

# SPORT PARACHUTIST





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# Sport Vol. 10 No. 5

## Parachutist

OCTOBER 1973

### EDITORIAL

The main feature in this issue is Mark Miller's excellent article on the First World Cup Relative Work Championships, with photographs by Dave Waterman. The Meet has obviously guaranteed the permanence of World Championship Relative Work, although the form it will take in years to come is a matter of conjecture, but 10 Man sequential RW would not be an outrageous forecast. Already many of the lessons learnt at Fort Bragg are being put into practice at Staverton, and home grown RW cannot fail to benefit from this country's participation in the First World RW Meet—thanks must go again to the BPA and Raleigh Bicycles for making it all possible.

The Jim Fairweather Meet was an enjoyable competition and is reported on by Sally Smith. In the same league are the RAPA Meet and the Charles Wells Accuracy Meet—both first rate competitions about which you will read more in the next issue. Well done the organisers in each case; support for these competitions shows that all your efforts have been worthwhile.

The photographic tribute to Lou fills the centre pages and is a fitting memorial to him.

The final issue of the magazine for 1973 should be with you by Christmas so, until then,

soft landings,  
CHARLES SHEA-SIMONDS

*Cover:*  
The British Relative Team over Ridgeley, USA

# THE FIRST WORLD R.W. CHAMPIONSHIPS

## Act 1. Training

When Terry Hagan said that those huge white oil rigs down there were actually icebergs, I knew we were really on our way over the Ocean; we had all managed to catch the plane somehow; no one overslept that morning.

Dave W. John Beard, John P-S and Ian were there to meet us at Dulles Airport, Washington; they had already been over for three days to arrange things for us. Chuck Bartley of Raleigh was also there to greet us; Raleigh had generously hired two large stationwagons for our use for three weeks and supplied us with four team bikes (of the pedalled variety), hopefully with a view to more aerial freewheeling. Anyway, two cars crawled out towards Washington, carrying the complete team: 14 guys, 11 80lb parabags, 11 suitcases and 4 bikes. The plan was to spend 11 days at Pelicanland DZ, Ridgeley, in Maryland and then go on down to Fort Bragg for the competition with about 35 training jumps behind us.

Ian and Andy Keech had arranged accommodation for us, a few minutes from the DZ in a school run by Benedictine Sisters for handicapped or "exceptional" children; this was vacation time. We were stopped on our way there for speeding through Ridgeley by the local Fuzz, our first of several such encounters on the trip. Fortunately the English accent and the British Parachute Team "bit" worked wonders; what other defence could John offer for 55 in a 25? (Jeff later scored 80 in a 65, with the same facility).

The hospitality we were given at the school was truly fantastic and worthy of a story in itself. We would be offered enough food at meal times to feed each of us ten times over. I must say I tried, but could never get beyond about 5! Then there was the swimming pool, like outside our front door, and our dirty washing which walked away during the day, and crept back clean a few hours later.

So after our first great breakfast, we arrived at the D.Z. to start jumping. Pelicanland is a "truly neat" place; it has a single dirt strip and a house converted to serve the needs of the jumpers. Mike Schultz runs the place, has 2½ thousand jumps, is C.C.I., Beech pilot, and 180 pilot services all three aeroplanes, does the parachute rigging; in fact, Schultz does everything well, from getting into our 14-man, to arranging 14 birds for us in Washington! He is ably assisted by Myron, who flew our 180 most of the time, and is also a jumper; they put through about 40 first jump students each weekend, it seems (one day courses).

Despite the local Beech being available, we had previously arranged for one with a larger door to come down from Stormville, New York State. This arrived on time, owned and piloted by Bob Sweet, who also flies a Loadstar used for R.W. We didn't go there, but Stormville appears to be one of the large East Coast R.W. centres, apparently being supported by four 10-man teams.

A word about the weather: temperature in the 90's, humidity in the 80's and 90's, and jumpable about 75% of the time: the main stopping factor was cloud which built up during the heat of the afternoon. Winds were mostly nil or low, but actually got up once to about 15 or so.

The Beech door was bigger on Bobs plane: about 1 in.! Indeed, it was "truly neat", like small (by U.K. standards).



A tight fit in the Twin Beech

A lot of energy was expended by the team in practice, trying to go through it faster. The exit technique decided upon was to have the floater sitting in the door with feet out; and for everyone else to dive out; this included the base, who had to do an immediate turn to face back towards the pin. It was soon discovered that to dive through the door, you had to be opposite it; trying to cut the corner only led to collisions with the frame. The initial team order for the 10-man was as follows:—

Floater: Mark Miller; Base: Dave Moody; Pin: Terry Fawdon; 3: Mike O'Brien; 4: Dave Waterman; 5: John Partington-Smith; 6: Alan Skennerton; 7: Tony Unwin; 8: Jeff Lancaster; 9: Dave Fiddler.

and the 4-man sequential team:—

Terry Hagan: 1; Robin Mills: 2; Ian Merrick: 3; Jeff Lancaster: 4.

Jeff obviously had to work very hard as the only man on both teams; three out of four 10-man jumps were without Jeff to start with, but he was on nearly all the 4-man loads.

John Beard, as Head of Delegation, managed the teams money and exterior politics, and jumped with the 10-man team as observer, on many lifts.

As Team Trainer, Tony ran the jumping on both teams completely, assisted by Alan as his Sergeant-Major. Dave Waterman was our PRO, and everyone else was nominally an indian. Any further explanation of the teams political infrastructure would require the services of a Systems Analyst.

10,500 feet was chosen as the standard jump altitude for the 10-man, and 8,000 for the 4-man. These were reduced to 9,500 and 7,500 in the latter half of training. Each team made five jumps that first day, and found it very hard sweaty work in those temperatures; I read from my log book that they were three 8-mans, a 10-man, and a 9-man (only the 10 with 10 jumpers). For most of us, this was our first opportunity to try-out our new jumpsuits, fashioned by John P-S in red, white and blue 12oz. canvas, with very snazzy flared arms and legs, and under-arm extensions. The John P-S designed team T-shirts from Carnaby Street were also very prominent, the whole



#### **The British Team Squad**

**John Partington Smith, John Beard, Dave Moody, Mark Miller, Terry Fawdon, Robin Mills, Alan Skennerton  
Dave Waterman, Dave Fiddler, Tony Unwin, Jeff Lancaster, Mike O'Brien, Terry Hagan, Ian Merrick**

outfit being generally acclaimed by the U.S. as "really far out". The flares and extensions later promoted much healthy discussion amongst team members, as individuals made modifications to suit personal requirements.

Each jump was followed, before packing, by the de-brief; we started off doing this standing in the sun, but gradually became accustomed to holding it indoors, in the cool, within reach of the cooled water fountain, which seemed to provide everyone with the necessary urge to go out and pack, and do it again. By the end of the trip, all except one person had adopted "side-packing" or some other fast method, as the norm.

As a landing area, the drop zone appeared to present no hazards except for some power lines, which run alongside the road adjacent to the packing area. There is an area of grass there about 50 yards square, where everybody chose to land, all at once. This provided some quite exciting demonstrations in "air traffic control", or in other words, bad language! Any kind of walk back from a bad spot would cause the victims about three pints of sweat apiece, so you can imagine the amount of back seat spotting that went on. The locality was forested by many square miles of corn, sweet corn that is, or maize: a parachutists nightmare. Growing to about 8-9 feet high, very harmless to look at above 150 feet and then, oh! Once you have struggled to get your chute disentangled, you have achieved complete disorientation, and can't see which way to start walking. Tony actually followed Dave Fiddlers detached sleeve down into the corn on one occasion; a selfless act, much regretted in retrospect.

The four man team had arranged their exit from the 180, to achieve the fastest possible initial 4-man star. This aircraft has an in-flight door which is hinged along the top edge, and when open is held against the lower surface

of the wing by the slipstream. The first man out, No. 3, climbs over the strut, and stands on the wheel. This enables 1 and 2 to get right outside the door, and makes it possible for No. 4 to achieve a simultaneous exit; it all takes a long time though, and No. 3 upsets the airstream sufficiently to let the door hang on Nos. 1 and 2. Anyway, they sorted it all out and achieved 8 second 4-mans with this technique. Incidentally, to close the door after exit, the pilot sideslips and the door hangs down within his reach.

Five o'clock each afternoon saw the team heading off in the wagons, back to the school for tea. Some afternoons become so cloudy that Tony called an early halt and jumping was mainly into the swimming pool. The Chopper bikes once again proved their land, sea and air versatility, as they were eagerly propelled into and along the bottom of the pool!

Two more jumps after tea, usually the most pleasant on account of the relative cool, saw the end to a day, probably after sunset with the final stages of packing being achieved by feel, accompanied by the bugs' chorus, reaching a deafening climax. Usually around this time Schultzzy and Myron would introduce us to their good friends Budweiser and Schlitz, whose company was always well appreciated for an hour or so! Further boozing sessions were conducted at the "Blue Top", and it was at times such as these that Dave Moody demonstrated his endless library of jokes, which I think even Schultzzy couldn't better.

After 15 jumps training, my log book records a 30 sec. 9-man (without Jeff) and a 36-sec. 10-man. A pattern emerged of a relatively fast 4-man, this being explained by the Beech exit which gave far more separation than any other aircraft previously experienced. These times would

have been easier to achieve from, for instance, a Twin Pin, or a Skyvan, the equivalent being roughly a Rapide with no-one out on the wing, and with a smaller door. So all in all we reckoned the general improvement in times and the tougher job our back men were getting would stand us in good stead from the Chinook helicopter to be used in the competition. Our co-pilot, Chip, timed our exits with a stopwatch on nearly every occasion, and once we managed about 3.9 secs. for ten. U.S. best is around 3.5 we believe. Another time someone collided with the door and we only managed to get 8 out of the plane. At about this time, the 4-man team was getting into shape and turning out some second manoeuvre times of less than 10 secs. Remember that in the 4-man event you are timed from the break of the 4-man star to the completion of the second formation.



**Dave Fiddler admiring the bent Beech**

Our first weekend at Pelicanland proved to be quite eventful. We made our first demo into the school for the benefit of the sisters, a 9-man, and discovered afterwards that the Beech undercarriage had collapsed on landing fortunately with no injury to Bob or Chip, but we (and Bob) were short of a plane. Thankfully, Schultzzy made his Beech available to us, and by now that one inch less door didn't seem to matter—the basic lessons had been learnt. It was on one of these Saturday jumps, when the sky was also full of U.S. weekend jumpers that I saw, from inside a 10-man at 4,000, a Cessna about 100 yards away, unloading 4 jumpers. Following jumps were conducted with due caution, two pairs of eyes devoted to Cessna spotting, of which there were three up as well as us at some times.

On Sunday Jerry Bird and his girl friend Charmian Cliff turned up, having driven 600 miles from Raeford, to see us. Dave Waterman's first comment: "check that man out for feathers, I hear he can fly!" We immediately invited them to jump with us, using the two 180's in formation and Jerry spent the next two days telling us all we wanted to know about the organisation, tactics, and techniques of R.W. Jerry's team the Columbine Turkey Farm, had recently won the U.S. Nationals, (10-man) with times around 14-20 secs. from a DC-3, and so would be jumping against us in the world meet. We made a 13-man that evening, which some classified as a night jump—I had to remove my sunglasses to spot, Dave Fiddler had to remove his in free-fall, and then the 180's couldn't land until the strip was lit by car headlights. It certainly gets darker quicker over there. I discovered later that this was my 500th jump—FAR OUT! There were three rather dis-

appointed jumpers on that one; the second 180 hadn't been able to make the R.V. at 13,000 and so they had landed in the plane.

