

# SPORT PARACHUTIST





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B.F.P.O. 1.

# SPORT PARACHUTIST



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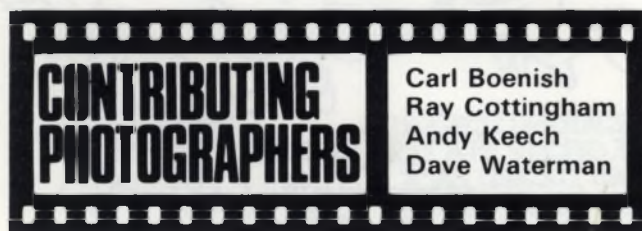
#### BPA JOURNAL

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



#### EDITORIAL

We now have an elected 18-man Council. After some extraordinary election manifestos and promises contained therein, it will be interesting to see how this Council serves us, the membership of the BPA. If you have any good ideas, or problems, please contact your nearest Council member so that the matter can be discussed at the next meeting for the benefit of us all. The BPA is a strong organisation and the membership have made it so — let's keep it that way.

Application forms for membership renewal are sent with this issue. Please let the BPA office have your renewal as soon as possible — especially if you don't want to miss the April issue of SP!

Regrettably there are few regular contributors to SP — they know who they are, and they have my warmest thanks for their continued support. Contributions are always welcome, especially photographs, so please let me know what's going on at your club. Little gems for 'At the Drop Inn' can be 'phoned to me at 0532-503840.

A nice thought for 1975 has been supplied by Carol Waterman: "'tis but a base ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar".

Henry VI pt 11.11.1

Blue Skies,  
Charlie.

Cover — Rapide Exit (G-AGSH)

Dave Waterman

Printed by G. H. Fisher & Sons (Printers) Ltd., Peterborough, PE1 3AU

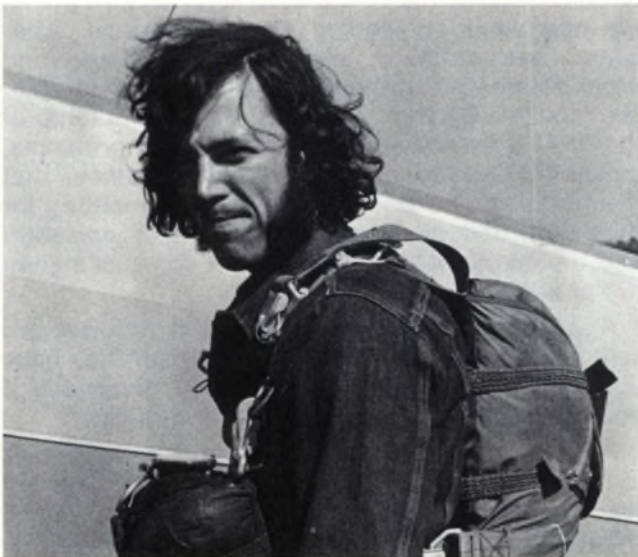


# AT THE DROP INN

## FAREWELL TO FREDDIE

Freddie Bremer arrived in this country as an American airman in January 1970 with a grand total of 34 jumps to his credit. Now 5 years later, with a total of 1600 jumps, a wife and an incredible hound he has returned home to the United States. During that time he has certainly left his mark on the British sport parachuting scene. He was on the first lift ever at Sibson in early 1971, the first Rapide 8-Man, the first Sibson 8-Man, Gold medal winner at the Duck End Meet 1973 and second place overall in the 1974 National Championships. He became an expert at cut-aways when jumping a Delta II Parawing, and on being asked what he thought to the canopy by a gentleman from Irvins, came up with the classic reply: "It's great when it's open — the trouble is that I'm wearin' out my f\*\*\*in' Capewells!" Since early 1973 when he left the USAF, he has been John Meacock's right hand man at Sibson and it was just over a year ago that he married an English girl, Vicky Brice.

Freddie, we all wish you, Vicky and Sproggy Dog a fond farewell and all happiness in the future.



Freddie at the 1974 Nationals. photo — Dave Waterman



"When I say GO I mean GO! !" Terry 'The General' Patton about to dispatch a student from the Air Nav. Cherokee 6.

photo — courtesy 'Huddersfield Examiner'

□ □ □

Our hero, overheard in the bar, having made his second and third static line descent that day: "Before my first jump today I had considerable 'butterflies', but I was OK before the second one."

Irish girlfriend: "In that case why didn't you do the second one first?!"

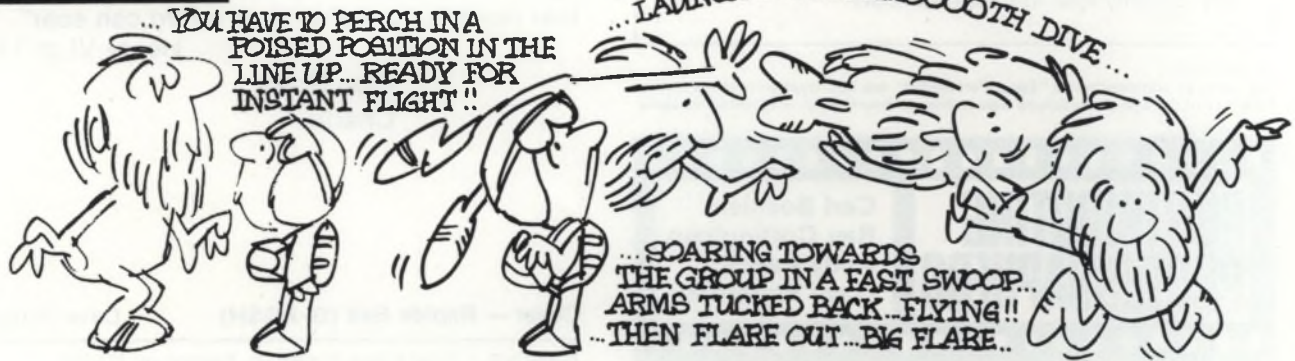
□ □ □

Did you hear about the new jump pilot who thought that a pilot 'chute was a sadistic pastime in which jumpers participated on poor weather days?

