



# SPORT PARACHUTIST





*Rear view of PATHFINDER assembly - manuals containing packing instructions supplied with each canopy.*

**PROTECTOR** 17ft Steerable Reserve. Conical shaped nil porosity steerable canopy. Rate of descent  $17\frac{1}{2}$ ft per second with 220 lbs., forward speed of 6-7 miles per hour and rate of turn  $360^\circ$  in 7 - 8 seconds. Canopy in 1oz. ripstop nil porosity fabric with the blank gores of nylon net for additional safety during deployment.

*Front view of PATHFINDER Harness with the RFD-GQ PROTECTOR Reserve parachute assembly fitted.*

**PATHFINDER** Nil porosity 1.6 oz. fabric canopy with forward speed of 10-12 miles per hour, a descent rate of 15ft per second and a rate of turn of approximately 4 seconds per  $360^\circ$ . The stall action of the canopy - an essential part of the performance of any competition or advanced display canopy - is extremely stable and recovery after the stall is immediate with minimum 'surge' and instability.

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**Editor's Note —**

The views of contributors to "Sport Parachutist" are not necessarily those of the Editor, or of the British Parachute Association, and no liability is accepted for same.

# Sport Vol. 10 No. 2

APRIL 1973

# Parachutist

## EDITORIAL

Well People, you've got yourselves a new Editor of Sport Parachutist as John Meacock has reluctantly decided that, due to pressure of work with his flourishing Centre, he could no longer devote so much time to putting together our journal. I find myself in a difficult position of having to take on the Editorship from John who has produced such a consistently high quality of magazine during his spell as Editor. On behalf of you, the Readers, I would like to express to John our sincere thanks for all his efforts in the production of this important medium of sport parachuting communication.

There won't be any radical changes, all I can do is to try to achieve the same high standard that John has now set. The success or otherwise of the magazine, however, is still very much in the hands of readers who take the trouble to produce articles and photographs, and once again I appeal to you all to supply me with as much copy as you can — if it's not libellous or pornographic I'll print it!

It has always been the case, especially in our sport for some reason, that there are a hard core of people who devote much time and effort to working for the organisation, albeit in many aspects of the running of a club, working on Council or on the Safety Committee, or producing copy for the magazine; more often than not these people receive little reward or thanks save the satisfaction of doing their bit for the sport they're crazy about. There are, however, a small number who devote their energy to the easier course of destructively criticising our Association or resisting any thought of being part of it; to this minority I say please consider that the growth and safety of the sport in this Country is a result of the strength of the BPA, which is, of course, the individual membership; so please redirect your energies to constructive work for sport parachuting. At the end of the year, apart from analysing what the Council have achieved which I agree is important, ask yourselves what you as individuals have done for the sport. The present Council has proved to be the best attenders yet, so let them have your ideas; they can't pull rabbits out of a hat at the wave of a magic wand.

In the meantime drop me a line at **Yorkshire Flying Services, Leeds/Bradford Airport, Leeds LS19 7TU** and let me know what's going on at your DZ.

Happy Landings

CHARLES SHEA-SIMONDS

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**Cover:**

**The Hard Ass Star Team over Innsbruck**

*photo Lou Johnson*



# REVISED INSTRUCTORS/CLUB LISTS

## BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION INSTRUCTORS ADVANCED RATINGS (EXAMINERS)

Name	Club	BPA No.
Acraman, R. S.	R.S.A.	444
Anderson, B.	A.P.A.	4590
Boot, W. G.	T/Valley	3930
Catt, W.	A.A.C.	415
Card, R. G.	A.P.A.	1927
Charlton, A. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	110
Crocker, J. T.	South Staffs	2066
Dale, A. J.		845
Day, T. J. W.	Met. Police	1705
English, J. A.	Northern Para	3767
Fernie, W. G.	Scottish	1859
Francis, R.	Hard Ass Star Team	3437
Gardner, E. A. J.	Parachute Regiment	178
Griffiths, R.	Green Jackets	115
Hounsome, N. C.	T/Valley	1598
Jackson, M. L.	R.E.	343
Jacobs, K. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	471
Jerstice, B.	Lancs.	2101
Laing, J.	R.A.P.A.	1323
Lewington, E. T.	Parachute Regiment	5382
McCarthy, D.	R.A.P.A.	949
McLoughlin, J. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	175
Mapplebeck, K.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	1035
Martin, M. A.	A.P.A.	1444
McQueen, A. S.	R.A.P.A.	4318
Meacock, W. J.	Peterborough	578
O'Brien, R. L.	S.P.C.	3550
Peacock, D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	125
Raine, G. P.	R.C.T.	2229
Reed, M.	Yorks.	596
Reiter, R.	Hard Ass Star Team	4931
Rumney, C.	Hard Ass Star Team	9492
Runacres, R. J.	R.A.P.A.	338
Schofield, B. S.	Para Regt	2332
Shea-Simonds, G. C. P.	Hard Ass Star Team	475
Sherman, P. W.	Old Warden	4757
Slattery, W. P.	Nomad	258
Stephenson, E. W.	S.A.S.	699

## APPROVED RATING

Name	Club	BPA No.
Addison, N. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2566
Armour, A. M.	A.P.A.	5649
Aveling, M. F.	Parachute Regiment	7450
Beard, J. A.	Green Jackets	2050
Beavan, R.	South Staffs	6389
Bennet, D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3024
Bennigson, P. J.		8975
Beynon, M. G. P.	T/Valley	4983
Birch, D. T.	R.A.P.A.	3036
Black, A.	R.E.	1106
Bolton, M.	South Staffs	5114
Bowles, J. A.	R.A.P.A.	237
Boxall, J.	Hereford	5455
Bremer, F.	Peterborough	7398
Burns, R.	Sport Para Centre	3445
Cameron, K.	A.P.A.	7372
Cathro, G.	Parachute Regiment	1547
Cavanagh, P. D.	B.K.S.C.	2817
Cockburn, A. M.	R.A.P.A.	2749
Coffey, J. P.	C.C.S.P.C.	662
Cole, A. J. N.	B.P.C.	346
Colgan, J. A.		6332
Cooper, A. E.	Manchester	3026
Cottrell, A.	Peterborough	8744
Crawley, T.	Green Jackets	343
Daubney, J. E.	S.A.S.	2290
Deakin, M. D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	4239
Denley, P.		113
Desoldato, D.	S.P. Centre	3764
Dinneen, K. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3507
Dickson, T. G.	Scottish	472
Dixon, A. C.	A.P.A.	6174
Elliott, W. E.	A.P.A.	4064
Ellis, G.	A.P.A.	3432
Forsdyke, J. K.	South Staffs	3027
Forster, N. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5783
Fraser, P.	S.P.C.	5548
Fuller, I.	T/Valley	5532
Gray, I.	Golden Lions	8374
Hackett, D.	R.M.	878
Hagan, T.	Nomad	1930
Harper, I.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5543

Harrison, J.	Old Warden	2734
Henry, T.	S.A.S.	3110
Herbert, C.	Singapore	1866
Hewitt, B. N.	Northern Para	6023
Hill, A. V.	Eagle S.P.C.	193
Holt, A. C.	Northern Para	2224
Jarrett, R. G.	Parachute Regiment	8370
Johnson, A. T.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	898
Johnson, M.	Lincoln	1118
Jones, A.	Parachute Regiment	1886
Jones, D. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6979
Kemley, J. M.		1952
Kirkham, R. N.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6498
Kirkman, G.	N.W.P.C.	8145
Law, N.	Man. F/FC	2137
Lewington, E.	Parachute Regiment	5382
Lonsdale, R. C.	R.E.M.E.	1151
Louttit, I. A.		4001
Maddy, W.	R.E.M.E.	1430
May, C.		2643
Melville, L. W.	7 R.H.A.	1016
Miller, I. G.	Lincoln P/F	772
Mitchell, C. E.	I.O.W.	1407
McBride, E.	T/Valley	6852
McCauley,	Peterborough	4416
McGill, J. A.	7 R.H.A.	2066
McGuire, P.	Golden Lions	5105
MacLennan, J. A.	Scottish	3128
Maclennan, W. M.		4060
McMillan, A.	S.P.C.	6099
McMillan, I.	S.P.C.	6099
McNaughton, D.	Parachute Regiment	417
Morris, A.	N.W.P.C.	8163
Morrison, A.	A.P.A.	4848
Noble, K.	Northumbria	298
Noble-Nesbitt, R.	Northumbria	6461
Norris, J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2363
O'Brien, M. J.	B.P.C.	332
O'Brien, N.	A.P.A.	4378
Oliver, A. R.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2518
Oxley, T. E.	R.A.P.A.	1442
Parker, A. H.	A.P.A.	3138
Parkinson, H. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3276
Parry, R.	B.K.S.C.	2735
Patrick, J.	7 R.H.A.	1781
Payne, D. C.	Paraclan	2370
Peel, F.	S.P. Centre	7096
Perkins, R. G. G.	Martlesham	7794
Price, A. J.	R.M.	5489
Prin, O.	Peterborough	6559
Prince, D.	N.W.P.C.	1880
Purves, M.	Martlesham	6882
Pusey, D. C.	Parachute Regiment	2598
Quick, G.	N.W.P.C.	7725
Railton, K.	R.A.P.A.	5932
Reddick, J.	R.A.P.A.	349
Rees, B.	J.S.P.C.	874
Reid, M.	Scottish	7054
Ritchie, W.	Sport Para Centre	6632
Rixon, T.	Peterborough	1250
Riddick, A.	Martlesham	5529
Robertson, I.	Scottish	722
Robinson, R. J.	Parachute Regiment	4059
Rose, A.	R.M.S.P.C.	2587
Rymer, D.	R.A.P.A.	5967
Sansom, D. B.	Parachute Regiment	3232
Savage, D.	Nomad	1671
Scarret, W. T.		1428
Scott, R. S.	S.A.S.	899
Seeger, R. A. M.		495
Sharples, J.	Hereford	1891
Shone, G. B.		2245
Smith, E. H.	S.A.S.	759
Smith, J. F.	Nomad	3847
Souter, R. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5594
Standring, B. R.	Parachute Regiment	2191
St. John, L. N. E.	B.P.C.	257
Taylor, M.	Old Warden	1982
Together, M.	A.P.A.	5077
Walmsley, J.	Parachute Regiment	930
Ward, M. R. L.	R.M.	5741
Wright, J.	Parachute Regiment	1928
Whitney, D. M.	Parachute Regiment	2163
Williams, J.	Thames Valley A/S	5343
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29 Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2
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# LET'S GET TOGETHER

**Ned Luker - U.S.P.A. C-2974 SCR 119**

Say the word "California" aloud and it sounds like an enchanted land. California! What visions leap to your mind? Well, if you are a Sport Parachutist, the first thing you probably envision is Big Star Relative Work.

Can there be any doubt that the best Big Star Relative Work in the world is done in California? Elsinore, in Southern California, is where the most creative approach to this remarkable third event is being carried out daily. Combine a carefree, easy-going life style with superb weather, a large population center, easy access to large aircraft, and you have the natural ingredients for the Big Star and its variations — Snowflakes, Accordions and Lines. In fairness to Northern California and the rest of America, there is some excellent and skilful jumping being performed. AND, there can be no doubt now, that some parts of the world have now joined, with enthusiasm, the Relative Work Movement. For some time now, Great Britain has been recognized as real leaders in the European area. However, the fountainhead for new techniques and where innovated ideas are generated and flourish to ripple outwards, appears to be from a central source — California.

