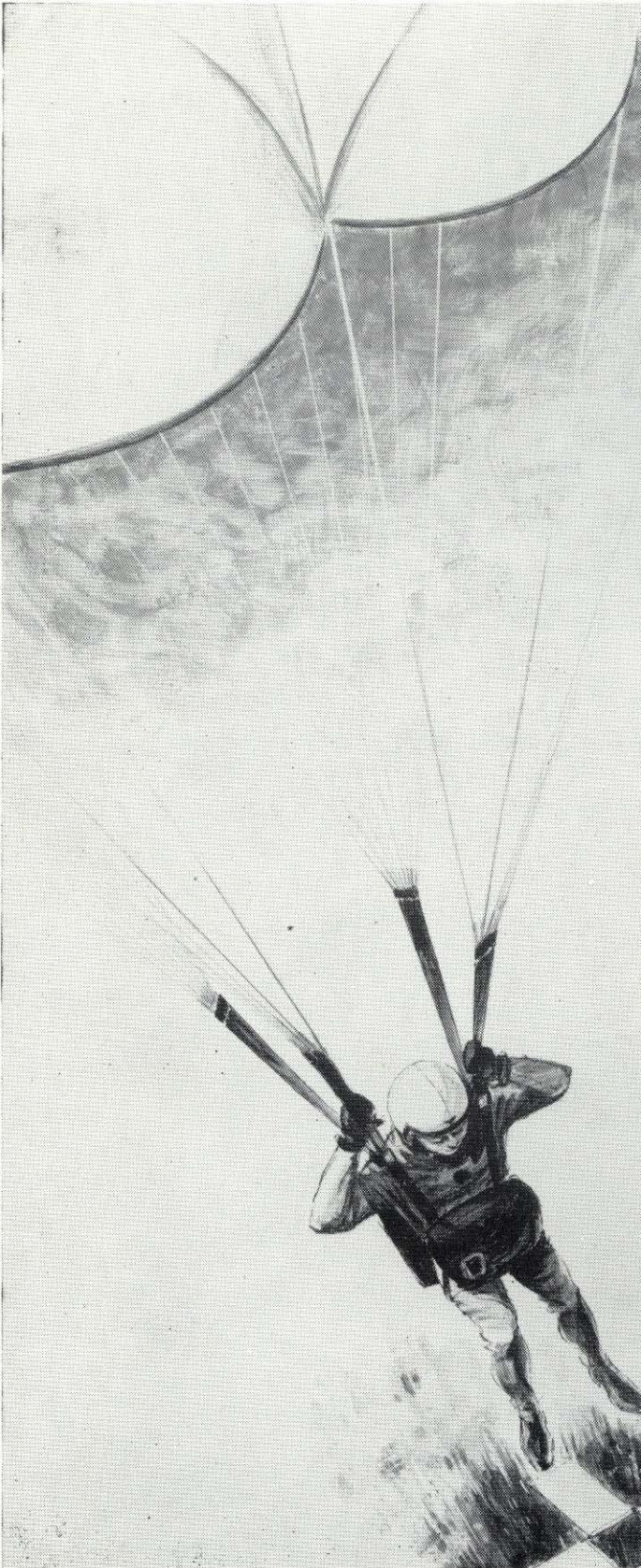




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THE JOURNAL  
OF THE BRITISH  
PARACHUTE  
ASSOCIATION

(A company limited by guarantee)



# Sport Parachutist

20p (Ex U.S.A.)

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Artillery Mansions,  
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Cover: The first British 8-man star through the viewfinder of Charles Shea-Simonds

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

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



## The Secretary-General comments . . .

Ned Luker's article is certainly being put to good use by visitors to this country (and not only from U.S.A.)—some days my office is like a Tourist Agency. I am not complaining, in fact, it is very refreshing to meet our visitors who greet me with, "Mr. Paul?"—my reply is "Yes, Ned Luker's article?" From then on it's down to business and trying to get through the formalities so that they can get 'into harness' as quickly as possible.

I am most impressed by the manner in which some of our members react when I call for help for our visitors—one member even arranged to collect a visitor in London at a late hour on a Friday evening and to drive some 200 miles to a club.

I would like to see an article similar to Ned's published in *Sport Parachutist*—come on one of you 'wanderers' how about a guide for the British Parachutist going abroad.



# Major Edward Gardener

Safety Officer, Army Parachute Association

## HALO

A GOOD deal of myth and misunderstanding seems to surround the subject of HALO in the minds of many parachutists in this country. Very simply, HALO stands for High Altitude-Low Opening; it is the old name for the military free fall parachuting technique practiced by Special Forces in the United States Army. Officially the name has now been dropped—perhaps because it lent too glamorous an impression to a serious business; but like so many popular nicknames it is still in common use.

During my exchange tour in America I spent several months with the Advanced Training Committee of the Special Forces Training Group at Fort Bragg (the principal HALO training school) and was able to study all their techniques. Details of some of the operational application is classified and would be of little interest to most sport parachutists, but the training system has many unique aspects which are worth outlining.

The aim of the basic HALO course is to train a man to jump with all his equipment as a member of a team from altitudes up to 45,000 feet by day or night and to land close to his leader without the requirement for a large, clear dropping zone. If the sport parachuting system of training were used it would require a large number of jumps and a great deal of time and expense to get a student up to the required standard. Furthermore, many of the skills acquired by a sport jumper during his training such as advanced free fall manoeuvres and precision accuracy on high performance canopies are not really required by the military free faller. Hence the requirement for the unusual method of training.

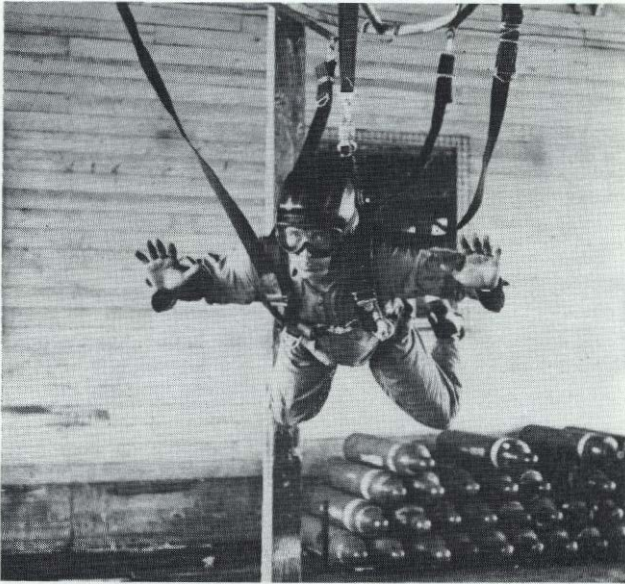
A potential student for the basic HALO course must be a qualified military static line parachutist; no previous free fall experience is required. Before acceptance he undergoes a very searching examination by a Flight Surgeon which is similar to an aircrew medical. The course lasts five weeks and involves an average of twenty to twenty-five jumps. Two days are spent at an Air Force Physiological Training Flight where the students are given a thorough theoretical and practical briefing on the various effects of altitude on the human body, use of oxygen equipment, etc.; over three hours are spent in a decompression chamber with simulated flights up to 43,000 feet. Pre-jump training lasts about twelve hours. The ground training equipment is simple but adequate; a flat table top to practice free fall positions; a simple aircraft mock-up for aircraft drills and exit training; an ingenious suspended harness which holds the student in the free fall position then drops him into the under-canopy position when he pulls the rip cord (Figs 1 & 2).

The next step is a big one—from 12,500 feet off the ramp of a C-123 Provider aircraft (Fig 3). An instructor follows one or two students out of the aircraft and closely observes their performance in free fall; immediately after landing he is able to give them a detailed debrief on their performances. The student pivots on exit to face the slipstream and adopts the delta position. After a six-second count he starts to move his arms and legs so that by the tenth second he is in a frog position with a slight arch. If he becomes unstable he resumes the delta position and then returns again to the frog. To the average sport parachutist, the idea of starting free fall training with a fifty second delay probably sounds incredible; I certainly had my doubts about the system until I had personally followed a number of students. On the first one or two jumps most experience a certain amount of instability; but the average student usually manages to hold a fairly good position for the major part of his fall and pull his ripcord successfully at 4,200 feet; should he overlook this latter action, a barometric automatic opening device activates the main parachute at 4,000 feet. After six jumps the average student has learned to exit, stabilise, turn in free fall, maintain a heading, take up the delta position to give limited lateral movement, observe his altimeter, pull at the correct height and control his steerable canopy. On his seventh jump the student is graded by an instructor to ensure that his individual performance has reached a satisfactory standard; if he fails he is given one more practice jump and is then graded again. A second failure results in relief from the course.

All remaining jumps on the course are team jumps using oxygen equipment, commencing with groups of about six men and gradually building up to about twelve. Students exit in a tight mass off the ramp and pick up a pre-designated heading. No formal instruction is given in relative work apart from teaching students to delta away if they are directly above another jumper; but by the end of the course most have picked up the basic rudiments and can maintain a fairly tight grouping in free fall. An instructor jumps with each group of students and opens slightly below them; the students try to land as close as possible to the instructor, the distance being measured on each jump. Final qualification for each student depends largely upon completing a satisfactory number of group landings. Several of the jumps are usually made into trees (not always intentional, as the release point is calculated from forecasted winds which sometimes have a habit of being wrong!).

The oxygen jumps are usually made from C-130 Hercules





*Fig. 1 Suspended harness—free fall position*

*Fig. 2 Suspended harness—under canopy positions*



aircraft. The first is made from 16,000 feet for familiarisation with the equipment, the remainder usually from 20,000 feet. The basic oxygen equipment (Fig 4) consists of a pressure demand mask attached to the helmet and a high pressure bottle for use in free fall which gives about an eight minute continuous supply. In the aircraft the jumpers are usually connected to a console supply or may use a low pressure walk around bottle. Although no very high altitude jumps are usually made on the basic course, the equipment is suitable for use up to 45,000 feet and the parachutists are qualified to jump from this height. Several night jumps are included, the first from 12,500 feet and thereafter from 20,000 feet. On the last few jumps of the course a rucksack weighing about 65 pounds and a rifle are carried.

On operations, if a jump had to be made through cloud or on a very dark night, blind dropping techniques would be used. But only the most sophisticated nav aids can rival the trained human eyeballs for a good spot provided that enough reference points are visible. Also, in American military parachuting, the Army (not the Air Force) is responsible for the direct control of its parachutists and their equipment throughout a jump. Courses are therefore run to train HALO jumpmasters. Students must be successful graduates of the basic course and are usually officers or senior NCOs who have already qualified as static line parachuting jumpmasters. Ground training includes the planning of HALO operations, inspection of parachutists and aircraft, setting AODs, maintenance and operation of all oxygen equipment, pilot briefing, drift calculations and further physiological training. Twenty to twenty-five descents are usually made starting at 12,500 feet and progressing to 20,000 feet with, if possible, at least one jump from a minimum of 25,000 feet. Night and equipment jumps are included throughout the course.

Students work in pairs, one acting as the jumpmaster and the other as his team on each jump. Each pair of students exits the aircraft on a separate pass over the DZ, the student jumpmaster giving pre-jump commands to his partner and spotting the aircraft. Within reasonable limits the observing instructor does not attempt to correct a student even if his spot is obviously wrong; tree landings and long walks during the early part of the course are therefore not uncommon! However, after several hard-earned lessons most students achieve a very reasonable standard by the end of the course; this is quite an achievement considering that they are spotting an aircraft with a ground speed frequently in excess of 200 knots by day and night from altitudes in excess of 20,000 feet. The course finishes with written and practical tests and a HALO exercise.

Obviously a trained HALO parachutist or jumpmaster will benefit from as many continuation jumps as possible. But it has been found that, while one jump a month is desirable, one every three months is sufficient to keep his training up to a satisfactory standard.

In brief outline this is the HALO training system. What are its main features of interest to a sport parachutist? It shows that a man can safely and successfully be taught to free fall commencing with long delays and progressing rapidly to oxygen and night jumps (in twenty jumps a HALO student can amass about twenty-five minutes in free fall; how many jumps would that take an average sport parachutist?). However it requires a sizeable team of highly qualified instructors and riggers, reliable automatic opening devices and careful selection of students who must undergo a searching medical examination. Eventually, perhaps,



sport parachuting might be able to adopt a similar system of training; but certainly not at the present stage of the game in this country.

The average student is no superman and there is no disgrace in opting out of the course at any stage; yet voluntary drop outs are almost unknown, the failure rate is below five per cent and there has never been a student fatality. This says a great deal for the calibre of the instructors and the confidence which they can instil into their students to help them face that very sobering first drop of over two miles without too many qualms. During the relatively short ground training period, maximum emphasis is placed on realism and the active participation of the students. The suspended harness device in particular is most effective and well worth copying by any club (Figs 1, 2 & 5); apart from the added realism of the student getting a reaction when he pulls the ripcord, it also requires only one piece of equipment where two are usually needed.

