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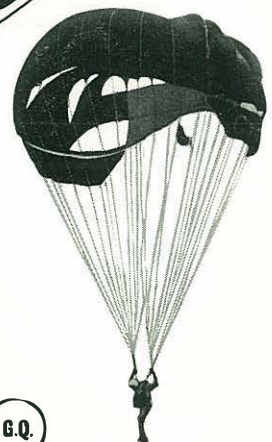
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THE JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION

(A Company limited by guarantee)

Sport Parachutist

Volume 5, No. 1

Spring 1968

Four Shillings
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British Parachute Association Ltd.,
Artillery Mansions,
75 Victoria Street, S.W.3. Phone 01-799 3760

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1968 DIARY

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|--|---|
| British Nationals | June 21st (p.m.) to June 30th. |
| Army Championships | May 25th to June 2nd. |
| Army Show | June 15th and 16th. |
| Scottish Championships Arbroath | July 15th to July 20th. |
| National Competition Keil-Holtenuau N. Germany | June 1st to June 9th. (Entries by 31st March, 1968. 50\$ USA each. Teams must be sponsored by the National Aero Club). |
| World Championships. Graz, Austria. | 9th August to 26th August. (If anyone wishes to go to the World Championships this year will they kindly inform the Secretary General as a group railway ticket will obviously be cheaper. The entry fees will be \$85 and the train fare in the region of £30 return). |

The following dates are final dates on which copy will be accepted by the Editor.

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

With regret, the Editor will not be able to undertake the return of any material submitted for 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.

Editorial

Late again, and apologies. It seems inevitable that this amateur production must be late however hard we try to be on time. Whether we should stick to any given dates is a moot point as long as we come out with an acceptable Spring, Summer, Winter and Christmas Edition. Your comments would be appreciated.

1968 sees the B.P.A. and its members entering the year in a position of real strength. Every year is a leap forward from the preceding one, and our best and most experienced jumpers must be well up with the world's leaders. Our participation in Competitive Jumping is secure, for the moment. What worries me is the lack of facilities at home for ordinary club members. Rest assured, the B.P.A. Council is making every effort to find the right type of location but these are extremely difficult to find. Further, the basic problem—as with everything else, it seems—is one of hard cash. If only more money were available, there is no doubt that a great deal more jumping would take place. Your committee give this never-ending thought, but somehow just don't seem to get it off the ground. By the time

London Airport stacking areas have been taken into account (and the same sort of problem for other large airports) and the power-line problem has been sorted out, there are precious few safe or suitable areas available at all. I think your views on how the B.P.A. should best spend their time on your behalf should be sent to the Secretary-General. Write, sensibly and constructively, making your views known and setting out what you would like to see the B.P.A. Council doing for you, the members. Or, write to me, and I'll print a selection of the best letters in "Letters to the Editor."

I'm very pleased with the girls' contributions. They write in a very chatty, refreshing and nonchalant way. We could do with a lot more of this type of thing in my view.

There seems to be a great spirit now in Sport Parachuting—in spite of everything—especially the weather. Keep it going in 1968—and whatever happens, each of you reading this, keep safety uppermost in your mind every second of your jumping days. Concentrate—on safety.

D.P.

Photo of Charles Shea-Simonds over Thruxton (having been fed-up with taking other people's photographs!) by Ray Etchell using helmet mounted Nikon F 1/500 @ f11 on Tri X



**APPROVED ADVANCED PARACHUTE INSTRUCTORS
LIST OF BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION**

Anderson, B.S.A.S. Skydivers
Catt, W.P.R.F.F.C.
Charlton, A. F. A.F.M. (P)R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Clark-Sutton, B. T. (P)R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Gardiner, E. A. J. (P)Parachute Regiment
Griffiths, R. (P)Royal Green Jackets
Hughes, D. (P)A.P.A. Centre
McLoughlin, J. (P)R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.

Meacock, W. J.(P)British Sky Diving
Peacock, D.(P)R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Reid, R.Army Peregrines & Scottish
Parachute Club
Reeves, M.S.A.S.
Sherman, P.(P)S.A.S.
Turner, P. W. (P)Army Peregrines
Vatnsdal, S. (P)Parachute Regiment F/F Club

**LIST OF BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION
APPROVED PARACHUTE INSTRUCTORS**

Anderson, T. F.A.P.A. Centre
Basnett, J. T.B.P.C.
Beard, J.British Sky-Diving
Birch, D. T.R.A.P.A.
Black, A.
Burgess, J. M.British Sky-Diving
Card, R.A.P.A. Centre
Carr, G.R.H.A. & A.P.A. Centre
Castree, C. J.R.A.P.A.
Cockburn, A. M.A.P.A. Centre
Cole, A. J. N.British Parachute Club
Crawley T.Green Jackets Parachute Club
Crocker, J. T.British Sky-Diving
David, B. A.Parachute Regiment
Dickson, T. G.Scottish Parachute Club
Don, W.
Ettchell, R. C.British Sky-Diving
Flambert, H., MissBritish Sky-Diving
Gaylor, F. J.British Parachute Club
Goldsworthy, J. N. A.R.M.S.P.C.
Hall, W.Scottish Parachute Club
Harrison, J.British Sky-Diving
Herbert, C.J.S.S.P.A. Singapore
Hill, A. V.Cyprus
Hogg, J. E.British Parachute Club
Hounsome, N.British Sky-Diving
Hunter, D. W.Australia
Itenson, A. V.R.A.P.A.
Jackson, M. L. (P)R.A.P.A.
Johnson, A. T.R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Johnston, L.Australia

Johnston, J. V. W.
Jones, K.Parachute Regiment, F/F Club
McCathy, D.S.A.S.
McNaughton, D.Parachute Regiment, F/F Club
Mapplebeck, K.R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Martin, M. A.Parachute Regiment, F/F Club
O'Brien, M. (P)British Parachute Club
Parker, D. M., MissFrance
Porter, A. W.America
Power, M.Parachute Regiment, F/F Club
Reddick, J.A.P.A. Centre
Reed, M.North Star Parachute Club
Robinson, J.Parachute Regiment, F/F Club
& R.A.F. Sport Para. Assoc.
Runacres, J. (P)R.A.P.A.
Scarratt, W. Parachute Regiment, F/F Team
(National Champion)
Seeger, P., Mrs.Royal Marines Sport P.C.
Seeger, R. A., M.C.Royal Marines Sport P.C.
Shea-Simonds, G. C. P.British Skydiving Centre
Slattery, P.Manchester Skydivers
Sparkes, J.Cyprus
St. John, L. N. E. (P)British Parachute Club
Thirtle, J.R.A.F. Sport Parachute Assoc.
Thompson, M. W. B.R.A.P.A.
Vos, K. V.British Skydiving Centre
Walmesley, J.Parachute Regiment, F/F Team
Ward, B. R.North Lancs.
West M. J.South Staffs.
Wilson, J. W.R.A.P.A.
Witke, R.R.A.P.A.

Footnotes: (P) Member of the Panel of Examiners.

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

This list cancels all previous lists of B.P.A. Approved Advanced Parachute Instructors and B.P.A. Approved Parachute Instructors.
as at 1st December, 1967.

LIST OF BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION CLUBS

1 *Affiliated Civilian Clubs* (open to Civilian and Service Members)

British Parachute Club, M. O'Brien, (Correspondence)
Blackbushe Aerodrome, Blackbushe Aerodrome,
Camberley, Surrey. Camberley, Surrey.
British Sky Diving Centre, British Sky-Diving Ltd.,
Thrupton Aerodrome, Toll House, Runfold,
Nr. Andover, Hampshire. Nr. Farnham, Surrey.
Tel: Runfold 2209/2587
Hereford Parachute Club, W. E. Beddoes,
Shobdon Aerodrome, 33 Emlyn Avenue,
Shobdon, Hereford.
Manchester Skydivers, J. Cooke,
Tilstock D.Z., 36 Astley Road,
Whitchurch, Salop. Harwood, Bolton, Lancs.
Scottish Parachute Club, T. Dickson,
Glenrothes Airfield, 2 Marchburn Drive,
Fife, Scotland. Penicuik, Midlothian.
North Star Parachute Club, G. E. Russell,
Kirton Lindsey, Lincs. 47 Swinley Gardens,
Denton Burn, Newcastle 5.

2 *Service Association* (open to Service personnel only)

Army Parachute Association Major G. B. Hill,
(for details of Military P.C.A.U.,
Clubs) R.A.F., Abingdon,
Berkshire.
Royal Air Force Parachute Association Flt/Lt. J. Robinson,
(for details of R.A.F. 36 Oakfield Road,
Clubs) Blackwater,
Nr. Camberley, Surrey.
Royal Marine Sport Parachute Club Capt. J. N. A. Goldsworthy,
R.M. Sports Parachute Club,
I.T.C., Royal Marines,
Lymington, Devon.
Exmouth, Devon.

3 *Service and Civilian Clubs*

Cyprus Combined Services Club A. V. Hill,
British High Commission,
Nicosia, Cyprus.
Joint Services Sport Parachute Association Captain Ransley,
95 Cdo Lt. Regt, RA,
Singapore. Nee Soon,
C/o G.P.O. Singapore.

Relatively Speaking

by Dave Waterman

Well folks, at last we've been recognised and indeed honoured by "The Establishment." Two M.B.E.'s no less. I only hope the Beatles don't return theirs in protest.

Our worthy Chairman Gerry Turnbull I'm told has left the RAF and is now on the Board of G.Q. Parachute Company. No doubt he's about to start a "Back Britain" campaign within the BPA. "Buy the Dominator" instead of the "P.C."

Unfortunately my plan for a consumer guide to display teams will have to be left for another issue, due, I am ashamed to say, to my leaving the writing of this article to the last minute (as usual), with no time for research, so perhaps display team secretaries can furnish me with such details as: — charges, type of display, aircraft and number of men, etc.

In case any hawk-eyed parachutist had noticed anything peculiar about the picture the *Daily Mail* used of the Green Jacket Father Christmases, just for the record you were right. Sean Friel and John Beard appeared twice on the same picture. How to get sixty seconds from a thirty second delay. In fact at one stage the *Mail* Art Desk got so carried away with putting extra free falling Santas in the picture it looked like Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour. I've heard of journalistic license but this is ridiculous.

It appears that the only DZ in the British Isles where one can be sure of a jump (providing the weather is okay) is Thrupton, and that's in danger of closing as it is the intention of the owners to build a motor racing circuit. And what are we as a body (BPA I mean) doing about it?

Perhaps when the nearest DZ we can be sure of a jump is Lille or Chalôn we may wake up. I thought we had some friends in high places. Some may prefer to see the only jump centres available to be Weston and Netheravon. Most do not. I am told, perhaps incorrectly, we haven't even got our name down at the Department of Government which deals with the re-allocating of airfields etc. after the M.O.D. have finished with them.

One of the main reasons holding up the plans for a National Jump Centre is, of course, lack of cash. Perhaps if we managed to get the law governing air advertising changed or bent, industry and commerce may be happy to put Daz, Coco Cola, or Drinkapinta on our canopies. For a price of course.

It is possible for a keen parachutist to get at least 150 jumps a year providing he gets up at the crack of dawn etc. John Meacock is a prime example of this with over a thousand jumps within four or five years, which for a civilian is no mean feat. But recently I have found out one of the secrets of his success, a packing machine, a picture of which I hope will appear in this issue.

Planning your summer holidays? How about going to the World Championships in Austria and supporting the British Team. See you there.



A three-man link over Thrupton: John Beard, John Harrison and Dave Bennett. Neville Hounsome just below.

Opposite page

A fish eye view as Mike Pascoe of the Green Jackets exits over Thrupton.

Photographs by Dave Waterman



How not to do it

Dear Sir,

In answer to your request in the last issue of "Sport Parachutist" for editorial matter, I am enclosing a sequence of three photographs which you may consider to be of interest to the readers.

I feel that this sequence of shots illustrates very well how not to do it and could be of some value to beginners in as much as it can be clearly seen what can happen if a good exit position is not obtained. The third picture below shows an excellent position from which to get a B.P.!

I would hate to admit who the chap in the photographs is, but I can tell you they were taken by John Cole over Blackbushe about last July. Deployment is by static line.

I trust these photographs will be of help to you in producing the next issue of your excellent magazine.

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD MISKIN
(B.P.A. No. 2572)





Anglo-American Tandem — Captain James R. Daniel of the “Golden Knights”, the U.S. Army Parachute Team and Private Graeme Cathro of the “Red Devils”, the British Parachute Regiment Free-Fall Team, fall side-by-side 10,000 feet over Ft. Bragg, N.C. (U.S. Army Photo)

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Club News

British Parachute Club

What with bad weather, lack of aircraft, and so many other things, jumping has been at a minimum for the past couple of months. During this period we were trying to run a first jump course of twenty-two students. It was only by the willingness and hard work of some "old timers" like Eric Mitchell, Trodger Green and Jim Basnett, plus the dogged patience of the students, that we were able to give the trainees at least one jump each.

The start of our troubles was the loss of the Rapide and, because of this, use of the D.Z., but at the end of the basic training British Skydiving came to our rescue by letting us join in their jumping sessions. Their co-operation earned the gratitude of us all.

Our Annual General Meeting will be held in February and, as usual, the agenda will include voting to decide who is to run the club. One healthy sign is the number of new members being nominated for places on the committee. A club's existence depends on those who do the mundane, time consuming, behind-the-scenes work, so the eagerness of our "youngsters" is really appreciated.

While on the subject of time consuming work, I should like to take the opportunity to give our thanks to Mike O'Brien. He has handled our accounts for three long years and is now retiring from this task to concentrate on instructing. He is handing over to Mike Hall. Knowing the amount of time and effort Mike O'Brien has put in on this, I would like to say a big thanks to him and good luck to Mike Hall.

Activity at Blackbushe

by Ron Manton

(Galt Action Airline Rapide in background.)



Scottish Parachute Club News

Due to the usual deterioration of the weather at this time of year, little has been happening as far as club jumping is concerned.

On the social side, a successful Dinner was held after the A.G.M. in November, at the Wee Windaes, Edinburgh. The pilots who had flown for the Club during the 1967 season were the guests of honour. They included: Ian Cooper of Edinburgh Flying Club, F/Lt. Chas Morgan, R.A.F. Leuchars and Stewart Russell, a flying farmer. Sir Fitzroy Maclean and Andrew Roberts of Strathair were, unfortunately, not able to attend.

Although Club activity is slack, the committee is now fully engaged in preparing for the Scottish Invitational Parachute Championships, 1968.

The meet, the sixth of its kind, is to be held again at H.M.S. Condor, Abroath from July 13th to 20th, 1968.

The entry fee is £21 per competitor, which includes food and accommodation for the period of the meet, two practice and six competition descents, and the final dinner. Each competitor will also receive a souvenir of the Championships.

The main prizes are the Chandy Trophy which goes to the top individual, and the Chandy Bowl for the team winners. The Chandy Bottling Company is contributing a substantial donation towards the cost of running the Championships and further donations will be sought towards the purchase of new canopies for the Scottish Team.

In contrast to previous years, all the events will be run as team events. This does not preclude individuals from entering, but they will be expected to form teams among themselves prior to the start of the competition.

The events will comprise:

1. Two practice descents per team.
2. Two accuracy descents from 1,000m.
3. Two accuracy descents from 1,500m.
4. One accuracy plus smoke-bombing descent from 600m.
5. One team demonstration descent from 1,500 to 2,500m.

The jumping for the smoke-bombing event will be run in team order, but with individual passes per team member. This demanding event involves an immediate opening, a run over a subsidiary target on to which the smoke candle is dropped, followed by a precision landing on the main target by the jumper, with the results of both counting towards the total score.

Lyle Cameron of Skydiver, and Lowell Bachman of Paragear are both hoping to be back again. Peter Rayner will once more act as Chief Judge.

The aircraft, at time of writing, is expected to be Strathair's D.H. Dove, which will carry three teams of three per lift.

Encouraging responses to our first letters have been received from the U.S. 7th Army Parachute Team, the U.S.A.F. Blue Masters and from Daniel Walraevens on behalf of the Belgians. Letters have been sent to Austria, Switzerland, Finland, Norway, Holland, Turkey and to the Canadian Army in Europe.

There were 45 competitors in 1966, so 1968 may well see the number up to sixty.

On the home front, the S.P.C. intends to enter two teams, and it is hoped that some of the English civilian clubs will enter for the first time. The Parachute Regiment is unlikely to enter because of display commitments, and it is not yet known whether the R.A.F. or S.A.S. are going to participate.

Enquiries and requests for entry forms should be made to Tom Dickson, 2 Marchburn Drive, Penicuik, Midlothian, Scotland. Tel. No. Loanburn 3105.

FOOTNOTE: Club Office bearers for 1968 are: Chairman: Tom Dickson, Secretary: Gordon Fernie, Treasurer: Jim Liddle.

8 Harrow Way,
Andover,
Hants.

The Manchester SkyDivers Sport Parachute Club

The Manchester Skydivers and the South Staffs Skydivers have now merged their interests, but not their identities, in running Halfpenny Green as a joint D.Z., with expenses shared on a 50/50 basis.

It will be known as the Midland Parachute Centre and will be run by a joint committee from the two clubs. We have excellent facilities; clubroom and bunkhouse, we have use of the bar and buffet of the Halfpenny Green Flying Club, with whom we are on excellent terms.

There is jumping every Sunday from the Rapide owned by Bill Downs and we hope to have jumping on Saturdays also, if the demand justifies this. Visitors are welcome on a 10s. per day basis, or alternatively they can join either club for the normal subscription rates we charge our members, approx. £6 p.a.