Let me express a few thoughts concerning the relative work scene in California. Currently, there is under way in this country an almost missionary, religious fervour on the part of many to emphasize Relative Work as a legitimate and equal third partner in the parachuting world. Equal recognition has at last been accomplished here with the inclusion of both a ten-man star event and a four-man relative work team event in the U.S. Nationals. However, instead of warmly welcoming Relative Work into the parachuting family, for some inexplicable reason Relative Work continues to encounter considerable resistance throughout the rest of the world and its national competitions. Relative Work, almost by definition, happily cannot be limited to a select, exclusive few "doing their own thing"; it must expand to excite individual people as well as entire nations in order to prosper. The unofficial motto for Relative Work, then, is "Let's Get Together". True Relative Work means getting everyone together; Americans with Britons, Frenchmen and Russians, South Africans, Bulgarians, Argentines, East Germans, Australians, Red Chinese and West Germans. Getting together, not exclusiveness, is the fact and the beautiful and logical extension of Relative Work.

BUT, if bad weather and unpredictable aircraft support appear to be handicapping your Relative Work enthusiasm, your thoughts have probably turned to a holiday in California. Well, the purpose of this article is to give you what you might need to know if you wish to make this holiday dream come true. I submit that there are some other excellent Relative Work drop zones in this country; notably in our New England area, Florida, Illinois and Texas, but I would like to point out that the most consistent Relative Work jumping, where it occurs most often, and where it all began, is in California. What you need to know, then, for a planned future holiday, is an inexpensive way to get to California, particular places to go and where the available floor space might be near a drop zone to make your limited holiday budget stretch a bit further.

Probably the best charter flight service from Great Britain to California is an organization called the Anglo-California Club. The club has frequent flights non-stop to California. These flights leave on specific dates and return on a specific date, but the length of the stay varies. For example, some flights call for a return flight after only

fourteen days, some for twenty-one, and some even for ninety. This is not a packaged tour as the only thing you pay for is the aircraft transportation. To receive the special low fare deal, you must leave and return on a specifically listed flight. The fare varies according to the time of year, but the prices are generally within the £100 category, return from Gatwick to either Los Angeles or to Oakland (fifteen miles from San Francisco). The aircraft used are jets leased from B.O.A.C. and Caledonian Airways. The only "catch" is that you must be a member for at least six months before you are eligible to take advantage of the reduced airfare and the cost of the membership is £3 per annum. You might inquire into some other reputable Air Charter Travel Clubs within Great Britain, but this is the one with which I am most familiar:

*The Anglo-Californian Club  
31 Beaconsfield Avenue.  
Portsmouth, Hants PO6 2PS Tel. Cosham 7-5006*

The next order of business might be to write to the United States Parachute Association. You can join U.S.P.A. for the liability insurance (not necessary, as I understand it, if you are a current B.P.A. member) and for the monthly magazine PARACHUTIST. At any drop zone within the States there should be no questions asked as long as you have B.P.A. membership and logbooks, although you might solve some initial questioning if you are already a U.S.P.A. member. Annual membership is U.S. \$15.00. Additionally, for an extra U.S. \$1.50 you can obtain a directory of more than two hundred U.S. Drop Zones including names and addresses of Area Safety Officers. The U.S.P.A. directory is a compact, handy reference book for anyone planning an extended stay in America and wishing to visit a number of different drop zones in different geographic areas. U.S.P.A. will accept bank drafts or money orders in British Pound Sterling for the U.S. Dollar equivalent. The address is:

*United States Parachute Association  
P.O. Box 109, Monterey, California 93940 U.S.A.*

Their business office is located at:  
*651 Cannery Row, Monterey, California U.S.A.  
Telephone: Area Code 408 373-2708*

## **California est divisia en dos partes**

On the off chance that you are not aware of our particular geography, the distance between San Francisco and Los Angeles is more than 400 miles. One can either fly between the two areas (U.S. \$16.00 and one hour) or travel overland by bus and see part of the country (U.S. \$13.00 and eight hours).

I personally believe that if one plans to travel all this way from Great Britain, one should not only jump in both areas, but should play the tourist a bit too. The sightseeing presumably will take care of itself with suggestions from the locals. I would, however, like to recommend that you stop by a large book store or better yet, the nearest Trans World Airways office and purchase these two paperback books.

*T.W.A.'s Getaway Guide to San Francisco.  
T.W.A.'s Getaway Guide to Los Angeles.*

These books are pocket-sized, about two hundred pages including maps, and most important, they have generously added discount coupons for hotels, restaurants, nightclubs and tours. Both books cost U.S. \$1.00 each in the States and I know you can purchase them in London, but if you do have trouble finding them you might write to:



*T.W.A. Getaway Guides*  
P.O. Box 303 Farmingdale, New York 11735 U.S.A.

Again, acknowledging that California is really two distinct places and not one, I have decided to divide my listings naturally between the Southern part and the Northern section.

### **Southern California**

Elsinore! Elsinore Paracenter Inc. is the formal name of the drop zone which is open six days a week. The Big Star Relative Work here is, without a doubt, the best in the country. They do have the good weather, fine aircraft support and the largest concentration of Relative Workers of any Drop Zone. One just might say that this is a Relative Worker's MUST. There are some other fine Drop Zones in Southern California, notably Taft, Perris Valley, and Otay (pronounced O-Tie), but for the last several years the Relative Work "in" has been at Elsinore. Inquire about custom-made equipment and parachute sales from A-1 Unlimited, nearby (R.W. jumpsuits). Larry Perkins is the owner/manager and the address is:

*Skylark Aviation*  
Elsinore Paracenter, Elsinore, California 92330  
U.S.A. Telephone: Area Code 714 674-2500

Below is a list of Southern California Relative Workers that have offered their names and addresses for any help they can give jumpers passing through the area.

*Pete Gruber*  
P.O. Box 491 Elsinore, California 92330  
Telephone: Area Code 714 678-3517

Pete has jumped in Britain and is a real organizer for Relative Work here. He is especially eager to be in contact with Relative Workers outside the United States. Pete stays keenly aware of the current happenings in the Relative Work scene and is an excellent coach. He is currently working on a Relative Workers' Directory in the United States as well as overseas. Even if you have no plans to visit California, you might write him a letter as he is a wealth of information.

*Jerry Bird and Sam Alexander*  
1549 Columbia Drive, Glendale, California 91205  
U.S.A. Telephone: Area Code 213 243-4493

Jerry and Sam share the same stars and the same "digs" in California. Jerry Bird's reputation is internationally recognized. Not only does he keep abreast of new techniques in Big Star Relative Work, he frequently is the innovator himself and the guiding spark behind the new and different systems. Both Sam and Jerry will be delighted to turn you on to their exciting brand of Big Star Relative Work.

*Ray Cottingham*  
6481 Atlantic, Apt. N115 Long Beach, California  
90805 U.S.A. Telephone: Area Code 213 423-0879

Ray is truly an outstanding free fall photographer who will unselfishly discuss at length the technicalities of free fall photography with you. He frequently is the man that sets the stage for really unique challenges to be accomplished in the sky and both his skill in the air and his photographic artistry are well respected.

*Steve McCluer*  
10742 Shire Place, Apt 3 Whittier, California U.S.A.  
Telephone: Area Code 213 692-7583

Team Leader of the "Flying Farkle Family", Steve welded together relative unknowns and created one of the best ten-man teams in the world. It was his team that won the first World Ten Man Star Meet in New Zealand.

*Skratch Garrison*  
10961 Roebling Avenue, Los Angeles, California  
90024 U.S.A. Telephone: Area Code 213 477-5246

Skratch is an excellent free fall parachutist — a fact that

is frequently overshadowed by his individual development for judging standards for the Big Star Competitions. In addition, Skratch devised the first rules for the four man relative work team event for the U.S. Nationals.

*Jerry Rouillard,*  
3531 Columbia, San Diego, California 92103 U.S.A.  
Telephone: Area Code 714 291-0561

As the former assistant director for U.S.P.A., Jerry was responsible for a good deal of the administrative details and handling of Relative Work in the U.S. Nationals. Although he does live south of the Los Angeles area, San Diego might prove to be an excellent stopover for jumpers passing to or from Mexico.

### **Northern California**

We in the San Francisco Area are blessed with five drop zones; none further than 1½ hours drive away. They are: Santa Nella, Livermore, Yolo, Antioch and a new one — Pope Valley Parachute Ranch. At this time, the most active Relative Work Drop Zones are Yolo, Antioch and Pope Valley.

#### **Yolo**

The Yolo Airport is listed as Yolo County International airport. Near Sacramento, California, it is an old World War II training field with the best set of runways of any drop zone in California. Yolo operates only on weekends, but it is an excellent fun drop zone with good aircraft support that includes a beautifully maintained Twin Beech. As a bonus, it has the raunchiest pub in Northern California (Betty's) and some dare devils have even been known to put the last star of the day over the bar. The man to contact for information about the activities at Yolo is:

*Ed Wilkes,*  
290 East "B" Street, Dixon, California, 95620 U.S.A.  
Telephone: Area Code 916 678-3801

#### **Antioch**

Antioch operates on a seven day basis. Their aircraft support includes two Cessna 182's, a Howard, a Twin Beech and a Lockheed Lodestar. They have a snack bar on the premises and a parachute loft (R & J Custom Parachute Sales) that produces beautiful, custom-made harnesses and containers as well as the sale of standard American-made equipment. Antioch is open every day, and for further information contact:

*Graham Flying Service,*  
Route 1 Box 1186 Antioch, California U.S.A.  
Telephone: Area Code 415 757-9957

#### **Pope Valley Parachute Ranch**

A recently opened drop zone that has two Cessnas as well as a Twin Beech. Pope Valley is located in the breathtaking and beautiful section of California near the Napa Valley wine growing region. The airport has a motel, restaurant and a bar AND, a real luxury on warm California days, a swimming pool. Pope Valley is also open seven days a week. The address:

*Curt Curtis & Timmy Saltonstall*  
1996 Pope Canyon Road, Pope Valley, California  
94567 Telephone: Area Code 707 965-3400

The following is a list of Northern California parachutists who would be more than happy to see you and would be able to direct you to the Relative Work Scene.

*Ned & Sheila Luker,*  
Apt. 405 3 Captain Drive, Emeryville, California  
94608 Telephone: Area Code 415 654-5359

*Ron & Lorrie Young,*  
4290 Wilshire Boulevard, Oakland, California,  
94602 Telephone: Area Code 415 531-2496

*Steve Gwin,*  
1177 Alberdan Circle, Pinole, California 94564  
Telephone: Area Code 415 223-0537





An "Oppenheimer 4 Man" over Elsinore

photo Ray Cottingham

*Clarence M. Solis,  
27805 Andrea Street, Hayward, California 94544  
Telephone: Area Code 415 783-0717*

*Carl Winther,  
2025 28th Street, Sacramento, California 95817  
Telephone: Area Code 916 457-9958*

Except, of course, at specific times such as a Relative Work Team Training session or during an actual competition, please don't harbor any fears that you might arrive at a California Drop Zone and be ignored. Being a "foreigner" is a great advantage in this country and if you express any interest in absorbing some advanced Relative Work techniques, the local jumpers will truly be flattered and will probably bore you rigid with their endless Relative Work stories and how to do it Ooooooooh Sooooooo Smooooooothly. The point is that American Relative Workers want to shout to the world that free fall can be used for more than turns and backloops! The best plan, then, with all of these names, addresses and telephone

numbers is to NOT make your arrival in California a big secret. With a little planning and correspondence, people here will happily tell you what is happening and what times might be best for a visit. In fact, if there were a group of jumpers coming from Britain, perhaps individuals here could organize something special. Do remember that even though a drop zone might be operating on a week long basis, the most active times are invariably on the weekends. Another plus for writing in advance is that you may be able to make arrangements for someone to meet you at the airport — a real blessing after fifteen hours of sitting in an airplane changing time zones.

I have written this article for SPORT PARACHUTIST in the winter of 1972/73. The names will most probably stay the same, but being good Californians the addresses and telephone numbers and possibly the drop zones might just change. I apologize now for that, for I'm sure it will happen. My only solution is to recommend, again, that you write or at least call in advance for any planned trips.

In California, Let's Get Together!