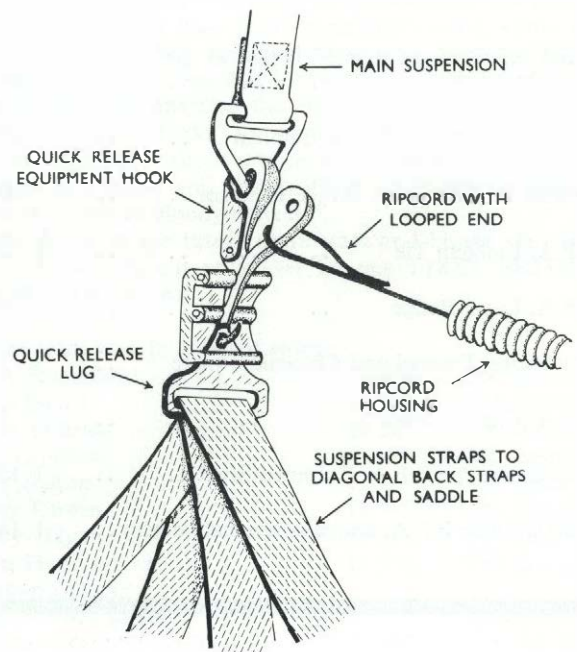
One of the most interesting aspects to me was the detailed study and practice of high altitude jumping. In this country very few jumps are officially made above 12,000 feet and even the majority of experienced jumpers have only a hazy knowledge of the physiological and physical problems which may be encountered at higher altitudes. The training and practical experience gained with the HALO school provided a fascinating insight into this unusual aspect of parachuting and certainly opened my eyes to the dangers of venturing to high altitude without the necessary knowledge and equipment. There can be few experiences more exhilarating than jumping in the clear, cold air at, say, 25,000 feet with over two minutes of free



Fig. 3 (above right) HALO student on first free fall drop from 12,500 ft

Fig. 4 (below) Individual oxygen equipment. Left to right: demand oxygen mask fitted with intercom, junction assembly (which fits onto parachute harness), low pressure walk-around bottle and high pressure bale out bottle for use in free fall

Fig. 5 (bottom right) Suspended harness—details of release mechanism



fall ahead of you; but perils lurk here for the unwary. Taking a few examples, there are the better known dangers of hypoxia (oxygen lack), frostbite and possible attacks of decompression sickness (trapped gases expanding or nitrogen bubbles coming out of solution in the blood). To these can be added less obvious hazards such as the toxic effects at high altitude of some apparently harmless medications (for example, certain decongestants), icing and misting of goggles and instruments, reduction of lateral control over the body in free fall, the possibility of winds in excess of 100 knots which would blow a jumper several miles in free fall and the many problems which would face a jumper who accidentally deployed his parachute at high altitude (not the least of which would be the opening shock which might be severe enough to cause injury and rip the canopy). Many other dangers could be added to the list; any one of them is a potential killer. Because of the very definite risks involved, high altitude jumps should never be attempted without the necessary authority, organisation, training and equipment.

But it should also be remembered that even the lower altitudes are not entirely free from all such hazards. For

example, hypoxia tolerance varies considerably between individuals and also in the same individual under different circumstances; while 12,000 feet is normally considered to be a 'safe' altitude, it is quite possible for any parachutist to be significantly affected by the lack of oxygen at this height, particularly if he is up there for any length of time. Parachutists making night descents should bear in mind that they may lose up to twenty-five per cent of their night vision by 8,000 feet and fifty per cent by 12,000 feet—a significant point when looking for landmarks in the moonlight. Instructors in particular should also be aware of the condition known as hyperventilation or over-breathing which may well appear in a particularly nervous student. The early symptoms are dizziness, numbness in the extremities and impaired judgment, while in an advanced stage it can lead to unconsciousness. The observant instructor need only remind a fast breathing student to consciously regulate his respiration for the symptoms to disappear.

There is undoubtedly a lot of wisdom in the old maxim: "The sky, even more than the sea, is terribly unforgiving of even the slightest mistake."

## BPA Shop

The following items are available to members of the Association only, and can be obtained from the British Parachute Association Office.

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Charles Shea-Simonds

## Saga of the first British 8-man star

Just after midday on Saturday, 17 October 1970, eight members of the Royal Green Jackets Free Fall Team left a Skyvan at 12,500 feet and formed an eight-man star over Dunkeswell Airfield, South Devon; the first British eight-man star.

The few words above coldly report the facts and give no idea of the preceding nine months of patient effort, personal expense and at times near despair experienced by each and every member of the team. The origins of the achievement can be traced back to the four- and five-man stars put together in late summer 1967 over Thrupton in which four members of the team were involved; John Beard, John Harrison, Jim Crocker and Terry Hagan. The closing of Thrupton broke up the existing group who went their individual ways to find jumping where they could. During 1968 lack of drop zones and aircraft almost forced one or two to an early retirement from sport parachuting but during 1969 John Beard's visit to the States and participation in an eight-man star (thus qualifying him to wear the coveted Bob Buquor Memorial Star Patch) re-kindled the flame. Enter another character in the story; the Short Skyvan, that stubby but functional 15-place, fast climbing aircraft, the performance of which spread like wildfire amongst British relative workers. The end of 1969 and the beginning of 1970 saw the initial training and the sorting of the "wheat from the chaff". Plenty of jumpers had shown sudden interest in the idea but not many were able to dedicate themselves whole-heartedly to the many weekends of practice and frustration that followed. Because of this, the team more or less chose itself when Tony Unwin, Guy Sutton, Mike O'Brien and John Shankland joined the four already mentioned to make the eight.

During the months that followed the team steadily gained experience as their appointed trainer John Harrison quietly coached and cajoled them to the more polished relative work involved when a star builds up above a four-man. Articles on star work in American magazines were studied avidly and a comprehensive debrief followed each attempt where red faces often revealed the bad guys responsible for bursting the group apart!

The first really serious attempt came about early in September when the Royal Navy generously provided two Wessex helicopters of 846 Squadron from RNAS Culdrose for a week. Unfortunately the weather couldn't have been worse and the team, now joined by Mark Miller and Charles Shea-Simonds (cine and still photographers respectively) and a news crew from ITN sat around for four days while the jump, flying and news stories got more and more unbelievable in the telling. Finally the Friday dawned clear and crisp, but it needed two or three jumps to clear away the bad weather blues and get used to a new aircraft. The day finally closed after six descents which had included two four-man, two five-man, a six-man, an awful throw-away jump and the furthest out spot of John Beard's chequered

career, about both of which the less said the better! Although the week had ended without success it had raised team spirit to a new determination to finally crack it over the weekend of 17/18 October when the Skyvan was next due to be at Dunkeswell.

Saturday 17 October was designed for parachuting with clear blue skies and virtually no wind. John Snelling, piloting the Skyvan of South West Aviation, arrived and the team climbed aboard after the usual last minute briefing. The warm-up jump of the day resulted in a very fair 7-man which broke on entry of the eighth—a promising start. Jump No. 2 was not so clever—only a four-man, and it resulted in a well deserved sharp admonishment from the team trainer.

After repacking the team are once again sitting in the plush seats of the Skyvan as it climbs at an incredible angle towards the sky. About ten minutes later John Beard, spotting initially from alongside the pilot's seat gives the thumbs up signal for John Shankland to open up the door and the team move back towards the gaping expanse of nothingness that is the tailgate. A couple of corrections and the team dive out in pairs hot after John the Base and John the Pin. The base get together quickly as the remaining six start to close in; viewed through the bullseye sights of the two photographers it is already looking good. Three and four close into their slots and break wrists and the remaining four are already on the same level moving in relentlessly. It suddenly happens, effortlessly and smoothly; all eight are there! To the cameramen it looks like a coloured cover of *Skydiver* magazine; beautifully symmetrical and almost unreal. One of the team is counting heads from within the star; having reached eight he starts a recount in excited disbelief! At 3,000 feet that fabulous seven second creation breaks precisely apart as the eight track away to find an individual plot of sky for canopy deployment. Brightly coloured nylon is all around as eight voices shout out the release of tension and the thrill of achievement. "We've done it . . . we've bloody done it!"

No doubt in the future more stars and bigger stars will be built but there'll only ever be one **FIRST BRITISH EIGHT-MAN STAR**.

The team was, in order of entry:

John Shankland	D 651	306 descents
John Beard	D 401	675 descents
Mike O'Brien	D 288	650 descents
Jim Crocker	D 493	780 descents
Guy Sutton	D 663	350 descents
Tony Unwin	D 187	635 descents
Terry Hagan	D 469	575 descents
John Harrison	D 316	750 descents
Photographers:		
Mark Miller (cine)		250 descents
Charles Shea-Simonds (still)	D 192	633 descents



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## 1970 National Parachute Championships

**Men's Overall Champion**  
Daily Telegraph Cup

L. Bdr. J. Kemley (R.A.)

**Individual Accuracy Champion**

Daily Telegraph Rose Bowl  
Cpl. D. Whitney (Para Regt.)

**Team Accuracy Champions**

Sunday Telegraph Cup  
664 Aviation Sqn. A.A.C.

**Novice Champion**

Swan Trophy  
W. Ford (South Staffs.)

**Best First Year Style Performance**

The Woolgar Trophy  
J. Dineen (R.A.F.S.P.A.)

**Parascending Inter-Club Championship**

Neumark Trophy

1st Bn. Worcestershire and Sherwood Forresters Regt.

**Women's Overall Champion**  
Lady Quilter Cup

Mrs. C. Vatnsdal (Nomad)

**Individual Style Champion**

Daily Telegraph Trophy  
W. J. Meacock (Old Warden)

**Overall Team Champions**

Parachute Regiment

**Best Overall Civilian**

Daily Telegraph Cup  
R. King (Nomad)

**Stand-Off Champion**

Paraglide Challenge Trophy

G. Sutton (B.P.C.)

**Parascending Individual Champion**

Lt. T. McCartney

### APPRECIATIONS

The B.P.A. is indebted to the following for their support:

**Daily Telegraph**—for trophies and prizes and to its Managing Director, Mr. H. M. Stephen, for kindly presenting the prizes.

**Army Parachute Association**—for providing facilities and staff at very short notice.

**Officer Commanding, Netheravon**—for the use of Netheravon airfield and associated facilities.

**Judge and Assistants, Pilots, Marshaller and Recorders** and all other behind the scene helpers who, under difficult conditions, gave so much time and effort to bring the Championships to a successful conclusion.



# Filling in the detail . . .

Alan Johnson

It was said many years ago that the course of true love never runs smoothly. I think that the author of these words must have had us in mind when he wrote them. Those of us who have the responsibility for trying to organise parachuting in this country love the sport and strive earnestly to provide the best competition facilities. Do we succeed? Unfortunately not completely because we are as yet a young sport and our best intentions are often frustrated by events outside our control.

Thus it was with the '70 Nationals. Detailed plans had been laid for many months to go to Goodwood—a new site, new competitions, new management; all the ingredients for an excellent meeting. What went wrong?

First of all, at what was literally the last minute, Goodwood was denied to us. The course of true love took its first knock at this stage. There we were with the competition due in a few days and no site. Frantic telephone calls were made all around and salvation came in the form of the APA Centre at Netheravon. We had inflicted ourselves on Netheravon so many times in the past that we were determined to give them a rest but it was not to be. At incredibly short notice the APA agreed to the use of Netheravon for the weekends 4/5 and 11/12 July. There are no word which can adequately express our thanks to Don Hughes and his staff for their generous offer.

We now had a site and competitors were hastily informed of the change of venue. During Friday July 4 Bill Paul, our tireless Secretary-General, lay in wait for competitors, checking documents, taking last minutes entries (why do you wait till the last minute to enter?) and gently prying out entry fees.

As everyone gathered and renewed old acquaintances the weather started to drop ominous hints as to its intentions. Parachuting requires little cooperation from the elements, a moderate cloud base and a suspicion of wind is all we need but on Saturday those of us who had the decisions to make were horrified to find low cloud enveloping the whole of Wiltshire and a chill, strong wind sweeping the bleak countryside.

So began the anemometer vigil of the first weekend. The chat, the arguments, the volley ball, punctuated by endless cups of coffee in the new snack bar all helped to relieve the monotony but the frustration mounted. By Sunday afternoon it was obvious that there would be no competition that weekend and so competitors drifted disconsolately homewards having been urged to assemble the following Friday.

There it was, a whole weekend gone and not a single canopy had blossomed over Netheravon despite a report slightly to the contrary in the National Press.

The Para Gods were invoked during the following week and turned a favourable eye in our direction the following weekend. There was cloud overhead but sufficient height to allow us to start the Individual Accuracy Event on Saturday morning. Bob King opened the competition for the second time in two years (does he bribe Joe Reddick for

this doubtful honour?) and placed his foot 59 cm from the disc at 0957 precisely. We did not have to wait long for the first DC; John Kemley, determined to keep his title, kicked the disc nine minutes later. Conditions were not easy because with the lifting of the cloud, the wind started to sneak up varying between two and five metres/second. The round was completed at 1115 with the leading scores recorded by John Kemley, Bill Catt and Dave Savage all with DCs but hot on their heels were Tony Charlton, Dave Whitney and Bob Card all within 20 cm. Gerry Vatnsdal led the ladies (and incidentally her coach, sorry, husband) with 1.98 metres, a long way ahead of her nearest rival.

The second round gave a hint that the overall standard could well be high, Dave Savage's 37 cm putting him fractionally ahead of Dave Whitney. John Meacock surprisingly (and quietly) zapped which ruined his first round 56 cm but Pete Sherman, John Kemley and Tony Charlton stayed within close striking distance. The wind was again proving tricky and the round was notable by the absence of DCs.

By this time the sun was shining and the blue skies were shouting out for style so the judges decided to change to this event rather than continue with accuracy.

Augmented by Doug Peacock who manned the third set of telemeters, the two judges, Dave Jones and Andy Anderson (plus cigar) raised their eyes to the skies and poised their fingers on the stop watch buttons. It had been decided to stay with the 1968 World Competition Style Rules although a new system of scoring had appeared during the previous week from the FAI which involved an overall tightening up, e.g. 25 degree or more undershots to be penalised.

The three round provided a neck-and-neck struggle between Tony Charlton and John Meacock although by the very nature of this event it was not obvious at the time. The winner was eventually John by the margin of one point over Tony (810 and 809 respectively). Sadly the event served to further underline this great weakness in British Competition Parachuting.

So Saturday came to a close, the Style Event over, two rounds of the Accuracy Event successfully completed, a lot of tired competitors and a group of sun scorched judges (and helpers). Reassured by a fairly optimistic met forecast, we awaited the next day with confidence.

Sunday dawned fair but the anemometer was surprisingly active. The judges decided to start off with the next round of Individual Accuracy. This round was again characterised by the absence of DCs with one exception—John Meacock, as though to demonstrate that his previous zap had been one of those unfortunate things, hit the discs in no uncertain manner. A surprise in this round came from Tony Charlton who just managed to stick his feet close enough to record a mere 73.6 points. The consistency of Dave Whitney, Pete Sherman and John Kemley paid off and they led in the overall placings at the end of the round. With three rounds of the individual accuracy event completed decision was made to switch to the Team Event. We had been joined by the French team from the Dieppe Sport Parachuting Club whom we were delighted to see as they gave an international flavour to the Championships which has been sadly lacking over the past few years. With a constant watch on the anemometer in the pit, the first team took to the air. Conditions were by no means easy with the wind hunting around the 6-7 metres/second mark, but at no time going outside the limits. Teams crashed into the peas with 664 Sqn AAC led by Sherdy Vatnsdal gaining a slight lead over



the French Team with Pat Slattery's Nomads "A" lying third.