Jerry and Charmian stayed with us at the school for another day, and it was then that we adopted their traffic pattern for the 10-man, as there was so much commonsense in it, it seemed in hindsight. Jerry doesn't use a floater. When the base is together it turns 90° to the line of the aeroplane; this gives No. 3 the fastest way in and he immediately creates two slots on the near side. No. 4 goes around the other side and joins opposite 3, although sometime later, because it takes time to get there, and in any case he's got time as will be revealed. Who goes where from then on is decided such that the person heading for the same quadrant of the star as No. N is as far separated as possible from him in the stick order. So 5 and 6 go in at the front, left and right, while 7 and 8 go around the back, left and right. 9 and 10 go straight in at the front, left and right, this being the fastest route in and the one which stops the clock. Note that 4 is followed by 7 and 8 which doesn't put pressure on him; similarly 5 and 6 by 9 and 10. Although 10 is last out the aeroplane, 8 has a more difficult route, so its a good idea to put your fastest flyer 8 not 10. We continued to use a floater, in the new No. 4 slot, and Dave Fiddler came forward to No. 8.

A daylight 14-man was completed before Jerry left, which was filmed on the inside by Dave Waterman (stills) and Mark (cine); the 14 turned into three lines at about five grand, the aspect of this making an intriguing picture for Dave.

Robin had just recovered from an attack of something-itis, which had actually stopped him jumping for a day, (it usually takes multiple back stab wounds to affect him that much) so thankfully the four-man team was back to strength. It was at this stage that we decided to invite Charmian into the 4-man, as it would release Jeff for full time 10-man training. The reasons for this seemed good:- 1. she is a very attractive dolly; 2. she is an ace RWER; 3. she is English; 4. it wouldn't have cost the BPA or anybody else any money; 5. she was there and wanted to take part. After several phone calls to UK permission was refused by the BPA, so we continued training as normal, and Charmian did some jumps with us over the next week, and came down to Bragg at the end of training.

Before we left Maryland the girls on the local paper gave us a write-up to be proud of, with pictures on every page. Some compromising photos of Jeff Lancaster with the former lady were added to the dossier to take home in case of any future need to blackmail him (too strong!).

Thirty nine jumps were made by the 10-man team in training, and the four-man made a few more. I think the feeling in the 10-man team, was that we could have improved more than we did, but we couldn't have done more jumps, and it seemed that we would get faster times from a tailgate exit which would be so much closer.

The sisters had arranged a full-blown feast for us on the last evening at Ridgeley, indeed a whole leaving ceremony, even. This was followed the next morning, by another demo into the school, a 32-sec. 10-man from 9,000 for the benefit of the sisters that had missed it the time before.

We departed for Fort Bragg, full of hope and once again with the cars full of bodies, bags and bikes. The Ford had managed to last out, but Dodge suspension had packed up, and we had traded it in for another, two days before.

#### **Act 2: The Meet**

Before checking into our accommodation at Bragg, we paid a visit to the 82nd Club (Airborne Division, Sport Parachute) and briefly renewed our acquaintance with



**The British Squad with Nuns of the St. Benedictine School**

Budweiser and Schlitz; other "RW freaks" had already arrived, notably the Turkeys. Jergen Habermann of the German team (known to many in the UK) and some Australian Gully Cats, including Andy 'Ski who we had last seen on the Isle of Wight for a 16-man attempt, a year previously. The competing countries were to be: U.S.A., France, Germany, Australia, Canada, U.K. and South Africa (4 man only).

Waking up the next morning, tired out after a good nights sleep as usual, we ate breakfast and climbed aboard the army buses which were to take us to the D.Z., one team per bus. Apparently, the first ever baton pass was achieved on this here Sicily D.Z. so it was a fitting venue for the competitions. The landing area is a stretch of undulating sandy ground about two miles long by three-quarters wide; it is completely surrounded by pine woods. We found that each team had its own tent and water vehicle, and we also had a lock-up container for storing gear overnight. Canvas sheets were stretched out on the ground under the trees for packing; this also served as the alternate D.Z. for the Gully Cats! In the way of organisation, nothing was lacking:— PA system, floodlights (during daytime as well) and a set of military type dune buggies for carrying teams to the aircraft, and picking them up the instant they landed, wherever that was. The scene of "the meet" was completed by the judges area, a short way out on the D.Z. the press tent, the



**On their way to the Chinook — everything courtesy US Army**

officials tent, the grandstand, the cool drink trucks, and several travelling salesmen from whom you would be tempted to buy such goodies as "Parachute Bum" T-shirts, Pop-Top reserves, custom-made RW minipigs, or SCR beltbuckles.

Still very hot and humid this first day started off misty and cloudy. It had been rumoured that when the Chinooks arrived, each team would be allowed 4 practice jumps before the competition. They arrived in the late morning and landed in a blinding cloud of sand thrown up by their powerful blades. The whole assembly converged on these wondrous new jumpships and proceeded to climb in and out of the tailgate, minds working away on how to best exit, and how other teams were doing it. Judges briefing sessions were arranged and teams were shown the two horizontal lines about 2 feet apart, running down to the edge of the gate; no one would be allowed to stand outside these lines, ruling out anything but a strict single file exit. Also, the only thing we could hold onto was the static line wire running down the left of this aisle. Run-in speed would be 80-90 knots, and spotting and exit would be controlled from the ground. When the red light came on we were to get ready, and on the green we had 10 seconds to exit; this allowed just enough time to close it up, start the count and go. Every team used the count-down and "explosive" exit technique; that is, all ten jumpers getting as close as possible to each other, counting down on a swaying motion, and then running out on the go, each man still in close contact with the man in front. The 10th man gets out as close as possible to the base—obvious isn't it, but it needs lots of practice on the ground, or you find in the event, large spaces of air between each body. Kit can help; the new Pop-Top flat



**The Team amazed at their first taste of the Chinook**



**The Australian, American and British 10 Man Teams—one load for the Chinook!** — photo Joe Gonzales

reserve puts you 4in. nearer the man in front, or it can be arranged so that the low reserve fits in under the high back pack; a certain amount of ingenuity puts No. 10 a couple of feet closer to that door. With all that pushing and shoving in closing contact(!) it's wise to have some ripcords, like inside pulls and reserve handles on the belly side of a chest reserve.

The Chinook takes three 10-man teams, 2 judges and 4 crew members to 10,500 in about 7 minutes. There's a lot of noise and vibration, you don't see the ground, and before you know, its your turn to get out of your seat and stand looking at a red light. I have to admit that on that first practice jump the old butterflies were going, until the green light came on that is, when the tension was released and the fun began. We make our 4 practice jumps in the two days, 10-man and 4-man teams, Jeff having to rush about a bit, and receiving packing assistance. Our practice jumps resulted in the following performance:

- 10-man: No. 1—9 man, Bad rotation. No. 8 not in.
- 2—10 man, 30 sec.
- 3—10 man, 27 sec.
- 4—9 man, 10th burst it at 26 sec.

It was cloudy and hazy, and the judges had trouble seeing anything from the ground, even when we were in nominally blue sky. The expensive video equipment and gun turret that went with it could not produce any results in the hazy conditions, and was eventually discarded by the judges. This judging aspect of the competition must have been the only aspect of the meet for which Fort Bragg is unsuitable. The sky was sufficiently clear on Sunday evening though, for those who were still looking skywards to witness the Turkeys do a 14.6 sec. 10-man on their last practice jump. The base took about 6 seconds, the five man about another 5, and the last 5 men closed all within the last second.

Saturday and Sunday evenings were spent at the 82nd Club barbecues: free food, as much as you wanted, free beer, and real soul music! The ladies weren't free mostly; anyone claiming otherwise may have it taken down and used in evidence against him!



**The Four Man Team with a fast exit**

I have to apologize to our 4-man team for not relating their side of the story as fully as ours, but at the time my brain hurt too much remembering anything, and I haven't had the chance to ask them much since coming back, indeed we left three of them over there!

On completion of the practice jumps, the sky was too hazy to judge the 10-man event, and so the 4-man event was started, but even this not before a wait until the latter half of Monday. The 10-man team was able to spend most of Monday at the NCO's Club swimming pool, which was available to us throughout the stay: another example of Fort Bragg's hospitality. An underwater international 20-man was claimed, though no-one could see far enough, down there, to know.

Water games also developed, amongst the teams on the D.Z. These consisted of getting a cup of water, creeping



up on your best mate and chucking it in his face; funny how the heat affects you! Apart from finding out who your best mates were, you also discovered just how long his memory could be. On one occasion Jeff chased Dave Moody a good half mile across the sand, by which time all his ammo, was spilt!

The four-man event was completed on Tuesday, and the winners cup was taken by the Greene County Team from Alabama, whose best time was 5.6 secs. for the second manoeuvre, average times about 9 secs. I believe. S. Africa came 2nd, and Germany 3rd. U.K. positioned 7th out of 9.



**Aircraft video Judge on the tailgate of the Chinook**

The ten-man event took 3 days to complete, and we managed to get an extra jump in, as our first jump was not seen by sufficient judges. At the end we positioned 4th out of the 6. U.S. 1st, France 2nd, Germany 3rd, Australia 5th, Canada 6th.

Many team members commented on the possibilities of our coming 3rd if our first jump had been seen and if the French had been seen on their "smasheroo" instead. In fact I think the times speak for themselves:

U.S.: High teens and low twenties.  
 France: High teens, low and mid twenties.  
 Germany: Low twenties to low thirties.  
 Australia: After a 7-man, first jump, the Aussies did sequentials and all sorts, since they had no way of regaining any reasonable status. Their last jump (10,500) was a 10-man star, held, broken into two 5-mans, held, one of the 5's breaking and regaining the other to form another complete 10. (So they could have done very well indeed).

Canada: High thirties and less than 10-mans.

Our own results were:

Rejump: 10-man, 27 sec.

1: 9-man, 37 sec. 8th took out 7th, 7th got back.

2: 10-man, 33.5 sec.

3: 10-man, 28 sec.

4: 9-man, 28 sec. 7th didn't get in.

5: 10-man, 29 sec.

6: 10-man, 36.3 sec.

It is my personal opinion that there should be a throwaway jump in the 10-man event, as presently, there is a lot of tactical "holding-back" and playing it safe to position best in competition. This may be all part of the technique of competition, but in no way encourages the furtherance of the art: speed. I am sure that if there was a throwaway jump, all teams would have scored better times, and as far as consistency is concerned, 5 out of 6 is good enough, I reckon. Comments?

As far as our own results are concerned, I will risk another opinion and say that, apart from odd personal mistakes, I think we suffered slightly, perhaps significantly, from the concept of using a floater (me), since it made it difficult for the pin and base to get as quick and smooth as they had been in training within the helicopter training available.

One thing is for sure though, we left U.K. doing 45-50 sec. 10-mans, and achieved 27 seconds in the U.S. That's PROGRESS.

Every competitor had been looking forward to the end of the competition, and the possibility of some large stars; most of our eyes were aimed at XX. Those who had already achieved this awesome status were no doubt thinking in terms of XXX.

In the event, it was a pity that there were only three such fun loads; I am sure there could have been a new world record, apparently there were still chopper hours left to fly.

The first lift was a 21 man between the Turkeys and the French. The second was a 20 attempt between us and the Germans which reached 16 and included Jerry Bird. The Germans made the base, so had 9 in, and we had 6; I was very pleased to close 10th (10th out) as I had made my previous 100 jumps as first out the aircraft. The XXX attempt consisted of 12 Turkeys, 5 Greene Counts Boys and selected members from each team, so would have been truly international; Dave Fiddler and Alan Skennerton were our representatives. It was bust at about 12 plus (actually by an American), but I reckon they'd have cracked it in 6 jumps.

The lessons to learn about LARGE ones seem to be that it is dead easy to get down, even if you're 30th out. Also, people without self discipline to take it SLOWLY or take their TURN, don't get in large stars, however they do get in, but the star doesn't get large, indeed it is probably smaller shortly after their approach.