A typical Sunday afternoon over Yolo, California

*photo Ray Cottingham*

## HOW PETER THE PEDESTRIAN CAUGHT THE BUG

I arrived at the Sport Parachuting Centre, Grindale Field, Nr. Bridlington in the afternoon of Sunday 30th October. I was simply bringing a friend along (David 'Dusty' Binns) to do some parachuting. Being a mere pedestrian I fully intended doing nothing more than watch a few descents and return to my native town of Skipton.

Unfortunately the weather was poor and only a small group of the more dedicated Skyemen hung about waiting for the chance of another lift. We were greeted by Alistair McMillan the Chief Instructor and his very able assistant Malcolm Reid. Immediately, Al and Dusty broke into the technical jargon which is common to men of their breed. Overcome with curiosity I asked for a translation, What's a PC and a Low Po? Where's 10 Grand and why on earth do they want to know who your relatives are? They tried to explain but I was more bewildered than ever. Stables, Dummy Rips, PLF's, Terminal. What have horses, dummies and bus stations got to do with parachuting? I retired into a corner to think about it. Suddenly it came to me!

Why not start at the very bottom — join up. Casually I sauntered across to Al McMillan and enquired about a parachuting course. "How long y'got" asked Al. "Oh! good 2 or 3 hours" said I cheerfully. "Not on" said Al. "There's BPA membership, a medical and X hours ground training before we even consider letting you out of the packing shed". More adamant than ever I said I was prepared to stay a few days and in a flurry of form filling, cheque signing and the occasional cough at the local Doctors I was ready to embark on my new found pastime . . . On the millionth PLF I was declared fit to land, proficient in theory, and not really a bad student — as far as students go. Now for the meat of the course, a death defying leap from 2,500 ft with only a static line Double 'L' and a 24 ft reserve to save me. Could I go through with it? I could; I did and I enjoyed it immensely and furthermore, it is said that my count could be heard in Scarborough although I doubt if it could have been heard beyond Bridlington myself. I managed two more that day and was grounded by a technical K.O. (not more than 3 descents per day per student).



The following day was fairly windy and I only managed one descent which was my first Dummy Rip. Everything went well and I even managed to land within sight of the clubhouse. For the rest of the day I could be found watching the anemometer in the office and praying for the wind to subside. The bug was beginning to bite.

Another day dawned and found yours truly cursing the British weather and contemplating whether to emigrate to California or some such haven for parachutists. But all was not lost, the mist rose, the wind dropped and a flight of Skymen packed and prepared to do justice to the day. Two more DRCP's and cleared for Free Fall, text book jumping so far and some very nice comments in my Log Book. A reflection on the high standard of training and instruction at the centre.

On the first 5 second delay I was a little apprehensive (i.e. terrified) and tried to counteract it by going through all the routines in my head. This worked to some extent and the jump was fairly successful with only minor deviations from the intended flight plan.

Yet another day and all thought of returning to Skipton is put into the background. Who cares what the weather forecast is, it could be wrong — I am well and truly hooked now.

I did manage two more descents but the weather finally beat me. Work was calling and it couldn't wait.

Tearfully I left Grindale Field with 3 x 5 second delays under my belt and a begging letter to my Bank Manager for more money to squander on parachuting.

I must add that some of the most enjoyable evenings I have spent were those in the clubhouse. There is an excellent bar, good accommodation and reasonable food and most important of all, the staff, students and visitors are the most friendly and helpful one can hope to find.

My special thanks to Al McMillan and Mal Reid, Peter Fraser the Pilot, John Corner the Cook and all who helped to make my stay so enjoyable.

I will be back at the earliest opportunity.

Sincerely Yours,  
Peter B. Sheeran



Gaynor showing her contempt for her anonymous instructor

*photo Lou Johnson*



## WINTER IN CYPRUS

For most British jumpers winter can be a dreadful spell, with rain, cloud, bitter cold and snow, not to mention wind, all doing their best to keep us ground bound. I know this and of the determination it takes to get some in at Christmas. Some don't, so let's take a look at these lucky ones.

For many months some very determined non-jumpers have been working hard to arrange Joint Service Training in Cyprus. This paid off in November when I received confirmation of the arrival of the JSPC ISLANDER and began to plan the training session. Our training would be in two parts, one in December, the other in January.

Once the lads had arrived from JSPC and RAPA, the head count looked like this: Advanced Instructors: WO II Martin (JSPC), WO II McQueen (RAPA), SSGT Card (CCSPC). Instructors: SGT Togher, WO II Dixon. Potential Instructors: SGT Preston, CPL Hogg, LCPL Coffey, RFN Douglas, MNE Brady.

Two basic courses were furnished by the 1st BN. THE ROYAL ANGLIANS and an instructors course began. The latter required a high standard and on conclusion only one passed — well done Jim Coffey.

After this relative was the thing. Initial exercises were exits and swift, careful 2 man links which build rapidly to three's, four and then five, to a finale of six out of six.

Amongst all this the occasional break to form a crocodile or caterpillar for fun.

Lastly a free display for the children of the British Military Hospital here in Dhekelia, and a fine show it was too. First pass a PC, wing and Para Plane from 5,000 ft. in a wide stack. These all set about to impress everyone whilst the remainder climbed to 8,000 ft. to trail smoke and put together a four man.

During these few jump days over 500 descents were made and the session considered a great success.

Having said all that, I'd now like to say there was a black spot in this short, happy visit — Two PC malfunctions. These happened to two of those I'd call "The most vulnerable ones" with 100-400 descents, (I'm not just knocking you two).

The malfunctions occurred (in my opinion) because they made the mistake of thinking that hasty packing is the way to get a lot of jumps in. Well now you know. Always pack carefully, you'll get more in the long run.

Part two, began on December 31st with the arrival of Harry Cappe the pilot who happily set about the labourious task of keeping us airborne. January 1st got us flying, it was to be a Santa Claus jump for the orphans of Nicosia and the lucky jumper was Jim Coffey on his Para



The build up to a 5 Man



Plane. This task almost turned out to be the end of Jim — not from the jump but from the violence of over enthusiastic children.

Next was the arrival of the JSPC staff: SGT Jones, Instructor; LCPL Berry, Potential Instructor; LCPL Tate, Potential Instructor; LCPL Collingwood, Assistant Instructor; MNE Brady, Assistant Instructor.

Three courses were run. The first furnished by members of the "Blues and Royals", followed by two made up of members of 1 and 30 Sqn's RCT. All three courses were a great success, during which Mike Berry passed his rating with flying colours and Burt Tate by mutual agreement stood down through lack of experience; although it would be fair to say much was learned by all.

During our course programme we had a short break to carry out a display at the Nicosia Air Show, hardly Farnborough, but they try. Our part of the display was made even more spectacular when the "Cloud" failed to do its thing and within a second had me dizzy enough to joyfully capwell and cartwheel across the sky. It's a truly remarkable parachute, particularly when it's open!!!

Unfortunately the weather was a little less kind during this period and we were only able to bring our total descents up to 1,054.

British parachuting took a big step with the advent of the Cyprus Centre. I know it's all service, but please civilians believe me you are very welcome to join us should you be able.

Lastly I'd like to say thanks to those who made it possible: MAJ Stacey, Commandant JSPC; COL Hawtrey RETD, Secretary JSPC; Peter Evans, Pilot JSPC; FL LT Carpe, Pilot JSPC; Bill Cairnes, Engineer JSPC; and to those I can't name — thanks again.

Bob Card

It was early in March that we learnt of the tragic loss of fourteen members of the U.S. Army Parachute Team, The Golden Knights, in an aeroplane crash in North Carolina. To the wives, relatives and friends of those concerned all members of the British Parachute Association send their deepest sympathy.



A 5 Man, photographer Tony Dixon finally closed sixth









**A Crawley Thing — McQueen, Hogg, Coffey with Togher closing. Note the trailing strap . . . Tuck it away!**

*I have approached sport parachutists the world over to become foreign correspondents to our Magazine. Richard 'Buzz' Bennett was the first to respond as Canada's mouthpiece. Buzz has jumped the world over and few people work harder for the sport than he. He has 1500 jumps plus, is SCR and SCS, original member of the Hard Ass Star Team and the Unicorn Sport Parachute Club, as well as being a CSPA Board Member.*

G.C.P. S-S.

## CANADIAN CAPERS

Having been convinced by the manifold charms of C S-S, my fellow Unicorn and Hard Ass, that the position of Canadian correspondent to 'Sport Parachutist' was indeed a very prestigious one, I decided to accept.

I thought that I would start with some history. The first recorded parachute jump in Canada was made in Vancouver, BC, in 1912 from a Wright biplane by an American named Professor Charles Saunders. Apparently all aviation pioneers were known as 'professor' in those days, for reasons that are not immediately obvious (to me, at any rate). The first Canadian to jump in Canada was Frank Ellis, who on July 5, 1919 jumped from a 'Jenny' at Crystal Beach, Ontario, landing in Lake Erie, wearing an inner tube for flotation. Frank, who lives in

West Vancouver, received the Order of Canada and Medal of Service in October 1972, and is also a member of the 'Early Bird' club, having made his first solo flight before August 4, 1914. Parachuting activity between the wars, was presumably confined to the usual barnstorming at airshows and fairs. After the war, various clubs were organised and in 1947, the St. Catherines Parachute Club, the oldest surviving club in Canada was started. In those days a detailed log was written up for each jump, and the collection makes very interesting reading. Ten second delays from 2000', clear and pulls from 500', etc!

In 1956 the Parachute Club of Canada was formed, at first only in eastern Canada, but in 1962, it merged with the Western Canada Sport Parachute Association to become a national organisation. In 1967 P.C.C. changed its name to the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association. As of December 31, 1972 the Association had approximately 2800 members in 80 clubs across the country. Yearly dues are now \$18 (approx. £8), which together with government grants gives us an annual income of \$60,000+. About two-fifths of this is used to pay for a full time executive director, and all the office and necessary administrative expenses. The balance is used for the magazine, technical (rigger, instructor, judges and jumpmaster) courses, public relations, Ministry of Transport liaison, and funding for national teams, plus many and other sundry uses.



The national Board of Directors comprises seven people, elected on a rotating basis from six regions (Ontario having two) for two year terms. As an administrative substructure, provincial councils have been formed; these handle local problems and take advantage of the funds available from provincial governments.

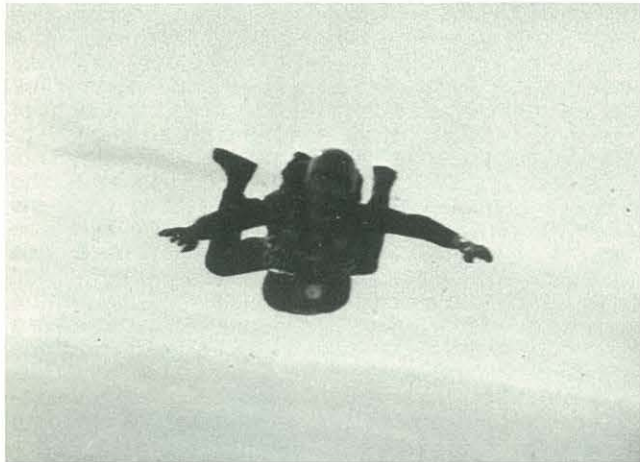
You must appreciate that Canada is a large country, (5000 miles from coast to coast) and hence communication and administration is a much more difficult process.

In closing this first offering, if you come to Canada and wish to jump, you will require:

- a) Proof of current membership in an FAI affiliated organisation (BPA, APF, etc).
- b) Logbook.
- c) FAI licence
- d) Valid medical (no more than two years old).

For information re clubs and drop zones etc write either to me or C.S.P.A. at BOX 848, Burlington, Ontario.