The second round was started more in hope than conviction, the judges having to give the weather best after two teams had jumped. There we were with blue skies and a warm sun but a perverse wind which was just the wrong side of the permissible limit. We waited hopefully for just two brief hours in which to complete the competition, but this was not to be.

All was not lost, however, for the moderate sized crowd that had journeyed from afar to see the competition. Throughout the day, under the watchful eye of Walter Neumark, the Ascending Parachutists were striving to be the first winners of the magnificent Neumark Trophy and a small group of enthusiasts (and others) were wrestling with compasses, maps and performance tables in preparation for the "Stand-Off" Competition.

After much discussion and conjecture, the rules of this new competition turned out to be comparatively simple; to leave the aircraft at 10,000 ft and pull within five seconds. The object was to reach the airfield and for bonus points the target area from the farthest point you calculated the canopy could get you back.

In due course the six competitors emplaned for the world's first Stand-Off Competition. The winds were extremely favourable, being essentially from the east all the way up to 10 grand. Pete Schofield led the Red Devils three-man assault on his Foil and elected an extreme exit point of approximately 10 miles away. Guy Sutton (PC) and myself (Dominator) satisfied ourselves with a modest 5-6 miles exit point. Everyone was dressed in suitably warm clothing for the rigours of altitude and was armed with maps, compasses, and rigging line extensions to the control lines (have you ever held your arms above your head for 10 minutes). Then we were out in the wide blue yonder—but that's another story I'll reserve for another time.

Alas for the performance figures and calculations, Peter Schofield landed in the middle of Larkhill Range with his team mates, I nearly made the A345 and Guy Sutton sailed his PC just into the airfield to prove a creditable winner in this unique competition. Back to the drawing board for the rest of us.

Then it was all over—the committee decided to declare the results in the competition as they stood and these are itemised elsewhere in this issue. An excellent prizegiving followed by a splendid buffet party and we all went home. Just a few words about some of the winners. First of all 664 Sqn. I am sure that they will forgive me for calling them veterans but they have all been around for a few years and to achieve the success they did, albeit from only one round, is very creditable from what must surely be the smallest group jumping today.

John Kemley well deserved his overall title being consistent throughout and Gerry Vatsdal (what do they call her?) retained the Lady Quilter Cup as Ladies Champion.

John Meacock, thanks to the generosity of our benefactors, the *Daily Telegraph*, made the Style Cup his personal property by nature of his third successive win, surely an apt reward for his dedication to the most difficult of competitive events.

What lessons did we learn from these Championships? Firstly, it is essential that we go back to holding them over one week, including weekends. Despite the creditable results the number of rounds completed were the bare mini-

mum to decide realistic National placings. Secondly, we must have more judges. Andy Anderson and Dave Jones are the first to admit their relative inexperience in judging but they ensured that we did have a competition and under the circumstances carried out their unenviable task very commendably. (I would like to point out here that they were pressed into service at very short notice due to the last minute withdrawal by our invited foreign judges.) Thirdly, we must have a better system of communication of vital information, results, etc. to both competitions and spectators. These points and many others were noted and we hope that the '71 Nationals will benefit from their incorporation.

Finally a personal vote of thanks from me to all those who helped to salvage what could have been a disastrous 1970 Nationals—to Don Hughes, Joe Reddick, Geordie Laing, Ray Ryan and all the staff of the APA Centre who gave untiringly of their time and facilities, to the pilots who flew us, to the judges and their helpers in particular Sue Meacock, to the *Daily Telegraph* for their continued support, to Walter Neumark who provided the inspiration and trophies to extend the competition, to Bill Paul for his patient behind the scenes organisation, and to all the others who contributed in any way and finally to you, the competitors, for your patience and tolerance with us, the organisers. See you all in '71.

## FULL RESULTS OVERLEAF

*664 Sqn AAC, winners of the team accuracy event. Sherdy Vatsdal receives the trophy from H. M. Stephen, Managing Director, Daily Telegraph*





## Individual Accuracy

No.	Name	Club	Jumps				Position
			1	2	3	Total	
1	W. Slattery	Nomad	227	230.5	4	461.5	26
2	R. King	Nomad	244.9	221.2	239.3	705.4	5
3	R. Hiatt	Nomad	162.6	117.3	230.7	510.6	22
4	D. Savage	Nomad	250	246.3	149.7	646	15
5	C. Vatnsdal	664 Sqn. AAC	Z	249	220.9	469.9	25
6	J. Balls	664 Sqn. AAC	151.9	248.2	Z	400.1	35
7	W. Catt	664 Sqn. AAC	250	104.2	249.1	603.3	17
8	K. Jones	664 Sqn. AAC	236.5	197.5	217.7	651.7	13
9	A. Jones	Para. Regt.	184.9	186.3	207.3	578.5	18
10	D. Whitney	Para. Regt.	248	244.6	222.5	715.1	1st
11	B. Standing	Para. Regt.	184.2	241.5	227.4	653.1	12
12	G. Cathro	Para. Regt.	224	237.2	245.3	706.5	4
13	D. McNaughton	Para. Regt.	244.4	198	236.7	679.1	9
14	A. Charlton	R.A.F.	248.5	235.3	73.6	557.4	19
15	M. Deakin	R.A.F.	197.1	240.8	246.4	684.3	7
16	A. Dale	R.A.F.	207.7	232.2	247.5	687.5	6
17	A. Born	R.A.F.	Z	235.5	199.6	435.1	31
18	K. Dineen	R.A.F.	217.7	218.5	Z	436.2	29
19	T. Hagan	Nomad	185.4	130.1	Z	315.5	37
20	D. Waugh	Nomad	Z	246.1	188.6	434.7	32
21	J. Smith	Nomad	216.3	240	223.6	679.9	8
22	C. May	Nomad	Z	205.6	242.5	448.1	27
23	T. Rixon	Nomad	178.6	Z	233.2	411.8	34
24	G. Vatnsdal	Nomad	230.2	146.6	171.8	548.6	20
25	T. Ford	Nomad	166	45.7	Z	211.7	41
26	J. Cain	Nomad	7.9	11.5	Z	197.4	42
27	J. Meacock	Old Warden	244.4	Z	250	494.4	23
28	R. Scott	Golden Lions	189	249	219.6	657.6	11
29	J. Kemley	R.A.	250	235.1	223.1	708.2	3
30	R. Card	R.C.T.	248.2	188	Z	436.2	29 (J)
31	J. English	South Staffs.	226.6	162.3	Z	388.9	36
32	S. Marnier	Brunel	137.7	Z	Z	137.7	43
33	G. Sutton	Old Warden	Z	78.4	197.6	276	38
34	P. Sherman	R.A.F.	244	222.9	245.8	712.7	2nd
35	W. MacLennan	Golden Lions	203.6	Z	213.8	417.4	33
36	P. Young	A.P.A.	244	183	223.7	650.7	14
37	R. Swainson	R.A.F.	156.6	104.9	Z	261.5	39
38	M. Andrew	A.P.A.	Z	Z	225	225	40
39	N. Abisch	Old Warden	Z	137.6	Z	137.6	44
48	P. Dickerson	Old Warden	172.8	198.8	154.8	526.4	21
41	J. Ford	South Staffs.	Z	215.7	223.4	439.1	28
42	J. Fairweather	Nomad	Z	8	82.1	90.1	45
43	J. Shankland	Manchester	190.4	53.5	231.7	475.6	24
44	S. Harber	A.P.A.	Z	Z	Z	—	46
45	A. Unwin	Nomad	201.4	240.6	175.9	617.9	16
46	R. Nivens	Golden Lions	188.4	246.6	234.9	669.9	9

## Paraglide Stand-off Challenge Trophy

	Canopy	Declared Exit	Result
G. Sutton	PC	9,000*	Winner
Major B. S. Schofield	Foil	15,500*	Failed to Score
Sqn. Ldr. A. S. Johnson	Dom.	9,000*	" " "
Cook	Foil	12,000*	" " "
McGill	Foil	13,500	" " "
Hamen	Foil	13,500	" " "



## Individual Style

No.	Name	Club	Jumps				Pos.
			1	2	3	Total	
1	W. Slattery	Nomad	252	245	254	751	7 (J)
2	R. King	Nomad	257	210	254	721	12
3	R. Hiatt	Nomad	245	241	252	738	9
4	D. Savage	Nomad	255	249	260	764	5
5	C. Vatnsdal	664 Sqn AAC	159	204	Z	363	26
6	J. Balls	664 Sqn AAC	184	Z	156	340	27
7	W. Catt	664 Sqn AAC	Z	220	232	452	24
8	K. Jones	664 Sqn AAC	195	190	219	604	20
9	A. Jones	Para. Regt.	230	233	232	695	16
10	D. Whitney	Para. Regt.	249	250	238	737	10
11	C. Standring	Para. Regt.	228	238	244	710	13
12	G. Cathro	Para. Regt.	243	240	247	730	11
13	D. McNaughton	Para. Regt.	218	235	240	693	17
14	A. Charlton	R.A.F.	270	267	272	809	2nd
15	M. Deakin	R.A.F.	258	263	252	773	4
16	A. Dale	R.A.F.	242	235	232	709	14
17	A. Born	R.A.F.	262	271	274	807	3
18	K. Dineen	R.A.F.	250	251	250	751	7 (J)
19	T. Hagan	Nomad	220	200	156	576	21
20	J. Smith	Nomad	Z	218	Z	218	29
21	C. May	Nomad	159	Z	210	369	25
22	T. Rixon	Nomad	Z	Z	Z	—	34 (J)
23	G. Vatnsdal	Nomad	Z	168	Z	168	33
24	T. Ford	Nomad	Z	196	Z	196	32
25	J. Meacock	Old Warden	270	269	271	810	1st
26	R. Scott	G. Lions	225	240	Z	465	23
27	J. Kemley	R.A.	258	249	252	759	6
28	R. Card	R.C.T.	224	240	242	706	15
29	J. English	S. Staffs.	Z	Z	215	215	30
30	P. Sherman	R.A.F.	Z	Z	208	208	31
31	W. MacLennan	G. Lions	232	225	179	636	19
32	R. Swainson	R.A.F.	222	229	225	676	18
33	N. Abish	Old Warden	185	186	186	557	22
34	J. Shankland	Manchester	Z	Z	Z	—	34 (J)
35	A. Unwin	Nomad	Z	170	161	331	28

## Team Accuracy

Name	Team	Indiv. Pts.	Total	Position
J. Balls	664 Sqn. AAC	219.6	945.2	1st
C. Vatnsdal		247.9		
W. Catt		237.7		
K. Jones		250		
W. Slattery	Nomad 'A'	230.9	916.9	2nd
R. King		225.2		
R. Hiatt		214.5		
D. Savage		246.3		
A. Charlton	R.A.F.S.P.A.	240	914.6	3rd
M. Deakin		232.5		
A. Dale		228.3		
A. Born		213.3		
A. Jones	Para. Rcggt.	188.4	857.3	4th
C. Standring		188.4		
G. Cathro		247.5		
D. McNaughton		233		
M. O'Brien	B.P.C.	227.1	833	5th
D. Fiddler		236.8		
A. Cole (Mrs.)		191.2		
B. Horsfield		177.9		
T. Hagan	Nomad 'B'	206.3	761.6	6th
D. Waugh		172.9		
J. Smith		207		
C. May		175.4		
R. Scott	Golden Lions	Z	436.7	7th
W. MacLennan		218.5		
R. Nivens		218.2		
T. Rixon	Nomad 'Ladies'	20.6	98.5	8th
G. Vatnsdal		75.3		
T. Ford		Z		
J. Cain		2.6		
C. Viger	Dieppe S.P.C. France	217.6	925.1	(2nd Highest score)
F. Bouron		237.8		
S. Carre		238.1		
M. Dunamel		231.6		

## Total Individual Scorers

Name	Club	Score	Position
Kemley	R.A.	1467.2	1
Whitney	Para. Rcggt.	1452.1	2
Cathro	Para. Regt.	1436.5	3
King	Nomad	1426.4	4
Deakin	R.A.F.	1421.3	5
Savage	Nomad	1410	6
Dale	R.A.F.	1396.5	7
McNaughton	Para. Rcggt.	1390.1	8
Charlton	R.A.F.	1366.4	9
Standring	Para. Regt.	1363.1	10
Meacock	Old Warden	1304.4	11
Jones, A.	Para. Regt.	1273.5	12
Jones, K.	664 Sqn. AAC	1255.7	13
Born	R.A.F.	1242.4	14
Slattery	Nomad	1212.5	15
Dineen	R.A.F.	1187.2	16
Hiatt	Nomad	1148.6	17
Card	RCT	1142.2	18

Name	Club	Score	Position
Scott	Golden Lions	1122.6	19
Catt	664 Sqn. AAC	1055.3	20
MacLennan	Golden Lions	1053.4	21
Unwin	Nomad	948.9	22
Swainson	R.A.F.	937.5	23
Sherman	R.A.F.	920.7	24
Smith	Nomad	897.9	25
Hagan	Nomad	891.5	26
Vatnsdal	664 Sqn. AAC	832.9	27
May	S. Staffs.	817.1	28
Balls	664 Sqn. AAC	740.1	29
Vatnsdal (Mrs.)	Nomad	716.6	30
Abish	Old Warden	694.6	31
English	S. Staffs.	603.9	32
Shankland	Manchester	475.6	33
Rixon	Nomad	411.8	34
Ford	Nomad	407.7	35



Believe it-or-not all United States Parachutists are not rich. This hobby is very expensive, this we share internationally with all countries. So if you hear anyone say that all US jumpers are rich then pour some 'bloomin' salt on them. I am writing this mainly from the California standpoint, however there are variations of parachuting in the other States.

We have all varieties of jumpers from: students; veteran jumpers; fun jumpers (one day-a-week); relative workers (all hooked on this phase). This includes 8-10-12-14-16 man stars; there is, also, an 8-all-girl star performed at Elsinore, California; competitive jumpers (style and accuracy). My favourite . . . ; jump talkers only; instructors; gold wingers—1000 plus; gold wingers with one diamond—2000 jumps plus; gold wingers with two diamonds—3000 jumps

schools in California, Arizona, Florida and New York which teach and inspire style and accuracy jumping. Relative work is being added to some of the courses to include this facet of competition!