□ □ □

An instructor at Sibson recalling a student's first descent: "He climbed out onto the step. I gave him the GO. Still perched there he shouted out an immaculate count, and on "check", he looked in at me as if to say: 'What the hell do I do now!?'"

## SUPERFLY





**1975 CALENDAR OF EVENTS**

14 — 21 May	Army Championships
24 May — 1 June	National Relative Championships
14/15 June	Thrupton Rel/Acc Meet
19/20 July	Hereford Accuracy Meet
1/3 and 8/10 August	Scottish Championships
2 — 8 August	Rhine Army Championships
16 — 25 August	National Style/Accuracy Championships
4 — 15 September	World Relative Championships (Wasendorf, W. Germany)
20/21 September	Duck End Meet
12 — 27 July	U.S. National Championships

□ □ □



Glimpse into the past — Bernie Green briefs two students at Shoreham circa 1959 — note dated equipment and Tri-Pacer as jump ship.



**The Red Fred's Jump Ship ground-bound?**

□ □ □

After having given the Irish a fair amount of 'stick' in this column in the past, it's only right that mention should be made of the Irish Parachute Club Newsletter. This excellent little piece of parachuting news is available monthly from Noel Larragy, 25 McKee Road, Finglas, Dublin 11. No doubt anyone contemplating jumping in Eire would do well to contact Noel.

□ □ □

The student had been listening to some experienced jumpers whilst waiting to go up for his first descent: "Look at that free fall drift, there must be some strong upper winds".

Having made his first jump minutes later, our luckless hero approached the same group, "You were right!", he said, "when I climbed out onto the strut the upper winds were howling!!"

□ □ □

January 2nd saw the start of a new BBC 1 TV series 'Taste for Adventure'. The first programme featured Pete I'll-give-up-parachuting-when-I-give-up-sex Sherman. It was a well produced documentary, with some nice air-to-air photography by Bob Souter, of the 'Teeth's' job as a test jumper for one of the country's parachute manufacturers. It's sad that the company concerned gave Pete the elbow soon after this film was made, especially in the light of the excellent publicity they received from it. The film of the cutaway shot from a chest mounted camera was first rate, but Kenny Mapplebeck's performance with the 'Sled' . . . Oh dear!!

□ □ □

HOVERING CONTROLLED APPROACH  
GLIDE FOR THE WRISTS  
...DOCKING SOFT AND EASY  
...POSITIVE SHAKE IN!

...THEN FLY IT!  
FLY IT NICE  
AND LEVEL  
...LIKE A BIRD.

LISTEN YOU DUMMY...  
YOU'LL NEVER LEARN  
ANYTHING IF YOU  
SQUAWK WHILE  
I'M SQUAWKING!







## BOOK REVIEW

'Parachuting's Unforgettable Jumps' by Howard Gregory  
 'Parachuting's Unforgettable Jumps' is an updated edition of Howard Gregory's original book, 'The Falcon's Disciples'. 400 odd pages and over 200 photos add up to a bundle of parachuting fun. It's a collection of all the best jump stories together with a good few more besides. Military jump stories form the first part of the book but the majority of it is concerned with sport parachuting. If you want to read about Lindbergh's parachuting, Rod Pack's chuteless jump, the parachuting hijacker who got away, the filming of the Gypsy Moths, and a multitude of tales of barnstorming, testing, jumps that didn't go right, plus a few that did; then you won't be disappointed with this book. For the average jumper in this country of notoriously poor parachuting weather, 'Parachuting's

Unforgettable Jumps' is a must to provide hours of arm-chair entertainment. 'Parachuting's Unforgettable Jumps' is available from Spodemoor Aviation, 48 Oak Lane, Bradford BD9 4QH, price £5.60 (incl. VAT and postage).

□ □ □

"Undoubtedly the most fascinating book ever compiled on stunt, sport and military parachuting. . . superb photography."

*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*

"Highly recommended to all aviation enthusiasts who wish to view the entire spectrum of this exciting activity of parachuting."

*U.S. Parachute Association*

"The most comprehensive and entertaining book ever written on the history of stunt, sport and military parachuting."

*Sky Diver Magazine*

"... Book-of-the-Century, should be required reading for anyone who puts a rig on his back."

*Para-Print Magazine*

□ □ □

The BPA has an excellent portable exhibition which is available to affiliated clubs. If you wish to make use of the first class presentation of our sport, please contact Bill Paul at the BPA office.

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Congratulations to Dave Waterman on being awarded the title "Sports Photographer of the Year 1974". In an open competition by the Sports Council and the Royal Photographic Society, Dave's portfolio of ten colour prints won for him a cash prize of £250 and a luxury cruise for two. His photographs are well known to readers of this magazine and we all know that to be good at taking parachuting photos, you also have to be a pretty fair parachutist yourself. Well done indeed!

□ □ □

Congratulations also to Bernie Dierker (late Duck End Farm Parachute Group) on winning the title: "U.S. National Collegiate Parachuting Champion" won at Deland, Florida over the U.S. Thanksgiving holiday. There were 140 competitors.

□ □ □

Overheard at an Irish 10-man briefing: "At three-five we'll break — everyone to turn 360 and track away!!"



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EVERYTHING  
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## BLACK ACK\$

**RSA PARACHUTE CLUB, THRUXTON, ANDOVER, HANTS. WEYHILL2124**



# CORRESPONDENCE

Newcastle.