BUZZ BENNETT



**THE CARK IN CARTMEL CRUMPET CATCHER**  
(*Carkus Crumpeticus*)

This is a very rare species of bird, until recently thought to be extinct, however it has now suddenly appeared in the Cark area once again. The photograph shows the male of the species, plummeting, plunging and hurtling over Cark Airfield.

This particular specimen appears to be of great age, this is proven by its rather tatty plumage and signs of balding. It also appears to have difficulty in maintaining level flight, hence its rather awkward flight movements.

Efforts are to be made by the local Conservation Society, to find a young female in an attempt to save the species from extinction. Regular supplies of egg and bacon butties and strong cups of tea, together with copious quantities of Vitamin E capsules are to be provided by local helpers, in an effort to get this great bird to make its home on Cark Airfield.

At present the bird appears to be nesting in a rather leaky, draughty hut, known to residents as 't'packing shed'. Whilst the species does not lay eggs, on occasions, it has been known to have kittens. Piles of straw are to be made available for mating purposes.

A spokesman has said, "We want this great friendly bird to live in the area once again, so that future generations will thrill to its strangely haunting cry of 'Cookey Cookey Cookey . . .

## AT THE DROP IN

Sally Gardener has just returned from Australia, mission successful, as she's persuaded Big Jim to take her under his wing . . . . permanently. Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Smith — but remember Jim even that doesn't qualify you as an Embassy Sky diver!

□ □ □

For those of you who haven't been there yet Davy Prince's Drop Zone at Cark is well worth a visit. Tony Moore's Cessna 206 is operating every weekend and the view of the Lake District from 10,000 feet alone is well worth the price of admission. "NO AGGRO AT CARK" visible from above painted on a flat roof top is a well deserved slogan — long may it be so.

□ □ □

John Meacock is now the proud owner of Cessna 180 G-ARAT which he will be operating at Sibson in conjunction with Cessna 182 G-ASHO; rumour has it that JM himself is a regular member of the Sibson Odds'n Sods (SOS) Star Team and that he's likely to be a participant in first Peterborough Parachute Centre Star; but then he never did really go much on style and accuracy anyway!

□ □ □

The Safety Committee has finally given its approval to the Training Posters which have been produced for the BPA by Les Hinson who really has made a superb job of them. They are available to affiliated clubs either as posters or Vu-foil slides at a ridiculously low price — Bill Paul will be pleased to provide details, but I don't believe any club can really afford to be without them.

□ □ □

If you haven't yet read "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" by Richard Bach (published by the Turnstone Press) then it's time you did. JLS is a way out Seagull who is not interested in scavenging for food like the rest of his flock, he just wants to fly. All sport parachutists (as well as aviators) must equate themselves to a greater or lesser degree with this amazing bird's striving for perfection against considerable opposition.

□ □ □

News from Tony Dale and Mike Deakin from Como near Perth in Western Australia, is that their Club is well under way with no shortage of students; mention is made of a wind problem — what with plenty of students available as "seekies"?

□ □ □

We've just had news of a brilliant Japanese invention for reducing opening shock . . . . . Elastic Risers!

□ □ □

A reminder that the Nationals (Style and Accuracy type) are to be held at Weston on the Green from 26 May — 3rd June. Accommodation and messing is available at 80p a day and individual entry is £13.50 for both events. There is provision for tents and caravans; and rules and entry forms are available from Bill Paul at the BPA office.



# THE HARD ASS STAR TEAM IN AUSTRIA

The weekend was billed as a European Ten Man Star Competition and Relative Festival and, apart from Bob Higgins who was diligently working for the Queen over the three days, the Hard Ass Star Team agreed to put in an appearance. The road party of Mike Chapman, Dick Miskin, Neville Hounscome and John Williams set off on Thursday, 1st March, after a night stop in Cologne with German Free Fall Photographer Peter Boettgenbach, (who managed to lead the 'Egg' astray!) they reached Innsbruck on the Friday evening. The Hard Ass Jet Set of Jim Crocker, Sally Cain, Charlie Shea-Simonds, John Shankland, Dick Reiter, John Thomasson, Steve Talbot, Lou Johnson and Pete Gruber accompanied by Jurgen of the German 10 man team, and Jane his girl friend, took off from Heathrow for Munich on the Friday afternoon. The weather was perfect until about 20 minutes out from Munich when low cloud and intermittent snow storms put paid to the original plan of flying on to Innsbruck in the Twin Otter to be used for the meet. At Munich our party was completed when we were met by Clive Rumney who had motored from Regensburg where he had been teaching for the last six months.

A Volkswagen minibus had been kindly provided to transport us to Innsbruck and it wasn't long before we were on the Autobahn with Tommo communicating volubly with Joe ('Esso Blue') our German driver. Soon we were at the border and the curse of officialdom raised its ugly head in the form of an Austrian Customs official who announced that importing parachutes was "verboten"; two hours later after the futile production of BRITISH passports our FAI Licences, alternately pleading insanity and threatening 'phoning the British Consul, we were allowed to continue on our way having promised to leave Austria with the parachutes with which we entered (Nev couldn't give away his I 24 let alone sell it!) Finally at Innsbruck Airfield we met up with the road party and parted with 58 Marks (£8.20 for registration and two jumps) to Marwig Hertzog ('Earwig Hedgehog' to the team) the meet organiser. We were accommodated in a local 'gasthaus' which cost us £5 for three nights bed and breakfast which was reasonable compared with many of the local prices we were to encounter over the next three days.

The following morning dawned with low cloud and snow; but with a promise from Earwig that it would break by midday we could only indulge in every parachutist's most normal occupation— weather watching. Soon bored with this activity the Hard Asses decided to practice some exits and had soon built a mock up of the Twin Otter right across the main airport lounge. Only after a good deal of prodding from coach Pete (Secret Sky Ranger) Gruber has the team learnt the value of regularly practising exits and, although at the beginning of the weekend our efforts were watched by an amused gathering, other teams were later seen to be having a go themselves.

At about midday the cloud started to break and we were greeted with the awe inspiring sight of 8,000 feet mountains all around . . . . . and Meatball's spotting again! Still no sign of the Twin Otter when Tommo spots a 172 taxiing around to the front of the building — a quick word with the pilot and soon Tommo, Charlie and 'Swiss' are away to open the weekend's jumping and to test the resilience of the snow. Suddenly it's bright sunshine and the trio are hanging in the sky with brilliant whiteness all around.

Minutes later the Twin Otter arrives and Earwig decides that this is a good moment for us to adjourn for lunch! The Hard Asses have managed to dominate the first load it's not long before we are airborne. Next surprise is that the pilot hasn't flown jumpers before and in spite of a thorough briefing it takes 45 minutes and 5 passes in all

directions before we get out. We finally exit at 11,000 feet and Charlie closes on wrists 10th as an anonymous female in the team loses her grip!

During the rest of the afternoon the cloud and visibility got progressively worse and our final jump of the day was a smash and grab 8 man from 6,000 ft. Apart from the 'Egg' who was now trying to lead most of the German team astray the Hard Asses had a relatively quiet evening; there were nasty rumours, however, of Willy getting zapped by one of the opposition's girl friends, but I hasten to assure readers that these rumours are absolutely true!

The following morning it was snowing heavily again, but once more the resolute Earwig announced that the weather would clear by midday. After more exit practice it was left for the Hard Asses to make their mark by constructing a gigantic bi-sexual snow man which was later ruthlessly destroyed by a colossal snow plough which managed to clear runway, taxiway and apron of snow in about 2 hours. The low cloud broke again at about midday, but to a hazy cloud cover at about 7,000 feet. By mid-afternoon the Hard Asses had managed two more practice jumps which were a bust 4 man from 7,000 feet and a sizzling 9 man from 6,000 feet which left us all breathless! It was then decided to start the competition in spite of the poor weather with a minimum acceptable jump height of 8,000 feet. The Hard Asses and the German team were drawn in the first aircraft and from the practice descents it seemed that we were joint favourites with the Norwegian/Swedish team at about 7-2. The Germans opened the contest with a 30 second 9 man followed by the Hard Ass reply of another 9 man with one of the judges missing the exit and thus the time; (the exit was from 8,000 feet and we had it by 5,000 so it must have been in the region of 25 — 28 seconds). The judges decided to leave a decision on this round until the end of the meet and it was on this note that the day closed. The session with the Germans over a beer that evening produced the usual selection of vivid jump stories and novel ideas for speeding up stars.

Monday brought considerable promise with fog and visions of clear blue sky above, but it wasn't until late morning that it finally cleared to produce the most beautifully clear day imaginable. Round 1 was completed with a Scandinavian 6 man leading the rest of the pack. The Hard Asses opened round 2 with a fast 10 man in which a grip was lost on the other side as No. 10 docked; it was flown back with an eight man and was scored as a 9. The German team went next and had bad luck when Nos. 5 and 6 took a fast four man clean out of the sky, but they valiantly rebuilt it to a contact 8. None of the remaining teams could produce anything better than a 7 man.

After this round it was decided to draw the competition to a close because of the shortage of time available and to make one large star attempt with a combined German and British Team of 18 men with photographers Peter Boettgenbach and Lou Johnson recording the outcome. The briefing by Pete Gruber proved again that parachuting itself is almost an international language of its own. The run in at 14,000 ft. gave us all an incredible view of this magnificent region but not for long as Willy gave the final corrections and everyone moves forward towards the door . . . . . "Ready? . . . . . ready . . . . . THREE . . . . . TWO . . . . . ONE . . . . . GO! Bodies are everywhere, but in the middle Dick and Willie are already together with Shanks closing 3rd. Two of the Germans are in next with Charlie close behind, then people start rushing it and it rides a couple of hard knocks and finally makes a contact twelve before being bust apart. Everyone had been too concerned with getting in and had forgotten that compared with some of





the low jumps we had made, there was plenty of time. Willy's spot had been diabolical and a long walk was the final delight of the weekend for the majority.

Soon it was time for the Hard Asses to say cheerio to all the friends they made over the weekend and it was home-ward bound after some great parachuting and valuable competition experience — next target is the British Relative Championships so it's back to training again in the meantime—No sky too high . . . . .!

**The Hard Ass Star Team at Innsbruck**  
**Back row: Jim Crocker, Jon Williams, Dick Reiter, Sally Cain, Mike Chapman, Charlie Shea-Simonds. Front row: Neville Hounsome, Dick Miskin, Pete Gruber, John Shankland.**

## THOMAS SPORTS EQUIPMENT

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*photo Birmingham Post & Mail*

## PEBBLE MILL AT ONE

The B.B.C. studios at Pebble Mill, Birmingham organised a competition for their Pebble Mill at One programme during the week Nov. 6th to 10th inclusive. There were prizes of £250, £150 and £100 for anyone arriving at the studios in the most unusual and original circumstances.

Brian Wykes, Tom Sawyer and myself decided to go and have a look and see if we could jump in. As a D.Z. it was pretty hairy with a lawn at the front of approx. 60 yards x 20 yards surrounded by tall trees on two sides and an eight storey building on the other two. To be televised we would have to make the lawn, or there was an alternative of a sports field some 400 yards away round the back of the building untelevised and certainly no chance of winning.

To make it even more interesting we decided to wear formal morning suit, including our chief groundsman Tom Haines.

At 12.35 on 6th November we took off from East Midlands Airport in a Cessna 172 with Chief Flying Instructor Stuart Jones 'driving'. A previously arranged telephone call to Tom Haines at the studios informed us that ground

wind speed was 5 m.p.h. but the met. men said 18 knots at 2,000 ft.

We were rather worried about finding the B.B.C. building from the air, yet managed to fly straight to it, good old Stuart. The wind sock and smoke on the roof verified the 5 m.p.h. and the first streamer verified the 18 knots. A quick conference after the estimated exit streamer, which proved too far to the right. We decided to spend a further couple of minutes on another streamer as the final approach would have to be over the building and there was little margin for errors. A perfect streamer this time and I let a smoke off out the door as a signal to Tom Haines that we would all have a go at the lawn, not the sports field.