The competition finished with a Banquet and Prize-giving in the NCO's Club. The cups and trophies were really magnificent, indeed even if we had won any, I don't think we could have afforded the excess baggage charge on the air fare!

In the few days remaining on our tickets, the team split; some stayed at Fort Bragg and jumped at Raeford close by, others went back "home" to Ridgeley, JPS went straight to California, there to get an XX on his first jump, and Robin, Terry Hagan and Dave Moody I last saw hitching a ride out of Raeford, in a Beech bound for Clanton, Alabama, and all points West.

I had thought before our trip, that on our return I would

be able to enjoy a few weekends doing something different for a change, probably I'd want a rest from jumping. This was not to be the case; I couldn't wait to get to a D.Z., and do as many jumps as possible, and spread the Gospel: RW is FUN, FAST and HERE TO STAY.

In conclusion I would like to express the teams gratitude to those parties who made the pie in the sky come down for us, namely the BPA and its members who contributed their own money, and would have made more available if necessary, and without whom we would not have had the support of the Sports Council. Also we are grateful to Raleigh Bicycles who provided us with the bulk of the money in the end, but who gave us assistance beyond the limit of any financial consideration. Although only the team members were lucky enough to experience it. I want to tell you about the HOSPITALITY we were given in the States, by Mike Schultz at Pelicanland, by the Benedictine Sisters where we stayed, and by the 82nd Club and Fort Bragg: it was magnificent.

MARK MILLER  
photos — Dave Waterman

## BACK ISSUES OF 'SPORT PARACHUTIST'

The BPA office can provide back issues of 'Sport Parachutist' as detailed below:

1973 Volume 10	No. 1	
	No. 2	23p per copy
	No. 3	
1971 Volume 8	No. 1	
	No. 3	Includes postage
1970 Volume 7	No. 1/2	
	No. 3/4	
1969 Volume 6	No. 2	18p per copy
1968 Volume 5	No. 2	
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1966 Volume 3	No. 3	
	No. 4	

The list of Display Teams below will be published from time to time in Sport Parachutist — any changes in this list should be forwarded to Bill Paul at the BPA office — Ed.

## DISPLAY TEAMS

<i>Title</i>	<i>Contact</i>	<i>Club</i>
1. 'Astrons'	—J. Bertrand	Peterborough
2. 'Batman's Relatives'	—T. Fawden	—
3. 'Black Knights' (Lancs)	—B. Jerstice	Black Knights S/D Centre
4. 'Black Knights' (7RHA)	—Captain C. J. B. Copeland	7 RHA
5. 'Blue Eagles'	—F. Peel	Spenn Valley
6. 'Blue Helmets'	—Major M. F. Forge	Royal Signals
7. 'Blue Stars'	—K. Noble	Northumbria
8. 'Boughton Aluph Skydivers'	—L. N. St. John	British Para Club
9. 'Buccaneers'	—Captain J. M. Patrick	Royal Artillery (95 Cdo)
10. 'Bragg's Bandits'	—W/O P. Goss	The Gloucestershire Regt.
11. 'Chuting Stars'	—D. Waterman	'Save the Children Fund'
12. 'Eagles'	—Captain A. Black	Royal Engineers
13. 'Embassy Skydivers'	—Mrs. S. Smith	—
14. 'Endrust Skydivers'	—J. T. Crocker	—
15. 'Falling Stars' (North)	—I. G. Miller	—
16. 'Falling Stars' (South)	—R. Miskin	—
17. 'Golden Arrows'	—	30 Signal Regiment
18. 'Hereford Free Fall Team'	—J. Boxall	Hereford
19. 'Icegold Skydiving Team'	—R. O'Brien	Sport Para Centre
20. 'Independent Skydivers'	—C. Thompson	Independent S/D Club
21. 'Moonwalkers'	—W/O R. C. Lonsdale	REME
22. 'Ravens'	—W/O M. R. Hammonds	4 Bn Para Regt (TAVR)
23. 'Red Barons'	—W. G. Fernie	—
24. 'Red Devils'	—Major B. S. Schofield	Parachute Regiment
25. 'Road Runners'	—D. D. Orton	—
26. 'Robbins'	—F/Sgt D. Peacock	Royal Air Force SPA
27. 'Royal Green Jackets'	—T. Crawley	—
28. 'SAS Free Fall Team'	—S/Sgt Lock	SAS Free Fall Club
29. 'Silver Stars'	—Sgt. G. Raine	Royal Corps of Transport
30. 'Skydivers'	—J. Forster	—
31. 'Sky Kings'	—G. Webster	South Staffs.
32. 'Spreadeagles'	—W. G. Boot	—
33. 'Stretford Skydiving Team'	—N. Law	Manchester S/D Club
34. 'Strongbow Skydivers'	—Sgt. R. G. Walters	—
35. 'Tiger Moths'	—J. D. Prince	North West Para Centre
36. 'Vauxhall Skydiving Team'	—J. R. Parry	Vauxhall Motors
37. 'Thunderbirds'	—J. Forster	—
38. 'Wasps'	—P. A. Howell	Warwickshire
39. 'Skylarks'	—L. D. Melhuish	—
40. 'Skymasters'	—T. G. Dickson	Scottish Para Club

The competition season is nearly over, and that being so, I thought that I would give some information about that standard of and interest in competition jumping in Canada. There are local club meets in all areas, but only one province, British Columbia, has an organised competition circuit:- comprising four meets, two in the fall and two in spring/early summer. Quality points are awarded for placings in each of the meets and financial assistance to attend the nationals, is given by the provincial council to those in top placings at the end of the circuit. No other province has such an organised circuit—the others usually just holding one meet a year (the provincial championships).

This year, for the first time, the Canadian Nationals were held in the Maritimes, in Nova Scotia, at the end of July. Expanded this year to ten accuracy and five style jumps, the meet attracted over sixty competitors. The four men relative work event attracted eight teams. Because of weather and other problems only six of the ten accuracy jumps were able to be made with full completion of the other events. The winners of the four men event, the "Maple Leaf Jam", from B.C., became the Canadian Parachute team for 1973 and represented Canada at the World Cup in Fort Bragg, placing fifth in the Four men event. They combined with six others from S. Ontario, to form a ten man team, whose performance was somewhat disappointing.

The first meet of the B.C. competition circuit, the North West meet, was held at Abbotsford at the beginning of September. This meet is traditionally the biggest meet in Canada (including the Nationals) attracting 122 competitors in accuracy, 46 in style, eight four man teams, 12 two man teams, and 38 in night accuracy. There were five rounds of accuracy, three rounds of style, 3 rounds of 4 man relative work, 2 rounds of two men relative work and one round on night accuracy. Over 800 jumps in 3 days with time to spare for some star loads after the meet was over. One of these was a ten man load, all participants being holders of the C.S.P.A. Gold Wings award (1000 freefalls)—total number of jumps 14,300 and a first in Canada, and possibly outside the U.S. The quality of the meet direction, judging, flying and manifesting was outstanding and made the meet the success that it was.

At the beginning of August, the Canada Summer Games (held every four years) were staged in Vancouver. As part of the opening ceremonies six B.C. parachutists jumped into Queens Park Stadium, with smoke and flying six flags, —one B.C. provincial flag, four Canada summer games flags, and one Canadian flag. The performance was so impressive that CBS ran a special showing of the whole jump the following day on the national network. The CBC also provided daily coverage of the games events, and the opening sequence of each programme, was a 15 second sequence of myself and Mike Dichow flying a games flag in freefall and the movie footage being shot by Ron Dionne, one of Canada's best freefall cameramen. This sequence was shown nationally at least twice a day for 10 days.

For those of you who are feeling old and tired; August 18th on his 60th birthday, Jim Bathurst of Vancouver made 60 jumps in about 10 hours, at Abbotsford Parachute Centre.

See you next issue.

BUZZ BENNETT

Dear Charlie

I suppose it takes me a lot to put pen to paper and this is the first time I've had to do so for the mag.

It's Compton Abbas I'm talking about. I feel a personal loss and although I only knew it for about eighteen months I met some of that special brand of people you call your friends. Power pilots and glider guys alike seemed to have a genuine interest in our sport mainly through the enthusiasm of the airfield "gunvor" John Thorn, who initially got the aircraft and if you asked him the right way he would make all the early starts you could handle.

It grieves me, not only because of this situation, but look around the country and it seems if your neither military nor in a position like Grindale where parachutists rule the roost, you're going to continually be restricted on height, hours of jumps and total close down by the whim of an airfield personality who dislikes the vigour with which we pursue our sport. There's not a fortune in operating a centre; more hard work and headaches is the order of the day, but you must remember we're running out of well situated student D.Z's with amenities.

Well to all my jump friends at that 'great place on the hill', (yes, I've been down the valley; I'll even miss that walk back up, but alas no more), I wish you well and hope by the time this goes to print you've got yourselves a new D.Z. Like the older jumpers said about Thrupton when it closed; "those were great days;" you too can relate with Compton, but really who wants to talk about things which have gone in such a way?

Cheers!

JON WILLIAMS, D762

Sir,

Last month, three colleagues and myself spent a most enjoyable weekend, out of the steaming heat of London, at John Meacock's Menagerie. It was our initiation into the 'Noble Art of Sport Parachuting' and thereafter, naturally, any newspaper article even remotely mentioning the Sport is spotted with the Eagle Eye.

I should not, I suppose, have been surprised to receive a postcard this week from one of my colleagues, George Livingstone-Learmonth, on holiday in Jordan. Taped to the card was a newspaper cutting reading as follows: CAIRO, July 5—Libyan Leader Moammar Kazzafi told Egypt's women's liberation leaders Thursday that a woman's place was her home because certain 'biological defects' handicapped her professionally. There were angry shouts of "these are not defects, Mr President" from some of the 800 feminist leaders attending a conference, especially called to discuss women's status under the proposed merger between Libya and Egypt. The fiery 31 year old Libyan leader retorted: "In that case, no one should complain if we ask pregnant women to parachute . . .".

As the postcard took five weeks to arrive **by Air Mail**, I would assume that the Jordanian Authorities, thought the cutting to be a secretly coded message and had it examined and processed with umpteen different rays, before deciding it was harmless and sending it on a month later. In any event, as George sent several messages this way, he thinks he is a marked man, should he return and on the chance that he should be jailed on spying charges in Amman, John Meacock will be called upon to organise the escape operation!

PETER J. SCHOFIELD-HEAP

# AT THE DROP INN

Having been 'engaged' to just about every parachutist in the North of England as advance publicity for some big display, Pam Harris (D 903), finally got married on the 7th of September to Keith Loyal, Chief Flying Instructor at the Sport Parachute Centre. We wish them soft landings and lots of happiness.

□ □ □

Whilst on the subject of weddings, congratulations also to Tony Dale, who got married early in August to Gloria McFadjon, a tall blonde parachutist, in Perth, Australia. He put her out on her first jump last November and has obviously taken care of her ever since!

□ □ □

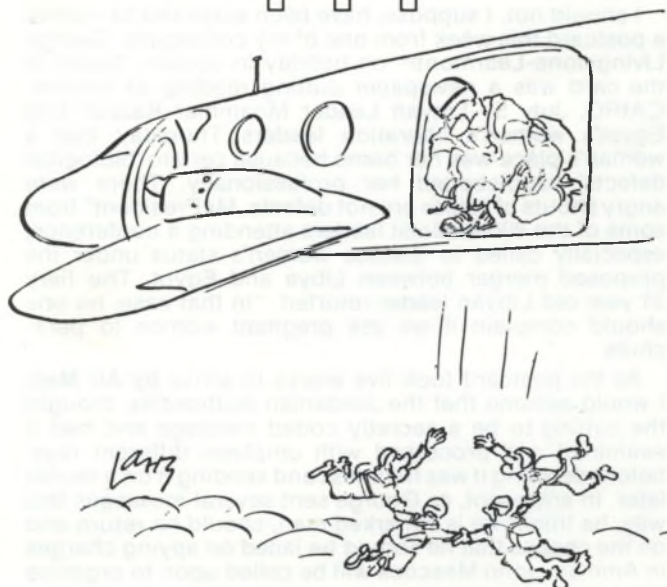
Well done Dave Pusey and the 'Bandits' who by giving free fall displays in Northern Ireland, have raised over £15,000 for local charities and relations of troops killed in Ulster. A fine example to some of the more mercenary teams about . . .