Dear Charles,

I am prompted to write to you by two recent incidents involving 'Grabber' drogues and feel that the general membership should be aware of the possibility of a total malfunction possibly caused by the 'Grabber'.

**Incident number one.** I bought a Cloud to which I fitted the Grabber and put in a custom pack similar in construction to the older Stylemaster container. The canopy was a fairly tight fit, but not in my, or anyone else's opinion excessive and when pulled on the ground several times there was no suggestion of a pack closure. On the third jump however, a five second delay, I pulled the ripcord which came smoothly out, but the pack remained firmly CLOSED and even three sharp pulls on the risers failed to dislodge the cones. My Protector gave me a comfortable ride down, but on opening dislodged the closed main pack so I wasn't able to examine the reason for the closure. Subsequent attempts to repeat the closure on the ground again failed to produce even the smallest suggestion of a closure and the Grabber leapt out instantly.

**Incident number two.** Another club member bought an American Papillon to which he fitted a Grabber and put the canopy in a POD. The container this time was a Security Crossbow piggyback, the main pack of which had been shortened. The 'Podded' canopy and Grabber went very easily into the pack, however again on a hop and pop from 2800 the ripcord came out, but the pack remained firmly closed and the parachutist had to use his reserve. I have used the container for many jumps with a sleeved PC and twin MA's and have had no suggestion of a pack closure, but again unfortunately, we were not able to examine the jammed pack as the reserve opening dislodged the main pack closure.

The similarities in these cases are that we were both using bagged or podded canopies and both using Grabbers. Personally, I cannot see how the bag would cause any problems except perhaps to act as a more firm base for the Grabber than a sleeve might, and thus causing a little more pressure. In my opinion the Grabber seems to be the culprit. It is a very strong extractor and my own explanation is that it was forcing a cone so firmly up into a grommet that the cone was unable to tip and release the grommet. After each incident the cones and grommets of the two packs were examined and found to be in A1 condition.

After these incidents, I personally would not allow a student to jump a rig with a Grabber extractor as I cannot see any immediate solution to the possibility of a closure.

If anyone else has had similar totals with a Grabber, I shall be glad to hear about them, together with possible explanations and remedies, and perhaps the Safety and Training Committee could conduct experiments and let us have their conclusions.

DAVID ROWELL, Instructor 5647.

Norman Waterhouse (Secretary)  
Birmingham University Free Fall  
Association,  
49 Twyning Road, Stirchley,  
Birmingham B30 2XY.

Dear Charlie,

We would be grateful for space in the mag to announce the birth of our Club. Armed with the princely sum of £10 (donated by our Students Union) the Birmingham University Free Fall Club has become operational.

The officers of the club are all medical students. Our president (and Big Jake) is John Carter who possesses a GP and a pretty coloured Thunderbow. Consequently, he rarely talks to us except to beg drinks at the end of the day.

Norman (the Secretary) is well known, only for the length of his hair. When he's jumping the plane takes twice as long to get to altitude because of the extra weight, and when he jumps, he is so top heavy that he is dragged into a Cannarozzo position and plunges earthwards like a bullet.

Our treasurer, Steve, had a great future in the sport until an unfortunate leg strap injury, incurred on his first free fall, put him out of action. He can now be found in high heels and tight trousers around any of the dives and clip-joints in Brum.

We successfully ran our first course a few weeks ago (thanks for the reduced prices Pat!) and hope to run another very soon.

We are very well looked after by the lovely Iris Howell and the Red Baron (Lennie the Lion) and we would like to take this opportunity to thank them, and every one else at Midland Parachute Centre for their kindness and encouragement in starting the club.

Finally, we would like to try and put University Parachuting on the map and we're very interested in organising an Inter-University (or Polytechnic's) accuracy meet early next year. A slight modification of the usual rules may be required (i.e. a pit 300 yds wide).

Could any clubs interested contact us at the above address?

B.U.F.F.A.

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# THE PARACLAN MEET – 1974

"It was a real fun weekend", would be a fair epitaph for the Meet at Strathallan organised by Davy Payne over 16th and 17th of November. An entry of 13 teams, some having travelled over 400 miles to get there, promised an interesting event. First item on the agenda was the very comprehensive briefing given by the Meet Director in the Crown Hotel, Auchterarder, late on the Friday evening; the only information gleaned was that competitors had to be at the airfield at eight the following morning!

The following morning produced clear skies but marginal winds, and the majority of teams had managed to make it to the Drop Zone by the appointed time. The two 207s of Cirrus Aviation had been warmed up and were ready to go. Unfortunately it was then discovered that the Assistant Meet Director had gone back to Edinburgh at four in the morning, distinctly the worse for wear, having taken with him the list of teams and the jump order which had been drawn the previous evening!



**Cirrus Aviation 207 ready to go.**

The Scottish Parachute Club's 'Flying Pigs' were the first team to take to the air and they put together a two man; their accuracy attempt that followed, however, was of such a suicidal nature that the judges were reluctantly forced to restrict the first round to relative work only. The fact that the wind had been blowing consistently over nine metres a second seemed to have little bearing on their decision! This was just as well for Jim's team, 'UK Flying Circus', who having put together a nice four-man, sailed backwards over the pit at a thousand feet. Biff's team, 'Paraclean Confederate Airborne', were the only other team to build a four-man in this round and their time was a couple of seconds faster than 'UK Flying Circus'. The 2 Para team 'UFO' and the Scouse 'Black Knights' both scored three mans, while three of the remaining teams had executed fast precision one mans to complete the round! After a long break because of the wind, Saturday drew to a close with the notable exception of the festivities in the Crown that evening — some things are better left unsaid!