Professions of US Parachutists include: doctors, lawyers, teachers, aerospace workers, engineers, military men, housewives, pilots, you name it. . . .

Meet Competitions vary from: novice (50 jumps and under); advanced; 1-1 modifications and Paracommander classes in competition; competition in accuracy, style, relative work, water-jumping and assorted fun-meets; Conference meets; State meets; National meet.

Every year we have a National Competition which includes all the United States. Each Conference must hold competition (two or three States together) which will decide

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Jerry Roquemore scans

## The USA parachuting scene

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plus—Poppenhager and Roy Johnson are the only two men in the US to have this honor; camera-jumpers; husband and wife teams; athletics and non-athletics; drinkers and non-drinkers; old and young; fat and skinny; beautiful and ugly; black and white; men and women; smokers and non-smokers; short and tall; smart and not so smart; great and not so great; good and not so good; the only thing we all have in common is that we love it dearly!!!

We now have competition in all phases of parachuting here in the US from 4-man, 10-man relative work, accuracy, style and team jumping. The highest percentage of parachutists fall into the fun-jump category. We have 30,000 parachute jumpers in the United States for 1969, while 1960 had only 5000 jumpers.

Weatherwise, all of the US cannot have year round jumping like California, Florida and some of the other warmer States. The Northern and Eastern part of the United States have weather in the winter which includes snow, ice and rain. In California, Arizona, Florida and some of the Southern States we have a fairly mild winter which keeps the Drop Zones very busy the year round. Aircraft we use can vary from the Cessna 180, 185, 206, Howards, Twin-Beechcraft, and anything that will haul jumpers that is safe and airworthy. Some of the smaller aircraft are equipped with an outside wooden step, which will allow the jumper to stand on the outside and exit in a very stable freefall.

The main parachutes used can vary from nylon 28 foot double-L modifications to the Mark I Paracommanders. The reserves used, also, vary from 24 foot twill (non-modified) to 28 foot conical modified reserves, the latter being more popular. Costwise, also, changes from State to State but in California it generally runs: 2500 feet, \$2.50; 7500 feet, \$5.00, 12,500 feet, \$7.50. Student (1st jump course) can cost from \$30.00-50.00—at 3000 feet. There are, also, jump

who will represent their Conference in the National competition. If a competitor qualifies in the National Competition then he is a member of the US Team that will compete in the European International or World Meet.

Usually, we have 130 male contestants and from 25-30 female contestants at the National Meet. These people vary in number of jumps from 150 to 2500 parachute jumps. The ages of the contestants run from 18 to 40 years of age and their years of parachuting run from 2 to 12 years in competition.

The National Meet takes approximately seven to eight days to run which includes: (a) 10 accuracy jumps; (b) five style jumps; (c) for the first time in US Parachuting History we are having a 1970 four-man relative work competition.

This, briefly, covers the general facets of parachute jumping here in the US. Each area could take a more extensive coverage, but time will not allow. I hope this is helpful in giving some idea of what jumping is like in the United States.

I sincerely hope that before you hang up your parachuting gear that you will visit and participate in some Stateside jumping. On the other hand I would like the Stateside jumper to get a wonderful taste of English and European parachuting.

My impression of parachuting and competition in Europe was very good. I spent five weeks there and truly liked every jumper I met. The English team kinda holds a soft spot in my heart along with the Dutch and Canadian teams. Being a competitor on the Holland and Canadian team I learned the true meaning of team spirit and in Yugoslavia the English taught me the meaning of unselfishness. After taking one of the orphan girls as the official mascot of the British team, and receiving gifts, correspondence, cards and interest from the Pat Slattery gang, it really touched me deeply. (I work at an Orphanage in California as a Physical Education and Recreation Director.)





## BRITISH TEAM TRAINING

Weston, 1970

photos by Dave Waterman

- 15 *John Meacock brings his Ptch 7 in over the disc*
- 16 *Members of the squad emplaning*
- 17 *Bob Hewitt brings his foot down for what was given as a 'dead centre', but the camera tells a different story as his heel touches down 10 cm from the disc*
- 18 *Dave Savage stalls his Olympic canopy over the disc on the last jump of the training day*















# Parachuting in Chile

Lewis H. Jowett

Sport Parachuting started in Chile in 1965, beginning with some Army personnel. It had a painful start but struggled along in 1965 and 1966 because at that time only three people were interested. In 1967 civilians began to be interested for the first time, and they were members of the Santiago Glider Club. One of these early members was Alejo Williamson who, as you will remember, was the first glider pilot to glide across the Andes to Mendoza: unfortunately, owing to a leg injury we were unable to continue with parachuting.

Later on, the Police Air Brigade (Brigada Aéreo de Carabineros) began to take action and they trained four parachutists. Then, in 1968, in the civilian flying club called Club Aéreo Adolfo Menadier, was formed the first civilian branch of sport parachutists, called the 'Arañas Negras' (Black Spiders). There were nine students in the first course including a lady; on July 14 of 1968 Chile held its first sport parachuting competition and those who took part came from the Army, Carabineros and from the Santiago Glider Club. The Black Spiders won the first places.

Then, on September 30 1968, the Army organised the second competition and again the Black Spiders won the first places. A red letter day was October 9 1968 when the Black Spiders made the first sport night jump in Chile, in the National Stadium before an audience of 80,000 people.

The third competition was organised by the Carabineros (para-military police) in November 1968 and their own team took away the top prizes. The Black Spiders of the Air Club Adolfo Menadier held the record for most jumps in the year 1968 and, in spite of scant resources, managed to train fifteen more parachutists. This enthusiastic nucleus decided to expand and in order to obtain greater freedom of action, they left the Menadier club and formed their own legally established club which is now called the Club de Paracaidismo de Santiago (the Red Devils or 'Diablos Rojos'). This was legalised in December last. The parenthetical name was chosen by chance and was in no way a copy of another well-known club going by that name. . . .

In November of last year, the Army organised the fourth competition and the Red Devils once again took away the best prizes. The fifth competition was organised by the Diablos Rojos in March this year: the winners were the Army and the Diablos Rojos.

To date the Santiago Parachute Club has reached a total of 350 jumps since its independence last year and in the same period has trained another ten parachutists. A new course has just begun for several students, including my daughter, aged 18.

At the present time Chile can boast of the following numbers:

1. the parachute section of the Army Air Club has fifteen members.
2. the Carabineros Air Brigade has nine.
3. the Santiago Glider Club has two.
4. the Santiago Parachute Club now has nineteen trained jumpers.

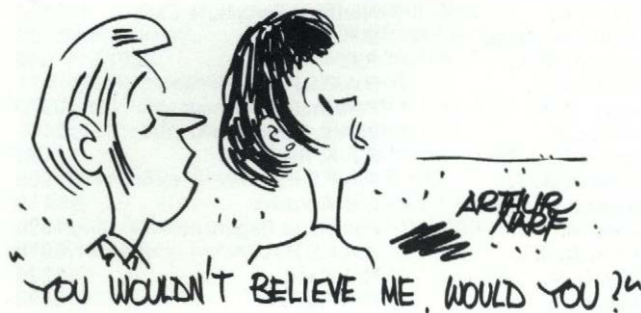
This information has been provided for me by the Club pioneer, Leo Jiménez. I hope he will be visiting England and that if he calls on you, you will give him a warm welcome.

You may be asking what all this has to do with me—well, I have found this sport a bit late in the day, having clocked 51 last January; I have now made nine static line jumps and, being in no hurry nor ambitious, will probably start free falls after a few more static line jumps. I am looking forward to the day soon when my daughter Yveline and I can jump together, the oldest and the youngest in Chile.

The Santiago club is a delightful group, including a sprinkling of foreigners like myself (I am a Londoner), a Greek and a Frenchman who uses his Olympic. We jump at a little town called Melipilla, about half way from Santiago to the port of San Antonio: it takes a little more than an hour by car and has sunshine and good jumping weather almost all the year round. We are trying to boost funds to pay off our debt on the 170 Cessna.

You may like to know that through the embassies here we have been able to get hold of some really excellent films on parachuting—two French ones, a first-class American one and two British ones—one by the RAF and the other of the British Army. They are all well worth seeing, whether beginner or old hand. I was surprised to find that the sound tracks on the British films are in Spanish—they went down very well indeed.

I have had these ideas on the stocks for several weeks, waiting for some photographs. I am still trying and shall forward them just as soon as possible. By the way, I am going to import a British Dominator—I hope you approve of this choice, because out here it is little known—yet. . . .





# Revised Instructors/Clubs Lists

## LIST OF BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION APPROVED INSTRUCTORS

Name	Club	BPA No.	Name	Club	BPA No.
Acraman, R. S. *	R.A.P.A.	(P) 444	Laing, J.	7 R.H.A.	1323
Addison, N. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2566	Lewington, E.	3 Parachute Regiment	5382
Anderson, B. *	A.P.A.	4590	Lindsay, D. C.	N. Ireland	2317
Andreau, M.	A.P.A.	1645	Lonsdale, M. C.	A.P.A.	1151
Armour, A. M.	A.P.A.	5649	Louttit, I. A.	Hereford Parachute Club	4001
Beard, J. A.	B.S.D.	2050	Mapplebeck, K. *	R.A.F.S.P.A.	(P) 1035
Birch, D. T.	R.A.P.A.	3036	May, C.	Nomads	2643
Boot, W. G.	T/Valley	3930	McCarthy, D.	R.A.P.A.	949
Born, A. R.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2661	McGill, J. A.	Parachute Regiment	2586
Bowles, J. A.	R.A.P.A.	1237	McGorry, J. P.	Martlesham Heath	4804
Buxton, L. W.	A.P.A.	5698	McLoughlin, J. E. *	R.A.F.S.P.A.	(P) 175
Cameron, K.	A.P.A.	7372	McNaughton, D.	Parachute Regiment	417
Card, R. G. *	A.P.A.	1927	McQueen, A. S.	A.P.A.	4318
Carr, G.	A.P.A.	494	Meacock, W. J. *	Old Warden	(P) 578
Castree, C. J.	R.A.P.A.	978	Melville, L. W.	Parachute Regiment	1016
Cathro, G.	P.R.F.F.T.	1547	Miller, I. G.	Yorks. Parachute Club	772
Catt, W. *	P.R.F.F.C.	415	Mitchell, G. E.	I.O.W.	407
Cavannah, P.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	2817	Morrison, A.	A.P.A.	4848
Charlton, A. F. *	R.A.F.S.P.A.	(P) 110	Noble, K.	Northern Para.	4298
Cockburn, A. M.	R.A.P.A.	2749	O'Brien, M. J.	B.P.C.	(P) 332
Cole, A. J. N.	B.P.C.	(P) 346	O'Brien, R. L.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	3550
Cooper, A. E.	Manchester F.F.C.	3026	Oliver, A. R.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2518
Crawley, T.	Green Jackets PC	543	Oxley, T. E.	A.P.A.	1442
Crocker, J. T.	Green Jackets PC	(P) 2066	Parker, A. H.	A.P.A.	3138
Dale, A. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	845	Parkinson, H. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3276
Daubney, J. E.	22 S.A.S.	2290	Parry, R.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	2735
David, B. A.	P.R.F.F.T.	(P) 822	Peacock, D. *	R.A.F.S.P.A.	(P) 125
Day, T. J. W.	Metro Police Club	1705	Power, M.	Northern Parachute Centre	857
Deakin, M. D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	4239	Pringe, D.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	1880
Dickson, T. G.	Scottish Parachute Club	(P) 472	Raine, G. P.	A.P.A.	2229
Dineen, K. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3507	Reddick, J.	A.P.A.	349
Dixon, A. C.	R.E.M.E.	6174	Reed, M.	Yorks. Parachute Club	(P) 596
Elliott, W. E.	A.P.A.	4064	Rees, B.	7 Parachute Regiment	874
Ellis, G.	A.P.A.	3432	Reeves, M. R. *	Zambia	126
English, J.	A.P.A.	3767	Reiter, R.	Ravens	4931
Fernie, W. G.	Scottish Parachute Club	1859	Robinson, J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	938
Forsdyke, J. K.	South Staffs.	3027	Runacres, R. J. *	R.A.P.A.	(P) 338
Forster, N. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5783	Savage, D.	Nomad	1671
Francis, R.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	3437	Scarratt, W. T.	J.S.S.P.A.	1428
Gardener, E. A. J. *	Parachute Regiment	(P) 178	Schofield, B. S.	Parachute Regiment	2332
Green, A. H.	I.O.W.	190	Scott, R. S.	S.A.S.	2899
Griffiths, R.	R.G.T.	(P) 115	Seeger, R. A. M.	J.S.S.P.C.	495
Hackett, D.	A.P.A.	878	Seeger (Mrs.)	J.S.S.P.C.	496
Hagan, T.	B.S.D.	1930	Shea-Simonds, G. C. P.	Ravens	(P) 475
Hall, F. M.	Scottish Parachute Club	662	Sherman, P. *	S.A.S.	4757
Harbaugh, J. R.	N. Ireland	6688	Shone, G. B.	R.A.P.A.	2245
Harper, I.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5543	Silander, S.	Ravens	3377
Harrison, J.	B.S.D.	2734	Slattery, W. P.	Nomads	(P) 258
Henry, T.	S.A.S.	3110	Smith, E. H.	S.A.S.	759
Herbert, G.	J.S.S.P.A.	1866	Souter, R. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5594
Hewitt, B. N.	Northern Parachute Club	6023	Standing, B. R.	Parachute Regiment	2191
Hill, A. V.	B.P.C.	193	Stephenson, E. W.	S.A.S.	7699
Hines, I. G.	Yorks. Parachute Club	772	St. John, L. N. E.	B.P.C.	(P) 257
Hughes, D. *	A.P.A.	(P) 116	Thomson, C.	Ind. Skydivers, Swansea	3198
Hogg, J. E.	B.P.C.	187	Thomson, M. W.	South Staffs.	1117
Holt, A. C.	Northern Parachute Club	2224	Turner, W. P. *	Army Peregrines	(P) 220
Hounscome, N. G.	B.P.C.	1598	Walmsley, J.	Parachute Regiment	930
Jackson, M. L.	R.E.	(P) 343	West, M.	South Staffs.	133
Jacobs, K. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	471	Whitney, D. M.	Para. Regt. F.F.T.	2163
Jarratt, R. G.	Parachute Regiment	8370	Willis, R. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5542
Jerstice, B.	Lancs. Parachute Centre	2101	Wilson, J. W.	R.A.P.A.	2900
Jickells, T. J. *	S.A.S. Regiment	198	Winwood, M. J.	A.P.A.	2319
Johnson, A. T.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	898	Wiseman, J. M.	S.A.S.	2183
Johnson, J. V. W.	Old Wardens	119	Wittke, R.	R.A.P.A.	2505
Jones, A.	Parachute Regiment	1886	Wright, J.	Para. Regt. F.F.T.	1298
Jones, D. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6979			
Kelly, G. A.	N. Ireland	1226			
Kirkham, R. N.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6498			

(P) denotes member of Panel of Examiners.