As he had had a rather long bubble on the last tight D.Z. that we had jumped, Brian wanted to dump into the slipstream so our alti's only read 2,200 as he leapt out of the door.

We did a wide climbing turn to make 2,900 ft and for a moment we thought that Brian was too deep. All of a sudden he was next to the building and a couple of



seconds later a canopy collapsed onto the front lawn. It looked beautiful, as I was already giving the odd correction to Stuart. 'Cut', out of the door first and Tom following into a nice stack.

The upper wind was really quite strong so reserve to one side and chest strap undone for that extra little push. I decided to try and go round the building (Brian has apparently made an identical approach, Tom went over it) this way I thought that I could use the entrance road to the large car park as undershoot should it be necessary. Suddenly the corner of the building was near, steer between two slip trees and a stand-up in the centre of the lawn, just in time to watch Tom swoop over the building, full brakes, and bang on target.

Tom Coyne, the T.V. personality interviewed us, and the organiser of the competition succeeded in dragging us to the bar for free drinks until closing time.

We were to learn over a week later that we shared joint first prize out of over 200 entries, with a life boat that had travelled from Cornwall by sea and inland waterways and finally by trailer.

Derrick Orton  
B.P.A. 5938 D781.

### G.P.'s REDUNDANT?

Dear Charlie,

If I were to describe something as having served sport parachuting for a long time but has now outlived its usefulness and should be phased out from its role in the sport you might think I refer to an X-type, or perhaps the Cross-bow or even the style event. In fact what I have in mind is the General Permit, that omnipotent bit of paper that students strive so hard to get and then frequently forget to renew once they have it.

What started as an administrative loop-hole to get round the rule that "nothing may be thrown or dropped from an aircraft in flight without prior permission . . ." has now become the principal measure used in both training and assessment of a jumpers experience. I think it is time for the dominance of the G.P. to be reduced and for the existing, but almost valueless certificate system to be given the importance it was originally meant to have. At present the requirements for the G.P. and for F.A.I. certificates are only vaguely analogous, the former being the most stringent by placing more emphasis on control in free fall and on self-spotting while the certificate requirements feature mostly certain numbers of stable delays and could hardly be called very demanding. My suggestion is that the certificate requirements, particularly for 'B' and 'C', be revised and brought up to the standards set down in the category system. A logical re-styling would seem to be for certificate 'B' to be made the equivalent of the present category 8 and for 'C' to equate with category 10. With such a system student training would then be directed towards gaining certificate 'B', and the G.P., if necessary at all, becoming only an ancillary which is granted at the same time.

The main advantage of this is that the G.P. would cease to be the 'be all and end all' of achievement within the sport, having gained one standard of proficiency the new 'B' certificate holder would have first the 'C' and then the 'D' to aim for. This should be a good incentive for continued supervised training and adequate log entries. Because the G.P. is the only recognised measure of achievement its holders have such a wide range of ability it is too unreliable. A G.P. holder may be a good, experienced jumper, an enthusiastic but inexperienced category 9 jumper or one with many jumps and no worthwhile experience. Such a range of ability is too great to be

represented by one document. For example; if a jumper arriving at Staverton to jump there had gained his G.P. at one of the more isolated, less populous D.Z.'s like Grindale or Auchterarder he might well be unknown to the instructors who could then have difficulty in assessing his ability. (His log-book of course should establish his standard but unfortunately the quality of log entries also varies greatly so it might not be of much use.) The problem of establishing a jumpers ability would be easily solved by having different grades of certificates, possibly even going up to 'G' as is done in Australia and Germany. A jumper presenting a 'D' is obviously better than a 'B' holder.

The total inadequacy of our reliance on the G.P. is highlighted by the fact that merely by adding a few words to the relevant regulation the Government can completely wipe out the need for what is really the only determinant of proficiency used in the sport. And the fact is that in the new A.N.O.'s being formulated this will be done, so the sooner a change of thinking takes place away from the much revered G.P. and towards the use of F.A.I. certificates the better off we will all be. In the meantime the main use of these certificates will continue to be the use I am about to make of mine.

CLIVE RUMNEY, D954

The following letter was recently published in 'Skydiver Magazine':

"Dear Lyle,

Enclosed please find a new and unique parachute badge, that of London Metropolitan Police Para Club. It is at present the only police parachute club in the world. I am their C.C.I. and we operate at an old B.17 USAF base called Nuthampstead, near Royston in Hertfordshire.

We have the largest Dee Zee in England and stacks of fun. There is a height limitation — 45 grand! We do night, water, tree and 20— grand-plus jumps, so anytime you are over here in Blighty, drop in.

The local pub, "The Woodman" is thatched and built of timber, and serves the best pint of "tadpoles" in the U.K.

N. J. Forster  
Hertfordshire, England."

We asked the LMPPC to elaborate, as this set up sounded too good to be true: Terry Day replied as follows:—

### A GLIMPSE OF UTOPIA

It is only fair that I should point out the 'Major Salient Features' of "The Biggest DeeZee" in the country. I suppose it is the biggest because the natives of this particular region of Hertfordshire are friendly and have never been known to attack without giving sufficient warning, therefore we could say that our dee zee is at least 100 sq. miles. How big is your club dee zee?

Recently the "Doof Bag Parachutist Benevolent Society" have, at great expense, erected the Nut "H" annexe to "The London Shmilton" strategically situated off the N.N.W. boundary of the pit in order to be permanently off the wind line. This is a fabulous building because aside from the varied and luxurious accommodation, accuracy jumpers may take advantage of the recovery room or even an hour in the intensive care unit, having stumbled in the burning Nut "H" sunshine across the three hundred metre pit. This test of endurance almost always leaves the jumper in a state of collapse, thereby discouraging accuracy and promoting utilisation of our fleet of 12 Huey helicopters. These are crewed and on



permanent standby just itching to take relative workers in individual aircraft to 12 grand for a "let's see if we can win the Halfpenny Green link with an aircraft trophy attempt." (Survivors pay tuppence a jump).

Then there's the P.C. packing machine!

And the rocket powered Skyvan kitted out with, yes, you guessed it, individual life support systems so that the altitude seeker, having penetrated the Van Allen Belt, may have his very own E.V.A.

We have been known to indulge in night jumping on a friendly and strictly non competitive basis.

Then there's the Sherman Mk II automatic pit raker.

The water jumps can be almost done in our Para-Scuba simulator, only available on certain days when the rainfall exceeds 10 ins. per hour; a common feature during the summer months. The waterlogged runway provides this facility as well as many thrills for our Cessna pilots. Use of this device is computed on a furlongs per fortnight basis, cheap but seasonal.



I enclose a photograph of the result of a "tree jump exercise". Although the students comments were unprintable, I'm sure that correct briefing and suspended harness training by your actual 'N. J.' ensured his survival. The tree is situated off the North boundary of The Biggest Dee Zee.

For those interested in the Lurk and Grope event at The 1973 Nationals, the Nut 'H' sauna staffed by topless physiotherapists is the last word in synthetic training equipment.

Incidentally N.J., at the last count there were 55 confused and very cross Americans trekking aimlessly back and forth across the Hertfordshire countryside in search of The Biggest DEE ZEE or perhaps even N.J. himself, upon which they could firmly place their boots!

## FORMATION OF THE B.P.A. RIGGERS' SUB-COMMITTEE

A year has now passed since Steve Talbot spoke up at the 1972 B.P.A. Annual General Meeting asking for persons interested to see him with a view to forming a Riggers Committee. Since that date an official B.P.A. Riggers Committee has been formed, being a sub-committee of the S.T.C. There have been a number of meetings during the year from as far afield as Halfpenny Green, Weston-on-the-Green, Sibson Airfield and Aldershot. The first meeting held at Weston-on-the Green in March 1972 saw the establishment of Albert Hooker as Chairman, Steve Talbot as Secretary, John Curtis as Assistant Secretary and Ian Wright as Technical Advisor. It was agreed that the object of the Committee be to formulate ideas for standardization of equipment, modification of equipment, repairs and also to approve and train B.P.A. Riggers and to advise the S.T.C. on all matters relating to equipment and rigging as requested by them.

Up until this time there had been no officially recognised B.P.A. Riggers as called for in the Regulations of the Association. It was therefore decided to try and regularise the existing situation so that riggers at present in practice and equipment in use by clubs would comply with B.P.A. regulations and insurance conditions.

To this end it was agreed to establish two classes of riggers — the higher class to be called Chief B.P.A. Riggers and the lower class to be called Basic B.P.A. Riggers. The definition of these standards was as follows: —

### Chief B.P.A. Riggers

To be able to carry out construction, modification and repair of all sport parachuting equipment provided that such works do not impair the safety characteristics of that equipment and any new designs of equipment to be submitted to the Committee for their approval.

### Basic B.P.A. Riggers

To be responsible for the assembly of sport rigs from component parts that have already been submitted and modified where necessary to sport parachute standards by either an established manufacturer, a Chief B.P.A. Rigger or approved by such persons. A Basic Rigger is to be able to carry out the following works to sport parachuting equipment in accordance with B.P.A. and manufacturers' standards.

#### Canopy Modifications

Basic Repairs (i.e. canopy patching, section replacement, hand tacking, etc.)

Simple repairs to sleeves, drogues and parachute containers.

It is emphasized that a Basic Rigger cannot carry out any construction, modification or repair to a harness unless under the direct supervision of a Chief B.P.A. Instructor. A Basic Rigger must not carry out any works which in anyway might alter the safety aspects of any equipment or the opening characteristics of any canopy".

Since this initial meeting Irvin Great Britain Limited have expressed an interest in helping out with the training or examination of B.P.A. Riggers. No courses have as yet been finalised. However, the following system of training has been worked out by the Committee and is at present being considered by Irvin's.

### Basic Riggers' Training Scheme

This Course is likely to consist of a number of week-end courses, probably to be held at Halfpenny Green over a 6 monthly period. These lectures, together with practical



training, if possible, will be given by existing B.P.A. Riggers together with selected experts from various fields. A prospective Basic Rigger would be expected to attend these courses and in the intervening time between lectures to practice at home on machines and materials provided by himself or his club. This practice work should not be on equipment to be used in live jumps. During this 6 monthly training period the prospective Rigger will be expected to do ancillary reading of literature suggested by his instructors and to obtain proficiency in the types of work that a Basic Rigger is expected to do. At the end of the instruction course a prospective rigger will sit a simple preliminary test. Upon satisfactorily completing this test it is hoped that he will be able to attend, probably a two-day course at Irvin during which time he will be given further lectures and practical instruction and also a theoretical test of the Ballard type and a practical test conducted by personnel of Irvin. The successful candidate will emerge as a qualified Basic Rigger.

Although not yet worked out in detail the same outline of training will probably apply to the training of a Basic Rigger to Chief B.P.A. Rigger standards.

The Committee decided on this course of instruction so that only persons genuinely interested in rigging will be on the course and attending the final test at Irvin's.

It may be that in the near future commercial concerns will be organising training for Riggers on parallel lines to those mentioned above. If suitable, candidates will pass on to Irvin's for the same trade test.

The subject of reserves in one form or another has been on many Agendas and the following are the recommendations that the Committee have reached.

#### Security 26' 'Crossbow' Conical LoPo Reserve Canopy

The manufacturers of this canopy, Security Parachute Company, U.S.A., stated that the covering of the T Mod. in this canopy with nylon netting would in no way reduce the safety characteristics.

#### Short Line Reserve Canopies

Regarding short line 24' reserve canopies, Irvin Great Britain Limited recommended the following rigging line and strop lengths for use with their 1/24 canopy.

Minimum length 16' between skirt of canopy and point of hook attachment to the harness. Maximum length 18'. Recommended minimum length of actual rigging line should not be less than 15' 6".

After consultation with G.Q. Parachute Company it was said that the G.Q. 18' 6" diameter shaped canopy, as used in Sabre ejection seats, could be used for sport reserve canopies provided tashengurts were fitted. However, before these canopies are put into sport use should first be shown to the Committee.