Our first jump day of the New Year took place on January 21st, and with some pretty smart D.Z. marshalling we got the price of some of the jumps down to 18s. 6d. each. The Rapide has just undergone its C. of A., it goes like a jet and has even come back fitted with wall to wall carpeting, thanks Bill!

The long awaited skydivers tie is now available. It is maroon terylene, with a multi-coloured motif, (see advert this issue of S.P.) and is selling like a bomb.

We have started work on the redecorating of our club premises in Manchester, prior to another round of social activities. During the course of the work, one of our parachuting aces was observed clinging to a ladder for dear life only ten feet from the ground; he was obviously scared of the height!!

Yesterday (January 28th) at Halfpenny Green, we had another good day's jumping, eight lifts up, despite a poor turnout, with Albert Cooper and Roger Forbes managing a link up of the "Hello-Goodbye" variety. (Albert's description this). Albert is now regularly cracking in five jumps per session and must surely become our first home-grown instructor.

Morale within the club is high and now that we have made our home at Halfpenny Green we are looking forward to 1968 being our best year yet.

JOHN COOKE,
Secretary.

Midland Parachute Centre

The Midland Parachute Centre has recently been formed by the Manchester Sky-divers and the South Staffs Sky-divers in order to combine some of the interests of the two Clubs.

The Centre consists of a Committee only, made up of the following people:

| | | |
|----------------|---|--|
| G. Webster | } | Chairman and Halfpenny Green Flying Club Representative. |
| J. K. Forsdyke | | |
| S. Talbot | } | South Staffs Sky-divers. |
| J. Cooke | | |
| J. Partridge | } | Manchester Sky-divers. |
| | | |

Parachutists who are not members of either Manchester or South Staffs will be asked for a 10/- week-end membership fee, payable to the Midland Centre.

The formation of the Centre will not materially affect parachuting at Halfpenny Green except that it should be better organised. Please note that jumping takes place every Sunday and try to arrive early so that there is not a mad scramble for the last two lifts in the evening. Parachuting on Saturday or mid-week by arrangement with the Chairman, telephone Hagley 3993.

Please note that the two Clubs have not merged, and continue as entirely separate entities.

Royal Marines Sport Parachute Club

The Royal Marine Sport Parachute Club has been operating from the Westward Aviation airfield at Dunkeswell, near Honiton in Devon. During the 1967 season 200 descents were made on this field, which does not compare with some other centres, but it was a fair start. It is hoped that this year with an increased membership and better publicity the activities at Dunkeswell will thrive.

The main problem at the moment is the lack of a resident aircraft. If we manage to get a local plane at the airfield there will be jumping each week-end throughout the summer, with occasional competitions for all standards of jumpers. Last year a small Meet was held during which 89 descents were made by 20 competitors. This year we plan to have small novice competitions once a month to encourage beginners to become competition conscious. Towards the end of the year we will be holding the Corps Meet which will include events for all standards of competitor.

Membership of the Club is not limited to the Royal Marines and the Royal Navy. Any member of a bona fide parachute club is welcome to come and jump with the RMSPC at Dunkeswell. Jumpers who do not belong to any other Club are also welcome, but must enrol with the RMSPC; this costs 30/- per annum.

At the moment there are three Instructors at Dunkeswell, of which at least one will be available to take classes each week-end. Prospective jumpers who want to start off with week-end training should write to the Honorary Secretary, Royal Marines Sport Parachute Club, Infantry Training Centre, Royal Marines, Lympstone, Devon, for details.

Although the aim of the RMSPC is to promote Sport Parachuting in the Naval Service, we are still glad to see visitors and to help them to get good jumping. By courtesy of Westward Aviation Ltd. we have managed to arrange some enjoyable week-end jumping and hope that in 1968 we will be in a position to improve and increase our facilities for west country jumpers.

J. GOLDSWORTHY
Captain, Royal Marines
Honorary Secretary
Royal Marines Sport Parachute Club

Cyprus News

We have been pretty busy in Cyprus during the late summer and autumn, culminating in a week's course and our first Novices Contest. The jump-pit was finished in August, thirty metres in diameter and eighteen inches deep. It had a bank around it about two feet high, but the Royal Engineers came up trumps again and the bank was removed almost two weeks ago. For two days it looked immaculate and then we had a freak hail storm which left it looking like a sand bank in the middle of a swamp. However, once the rains had gone it looked as if just a little minor damage had been done and so all was well again.

The club house and the packing room have been completely redecorated, a very posh bar has been installed and "discotec" lighting (to quote Mort of the Y and Ls). The new set up is an office, a locker room, and a lounge bar. As time goes on the lounge will be made "smoover and smoover" with photograph boards and carpets. Reg Ruston has painted a very nice club sign which now adorns the wall next to the front door and we should have a Mickey Mouse Inn sign up fairly soon. We have a beautiful blonde blue-eyed barmaid called Jackie Sparkes, who is very efficient.

It is now nearly a year since we started up again and one can judge the progress of the club over the past twelve months. The final figures are not yet established but we have worked out some accurate estimates. The club has logged six hundred odd descents since the Dhekalia days of November last year and over seventy people have jumped with us as members or visitors. Since May this year fifty-five persons have joined the club and by subtracting the experienced members we deduce a figure of nearly fifty first-jump students, including Robin and Diana Adair (the Deputy High Commissioner and his wife) and Sandy Bottrell the Station Warrant Officer's daughter at RAF Nicosia. A week ago we ran a course for the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment which was quite successful, almost 100 descents made, and from which we learned a lot.

The accommodation has increased from nothing to our present buildings, the Flying Club now have a jump aircraft, and we also have a thirty metre pit. The equipment in the club has risen from four main parachutes and four reserves to over twenty main parachutes and fourteen reserves, not counting private equipment. The club has come a long way and much of it is due to our retiring Chairman, Colonel Stephen Clarke. It is now up to us to keep the momentum going.

On Sunday the 29th October we held our first organised competition, a novices "Hit and Run" which was judged by Jan Sparkes and myself. There were twenty-two entries, which was very encouraging, and the event was one jump from two thousand to three thousand feet, the complete beginners being spotted by Jan Sparkes. Len Walton won with a four metre landing and a time of ten seconds from feet down to harness off—foot on the disc. Geoff Ellis was second and Roger Bingham third. This was a splendid effort for these two because they have only been jumping four months, Geoff Ellis is on thirty second delays. The York and Lancaster Regiment should have a good little team for Parashoot next year. Corporal Morton (Mort) must be mentioned, he landed very close but took too long to get his kit off. What a sight—on his hands and knees struggling with his reserve saying "I'm gonna lose—I'm

gonna lose—I'm gonna lose!" We had one casualty, Reg Ruston who broke a leg swinging in to hook into the pit—Reg missed. It's a clean break so he should be O.K. soon, but no more legs-wide landings I hope.

The Adairs then did their jumps, both very good indeed, and what a finish to a tour in Cyprus. They are off to Brunei where he is the new British High Commissioner. Congratulations and all the best, you have done a lot for us and we will not forget you.

The climax of the day was to be an attempt at the Cyprus high altitude record, which we believe Doug Peacock holds at thirteen thousand one hundred feet. (We believe that Jan and I made the first link-up in Cyprus on the 22nd October—is this correct?). The plan was for Bert Poulten to take Jan, Bruce Burman (a visitor from Bahrain) and myself up to about five thousand. Bruce would then jump and Jan and I would go up to a record height. We had just taken off and were climbing away from the field at sixteen hundred feet when Bert said that the aircraft was on fire! I looked round and immediately saw flames licking around his feet. Jan yelled at Bruce to get out—by this time Bert had shut off the fuel and the power so we were obviously losing height rather quickly but Bruce was stuck with his pack wedged. Jan got hold of his shoulders and helped him free himself and he finally went at twelve hundred feet followed by Mr. Sparkes at one thousand feet, followed by Mr. Hill at nine hundred feet. I had to scramble up over the edge of the door (we were in a diving bank to starboard) and my reserve ripcord was pulled by the door or something. Bruce and Jan opened their mains, my reserve though had quite high twists. I got out of a few and then the "voice of Sparkes" told me to get my legs together and next thing I was rolling in the mud of a recently dried river bed.

Our first worry was for Bert, but it turned out that after a very fine piece of airmanship he had put the fire out and landed safely by a main road. He rolled to a halt, passing under some telephone lines in the process, thirty yards from astonished motorists. The RAF picked us up in a Wessex and thus saved us a long walk back. (We laid Jan out on the stretcher inside the Wessex and then covered his face with his helmet but we thought better of it before his wife caught him fooling around!) It was very nice to see the way people enquired if we were O.K. including Mr. Xenopoulos, the Director of Cyprus Civil Aviation, who very kindly drove Bert Poulten back to the airport. Need we say it—the party was great!

To date I am the only person who has used a reserve this year, and under the circumstances I think we can be quite pleased with our safety record. Most of our injuries have been broken toes, about four cases altogether. We are in the process of using a new soft DZ for beginners just off the airfield which will solve this problem to a large extent. The latest development is that we now have a Club President, A.V.M. Ronald Knott, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., of H.Q. NEAF. The whole club was very honoured when he agreed to take on the job and we look forward to a very successful year ahead. Ron Griffiths and Stuart Cameron are due out here this month, two very welcome additions. Early next year we intend to run a Cyprus Championships, Individual Accuracy and Team Accuracy. We would like to invite teams from abroad and Lyle Cameron has told us that he would try and get over to help with the judging. We will try and time it to

coincide with the visit of Don Hughes. We have some very good pilots now, Spyros Christofides, Elefteris Iounou, and Squadron Leader Max Kelly has a go now and again. Bert is due home shortly and will be missed by all of us over here.

ADRIAN HILL.

Malawi Rifles Parachute Club

The New Year has started off well. With the exception of one, all our members have returned to the fold and in addition we have had three girls from Zomba—Sue Tayles (Nottingham), Sue St. John (now of Guernsey) and Irene Murray (Ireland) join the Club. They have all started ground training and by the time you read this should be on free-fall. In addition to bringing in some new male members, they have also brightened the Club surroundings with their vivid coloured jump-suits. No one has, however, yet turned up with a “flower power” suit, although one did threaten to come in a red, white and blue striped suit.

One of our number, Tim Arnott, is off this weekend for leave in the U.K. and is hoping to include a visit to Netheravon and Thruxton in his itinerary before going on to Chalôn. We hope that you receive him well and bring him up to date with all the latest developments in free-falling.

We have two more General Permit holders who have completed since 6th August, 1967, a total of 54 and 41 jumps respectively (it's now 17th January, 1968). To do this they have both travelled over 100 miles each way to get to the Club, and most of the way has been on dirt track. Keeness indeed!

Our membership is approaching the 40 mark and still growing. We hope to be able to put two teams into the Rhodesian Championships being held at Borrowdale Racecourse, Salisbury. Although we haven't had anyone yet from the neighbouring countries come to jump with us, we think we shall be able to give them a run for their money.

On 4th January, the Club's Chief Instructor, Ingrid Price, and assisted by Brian Pook, gave a talk at the Blantyre Rotary Club Luncheon which went down extremely well. Great interest was shown in all they had to tell them, together with all the kit which was shown to them. We hope that we won't find it too difficult to obtain sponsors in the near future.

We are still experiencing difficulty in obtaining kit, but later this month a new source of supply will become available to us when a factory in Johannesburg called PISA (Parachute Industry of South Africa) opens production. They are, I believe, an offshoot of Parachute Incorporated of the U.S.A. Their Technical Director, Rod Murphy, a very experienced jumper and at present Chief Instructor of the Skydiving Centre of South Africa, has promised to help us as much as possible. The SASC also produce a monthly magazine which can be obtained free of charge, worldwide, to anyone who is interested enough to drop them a postcard. The address is:

Skydiver,
Southern Africa,
P.O. Box 4758,
Johannesburg,
Republic of South Africa.

On 28th October last we held a Club Dance and Raffle which was very well attended. We had obtained through

sheer blarney over 70 prizes from local firms and businesses. These ranged from a return flight to Salisbury for three, to a set of backscratchers (his and hers). We made a profit of about £200 for Club Funds and brought the Club to the notice of the local population. Unfortunately, we delayed buying the kit for a couple of weeks and were hit by devaluation!

The South African Skydiving Centre is currently arranging an “Adriatic” Style Competition from 4th—11th May, 1968 (inclusive) in San Martino, Portuguese East Africa. Entrance fee is in the region of Rand 30 (approximately £17). This includes accommodation, three meals per day, and jumping. Fun jumps will also be available at a very reasonable cost. Eight days of skydiving, skindiving, sunbathing and sipping—should be a good thing and a change from the usual haunts should any of the rich skydivers want to come this way.

On 13th January, 1968, we had a flying visit from the Editor of “Wings over Africa.” Unfortunately, it was all too brief, otherwise we may have talked him into letting us use his tri-pacer. He was most interested in what he saw and we look forward to seeing him again in the not-too-distant future.

We note with interest that Helen Flambert may be coming out to this part of the world, and look forward to seeing her in Malawi. As it's only about 1,500 miles away, we should be seeing something of her, especially as she has iron wings now.

Must close now as it's time for a nice cold drink—temperature at the moment is around 86 degrees in the shade. Hope Thruxton and Netheravon are not too frozen for jumping. Best wishes from all of us here in Central Africa, and good jumping.

GORDON PRICE,
Secretary.

The Cape Parachute Club

Since the beginning of “Sport Parachutist” I don't remember seeing any news from South Africa, so I hope you can find the time and space to print this article on our Club.

The Cape Parachute Club consists of 26 members of whom half a dozen are really active. Of these, three of us are “D” licence holders, South African regulations requiring 150 jumps. Compared with U.K. standards I suppose you could call us by that famous Ron Griffiths expression, “Mickey Mouse,” due to lack of experience—not enthusiasm. Most experienced jumper is our Chief Instructor, Hilton Pretorius (190 jumps), followed by two close seconds, myself and Nigel Johnson with about 170 each.

There's stacks of gear in the Club—P.C.'s, Piggy Backs, etc., which we've acquired from displays and so on. The Club D.Z. is Youngsfield, five miles out of Cape Town, and we have at our disposal a Cessna 172, 180 and a Cherokee Six (each at £7 per hour). So there's no problem with aircraft or pilots, who tell us they get a tremendous kick out of dropping us (wonder why?!).

We pay £14 per annum membership to become a member of the Cape Aero Club (this is compulsory), then a further £1 for parachuting.

We have a great little Organisation here, and, to beat it all, the Aero Club sports a swimming pool which I must confess is a big distraction to our jumping on a hot day.

So you see, we have everything one can wish for jumpwise—other than experienced jumpers. If any of you wanderers care for a trip down south, I can assure you you will be most welcome.

We, here in Cape Town, wish all of you in the U.K. all the best for 1968, and good jumping.

Yours faithfully,

H. FERGUSSON.
Youngsfield,
Cape Town,
South Africa.

Joint Services Sport Parachute Association, Singapore

Our accuracy championships was held on 4th, 5th and 6th August, 1967. This consisted of three events—senior, novices and team in which there were 14, 20 and 6 entries. First in each class respectively were Lt. Richard Worsley of 42 Cdo. Bty., L/Cpl. Snowball of 40 Cdo. RM. and the Four Winds Club team from Malacca. The closest jump of the event was by Gnr. Rose of 95 Cdo. Lt. Regt. RA., with a distance of 4 feet. Before readers rush to put pen to paper, the DZ is extremely hard, the only two attempts at competition type landings finished up with chipped ankle bones.

We were pleased to have Don Hughes and Bob Card from Netheravon with us for three weeks during October and November. The memories of one or two ever so slightly alcoholic animal runs will probably remain longer than the parachuting memories. Oh! for a capacity like Don's. It's not that I'm one for gossip but I did hear that Bob took Don on a few tours of his old stamping grounds—whatever that means!

During November we had several good days parachuting at H.M.S. Simbang. This is always welcome as it is literally on our doorstep. I have to drive one mile across the airfield to the control tower from my office—what more could one wish for. A couple of quick jumps before breakfast is an ideal way to start the day. All thanks are due to 14 Flt. AAC for Scout helicopters and 130 Flt. RCT for Beavers.

December brought absolutely foul weather with floods all over Singapore and Malaysia and drastically reduced parachuting activity, but on looking back we had a reasonable year. 115 members and 109 visitors made 1,915 descents. Over three-quarters of these were made by members, nine of whom made over fifty descents. Ninety beginners were trained from scratch, all of whom made descents, three of them included in the nine who made over fifty.

The new year has brought no change in the weather so we are all looking forward to the change of wind direction that will see the end of the NE monsoons. For those that have used the Kluang DZ, the opening point will then be the swimming pool instead of the dreaded green-roofed house.

P.S. I trust that by now, Tony Oliver and his good lady, Carol, will have received thanks and apologies from everyone for the excellent party they threw for club members some time during the Christmas period. Certain members can only remember that they woke up in the right bed the morning after. What did Tony put in those drinks?

Overheard on the DZ

Instructor: What the hell do you think you were doing?

Jumper: Well, I looked at the windsock but didn't believe it.

