am I doing up here in the cold early morning when I could be safe and snug in my little warm bed at home? Why does an ostensibly sensible and educated man encourage the odds of death by leaping out of a plane at 7,500 feet?'"

"But as he free fell 5,000 feet, opened his chute at 2,000 feet, and then floated majestically and safely to earth, the question answered itself for him. 'I knew why I was here. It was the adventure, the challenge and the competitive desire to excell at an endeavor restricted to only a relative few. I was going to function as a bird. This was heaven, (or at least as close as I would probably ever get to it)'" Unquote.

There is a certain explainable amount of fear in sky-diving, though we know it much safer "statistically" than many other sports. One youthful skydiver related the following information to me. Quote "After 45 jumps, I still have a certain amount of fear, but after I land, I cannot wait to go up again."

Dr. Jack R. Royce, a New York psychiatrist says, "Flirting with danger and overcoming fear is a way for a man to prove his daring and deny cowardice. This enhances his sense of masculinity and sexuality." A woman may take up dangerous sports for a multiplicity of motives that are essentially creative—to assert herself in a man's world or extend her areas of physical and courage demanding activities. Many wives jump because their husbands do and they may wish to prove their undenyng love for him. Some wives who parachute resent any motive except they are exhilarated by



the experience (and it gets them away from their kids for at least a little while which isn't a half bad idea, at that).

I believe many people skydive because they thoroughly enjoy it, but they do not know or are incapable of sufficient insight into their own personalities to affix a psychological motive for it.

Some people have told me they experience an amalgum of mixed emotions embracing fear and joy. This makes sense. Would you believe that many people have elements of guilt and penance deeply embedded in their subconscious, and associate (unknowingly) pleasure with punishment? It would be interesting, (but totally impossible) to know how many skydivers have (excuse the term) "creamed in" intentionally to fulfill a death wish or go out in a blaze of glory. This merits some thought.

What prompts people to take such risks in the name of sport? There are many and diverse reasons. Psychiatrists believe that the desire to play and work stem from the same human instinct, "aggression". Aggression can be useful or dangerous to a person, depending on how one utilizes it. Some people, due to early childhood, parental hostility, or resentment (caused perhaps by a deprivation of affection, attention, or security) may grow up to exhibit dynamisms of compulsive reactions or abnormal aggressive drives.

These people externalize their aggressions and attempt to corral their hostility in avenues acceptable to society by racing, boxing, jumping, or some other neutralizing activity.

While we are near the subject of boxing, it might prove interesting to the reader to partially explain WHY some people get a vicarious lift by watching a boxing opponent get pummelled in the ring. As the blood spills they cry out for the kill, stand up in their seats and wave their arms frenetically. Some psychiatrists allege that a mechanism known as "projection" is actually taking place. The observer who hates a mother-in-law, a boss, a fellow worker, or someone else, uses them as an object of derision. He engages in temporary fantasy and projects himself into that ring. Every blow one of the contestants receives, the observer or fan, is punching against his hate object. This liberates Nor-epinephrine (or adrenalin) which spills into his blood stream and bathes his body and mind with an exciting nectar of relief and temporary euphoria. This is sport.

Maybe this temporary relief of tension and euphoria is the end that justifies the means and is so attractive in sport parachuting. Who can say?

There is another type of phenomenon known as "sublimation", which can be a close kin to "aggression." This is a personality defect taking roots from childhood where aggression and compulsive trends are filtered through the unconscious mind and are channelled into entirely acceptable activities. An example of "sublimation" might be the 18th century European tradition of a man kissing a beautiful woman's hand when introduced in royalty. What he would really like to do is kiss this adorable female on her voluptuous lips, but

social graces preclude that and he does what social acumen allows.

Dancing is another good example. How else can a man get introduced to a woman, then take her in his arms and crush her soft breasts close to his rapidly beating heart. Nowadays, with the trend of dancing, such as the Jerk and Watusi, a girl may be heard to say, "Do you mind if we sit this dance out, my ARMS are tired?"

Some people have to do something dangerous for acceptance, their own, and others. Compliance is very common in our age. If you don't believe it—have a daughter in high school like I did, and see if she doesn't have to arrange her hair like everyone else, wear the same levi's and mink sweatshirts and use the jargon which is currently in vogue with the IN crowd. With my daughter going to college this year, I'll probably be asked to buy her "electric sneakers" at the rate things are changing.

So, if a member of a group has a jalopy, that is the thing to "con" Dad into buying. If it's a Honda, a Honda it is. If one of the guys makes a static line, it will soon be a "jump time." People have a way of emulating their heroes or ideals. That is why imitation is known as the sincerest form of flattery!

In our ambivalent society, people tend to be "joiners" rather than "loners". No one likes to do things by themselves. Even loners need each other, it is said.

It's amazing how much misunderstood a parachutist is. He is called every adjective but intelligent. The enigma of parachuting is derided because it is not understood. It reminds me of the analogy in this cute conversation. A little boy asked his Dad where the "Alps" were. Dad's retort was, "I don't know, ask your mother, she puts everything away in this house!"