On Sunday the winds were kind enough to allow accuracy to be included, and this time 'UK Flying Circus' showed their flair for pea gravel when, having built a 13-second four-man, they all stomped in for under a two metre total — actually it was measured in inches so maybe a bit was lost in the conversion. This jump was enough to give Brian Jackel's team the first place — a successful coup by team members had ousted Jim from the job of team leader. Confederate Airborne and UFO both built four mans to give them second and third places respectively.



**BJ with his very short lined PC.**



**Exit practice.**





Competitors, pilots, etc.



The winning UK Flying Circus — Alan Skennerton, Brian Jackel, 'Meatball' and Mike Chapman.

RESULTS

		1st Round	2nd Round	Total
1st	UK Flying Circus (Crocker, Chapman, Skennerton, Jackel)	—	46	46
2nd	Confederate Airborne (Burn, Payne, Houghton, Gillies)	—	394	394
3rd	UFO (2 Para)	250	425	675
4	Black Knights (Lancs)	250	1250	1500
5	Flying Pigs (SPC)	500	1233	1733
6-	White Rose (Yorks)	500	1250	1750
	Strathspey (Francis)			
8	Nickity Splits (Vauxhall)	1000	1100	2100
9	Shanks' All Stars	500	1624	2124
10	Golden Lions (Scotland)	500	1630	2130
11	Muffdivers (RSA)	500	1854	2354
12	Paraclan Odds & Ends	1000	1660	2660
13	Parafernalia	1000	1851	2851

It would have been a fitting climax to the day if Bobby Francis' 10-man team had put together a 10-man from the two 207s, but with only one attempt it wasn't altogether surprising that only a 6-man was made. Climax of the day for little Mary Keith was to be in her first four-man with 'UK Flying Circus'; her sole comment afterwards was: "Grrreat!"

The end of the meet was marked by the prizegiving. The scores that were finally computed by the Meet Director and the Judges were understandable only to them; the lower one's score, the higher the final placing! The prizes were presented by Mr. J. Aitkenhead, the Hotels Controller of Tennent Caledonian Breweries Ltd., who had so generously provided the prize money and sponsored much of the flying time; our sincere thanks to them.

Thus ended a memorable weekend and on behalf of all the competitors, our thanks to to all at Strathallan for making it all so thoroughly enjoyable — see you all again next year!

Photos and article—C. S-S.



Tailpiece!



# The Strathallan 'Hurtle-in' or 'A Whuffo's View of Strathallan'

What a weekend! I went up as keeper to the "White Rose" team and to keep an eye on Charlie Shea-Simonds.

The first impression of the place was unfortunate in that the airfield manager took exception to hound Boomerang and threatened to shoot him. To give him his due, he probably didn't realise he was a dog and thought he was a polecat come to worry his pheasants. There can't be many DZ's in as lovely a setting as Strathallan.

Saturday's jumping was badly hit by the wind. The accuracy was scrubbed and the only impression of Saturday's jumping was Jim Crocker's team sailing overhead on their way to an untidy arrival on the outskirts of Perth. Probably his new jumping hat got him confused.

Saturday night's proceedings went like any other well organised riot composed of healthy individuals with one thing in mind — well two, if you include parachuting. I've personally never seen "Masters of the Sky" which is a magnificent film, memorable for its background music. A great evening followed including a full-frontal from an inebriated native. "He should be bloody well hung" somebody said. He wasn't particularly.

Sunday morning was one of those brilliant sunny autumn days, but with a character building wind. The accuracy bit was re-instated which in that wind could well have been a mistake. As it was nobody got hurt. Perhaps the local jumpers are a harder race, but the pit looked like a Roman arena with the Christians being flung in. Bodies hurtled in downwind like "Kirby's Flying Ballet" gone mad.

Victory went to Jim Crocker's lads, so his new Mongolian tank driver's hat must have worked after all.

What were my impressions? First of all a fantastic weekend which I wouldn't have missed for anything. Amongst others: David Payne trying to convince people that the food, which was due at 9.00, was on its way — it arrived at 11.15; Ned Luker with a pained expression trying to decipher Saturday night's comedian; Jackie Smith working like a demon to get into the pit on Saturday — and she did. Countless other memories which all made up a great weekend.

Roll on the next meet at Strathallan.

J. H. FENTON

(President Danny Hillas' Bird's Supporter's Club).

## BUZZ'S CANADIAN COLUMN

After some of the remarks in my last column, I am a little red in the face. Shortly after I wrote that the St. Andre ten man team were not living up to their nationals form, they gave lie to my words with a vengeance. They took their Beech to St. Antoine, a drop zone near Montreal, and with a new team from there, put two Beeches and twenty one people in the air. They made three jumps, building the following size stars; fourteen, eighteen and then a sixteen. The eighteen man was, by California rules, actually nineteen, as the camera shows a nineteen man star. The jumpers however feel that a grip was lost just after number nineteen came in, and as I understand it, they are claiming credit for an eighteen.

This is probably the best thing to happen to Canadian relative work in many years. The western jumpers at Abbotsford have long been complacent about their ability, and the drive to build large stars had stagnated somewhat. The activity in the east has kindled some healthy rivalry, and a few weeks later the Abbotsford jumpers put together a sixteen and seventeen man.

To my mind it is just a matter of time before Canada's first twenty man is built. I make no predictions as to where it will be.

The first weekend in October, the Ontario provincial ten man star meet was held in Gananoque, Ontario. Five teams were entered. This again is an indication of the upsurge in relative work that is happening across the country. This bodes well for the future and also for the first world championship in 1975.

The Ontario provincial meet was won by the St. Andre team, which were the only team to make a ten man. The largest star by any other team was an eight man.

The second meet of the 1975 British Columbia competition circuit was held at Canadian Forces Base Comox on Vancouver Island, over the weekend of October 12/13. Parachuting at CFB Comox is an interesting exercise in civilian military co-operation, and it is refreshing to parachute along with the T-33's, Voodoos, and Argosies, which regularly go through their paces. In addition there are several regularly scheduled commercial flights which use the airfield. One wishes that this co-operation could be extended to other parts of the country.