\* denotes Advanced Parachute Instructor.



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<b>Nomad Sky-Diving Team</b>	Miss T. Rixon, 10 Ruskin Street, London, S.W.8.
† <b>Northern Parachute Centre</b> Sunderland Airport, Washington Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham.	K. Noble, Northern Parachute Centre, Sunderland Airport, Washington Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham.
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Compton Abbas, Nr. Shaftesbury, Dorset.	

†Denotes 'Full-time' Training Centre'





## The Ravens in the Blackpool/Snaefell race

*Charles Shea-Simonds*

### THE TEAM

L. to R. Cliff Lloyd, Charlie Mahon, Eddie Vaughan, Charles Shea-Simonds, John Moon, Keith Whyham (pilot), David Delsoldata, Colin Murray, Dick Reiter

ONCE Lt Col David Callaghan had approved the 4th (Volunteer) Battalion, The Parachute Regiment's entry into the Blackpool Tower/Snaefell race, the planning started right away and proved to be nearly as interesting as the race itself. The aerial recce of the summit of Snaefell showed that, given reasonable conditions, a parachute descent onto the summit itself was just about possible. To achieve the aim of winning the team event, for the fastest time for a three-man team to get from the top of the Blackpool Tower to the Summit of Snaefell in the Isle of Man, some 65 miles away, it seemed obvious to do the first leg from the Tower along the promenade to the airport by motor-cycle. Lt Col Arthur Kynaston, Commanding Officer of 156 Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport (Volunteers), kindly agreed to have three of his PSIs ride the motor-cycles for the three runners from the Ravens. On the 27th May (the eve of the race) in Blackpool, the Ravens team of Charles Shea-Simonds, Charles Mahon and David Delsoldata, plus the two reserves, Dick Reiter and Cliff Lloyd, met up with the three motor-cyclists from 156 Regt RCT, John Moon, Eddie Vaughan and Colin Murray. The first practice run on the bikes, down the promenade, was interrupted by a very friendly policeman who was quick to remind the team of the 30 m.p.h. speed limit; thereafter, the police must have turned a kindly blind eye to the whole race, for the team had no further encounter with the law! Late in the afternoon, final flight details were worked out with Keith Whyham, who was flying the Cherokee 6 aircraft for the team.

The two reserves, Dick Reiter and Cliff Lloyd, had the important job of obtaining last minute Met reports for the Snaefell summit and preparing the parachutes in the aircraft. In the Isle of Man, carefully organising the Drop Zone on Snaefell summit were John Fargin and Keith Greenlees, both of 4 Para. Late that evening, John Fargin raised the team's morale no end by 'phoning to say that the Drop Zone was the trickiest he had ever seen; about 50

yards square, with plenty of boulders and the ground sloping rapidly away on either side, and an electrified railway running around the summit! If the good weather held until the following day, however, it wouldn't be so bad . . .

Race day dawned and nine o'clock saw the team tensely waiting to go at the top of the Blackpool Tower. They were second away, having had their time cards stamped before diving into the lift. Goggles and helmets were put on. The lift descended slowly until it ground to a gentle halt with three storeys still to go. The team burst from the doors and tore round the corner to the final lift. Neither lifts were there, so the team sped down 6 flights of stairs, three or four steps at a time, rushed out of the main entrance where Messrs Moon, Vaughan and Murray anxiously waited, with their motor-cycles revving like angry bees. The team leapt onto the pillions and the bikes took off down the promenade amidst a haze of blue smoke and the lingering smell of burnt rubber. About 6½ minutes after starting from the top of the Tower, the bikes rounded the final turn onto the apron at the airport to . . . anticlimax. The last-minute met report had revealed 25 knots of wind across the summit and the team's first attempt ended abruptly.

The team's second attempt soon after midday ended in the same way. During the afternoon it was learned that two members of the Black Knights (Bob Francis and Phil Cavannah) and two Royal Marines (Tony Price and Alan Skynnerton) had parachuted onto Snaefell. The former had landed down in the valley and had completed the journey on scramble bikes and the latter had missed the sumit DZ in high winds and landed halfway down the mountain; encouraging news!

Finally at six o'clock that evening, the team sets off for their third attempt. The motor-cycle run is the fastest to date, although it is prudent not to mention the top speeds that are attained! The final turn onto the apron finds the Cherokee 6 with the engine running. It's on! Before the last man is through the door, the aircraft is taxiing out.



Moments later the Cherokee is flying at 300 feet over the Irish Sea, bound for the Isle of Man. Now it is time for the final assessment of the met; wind on the summit: marginal—340° at 15 knots. An approximate exit point is plotted on the air photograph and passed to Keith, the pilot and then to the other members of the team. Thirty minutes later the aircraft crosses the Isle of Man coast and climbs up to the jump altitude of 3,500 feet (1,500 feet above the summit itself). Charles Shea-Simonds leans out of the door and gives two final corrections to line up the aircraft for the jump run. About 600 yards upwind of the target cross on the summit he shouts "Cut!", Keith throttles back and five bodies tumble from the door, fall for a couple of seconds, then swing vertically like puppets below the deploying PCs. Almost together, the five jumpers realise that the surface wind is considerably more than 15 knots and after a minute of critical canopy control, five bodies are hurled into the surface of the summit—all landing within 15 yards of the target cross—no mean achievement under such conditions. All are dragged, but luckily all manage to collapse their canopies before being wrenched over the edge. The three actual runners throw off their equipment and run for the

final control point in the Summit Hotel.

Now it's all over and it's learned that the team have done the distance in about 46 minutes. David Delsoldato unfortunately pulled some muscles in his arm, but luckily it was nothing too serious.

Once the Red Devils team of Don McNaughton, Kiwi Sansom and Deke Wright had learned by radio that the Ravens had landed safely, they started their own attempt and, using a Skyvan, beat the Ravens time by nearly 10 minutes. The first day of the race saw the end of the parachuting attempts which, considering the drop zone and the conditions, was probably just as well! The following day the Red Devils team itself was beaten by the now strictly non-jumping team of Sherdy Vatnsdal, Billy Catt and Johnny Balls, who landed on the summit in a Scout helicopter of their unit, 664 Aviation Flight, having clocked a time of about 30 minutes.

After the race the organisers announced that it might well become an annual event, but after the crashing landings experienced this year it's unlikely that any of the parachuting element would be keen to compete again!

*Touchdown on Snaefell—Charlie Mahon, Charles Shea-Simonds, Cliff Lloyd, Dick Reiter (Photo courtesy Isle of Man Times)*





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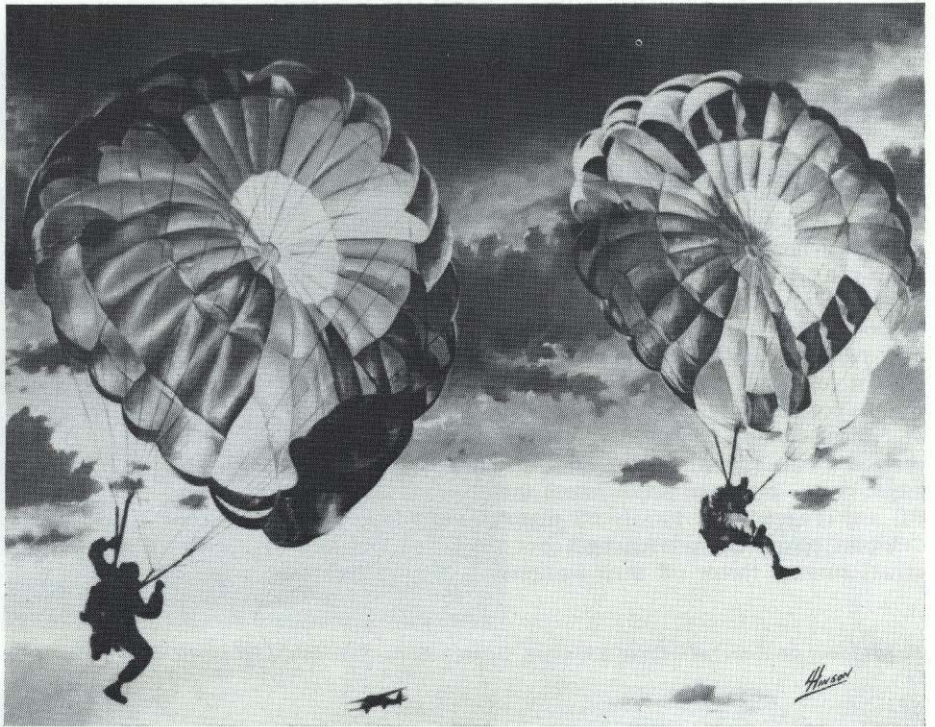
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# BPC Bulletin

There have been a couple of changes on the administrative side of the club, Dave Fiddler has taken over the job of correspondence secretary from Clive Plummer. Clive has started his own engineering business so he no longer has enough spare time. Thanks for all the work you put in Clive. Mike Hall has resigned as financial secretary and is going to Switzerland for two years with his firm, as usual Mike O'Brien has turned up trumps and has taken over the job until we find another willing body to do it.

During the winter the Army allowed us to use the Red Devils Rapide for which we are very grateful. One of our troubles at Blackbushe has been in trying to keep the cost of jumps at a reasonable level, mainly due to the fact we haven't had a jump ship based here and have had to pay ferry fees, plus the fact that pilots have taken far too long to do the lifts. We had a terribly slow although very experienced jump pilot who was asked if he could possibly cut the times down (when you take 55 minutes for one run at 7000 feet there's room for improvement! The Green Jackets know about this one) he turned round and flatly refused to fly us again, there was a mad panic to get another pilot for the day. Happily most good pilots don't have such a childish attitude and after gaining experience in dropping parachutists you can normally get together and cut the corners and cost.

Some of us went to Devon and had a weekend's jumping at Dunkeswell with the group organised by John Beard, we certainly picked the right weekend with clear blue skies on both days. For the five of us it was our first taste of jumping a Skyvan, some jump ship! Max height for 27s, the round trip takes 20 minutes and the plane is on the deck before you are. Needless to say our relative work came on a 'bundle' with Mark Miller getting some really good film of it.

Despite an acute shortage of Instructors we've still managed to put through some student courses with them getting their first few jumps at our Crowell DZ. There are now some Ground Instructors in the club who are just about up to Instructors standard and should soon get their ratings. So the students will soon be getting more attention.

Quite a few PTCH-7s are appearing over Blackbushe, with one of our members Richard Miskin expounding their merits like mad (possibly because he's an agent for them!) Richard let me jump his PTCH and I was quite impressed with it. Terry Fawdon bought one but unfortunately had a malfunction, he cutaway OK but landed on the edge of the runway, Richard was on the DZ at the time and went over to assist him. Poor Terry lying there wrist broken mumbling things like 'where's my new canopy' and all Richard can say is 'You realise you've ruined my b— sales campaign!' You should have bought that 26ft steerable conical Terry. Although this is the first injury in the club for over three years it was very interesting to read Major Gardener's article in the Autumn issue of *Sport Parachutist* where he mentions the minimum standard of reserve canopies. I'm sure Terry who had a standard 24 footer wholeheartedly agrees with him.

JEFF LANCASTER.

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## — PARAQUIP —

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## V International Parachute meet Lebach, 1970

*Tracey Rixon*

The Lebach meet at Saar in Germany must be one of the best value-for-money meets there is. The four-day competition comprising of four-man team accuracy, individual accuracy, baton pass and demo events was blessed with good weather. The entry fee of £7 10s. covered all jumps, including practice jumps, hotel accommodation and food. One hundred and twenty-six competitors entered, representatives from Gt Britain, France, Germany, USA, Canada, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, Yugoslavia and Holland.

I must admit when I first saw the DZ my stomach turned over, fortunately it didn't look as bad from the air as on the ground. I found the slight obstacles (the mountain, cement works, river, railway track, electric pylons and high trees) conducive to good accuracy!

The jumpships were two Sikorsky CH34 helicopters, new to us with the exception of our four team members who'd entered in 1969. It took me a few jumps to get used to the different exit and spotting technique, but by the end of the meet I'd got to like them a lot.

As we had no other British Girls entering, I had to jump on an International team, so myself and Dave Moody joined up with a Frenchman and a German. The Nomad 1 skydiving team was Pat Slattery, Bob King, Bob Hiatt and Tony Unwin. Nomad 2 team was Terry Hagan, Colin May, Jim Smith and Dave Waugh.

The opening ceremony began with a flag jump from each country. Dave Moody did the honours for Gt Britain with the Union Jack tied to his leg. Then came the marchpast of all competitors.

The competitors started with team accuracy and our second team Nomads were on the first lift. The winds were light but variable. You had to come in close then follow the windsock around until you reached a good height for an attack at the disc. It caught quite a few teams out and there were a lot of people dropping short or suddenly finding themselves off the windline as the sock veered round 90 degrees. Our No. 2 team all got in, and scored well. Dave Moody and I were next to jump of the Nomads. Dave came in for a beautiful DC, the first of the meet, and I got a 0.30 centimetres. Our two team members who had more jumps than Dave and I were suitably impressed and became much more friendly after this. Our Nomad 1 team were last to jump in the round. They also did well with Bob Hiatt getting another DC and Pat and Tony both under a metre. This put them into third place so far.