Or the one about the elephant. It goes something like this: "I saw an elephant walking down Main Street today, and do you know what he was doing?" The answer was: "About 2 miles an hour!" But everyone is ready to think of an answer compatible with his own thinking and experiences. So it is with jumping. We are labeled by others commensurate with the viewers opinions and attitude.

I believe I have touched on some of the diverse psychological reasons for skydiving. There are doubtlessly ever so many more, I am sure.

Those who jump agree that this is the most exhilarating and satisfying sport available, and no matter what motivates us to do it, we couldn't care less. All we know is we love it.

Would you believe—I have never had a broken bone in my life, and I have played high school, college, and Army football, had a plane crash, jumped 120 times, been caught by rebels in the Cuban War, taken Judo, boxed in the Golden Gloves, and even been married so many times that I have rice burns?

Would you believe I am writing this article in traction in a hospital in Phoenix, with a broken back due to a fall from a ladder 15 feet high?

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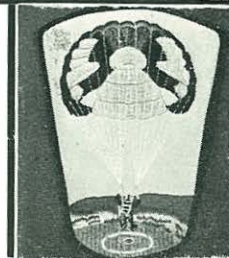
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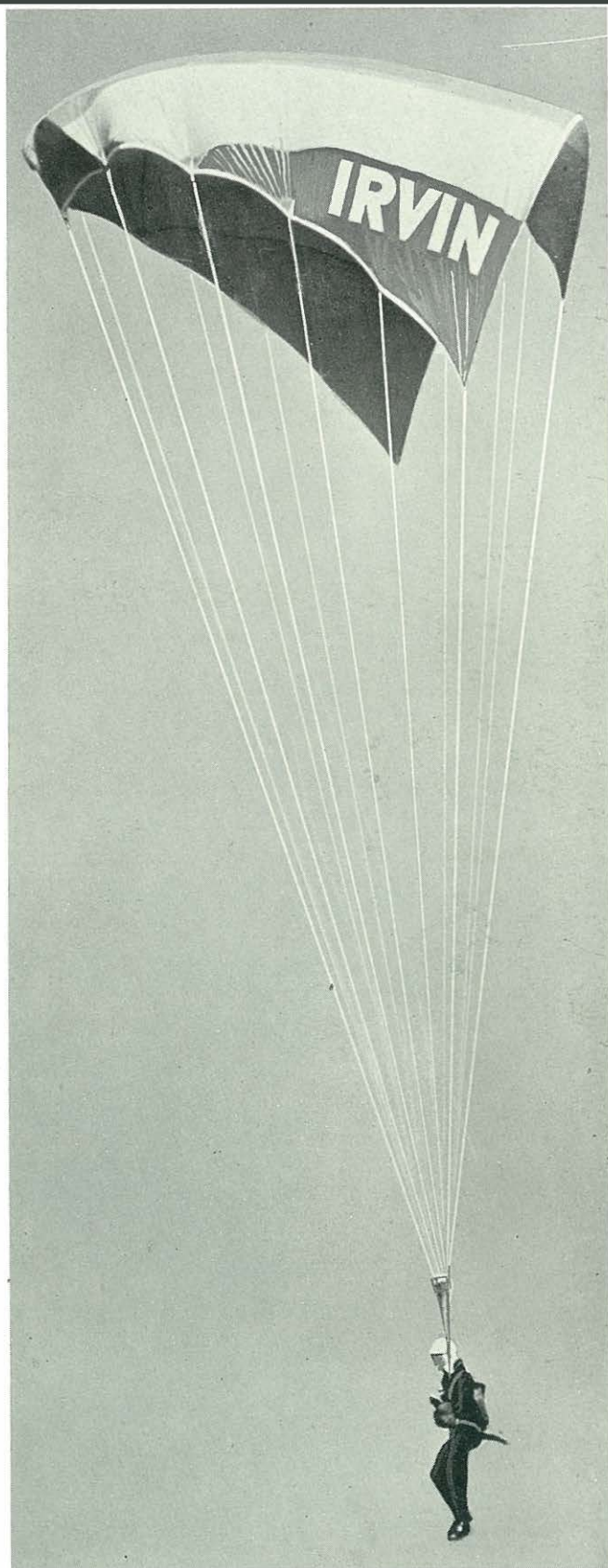
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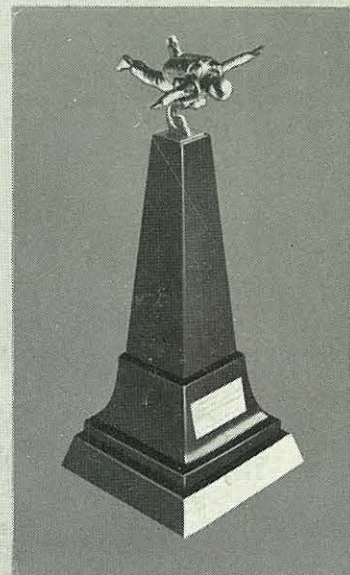






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