World Championships 1968

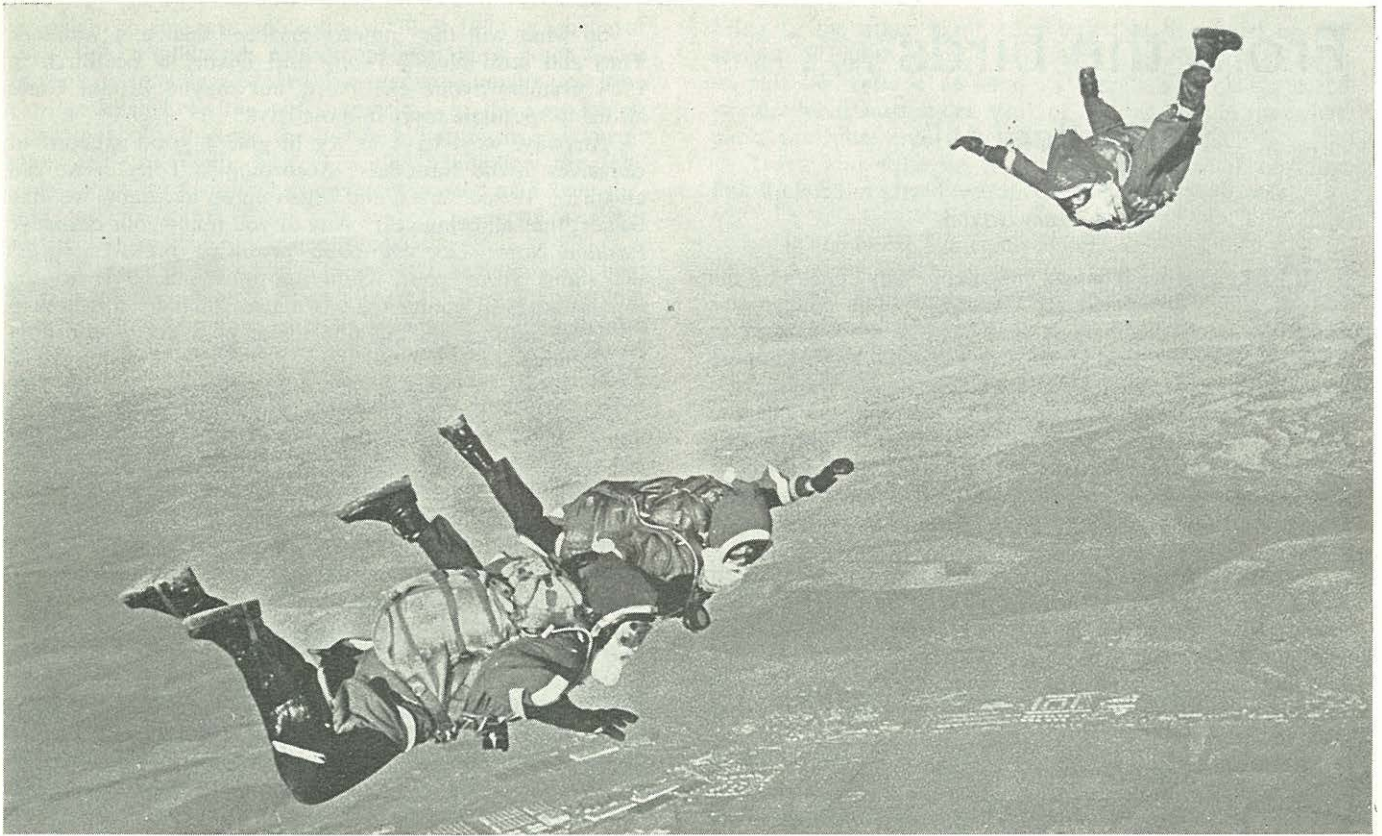
The World Parachuting Championships 1968 will be held in Graz (Austria) in August.

It will cost £800 to cover the basic necessities of sending a men's team of six and two officials, without any training costs.

Will you help?

If every member would give half the cost of one jump, we could train and send a team with a real chance of getting in the first three.

Contributions marked "World Championships" should be sent to the Secretary-General, and will be acknowledged.



Three Free-Falling Santas.



Neville Hounsome hogging the camera on a Santa Claus jump. John Beard, John Harrison and Sean Friel in background. Note Hounsome's beard!

Photo by Charles Shea-Simonds with Nikon F helmet mounted 1/500 @ f8 on HP4.

From the birds . . .

Periphery talk

by Tracy Rixon

It looks as if we'll have a few more "lady" G.P.'s by the end of this season! Sylvia Cassidy of The Manchester Skydivers is chasing hers at present. She spent a week in Lille last Summer, and if she can get some more jumping in there this year, we may even see her at the Nationals.

Then there's Netheravon's protégée, Barbara (Barrie) Martin. Has fifty jumps, and now owns Angela Cole's gold/green 1.6. Did her training under the watchful eye of Don Hughes, but hasn't jumped much since Netheravon closed for Winter. Plans to jump abroad this year, Cyprus, I think.

Others that seem keen are Susi Harbour, Sue Hackett and Greta from Thruxton, Anita Partridge—Manchester, and Frankie Forletti—Blackbushe. Hope they'll all stick with us, the sooner we get a reasonable amount of girls jumping regularly, the better. Perhaps then the British Women's Nationals will cease to be the joke that it has been in the past!

I noticed pinned on the wall of the South Staffs' Clubroom a dozen photos of their one-time women members, not one of whom still jumps in England. Where have all your jumpgirls gone?

By the way, if anyone is thinking of visiting Halfpenny Green, take my advice, don't wear blue denims. I got myself banned from their aeroclub for doing just that! I wouldn't have minded, but Gerry, who also wore jeans, was allowed in just because hers were a lighter blue and made from cotton. The mind boggles!

Gerry and I met a certain ace photographer at Thruxton recently, and decided it was high time we had a free-fall picture of our relative work. Eagerly we bundled a protesting Charles Shea-Simmonds into the Rapide (making sure he had his camera with him). Then with our lipstick on, and goggles off, up we went! Sad to say, we were more keen than capable, and our "amazing" link-up never materialised. Poor old Shea-Simmonds didn't get one decent shot. He hadn't even wanted to jump with his camera that day, but we'd talked him into it. Sorry about that Charles. You shouldn't be so famous.

I spent a wet afternoon at Weston a few weeks ago, busily arguing with Tony Charlton about the possibility of a women's team being sent to this year's world meet. Tony is convinced we won't be going. To quote his own words, "Because you haven't a hope in Hell of beating the Russian women!"

Be reasonable, Tony. Has anyone a "hope in Hell" of beating the Russian women? If other countries thought this, the world event would become just a private feud between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.! Okay, everyone knows us British girls just aren't up to world standard, and judging by the American women, we'd need a whole lot of training before we're anywhere near it! But can they afford to leave us behind? Whatever scoring the women get (no matter how low) it will be added to the men's score for final placings.

So what will the "powers that be" decide, I wonder? They did send Helen, Penny and Diane to Leutkirch in 1964 even with one girl short; but maybe Britain could afford to speculate more in those days!

Anyway, we'll have to try to give a good account of ourselves in the Nationals. According to Tony, if we can all turn a 10 sec. series, and brush up on accuracy, we may be sent the following year. Any of you fancy your chances?

Fashion Note: Do you have problems removing grass stains from your white jumpsuit? Send it to the laundry—it comes back two sizes smaller, zips broken and buttons off, but not a sign of a grass stain anywhere!

by Penny Seeger

Female Parachuting Progress apart, I can see one very good reason why it is essential that a lot more girls listen to the delightful and persuasive talk of Gerry King and Tracy Rixon in the Christmas edition of "Sport Parachutist"—and that is, if they don't and there are not a few more girl participants soon, the writing of this "From the Birds" article is going to come round far too often. Not only is my literary muse going to become severely strained, it's going to be completely exhausted, so much so that even the writing out of the weekly shopping list will be beyond my capability.

David Pierson has obviously great subtlety. The effect of this column will be twofold. First there will be the open advertising effect, which may or may not bring in more girls, but secondly there will be the under-the-surface personal recruiting effect which almost certainly will. Still anything goes when the solution is desperate.

Leaving this article to the last minute, as one always does, it so happened that I was scratching around for inspiration when the *Daily Telegraph* article came out about the world championships in Austria. No mention was made of a women's team. I got inspiration at once!

Yes, I know we British girls are pretty average rubbish (although we were not last in the '64 championships) but without official encouragement, assistance and coaching we can never be anything else. It's all very well, but there is nothing like experience and training to raise one's personal standard and nothing like a bit of glamour and glory to draw in a few more contenders. Without in any way begrudging the British men's team their success and support, I think that it is fair to point out that quite a lot of it was due to subsidised jumping—and fair enough too (some had to work hard and make considerable sacrifices—like joining the British Army!) but why shouldn't some of this support come the way of the females?

Either Britain is going to enter the arena of world sport parachuting or she isn't. There is no real half measure. A full effort means having a women's team. All right, one day she'll be in a position to do this but the longer this is delayed the wider will become the gap in parachuting standards between the two sexes.

Unless you have a private income and no working commitments, it takes several years or more to mass the jumps and experience necessary for top competition. It's going to cost an awful lot of Association money to lift a student

overnight to competition class in 1972 or 1974 or whenever the B.P.A. finally finds its national feet. How much better to start developing a pool of intermediate jumpers now who can, at least, keep the pot simmering—in the long run it might pay off. Perhaps the B.P.A. is putting in a women's team and the *Daily Telegraph* didn't mention the fact, even so my words aren't completely wasted as I keep getting the feeling that we are looked upon as a slight embarrassment and nuisance at times.

One final point while I'm on this female soap box. What's all this about a "man's sport?" Yes, I know lugging a 'chute around, especially closing it, is difficult and tiring, but so is carrying two screaming babies up and down the stairs or an hour long washing session of the day's nappies. For sheer graft, try cleaning a house out from top to botton. I tell you packing a 'chute is a relaxation. Now if we were talking about the winter ascent of the north face of the Eiger, I'd understand, but parachuting is a sunshine sports let's face it—thank God!

by Gerry King

There is nothing more depressing than to sit on a frozen airfield watching the wind sock exert itself, kidding yourself maybe a "warm front" will suddenly move in. Times are hard everywhere at the moment. Flu has attacked the Thruxton crowd, and Blackbushe and Weston have their usual winter troubles. The snow drove some of the Manchester Skydivers down from the north for a weekend's jumping at Thruxton. It was good to see you all again. We hope to make some more trips up your way in the summer!

As the jumping was cancelled a few weeks ago, we decided to go "punting down the river." I quite agree with Mick Turner that Sherdy Vatnsdal is the world's worst swimmer! Brother Bob was doing so well with the punt pole that Sherdy couldn't resist having a go. He was getting quite proficient, until (you've guessed) the punt pole got stuck on the bottom. Sherdy disappeared over the edge of the boat, but before hitting the water had completed a 360 degree turn and was tracking back towards us. Not bad on a four foot delay! Alas! He fell two feet short! Sherdy was back in the boat before Bob had got the lens cover off his camera. How's that for quick reactions! Meanwhile Pat Slattery was having hysterics in the bottom of the boat. We've since decided that table tennis is safer.

I was down at Thruxton the other day but unfortunately couldn't jump as my arm was in a sling. (That's what comes of doing gymnastics to "keep fit" for jumping). Thruxton has a new attraction. Sue Hackett. Sorry fellers, I believe she's already spoken for!

Another girl student there is Susi Harbour. That day, she took a hard landing and knocked herself out. The jump before, she had a reserve opening, due to a hard pull. At the risk of the boys' saying "dumb girls" etc., (we get used to it anyway!) I would like to raise this point.

I don't think some men appreciate just how little strength girls have (I won't use the word "weak"). There are at least six girls in England I could name (including myself) who have had reserve openings on early free-fall for the same reason as Susi. I know when you are more experienced this wouldn't happen as you'd automatically

bring in the other hand. But let's face it, a girl on her seventh or eighth jump is still a little apprehensive so tends to pull her reserve as soon as there's any resistance. I wonder what Instructors think of making certain that girls' packs are loose enough to ensure an easy pull?

Tracy and I hoped to produce a photo of our first link-up but I'm afraid we failed miserably! Sulk, sulk. . . .

When North Winds do blow,
And we shall have snow,
What will jumpers do then, poor things?
We'll sit in the George,
And do nothing but gorge,
And talk about jumping till Spring. Ho! Ho!

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Guernsey, Channel Islands.

Potting parachutewise for the BPA

by Margaret St. John (née De La Salle)

The De La Salle Studio Pottery came into being when, having spent many weekends idling on draughty airfields whilst my better half cavorted about the skies, I decided to combine business with pleasure.

As a lecturer and teacher of ceramics, I set to work in my spare time, renting a small studio to which I hastened nightly bearing scavenged copies of "Sport Parachutist" and skydiver magazines. These I avidly read and sketched from.

My first sales were effected within the British Parachute Club by way of pestering certain members until they either took pity on me and ordered, or agreed to buy out of exasperation. Happily as the style and quality of the pottery improved, I did not need to resort to such desperate measures!

Since that date the pottery has been exported to many different countries and is particularly popular with the Americans. Strangely enough the overseas customers rarely want a badge engraved, they prefer figures in relative work, Baton passes, hook-ups, etc.

Here follows an account of the making of the B.P.A. pottery:—

When the pottery has been thrown (formed) on the wheel, it is cut free with a thin wire and left to dry for several hours. It is then upended and the bottom trimmed. In the case of a tankard the base is tapped in with the knuckles to form a slight concave. At this time too, the handle is made by smoothing a wedge-shaped piece of clay



with the fingers; this is known as "pulling", and is similar in action to milking a cow!

After an hour or so, the handle is sufficiently dry to be carefully pressed and blended into the side of the tankard neatened and sponged smooth. The thumb rest is made, as its name suggests, with the thumb, which is pressed into a sphere of clay and drawn backwards, the resultant shape being blended into the top of the handle to add both interest and comfort in use.

The next stage is to put a coat of white clay, referred to as "slip", over the pottery. The ashtrays receive three spoonfuls of this very watery clay, the excess being poured quickly out to avoid oversaturation and consequent cracking. The tankards, which require a large patch of slip on their fronts, are carefully dipped into it and turned slightly. All pots are left to dry for two to three weeks with several checks being made on them at intervals.

The popular B.P.A. pendants are cut from a sheet of rolled out clay and slipped; they are then placed on a board to harden.

Whilst the pots are drying they are taken individually and the design sketched on to the white slipped surface with pencil. With an engraving tool the white clay is scratched away to reveal the brown body underneath, forming a distinct and bold design. This engraving or incising calls for much care, for at any time the pressure of one's hand could cause the dry clay to crack and the pot to be discarded. As each pottery order is an individual piece

of work, anything can be engraved, providing reference is sent for the more unusual requests.

My husband is terribly critical, often causing me to discard finished work because, as he puts it, "The free fall position is a bit off." It seems that I can't get away with "artistic licence" when dealing with parachutists!

When the pots are bone dry, they are packed in the kiln to undergo their first firing, to a temperature of 980°C.

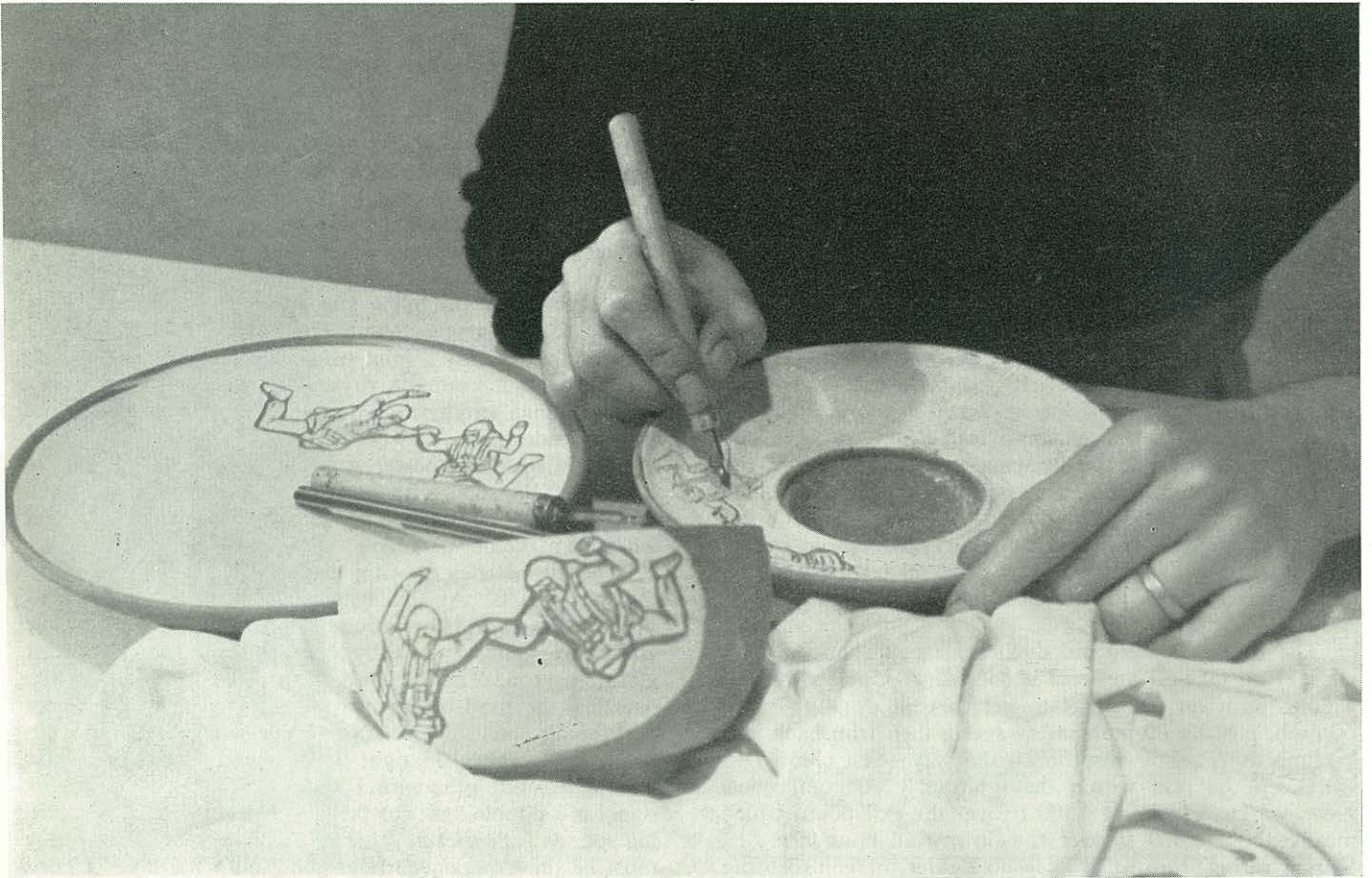
They are taken from the kiln when cool and checked for faults, then all being well, the tankards are glazed white inside and dipped in transparent outside; the ashtrays and pendants are dipped in the transparent glaze also.