Have a good 1975.

BUZZ

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# OUR A.G.M. 1975

With a new venue of Nottingham University, the 1975 BPA AGM got away to a good start at 11 a.m. on Saturday, 4th January with the Instructors' Convention under the able Chairmanship of Jim Crocker. Seventy-three Instructors gathered to discuss the updating of the BPA Safety Regulations; it was a shame that one particular club, who had provided much criticism of the STC recently amended rules, were not represented until after midday. The Chairman got the ball rolling with the following letter:

Dear Mr. Corker,

### *Revision of Bee Pee Ae Safety Regulations*

Yore category system is up the pipe. It should not stop short at Cat 10 which is very arbitrary. It should go up to Cat 94 at least and have special Cats for guys like J. Mycock who can turn style so fast that they sometimes have to stand the shock of seeing up their own assholes, briefly. He would rate Cat 304. V & T would rate a Cat of her own type which would be obligatry for females with bazooms over 45 inch to wear hogbacks as they are impeded from seeing there front mounted reserves. And there should be a special one for couples who have knocked it off in freefall more than once. It could be Cat 69.

I hope you follow my drift and git your convention off to a good start with these suggestions.

Big Jake.

To say that this letter set the tone of the meeting would be utterly wrong as in fact a very great deal of useful discussion took place; this resulted in a number of changes to the regulations. There was a fair amount of divided thinking on the category at which a student may be allowed to jump a 'TU', but the final ruling was that a 'TU' may only be jumped by category V students and above (to be effective from the 1st June 1975). Two matters that were deferred to the first STC meeting of the New Year were the Bag Deployment System and the future of the General Permit. After about four and a half hours of discussion the meeting finally ended at about 3.30 p.m.; the principal result of it all being that we should have our new and updated Safety Regulations in use by mid 1975. Doughie Peacock then proposed a well earned vote of thanks to Jim for all the hard work he has done on our behalf — much applause! !

Half a hour later the AGM itself finally got under way with our Chairman, Lawrie St. John, going through his annual report with the 260 odd members present. This report was published in the last edition of the magazine but Lawrie enlarged on one or two items. The Membership has now risen to 5742 and is likely to reach over 6000 by the end of the BPA year — an increase on 1973/4. The raffle raised some £1500 for the British Team fund, and thanks must go to John Partington Smith, George Shone, Lofty Thomas and Spodemoor Aviation for kindly donating prizes. (A separate raffle run for all those present at the AGM raised a further £40.) The move to Leicester of the BPA Office was then announced and Lawrie said that this should be complete by the end of January — the new premises giving our Secretary-General and his Staff some 1180 square feet, a welcome increase to the cramped conditions at Artillery Mansions where the rent was to have been increased threefold in the near future. Lawrie then asked Tom Dickson to give his report on the Scottish Sport Parachute Association. Tom's eloquent address, albeit in a funny language, showed that that there is plenty of sport parachuting activity North of the border, and the many Scottish members who had travelled all the way to Nottingham was indicative of this.

Mike Batchelor's Treasurer's report was straightforward but, as his annual event, Mike O'Brien raised a couple of questions which were answered to his apparent satisfaction! It was then announced that, whilst everything else in the country was subject to gross inflation, the annual subscription to the BPA was to remain unchanged for 1975 — a welcome piece of news to all!

Peter Prior then addressed the meeting on his proposal that the number of Council Members should be raised from 14 to 18 — after some discussion this was carried unanimously, (or as near as makes no odds!)

On the strength of this it was then Bill's turn to announce the results of the voting for the new Council. These were as follows:

Shea-Simonds	521	Prior	303
Meacock	502	Petherbridge	284
Waterman	488	Card	277
Crocker	442	Shone	247
St. John	419	O'Brien, M	229
Batchelor	395	Morgan, T.	244
Acraman	367	Hogg	240
Thomas	348	Lewington	232
Mapplebeck	343	Elliot	224

Out of 632 voting papers received.

These 18 make up the 1975 BPA Council who gathered after the AGM to elect their officers. Lawrie St. John was once again voted Chairman with Peter Prior as Vice Chairman and Mike Batchelor as Treasurer. Charles Shea-Simonds was elected delegate for the FAI Meeting to be held in February.

Thus ended the 1975 AGM apart from Dave Waterman's film and slide show, the *free* buffet and the consumption of considerable quantities of alcohol. It was good to see so many members present and, from a purely personal point of view, it was a thoroughly enjoyable and worthwhile get together — See you all again next year!

G.C.P. S-S.

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# BIG JAKE PARA SKI CHAMPION...

Big Jake whose lust for novelty can exceed his lust for women, except when the two may be combined, takes it into his head that the big thing this winter is to be para ski champion. The fact that snow is as infrequent on or near our dee-zed as maiden ladies is of no account to B.J. who is prepared to travel to Scotland or even Switzerland to fulfil his burning need. The other fact that B.J. scarcely can tell one end of a ski from the other is not held to be relevant as a guy with B.J.'s lightning reactions and semi-permanent state of inebriation expects to master anything from water dousing to bongo drumming in a trice.

The plan is that B.J., Harry the Slime, Quaffer Jim and Eric Bolsover will compete in the Para Ski Winter Sports Meet with Voice and Tits and yours truly providing the ground party and the skis. The competition involves an accuracy landing on a four-thousand-foot mountain plateau followed by a ski race down into the valley. Quaffer Jim's request to use a sledge is turned down out of hand despite his assertion that skis which can bear his enormous weight without snapping in the middle have not yet been invented. The organisers are a brusque lot who tell Jim to compete on their terms or ---- off and cease to bother them. They even suggest that for all they care he can curl up into a ball and roll down into the valley if the skis don't work, but no sledge. The sight of twenty-five stones of Jim coming down the slopes at full bore, in a great flailing ball, off course and out of control will be enough to unnerve even the most resolute judges as B.J. is quick to perceive, so he gets Quaffer to start practising. The practice involves Quaffer landing on a hilltop near the dee-zed, capewelling during his landing roll and bowling down the hill in the approved manner. All goes well except for a cow that gets in the way and finishes up in Quaffer's deep freeze, horns and all.