□ □ □

Birdman  
 Do you think because you dominate the sky  
 You can dominate me?  
 I know you fly  
 I will one day.  
 You talk in a poetry of your own,  
 In a comradeship of freedom—  
 Total.  
 Envy—  
 Isolation, awaiting your condescension  
 Knowing you're human  
 Birdman  
 Birdmen  
 A world of the sky  
 Not earthbound  
 Mindblowing.

'Bike'

□ □ □



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Steve Slater records Stu Cook's exit from a Huey at the Red Devils Display at the Aldershot Army Show

□ □ □

The Editorial Staff of Sport Parachutist recently paid a visit to ex-Red Fred and National Team Member, Brian David, who together with his wife Millie, run the Queen's Arms in Barnet, (right next door to the Odeon). The alcoholic hospitality was fantastic, and we're sure a similar welcome from Brian and Millie would meet any parachutist— you might also pick up some useful tips on accuracy jumping.

□ □ □

The Irish Parachute Club would welcome any B.P.A. member over there, and they operate a Cessna 182 most weekends and advise that you bring your own kit. They provide the following addresses:

Chief Instructor: Michael Flaherty, 111 Sycamore Road, Finglas, Dublin. Phone (01) 341031.

Secretary: Maurice Hayden, 147 Howth Road, Sutton, Dublin. Phone (01) 323097.

□ □ □

Female parachutist, who had just borrowed her boy friend's rig for her first 20 second delay, to pilot on the way up:

"Balls to you!"

Pilot, somewhat mystified by the remark and accompanying gesture:

"And balls to you!"

"NO" she shouts, "BALLS TO YOU!!"

Pilot, thinking this gorgeous dolly has finally flipped, approaches her on the ground afterwards:

"What the hell were you on about up there?"

"I was just trying to tell you that I was wearing PAUL'S 'TU'!!!"

□ □ □

On the beautiful peace  
Of the high quiet world,  
The bollowing 'chute,  
Released and unfurled.

The thrill and excitement  
As all fears subside,  
The feeling of conquest  
As I gently glide.

Below me a carpet  
Of fields shining green;  
How I wish I had longer  
To take in the scene.

But up comes the ground  
And I'm down with a bump;  
Yes I've made it, its way out,  
I've done my first jump.

Harry Gillibrand

□ □ □

We've just heard that the author of our regular feature 'Boots' has bought a Cloud and is thinking of emigrating—where to?  
—Cloud Cookie Land! !



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## NIGHT JUMP?

One morning I found myself in London with nothing in particular to do, so I decided to call on the General Secretary, on the assumption (without justification) that he had nothing to do either, and had come into the office especially to waste time chatting to me. Of course there was always the chance of a free cup of coffee as well.

After a while, even I could assess that Bill was looking longingly at the clock in a manner conveying the desire to get on with his labours, and having had my coffee I took my leave, and returned to my native Kingsbridge, which for the "higgerent" is in South Devon.

I had no sooner settled down to a brandy and cigar when Peter Lang rang up and suggested that we meet at a local hostelry, he being on holiday in a nearby village. An hour later found me sinking one of several noggins. It was unfortunate that I had come out without any cash, as this meant that Peter had to pay for the evening's drinks. The reader will by now have gathered that my parsimonious habits make me an expensive person to know.

What I didn't realise was that within a few hours I would be making my first parachute drop.

As the engines roared into life and the aircraft surged into the air I wondered what fit of madness had overtaken me. I had what is known as "stomach awareness"..... in fact my state of awareness extended far beyond my stomach.

It's amazing how one can go off ones instructor..... I suddenly noticed an evil look on his face, and I was sure that horns were protruding through his helmet. Then he took a great delight in throwing out of the aircraft a long piece of paper..... litter bug! After this erotic piece of excitement he turned to me and shouted "You next". So this was the voice of Satan.

I had always been told that parachuting was like riding on a cushion of air; as free as the birds; a longing for it never to stop. Like hell it is. The slipstream hit me with a mighty blast; my goggles filled with tears; my nose ran in rivulets; the air inflated my lungs; the ground and the sky came round in fast rotation, and no amount of Bovril could have

prevented that sinking feeling.... and what's this confounded 'chute doing trailing between my legs... well I knew what it was doing and what's more it was damn painful, and I doubt if I shall ever be the same again.

I've heard tell about these malfunctions; release the capons (no they're chickens) bakewells (no she's a T.V. Star) Ah yes! capewells. I gave them an almighty tug which nearly tore them adrift. The offending 'chute persisted in wrapping around all parts (and I didn't know that I had so many) of my anatomy and equipment which protruded. After a demon struggle the wretched thing floated away like Tristan de Cunha in "A Midsummer's Nights Dream"; or is it in the middle of the Atlantic; Oh never mind, at a moment like this who cares.

I caught a glimpse of the instructor's face glaring out of the aircraft. It wore the foul grin of the devil about to welcome another member to the everlasting inferno. I declare his horns had grown two inches since my departure. And then I looked down the volcanic-like horn of the ground instructor's loudhailer which blared forth... "Reserve".

Now that's not a bad idea; to use it might save me a nasty bump in a moment or so. Where is it? Ah yes, here it is on my chest like a large Wagnerian bosom; a pull; a crash above me and then a monumental jolt which rattled my entire skeleton and all the appurtenances which were left to me.

And then there was a sudden blinding light.... "The people that in darkness sat have seen a great light," and all that jazz. I looked up. My Wife was leaning over the bed, her nightdress straps each torn in half. She asked me what the hell I thought I was doing..... first trying to rape her (at my age indeed: I only admit to being in **excess** of 21), then wrapping myself up like a mummy in all the sheets and finally falling out of bed... and give me the damn eiderdown I'm dying of pneumonia.

The next morning I rang Bill Paul.

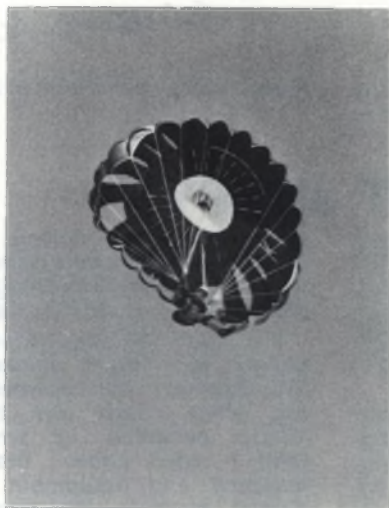
"Bill I'm still a non-jumping member aren't I?"  
"Yes Michael, do you want to be a full member?"

Oh William you must be joking! Or in immortal words of G.B.S. — Not likely, Blodwyn.

MICHAEL LOCKE

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Photos by Bill Mehr

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# LOU JOHNSON

— *a photographic tribute*



4 PAGES  
OF  
LOU'S  
PHOTOGRAPHS

30th August 1971, Halfpenny Green, the Hard Ass Star Team with Lou, (front row, second from left), after the first British 10 Man



Judy and Ian break off a kiss pass— who's that opening high behind?







**JUDY BECOMES AN SCR**  
*over Quedgley - 30th June 1973*



5 man with Judy at 8 o'clock . . .



Charlie docking and Willy slipping below . . .



Lou has docked 7th and now records Dick watching Sally's docking . . .



she gets a good grip . . .



and breaks in 8th . . .



Meatball grabs air . . .



Ecstasy in the star by Bobby!

# THE JIM FAIRWEATHER MEET



Participants in the Meet

photos — George Howard

The Jim Fairweather Memorial Trophy Accuracy Meet was held over the weekend of July 28th at Halfpenny Green.

Five teams entered - the usual competition crowd of Duck End "A", "B", and "C" teams, Peterborough team and a team from South Staffs.

A briefing, scheduled to be held in the Flying Club at 8pm. was postponed to 9pm., 11pm. and eventually the next morning as Colin May, Meet Organiser, got carried away with glad to be back home drinks, and hilarious stories and finally songs from Cape Town. Seriously - Colin - we were all glad to see you, albeit for a short visit only.

At 9am on the Saturday the briefing took place. Low cloud and haze prevented the start of the competition until after lunch, when the first lift in the Rapide got airborne.

It was a no protests, no re-jumps meet, and if the jumping wasn't the best ever, the atmosphere was certainly good. After 4 consecutive rounds, Duck End "C" team - Bernie Dierker, Colin May and Bob Hull won with a total of 6.97; with runners-up Peterborough (John Meacock, Tracy Rixon and Gerry MacCauley) with 8.10.

So by last light on the Saturday the contest was through, and as the cup wasn't to be presented

until the following afternoon, someone came up with the bright suggestion of a money meet. Each jumper put in £1, and on the Sunday morning the competition started in earnest. With money involved, things got serious! John Meacock, Bernie Dierker and Bob Hiatt all scored DC's in the first round, with Bernie following up with a second neat DC. By the third and last round, though, panic had set in with a few surprising Zaps (Oh - Kingy!), and in the end Bob Hiatt (total of 2.16) just pushed Tracy (Total of 2.29) into second place to grab the loot! John Meacock and Gerry MacCauley were claiming joint third with 2.88 each. Here it was realized that a definite decision about how to split up the winnings should have been made BEFORE the contest was over.

In the end, the money was divided up in some sort of ratio between 1st, 2nd and the two equal thirds, and the meet was declared over.

Jim Fairweather's sister came and presented the trophy, in remembrance of her brother, a lovely silver rose bowl from South Staffs Skydiving Club where Jim often jumped.

It really was a fun and worthwhile meet, and it can only be a welcome annual addition to the sparse fixtures on the British Parachuting calendar.  
SALLY SMITH.



Jim Fairweather's sister, Mrs Marion Newton, presents the Memorial Rose Bowl to Colin May, Bob Hull and Bernie Dierker



John Meacock, Gerry MacCauley, Tracy Rixon and evil 'H' about to forcibly remove the money prize from Geoff Webster

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## YOUR COUNCIL

The affairs of the British Parachute Association are controlled by a 14 Man Council elected annually from the membership. Election time will be with us shortly and for the B.P.A. to be run at its most efficient, the right people must be on Council. ANY member of the B.P.A. may be nominated for Council; it just needs a proposer, a seconder, and the nominee's agreement to stand for election. Of those nominated 14 will be elected for Council by the membership; each member being allowed a maximum of 14 votes. Criticism is occasionally levelled at Council for being ineffective, but to be effective it needs the support of every member of the B.P.A. in putting forward ideas and topics for discussion at the monthly meetings and rarely is this forthcoming. In fact in the writer's experience of six years as a Council Member not once has any B.P.A. member asked him for a particular matter to be raised at the next meeting. Nor is it generally known that any B.P.A. member may listen in at a Council meeting to see for himself how B.P.A. affairs are run.