In the second firing, the pots reach a temperature of 1,120° centigrade, which fuses a coat of glass over and into the body of the pot; rendering it watertight and hygienic. This firing takes seven hours and the previous firing six hours approximately; once the firing has been completed it is necessary to leave the kiln for eighteen to twenty hours to cool down, before opening.

The finished work is glossy and very hard wearing, in fact it will last a lifetime. The tankards take both hot and cold drinks, and the ashtrays withstand the efforts of the most hardened smoker, looking like new after a rinse.

A recent addition to the range of pottery is a large breakfast cup, saucer and plate set—man size—engraved with a parachutist on each item. These can be obtained through the B.P.A. at £2 10s. 6d. per set.

Well, wives and girlfriends, don't forget to place your orders with the B.P.A., you couldn't buy a more welcome gift for that parachute-crazed man in your life—really!



The Pilot's Viewpoint

by Hugh Scanlan

Remarkable fellows, these free-fallers. They talk a language and use techniques far removed from aviating. I am so busy trying to fly the very accurate pattern they require that it is only by reading John Meacock's report that I know anything about sport parachuting at all.

The jumpers, for their part, look upon the aircraft as a necessary but slow-climbing skyhook—and they would never land in one for choice, with or without a parachute. Two years ago (another airfield, another club) I had an engine lose power at 700 feet. Ask the boys to sit tight, I told the Jumpmaster, and we'll go in and land. No sweat. "Not on your life", was the reply. "We're walking home." And they did.

The great factor in parachute flying is TIME. If you can shave a minute, two, three minutes off a trip, the jumpers will love you. Because they pay; the British Sky-Diving Club's Rapide is the most economical machine anywhere for this job, but all aircraft are expensive to operate and this one is costed out by the minute. So it's accurate speeds, accurate turns, and most difficult of all, accurate positioning over the airfield by visual reference, not to waste time on the run-in. "We want to be lined up over the black shed at 5,200 feet," they say, "but don't stop climbing for a second." Hell. And yet, curiously, with practice the knack eventually comes.

PROCEDURE

Here's how a typical trip, or lift, as the customers call it, goes. First the Jumpmaster briefs you with a vertical air photo of the airfield, the run-in track ruled in china-graph pencil on its perspex cover: target is there, at that intersection, and he wants each pass at about 20° to the main runway with the exit point there. It amounts to a series of ascending circuits, not far from the boundary and not too close.

A long stare to assimilate all this, then you turn away to contemplate eight toggled-up, fit looking spacemen, and squeeze painfully into the muzzle of the aircraft. They follow and sit in cheerful rows on the floor. A sad reflection—sky diving is an athletic sport, aviating is not. Master switch on, check fuel state: 10 gallons a side, must fuel after this lift. We never fill more than 20 gallons a side out of a possible 38, for best climb rate. "Can we have one pass at four-five" calls the Jumpmaster from his seat by the door, "one at eight, and then on up. Total airborne time not to be more than 25 minutes." So—the Scanlan computer is activated. Switches on, the Gipsy Queen in-line sixes start up with a ruffle and we drive off fast towards the active runway. Zero the time of flight clock, set the DI at 340°.

The Rapide, dainty old duchess, is coy about keeping straight on take-off and tact is necessary. Uncage the DI, a 50lb. push on the wheel to get the tail up; lift off at 60 mph, pick up 80 mph safety speed, then trim back into a climb at 75. Full throttle all the way—best climb IAS will keep the revs within the limiting 2,200 continuous. Now, we have to be at 4,500 ft over the exit point, which means about 3,800 ft over the downwind boundary . . . Start a rate 1. turn at 800 ft—no tighter, or control drag

will knock down the climb . . . slip needle dead centre, otherwise form drag will do ditto. Very sensitive to rudder, the Rapide. It's a swinging day, and we're over classical Hampshire country, but no time to admire it.

An unidentified roaring noise from the cabin. You crane your neck astern: rows of brightly coloured bonedomes and overalls, grinning faces. They're singing. Hell! We're downwind already, and not even 2,000 ft. on the clock yet—must extend my base leg a bit. It's important to turn into wind for the run-in so that you pick up the line at once, tracking exactly over the target far below and the exit point beyond it. A quick peer overside at the runway's end, round we go, straighten up when the DI shows zero. Coming through 3,600 ft.—that's about right. Now the ground has disappeared under the nose and you watch the signal lights above the ASI, concentrating on the panel to hold the aircraft dead level and climbing, climbing as hard as you can. I reckon a good third of every parachute lift could legitimately be logged as instrument time.

Five left! There goes a wink on the port-hand light. Yaw the DI round 5°, gently but instantly. Five left! Blast, I thought I'd picked up the line better than this. But the Jumpmaster is really flying the aircraft now, and he'll tell me where to go. Must be over the exit point now, surely?

SUPREME MOMENT

Cut! Both lights on together. This is the supreme moment, when you throttle right back and with both hands on the wheel ease the Rapide into a 70 mph glide. Any faster might upset the jumper climbing out on to the wing walk. As he does so, two things happen: first, the burbled airflow sets up quite a buffet through the control wheel, so you think the tailplane's coming adrift (it never does, however): secondly, the aft-shifting CG as the jumpers move rearwards to the door decays longitudinal stability slightly, with the result that you have to chase that 70 mph fairly firmly. It's always a pull at first to hit it, followed almost at once by an orderly duckdive as the speeds slides off towards the stall. A wing-drop with parachutists exiting would be most embarrassing.

Down she sinks, buffeting and pitching gently. Hold it right there. The discipline and order in the cabin is very apparent: a hoarse command is shouted, a slight reverse draught followed by a faint whooshing noise as if someone had emptied a crate of paper cups through the door—another—then another—as the Gipsy Queens go tick-a-tick and altitude sinks slowly off. Finally—"O-kaay!" and away you go at full power, juggling the long throttle levers to sync up the motors again. Drone harmoniously through a woolly layer of stratus, hoping it won't blanket the field when we make our next pass.

The altimeter is crawling past 9,500 ft as we start our third approach. At this height it's harder than ever to position the aircraft by ground reference, for the slate-grey airfield is almost vertically beneath us. There's a mist getting up too. The September sun pours into the cockpit, dazzling the matt-black instrument panel with long bars and the air smells colder. Now it's a real sweat to pick up the line. I get a 10° right heading correction soon after turning in, but otherwise I must be lucky, for the next signal is a double light for the cut—the orders and whooshing sounds follow each other more quickly this time, these must be the experienced boys going out. I still get a faint

shock when, after waiting a few seconds, I take my eyes off the clocks and glance behind—to find nobody there! Nothing but a map and a few spare jump sheets blowing around the rear seat.

So now begins the last stage—the descent. This has to be as rapid as possible for the time of flight clock is still ticking the minutes away. Stuff that nose down and wind in a bit of boost—not more than 1,400 revs—to cushion the motors, trimming, trimming forward all the time while the ASI turns round to its never-exceed speed of 140 mph and the discord in struts and flying wires rises shrilly.

At 6,000 ft. a cautious turn back to the airfield, with slip needle dead in the middle to avoid inflating the fuselage through the door aperture. Pop go one's ears. This is exciting and difficult too, because the trick is to unwind the altimeter past 2,000 ft. while diving into your down-wind leg, so that height and speed all come off nicely together as you turn steeply on to finals.

Throttle right back, pull up the flap lever with a click and trim at 75 . . . a whiff of power now, and the deep maternal rumble comes on each side as we float towards the hedge. Elegant old duchess, always controllable and good natured. But she likes an accurate hold-off, so it's throttles back and both hands on the wheel, feeling her gently down until the long grass ruffles the tyre treads. Then, and only then, can you let the tail drop in its own good time.

Away over at the clubhouse the next lift of jumpers is assembling. What was the timing on that trip? Twenty-eight minutes! Far too long.



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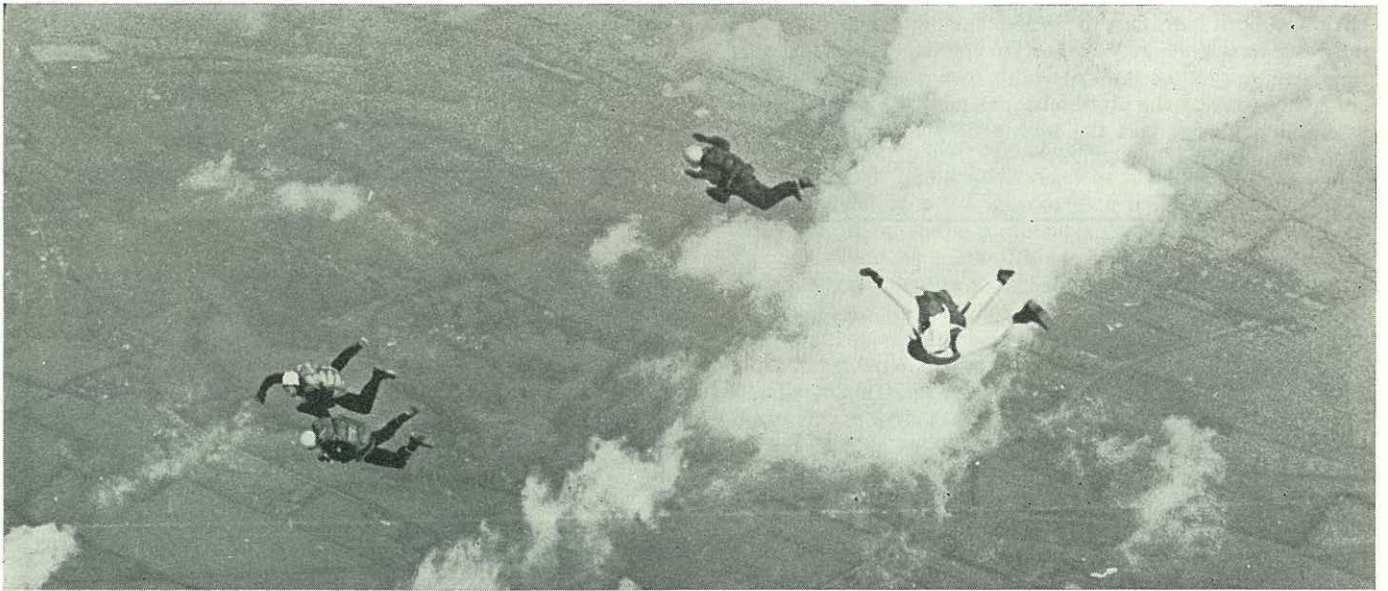
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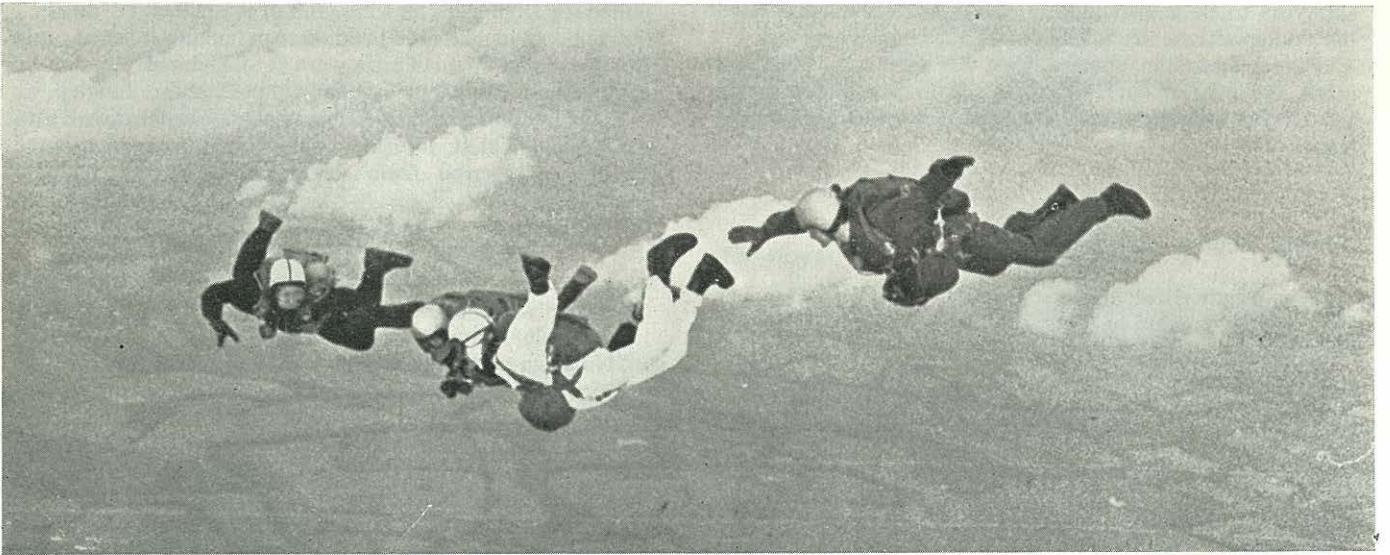
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A sequence showing a four-man link by members of the Green Jacket Display Team including Sean Friel, John Beard, John

Harrison and Terry Silber; John Meacock coming in from the right on the last picture.





From the newspapers:

Parachutists in sea rescue

Thirty-nine crewmen who abandoned the burning Swedish tanker *Emma Fernstrom* 800 miles south-east of Bermuda were safe on board another tanker today after a dramatic rescue aided by two U.S. Air Force parachute jumpers.

The parachutists, wearing snorkels, flippers and breathing tanks, parachuted into the sea to take survival equipment to the Swedish crew.

The survivors were picked up from lifeboats by the Norwegian tanker *Titus*, bound for Genoa, which is expected to divert to either Bermuda or the Azores to put them ashore.

Oil which the 19,697 ton *Emma Fernstrom* was carrying from Venezuela to Denmark was not considered a threat to land areas.

The coastguard said the tug *Clyde* had left Bermuda and was expected to reach the stricken ship, reported by survivors to be a smouldering hulk. The crew abandoned the tanker after a fire broke out in the engine room.

Planes from the Kindley U.S. Air Force base in Bermuda sighted the *Emma Fernstrom's* lifeboats after being alerted by the coastguard, and dropped the para-rescue team.

Tangled 'chutist saved by 'copter

Five hundred feet up over Corsica, French paratrooper Paul Pantin dangled helplessly at the end of his parachute harness.

When the 23-year-old corporal leapt from the plane—which was on a training flight over the Mediterranean island—his parachute became entangled with the rear wheel of the plane.

The pilot noticed that the paratrooper was hanging from the tailplane and tried everything possible to free him, but even brusque movements by the small plane failed to shake the corporal loose.

The pilot realised that he could not land with the parachutist hanging to the tail plane without killing him so he alerted a nearby helicopter base and then headed out over the sea. There, with his helpless passenger still dangling on the tailplane, he circled, waiting for the helicopter to appear.

When it arrived the pilot started making runs over the sea just above the wave tops. During one of the runs Corporal Pantin freed himself from the parachute and splashed down in the sea.

The helicopter picked him up minutes later, wet and shaken, but unhurt.

Down to earth 2,000 times

Congratulations to Soviet parachutist Tatyana Voinova after her 2,000th jump at Tushino Airport.

Miss Voinova, a Russian Master of Sports of the International Class, is a student in her fifth year at the Pedagogical Institute in Kirov, and has been parachuting as a sport since 1958.

Since 1960 she has been a member of the U.S.S.R. picked team of parachutists. Twice she has been her country's champion and last year was the world champion.

She is the third Soviet woman to achieve 2,000 jumps.

Skydiver survives 100 mph fall

A U.S. Navy skydiver who crashed to earth at an estimated 100 m.p.h. when his parachute failed to open fully, was in a satisfactory condition today. He is suffering from internal injuries and a spinal fracture.

Roscoe Thrift, aged 34, of Coronado, California, leaped from a helicopter at 12,000 ft. on a practice jump, then pulled the rip-cord after a free fall of 9,500 feet.

A Navy spokesman said the parachute opened only part way and when Thrift went into a deliberate spin to deploy the canopy, the auxiliary chute became tangled.

With his chute only 30 per cent open, Thrift crashed into a dirt field. Thrift, a former heavyweight boxer, attributed his narrow escape from death to his sound physical condition.

12,000 ft 'Free drop' by parachute

Nineteen-year-old Gordon Leefman, whose mother lives in Priory Road, Hastings, is a keen parachutist. At present serving with 40 Royal Marine Commando in Singapore and the Far East he has lately been practising free falls with a delay of 60 seconds—a drop of 12,000 feet—before pulling the ripcord of his parachute.

During August he took part in the Malayan Open Sport Parachute Championships.