Harry the Slime is not the world's foremost skier either. With his natural bent for cheating Harry is busy figuring out how he can beat the system so as to stop his skis flying apart as they are wont to do and threatening to split him up the middle. He settles on having two little brackets across the ski tops fore and aft so that they are fixed together and behave as one ski, which will be fine provided he is pointing in the right direction when he takes off downhill.

Eric Bolsover, who has to put up with much banter over his name (who ever heard of a skydiver called Eric?) is the only proficient skier in the group. He is also the least proficient parachutist being even less stable than yours truly, no matter how much he kicks. Eric spends several hours coaching B.J. on a mud slope with improvised skis made out of planks, on to which B.J.'s paraboos are fitted with bungees. They emerge from this session encrusted in mud like troglodytes, which they think is funny until it hardens like cement leaving them rigid and has to be chipped off with chisels, which V & T thinks is decidedly unfunny having seen what a slip of the chisel has done to some of those Greek statues.

By the time the competition date arrives the team has had enough practice of both activities to realise that they better not drop many points on the parachuting. A litter of broken and twisted skis testifies to their inept but heroic persistence to become downhill racers. Eric Bolsover hits upon the notion of taking B.J. down piggyback. There is nothing in the rules to stop this feat and practice reveals its feasibility. B.J. fancies himself as a cross between the Old Man of the Sea and Easy Rider, whooping and yelling and spurring Eric on to greater efforts with the heels of his paraboos, until a particularly vigorous boot causes Eric's

skis to cross and B.J. to do a forward loop off his shoulders, giving rise to a later claim by B.J. that he *tracked* clear of Eric during the incident.

Old Grizz the pilot is flying the meet with his three-motor biplane. It is doubtful whether it can get to 6000 feet empty, much less hauling three teams of four so no more than a hop and pop can be built into the competition with confidence. The plane leaks oil so badly that recently when another aircraft had to belly land in the oggin, Old Grizz was called into lay an oil slick to subdue the waves and achieved this simply by doing a low pass over the area at full revs.

B.J.'s team are the only Brits. at the meet. The rest have the deeply tanned look of guys who spend their lives on the ski slopes stripped to their jock straps and probably have a couple of thousand jumps apiece to boast of, not to mention a fair amount of parachuting experience as well.

B.J. has been able to tap the E.E.C. Sports and Games fund for sponsorship to the meet. V & T's lowest cut dress and quivering knockers were enlisted to bedazzle and unhinge the mind of the presiding official who shelled out five hundred smackers on the spot under the impression due to language difficulties that he was purchasing V & T's personal attentions for a week. With this loot the skis, ski boots and sticks are purchased plus a nifty ski suit tailored to the exact dimensions of V & T's exuberant protuberances.

The airport for the meet is down in the valley. We deposit the team there then take the cable car up to the plateau which is the dee-zed. We lay the skis out in pairs, boots already fitted and ski sticks planted in the snow on either side.

Down at the airport a wrangle ensues over our team's position in the aircraft. According to the draw Big Jake's team should be first out, but Old Grizz flatly refuses to take off with Quaffer Jim down in the tail. At this altitude in attenuated air Grizz wants all the factors working for him to prevent an ignominious mush off the edge of the airfield and into the river. Quaffer can neither ride in the tail on take off, nor can he move down the fuselage on the climb because the cee of gee will shift in a manner so radical as to cause the whole contraption to backloop and cream in; so states pilot Grizz. The other teams after some argument bow to the inevitable and agree that B.J.'s team goes last. First out are the Norwegians, second the Swiss. Follow that in a para ski meet!

The only advantage B.J. has is his previous experience of Old Grizz and his plane. The other two teams are already unnerved by the spluttering, backfiring take-off with the wheels brushing the surface of the river. They have no conception of the gee that Grizz will pull in his turns on to finals. When the first guys' gloves get tugged off and their goggles get pulled down and whap back against their chins their demoralisation is complete. Both teams zap badly on the accuracy and have to trudge a long way through the snow back to where their skis are waiting. With their edge taken off they lose points on the skiing and are glad to get stuck into the schnapps at the finishing line.

Then it is the turn of Big Jake's team. There are gasps of surprise at the size of Quaffer Jim's main chute which is adapted from a cargo chute, not that it slows him down much below 24 f.p.s. The organisers are openly scornful of the British team and bandy about broken English comments interspersed with a few foreign swearwords designed to reach our ears as we await our team's arrival:



"Beega Jake, oo the gruntfuttock ee theenka ee ees? Oura boys beat ees British ass into the snow an afterwards we show the voluptuous Voicen Teets wot oura boys ees made of."

Quaffer Jim is low man in the stack. He runs in downwind on finals, hits the disc on the button and capewells instantaneously, converting his momentum into a rolling motion and bowls off downhill in an increasing flurry of snow. The crowd find it hard to believe it has happened and multilingual equivalents of "What the ---- was that?" float up into the frosty air. Harry the Slime's dead centre and subsequent careful alignment of his coupled-up skis go unnoticed as the crowd, all eyes and stunned, watches in disbelief as B.J. and Eric Bolsover also hit the disc in quick succession, then B.J. climbs on Eric's back, yells "Gee up" and they are off down into the valley closely followed by Harry the Slime.