The table below shows the present Council's attendance at the nine meetings held to date this year. Occasionally, with the best will in the world, it is simply not possible for a Council Member to attend but if his non-attendance becomes routine, (more often than not for perfectly valid reasons—work pressures etc.), then that Council Member should not stand for re-election.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Acraman									
Boot									
Cole									
Crocker									
Day									
Meacock									
O'Brien									
St John									
Schofield									
Shea-Simonds									
Sherman									
Thomas									
Unwin									
Waterman									

*Attendance at the Nine 1973 Council Meetings to 28th August*

Therefore if you nominate a B.P.A. member for election make sure he's:

- a. A person who can attend meetings regularly.
- b. A person, who when he does attend, is going to give sound views for the betterment of the B.P.A. and the sport.

Additionally when you finally cast your vote bear in mind the above two points; but not only that, although you are entitled to 14 votes, you don't *have* to use all of them. Only vote for those who you *know* will serve the B.P.A. well. The voting for this year's council was interesting—only 429 voting papers were sent in (about 10% of the membership bothering to vote) and only 3805 votes were cast.

Remember you get the Council for which you vote— if you reckon you can do a better job than the present council, get yourself nominated!

## PRESSED INTO ACTION

Disillusioned with writing about car accidents and listening to the bickerings of local councillors, the staff of the Swinton and Pendlebury Journal interrupted a game of darts one day to ponder on their future.

Everyone agreed it was time to stake a claim for fame but we were a motley crew and not really fit for anything other than darts. But then one little chappy with a large mouth had the audacity to challenge the bully of the office to a parachute jump.

Before the now quivering bully could chicken out a call was made to the army who after trying to enlist us told us that we would be well looked after at the North West Parachute Centre at Cark.

Bully and I thought we might be better enlisting, but then a third member of the staff expressed her desire for a jump and that was it we couldn't back out now.

And so plans were made and after a last chorus of Auld Lang Syne we left for Cark wondering how we had slipped up in managing to pass our medicals.

Unfortunately Saturday turned out fine and the instructors arrived. At first Bully and I thought we might escape because we were pushed to one side as the instructors took it in turn to enquire if the third member of the party — the ravishing blonde, 5ft 10in Joan Seddon, better known as Sid — was comfortable.

But Sid seemed to lose some of her appeal when she donned a dirty old jumpsuit, Wimpy boots and a helmet, to blacken her posterior with a couple of rolls off the top of an old air raid shelter.

As Saturday drew to a close Bully and I were looking forward to a good old binge in the nearest pub when Princey ruined the whole thing by saying "Right lads kit on."

I beat Bully to the toilet hoping that all the reserves would have gone before I got back. But the kit was waiting and a little ginger haired chappy named Kirkham with a wry smile on his face assured me that it had all been packed expertly.

Somehow Princey prised us all into the Cherokee Six but unfortunately for Bully his shaking legs were so long he could barely get them in the door.

As Sudsy threw it over Morecambe Bay I am sure that Bully passed out twice but he swears he didn't. Then Princey shouted "Cut" and we all immediately froze until Bully received a poke in his ribs and scrambled to the door.

As Princey tapped him on the shoulder he looked in with an appealing frantic look on his face and then fell a... over apex out of the door with a death defying scream.

We all followed in similar fashion and when we eventually hit the ground we were amazed to find that we could still walk. And that was a good thing because by the time we had found the packing shed we must have walked miles.

Bully still has nightmares and often jumps screaming from his bed but the office now boasts a total of 70 jumps, one water jump, one free-fall student, and three static liners after we talked the new office recruit into making a jump so that he could join the staff.

We therefore claim a record for the newspaper office with the highest ratio of parachutists in the staff, four from five.

ALAN SMETHURST  
JOAN SEDDON

JUSTIN QUILLINAN  
BRIAN ROBERTS

**BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION INSTRUCTORS**

**ADVANCED RATINGS (EXAMINERS)**

Name	Club	BPA No.			
Acraman, R. S.	R.S.A.	444	Henry, T.	S.A.S.	3110
Anderson, B.	A.P.A.	4590	Herbert, C.	Singapore	1866
Boot, W. G.	T/Valley	3930	Hewitt, B. N.	Northern Para	6823
Catt, W.	A.A.C.	415	Higgins, R. E.	R.M.	3102
Card, R. G.	A.P.A.	1927	Hill, A. V.	Eagle S.P.C.	193
Cavanagh, P. D.	B.K.S.C.	2817	Holt, A. C.	Northern Para	2224
Charlton, A. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	110	Jarrett, R. G.	Parachute Regiment	8370
Crocker, J. T.	South Staffs	2066	Johnson, A. T.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	898
Dale, A. J.		845	Johnson, M.	Lincoln	1118
Day, T. J. W.	Met. Police	1705	Jones, A.	Parachute Regiment	1886
Dickson, T. G.	Scottish	472	Jones, D. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6979
English, J. A.	Northern Para	3767	Kemley, J. M.		1952
Fernie, W. G.	Scottish	1859	Kirkham, R. N.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	6498
Francis, R.	Hard Ass Star Team	3437	Kirkman, G.	N.W.P.C.	8145
Gardner, E. A. J.	Parachute Regiment	178	Law, N.	Man. F/F/C	2137
Griffiths, R.	Green Jackets	115	Lewington, E.	Parachute Regiment	5382
Hounsome, N. C.	T/Valley	1598	Lonsdale, R. C.	R.E.M.E.	1151
Jackson, M. L.	R.E.	343	Louttit, I. A.		4001
Jacobs, K. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	471	Maddy, W.	R.E.M.E.	1430
Jerstice, B.	Lancs.	2101	May, C.		2643
Laing, J.	R.A.P.A.	1323	Melville, L. W.	7 R.H.A.	1016
Lewington, E. T.	Parachute Regiment	5382	Miller, I. G.	Lincoln P/F	772
McCarthy, D.	R.A.P.A.	949	Mitchell, C. E.	I.O.W.	1407
McLoughlin, J. E.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	175	McBride, E.	T/Valley	6852
Mapplebeck, K.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	1035	McCauley, A.	Peterborough	4416
Martin, M. A.	A.P.A.	1444	McGill, J. A.	7 R.H.A.	2066
McQueen, A. S.	R.A.P.A.	4318	McGuire, P.	Golden Lions	5105
Meacock, W. J.	Peterborough	578	MacLennan, J. A.	Scottish	3128
O'Brien, R. L.	S.P.C.	3550	Maclennan, W. M.		4060
Peacock, D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	125	McMillan, A.	S.P.C.	6099
Raine, G. P.	R.C.T.	2229	McMillan, I.	S.P.C.	6099
Reed, M.	Yorks.	596	McNaughton, D.	Parachute Regiment	417
Reiter, R.	Hard Ass Star Team	4931	Morris, A.	N.W.P.C.	8163
Rumney, C.	Hard Ass Star Team	9492	Morrison, A.	A.P.A.	4848
Runacres, R. J.	R.A.P.A.	338	Noble, K.	Northumbria	4298
Schofield, B. S.	Para Regt	2332	Noble-Nesbitt, R.	Northumbria	6461
Shea-Simonds, G. C. P.	Hard Ass Star Team	475	Norris, J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2363
Sherman, P. W.	Old Warden	4757	O'Brien, M. J.	B.P.C.	332
Slattery, W. P.	Nomad	258	O'Brien, N.	A.P.A.	4378
Stephenson, E. W.	S.A.S.	7699	Oliver, A. R.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2518

**APPROVED RATING**

Name	Club	BPA No.			
Addison, N. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	2566	Patrick, J.	7 R.H.A.	1781
Armour, A. M.	A.P.A.	5649	Payne, D. C.	Paraclan	2370
Aveling, M. F.	Parachute Regiment	7450	Peel, F.	S.P. Centre	7096
Beard, J. A.	Green Jackets	2050	Perkins, R. G. G.	Martlesham	7794
Beavan, R.	South Staffs	6389	Price, A. J.	R.M.	5489
Bennet, D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3024	Prin, O.	Peterborough	6559
Bennigson, P. J.		8975	Prince, D.	N.W.P.C.	1880
Beynon, M. G. P.	T/Valley	4983	Purves, M.	Martlesham	6882
Birch, D. T.	R.A.P.A.	3036	Pusey, D. C.	Parachute Regiment	2598
Black, A.	R.E.	1106	Quick, G.	N.W.P.C.	7725
Bolton, M.	South Staffs	5114	Railton, K.	R.A.P.A.	5932
Bowles, J. A.	R.A.P.A.	1237	Reddick, J.	R.A.P.A.	349
Boxall, J.	Hereford	5455	Rees, B.	J.S.P.C.	874
Bremer, F.	Peterborough	7398	Reid, M.	Scottish	7054
Burns, R.		3445	Ritchie, W.	Sport Para Centre	6632
Cameron, C.	Golden Lions	8472	Rixon, T.	Peterborough	1250
Cameron, K.	A.P.A.	7372	Riddick, A.	Martlesham	5529
Cathro, G.	Parachute Regiment	1547	Robertson, I.	Scottish	7722
Cockburn, A. M.	R.A.P.A.	2749	Robinson, R. J.	Parachute Regiment	4059
Colfe, J. P.	C.C.S.P.C.	662	Rose, A.	R.M.S.P.C.	2587
Cole, A. J. N.	B.P.C.	346	Rymer, D.	R.A.P.A.	5967
Colgan, J. A.		6332	Sansom, D. B.	Parachute Regiment	3232
Cooper, A. E.	Manchester	3026	Savage, D.	Nomad	1671
Cottrell, A.	Peterborough	8744	Scarret, W. T.		1428
Crawley, T.	Green Jackets	343	Scott, R. S.	S.A.S.	2899
Daubney, J. E.	S.A.S.	2290	Seeger, R. A. M.	R.M.S.P.C.	495
Deakin, M. D.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	4239	Shankland, J.	South Staffs.	3811
Denley, P.		113	Sharpies, J.	Hereford	1891
Desoldato, D.	S.P. Centre	3764	Shone, G. B.	R.Sigs.	2245
Dinneen, K. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	3507	Smith, E. H.	S.A.S.	759
Dixon, A. C.	A.P.A.	6174	Smith, J. F.	Nomad	3847
Douglas, G.	A.P.A.	8956	Souter, R. F.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5594
Elliott, W. E.	A.P.A.	4064	Standing, B. R.	Parachute Regiment	2191
Ellis, G.	A.P.A.	3432	St. John, L. N. E.	B.P.C.	257
Forsdyke, J. K.	South Staffs	3027	Taylor, M.	Old Warden	1982
Forster, N. J.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5783	Thomasson, J.	South Staffs.	6930
Fraser, P.	S.P.C.	5548	Together, M.	A.P.A.	5077
Fuller, I.	T/Valley	5532	Walmsley, J.	Parachute Regiment	930
Gray, I.	Golden Lions	8374	Ward, M. R. L.	R.M.	5741
Hackett, D.	R.M.	878	Wright, J.	Parachute Regiment	1928
Hagan, T.	Nomad	1930	Whitney, D. M.	Parachute Regiment	2163
Harper, I.	R.A.F.S.P.A.	5543	Williams, J.	Thames Valley A/S	5343
Harrison, J.	Old Warden	2734	Wilson, J. W.	R.A.P.A.	2900
			Winwood, M. J.	3 LI F/F/C	2319

**BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION LTD****FULL TIME CLUBS**

- Peterborough Parachute Centre**  
Sibson Airfield, Peterborough
- Eagle Sport Para Centre**  
Lympe Airport, Nr. Ashford.  
Kent. (Hythe 60816)
- The Sport Parachute Centre**  
Grindale Field, Bridlington,  
Yorkshire.
- R.S.A. Parachute Club**  
Thrxuton Aerodrome, Andover,  
Hants.
- W. J. Meacock,  
(at club address), Sibson Airfield.  
Tel: Elton 289
- Mrs. H. Dakin,  
33 Challock Close,  
Biggin Hill, Kent.
- R. O'Brien,  
(at club address).  
Tel: 0262-77367
- R. S. Acraman,  
7 Chartwell, The Hatches,  
Frimley Green, Surrey.  
Tel: Deep Cut 5170