Gordon, who was born in British Guiana, joined 40 Commando in May last year in time for an active tour of Borneo. He served with the reconnaissance troop of the unit and holds the General Service Medal.

They dropped in from the sky for prizes

Parachutes billowed out over Dunkeswell airfield all weekend when servicemen and their wives competed in parachute contests organised by the Royal Marines Sports Parachute Club.

All classes of jumpers were catered for from beginners, going out of the Cessna aircraft for the first time, to experienced free fallers who dropped from up to 7,500 feet before pulling their rip cords.

It was quite a social event as well, with the wives arranging a barbecue on Saturday evening.

On Sunday disc jockey Jimmy Saville, a friend of the Royal Marines, paid the club a quick visit. He was quite fascinated with the club and parachuting and said he would like to try it at a later date.

Saturday was a perfect day for jumping and contestants had to jump as near the target area as possible and then run to the target.

Winner of the open category was Cpl. R. Scott. In the under 25 jumps class Sub-Lieut. J. W. Thornton of the Royal Navy was the winner. Winner in the beginners' class was Lieut. J. Milne-Home.

There was also a ladies competition won by Third Officer Sarah Newman.

Although Sunday was scheduled for "fun jumping" long free falls etc., the team contest was held over from Saturday.

Winners were: Sgt. G. H. Jackson, Sgt. D. R. Young, and L.-Cpl. T. D. Murphy representing Royal Marines, Lympstone.

Sarah steps out 2,000 ft. up

Who says today's youngsters haven't got guts and courage? I wonder how many of those on the other side of 30 would fancy—or could even think of—jumping out of an aeroplane at 2,000 feet after only half-a-day's tuition at parachute jumping?

With typical youthful zeal, Sarah Ward—television's popular compère of the "Come Here Often" programme, and formerly B.B.C.'s "Junior Points of View" introducer—did just that over Dunkeswell airfield.

Sarah's 2,000 foot leap into space was filmed after she had received her instructions from Capt. James Goldsworthy, her uncle, of the I.T.C. at Lympstone. She was watched by a small group of spectators, including her mother and brother, and carried a mike, so that her thoughts could be recorded as she sailed down.

Relief and Astonishment

Her impressions ranged from relief, at the sight of her parachute billowing above her once she had stepped into space, astonishment that there was actually time to enjoy the descent, concern that she should follow her jumping instructions and overwhelming delight when she was presented with a monogrammed log book and honorary membership of the Royal Marines' Sporting Parachute Coy.

Sarah's leap was not without drama. Her uncle, who leapt from the plane seconds after to guide her down, had to use his emergency chute, the main one failing to open and finished up in front of Sarah.

Why did Sarah jump? One of those on the other side of 30, former Welsh Rugby international Cliff Morgan, who also comperes the "Come Here Often" programme, dared her to do it.

So if Dad starts ranting on about the long-haired boyfriend, or the mini-skirted girl friend, just mention Sarah Ward, a 'teen 'n' twenty with a difference, who made a jump with a difference.

But off the record, you could almost see the relief spread across Sarah's face as she realised her feet were safely back on terra firma after her 2,000 ft. leap into space.

Skydiving doctor

Two skydivers from the Far East Air Force—Squadron Leader Dr. Alan Johnson of Abingdon, and Sgt. Robin Kellow of Redruth—have broken the Malaysian and Singapore free-fall parachuting altitude record by free-falling for 18,000 ft.

The jump was made over the Royal Air Force base at Changi, Singapore. Both landed only a short distance from the target.

The parachutists, using oxygen because of the height, jumped from 20,000 ft. from an Argosy of No. 215 Squadron and deployed their parachutes at 2,000 ft.

The records they broke were previously held by members of the FEAF parachute display team, set up last November by a three man team which included Squadron Leader Johnson, when they fell for 14,000 ft. before opening parachutes.

Last Jump

It was Squadron Leader Johnson's last jump in the Far East. He has now returned to Britain with his wife Margaret and their children, after a 2½ year tour of duty as senior medical officer at RAF Changi. He is 36 and has been in the RAF 10 years.

Sergeant Kellow (26) joined the RAF in 1958 and is on the staff of the FEAF Jungle Survival School. He is a qualified physical training and parachuting instructor. He is taking part in a parachuting display this month in Australia.

The biggest beach umbrella of them all . . .

The sign on the beach read: "One ride—\$100." That was enough to dampen any interest I might have had in trying out a new sport.

Besides, it was a lazy day. The sky had already surrendered its few early morning clouds to the warm sun. Waves breaking rhythmically on the sand provided appropriate temple music for sun worshippers already gathered on the beach.

Flat on my back was obviously the only place to be. I stretched out, all thought of activity out of my mind, I closed my eyes. "One ride—\$100." Suddenly I recalled that the dollar sign is used in Mexico to represent pesos, not American dollars. So "\$100" really meant 100 pesos—about \$8.50 in United States currency. Even so, I wasn't in the mood for a sea-going parachute ride. Especially one that started from the ground.

I opened one eye and saw, high in the distance a big bird sitting serenely on the wind. In a moment I had worked myself into a considerable case of envy. To be perched in space like that! I opened the other eye and spotted something equally high, dangling from a red and white mushroom of silk.

My momentary interest cued an energetic young Mexican. "Call me 'Johnny,'" he said—but I never got the chance. In non-stop Acapulcanized English, he insisted I now had the chance of a lifetime. Just follow him to the take-off point, and in a minute I'd be free as a bird! Well, not exactly "free"—at 100 pesos a ride.

Johnny had spent enough time on the beach to know a

jellyfish when he saw one, and he sensed that I'd slither out of the bargain, given the chance. So, before I could say "Beachcomber, si; astronaut, no!" I was encased in a wraparound life belt. This, apparently, was a case of unintentional dunking in the bay. The water would be warm, but the entangling parachute would discourage a long distance swim.

A confusing combination of straps and belts lay at my feet, about which Johnny and his assistants immediately began an animated argument. There was some disagreement as to which strap went where. This excited dialogue gave me no reassurance whatever about the forthcoming ride. Finally they agreed, and in a moment four straps were snapped into place—one around each thigh, and one under each arm. The whole arrangement was then secured by a strap clinched at my chest.

I looked behind me to see what all this rigging was attached to, and discovered that two boys were holding the edges of an unfurled parachute—its red and white silk stretched out between them. A number of ropes led from this chute to the straps around my arms and legs. At this point I was standing about 30 yards from the edge of the water—and facing it.

A motorboat put-putted in the water about 100 yards offshore. From it a long line extended through the water and up the beach to where I was standing. The end of this line was now attached to the strap across my chest.

Johnny told me that when the motorboat started on its course away from the shore, I would be pulled toward the water. This was useless information. In my present harnessed state there would be no place else for me to go. Then he added that when the pulling began, I was to begin running as fast as possible.

When all was ready, he shouted to the boys behind me. They immediately held high the silk of the parachute so it would catch the breeze blowing in from the water. Johnny waved a big signal to the men in the motorboat and the craft darted forward. As I was yanked toward the water, Johnny shouted "Run! Run! Run!" I ran about five steps and was off.

As the boat sped ahead, the parachute ascended quickly. In a matter of seconds I was high above the water. And the sensation—well, it was sensational! Judging my altitude from the hotels along the beach, I guessed that I must be close to 20 stories high.

The boat headed straight out towards the centre of the bay. And I was swinging on a star. The view was spectacular—mountain tops seemed at eye level; and the whole bay was a placid pond beneath me. The mast of a sailboat appeared a toothpick in the water. But the view was nothing compared with the feeling. I was sitting serenely on the wind just as that big bird I had envied a short while ago.

Soon I realised that I was hanging on to the lines that led up to the chute unnecessarily. By tugging at them the chute could be manoeuvred, but I didn't need to hang on for support. I dropped my arms and swerved around in the breeze. This was different from a parachute jump. No

plummeting downward, but plenty of thrills just the same.

After covering much of the bay area, the boat below circled back. As it cut across my original path at right angles, the parachute descended. I wondered just how close the surface of the water I would get, but in a moment I was being pulled in the same direction as the boat. The parachute regained its altitude, and my sea-going sky ride continued.

When the time came for my return, the motorboat pursued a course parallel to the shore line and gradually slowed down. The chute began to sink. The prevailing wind from the water caused a drift of the parachute over the beach. The ground seemed to be coming up fast, but how do you judge these things? Would I roll over when I landed? And if I did, would I be able to get out of the straps before a sudden gust of wind took the parachute skyward? This was a fine time to wonder about the landing procedure. Why hadn't I thought to ask before taking off?

The boat pointed out to the centre of the bay, just as it had for my ascent. After a hand signal from Johnny, the boat moved forward just fast enough to take up any slack in the line leading to my rigging. I hit the sand at almost exactly the spot from which I had ascended, and with no more force than if I had jumped off a beach chair.

Johnny's assistants pounced on the parachute to flatten it, while he moved quickly to unsnap the straps that held me. He did his job efficiently, but I was hooked. Not to the chute, but hooked on this exciting new sport. Within minutes I was adding my hearty endorsement to one of Johnny's rapid-fire sales talks.

A few days later, a Mexican movie company appeared, to film one of their Latin lovelies taking the same ride. Now that I was an "expert" on the sport, I felt qualified to provide moral support for the not-so-enthusiastic starlet.

She was not the only one who proved to be lukewarm about the whole idea. The number of people on the beach who did not get in line for a ride was quite impressive. I couldn't understand why, then one of the beach regulars told me. He had seen a man get dragged through the water when the parachute didn't catch enough air to ascend: another fellow had been unceremoniously dumped on a hut near the beach.

I remained enthusiastic about the sport after my return to the United States. (Johnny, incidentally, said it will be brought to several American resorts this year). Armed with photographs, I prepared myself to tell anyone who would listen about the experience. I'd stop strangers on the street and say, "Guess what I did on my vacation this winter?" But what if they said, "What?" I suddenly realised that I had no idea what this sport is called. It isn't parachute jumping, though you do have a parachute. It isn't water skiing, though you're tied to a boat. It isn't a glider ride, though you do soar. Finally, just so I could sound off to my friends, I coined a word to describe it. "Para-motor-aqua-soaring." Of course, if it's going to catch on it will need a simpler name. But in the meantime, unless you have a chance to walk in space, there is absolutely nothing like it!

Helmet mounting the 'Canon Rapide'

by Earl Duncan

In this article, I shall attempt to deal primarily with the aspects of the Dial-Rapid as a free-fall photography camera; by this I mean that, although the camera is equipped with "EE mechanism" (exposure meter, shutter, and aperture fully coupled) it is possible, by means of certain techniques, to produce exposure effects with the camera, much the same as in manually controlled aperture photography. This of course would be next to impossible and highly impractical during free-fall photography, hence we shall dispense with that function of the camera, as well as such items as, self-timer, flash, use of viewfinder scale, etc., and deal with the basics of the camera, commensurate with the method and materials used in helmet-mounting it.

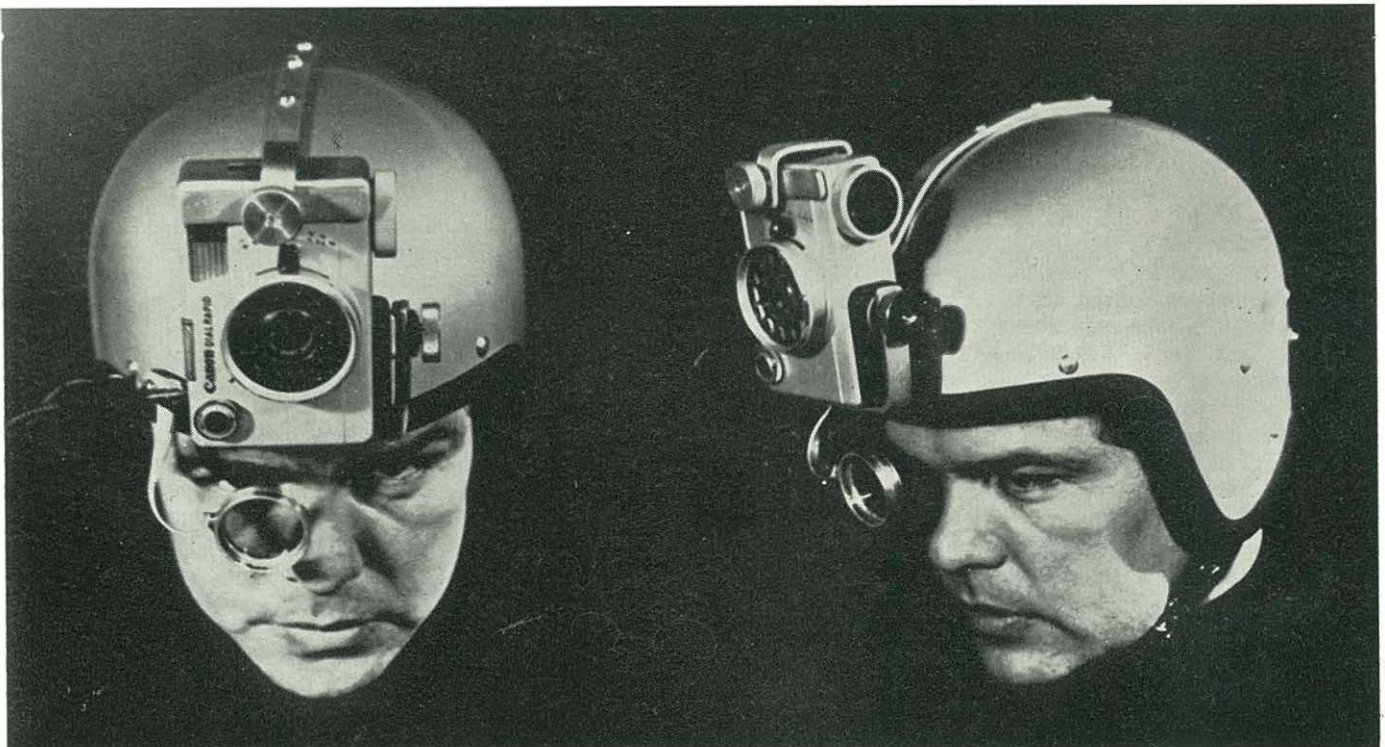
The Dial-Rapid is a fully automatic half-size camera (a little larger than a king-size package of cigarettes) extremely lightweight and durable. Cassette type rapid loading and unloading, no rewinding necessary. Shutter speeds from B (time exposure) to 1/500th of a second. (A powerful spring motor-drive allows 24 half-frames on a single winding, at two exposures per second.) Focusing scale is marked with an ample selection of distances in metres as well as in feet.

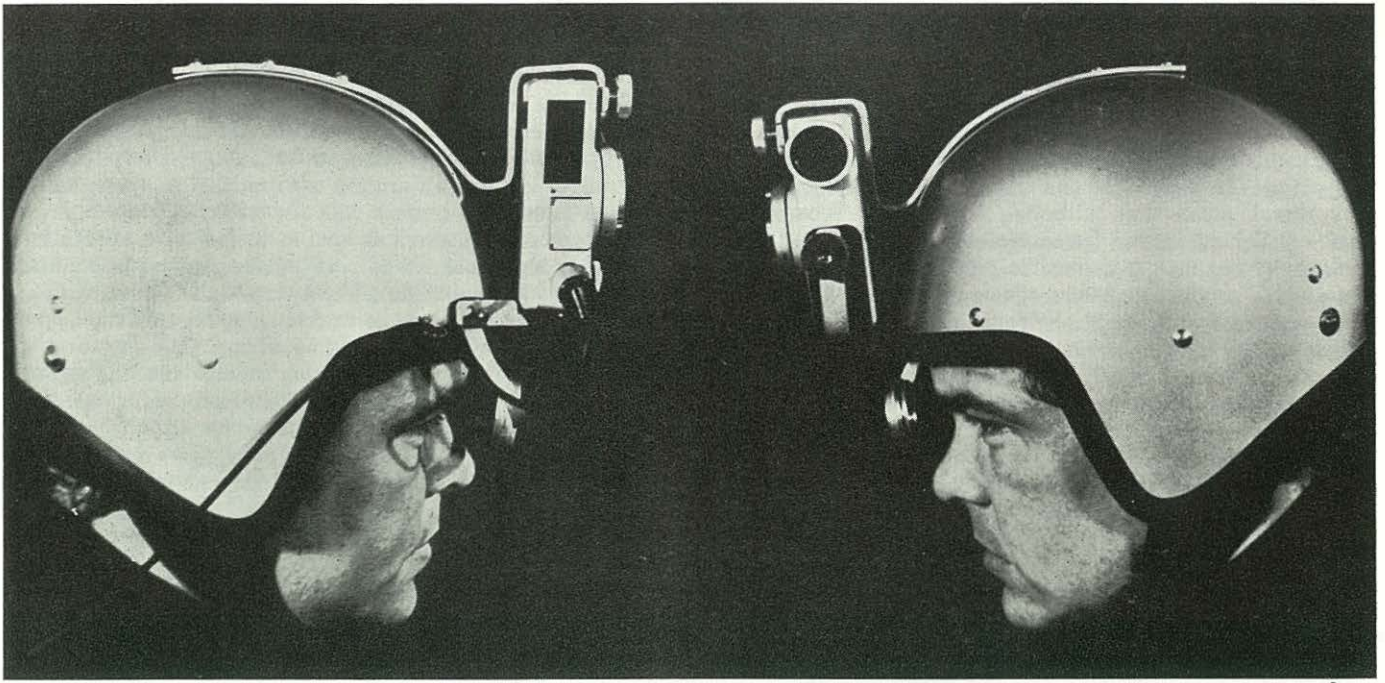
As my primary concern was building as lightweight a unit as possible, I chose a "Kangor Comet" helmet as my building platform. Its construction is not as sturdy, and hence does not offer quite as much protection as some of the top brands, however, it is lighter and offers ample protection. I used all aluminium components in the construc-

tion of the mount, choosing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. strip for the braces, thus keeping the weight factor down, yet still retaining adequate strength after bending, filing, and shaping. A very thin pad of rubber is glued all around the inside of the parts of the mount coming in contact with the camera. This serves to help protect the camera as well as to buffer or absorb any vibration or shock. The rear of the helmet is counter-balanced with form-fitting sheet lead, and is fitted with an extra safety strap made of velcro, to insure that the helmet remains in the proper position during shooting, and as additional security during opening shock. The ring-sight is an orange 38mm camera filter, which incidentally, does not necessitate the closing of one eye when sighting, as with some sights. (As long as your subject appears in the orange area of your vision, you are on target.) For a remote control release, I have chosen a pneumatic release, operated by a rubber bulb, which when taped to the palm of your glove, allows you complete and normal freedom during relative work, and also insures that the bulb doesn't go flying off somewhere during free-fall.