The German Saar Team had raced into the lead with three DCs out of four, their fourth man getting a few centimetres. Don Strickland of the USA surprised us all by dropping short 8 metres. This guy is reputed to have logged over 300 DCs. It just shows it can happen to anyone in these meets!

The second round went much the same as the first. The Saar team still in the lead with the Nomad 1 team keeping their third place. Bob King and Pat Slattery both getting DC discs in this round. The first two days went very slowly and each evening we dragged ourselves back to our hotel for a good night's sleep. Friday however, was Terry Hagan's twenty-third birthday, and it gave the team a good excuse to go out and get smashed.

The two-man baton pass with accuracy to count was won by the Americans. Our teams passed the baton okay but unless *both* team members got less than 0.50 centimetres you could forget about it. Kingy and Hiatt did reasonably well, they came fifth overall.

The wind was stronger for the individual accuracy. Dave Waugh was looking good with centimetres on his first jump and a DC on the second. Sadly he dropped short on his last all-important jump and put himself out of the running.

Sunday morning was kept for the last round in both events. Our No 1 team were still battling to keep their third place. I too had scored well. I was so far ahead of the other girls in points that even if I zapped my next jump I'd still win a silver medal in the women's event. With odds like that, you'd think I couldn't lose, but you'd be surprised. They'd stepped up the aircraft loads to take three teams at a time. I noticed on my lift that a Belgian jumper was throwing a streamer. Through a translator it was explained to me that the wind had changed and was now coming from the opposite direction. I jumped accordingly and zapped by dropping short. I was angry as I'd only once been over a metre on my other jumps, but consoled myself with the thought that I'd won a silver medal anyway. I'd not expected to stand a chance against the foreign girls. Then the crunch came! The judges came over and told me our whole lift had been disqualified. Evidently the guy who'd thrown the streamer had not had the judges permission. As per international rules the rest of us should have refused to jump and landed the aircraft, unfortunately we'd all assumed the streamer drop was official! I tried to argue that as I'd zapped anyway I hadn't gained any advantage. They were very apologetic, but feared the previous lifts might ask for rejudges if they changed their decision. All twelve of us were penalised a 1000 points which made it the equivalent of a double zap for me. I still received a prize but it wasn't the same as getting the medal that I considered I'd won fair and square! To make matters worse our No. 1 team lost their third place in the team accuracy. Pat and Tony came in narrowly missing DCs, but both Bobs misjudged the wind and dropped short.

We all cheered up in the afternoon however when the Nomads got awarded first prize in the demonstration event. We'd gone all out to win this and the boys did everything short of whistling in. BPA safety council members please note--everyone was open by 2000 feet! I don't intend to explain the display in sequence, but it was a mixture of tracking, cutaways, and throwing things, with lots of smoke of course. I felt sorry for the teams following, for when Pat landed in front of the judges, they went across and shook his hand and said as far as they were concerned the Nomads had won it.

We watched the other teams with interest hoping to learn some new ideas. The French gave an impressive tracking display but made the mistake of not using enough smoke. The most memorable jump was made by a German who despatched himself on a static line from 200 feet above the ground. He was just five seconds under the canopy. Evidently he does this regularly and last year he hit the ground whilst his canopy was still deploying. Jumps like this make me appreciate our British safety rules.

The prizegiving heralded the close of the meet. I must admit it made a nice change to hear *our* national anthem being played as the team marched up to receive the demo event award. This was a silver cup inscribed with the words 'PUBLIKUMSLIEBLING'. This caused great mirth



amongst the jumpers as translated it means the 'People's Darling'.

All in all we'd had a great time. We all came home with a suntan and although we hadn't set the parachute world on fire, we felt we'd given a good account of ourselves. Our boys did well I think to get five discs in competition. Jim Smith finished the highest scoring Nomad. Although he didn't get a DC, he had a consistent low score and that's was counts in the end. Pat finished a close second.

All that remains now is to thank the people that helped us enter the meet. Firstly the Ford Motor Company who have supplied us with various types of their cars for many of our trips. Without their aid the travelling expenses would have been too high for many of us to go. Also Kathy Thompson the American girl who did her first big demo with us. Thanks Kathy, come back to England soon! Last of all a special 'thank you' to Bob Acraman and his staff at RAPA Lippspringe. Half of our team trained there before the competition and I know I speak for all of them when I say that as far as we are concerned Bob's centre is the best run DZ we have ever been to.

---

## Dear Sir,

I would like to draw the attention of members to an incident involving a total malfunction of my main parachute.

I was jumping at Dunkeswell airfield, and after the last descent, whilst re-packing, it began to rain. This resulted in my canopy and sleeve absorbing a certain amount of water, therefore increasing its volume slightly. I was using two pilot-'chutes instead of the normal one, and when packed into my custom-made short three-pin pack, the whole assembly was very tight.

The 'chute was left overnight and, luckily, rain prevailed on the following day causing operations to be abandoned. Upon returning home that evening, I attempted to release the pilot-'chutes from the pack. To my surprise, the ripcord was jammed and no amount of effort would withdraw the pins. I initially presumed that gravel might be lodged in the housing, but then found that the pins would not release when pulled from the stiffener plate.

Further investigation showed that the bottom cone and pin had rotated through an angle of about thirty degrees, and with one pilot chute pressing hard against this cone at a particular angle, both the cone and pin were held firmly in position.

One can see that when inserting the ripcord into the cones, the top and middle cones are kept in a straight line by the wire of the ripcord. However, the bottom cone is free to rotate through an angle of almost forty degrees from normal. If the bottom cone is rotated out of line to the other cones and then held firmly in place by very tight side flaps, then it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the bottom pin to be withdrawn, and hence all the pins.

The solution is to ensure that the bottom cone and pin are in line with the other pins and that undue pressure is not exerted on the bottom cone.

I hope this information may save other members possible embarrassment and perhaps provide an answer for some of those previously unaccountable stiff pulls in the air, which, when attempted on the ground (after the pack has been stamped on), operate so easily.

MIKE TAYLOR, D.514.

## RAFSPA Newsletter

This year was without a doubt a new era for the association. New faces and names, fresh ideas and new spirit.

The annual general meeting was held in January, some new faces were present and some of the old hands were absent. Geordie Charlton is still CCI and 'Doc' Johnson safety member and that's as far as the old hands go. The new spirit is guided, enthusiastically by our new secretary Flt Lt R. F. Mitchell. Out front on the shop floor is Tony Dale, deputy CI, and a very keen worker; new instructors from last season are Tony Born and Mike Deakin and the return of Norman Addison brings the instructional strength up to par.

Gone from the Weston scene is Doug Peacock (team coach 1969), having returned to lead the 'Falcons', Dave Brewin is spending 12 months up the Persian Gulf, and Flt Lt Robinson is now with the army at Aldershot.

The year started slowly for us at Weston, with our aircraft undergoing its annual C of A. The keener members ventured to Dunkeswell for a weekend that turned into a survival exercise—wet, cold and completely unjumpable—not to be beaten we tried again but alas this time the aircraft was u/s.

But now our a/c is serviceable and looking very smart in its new colours, and we are jumping every weekend, Saturday and Sunday.

Our first course was held during the end of March and beginning of April but was disappointingly hampered by bad weather. We trained and jumped thirty students, but only one or two managed to progress on to free fall. In conjunction with this course we ran our first instructors course where eight new instructors got their ratings. The panel of examiners was Pete Sherman and our CCI Geordie Charlton.

RAFSPA now has a club and instructor at RAF Laarbruck, Germany. Bob Kirkham, one of the new instructors, is running the club and has asked me to say that jumpers are welcome to look him up if they are out that way: Flt Lt R. Kirkham, c/o Officers Mess, RAF Laarbruck, Germany. Jumping can be arranged during the week in the evenings and of course at weekends, the jump ship is (a very homesick angel!) Cessna 180.

We had problems with our proposed night jump but are hoping to have it some time during the summer, probably at Abingdon as the red tape is rather thinner over there. Talking of tape Norman Addison has a leg all wrapped up in plaster of paris tape for a while.

With lots of hard work and enthusiasm by those interested enough we hope to get the club on its feet and out of the rut it's been in these past couple of years. We have a number of demos lined up and the Nationals were well supported by the RAF this year and of course we are keen to enter any more camps like the Pudsey affair. Anybody thinking of running a competition let us know, we will try and enter a team. Write to: Mike Deakin, RAFSPA Pro, c/o No 1 Pts, RAF Abingdon, Berks.

Many thanks to Charles Shea-Simmonds and his staff the Pudsey Affair, as I have put it, was an excellent weekend and was enjoyed by many.

Well, one last plug for the club: we are open to all servicemen, regular or T.A. and we welcome anyone who can't get the sort of jumping he likes—come along and ask.



# Now he goes off without me!

Jill Hargreaves (*Motor Cycle*)

Remember me? I was telling you recently about that old-fashioned gaffer of mine. You can't have forgotten already. You have? Do you know, I don't know why I bother.

Well, a few weeks ago he spots a paragraph in the book about an Air Race from Blackpool to the Isle of Man. He didn't say much, but I could see the signs at once and in a few minutes there I was writing for regulations! We'd mentioned this was a 'poor man's' air race and he said he certainly reckoned he qualified, it must have been planned with him in mind. Next followed a search for affluent sponsors willing to part with loads of lolly, but no-one wanted to know, especially as there was hardly any time left before the off. He got rather niggled at this lack of perception on the part of industry and one concern (no names, no pack-drill) annoyed him so much, he said he was b - - g - r - d if he wouldn't go it alone and almost shed tears at the thought of his poor little mites starving while he was over Snaefell. However, he resolutely overcame his emotions and went ahead with his preparations just that same. Aren't men hypocrites?

The office routine (joke!) was slightly disrupted over the next few weeks and long telephone conversations with other fire-eating types were the order of every day. One of these was a Para Captain named Charles who (according to Jeff) was not only a la-di-da dynamic extrovert but an S-S man of all things. I didn't get this, do you? Their conversation as far as I could judge was made up of bad language, very questionable jokes and raucous laughter. Funnily enough, I'd previously had the idea that the Army of to-day was all right. Gaffer seemed pretty satisfied with events at this stage and even pressed one of our willing readers into service. This poor chap had the ill fortune to write in for something about this time and before you could say 'Para Commander' he was organising solo motor-cycles for boss-man. That should teach him!

Umpteen permissions had to be got hold of somehow to enable one to drop onto Snaefell, including one from the Manx Electric Railway of all things, but all were safely gathered in, although shoe-stringing at such a distance was tricky and many were the reminiscences 'When I was last in the Island' etc, etc, which appeared to be when belt drive was current and the TT really was something, men were men, more etc, etc.

At last all was ready or as near as could be and having packed his 'chute, courtesy his local railway station(!), boss took the 'lecky' up to Blackpool and the next we heard was that he had apparently enlisted (?!) the aid of the famous Red Devils, after having almost given up hope of racing at all. He couldn't believe his luck and was hoping to set off at any minute. I could scarcely swallow that one. From my past experience, jumpers always seem to take at least a week to go anywhere!

On arrival at Blackpool, he'd run into the usual 'laissez-faire' situation, common at airfields and that coupled with the foul weather and ghastly Met forecasts had all added up to distinct depression for the little man. But wait! The next card which arrived from Douglas after the race was full of Hosannas and other assorted expressions of gratitude to everyone from the Deity downwards and giving a

certain McNaughton man honourable mentions! They'd eventually got away in the wake of the Ravens (sounds uncomfortable!) at 7 pm in the Short Skyvan after a 'Bullit' like drive through Blackpool conducted by a volatile character called Rudolph. The Skyvan made the most fabulous take-off (not vertical but it felt like it) and had been actually rolling as our heroes hurtled aboard. The Press and BBC had appeared a little disconcerted, but had taken their gruel like men!

In no time at all, it was time to jump on to the mountain and after the Devils had made their landfall with their usual expertise, Muggins had followed in father's footsteps and drifted his old rag of a TU straight on to the top, but he'd only kept on it courtesy of the DZ party who leapt on him, before he bounced straight off again! Apparently it was a bit windy!

Now, it's my turn and I'm over in the Island myself for the TT, but I'm wondering if I can face going back to work. I dunno whether I can bear this one being jumped all over again and again 'til Xmas or thereabouts. It's bad enough hearing the 'replays' of the other jumps he makes, but this one seems to have been out of this world. Lucky he isn't out of it too, if you ask me. What's he going to be up to next? that's what I'd like to know. Perhaps it's as well I don't, on reflection. Still, I expect I'll help him as usual. There's worse about. I can't think of 'em though!

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*Muggins goes to the Mountain. Jeff Orchard exits the Short Skyvan during the Blackpool-Snaefell race*



## A general guide to parachuting in England

(reprinted from *Parachutist*)

My story is a simple one. After at last finishing college I began the process of looking for a big grown-up job in the cold world. But, disgusted with what appeared to be my future, I decided that what I logically needed at this point was a short holiday to Europe. Armed with Arthur Frommer's *Europe on Five Dollars a Day*, my PC 'Suzie', and a Eurail Pass, I set forth for my idea of what to see and do in Europe.

I have tried, therefore, to write a brief and limited guide for the experienced parachuting tourist who doesn't have his own car, didn't bring his PC and is on a limited time schedule. Besides the limitations of the countries I visited (there are notable gaps in my story) there are most probably limitations on my names and places. I await with horror the repercussions that may follow my narrative for I know that I must have left out important jumping 'musts'. I apologize now, but these were my personal experiences often with great delays, frustrations, and blank walls in attempting to find parachuting. Universally it appears, then, that sport parachutists do not advertise, do not list themselves in telephone directories, and generally try by all means to keep their operation a secret. I challenge anyone to go to any large American town and try to find a sky-diving club quickly.

Here are two hints for anyone going abroad to jump. First, stop by the National Aero Clubs listed in the USPA directory and they can generally, if uncompletely, start you along the right direction. Secondly, most Air Traffic Controllers at large international and municipal airports have vague ideas on jump centers and even perhaps names, addresses and telephone numbers. The ATC's all speak English as do most commercial pilots as it is literally *the* language for all international flights and radio communications.