#### Silk and Celanese Canopies Mains and Reserves

The Committee decided with all the information before them that these canopies should no longer be used for sport parachuting unless designed specifically for the sport, e.g. the Russians have a silk sports canopy. This also applies to nylon reserve canopies which have been manufactured using silk thread, even though these may be less than 25 years old.

As you can see the Committee has not been idle, but we do recognise the work which has to be covered if the B.P.A. is to have the rigging standards and riggers this sport of ours must have to ensure its continued growth.

Projects at the moment under discussion include the standardization of students' rigs and the adoption of Dan Poynter's manual as the basis of these standards.

## RIGGERS QUALIFICATIONS

The Riggers Sub-Committee of the STC have approved the following BPA Riggers Qualifications:

<b>Chief Riggers</b>		<b>Basic Riggers</b>	
A Hooker	CR1	H. Curtis	BR1
S. Talbot	CR2	J. Grieg	BR2
G. Shone	CR3	J. Fry	BR3
J. Reddick	CR4	G. Ward	BR4
L. Thomas	CR5	Mrs. P. Green	BR5
A. Hunt	CR6		
J. Harrison	CR7		
R. Kirkham	CR8		

Details of Riggers Qualifications may be obtained from the Secretary, The Riggers Sub Committee, c/o The BPA Office.

## SECOND/FINAL DRAFT

### NATIONAL COACH/SAFETY OFFICER

1. Participation in sport parachuting has increased considerably over the years and there is every indication that this increase will continue at an even higher rate. The current position is that the British Parachute Association (BPA) has approx. 4,000 members spread amongst 32 clubs making a total of 75,000 parachute jumps per year. Apart from the increasing personal participation, there is an ever increasing demand for parachuting demonstrations to be at local, county and national displays.

2. A major factor in the obvious success of parachuting as a sport has without doubt been the emphasis placed on the standard of instruction and safety, the responsibility for which has been vested in a Safety and Training Committee consisting of all Club Chief Instructors under a Chairman appointed by the BPA Council. This Committee must be credited with the high degree of success achieved in the development of sport parachuting in this country, and for maintaining the safety record of the sport which is better than that of most other countries and at least comparable with the best. The introduction and testing of new and advanced equipment necessitates a continuous review of training methods and techniques; this together with instructor training and revision of safety regulations is rapidly becoming too great a task for a part-time voluntary committee and chairman who can give only limited time to the ever increasing demands.

3. After long and careful consideration, the BPA Council has unanimously agreed that sport parachuting has reached the stage where if this country is to keep abreast of developments in the sport, improve on its already established position in world competition (7th overall from 29 participating countries), maintain a high standard of coaching and, what is probably the most important factor, maintain the highest possible standard of safety in an activity offering personal challenge, a full-time National Coach/Safety Officer must be employed.

4. The training of Instructors (Coaches) and Parachute Riggers are two factors which have recently been given priority consideration by the BPA Safety and Training Committee and which further influenced BPA Council's view that a full-time National Coach/Safety Officer should be established:

a. **Instructor Courses.** Until recently Instructor Courses were run on an ad hoc basis when and where someone with sufficient time and interest could, arrange the courses. The passage of time and the increased demand for the sport resulted in a review of instructor training and course organisation. Such courses are now run at selected locations to a syllabus approved by the BPA but



are still dependent on the availability of an Advanced Instructor who can spare the time to supervise and direct training and conduct practical examinations. Instructor Courses were the subject of a request for grant aid which is still outstanding — a copy is attached as Appendix 'A'.

b. **Parachute Riggers.** The increasing demand for basic and advanced training has highlighted the requirement for more qualified parachute riggers who can undertake repairs and modifications to accepted and approved safety standards. To this end a Riggers Committee was set up with the task of recommending standards for, and grading of, approved parachute riggers. This has proved to be a very necessary addition to the range of BPA responsibilities and courses are currently being planned. Again, as with the Instructor Courses, this work will be dependent on the availability of part-time assistance.

5. It is emphasised that voluntary part-time assistance for coaching basic parachuting, advanced parachuting, instructor training and parachute rigging and packing will continue to be encouraged and will in fact be increasingly required if the demand for participation is to be satisfied, and the present high standards of safety and instruction are to be maintained. The BPA Council is convinced that full and best use can only be made of this voluntary part-time assistance if it is correctly guided and co-ordinated and continuity maintained under a full-time National Coach/ Safety Officer.

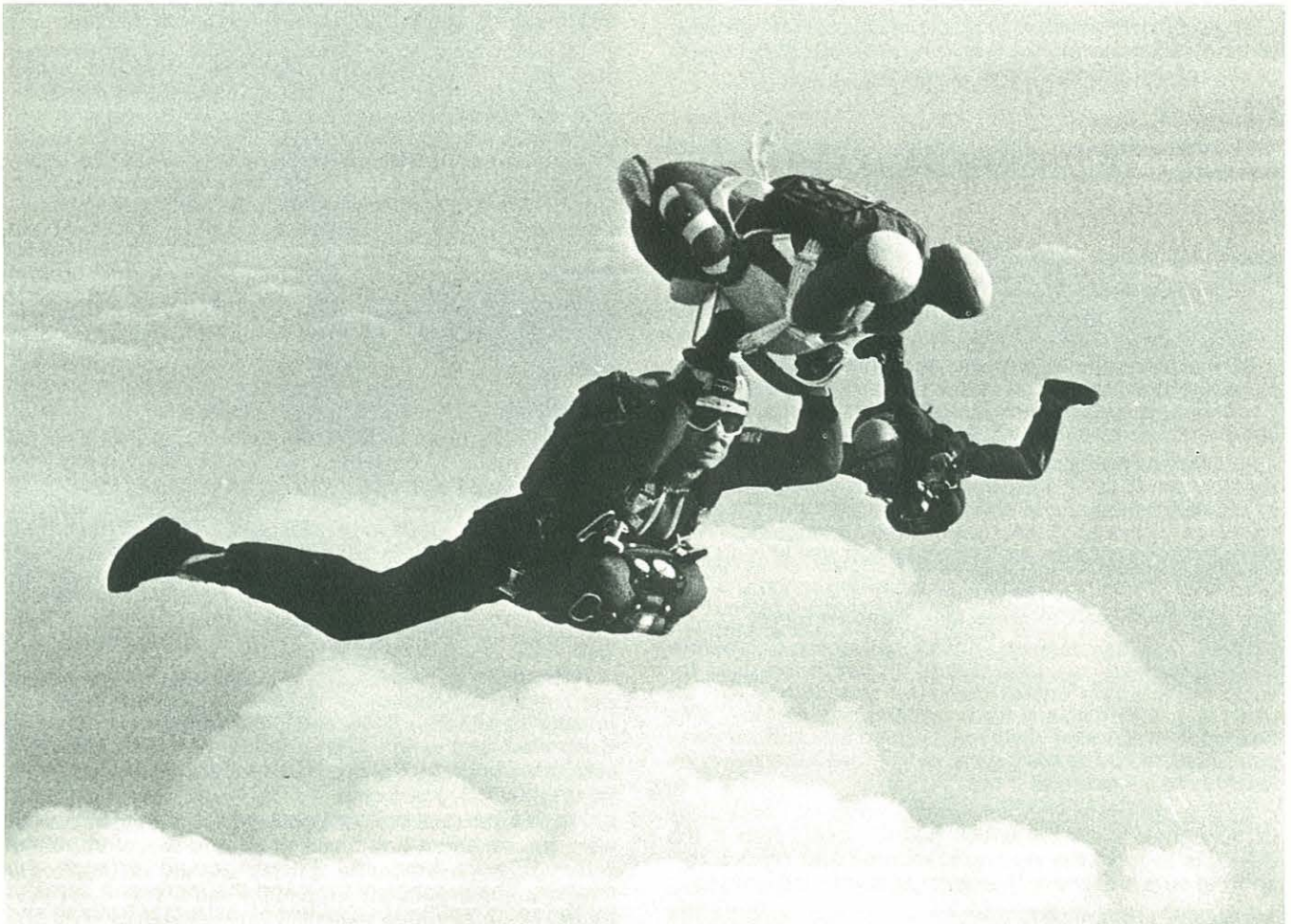
## 6. Responsibilities of National Coach/Safety Officer

### a. National Coach

- i. Preparation of syllabi for, and supervision of, Instructor Courses and associated examinations.
- ii. Coaching of National Teams for World Championships and other International Competitions.
- iii. By periodic visits, supervise the standard of instruction, safety and equipment at Affiliated Clubs.
- iv. Liaison with Sports Council and other Bodies on matters of coaching and development.

### b. National Safety Officer

- i. Technical Advisor to Chairman of BPA Council.
- ii. Permanent Technical Member of BPA Safety & Training Committee.
- iii. Permanent Technical Member of Parachute Riggers Committee.
- iv. Liaison with:
  - a. **Civil Aviation Authority** on matters of safety and air regulations.
  - b. **Armed Forces and Parachute Manufacturers** on matters of technique and equipment development and supply.
  - c. **Other National Bodies.**
- v. Compilation of statistics.



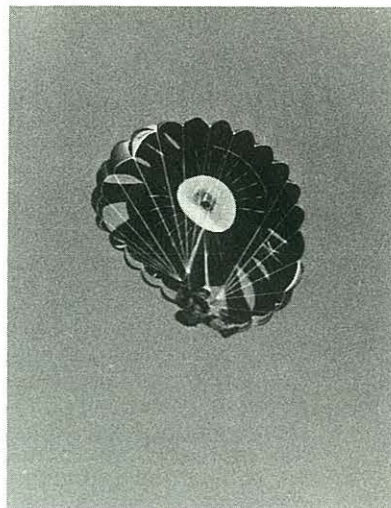
Steve Talbot with super lightweight Teddy, Mike Bolton waiting to close third

*photo Lou Johnson*



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# MY FIRST YEAR . . .

The invitation to the Sport Parachute Centre's first anniversary celebration was scripted better than Alistair Cooke on 'America'; it could only have been written by Malcolm — it takes one (hack) to know one. But hidden in the landscape of prose was a big incentive — 'as much free champagne as you can drink' between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m.

Those lucky enough to arrive during the day were blessed with almost perfect jumping conditions. By 7.30, parachuting over, even some people I know well like Peter and Alistair, were barely recognizable, in fact they hardly seemed to recognize each other, D.J.'s do make that much difference to people usually seen only in jump-suits. And for some reason best known to himself, Peter even wore his DJ to breakfast the following morning.

Then the hordes began to arrive. More wanted to come than could be squeezed in, 'Tickets Only' notices hung everywhere, and by the time the champagne corks had stopped popping an estimated three hundred people were ready to fall like gannets on the lavish buffet created with the assistance of the Grindale Gourmet. Then came dancing and it was one of those times when the bar was serving hardly any Coke.

All of us who went regularly to the SPC during its first year must have our own collection of vivid memories. I know I discovered an exacting sport second to none where experienced practitioners were willing to work patiently even with their slowest student (me — either a late developer or prematurely senile).

There was my first morning when the sky seemed full of malfunctions till Ronnie (how did that square ever earn the title of 'Resident Hippie?') explained the difference between malfunctions and modifications.

Everyone told me there was nothing like the first jump, and they were right. I could not put it in words or measure its value in money terms. I even told my doctor this when I had quite a lot of pain in my back and told him I didn't care what it was unless it stopped me parachuting.

'What do you want to do that for?' he snarled.

My big moment.

'I could not put it in words or measure it in money.' (Said very pompously).

'I could,' he snapped, 'I did five when I was in the RAF at Leeming, I was bloody terrified each time.'

Apart from being thus upstaged it was a relief to meet someone who at least knew what parachuting was about. Popular notions of sport parachuting never cease to amaze me.