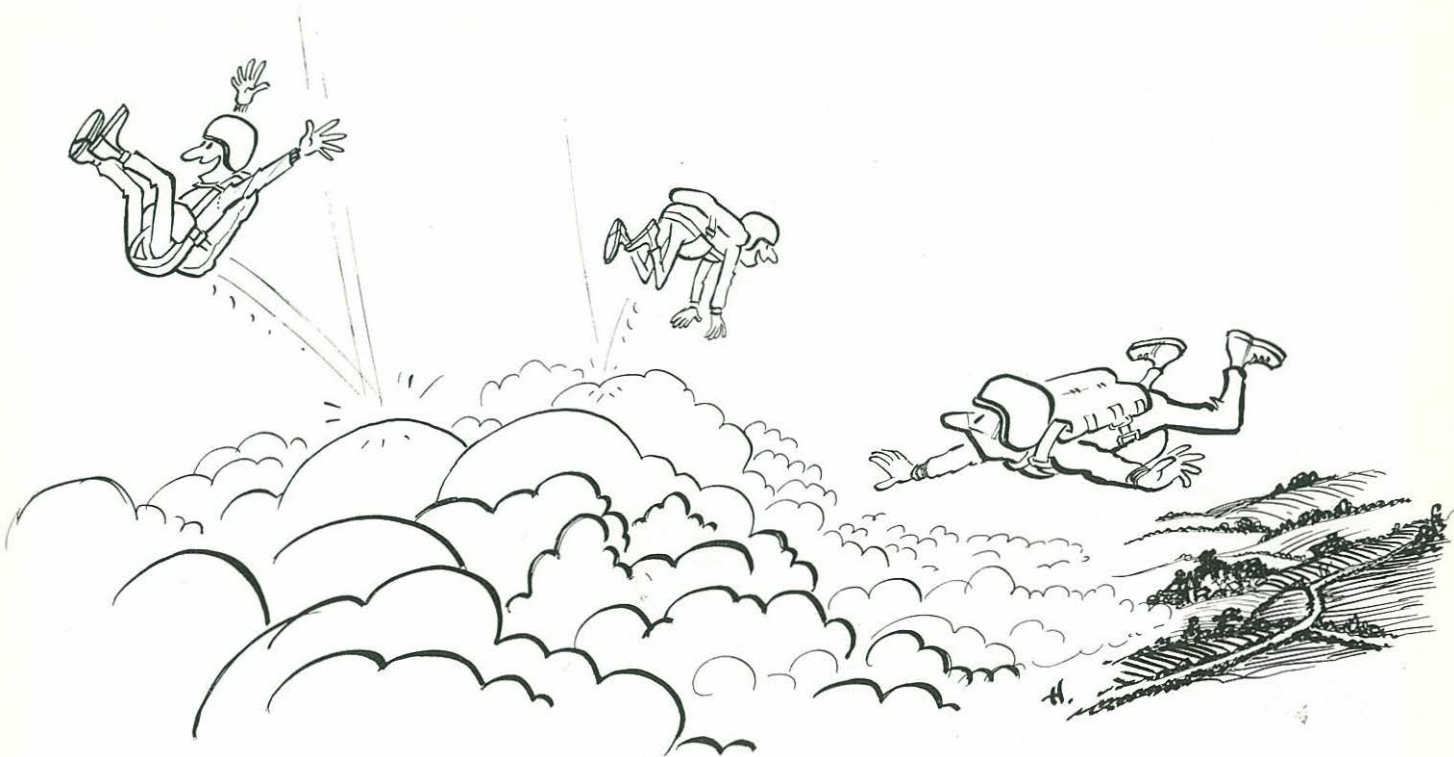
The unit was comparatively inexpensive to build, however, it required a considerable amount of time and patience with emphasis on the latter. The end result was a lightweight fully automatic, helmet-mounted camera assembly, capable of 24 exposures per loading, with the entire assembly weighing only 4lbs. 2oz.

and see 2nd illustration on next page





Another Hargreaves!



In Council, on your behalf

Minutes of the meeting of the British Parachute Association Limited on 14th December, 1967.

June 22nd to June 30th, 1968, were approved as the dates of the National Championships at Netheravon.

The request for alteration of voting rights for members, by the Secretaries of the Manchester Sky Divers and South Staffs Sky Divers (unaffiliated) was considered by Council. Council considered that no alteration was at present necessary. Request for monthly meetings of Council by Mr. Meacock was fully discussed. Council considered no alteration to the bi-monthly meetings was at present necessary in view of the fact that extra meetings in between normal meetings were necessary from time to time. Group Captain Martin being absent, no definite progress towards the National Centre could be discussed. The present position was explained for the benefit of the new members of Council, and Council fully appreciated the need for progress on this matter. In the absence of the Chairman of the Editorial Committee of the magazine the Treasurer explained the position now that Deben Publications had ceased to exist. He said that it was obvious that we would produce "Sport Parachutist" at a heavy loss and this loss was likely to increase if, as seemed possible, advertising revenue fell further. The loss would be a severe drain on B.P.A. funds and retard any progress that the B.P.A. wished to make. There was considerable discussion on ways to avoid the immediate drain on funds whilst Council considered a possible increase of subscriptions at the next Annual General Meeting. Finally by 9 votes for to 4 against, Council approved an entrance fee of 10s. for new members joining after February 1st, 1968. This entrance fee would remain in force for one year in the first instance.

Col. Wilson and W.O. Turner were appointed to certify the 1967 raffle account, which showed a profit to funds of £253.

The Chairman reported on a very recent visit to the J.S.S.P.A. Singapore who were again in need of an Instructor. On the recommendation of W.O. Hughes Council agreed to appoint Captain Ransley as an approved Instructor whilst serving in Singapore. He would have to requalify on return to this country. The acute situation would however shortly be remedied as Sgt. Teesdale (RAF) has been appointed to the Far East. He is rejoining the B.P.A. and will be requalified as an Instructor.

One hundred and seventy five new members applications were approved and Council noted that Messrs. Anderson, Cockburn, Slattery and Crocker and Mrs. Seeger had been placed on the approved Instructors list.

Minutes of the meeting of the British Parachute Association Limited held on 11th January, 1968.

After considerable discussion on the organisation of the National Championships 1968, the following appointments were made:— Director—Wing Commander Turnbull; Organiser—W.O. II Hughes. It was decided that the Chief Judge should be a French man if possible. Mr. Cole undertook to invite Max Cross of Biscarosse to officiate and also to explore the possibility of obtaining two Assistant French Judges.

Judges

Several names having been mentioned the Secretary General would write to them and ask them if they would be prepared to officiate if invited. A special Committee would finalise the rules and regulations for the Championships consisting of Chairman, Wing Commander Turnbull, with Messrs. Hughes, Turner, St. John and the Secretary General as members. Mr. Cole would attend to report on the latest F.A.I. rules after the meeting in Paris.

It was decided that discardable rounds would be re-introduced as a help towards crowd entertainments at week-ends. Other possibilities were jumps from balloons and demonstrations on the new Para Wings. Foreign teams and individuals would again be invited.

World Championships 1968

Mr. Cole would attend the forthcoming F.A.I. meeting in Paris and was given Council's opinion on various matters concerning the Championships. There would be very little money available for a team and delegation wherever these World Championships were held. Council decided that Brig. Wilson and Col. Gough be invited to lend their assistance in fund raising and that the British Team would be almost entirely dependent on what help could be obtained from outside the Association, including the Government Grant. It was probable that the team would have to train at their own expense. The team would be limited to four men, one reserve and a maximum of three officials, a total of eight persons. Various names were suggested for the positions and the Chairman would contact suitable persons for the position of head of delegation. Council strongly wished W.O. II Turner to be team coach but W.O. II Turner asked for time to consider the matter for personal reasons. A Judge would be considered later from those qualified who were available. A selection Committee to select a National Team was formed as follows:— Chairman Wing Commander Turnbull, W.O. II Hughes, W.O. II Reid, W.O. II Turner, Mr. St. John and the National Champion 1968.

W.O. II Turner suggested that to reduce expenses the R.A.F. be approached to lend 5 Para Commanders to the British Team. W.O. II Turner also suggested that the team train at Badlippsburgh with R.A.P.A. facilities and the reduced fuel costs there. Lt. Col. Wilson agreed to look into the possibility. W.O. II Turner also suggested that a B.P.A. display team should be formed from volunteers to raise funds by giving displays to assist both the British Team expenses and for funds for the National Centre. Council agreed to consider this matter before the next meeting.

Mr. Forsdyke of the South Staffs Sky Divers was invited to address Council on the position of the South Staffs Sky Divers and the B.P.A. The main tenor of his remarks was directed at trying to obtain representation on Council for his Club. Although Mr. M. Reed had been accepted at the request of the Northern Clubs, as their representative on Council, it appeared that some inter club rivalries had since occurred. Mr. Forsdyke stated that his Club was likely to

combine with the Manchester Sky Divers and that their approved B.P.A. Instructor might be W.O. II Thompson who was returning from Germany to Birmingham. He also stated that two of the members were going to Weston-on-the-Green for Instructors Courses. Mr. Forsdyke was informed that Council were prepared to co-opt a member of his Club as a non-voting member. Mr. Forsdyke stated that he would require to obtain the approval of his Committee for this and if agreed, their recommendation for the name of the member to be co-opted. Council pressed on Mr. Forsdyke the necessity to affiliate with the B.P.A. if they wished to continue enjoying the financial and other support which the B.P.A. had given them in 1967. Council further impressed on Mr. Forsdyke the necessity of a Chief Instructor from the B.P.A. list who would be responsible for training and technicalities. Mr. Forsdyke undertook to bring these matters before his Committee. A suggestion by Mr. Forsdyke that there would be a regionalisation of voting was considered. Mr. Forsdyke was instructed to send his considered suggestions to the B.P.A.

NATIONAL CENTRE

This is probably the most important issue facing the B.P.A. today.

A prize of £10 (Premium Bonds) will be given to the best entry (best in the Editor's opinion, which shall be final and irrevocable!).

In no more than 2,000 words give *a)* your ideas of what is required *b)* a detailed study of how you would investigate the problems, and of your proposed submission to the B.P.A. Council of what an outline plan (covering all aspects) should comprise.

Entries to be typed in double-spacing and addressed to the:—

National Centre Competition, c/o The Editor.

N.B.—Copy-date 31st July 1968.

PARAFOTOS

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The American Scene — Have rig, will travel

George M. Krieger — Stephen Cohen

What can two guys do when vacation time is on hand, a single engine Comanche 180 is available, parachutes are packed, and the yearning to "air out" is strong? Call PCA, find out where the jumping is good, varied but not too distant, and where weather should be favourable. Mix these ingredients with other requisites; clear warm waters for SCUBA diving, interesting places, and good company. Mix thoroughly and out comes an itinerary, a plan, and much anticipated fun.

A short flight from New York to the Lakewood SPC which had a fourth of July program laid out second to none! Under the above direction of Lee Guilfoyle and Nate Pond, events included night jumps on Friday. (They even prepared a full moon), Saturday, all barrels going, two Norsemen and one Cessna, up and down like elevators. Whether SL or 75 second delays were your choice, all was available followed by an evening cook-out of delicious food and a few kegs to be tapped. Water jumps were available to the more ambitious on Sunday and sunshine to those recuperating from Saturday's festivities. The day's highlight was our first try at the Barish sailing, unquestionably the closest thing to a bird; gentle glide with unbelievable ratio, landings so light they are hard to believe. Lakewood is indeed a delightful place to spend a weekend, all the jumping you may want, ample motel space nearby, beaches and a heck of a nice crowd.

It took the better part of a day to fly to Clewiston, Florida, some 1,300 miles, skirting the typical southern Cu's and thunderstorms. Jumpers who have been here would verify that you cannot mistake your location. The flat open country, clear skies, and above all, the relaxed and congenial atmosphere created by Pop Poppenheger would be hard to duplicate anywhere. One of the most efficient Cessna 180's we have encountered, pilot and four jumpers climbing like a homesick angel. For the more acrobatically inclined an immaculate J-3 Piper Cub; a little slow getting there but without a cut, the air speed is not over 35 MPH on exit which eases the contortions necessary on egress. Highly recommended for midgets, contortionists, and the adventurous! A day's diving completed by a demonstration jump into the Clewiston Fairgrounds to commemorate Independence Day. Of the four of us, one doing a cut-away, the rest doing a three man rotating star with smoke. A hearty reception by spectators, free buffet, an occasional flirtation from a pretty face interrupted by Pop's "Let's go, we can still get some jumps in." Having spent a few days falling down to sea level, it was time to reverse the procedure. A short flight over the beautiful Caribbean waters brought us to Andros Island, Bahamas, Mecca for skin divers. Some of the world's most beautiful coral here, an abundance of colorful fish, underwater visibility of 100 feet or more, and some of the most avaricious "Doctor flies" seen anywhere. A few hours under water soon reaffirmed our impression of the similarity of sky and skin diving. The weightlessness, freedom of movement, challenge and care required, the feeling of yet another world were with us in the sky as under the water.

With a last reassuring look back over our wings we climbed into a morning sun for the long hop to St. Thomas, V.I. Soon the last of the Bahamas were behind us and we settled down to some serious navigation via Grand Turk Island, W.I., thence, 400 nautical miles to the coast of Puerto Rico and another 150 miles to St. Thomas.

A pearl of an island, mountainous green covered slopes dropping steeply into tropical, azure and blue waters. A phone call to Roger Christensen, ASO for V.I. and President of the St. Thomas Sky Divers brought immediate response. Help in finding lodging, transportation, and good company for dinner, where jump stories were swapped and recounted, names of jumpers recalled and finally, a "Can we start tomorrow?" The St. Thomas Divers had available a Cessna carrying a pilot plus three jumpers. The DZ is a golf course next to the only runway on the island and owing to heavy air traffic, jumping there is restricted to 0600—0800 hours. It seemed like an effort that first morning getting up at dawn, but was quickly rewarded by the still cool, calm air, total serenity of the island and ocean. Half a dozen jumpers, a plane, rigs, and we were ready. Under Roger's very watchful eyes all equipment was meticulously checked. Mae Wests are SOP, and the first life is off. 30 second delays are the rule as others are waiting. Student jumping on weekends, California static-lines and pilot chutes in reserves are the drill. Safety is emphasised at every moment and if there is a danger, it is only for the experienced jumper who might be so mesmerised by the beauty of the scenery in free fall that he might be scraping coral before dumping.

After eight we were still eager. No problem, chute up, climb aboard and a 25 minute flight brought us over the island of St. Croix; another gem in the ocean. Streamer drop, clearance from the FSS station and another 30 second delay logged. Here the DZ is a race track, long, large, easily visible, but very close to the ocean. The ground is grassy but very uneven and PLF's suggested. Steve could not resist impressing the local crowd consisting of four race horses and an ass, so . . . spectacular stand-up, two twisted ankles! Roger as ASO, Club President, and expert jumper, has one serious handicap. He is also the pilot and sits at the controls with his frustrations while others log jumps. No wonder he was happy to see us! Now he had another pilot and wasted no time in logging two 30's and a fat smile. A fine, uneventful afternoon, except for Ralph White, resident of St. Croix, experienced jumper and pilot: had what he thought was a total, dumped the reserve, both chutes open simultaneously and he sacrificed his two front teeth to his instrument panel. The fragile sex of St. Croix are sure to mourn this event. Every Thursday night, the St. Thomas sky divers reunite at the Bull, a modest tavern. In a most congenial atmosphere this sport and its addicts are examined, praised, blamed for poverty, etc.

For water jumps you just can't beat it. Roger procured some cheapo's, harnesses, old helmets and started class. We doubt that any other group of jumpers log as much "water time" as these fish. It is not unusual to meet a man with a total of 15 jumps to his credit of which five were in the drink (intentionally). We certainly did not mind listening to these experienced fellows and shortly thereafter found ourselves at 5,000 feet over St. Thomas harbor, looking at a big orange balloon in the water and a pick-up boat standing by. Tower clearance by radio, a clearing look and out! Openings not below 3,000 feet to provide ample time to

undo the hardware while under the canopy. A few 360 degree turns to observe the fantastic view and an upwind approach to landing. Splash into an 80 degree clean water, watch the chute collapse after a short pleasant drag—ride on the surface, and helpful hands pulling the equipment into the boat. The next jumper does not exit the aircraft until his predecessor is aboard the boat; a sensible rule in a limitless body of water. Within fifteen minutes three wet jumpers were on the shore, the main street in town bordering the ocean; a quick ride to Roger's house where two outdoor bath tubs were filled from a garden hose and all equipment dumped in for overnight soaking in fresh water to be followed by thorough drying and repacking.