**WEEK-END CLUBS**

- British Parachute Club**  
Headcorn Airfield, Headcorn,  
Kent.
- Brunei University Skydiving Club**  
c/o Students Union,  
Brunei University, Uxbridge,  
Middx. (Brunei Students only).
- Dunkeswell International Skydiving Centre**  
Dunkeswell Airfield,  
Nr. Honiton, Devon  
(Tel: Luppitt 643)
- Hereford Parachute Club**  
Shobdon Aerodrome,  
Shobdon, Leominster, Hereford
- Independent Skydivers**  
Swansea Aerodrome, Swansea.
- Black Knights Skydiving Centre**  
Weeton, Nr. Blackpool, Lancs.
- Leeds University Para Club**  
(Leeds Students Only)
- Manchester Free Fall Club**  
Tilstock D.Z.,  
Twenlows Hall Farm,  
Whitchurch, Shropshire.
- Manchester Parachute Club**
- Martlesham Heath Para Club**  
Martlesham Heath Aerodrome,  
Nr. Ipswich, Suffolk.
- Metropolitan Police Parachute Club**  
Nuthampstead Airfield, Herts.
- North West Para Centre**  
Cark Airfield, Flookburgh,  
Nr. Grange over Sands, Lancs.
- Paraclan Parachute Club**  
Charter Hall, Nr. Berwick.
- Southern Skydiving Club**  
I.O.W.
- Scottish Parachute Club**  
Strathalan Castle, Auchterarder,  
Perthshire
- South Staffordshire Skydiving Club**  
Halfpenny Green Aerodrome,  
Bobbington, Worcs.
- Northumbria Parachute Club**  
Sunderland Airport,  
Washington Road, Sunderland,  
Co. Durham.
- Vauxhall Skydiving Club**  
Halfpenny Green Aerodrome,  
Bobbington, Worcs.  
(Vauxhall Motors only).
- Warwickshire Aviation and Sport Parachute School**  
Shotteswell, Warks.
- The Secretary,  
(at club address).
- The Secretary,  
(at club address).
- Miss F. Snuff  
(at club address)
- J. Boxall,  
15 Kings Acre Road, Hereford.
- Sgt. C. Thompson,  
Sgts. Mess, R.A.F. Scampton,  
Lincs.
- B. Jerstice,  
181 Bradley Lane, Standish, Wigan,  
Lancs.  
Tel: Standish 3356
- J. Brewer,  
17 Grenville Ave.,  
St. Annes, Lancs.
- R. W. Dyson,  
25 Woodbridge Road, Flixton,  
Manchester, M31 2RH.
- A. E. Cooper,  
8 Longford Avenue, Stretford,  
Manchester, Lancs.
- P. Cusworth,  
Rosebury Hotel,  
Sea Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk.
- D. Anderson,  
69 Monkams Lane,  
Woodford Green, Essex.
- J. D. Prince,  
21 The Coppice, Ingol, Preston,  
Lancs., PR2 3OL.  
Tel: Preston 720848
- D. C. Payne,  
13 Boswell Drive, Kinghorn, Fife.
- C. E. Mitchell,  
8 Northbourne Avenue, Shanklin,  
I.O.W.
- W. Allen,  
86 Glencroft Road, Glasgow,  
G44 5RD.
- G. Webster,  
Brake Lane, West Hagley,  
Stourbridge, Worcs.  
Tel: Hagley 3993
- Chief Instructor,  
(at club address),  
Tel: Boldon 7530
- R. Parry,  
7 Berrylands Road, Moreton,  
Wirral, Cheshire, L46 7TU.
- P. A. Howell,  
17 Westhill Close, Olton, Solihull,  
Warks.

**Wessex Parachute Club**  
Swallow Cliff,  
Nr. Shaftesbury,  
Dorset.

J. C. Donovan,  
The Castle,  
Donhead St. Andrew,  
Shaftesbury, Dorset.

**EXPERIENCED PARACHUTISTS ONLY**

- Nomad Skydiving Team**
- Old Warden Flying and Parachute Group**
- The 'Chuting Stars' Display Team**
- The Embassy Womens Free Fall Team**
- Boughton Aluph Skydivers Display Team**
- Yorkshire Aeroplane Club Sport Parachute Wing**
- R. O. King,  
66 Westbury Crescent, Oxford.
- R. O. King,  
66 Westbury Crescent, Oxford.
- D. Waterman,  
94 Hamlet Gardens, London, W.6.
- Diana Tuck,  
29 Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2
- L. N. E. St. John,  
'Malthouse', Pilgrims Way,  
Boughton Aluph, Nr. Ashford,  
Kent.
- G. C. P. Shea-Simonds,  
Yorkshire Flying Services,  
Leeds/Bradford Airport.

**SERVICE ASSOCIATIONS, CLUBS AND TEAMS**

- Army Parachute Association**
- Rhine Army Parachute Association**
- Joint Services Sport Para Association**
- R.A.F. Sport Parachute Association**
- Parachute Regiment Free Fall Club**
- Royal Marines Sport Parachute Club**
- Cyprus Combined Services Sport Parachute Club**
- 7 Parachute Regiment R.H.A.**  
(The Black Knights)
- R.E.M.E. Free Fall Team**
- Royal Green Jackets Free Fall Team**
- 22 Special Air Service Parachute Club**
- Golden Lions Parachute Club**
- Lincoln Pathfinders Free Fall Club**
- Royal Engineers Free Fall Club**
- Royal Corps of Transport Parachute Club**
- 95 Cdo FOU**  
(The Buccaneers F/F Team)  
Royal artillery,  
A.T.U.R.M.,  
Poole, Dorset.
- Chief Instructor,  
J.S.P.C., Airfield Camp,  
Netheravon, Wiltshire.
- Chief Instructor,  
R.A.P.A. Centre, S.T.C. Sennelager,  
B.F.P.O. 16.
- Mr. C. Herbert,  
J.S.S.P.A., G.P.O. Box 2285,  
G.P.O. Singapore, B.F.P.O. 164.
- Hon. Sec., Flt. Lt. P. F. Smout,  
R.A.F. Abingdon, Berks.  
Tel: Abingdon 288 Ext 485
- Major B. S. Schofield,  
Para Regt. Free Fall Team,  
Browning Bks., Aldershot, Hants.  
Tel: Aldershot 24431 Ext 2446.
- The Secretary,  
R.M.S.P.C., Royal Marines,  
Lymptone, Exmouth,  
Devon.
- Tel: Topsham 3781
- S/Sgt R. G. Card,  
A.T.C. Anzio Camp, Dhekelia,  
B.F.P.O. 53.
- Capt. C. J. B. Copeland, RHA,  
7 Parachute Regiment R.H.A.,  
Lille Bks., Aldershot, Hants.  
Tel: Aldershot 24431 Ext 3542
- W.O.II. R. C. Lonsdale,  
16 Para Workshop R.E.M.E.,  
Arnhem Bks., Aldershot, Hants.  
Tel: Aldershot 24431 Ext 3520
- Mr. J. A. Beard,  
40 Brill Close, Cox Green,  
Maidenhead, Berkshire.  
Tel: Maidenhead 25195
- Sgt. B. Anderson,  
'D' Sqn., 22 S.A.S.,  
Bradbury Lines, Hereford.
- Cpl. C. Cameron,  
Glencorse Barracks,  
Milton Bridge, Penicuik,  
Midlothian, Scotland.
- Mr. I. G. Miller,  
14 Cope Road, Ashby,  
Scunthorpe, Lincs.
- Captain A. Black, R.E.,  
(at club address).  
Tel: 0252-14431 Ext 2408
- Sgt. G. P. Raine,  
Depot Regt. RCT, Buller Barracks,  
Aldershot, Hants.
- Capt. J. M. Patrick, RA,  
(at club address)  
Tel: Poole 77311 Ext. 274.

**BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION  
COUNCIL MEETING  
THURSDAY 26TH JULY, 1973  
ROYAL AIR FORCE WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN**

**PRESENT**

L. N. E. St. John — Chairman  
G. C. P. Shea-Simonds  
W. J. Meacock  
J. T. Crocker  
R. C. O'Brien  
J. L. Thomas

**IN ATTENDANCE**

Sir Godfrey Nicholson — Co-opted Member  
Sqn. Ldr. W. Paul — Sec-Gen BPA

**APOLOGIES**

A. J. Unwin  
D. Waterman  
P. W. Sherman  
W. G. Boot

Item 51

**PREVIOUS MINUTES AND MATTERS ARISING**

**Item 49. Martlesham Heath Club — Loan.** Mr. Meacock wished it to be made clear that his enquiry about the loan to the club was in fact put forward on behalf of a member of that club.

**Item 44. Letter from Flight One Ltd.** Mr. Crocker wished it to be made clear that the reason for Flight One writing to BPA on the question of guaranteed hours was that certain individuals had more or less dictated to Flight One how the Twin Pioneer aircraft would be used, and in some cases using the name of BPA. There could be no question of Flight One being dictated to — the aircraft had been available on an opportunity basis and this would continue to be so.

A proposal by Mr. Crocker, seconded by Mr. Shea-Simonds, that the Minutes of 24th May and 21st June be accepted was agreed.

**Matters Arising**

a. **Martlesham Heath Para Club.** No information was available on the latest situation at the club, other than that a member was making an effort to get Mr. Riddick to take control as CCI. The £200 loan was being held in reserve until the future of the club was known.

b. **World Cup Relative Meet.** The Sec-Gen reported that £2,000 had been handed over by Raleigh Industries and that a further £1,200 would be forthcoming from 'THE CHUTING STARS'. It had been confirmed that two vehicles would be made available by Raleigh Industries (USA) for the British Team during their stay in the USA. There had been a saving on the estimated £300 for Personal Medical Insurance for the team — this had been got through West Mercia Insurance Brokers (Mr. Washbourne) at a cost of £185. This saving on insurance plus the saving on hiring vehicles would now be available for additional training in USA should this be considered necessary.

c. **Loan to Flight One Ltd.** The total loan of £2,000 had now been offset in aircraft hire charges. Some of this cost would be set against British Team Training and the remainder was now being paid back to BPA via Mr. Crocker and Mr. Waterman. All jumps were now being paid for by individuals direct to Flight One. It now seemed likely that the VAT on the account submitted to BPA would be recoverable.

d. **25th Anniversary.** The question of using Denham was still being followed up but the Sec-Gen had no progress to report.

e. **National Championships — Rules for Style Event.** Mr. Meacock asked that when the rules were drawn up for the Style Event in future National Championships particular attention be given to emphasising that artificial aids are not permitted. Additionally, the Rules of the Championships should be so specific and clearly defined that the need to refer matters to Team Captains for their approval or otherwise, should not arise.

f. **Advertising.** A questionnaire was now ready to be sent to clubs and the information received would be collated by Mr. Waterman and used to formulate an advertising policy. The Sec-Gen reported that the compilers of 'Showman's Guide' had asked if BPA would again be taking a £15 half page. It was agreed that since there was a large number of teams now advertising in the publication it was now superfluous for BPA to take space.

g. **Training Aids (Posters).** The question of mounting the training aid posters was raised and it was agreed that these should not be laminated on to boards but that the material should be flexible to permit 'flick over' use on an easel. Mr. Meacock agreed to go back to Messrs Fisher and get a quotation based on this requirement. The Chairman expressed the view that this matter had already dragged on too long and that he would like to see it finalised by the end of the year and certainly before the AGM.

Item 52

**SAFETY AND TRAINING COMMITTEE REPORT**

Mr. Crocker reported that no STC meeting had been held since the previous Council meeting — no agenda items had come in from CCI's. However, he now had a few items for consideration and would be arranging a date for the next meeting. The Chairman asked about up-dating the Regulations and Mr. Crocker stated that he would be starting his review of these soon but he had noted that his file copies of STC Minutes were deficient of some Minutes of meetings in the 1968/9 period — the Chairman agreed to make these available.