Several jumps later I came down under a double-L with the toggles inside instead of outside the risers. By the time I found them I had to choose between just hitting or just missing either the SPC yellowy rock road or the more staid black tar country road bordering the field. I took against the yellow (it 'hurts' even driving over it in a car) and headed to miss the country road. As I turned the canopy into the wind and positioned for landing I remembered quite vividly the section X in Charlie's book on how to land on extremely firm (tar or concrete) *terra firma*. But the ploughed field came up to meet me and I reached for it (just like you taught me not to John) and I had a beautifully soft landing, my second good one after I had lost quite a lot of confidence after a couple of rough ones early on.

I had just got up when a startled little man appeared jumping up and down and shouting hysterically from the road side of the hedge, 'What's happened? What's this?

What's happening? Is this an emergency? Is this a rescue? What's happening?'

I noticed two other jumpers were landing in the field on the other side of the road so I suppose he had reasonable cause for concern driving down a country lane somewhere in Yorkshire with a car load of nervous women. I explained to him about the toggles and the risers but this did not seem to offer him either comfort or reassurance. It crossed my mind to say, 'We ejected from a Phantom at 71 thou. at Mach 2', but compassion overwhelmed me and I gathered up my canopy while he beat a shaky retreat.

On a later visit a girl from Leeds University Parachute Club came down in the same (very wet) field (but a long way from the road). Apart from the general comradery between parachutists versus others, there is a special bond between students who land in the same unorthodox locations so I trudged my shoes full of mud to the girl who could have been a Martian because very little that was distinctly human, let alone female, showed through her armour of mud. She had been dragged about twenty five yards before her canopy collapsed and the resulting trench was an impressive earthwork. I like to imagine that in a few years time it will be 'discovered' by an aerial archaeologist who will notice an irregularity in his photograph of the crop in the field. And then the guessing game — but for real money; could it be Saxon? Could it be Roman? At right angles to the coast. Religious significance? An early computer? Hmmm. Possibly a life's work. Do parachutists pay enough attention to their effects on job prospects for archaeologists? Beware. There are enough natural and man-made hazards already without preservation orders the length and breadth of the country.

So pinpricks of a year, more faces than names . . . Phil, the itinerant sailor jumping to his GP while a strike at Rosyth prevented his ship leaving for the West Indies. His last jump before his GP when he tracked like a bullet across a backdrop of white cloud . . . Lots of aimless, frustrated looking at the cloud base and the wind speed, drinking Coke or 'sewing' . . .

Needle pricks of desultory conversation:

'That's the only time I've been up in a plane and I haven't been down in one yet' . . .

'What's it like at terminal?' . . .

'I can't afford a "Wing" . . .

A very young gentleman with his own plane who had been given a parachute by a concerned parent and who arrived at SPC saying, 'I think I ought to know how to use this thing . . .'

Or another gentleman — obviously "Officer Material" — who asked all the right questions but half way through his ground training said, 'I'm a bit tired. Could we finish this tomorrow? . . .'

The terrified and unlikely lad from Liverpool who was obviously tense and frightened and said over and over again, 'What's it like?', and then went out and did it more or less right on his first jump.

If I was over-confident after my first jump my second sorted me out. And then I took to watching parachute displays which were within reach. I became supercilious every time the crowd gasped and gaped mistaking the W.D.I. for the first man out. The Red Devils and Jackie — I still haven't seen the gorilla but I reckon that girl is better value as an optional extra on top of the basic charge of £250.



The DZ where I watched the Red Devils had every conceivable hazard and yet the accuracy of their jumping was a real eye-opener to me, especially the first time I saw a Paraplane jumped and I looked in silent wonder at its flight properties which would have gladdened Icarus and Leonardo da Vinci, and at the nonchalant skill with which it was landed in the tiny clearing in the crowd. I wanted to say to all and sundry, 'That's not as easy as it looked,' but, alas, how can you tell a crowd out for the thrills about a thing like that?

So, looking back, there is a debt which I acknowledge to parachuting in general and the SPC in its first year in particular. The potential for the sport has hardly begun to be tapped yet in the U.K. and the SPC, like other clubs, has shown how adequate facilities can be made available with hard work and enthusiasm.

Water jumps into Bridlington Bay involving local fishing boats, regular night jumping, relative work (now really on with the new Cessna 207 carrying six jumpers as well as the Rheims Rocket and other Cessnas), the increased emphasis on style and accuracy, the new pit and the imminent arrival of "Lofty's" Loft — all these and much else promise that the SPC and its members can look forward to even better things over the years to come.

Or — as they used to say on TW3, carry on lads, 'you're doing a grand job,' — especially if you get me as far as free fall in 1973 — That is when sport parachuting in the North of England will really begin for me!

BERNARD HALL, BPA No. 11850

## THE CONTINUING STORY OF THE PACK CLOSURE

### Chapter 3 — Explanation?

Those of you who have had a pack closure or had continuing pilot chute hesitations which, on reflection might not have been a pilot chute hesitation, will be interested in a discovery made by Art Cottrell.

Art was reading Dan Poynter's book 'THE PARACHUTE MANUAL' and came across the following section:

#### 7.44 Cone Stiffeners — COMMENT:

"All common parachutes should have one (only) stiffened closing flap. Normally, back parachutes have a stiffened grommet panel, while chest parachutes have a stiffener under the cones. One stiffener is essential, while none at all or two may cause serious problems.

EARLY BACK PARACHUTES did not have stiffeners and the pins could be extracted unevenly. In fact, by flexing the pack you could extract the top pins without breaking the seal. The stiffener is generally placed in the grommet panel today; it also serves to make the container flatter in spite of the new tough spiral spring pilot chutes.

The 1962 U.S. Parachute Team main containers had a phenolic stiffener under the two middle cones as well. It did not allow the cones to tip and several pack closures were the result. The cone stiffener is easily removed by picking a few stitches and pulling it out. Some newer back containers have a small stiffener under the bottom cone to aid in pack closing. Often it keeps the cone from tipping and the result is a pack closure. It should be removed."

The Super Pro main container is one modern sport container that has such a stiffener.

JOHN MEACOCK

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Cpl Jackie Smith of the 'Fred's' is presented with a pair of Portia goggles by Portia's Sales Manager Richard Armstead — Says Jackie "I attribute my success with the fellers to my wearing Portia Goggles!"





Coffey, McQueen, Martin, Hogg with Togher closing.

*photo Tony Dixon*

## SHARING A D.Z. WITH A SPITFIRE

by Tom Dickson, C.C.I.  
Scottish Parachute Club

Visitors to Strathallan Airfield, Auchterarder, Perthshire, where the S.P.C. is based, are surprised to find there a collection of airworthy World War II aircraft.

Mr. Willie Roberts is landowner and proprietor of Cirrus Aviation Ltd, who operate parachuting and club aircraft, and Strathair, who service modern and rebuild old aircraft.

At present he has a two seater Spitfire in wartime camouflage and two Harvards, one orange and yellow, the other silver and sporting U.S. Army Air Corps colours, all airworthy and available for airshows and filming.

Expected to fly by the end of 1973 is a Hurricane, and a Lysander should be airborne in 1974. Later arrivals will include a Mosquito, Blenheim and Fairey Battle.

When one imagines a restored Second World War aircraft, one tends to think of a dilapidated, much used appearance, but in fact these aircraft are immaculate, in mint condition, as if they had just rolled off the production line.

The Spitfire and Harvards are flown once a month by Chris Bevan, a jumbo jet pilot, who has gained wide experience of World War II aircraft with the Confederate

Air Force in the United States. Mr. Roberts also flies the Harvards.

Both the Spitfire and the Hurricane appeared in the Battle of Britain film.

Much though S.P.C. members would like to record a Spitfire jump in their logbooks, it seems unlikely that any of the faster types would be suitable, if available, because of the design, but a Lysander jump in one's log book would be hard to equal, so here's hoping.

---

## STOP PRESS

Congratulations to the Save the Children Parachute Team, the 'Chuting Stars, for winning the British 10 man Star Meet held over the Easter Weekend.

How they beat the Endrust Skydivers (the Hard Ass Star Team) in appalling weather conditions to become the British 10 man Star Team will be revealed in the next issue.

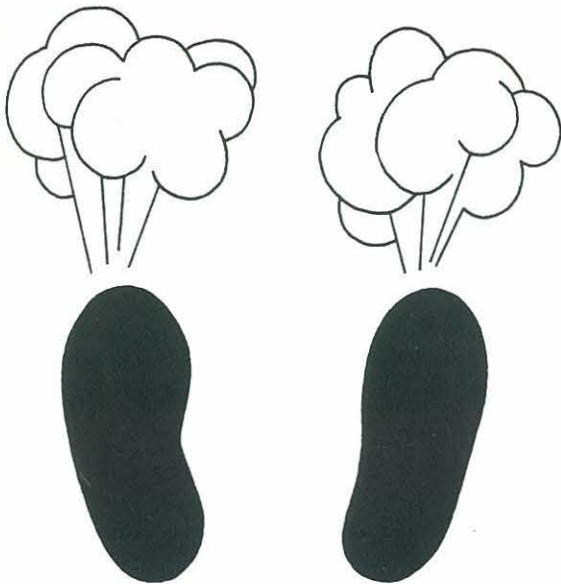
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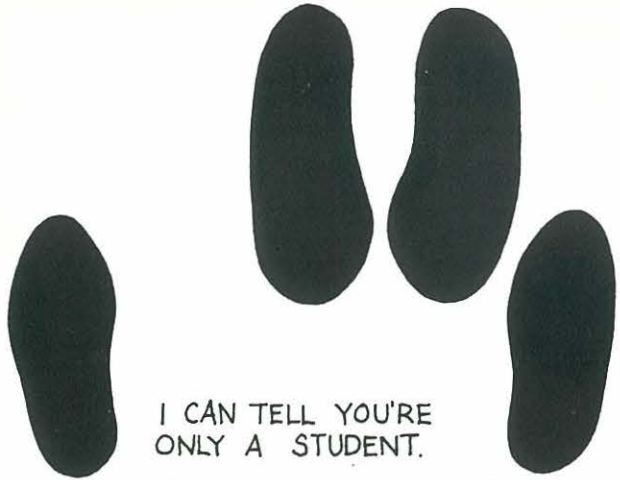
# BOOTS

By Cookey

A STIFF PULL.



GERONIMO!!!



I CAN TELL YOU'RE ONLY A STUDENT.

TRY RELAXING A LITTLE MORE, MISS BOOT.



SO THIS RELATIVE WORK.



A VERY GOOD POSITION MISS BOOT.





# "IF ONLY I WAS YOUNG AGAIN"

By Lt. Commander R.N.V.R. (Retd.) **DICK BLACKBURN**

*1941 to 1946 flew Atlantic Patrol in 813 Sqn (Swordfish) and 836 Sqn (Swordfish) — also flew Spitfires*

*Now flies for fun at Denham and Fair Oaks*

It was cold and windy and sharp gusts of rain made the morning as unwelcome as had been the previous night. It is a good many years since I slept in a tent and although the added luxury of an air bed should have made it a not too arduous experience, I confess to having lost the touch for "roughing it". Added to which, I am given to snoring, which habit had not exactly endeared me to my companions, who had given me the elbow at varying intervals.

Still, here we were, complete with our neat little Cessna and about fifteen chaps from the **REME F/Fall Club** raring to go; aloft that is, and parachute back to earth. I didn't tell them that I had little time on Cessnas and that they might be risking their necks more recklessly by actually entering the plane, than jumping out at eight thousand feet. Their enthusiasm was beyond me. I love to fly. I must do, seeing that I have continued to fly since the war. But as for getting out once airborne, that's a different thing entirely.