We noted that despite much salt water exposure all gear was in excellent condition and showed no sign of corrosion undoubtedly due to the previously described care it received.

A Cessna 206 appeared the next day carrying two jumpers from Norfolk. Our hosts, Roger Christensen and Borg Nudsen, the last being a world traveled professional yachtsman as well as jumper, again came through in style, plane provided, equipment made available, a day's jumping on land and sea followed by a pleasant dinner and sight-seeing. All too soon it was time to take leave of the islands but not before a little shopping the next morning. A fifth of Scotch \$2.50, gin a little less, some 151° Puerto Rican rum for \$2.00 and it has more wallop than a head down maxtrack opening with a PC!! A gallon can be brought home duty free and no one missed the opportunity. The

*The break up of a 3-man star
John Harrison, John Beard, John Meacock over Thruxton.
The latter looping out of the group—and nearly catching
the camera man in the teeth with his boots!*

St. Thomas Sky Divers gifted us with their beautiful patches, stencilled T-shirts and a last round of refreshments before we reluctantly took off.

A stop at San Juan and a quick call to Bob Beshaw, ASO for Puerto Rico. Unfortunately, no plane was available that week-day though the club at "Rosie" NAS usually jumps on weekends and welcomes itinerant sky-diver types when they pass through. Good idea to write prior to arrival and see what jumping is available. We had done so and airmail response was immediate.

With unstable air masses moving in from the southeast toward the U.S. it seemed unlikely that any further jumping could be expected along our route to New York and so the homeward journey started . . . soon ending with Comanche 73 Papa safely tied down at Teterboro, New Jersey.

The trip taught us much. The sky-diving fraternity is wide spread indeed and one can certainly not expect greater hospitality, comradeship and fun among any other group of sportsmen. The bond that exists opens the doors in faraway places, soon makes a stranger feel he never left his home DZ.

We also found that each part of the country has its own techniques, teaching methods, preferred equipment, etc. and no amount of arguing will change the local pattern. It matters not, we just can't wait for next year to dump over some places we haven't been, see some new faces, and swap those yarns!!!

Reprinted from "Parachutist"

*Helmet mounted Nikon Tri-X 1/500 @ f8.
Developed in D76 9 mins. @ 68°F.
by Charles Shea-Simonds.*





About the Static-Line

by Mick Turner

As long ago as the National Championships 1965, when the weather was particularly foul and when there were a reasonable number of Instructors competing, and as these Instructors had little else to do except maybe swap worn-out stories and generally lie around and wait for the weather to improve, Brig. Dare Wilson came up with the excellent idea of assembling these Instructors for two-hourly discussion on parachuting procedures in an effort to standardise our parachuting training. I considered that one of the most important topics discussed at these gatherings was that of the Static-Line Operation. There was a considerable number of active Instructors present and lots of near drastic incidents were discussed and re-analysed. Many letters were produced from parachuting organisations overseas, from France and America in particular. Equipment was borrowed from the A.P.A., Centre, modified and later presented to these gatherings so that the operations of various countries could be seen and discussed.

At that particular time in Britain the Clubs which were active seemed to have different ideas as to which was the best system. Rarely did one find two clubs using a similar system. Some were using the ripcord cable attached to the end of the static-line with loops of break tie attached at each cone. Some were using the static-line ring attached to the top flap and the ripcord pins inserted into the cones. Others were using the Californian type where the static-line was tied to each cone with break cord. No two clubs were using the same strength of break tie. In the majority of systems the main disadvantages were that a high degree of maintenance was required to ensure that the systems continued to work efficiently. In the case of the ripcord cables they wore out extremely quickly and as there were few places with the necessary machines to carry out replacements, equipment tended to be let slide to a somewhat dangerously low state of upkeep. There were many incidents and experiences were not shared.

The resulting findings of these Instructor discussions were publicised in the BPA News Letter. It had been hoped that all the "grif" would be passed on from the older Instructor to the new. There appears to have been a missing link. Let's take for example the trend at present, with many new clubs coming into being in the Midlands and the North; where would these clubs look for guidance? Well, possibly they might seek the assistance of an experienced Instructor and use the systems which he advises them to use, providing he (the Instructor) knows the best system, or they might buy up back copies of B.P.A.'s "Sport Parachutist" hoping to find some guidance in its many pages. There again they might be reading Lyle Cameron's Sky Diver magazine. Although a lot of the material in this magazine is good sound stuff some of Lyle's witty remarks must be viewed with considerable caution. One example I shall never forget is when an out-of-touch parachutist asked for advice as to the best way to dry out a wet parachute. To my amazement the answer given in typical American witticism was "Why, the best and quickest way is to jump it and as you enjoy the descent your chute dries for you!" Now some of you might think that a bit funny, but when I was at the Red Devils H.Q. just prior to departing for the Adriatic Cup, I was discussing the problems of drying out

the parachutes that we were to use in the water descents. To my horror it was suggested to me that the best way to dry out a chute was to jump it, "By the time you land it's dry, easy!" It seemed to me at the time I had heard that phrase somewhere before. Have you any idea how much a parachute weighs when its wet? It would take a dozen pilot chutes to lift it out of the pack tray, let alone the two guys to lift you into the aircraft. Just lately the B.P.A. have published their Parachuting Regulations 1967. Now here would be the place to get all the "grif." Let's take a look at Section VIII—Equipment and paragraph 13. Static Line Operation.

13. Static Line Operation

(a) The B.P.A. approved system of static-line operation for use in the training of sport parachutists is the "break-tie" system. By this means the parachute is packed in the normal way together with its attached pilot chute, but the main parachute pack (container) is opened by means of a static-line attached to the aircraft instead of the use of a ripcord operated by the parachutist. The Static-line is used to break a series of ties, one at each cone and grommet. Each tie should be made of nylon thread of a strength which will require a pull of approximately 50 lbs. to break it. More than this may damage the pack on opening, less may lead to the pack bursting open prematurely under the compression of its contents.

(b) Clubs which wish to use alternative systems of static-line operation must obtain the permission of the B.P.A. Technical Committee to do so.

(c) "Strong points" in aircraft should be installed by a qualified engineer.

(d) Static-line hook should be of an approved type. British snap hooks should be used with a pin through the snap hinge. It is recommended that the American clip is the better type to be used.

(e) The line should be made of strong fabric, either nylon or strong cotton webbing, strength 3,000 lbs. Length approx. 12—15 ft. If less than 12 ft., it can cause premature opening of the parachute, if longer than 15ft. it can foul the tailplane.

(f) The static-line is secured to the aircraft strong point by means of a clip or hook which cannot become disconnected inadvertently.

(g) It is the jumpmasters responsibility to ensure that the static-line is clear and not fouling the parachutist before and immediately after dispatch. Although the static-line is secured to the aircraft, the jumpmaster should control the static-line with his hands and take the opening shock.

(h) If the strong point is in the roof of the aircraft, the static-line should be left outside until after the last man of the stick is despatched before being retrieved. If a low strong point is used the static-line is pulled in and secured inside the aircraft after each parachutist has jumped.

Well, there it is, perfectly good commonsense advice, however does it really answer your problem? It tells you the type of static-line best suited, and the size and breaking strain, the type of break-tie most suitable. It gives you advice on the control of the static-line which is vitally important if you are to avoid incidents, and it tells you what to do in the case of low and high strong points. Now it does not tell you how to set the system up nor does it tell you what should be done at the various stages and when.

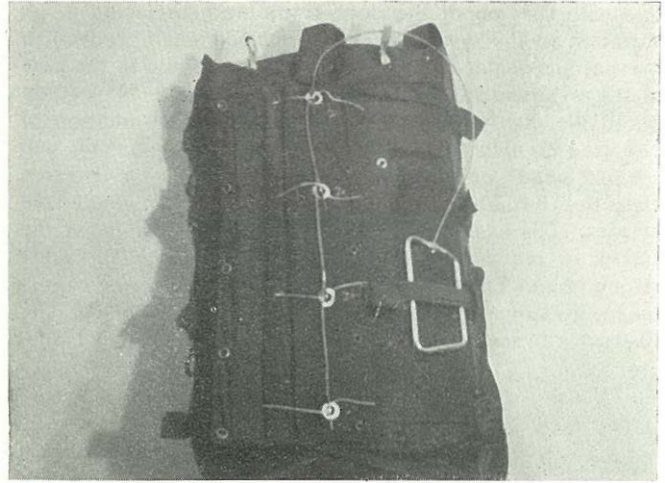
Where then should we start to analyse all about that

static-line? It is just as important a piece of the student jumper's equipment as any other. Therefore the student must be instructed in its use, care and inspection. The student must be shown what to inspect, where to look and shown the things that go wrong. Its webbing must be inspected in a similar manner to the webbing in the main parachute harness. The clip end should be operated several times to ensure correct function. The American clip type is by far the better and the button must appear in the round window to ensure that the system is locked, and it is not possible to open the clip in this position. In the case of the British snap hook a locking pin must be attached to the snap hook by a short length of string. The snap should close automatically under the power of its spring. Should the spring become weak the static-line must be withdrawn from use. It is strongly recommended that only one type of static-line should be in use at clubs. Students must examine them for correct function before being attached to the parachute. To conform to the recommended system the pack tray of the parachute requires a simple modification well within the capabilities of any club. Examine photo No. 1 and see the modification and the initial steps in preparing the parachute for a static-line descent. Stitched to the left and right hand side flaps about 4 to 5 inches out from the top grommets is a short length of 500 lbs. nylon tape about 3 inches long and doubled back to form a loop. Through this loop is passed a standard suspension line stowage elastic (about 40 lbs. break strain). It is recommended that the stronger type stowage elastic as supplied by Pioneer Parachute Co. of the U.S.A. in the Paracommander deployment sleeve is the ideal elastic for this purpose, because of its longer expected life and improved strength. The only form of temporary packing pins to be used in the closing of the pack tray is the standard complete ripcord. Under no circumstances must any other form of temporary packing pin be used to close the pack.

The practice of using nails and official temporary packing pins sometimes thrown in as goodies by Parachute manufacturers upon the purchase of a parachute has led to more than one fatal accident in the U.S.A. Neither must the ripcord cable be passed through the cable housing, nor must the ripcord handle be stowed in the ripcord pocket in case the ripcord should pass the pre-jump inspection and go unnoticed. The handle is stowed behind the third pack opening down on the right hand side flap. In this position, I'm sure you will agree, its presence is very obvious. The practice of attaching a piece of red cloth to the handle was recommended.

As the pack tray is being closed in the final stages of packing, just before the ripcord pin is inserted into the cone, pass a 4 ins. length of 50lbs. nylon through the cone and then insert the ripcord pin. It is important that the left half of the 50lb. tie passes over the top of the ripcord cable before the static-line is placed in position. If it is allowed to pass under the cable it means that when the break tie is secured to the static-line it will be tied around the ripcord cable also. Upon removal of the cable the friction has been known to sever the break tie, this will do nothing more than hold up jumping.

The static-line is now placed over the four break ties and secured by tying at least four square knots around it. The bottom tie passes through the existing loop in the end of the static-line. The remaining three are passed complete over it. The ties should be pulled as tight as possible before



1

the knots are tied. Students will find it much easier to secure the static-line if they help each other. The remainder of the static-line is now 'S' folded neatly and stowed in the two elastics at the top of the pack. The ripcord remains in the cones and ensures that no strain is imposed on to the break ties. The snap clip is closed and is also stowed in the top elastic. The system is very neat and extremely easy for the instructor to check, once fitted. Finally, I would like to draw your attention to the position and location of the ripcord protection flap (or cover): it opens to the left and must always be left open during static-line descents. This flap has been a cause of concern for many instructors. It was recommended that if a club could afford to have parachutes for static line operation only, this flap should be cut off completely. Now I ask you, what club can afford to do that?



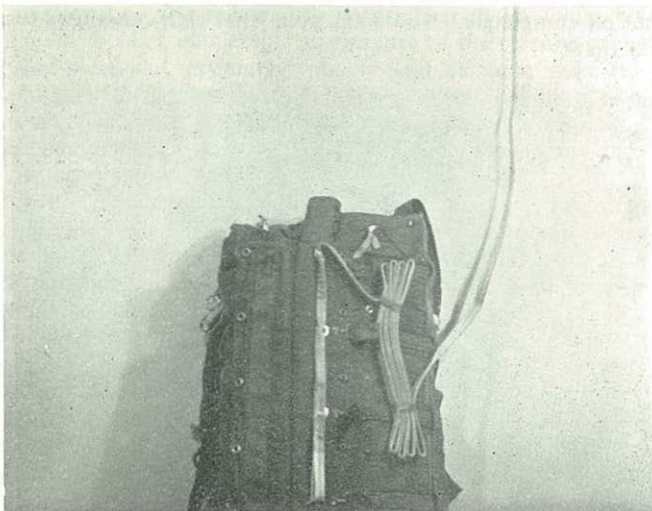
2

There is only one slight disadvantage in this system as you see it in photo No. 2, which I must quickly add is a considerable reduction in the many disadvantages of the other methods of static-line operation. This is that the static-line is high up on the pack and in the case of the low top edge door aircraft (i.e. Rapide) the jumpmaster must stress and ensure during jumping that the students duck as they enter and leave the aircraft to avoid fouling the static-

line with the top of the door frame and displacing it. A variation to the system already discussed was approved to prevent accidental deployment of the static-line in the case of the awkward student or the slack instructor. Now study photo No. 3 carefully. You should notice the addition of two free elastics on a portion of the static-line. You will see that not all of the static-line is inserted into the two free elastics. The last three to six feet are left out of these free elastics. The exact amount will depend on how much the Instructor requires to secure the static-line to the aircraft strong point. Please note in the picture that if great care is taken in stowing the static-line it is very easy for the Instructor to see that all is correct.



3



4

Photo No. 4 will show the reasons for the two free elastics. Should the student brush the top of the pack-tray hard across the top of the door frame and completely dislodge the static-line from its securing elastics on the pack tray, the static-line still remains secured and will deploy under control as the jumper falls away. The same applies if one or both of the static-line securing elastics break through old age. At all times it will remain under control. This second system is by far the better of the two. Sure, it takes longer to set up on the ground and you lose two

elastics every time you jump. To be serious, this is a tremendous help to the jumpmaster and eliminates yet one more thing that can go wrong.

Now, let's take that parachute off the shelf and put it on to a jumper about to make a static-line descent. The first thing that will happen is that the remaining seven pack opening bands are done up. The top two pack-opening bands on the right hand side are passed under the cable of the ripcord, making it as easy as possible to remove the ripcord when required. When the jumper is on the marshalling line and is being inspected from the rear, the marshaller will find it extremely quick and easy to check the chute. The very first thing he should do is to remove the ripcord. Now all the pull of the contents and pack opening bands are transmitted on to the break-ties. He should take hold of the folded static-line at both ends between forefinger and thumb of both hands and lift the folded static-line in order to stretch the securing elastics (this will check the condition of these elastics as well as allowing the marshaller a better look at the stowed static-line). He should now remove the snap clip from under its elastic and open it, close it and open it again, leaving it open. (This will save the jumpmaster having to do this in the aircraft). One more small modification suggested here, that is a small pocket to take the static-line snap clip which should be secured to the harness on the opposite side to the ripcord pocket (see photo No.5). The marshaller inserts the open snap clip into this pocket. This again means that the jumpmaster only needs to reach for the pocket, remove the snap clip and snap it on to the strong point. It is absolutely vital

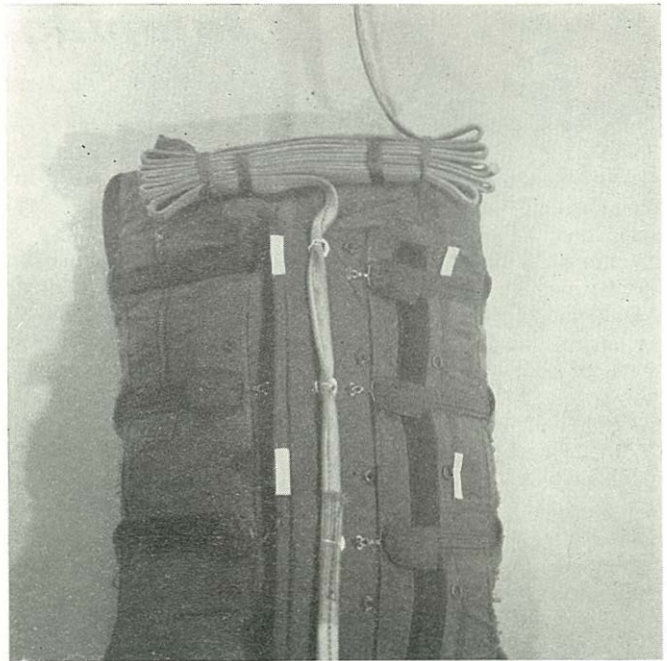


5

that the jumpmaster controls the static-line as the jumper moves into the exit position and that the static-line is held in the top rear corner of the door frame by the jumpmaster's hand so that when the jumper exits there is no danger of the arms passing over the static-line as the jumper adopts the spread position. The jumper must be watched through the deployment of the parachute until he is under a developed canopy. It is only through observations like this that all will be seen and, if things are going wrong, the reason should be seen also and, if alterations to our systems are required, this must be brought to the attention of the BPA Technical Committee which consists of all the Club Chief Instructors in the country. Finally to recall that

unwanted ripcord protection flap (cover) during static-line descents. There is more than one reason for wanting to dispose of that flap which opens to the left. As most of you will know, when jumpers get fed up with wrestling with the lift dot-snap fasteners on this flap, they sew an additional set of hook/eyes on the underside of the ripcord flap and hold the flap closed by securing the right hand side pack opening bands to the additional hook/eyes. This also makes it easier to inspect the position of the ripcord pins by pulling slightly on the flap and stretching the pack opening bands. This is fine for experienced jumpers. An unfortunate student in the U.S.A. when closing his pack and on doing up the pack opening bands secured the left set of pack opening bands to the additional hook/eyes on the ripcord protection flap. Result when the static-line broke, the break ties left-hand set of pack opening (because they were secured to the hook/eyes on the ripcord flap) held the pack tray securely closed. End product, one dead student. You might say that could never happen here. Well I hope not. But why risk the chance of it happening? The French Parachute manufacturers for some reason which is a mystery to me construct their pack trays so that the ripcord protection flap closes over back to the right. Well the simple reason is it is then impossible to secure the pack opening bands in any other way but the correct way. End product no accident, no dead jumpers.