Almost every jump club or center in Europe has equipment to be rented for a small fee or for free. Therefore if you are traveling light (like 44 lbs) take your boots, Bell helmet, jump suit (smelly), logbooks, current USPA license and membership card (insurance). In addition, I recommend getting a quick physical exam all signed and preferably rubber stamped (Europeans love rubber stamps) before you leave. Some places ask for this medical paper first thing.

Even without the forlorn look of the habitually broke jumper, you will generally be invited to stay at one of the parachutist's homes. If you'll be on the continent for any length of time a sleeping bag is a welcome addition.

From here you're on your own. Follow this guide with open skepticism. Names, addresses, telephone numbers have been checked and rechecked, but I'm sure there is probably

some error in this guide and no doubt you'll personally be the one to find it. I apologize in advance and welcome additions (much needed) and deletions.

### England

England is a wonderful country to visit and one cannot help but have a pleasant stay there. Besides some fine parachuting, there are three things that I firmly remember of my stay in the British Isles. First, the English weather surely should be classified as one of the World's Wonders as it is completely unpredictable and generally can be termed as 'bloody rotten'. The only reliable forecast I ever received was from some fishermen at a pub in Devonshire. Secondly, the English beer is served at room temperature and is flat (Warning: Englishmen are very sensitive about their beer), and thirdly, the mini-skirted 'Birds' at Piccadilly Circus . . . But on to the parachuting story.

Your first order of business is to write to the British Parachute Association in London:

Mr William Paul,  
British Parachute Association, Ltd,  
Artillery Mansions,  
75 Victoria Street,  
LONDON SW3.

Telephone Area Code (01) 799-3760.

Besides your logbooks, current USPA license and membership (insurance) you need a permit from the British Board of Trade (The What?!!!). There are two types of permits: the 'Restricted' and the 'General'. Briefly, the difference between them is that the 'Restricted' is for students who must have an instructor-qualified parachutist with them in the aircraft, while the 'General' permit allows you to jump on you own on any licensed airfield. I got the restricted permit because it was easier for me to get and I felt that there probably wouldn't ever be a time that I would be in an aircraft alone. Frankly, it was my hope and wish to jump only with the better skydivers in England.

Technically, to receive a General Permit a qualified Englishman must sign a statement saying that so and so is hereby qualified, personally witnessed, and is up to a certain standard (about like our B License). Since no one there naturally had ever heard of me ('weren't you on the 1960 US Team?'), let alone actually witnessed me jump, I opted for the simpler Restricted Permit. The only real restriction is that there has to be an instructor in the aircraft; there are no restrictions as to altitude, doing style, relative work, high performance canopies, etc.

Here is what to do to obtain your permit. Write to Mr Bill Paul at the BPA, attaching photostatic copies of your license, USPA membership, last two pages of your logbooks



explaining that you will be coming to England shortly and want to jump. He will handle all the necessary details for you and either hold the permit at the BPA office or send it on to you at your address in the States. This, incidentally, is all for free! You are under no obligation to join the BPA although they will be delighted to take your three pounds (\$7.20) to join their organization. The BPA also has a painfully long list of benefits.

Never fear if you don't have this foresight. Go to the London based BPA office taking either the circle or district subway lines to St James's Park station, and then ask anyone handy where Victoria Street is located. Most likely they will kindly lead you to Artillery Mansions itself. Once there ask at the Enquiry Desk for the BPA. Mr Paul or Mrs Paul (gross unabashed nepotism) will be delighted to answer all of your questions and help you with the form filling out process. From here you hand carry your completed form to the Board of Trade. This means, you are back on the marvellously clean, fast and safe London Underground. (New York it ain't, thank goodness). Take the Piccadilly line to Hounslow Central. Then simply take a taxi (approximately 50c), or a Double Decker bus but I have forgotten the number to:

The Board of Trade  
Southern Division  
Civil Aviation.

Once at the Board of Trade, ask for a Mr Kringle (as in Kris). The whole paperwork shuffle takes anywhere from two to five minutes. It goes without saying that the BPA works constantly to change this system; till that time they have to continue to 'play the game'.

Due to several complications of aircraft availability, weather and other peculiar occurrences only the British seem capable of managing, I have decided to offer you names with addresses and telephone numbers and a short list of drop zones. I recommend then, a stop at the BPA office first and a chat with Mr Paul as he will fill you in on the current jump scene. Then do call these folks for a real and immediate 'in':

John Cole,  
6 Kingswood Road,  
Tadworth, Surrey.  
Tel: (01) 874-2527.

Tadworth 2472 (home).

John has over 1200 jumps and has done considerable international parachuting and ballooning with television and movie work to his credit. *Don't* let him get you started on Devon Cider!

John Beard,  
Works Manager,  
Stainless Steel Profile Cutters, Ltd.,  
Kings Grove,  
MAIDENHEAD,  
Berkshire.  
Tel: (06) 282-6244.

John Beard is a California Star Crest Recipient and a strong organizer for Relative work.

Dave Waterman,  
94 Hamlet Gardens,  
LONDON W6.  
Tel: (01) 748-1643.

Dave is a photographer by profession, and probably accepted as one of the best free fall cameramen in Britain. He has a wide range of experience in jumping on the continent as well as in the States.

Here is a partial list of DZs (pronounced Dee Zeds):

The British Parachute Club,  
Blackbushe Aerodrome,  
CAMBERLEY.  
(The nearest club to London.)

Northern Parachute Centre,  
Sunderland Airport,  
Sunderland,  
Co. Durham.  
(A real center that jumps during the week year 'round.)

Royal Marine Sport Parachute Club,  
Dunkeswell Airfield,  
Honiton,  
Devonshire.

Army Parachute Association,  
Airfield Camp,  
Netheravon,  
Salisbury,  
Wiltshire.  
(Jumps during the week in the summer.)

Civilians are welcome, but you must join their club at a minimal cost of \$1.20. A good place to buy equipment, rigger services and to have your reserve repacked.

South Staffordshire Skydiving Club,  
Halfpenny (pronounced hayp nee) Green,  
Bobbington,  
Worcestershire.  
(Near Birmingham.)

Lancastrian Parachute Centre,  
Bank End Farm,  
Cockerham,  
Nr Lancaster, Lancashire.  
(Near Liverpool.)

Scottish Parachute Club,  
Strathair,  
Strathallen Airfield,  
Auchterarder,  
Perthshire.

(Jumping seems to be near Glendevon just off road 823 or about 20 miles south of Perth.)

Tel: Strathallen Airport: (07) 646-2545.

Mr Bill Paul, John Cole, John Beard and Dave Waterman can give you more details on the current status of parachuting and where it's at for you. In addition, they may be able to help you in your transportation difficulties as every bloody drop zone appears to be out in the sticks (sound familiar?).





At almost all the British jump centers you can get equipment either free or at a small rental fee. High performance canopies are at a premium and essentially all are private personal property. The rental equipment story, then, is much the same as here at home.

The most popular aircraft used in England is probably the Rapide. It's a fabric, bi-wing, twin engine aircraft (circa 1930) that carries eight jumpers to 8000 feet in about twenty minutes.

If you are as fortunate as I, you might have the opportunity to jump the World's ideal parachuting aircraft—the Sky Van. This remarkable aircraft holds eighteen-plus parachutists; it has a tail gate exit which means four abreast. It has twin turbo-prop engines and takes less than

twenty minutes from take off to touch down for a 60 second delay. The price for all of this is less than \$3.25. Surely it is the cheapest civilian jumping in the world. It is ideal for experienced relative workers especially those attempting the Big Stars. John Beard is the one to give you all the particulars on the Sky Van.

If all fails to get yourself organized for a jump, here is your last resort. Try 'The Albert' pub located on Victoria Street diagonally across from Artillery Mansions, on Monday evenings after eight. Go to the side public bar, *not* where they have a food bar, and listen discreetly for such things as PC, bad spot, DC, crash and burn, D Zed, 'I just washed my parachute and can't do a thing with it'. Ad Nauseum.

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## SOUTH AFRICA AND KENYA 1970

*Chris Freeman*

I ARRIVED in Durban, South Africa, on January 26th just two days before my rig arrived by airfreight, and at once started searching for drop zones and parachute clubs. As always seems to be the case, it was the 'Grape Vine' that led me into telephoning a certain Paddy Lander, and from that moment on everything ran smoothly.

Through Paddy, I was introduced to the Pietermaritzburg SPC which operates at Oribi airfield fifty miles north-east of Durban on the Johannesburg Road. Supported by such stalwarts as Ian Hardy, Paul Wilson, Peter Wales, Pete Van Royen, Rich Wyatt (the chief instructor) and of course Paddy Lander, the club functions at a comfortable pace with wild parties ending at 2 a.m. and tired jumping starting the next day at 1.30 p.m. Anxious, however, to get some jumps before I left South Africa, I boringly retired to bed early and together with Arthur Quinn and Loe Striker started jumping at 8 a.m. the following morning. Having just taken delivery of a Mk 2 Parawing, Loe, with 500 jumps up his pilot 'chutes shook me slightly by jumping it with 2-shot capewells! Since Don Bodley had left the club for Australia a few months earlier, the lack of a big wheel pushing for jumps had inevitably slowed the pace somewhat. However, although very few club members had over 150 jumps the standard of individual performance in Free Fall was high, and once one had briefed people what one wanted them to do, lack of Relative Work experience was compensated by steadiness and enthusiasm. During the winter months, (April—September) the weather becomes more suitable for parachuting and I feel fewer parties and earlier starts in the morning will be inevitable, thus leading to a very safe and proficient parachute club at Pietermaritzburg. The hospitality and immediate friendliness that I experienced at Oribi were second to none, and should any one of the club's members appear on an English drop zone, you can rest assured that a well trained and keen parachutist is in your midst.

Enjoying a nomadic existence, my work then took me to Johannesburg and the South African Skydiving Centre, the leading light of which is Rod Murphey. The club Safety Officer and Chief Instructor is none other than Sean Friel who is completely unchanged and tells as big a jump lie as

ever. As its name suggests this DZ at Vereeniging is more of a centre than a club, and as always seems to be the case in this sport, is inevitably surrounded by an aura of parachuting politics. However, as a visitor to the country I was delightfully unaware of this and spent an extremely pleasant time there. With a Cessna 180 as the jump aircraft and a seeming abundance of very good pilots the centre boasts several 'D' Licence holders (a badge of some distinction in South Africa) and a business-like approach to parachuting. I was pleased to meet 'General' Pat Smith—D-2 there, and did some interesting relative work with Errol Eddy and Bill Robinson. Sean and his wife Barbara were both on excellent form, and while very keen and enthusiastic about South Africa (understandably so) were delighted to hear how everyone was at home. Sean at present is on the way to becoming a very good pilot while Barbara is coping with Nicola, who providing she doesn't turn out like her father, could well become a very good looking South African.

I had planned to visit Pretoria PC, but not wanting to have to go through yet another South African initiation ceremony, during which you stand on a bar and pour beer all over yourself, I shelved the plan and during my stay in Johannesburg continued to visit Vereeniging.

I recently heard that since my departure, the S.A. Skydiving Centre has bought a second aircraft—a Cessna 185. With two aircraft at their disposal and beautiful weather ahead, eight-man stars should be flying over Vereeniging with some regularity in the near future.

The biggest impressions that South Africa left on me were the very high standard of the pilots and the hospitality and kindness I was shown by the South Africans. They were thoroughly genuine and kind and I will look back upon the two months I spent there with a feeling of regret that I was unable to stay longer.

I arrived in Kenya at midnight, 23rd March and as soon as I had completed my documentation and BOAC had found my kit (in Zurich), I began jumping at Wilson Airport, Nairobi with the Kenya Skydivers. The Chief Instructor, Malcolm Morris, lives a long way from Nairobi in Kitale, which inevitably meant difficulties as far as fre-



quent jumping was concerned. However, earlier in the year, Steve Holz arrived from the States and the comfortable pace parachuting then enjoyed was jolted into life. In place of four jumps per month, people found that they were getting in four per day. The standard soared, appetites were whetted and progression achieved. It was at this time I arrived and people who felt that Steve Holz was a lunatic now realised that they had two on their hands. With beautiful weather and a helpful though firm Chief Operations Officer in the Directorate of Civil Aviation—Jim Dunglinson, I found it possible to get in about 70 jumps in seven weeks. Virtually every parachutist in the club is a pilot though not everyone is checked out for dropping parachutists. We are lucky enough to enjoy the facilities and great patience of the Aero Club of East Africa, and find the air controllers at Wilson most understanding and co-operative. Several Club members are now approaching the 100 jump mark, notably Jacques Spencer-Chapman, Michel Sanyes and our Club Chairman, Dr Charles McCaldin. Steve Holz has 350 jumps while the Fathers of Kenyan Parachuting, Ken O'Rourke and Malcolm Morris must be way-up in the High Hundreds. If we are not operating in Nairobi, we jump as guests of the Nakuru Flying Club which has less 'traffic' problems and far fewer ground obstacles. The screening of 'Gypsy Moths' accompanied by extensive newspaper coverage gave us some good publicity and our club Free Fall cameraman, Adrian Charleton (200 jumps), plans to produce even better film than he has up until now, on his new 16 mm camera. The fact that our drop zones are mostly 6000 feet above sea level gives fewer problems than one would imagine, but lack of any rigger or parachute loft is a headache. Cost of jumps is approximate to England—perhaps marginally lower—but plans for a pit are regrettably fairly distant. Relative work is our

chief interest (who would have guessed) and we put the first Kenyan three-man together on 17th May with no problems at all. We look upon Robin Russells' departure to England as a great loss but your gain, and I feel certain that his enthusiasm and capability will be valuable to any DZ he visits.

The fact that Charles McCaldin was private doctor to Miss World during her trip to Kenya earlier this year seemed a good way to earn publicity for the Club, and we accordingly arranged a demonstration for her. She was visiting the Amboselli Game Park at the time, so we passed the traditional baton, had scores of photos taken and spent a very comfortable evening drinking ourselves to a standstill round an excellent barbecue. Shortly after we had landed, we were lucky enough to see a demonstration of dancing given by the warriors of the famous Masai Tribe. They danced with great zest and an elderly Masai woman explained that they were celebrating as they had received wonderful omens. When we enquired further, it transpired that two young men with smoke pouring from their ankles had come from the sky to be closely followed by a most welcome rain storm!