Down at the finishing line all eyes are directed uphill at the accumulating ball of snow coursing down the mountainside. Its size and velocity rouse folk memories of avalanches and disasters in the breasts of crowd and judges alike. The crowd takes off in one direction, the judges in another and Quaffer Jim hurtles over the finishing line picking up several bystanders into his snowball. He rolls up the ski jump until he reaches the stall then revolves down again and across the finishing line the other way, once more scattering the judges who have just begun to reform. Into this melee arrive Eric Bolsover and Big Jake. From a distance it looks like one gigantic figure on skis and sends a fresh wave of panic through the

crowd — first an avalanche then a yeti bent on their destruction.

Narrowly missing Quaffer Jim's snowball which is trundling back over the line for the third time, Eric and B.J. flash through in record time and skid to a halt just in time to see Harry the Slime all a-goggle in the instant before his fixed skis transport him at great speed into the middle of Quaffer's snowball, wherein he leaves a pretty, basic stable silhouette.

No doubt about it, the British are the winners. Quaffer and Harry are dug out from the snowball. Big Jake is persuaded with difficulty to dismount from Eric Bolsover's shoulders as he is enjoying the superior view it gives him down the cleavages of the mountain girls who are clustering round waving autograph books and invitations to igloo parties.

By the time V & T and I descend the slope the trophy has already been presented and B.J. is on to its second refill with schnapps. It all becomes hazy after that. Even Old Grizz who is a glycol drinker finds the local hooch to his taste and the flight home next day is something best left undescribed.

"Beega Jake ainta so daft," it is agreed among the locals and while next year's event is mentioned nobody seems too keen to get us as a forward booking, although the memory of Voice & Tits nubile splendour may in a twelve-month erase the other memories sufficiently for an encore to be requested. Time will tell.

LOWE PULLER

## I LEARNT ABOUT PARACHUTING FROM THAT

One fine but slightly windy afternoon last Autumn, I took off (in the car) for Swallowcliffe DZ with two friends who I had been trying to persuade to take up the gentle sport of parachuting.

On arrival at the DZ we were welcomed by the usual obscene remarks of my instructor Mike Ashford D.1083. After checking the windspeed with the club anemometer he decided it was just jumpable for T.U.'s and of course quite suitable for the famous P.C.'s.

So straight away I donned old trusty X type T.U. and clambered aboard the equally old and trusty 180.

Throttle wide with pitch fine and flaps 10 deg. said old jumpship rumbles its way down the not so smooth cow field DZ, to slowly climb to the dizzy height of 4,200 ft.

The run-in starts with the usual bottle trouble starting. 5 left, 5 left, 5 right, 5 right, 5 left, 5 left (thinks — what a spotter this Ashford fellow is) and then comes the bottle breaking word "CUT". Out clammers the intrepid 12½ stone lump complete with clanking bottles onto the step, takes up the usual pregnant spread position and casts off.

Once in free fall for about 5 seconds bottles cease to clank and the free fall is really enjoyed. For once a steady heading is achieved instead of the customary spin which usually starts after about 7 seconds.

After a time I look at my much criticised "Mickey Mouse" Japanese altimeter which indicates 2,800 ft., so I leave it for a few seconds, look again see 2,400 ft. and pull the magic handle. This magic handle pulling results in a very satisfying teeth rattling jolt, I look up, do a canopy check and then turn to face the wind to see what the drift is like. I then find I am going backwards at what appears to be a high rate of knots so I decide to "hold" for a bit, before driving towards the cross.

It soon dawns on me that if I carry on holding I am not going to reach the DZ, let alone the cross. So I do quick

180 and go like hell with the wind. I then realise that with the present rate of descent and ground speed that I will make the DZ but not the cross where I was hoping to do a bit of posing for my two friends' benefit.

Travelling at approximately 20 m.p.h. I decide that this could give me quite a headache and could bring water to the eyes if I don't turn to face the wind soon. At the stupidly low altitude of 50 odd feet I yank hard down on one toggle to about beer-gut level, the canopy oscillates, I swing out and only get about 90° instead of the intended 180° before I hit the deck with one hell of a bang.

This bang is accompanied by a horrible crunching sound as right shoulder is dislocated, a cracking sound as the right collar-bone breaks and a loud "oomph" from said parachutist as I24 and crutch buckles imbed themselves into aforementioned beer-gut.

Not being content with the damage old not so trusty T.U. had done, the damn thing starts to drag me across the field on my already much damaged right arm, which definitely made the eyes water even more. I then think, capewell the L.H. Risers and deflate the canopy. Off comes the L.H. capewell cover but the bloody tits won't squeeze in properly (2 shot capewell contraptions). So there I am shouting and howling help until thankfully big John comes and deflates the canopy.

About 30 minutes later the intrepid accuracy expert is carted off in the Salisbury blood wagon amid hoots of laughter from the sadistic audience and the words of "I told you about hooking in low" from chief sadist D.1083.

May this unnecessary accident be a warning to other students who practice the very dodgy manoeuvre of "hooking in low" to land on target.

I learnt the hard way about parachuting from that.

MIKE RUTTY, BPA.15347



# TRIBUTE TO THE RAPIDE

To some readers a tribute to an aeroplane in the pages of a parachuting magazine may seem a little out of place, but no aeroplane has given such service to our sport and in doing so created such affection. Between 1934 and 1946 some 727 de Havilland Rapides were produced. In 1958 there were 75 on the British Register, but now there are only half a dozen still airworthy. Had it not been for its involvement with our sport it is very likely that the Rapide's active life would have been shorter still; what executive wants to fly around in a fabric covered aeroplane with a speed of a Cessna 172, powered by outdated engines that are almost impossible to replace? About 20 different Rapides have been regularly used for sport parachuting apart from two Dragons (the Rapide's predecessor). Why the Rapide's suitability for parachuting? Can you find an alternative that can lift 9 jumpers to 12,000 feet for a fuel consumption of about 20 gallons per hour—especially when the capital outlay involved in the early 60's would be about £2,000 for a respectable example? She had an easy exit for students. As a relative work platform four jumpers hanging on outside the door for a fast exit is not an uncommon sight! Yet it was a role that the designers had probably never even considered!