Look now at photo No. 6 and see if there is any change from photo No. 3 Well, all I have done here is to cut off the ripcord protective flap to the left of the vertical stiffener plate and re-sew it on to the right of the vertical stiffener plate. The two sets of the lift dot snap fasteners denote the outside and inside edges of the ripcord flap in the new position. When the right hand set of pack opening bands are secured, they pass over the top of the ripcord flap and hold it out of the way of the static-line. In fact it gives you a static-line chute without a ripcord flap and holds it out of the way of the static-line. It certainly looks neat. This has not been approved by the technical committee as yet, but it's such a simple modification. Joe Reddick and I did this in about 15 minutes. Valcro strips are used here to replace the snap fasteners in securing the ripcord flap when the equipment is being used for manually operated descents.



6

To summarise, it would appear that even though these systems were approved as the official static-line operating procedures way back in early 1965, some instructors are not fully aware of them and, what is more serious, are not using them. The BPA have been trying for some years now to standardise its training and systems and this is vital to the safety of our jumpers. By simple and approved modifications accidents can and must be avoided. The BPA Technical Committee is undertaking a large task this year in attempting to produce by next May (1969) a training manual which will go into great detail as to how parachuting training should be conducted with lots of photos and sketches to clarify the meanings. If any instructor feels strongly about any existing training matter please discuss it with your CCI as he will be greatly involved in the material published in the Training Manual.

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Jumping Swiss Style

by *Lawrie St. John*

Jumping in Switzerland is something we never hear very much about. A lot has been written about Chalôn and the United States, and when Louis Anliker came to work in England and jumped with us I decided to spend a holiday over there.

Louis did his first sport-jump course at Sitterdorf, which is just over an hour's drive from Zurich in the flat part of Switzerland. Sitterdorf Airfield, owned by a Mr. Berner, is basically a landing strip with one grass runway and a piece of land running alongside the runway. There is ample hangarage for the aircraft and an excellent restaurant where food can be purchased throughout the day. On Saturday nights a local group, Swiss style, plays and many people come from the local towns to dance, eat charcoal grilled steaks, pork cutlets, Swiss sausages, and to drink beer and wine. A mixture which I must confess had a disastrous effect on me, gassy beer and white wine are a sure formula for getting "smashed".

There is ample accommodation in the local villages and towns for approximately £1 per night for bed and breakfast (Swiss style—tea or coffee, fresh rolls and jam as only the Swiss can make it). It shouldn't be necessary to book up in advance, the best bet is to arrive and shop around for the cheapest.

Sitterdorf is purely for parachuting, which gets priority over flying activities. Without the parachutists the restaurant would certainly suffer because people come from miles around to see them drop. During Saturday and Sunday the restaurant does a roaring trade.

There is a gravel pit which must be about 20-25 metres diameter, and they have three telemeters. The aircraft mainly used is a Pilatus Porter with occasional drops from a Brigadier. The Porter takes eight jumpers and the Brigadier three. As it is a slow climber the Brigadier is not so popular, and is only used for drops up to 4,000—6,000 feet. A jump from 2,200 feet costs approximately £1, 6,000 feet £1 10s. Od., 10,000 feet £2 10s. Od.

John Partington Smith from our club was over there at the same time as myself and we both got in about eight to ten jumps apiece. It was very difficult to get anybody to go up to 10,000 feet and there did not seem to be much enthusiasm for relative work. The attitude in general seemed to be that so long as they got a jump in, it did not matter what they did and they were quite happy to do thirty secs. or so of stable delay.

The club is run by instructors who are serving officers or N.C.O.'s and this definitely reflects on the atmosphere of the club. I have not been to any other European Clubs, but compared with clubs I have visited in England and the States, I get the impression that Sitterdorf suffers from the instructors being far too serious and semi-military in their attitude. A bit more "one of the boys" attitude would make a world of difference.

Documents required are Log Book, F.A.I. licence and Packing Log, a letter from your Club Chief Instructor is not a bad idea.

On the Monday following our arrival at Sitterdorf a student course of some twenty or so people started and during the following two weeks they averaged 34 jumps apiece. The weather was excellent with winds of only

two—six miles per hour and plenty of sunshine. We only stayed there for the weekends and during the week made our way up to the mountains, which are marvellous. The air is crystal clear and the heat from the sun gives you as good a tan as if you had been lying on the beach all day.

If one wants to start jumping at Sitterdorf, the usual procedure is to write in, and if accepted, one gets an hour's ground training, which consists of reserve and landing drill. He is then taken up to 2,000 feet and does one jump with a static line.

He then has two days packing instruction, after which he takes a packing test. If this is passed he is O.K. for a fifteen jump course (all statics) with theory lessons between jumps. After the third jump the student learns to spot and dispatch himself, but for the first eight jumps the instructor is in the aircraft to check spotting etc. After eight jumps the student is allowed to spot and dispatch himself—it was quite common for a whole aircraft load of students to spot themselves with three or four going out on one pass—all on statics and blindly following the first man out. The attitude over there is that it is the jump that is important, it does not matter where you land—literally.

After the fifteen jumps, the student takes a further test of two jumps; they are both spotted and he must land within 200 feet of the target centre. He must also answer a 100 question written test and get 80 per cent correct for a pass. Having attained this, he goes on to dummy ripcord pulls. The dummy ripcord has a yellow cloth attached to it so that the instructor (on the ground!) can see (through telemeters) that he has pulled satisfactorily. After two—three jumps, all being well, he can go on to manual pulling.

The student then does a further fifteen jumps up to 6,000 feet, when he takes another test. This consists of two jumps of 10 secs. free fall during which he must maintain aircraft heading. He is allowed a pulling margin of between 9 and 11 sec. and again must land within 200 feet of the target centre. This more or less constitutes his General Permit.

From then on he is very much on his own and must ask an instructor for any further points on free fall manoeuvres; I asked several jumpers over there if the instructors volunteered to teach them relative work, and all answered "No!".

The two week student course, including the 34 jumps, jumpsuit, helmet, goggles and gloves cost approximately £80. All students seem to buy their own gear.

The club has its own equipment—12 mains and 12 reserves, plus 12 complete sets of clothing.

Thirty per cent of students buy their own gear after their second jump; it is usually second-hand and a main (double blank C-9) costs £35, a reserve £15. After 50 jumps 60 per cent buy a P.C.

One very disconcerting thing was their habit of pulling at anything between 2,000 feet and 4,000 feet, which meant that relative work definitely was broken off at 4,000 feet.

There are several other clubs in Switzerland where, I understand, relative work is more encouraged. Being more interested in relative work than accuracy, I will try to visit one of these next year, preferably one that is in the mountains, for they really are Switzerland.

Nothing like starting them young!



*Sherdy Vatnsdal—
photo by Charles Shea-Simonds*



Letters to the Editor

*N. Jadransk Padalski Pokal
Zveza Letalskih Organizacij Slovenije—Izvršni Odbor
Ljubljana—Lepi Pot 6—Jugoslavija*

Sirs,

The time has come when we can draw a line under the Vth International Parachuting Competition for the Adriatic Cup and assess the cost. This is, of course, not intended to send it into oblivion but, on the contrary, to preserve it in the memory of the competitors and spectators in its real value.

At the Vth International Parachuting Competition for the Adriatic Cup a total of 136 competitors from 19 countries participated. The total number of participants in teams was 204, and the competition was also visited by 47 native and foreign journalists. The big number of participants from all parts of the world has once again confirmed that the Adriatic Cup is second only to the official world championship and, as such, become indispensable in this excitingly expanding sport.

According to echoes in the world Press, we can estimate that the competition at Portoroz is based on the Olympic principles "higher, farther, quicker" as well as "what is significant is participation and not just placement." A matching of forces between two world championships between various national teams, which is becoming more and more competitive and is yearly joined by new teams, the search for new forms and their testing in the practice of big international competition, friendly and comradely atmosphere, the possibility of competition for individuals and for groups in internationally formed teams and last but not least, the spectators who mostly consist of tourists from different countries—all this in our opinion constitutes the most characteristic and positive features of the Adriatic Cup. This constitutes as well our starting point for the planning of future competitions.

We think the competition has again confirmed the excellent choice of location in that part of the Mediterranean which is nearest to the centre of the European continent and is thus convenient to most of the participants and in a country which is open without impediment or formalities to all competitors, journalists, and observers.

As we are giving a report on the Vth competition for the Adriatic Cup, we wish to inform you that preparations for the VIth competition in 1969 have started already. By 1969 we plan to improve the airport, on the basis of previous experiences, complete the progress as well as the rules and regulations, ensure for all the competitors accommodation in one modern hotel and take a number of other steps to make the forthcoming meeting even more productive and successful. Your valuable suggestions would be greatly appreciated. (May we take this opportunity to ask you for the articles on the Adriatic Cup competition that appeared in your country, by means of which we would complement our records which serve primarily for the improvement of future competitions).

At the Association of Aeronautical Organisations of Slovenia a special committee for the organisation of the Xth Jubilee World Championship has been appointed. The championship would be at Bled in 1970, at the same place

where the 1st World Championship took place. We do hope you will support us as candidates for the organisation of this championship.

Finally, with your kind permission, we wish to express our warmest thanks to the International Aeronautical Union for all their support, help, and understanding, also to all national aero-clubs and organisations, and in particular to all competitors and participants at the Vth International Competition for the Adriatic Cup.

As this coincides with the end of this year, allow us to wish you in all sincerity and from our heart a happy new year and a lot of success in the future.

Organisational Committee of the
Vth Adriatic Parachuting Cup.

Dear Sir,

I would like to take the opportunity to use our magazine to express my thanks to all the parachutists that I have come into contact with at Thruxton during my time as Chief Instructor.

I have seen the club grow and become the undisputed leading civilian club in Great Britain, it is now a force to be reckoned with and I see great things ahead for it. I personally had great satisfaction seeing it running smoothly, records increasing and our total number of descents climbing higher each year (I see we have topped the 5,000 mark again in 1967).

I hope the steady trickle of students continues, for they are the parachutists of tomorrow and without them our sport will die. I'm sure, with the help of a National Centre, the percentage of students who make the category "X" grade will be greatly increased and after all, that's the aim, or should be.

I would like also to express my views to all instructors. There are many of you who hold your instructor's rating but do not earn your keep—if the cap fits, wear it! If you have a rating then use it, put back into the sport instead of taking all the time. Give the poor C.I.S. some help, God knows they need it. Clubs will not run themselves, you are the people who can help, if you are not willing to instruct and do "earthbound" tasks and earn your rating then stand down and let someone who is willing take your place. To be despatched in charge of the aircraft is just not enough, that's the "perks" of the job; down on the ground is where you are needed, the "perks" will follow. You'll be surprised the satisfaction you can get from seeing the look on a student's face after his first jump and believe me there are instructors who have yet to see even that. To those who helped me I say thank you, I could not have succeeded without you.

It only remains for me to say thanks to all at B.P.A. and Aviation for the guidance you gave me.

Good luck Thruxton, thanks for a good five years; who knows, I may see you at 10,000ft. again yet.

Yours faithfully,

J. BURGESS.
1302 Evesham Road,
Astwood Bank,
Redditch,
Worcestershire.

Dear Secretary General,

I have just received the pamphlet called "Parachuting Regulations 1967" and I congratulate the B.P.A. for having put at the disposal of the English language parachutists this collection of information which every parachutist or parachute candidate should know.

Also, the form retained, which is that of the medical notebook, is very interesting and will perhaps inspire the French.

I am not yet able to give my opinion on the text as my knowledge of the English language does not permit me to translate very quickly and, so far, I have only been able to translate the chapter headings!

I am always very happy to receive your magazine "Sport Parachutist." I can then follow the achievements of my many English friends that I knew at Chalôn.

Since the 1st December, 1967, I have accepted a post at the Centre National de Parachutisme at Biscarrosse and I hope that you will make a note of my new address so that I may still receive your magazine.

Without doubt, I shall not see my English friends so often and this thought makes me a little sad.

To you all, and to you Secretary General, all my best wishes and I hope that parachuting in England will have an excellent future.

CLAUDE BERNARD.

12 Avenue Henri Guillaumet,
40 Biscarrosse-Bourg V.

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Dear Sir,

Would you please send me another copy of the Christmas edition. When I renewed my membership (11.8.67) I ordered and paid for two copies of each edition. One copy I keep, the other is sent to the Victorian P.C. Australia.

In these days of rising prices, I think 5s. is not out of place for such an excellent magazine as ours. My congratulations and sincere thanks to the workers who produce same.

I recently attended a three weeks course at Netheravon. Again, my most sincere thanks to the A.P.A. and the staff of Netheravon. I am a comparative learner (33 jumps) to Sport Parachuting, but in my opinion, anyone starting from scratch could not do better than one of these courses. Not only every facility, tip top instructors, but dirt cheap.

You not only have my permission to print any, or all of this letter; but I would be pleased if you would print the "thank you" parts.

Yours sincerely,

A. M. HARRIS.



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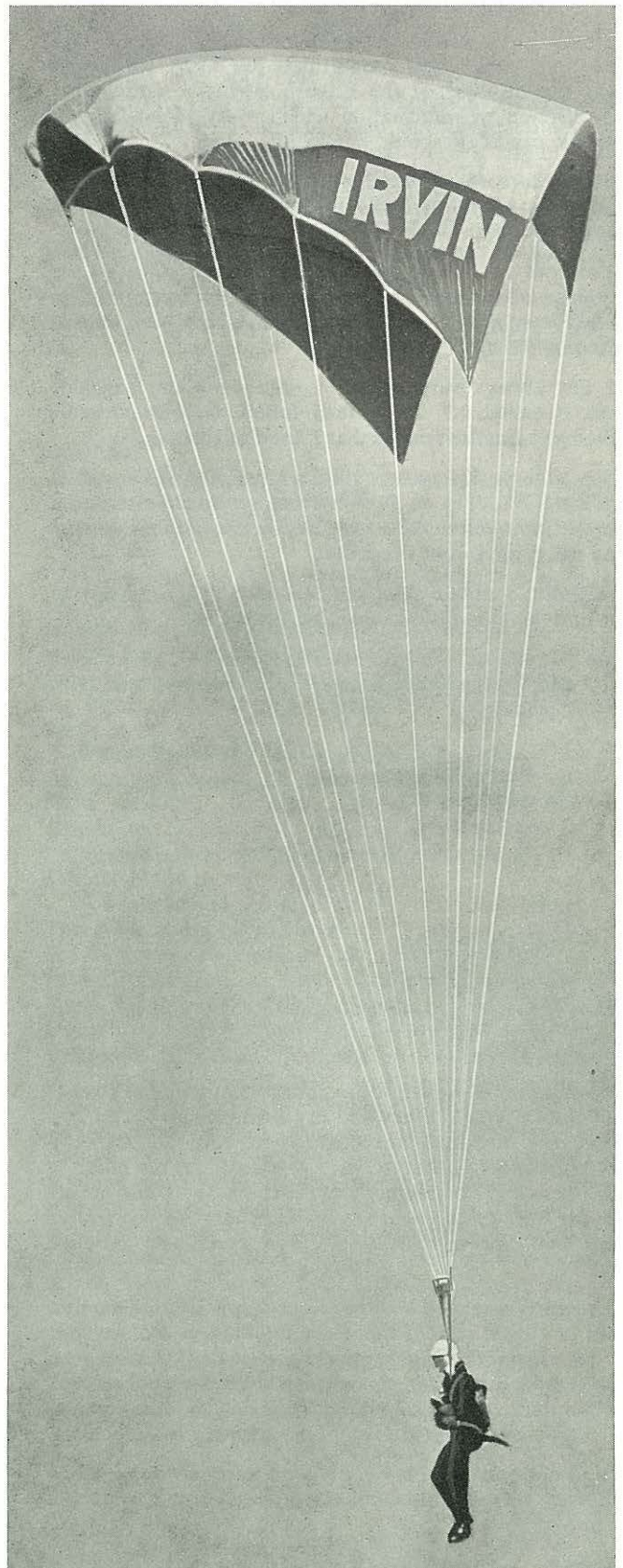
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*Picture shows the Parawing Hawk forerunner of the
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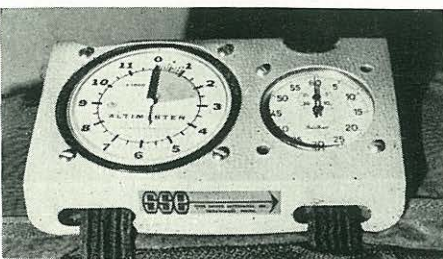
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