Harry Fergusson called in to see us on his way to England from South Africa where he broke the civilian high altitude record last year. Unfortunately we were unable to document him in time for him to jump with us but it was fun to see him.

As a young club, we are always keen to hear the latest ideas and see new faces, so if ever anyone is coming to, or passing through Kenya we do hope you will come in and see us. It would be wise to write in advance to Dr Charles McCaldin Jnr., Box 384, Nairobi (Tel. 21741) enclosing all your jump details so that when you arrive, we can simply load up and go.

*Miss World and Club Chairman Dr Charles McCaldin being bored rigid by Chris Freeman*





# Combined Services Championships . . .

*Ken Mappedeck*

With some glorious weather in late March we basked in a hot sun with temperatures already touching 80°F, yet the Troodos Mountains were still touched with snow at 6000 feet. Wednesday the 25th we started jumping with this and the following day declared practice days.

At 2000 hrs on Thursday we had the briefing and all rules of the competition and other details were issued, after first being read out and explained in detail by myself. Peter Kingston our now departed club chairman covered the programme of Events which was as follows:

## **Friday 27th March**

Individual Accuracy  
Streamer 0630 hrs

## **Saturday 28th March**

Individual Accuracy  
Streamer 0630 hrs  
Team Accuracy  
Dance Night

## **Sunday 29th March**

Team Accuracy

## **Monday 30th March**

Team Accuracy Completion Demonstration and Mass Drop. Rothmans sponsored. 2000 posters, Trophies, Sign Posting and a Rothmans trailer complete with PA system.

The form of the competition was devoted entirely to ground accuracy and divided into two groups: Individual (three jumps) and Team accuracy (two jumps).

The three jumping standards for men and women were: (a) **Juniors:** Static Line; (b) **Intermediate:** Parachutists with over 50 jumps; (c) Parachutists with over 50 jumps. No Judge, official, or Instructor was allowed to compete in this competition. The aircraft used during the competition were all Cessnas, a 206, 172 and 150 which were hired from Daedalus Aviation Nicosia.

All competitors in individual accuracy and the officials were up bright and early on Friday, 27th March. The streamer was dropped by myself and it went only 100 yards on the ground wind line, but that only confused a lot of jumpers who did not watch it carefully because there was a distinct crossover in the wind with the ground wind cutting in about 600 feet. These light to variable tricky wind conditions persisted all that day and caught out a lot of jumpers. Peter Kingston and I jumped to prove the streamer but still there were many puzzled faces.

The jumping went well and at the end of two rounds of individual we had close points positions in the **Seniors**

between Lt Aussie Hall and Lt George Syde on PCs, and SAC Nick Fry the defending champion on a 1000 TU. In the intermediate we had a tight group of three, Cpl Kevin Crome, Pte Rickie and SAC John Platt well above the rest.

On Saturday morning we finished the final round of accuracy with some very good performances with the 10 cm disc being moved twice from its string by Nick Fry and Aussie Hall with two close ones from George Syde and Kevin Crome (intermediate). On these last jumps we saw some very good performances and also two unfortunate accidents. We had to stop the jumping with an aircraft airborne when Kevin Crome came in on his last round jump with a four metre needed to win. As he hit and was marked a loud crack told us he had broken his left tibia and fibula just above the boot. In obvious pain he lay there smiling, knowing he had won his class. A little later WO Wolly Gibbs, only three weeks from his tour expiry day, took a soft landing and turned an ankle breaking his left fibula.

So, by lunch on the second day we had completed the individual competition with these results.

## **Senior**

1st, Lt Aussie Hall (Army RCI)  
2nd, SAC Nick Fry (RAF Akrotiri)  
3rd, Lt George Syde (Swed Con UN)

## **Intermediate**

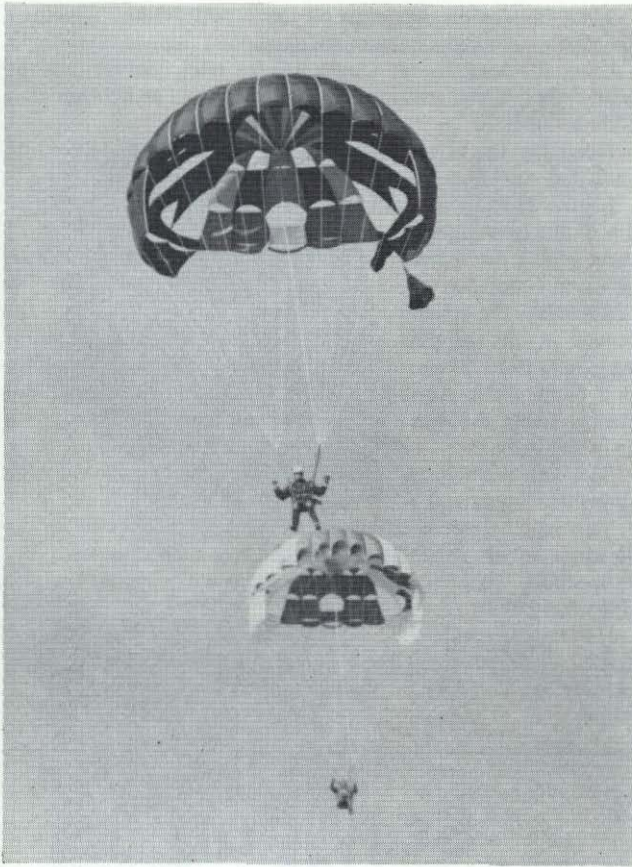
1st, Cpl Kevin Crome (RAF Akrotiri)  
2nd, SAC John Platt (RAF Akrotiri)  
3rd, Pte Ritchie (3 Para Malta)

## **Junior**

1st, Sgt Berg (Swed Con UN)  
2nd, WO II Wolly Gibbs (Army)  
3rd, Sgt Karlsson (Swed Con UN)

At 1400 hours on the Saturday afternoon after lunch and the team draw we started the Team Competition with a streamer run which went about 200 yards winds still very light. By the last lift Saturday we had not completed the first round of the teams. At 0630 Sunday morning we dropped and proved the streamer with two Club officials jumping. Once again it only went about 100 yards. By 1100 we had completed the first round and at 1400 we stopped jumping because we wanted to save part of the team event for the Monday since we expected many more spectators on that day. Also the sea breeze which had not blown up to now, had begun to gust the wind above 10 mph, which was the limit on this competition because of the DZ size and basic students jumping.





*Proving the streamer run—Ken Mapplebeck (foreground) and Peter Kingston*



*Early one morning—Nick Fry, defending champion*

From the outset on Monday it was obvious that the three para teams under the coaching of Brian David would more or less sweep the board, and by 1300 hrs we had finished and the final results were being worked out.

#### **Team Competition Results**

##### **Senior Three-Man teams**

1st, Para Lt Dudzinski  
Malta S/Sgt Roy Mawdesley  
Sgt Mick Hare

##### **Junior Two-Man teams**

1st, Para III Cpl Williams  
Malta Cpl Wynne

At 1500 hours Peter Kingston, Jake McLoughlin, Ken Jacobs, Bill Elliott and myself, complete with much smoke, climbed aboard the 206 and took off to climb to 10,000 feet. We did a cross wind run down the crowd line with me spotting and we got out pulling smokes as we went about the middle and downwind of the crowd line. Forming a tight group to about 2,000 feet we then broke and tracked towards the crowd, all briefed to pull at below 2,000 feet so

as to avoid the upper wind which was too strong for our PCs to push into. After opening we each checked our position and then set about pulling our 83 grenades at 1,000 feet. Floating gently down with our PCs pushing us ever closer to the crowd we landed along the line of the crowd with loud applause and an invasion of small children around us. Almost immediately three of the four aircraft we wanted for the mass drop took off on their way to 5,000 feet. The lead aircraft with George Syde on board together with our Swedish instructor who spotted for all three aircraft which were flying in arrowhead formation over the DZ on jump run. His aircraft load jumped followed closely by the other two put a dozen parachutists in the air at once. A good spot put all jumpers on the DZ, this accuracy being appreciated by the crowd.

The presentation came next with Air Vice Marshal Lowe our club president presenting the trophies and yours truly doing the announcing.

Finally big exodus. Everyone leaving or clearing equipment away, many smiling faces indicated that all had enjoyed the weekend parachuting. After packing the car which was overflowing with everything, from parachutes to pots and pans, we headed back home to Limassol 62 miles away, tired but pleased that everything had gone so well.



# "Some thoughts on parachuting by a mere wife" (Sheila Griffin)

Parachuting made me a 'grass widow' a long, long time ago! Though I stand on the 'touch line' (or should I say perimeter?!) and cheer him on—well, *most* of the time! Let's face it! Half the time they go to escape from their women, don't they? But the other half of the time do you think they mind having us around too?

But after a couple of years the novelty wears off a bit for the wives, doesn't it? Well, I mean—all that standing around on muddy ground—waiting—waiting for the clouds to clear, for the wind to drop, for the pilot—always waiting!

Often when all 'kitted up' and 'ready for off' the heavens open or a gale springs up—and then there's more delay; and I learn a little more lovely, colourful language before I sprint for the car and its warmth and some hot coffee and the papers!

'Nothing doing till 2 p.m.' is the signal to pile into transport and off to the pub to 'nurse' a pint and talk 'shop'. I leave them to it—I've got my coffee and sandwiches and they never want to eat at this stage anyway. I even get two letters written—then suddenly the sun is shining, the clouds are lifting and it's a wonderful afternoon.

We are soon on our way back to the DZ and the 'first lift' are ready when the pilot turns up. They are all engrossed, yet take the trouble to give me a shout 'He'll be third man out', and someone hands me binoculars.

There are one or two wives and girl-friends and we cluster together, watching and making our own comments! So many times I've watched 'our' small, silver bird winging heavenwards. I try not to lose her now as she climbs; maybe first one comes out at 2500 and then at 4000; and at 5000 my 'special interest' is out on the wing and then 'Juump!'

The kids always tell me I count far too quickly and give them all a 40–80 second 'delay'! Down—down—he looks like a little cross in the sky—growing gradually larger till the canopy billows out above him gloriously. I start breathing again as he floats down serenely—all those gorgeous reds, blues, greens, yellows and black against the clear sky.

It's a 'stand-up' on target and he looks smug and pleased! After all, there *was* the time he landed up to his neck in that stinking pond several fields away! The sighs of relief all round when they knew the 'chute was undamaged!! It took us days of scraping, a few gallons of hot water and a ton of soap before that 'jump-suit' was fit to wear again!—not to mention the 'dark brown' pants, socks and the rest; and have you ever washed and ironed pound notes, a driving licence and a dog licence?!

Then there was the time . . . but this time it's OK and I know better now than to ask if it was a 'good jump'—they tell me every jump is a good one that you walk away from. I don't need to ask what it was like up there either; because as every wife should know, they stay 'up there' for a long time after they are on 'terra firma' with us! Of course, it doesn't stop there; after they've all dropped once, there's always the chance of another drop. But they do sometimes stop for a mug of tea or coffee, and whatever happened to the two big home-baked cakes I brought?

Then they're off again and I can't really resist watching the whole operation once more.

Later it's back to the Clubhouse to pack 'chutes, and of course there's the inevitable 'post mortem', or do they call it 'de-briefing'?!

Did I say the novelty wears off—then why am I shouting back 'see you next time' as we make tracks for home?

It isn't only all the club week-ends, is it? What about all the shows throughout the North and Midlands? How I curse about there being so many!—So we go to some with him and I wonder why I feel so jolly proud of our Display Team when the crowds cheer?

As I say to the kids—if we're bored with all that 'jumping' there'll be loads of other things to do—as it's always at a Gala, Fete, Agricultural Show or the like—and I can always sit in the sun and write some more letters, or just sit in the sun!

So I wonder why we climb on the roof of the car to see over the crowds and get a better view?!

You see, I don't *really* mind being a 'grass widow' whilst he leaps out of aeroplanes. I rather like mad types anyway—'specially 'our' lot, with their earthy wit, voluble tongues and steady eye.

*He* says parachuting is the second best thing in the world!—and anyway look at all the beautiful silver tankards, trays and hair brushes we are collecting!

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## "Stay put!"

The following episode took place at Strathallan Airfield not many moons ago. It illustrates one of the less expected hazards of operating in the land of the heather.

The Cessna 175 took off with two students and an instructor; the latter positioned as usual in the rear starboard seat.

At 1700 feet it became evident that the cloudbase was not sufficiently high to permit a drop, so the pilot was asked to return to the airfield.

The aircraft landed and taxied in towards the hangar.

As it neared the hangar, another aircraft was taxiing out, so the pilot of the jump aircraft halted temporarily to let the other pass.

At this point the student seated on the floor by the door made to get out.

The instructor, aware that the aircraft was shortly about to taxi in, restrained him by the shoulders and ordered 'Stay put!'

At this the student renewed his attempt to leave the aircraft.

The instructor, fury and incomprehension mounting, roared again 'Stay put!'

The student made a third vigorous attempt to leave and had to be held by the lift webs until the aircraft had taxied in and switched off.

As the aircraft emptied, the student looking red and angry hauled off his helmet. The instructor equally annoyed removed his, and the following dialogue took place:

'Why in all hell did you keep trying to get out of the plane, when I was telling you to stay put?'

'Chrrrist' exclaims the student, anger giving way to surprise, 'I thoct ye were sayin' *step oot!*'





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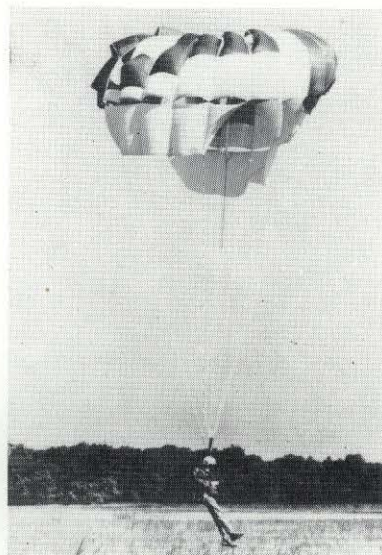
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