**Display Incidents/Reports.** The Sec-Gen reported that two display incidents had been reported to him from, in one case, an Insurance Broker acting on behalf of a claimant against BPA, and in the other, from the CAA as a result of a report from the Civil Police. He emphasised that the Regulations were quite clear on the matter and called for a report to be submitted within seven days of any display which had not gone as planned.

Item 53

**CIVIL AVIATION AUTHORITY**

The Chairman reported on the meeting between representatives of the CAA and the BPA, held at Shell-Mex House on 17th July. It had been a most worthwhile meeting covering every aspect of sport parachuting with BPA representatives given every opportunity to express their views on the wide range of Agenda Items. It was the CAA's intention to draft amendments to the Air Navigation Order as it effects sport parachuting and due consideration would be given to the views and suggestions put forward by the BPA. There would be a further meeting in 2/3 months when it was hoped the CAA would be in a position to report the results of their deliberations.

**OTHER BUSINESS**

Item 54

**AFFILIATION — INTELLIGENCE CORPS DEPOT PARA CLUB**

The application was held over till the next meeting of Council pending further contact with the CCI concerned and submission of a report which may be necessary. The Sec-Gen would inform the club of the decision and advise the CCI of the matter on which a report may be necessary.

Item 55

**PUBLICITY — 'FIELD' MAGAZINE**

Sir Godfrey Nicholson pointed out that 'Field' Magazine published each year around Christmas or New Year, a list of all sporting activities — sport parachuting had not appeared. It was agreed that contact would be made with a view to the sport being given due mention.



**PARACHUTE CANOPIES FOR STUDENT TRAINING**

Mr. Thomas reported that the cost of USA surplus canopies had shown a very marked rise and that supplies were rapidly running out. Canopies in this country were being 'butchered' (lines being cut off at the periphery) under a government order before being allowed to come on to the surplus market. He emphasised that he was speaking not in his capacity as a dealer in parachute equipment but for the sport as a whole. He could see in the not too distant future, clubs having to close down because the cost of canopies for student training would be beyond their financial resources. He suggested that perhaps the BPA could take the matter up with the appropriate department to see if there was any way in which surplus canopies could be made available to the sport without what he considered unnecessary 'butchering'.

Mr. Meacock suggested the alternative of placing a bulk order for a student canopy manufactured to our specification. Quotations could be sought from manufacturers at home and around the world. Clubs could be sounded out to see what they would be prepared to pay for such a canopy — cost could be subsidised by BPA to say 40 to 50%.

It was agreed that the situation was becoming critical and that the Sec-Gen would check with the MOD to ascertain the background to the order (if such exists) requiring that lines be cut from canopies before release to the surplus market. Should he consider it necessary, he would liaise with Sir Godfrey Nicholson who would be pleased to help in any way he could.

# THE SIBSON 8-MAN

We decided to try and make a star on our own at Sibson using 2 Cessnas for various reasons.

1. We wanted to continue our interest in all-round jumping, accuracy, and four man relative work, student instruction etc.
2. Using 2 A/C would give us the insurance of at least having A/C to use in the case of engine trouble or if we were short of men, due to our small team complement we could still do 4 man work.
3. We were loathe to give up our home base facilities; very good 30m pit, gratis accommodation, shower and good cooking.

**THE TEAM CONSISTS OF A NUCLEUS OF 8 MEN**

**182 Load**

Oli Prin D921	700 descents Brit.
Dave Preese C1122	300 descents Brit.
Ron Branscombe APF667A	146 descents Aus.
Fred Bremmer D944	940 descents USA

**180 Load**

Art Cottrel D1096 SCR1764	470 descents USA
Keith McNair D776 SCR1812	270 descents Can.
Larry Cantrel USPA C3876	427 descents USA
John Harrison D316 SCS149	830 descents Brit.

We used the 182 as the lead plane and the faster 180 takes off 7 mins later and rendezvous at 8,500, then flies trail plane in formation with the 182 up to run in height of 9,500 min.

We did a total of 15 formation loads over a period of 2 months to achieve our star, which was not bad for a New Team and also we did not have our full team for 4 of these, but used spare jumpers to make up the load, also we had 4 Twin Pioneer jumps as a team. The success of these loads was:

**182/180 Formation**

1-8 man star	3-6 man Hook-ups
3-7 man Hook-ups	4-5 man Hook-ups
1-7 man Clutterpillar	3-4 man Hook-ups
2 Chinese Firedrills	

**Twin Pin**

1-4 man
1-7 man
1-6 man

We had two main problems with our group. Both due to the overall 'Newness' of our team. A tendency to fly our 'Hook-ups' poorly and therefore a couple of our 6's and 7's funnelled for NO apparent reason. After flying OK for 5 x secs. This we ironed out simply by concentrating on the flying and we improved as we became more compatible as a team (N.B. don't look around sightseeing, fly to the jumpers across the star/hook-up.)

The other problem was a tendency for the more experienced flyers to be too aggressive which resulted in them getting into a 5, 6 or 7 man OK, but resulted in them 'burning' out or pressurizing the lesser experienced flyer out of his ability potential, and therefore the team out of a star.

We in fact achieved our star by eventual solid flying and improved tactics of our flyers, in fact the 7 man flew for at least 5 seconds and was rock solid stable and the man who closed 8th was an experienced jumper who although one of the heavier men of the team kept his cool, held his height and did not get put off by anyone pushing past him or by the pressure of being 8th for the first time, experience in the right place fortunately and we had a real nice 8 MAN STAR for 7 seconds, also we used an experienced pair of jumpers to form our base to give us the quick base and stable platform needed in this type of relative work, this is a bit frustrating for men who should be flying on the team but, you have got to have that base.

I have kept this article brief because I suppose our 8 MAN STAR is no big thing in 1973, but I think it is the first to be done at a centre by its resident group, and we are fairly well pleased with it as a successful project.  
P.S.

We have made three attempts since our first 8 man and 2 of these were successful 8 MAN STARS. Both stars were push and shove affairs with lousy dockings and the whole thing having to fly out of trouble, although we still seem to be troubled with the broken grip problem, the first attempt was lost this way. It seems now that our team is flying better in the star when the dockings are rough and are determined to keep it flying together, maybe this is the way every team improves, with the success comes the confidence!

JOHN HARRISON SCS149

**MISSING FROM RAPA CENTRE—  
BAD LIPPSRINGE**

TWO PC's in B12 Harness's and containers.  
*Design Pattern—AZTEC (Red, Black and Gold)*  
*Serial No's 699556—10442*

Any information on their whereabouts would be gratefully received by RAPA.



Jackie Smith being passed her 'Red Beret' by Deke Wright. Photographer Steve Slater says: "We're fed up with seeing her face, so here's one with her back to the camera!!"

## RELATIVE SAFETY

For some time now I have been worried about the general decline and disregard for basic safety in Relative Parachuting. I'm sure that anything I have to say is already known by the majority of relative workers in the country. Nevertheless I think we all need a reminder. We all enjoy the hairy stories of near misses but this all becomes rather stupid when someone we all know well is killed unnecessarily.

Canopies not to jump on relative loads are anything prone to malfunction or has a fast forward speed on opening such as Ram Air Parachutes and Wings etc. Obviously the main dangers in relative parachuting are opening low or close to other parachutists, so these parachutes must be avoided. This is the main reason a lot of jumpers in California jump Cheapo's. Jerry Bird uses a Lo Po reserve as a main for the same reasons.

On pre-jump briefing we always make one or more jumpers responsible for break off altitude. This is for an ordinary termination of relative and in no way exonerates any jumper from being aware of his altitude during a jump. At break altitude everybody does a 180 degree right turn and tracks away. This is great if everyone is in the star but the problem comes when one or more

jumpers are still on the outside. They must obviously track for any open space they can find. What often happens on these occasions is that the jumpers responsible for altitude are tempted to hang on in the hope that the outsiders will get in. They rarely do and even so the nett result is bad separation and low openings. If a jump is going wrong break high not low, 3000 ft is the minimum break altitude and should be increased with the larger number of jumpers on the load. In relative the opening point has to be totally disregarded after the break. If by a right turn and track you're going the wrong way for a nice opening point, tough luck! Give a good clear wave off before opening. High pulls are just as dangerous as low and a hell of a shock for anyone above.

The first thing to be sure of with an inexperienced relative work jumper is that he can track. Never put him out at the rear of a star attempt, even if it's only to watch. They will see and learn more from the ground. Make them work in a small group of experienced jumpers and earn the right to be in a star.

Relative Work is fun parachuting. Let's make sure it's also safe parachuting!

JOHN BEARD

## BIG JAKE'S REVENGE . . . by Lowe Puller

One day prior to his untimely demise, Big Jake and I, his minder, are sitting on the grass at the deezed consuming the remains of a half bottle of the brew and what B.J. laughingly refers to as owlshit sandwiches, but actually they are made from peanut butter. It is lunchtime.

Our conversation runs as follows: 'After lunch,' says B.J. 'I shall try some inverted relly work, which will give those hot shot barstids something to think about.'

'No, no Big Jake,' I counsel, fearing an imminent freak-out 'Better to play it legitimate. You will only hurt your neck and other people's feelings.'

But ten minutes later I am helping B.J. to put his hogback on back to front causing many double takes and murmurs of disapproval from the madding throng. Pulling is going to require full manipulation of B.J.'s double jointed left elbow, but he reckons he can always fumble the pins out from in front of him if necessary and leaves both protector flaps open for this purpose.

The ten man team is actually nine men and one woman and the woman as you might have guessed is the fabulous Voice and Tits, Big Jake's beloved, she of the mighty bazoom. It is she who stills the objections to B.J.'s unorthodox intentions by suggesting in a demure, roundabout, ladylike way that they are quavering fink cowards if they do not let him try it, as it reflects the highest pioneering spirit and besides B.J. is always right, knows best, cannot fail and, by implication, has the biggest dick outside of the animal kingdom. the objections cease because they all know that she will not until they do, and they want to get on with the jump.

I go along as observer and as Big Jake's minder to keep him out of trouble in the aircraft like that time he tried to lay the female jump pilot at ten grand. I will not partake of the relly because I still have difficulty remaining stable and forget what to do half the time.

There is the cut and they all go pouring out of the door. V. and T. is always base because this mightily encourages the pin and the other lads to get in there quickly, especially when she has on her topless jumpsuit, which is not on cool days of course. B.J. is number ten and I am out last, kicking hard to get stable in the rarified air.

B.J. is experimenting below me. He finds it is not too easy tracking upside down and inadvertently shoots through a loop. I see the surprised look on his face as he goes over the top.

Down below the usual scene of chaos is building up. The guy who should have been pin has been shouldered out of the way by another guy bent on gaining Voice and Tit's favours. Two others heading relentlessly for the same slot have banged into each other and are spinning around clawing air and kicking to get stable again. The former pin in a fit of pique opens and comes shooting up out of the group, narrowly missing B.J. who, with his head craning back over his shoulder blades and eyes bulging with the effort, is approaching fast inverted.

It looks like B.J. is going to make it in to the six who have managed to grab each other and are holding on like grim death as they sway and buck and slide across the sky. Unfortunately however being upside down he cannot judge his closing speed too well. So he cleaves through the ragged formation like a cheesecutter and it immediately becomes six one man stars.

B.J. grabbing wildly as he goes through the middle unintentionally hauls off someones paraboote which he drops as he spirals out of the ruckus.