We breakfasted and I went and had a look at the plane. Everything appeared to be in order. We had taken off the doors and stripped out everything movable. Three men laden with their parachutes, and myself, just clipping the fourteen stone mark, would give the Cessna something to think about when it came to get her off the ground. Added to which I had been briefed to the effect that my job was to climb to the desired height, keep at an absolute regular speed at an altitude and bring the plane over the jumping spot in the shortest possible time between take off and touch down. All of which would require my considerable concentration. Above all, I was told, remember to jam the brakes on when they jump, otherwise the wheel, on to which they climb, will free wheel and there could be a nasty moment for the jumper. The take off wasn't bad. At least we cleared the trees and within seconds were over the sea at about 500 feet. With this and a bit of help from the Almighty I was able to ease the nose up. I was uncomfortably aware of the missing door and that, insecurely strapped in as I was, there was little to stop me being the first out, and with no parachute! But they urged me on and ever upwards, those keen, tough young men, who reminded me with a latent nostalgia of the stirring times when I was their age. Their adventure carried me with it, so that I felt their thrill of excitement beginning to work on me. At 2200 feet we dropped a streamer to test the wind and circled keeping it in sight. Then round again at 3000 feet. The "jump master" guided me with the "port a little, starboard, steady as you go", technique, and I did my best to comply. Then quite suddenly, 'Cut'. I jammed on the brakes, cut the throttle and kept her in a steady glide. I'm quite sure my nervousness at that moment was greater than theirs. I had an almost irresistible urge to turn and watch, which had to be denied. What in the balance for those young men was my small discipline to keep her steady while they, with courage, skill and know-

ledge took off into the void beneath me.

It was over so quickly. I looked around me, the plane was empty and for some quite inexplicable reason I had a momentary inclination to join them on their way down. It was the first time I had ever experienced a total exit of my co-occupants and whilst it was the object of the exercise the suddenness of its happening left me quite unprepared. I circled and looked down down. The opening of the chutes was, I think, as much a relief to me as to the jumpers.

Remembering my instructions I pushed the nose down into a steep dive. Now, every second lost was vital to others waiting to make their jump.

Even so, I was thrilled to see those three quite beautiful objects floating colourfully earthwards and which, to my astonishment, were obviously going to beat me to the landing. As time wore on I grew more expert in this race to earth so that it became a neck and neck affair.

And so they climbed aboard again and again. Up and away, and every trip a new test of courage, skill and endurance for the **Sky Divers** and an undeniable delight for me. For three days we did nothing else but fly and jump and fly again. The weather turned fine and save for the early morning mist, the sun shone with unremitting fervour. I even became accustomed to my air bed and to some extent, my companions to my snoring.

I learned about parachuting. There were the types, who depend upon their unspoken prayers and a static line and I, who after my first insane and very fleeting inclination to take the quick way down, wouldn't have gone near that ever yawning door, admired their guts. I was, I thought, a long way from my staid office and wondered how on earth I had ever existed through the years between when so obviously this was the life. My mind wandered back to my early years when I used to fly the old "string-bag" and each day was a new adventure.

Our host, **The REME F/Fall Club**, bore with me and my companions idiosyncracies with what can only be described as the essence of good manners. Never did they more than smile good humouredly at some of the oddities included in our motley bunch. There was John my energetic aerodynamic brother-in-law, an addictive leg puller and designer of pranks, who shared the flying with me. Richard his son, just down from university, who within the four days we were involved in this escapade, managed to get in enough preliminary training to make his maiden jump. Ian, his nephew, pop star in the U.S.A. A man of considerable varied talent who brought with him enough equipment to sound record much of the goings on. Who made a complete film record and entertained us at night with impromptu concerts. Chris, his friend, who has played in several films and who lent an air of professionalism to the film-making proceedings.



**Bob Lonsdale, CSM**, was the prime mover of the whole exercise. It had somehow come about through a succession of circumstances culminating in contact between Bobby's OC, **Major Chris Tyler** and ourselves.

Bob, who temporarily out of action with "a busted ankle" was tireless in his enthusiasm to see his happy band get all the jumps they could; remembering that this was in their own time and at their own expense.

They roughly divided into two classes, beginners who were linked to a static line, and the hair raising "Free Fallers", who needed all the height we could give them. Never much more than 9000 feet. Here, whilst any job was much the same the struggle to coax the plane up to this height needed a considerable effort of concentration, determination. The ever missing door became something of a fixation as the height increased and of course my track suit gave little protection against the cold. All of this however was as nothing to the suspense state of both the occupants and myself as the time grew ever nearer for the jump. In these jumps Bob stayed below and the jump master was the Senior Jumper elected to

the job. The procedure was the same however in that I was guided on to the target and told when to hold her steady, but after that the exit of the "Free Fallers" was sudden and precipitate. One second they were poised to go and the next they had gone. I had to hold the aircraft on course for about ten seconds then would peel off and scream down in a vain attempt to beat them to a landing.

Small dots, against the earth, I was able to pick them out, until in glorious colour their chutes opened and they floated slowly and gracefully in the sunshine.

Watching from the ground the spectacle was even more entralling. To see them dive headlong from the plane and fall at ever increasing speed until ones stomach churned in sympathy and then the sudden flowering of the 'chutes like tropical plants, the resounding crack of which carried to the earth-bound observers, was something I shall never forget.

Four of the most action-packed days I have spent for many years. The thrills I thought had gone for ever were an unqualified bonus.



Sunset over the Green

photo Lou Johnson





photo Nick Cullum

### PETERBOROUGH PARACHUTE CENTRE NEWSLETTER

The above photograph shows what will hopefully be the nucleus of the Centre Relative Work Team. Standing, left to right; Derk Boersma, Dave Preece, Larry Cantrell (arm on wing), Fred Bremer, Art Cottrell, Oli Prin, Keith McNair. Kneeling are Charlie Sharp and John Harrison.

The idea behind the team came with the decision to add another four-place aircraft for parachuting, and we were fortunate to find a Cessna 180 in excellent condition. Plans have been forwarded to the ARB to approve an in flight door which should go a long way to make altitude jumping more comfortable.

1972 was the first full year of operations and the Centre made a total of 6,160 descents, using one Cessna 182. The addition of the 180 should considerably increase this total by cutting down on the waiting time, and of course giving the ability to put eight people in the sky together.

1973 is off to a promising start with 1,493 descents up to the end of March. Four hundred jumps up on this time last year. It is hoped to soon reach agreement with the airfield owners, to erect an accommodation block to give inexpensive accommodation. There is a possibility that the farm on which the airfield stands might be completely grassed. If this happens the pit will be moved closer to the packing area and a target cross put out for the students. The Centre of the pit has been replaced with high quality

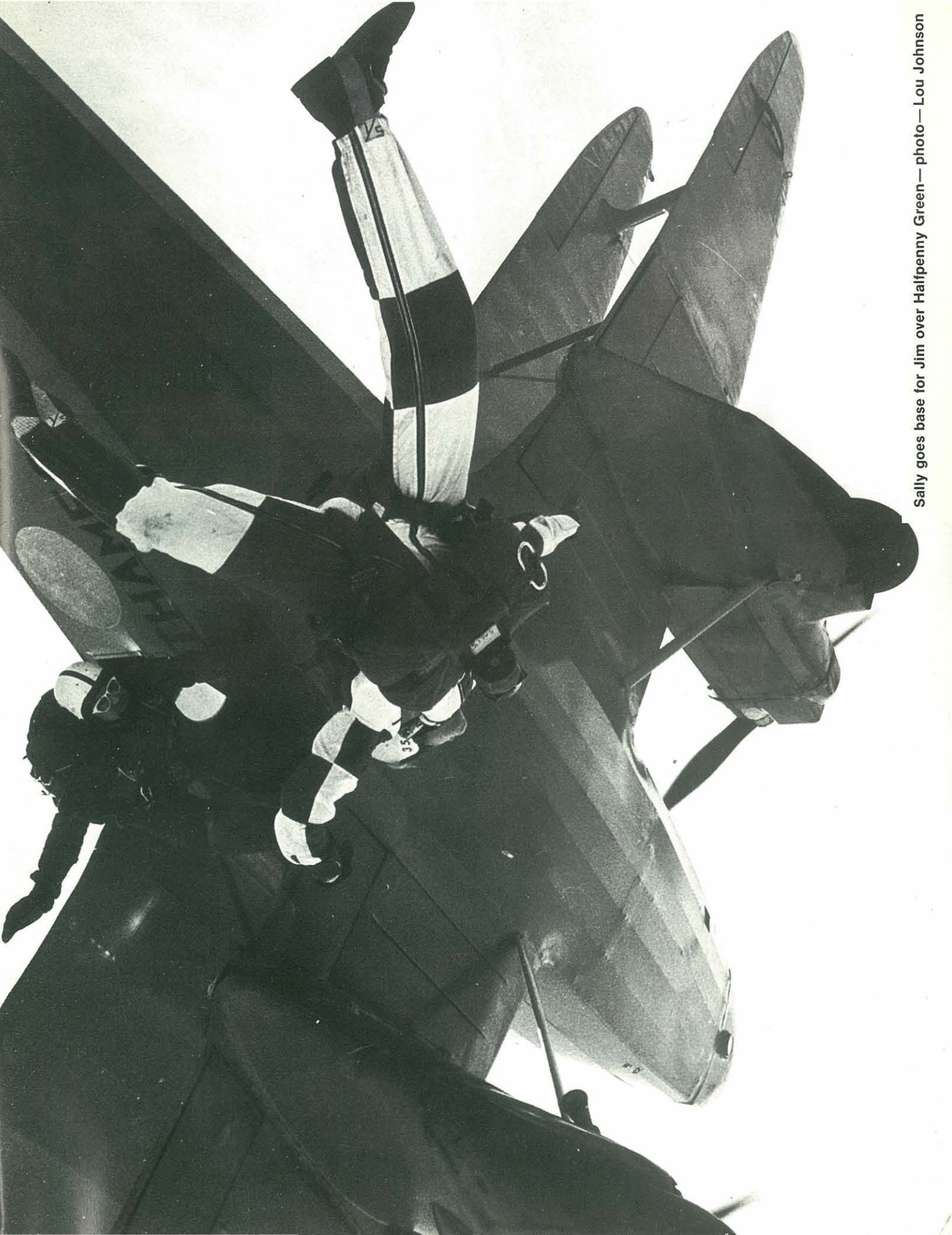
Trent Valley 1/2" rounded pea gravel. Expensive, but much superior than the usual 3/8" gravel/grit. The Telemeters have proved of enormous benefit to all standards of parachutists and are recommended as a great way of improving the critique.

It is hoped to add the services of a resident rigger, and the applicant is busily knitting away getting in lots of practice.



*"I AM MORE powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all of the wars of the nation. I massacre thousands of people in a single year. I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of guns. I steal in North America alone over \$500,000,000 each year. I spare no one. I find my victims among the rich and poor; young and old; strong and weak; widows and orphans; I loom up in such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labour. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently; you are warned against me but you heed me not. I am relentless, merciless and cruel. I am everywhere — in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, on land, in the air and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and DEATH— yet few seek me out to destroy me. I crush, I maim, I devastate; I will give you nothing and rob you of all you have. I am your worst enemy. I am CARELESSNESS!"*





Sally goes base for Jim over Halfpenny Green — photo — Lou Johnson





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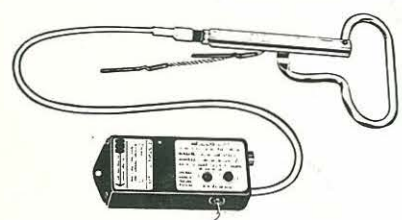
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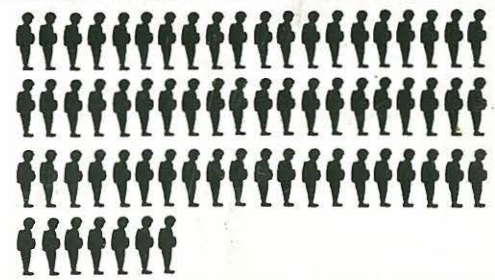
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