He stables out on his front for the opening through habit, but then has to claw his way over on to his back

again on account of his experiment. Then with the left hand hooking out the ripcord handle and the right hand picking at the pins Big Jake achieves a triumphant inverted opening. The fact that his pee cee is facing the wrong way does not dismay him and he comes roaring in backwards in the still air, bounces several times and rolls to a stop in a cloud of dust.

As he rises to his feet he is confronted with the delightful sight of Harry the Slime, B.J.'s mortal enemy, being loaded into the bloodwagon.

Harry was not jumping. He was watching on the deezed full of merry quips, false encouragement and ribald remarks, when down out of the blue comes whistling this size twelve paraboote. There is a shout 'Lookout everybody' . . . but too late . . . it lands nine inches behind Harry and comes up again like a rocket. Harry is strake up the fundament by the kick of a colossus and describes a parabolic curve into the dirt. He is oh-you-tee out.

The others are so pleased at even temporarily achieving a six man that they do not take it too hard that B.J. bust it for them as they had a feeling that it might of bust anyway and nobody is displeased at the news of Harry the Slime's busted asshole as most of them reckoned he had been asking for it anyway.

So the day comes to a close with the ten man team chewing the rag about perhaps they could all put on their hogbacks wrong way round and achieve an inverted ten man star, all except Voice and Tits that is, who, it was agreed because of her configuration, would have an insurmountable problem to overcome and might do herself an injury if she tried it.

Big Jake is deputed to visit Harry the Slime in his hospital bed to try out the idea on him and V. and T. goes along to see that B.J. does not try to make it with one or even several of the nurses.

As they go off and the remainder of the ten man team continue to discuss the finer points into the small hours, I doze off in my sleeping bag wondering for the eighty four thousandth time how the hell I ever got mixed up with such a bunch of maniacs. Barstids must be crazy.

### BOOK REVIEW

'Parachutes and Parachuting' by Bud Sellick is published by Prentice/Hall International, price £4.15. It is really an updated version of his original book 'Skydiving', which was the bible to so many in the early sixties, but unlike 'Skydiving' it is less of a text book on the sport and more of an encyclopaedia of a general parachuting nature. The book starts almost inevitably with 'How it all began' . . . Our parachuting heritage', which is followed by chapters on emergency jumps, test jumping, high altitude jumping and professional parachuting; and it isn't until over half way through the book that we actually get onto sport parachuting to which is devoted 60 pages of the book's 220. The sport parachuting section of the book is only a guide to the many facets of the game and doesn't attempt to get down to the details of teaching the student yearning for information.

The book has a distinctly American flavour, giving USPA regulations in appendices together with photos of all the US National Parachuting Teams. It is very well illustrated and the photos are many and varied. Don't be misled by the blurb on the dust jacket which describes the book both as: 'the all in one handbook' and 'the most comprehensive book yet on parachuting', as it is neither; what it is, however, is an enjoyable addition to the parachutist's library.

G.C.P. S-S.

# THE WESSEX PARACHUTE CLUB

This article is to bring to the parachutist the story of the forming of a new parachute club in the south.

It all started in July when Thames Valley Parachute Club along with the Gliding Club were told to leave Compton Abbas by the airfield management.

All the equipment was sold to the RSA Parachute Club at Thruxton. Bob Acraman accepted the TVAS members into his own club at no extra cost to themselves.

For the next couple of weeks many of us jumped at Thruxton and sampled the delights of no trees or valleys into which one was likely to disappear at Compton.

Despite this many members showed an interest in forming a new club, so John Donovan who owns the Castle Inn at Donhead St. Andrew chatted up a Mr. Matthews, one of the fen friendly farmers parachutists can find these days and managed to procure the use of one of his fields.

The field is 1,000 yards long and 200 yards wide with open fields all the way round, so there is no problem when over or undershooting.

The opening meeting of the new club was held at the castle on the evening of 11th August where Neville "The Egg" Hounsome was declared Chief Parachute Instructor and John Morris as the Chief Pilot.

The other instructors are all ex TVAS, Mike Ashford, Eddie McBride and Mike Beynon. Bill Boot has decided to get his commercial pilots licence and will not be with us, so we say good luck Bill in your new venture.

All the forms were sent to B.P.A. and the C.A.A., notams issued etc. The clearance came through but for 'C' and 'D' licence holders only. The first weekend 18/19 August—Saturday was spent cutting a runway for the aircraft, and an area around a huge marquee which John Donovan had

provided in which to pack 'chutes. A canteen caravan is also in use. In the evening John Morris, who works for J. F. Airlines at Portsmouth, flew in the Islander, and this proved a great luxury after Cessna's. On Sunday morning the weather was too murky for jumping so the Islander went back to Portsmouth while some of the members went back to Compton to dismantle the two double packing tables and bring them back to Swallowcliffe.

The evening was clear so the Islander returned and a few jumps were achieved.

The next weekend, which was August Bank Holiday, we had unrestricted clearance from the C.A.A., The weather was great and we dropped our first, first time student, Nick Perkins.

The aircraft this time were the Cessna 180 and 172 from Compton Flying Club; overall it was a great weekend.

The task for the future is to acquire our own aircraft, either purchase or lease, so anybody who knows of any suitable aircraft we would very much like to hear from.

The Islander is available most Saturday and Sunday evenings if there are enough parachutists interested.

Student courses have been started and all other parachutists are welcome any weekend.

I would like to finish off by thanking Bob Acraman for taking us in during our transitional period and hope that he is not wearing out too many pairs of jump boots on the D.C. disc.

The name of the club is The Wessex Parachute Club and Aero Sports Ltd. and is situated at the village of Swallowcliffe on the north side of the A30 Salisbury to Shaftesbury Road.

BOB SWAINSON

## EARLY BEGINNINGS

After I'd completed my ground training at Spen Valley, I decided that it was time to have a look at the sport before I let myself in for anything stupid. I'd seen parachuting on film but never for real. Was it really as good as everyone made out?

So, one cold Saturday morning I set off for Cark. There was no sign of life in the village and it was blowing a gale so I expected the Packing Shed to be deserted. I walked in and promptly fell over an enormous black dog called Ripcord. The stark simplicity of the shed amazed me. Two packing tables took up the entire length and there were two shelves for stacking rigs. Set into the wall was a tiny kitchen where two women were busy frying bacon and brewing cups of tea. Men sprawled about chatting amiably to each other and a ginger haired gent in the corner was busy telling a dubious joke about a Japanese wrestler. There was an atmosphere about the place and it was possible to feel the intense sincerity these men had about the sport. It wasn't just a pastime, it was a way of life.

Suddenly I felt out of place and very shy. I fell over Ripcord again and one of the men grabbed me to stop me falling and that broke the ice. When they found out that I had done my ground training and was actually interested in jumping, they stopped regarding me as a "Pleb" and brought me into their conversations. Within moments I was absorbed into the atmosphere and accepted. Perhaps I should point out at this stage that I am a sixteen year old girl. Surprisingly enough they

didn't mind their privacy being invaded by a female, in fact they were beginning to enjoy it.

The afternoon passed very pleasantly. At about seven o'clock the wind dropped and for the first time in my life I saw people willingly plunge out of an aircraft. I don't think I'll ever forget that sight. What made it extra special was that the first man out was a member of our local Club. That did it! I was determined to have a go.

The next day proved too windy for jumping so the time was taken up listening to the others reminiscing about amusing incidents that has happened to them or to their friends. No one had bothered to tell me that the age limit was now sixteen instead of seventeen. However, the weekend wasn't just spent in idle chatter. I worked hard and without once losing my patience I won my packing certificate.

Parachuting has often been likened to a disease. It is infectious and once it has taken a hold it's almost impossible to cure. Unfortunately, my mother doesn't agree and she doesn't like me spending my weekends with so many men. I haven't the heart to tell her that my younger sister intends to join me when she is old enough!

When I first went to Cark, there was no landing pit. A few weeks ago work was started and one morning several lorry loads of gravel arrived and two enormous mounds loomed up before us. In comparison, our four shovels looked like teaspoons. Three men and myself

started to level off the heaps. As soon as foreman Dave wandered off muttering about there being easier ways of doing things like that; Big G and Brian tried to convince me that landing in the pit doesn't hurt. They proved it by hurling me ten feet in the air and not catching me. When the novelty of gravel down my trousers had worn off, suggestions were made to the effect that I should have the honour of christening the pit. As in all the best Westerns, the cavalry arrive in the nick of time, this time in the shape of Graham Kirkman driving a large tractor. This got the job done more quickly so I'll never know what the christening ceremony would have been.

The Cark team spirit is carried right through the evenings as well. This usually takes the form of engulfing the local pub on Saturday nights. At Easter we succeeded in draining the place of Bitter. It ran out just as it came to my round and our resident pilot "Porky" Moore drinks brandy and dry.

The landlady doesn't really understand us—"I'm not accusing your lot Mr. Prince, but somebody keeps pinching the loo rolls and it only happens on Saturdays." There were muttered references to WDIs but these were silenced when she said that the soap went missing as well. That did it. None of our lot would have pinched soap. The only daisies you can smell at Cark are growing wild.

To me, Cark is home from home. Every regular seems to have a nickname. The CCI gave me my first name on my second visit there. He called me Cheeky because of my remarkably tight trousers. Now it's become Boobs but I can't think why. (*Editor's note: I can!*). Crasher is so called because of his visit to the kitchen through the roof.

I only once tried another DZ, but although the staff were very friendly and couldn't have been more helpful it was still a little too impersonal. With two static line descents under my belt now, I can only look to the future and the delights of free fall. Dave Prince, George Quick and a host of others have made me love the sport. I'd like to thank them all for making my weekends so interesting and for the great amount of encouragement they have given me. Another addict has been born...

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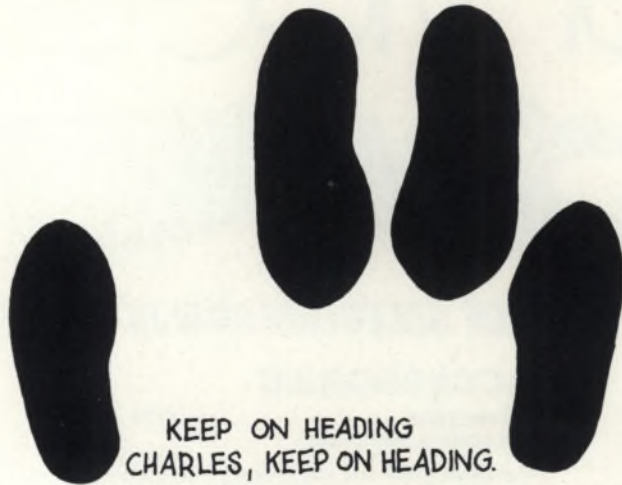
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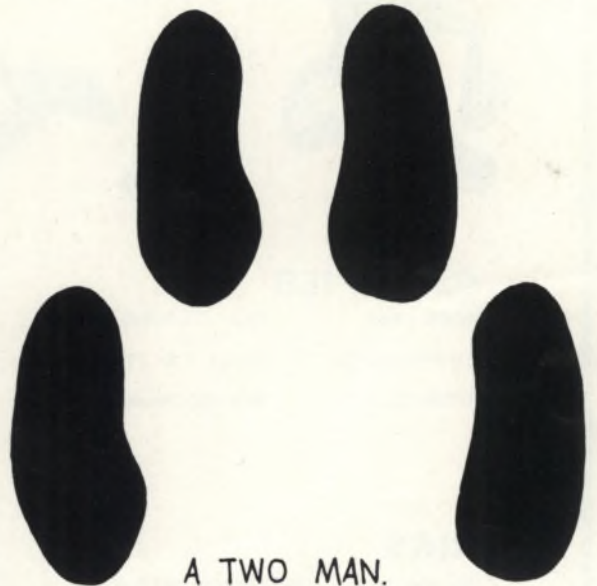
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