The first Rapide that appears to have been used regularly for parachuting was G-AJHP, which belonged to G.Q. Parachute Company. In 1954 she was loaned by Sir Raymond Quilter for the training of the British Parachute Team led by Dumbo Willans. This must have been the only Rapide ever equipped with Decca, and a number of drops were carried out blind, with spotting done by the pilot using this navigational system! The aircraft went out to St. Yan, France and was used during the 2nd World Parachuting Championships, where Great Britain finished 5th out of six nations competing.

The DH Dragon was a smaller aircraft and powered by two Gipsy Majors rated at 130 h.p. Her all up weight was 4,200 lb compared to the Rapide's 5,500 lb, the latter being dragged along by two 204h.p. Gipsy Queen III engines. One survivor of the breed remains in the country — G-ACIT (built in 1933). This historic aircraft was originally purchased by Captain E. Fresson for Highland Air Services, (later Scottish Airways), and was used in the early 30's for much of the pioneering flying involved in his opening of routes in Scotland, the Orkneys and the Shetlands. She was used frequently for parachuting and



**Dragon G-ACIT (Note square wing tips).**

is now kept in flying condition at Southend. Built a year later was G-ADDI, another Dragon and operated in the 60's for pleasure flying and parachuting by Chrisair, a splendid operation, consisting of Chris Roberts and his glamorous wife Clair, who is also a first class pilot. Chris Roberts working all one Friday night at Sywell in 1966 removing a Gipsy Major from an Auster and installing it in

the Dragon so we could use it for a display at the Derby Show the following day is well remembered! G-ADDI was sold in an airworthy condition to the U.S.A. only a couple of years ago.



**Sean Friel exits G-AEML 1966. photo— Dave Waterman**

The oldest Rapide regularly used for parachuting was G-AEML built at Hatfield in 1936. Based at Coventry, Panshangar and Denham, she was used frequently for displays and it is at Coventry that she now rests, in a part re-built state. It is hoped that she will stretch her wings again in 1975.

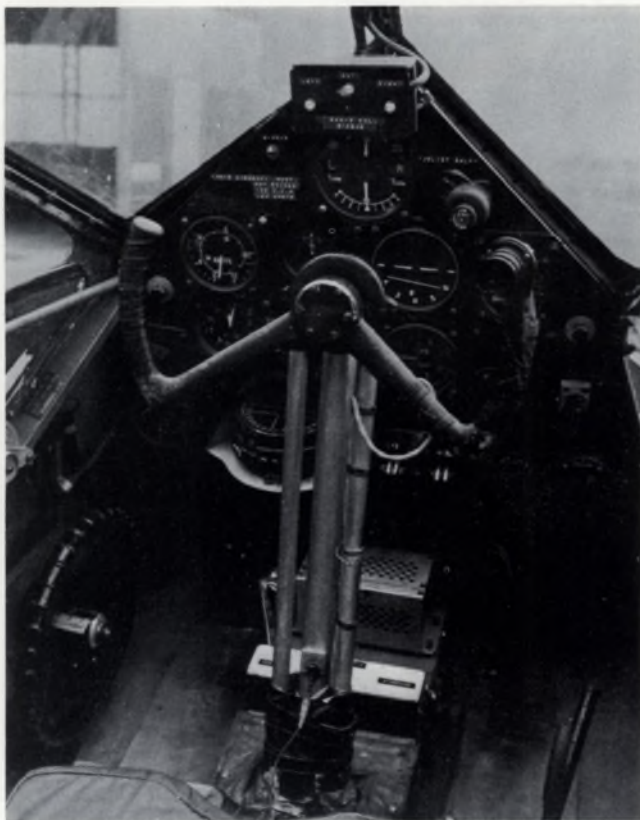
G-AGJG is a typical example of a Rapide built as a Dominie by the Brush Coachworks Company in Loughborough in early 1941. She served as X 7344 until 1943 when she obtained a C of A with Scottish Airways. After working subsequently for B.E.A., Adie Aviation, Mediterranean Air Services, Island Air Services and Swansea Airways Ltd, she finally came to Thrupton in 1962 having been bought by Gerry Dommett. From then on she has been almost constantly used as a parachute platform. She ended her days at Halfpenny Green in November, 1974 when the C of A expired, and the current owners, Aerial Enterprises Ltd, decided a further C of A too expensive. Still airworthy at time of writing her future looks grim; thirty year old wood and fabric aircraft left out in the open



**G-AGJG at Thrupton 1963 — The nervous looking guy in the white jump suit is John Meacock before his first descent!**



don't last long. Yet here is an aeroplane that at the 1974 British RW Nationals was outclimbing the Red Devil's Islander to 8,500 feet, both aircraft with eight jumpers aboard! The following story may illustrate why Rapide's provoke such affection. "It was the last lift of the day. I had just refuelled 'JG' with probably more fuel than usual as we were planning an early start the following morning.



**The cockpit of G-AGJG**

photo— CS-S.

On running up the engines, I got 2100 rpm on the port engine, but only about 1950 on the starboard. I put this down to a frantically popping exhaust gasket and started the take off. A quick check of the elevator trim. OK. The tail rose sluggishly and the airspeed with it. I passed the point of no return. The trees at the end of two-eight were getting closer— alarmingly! I eased back on the yoke and frantically hauled her into the air. We skimmed over the trees. I stole a glance over my shoulder: *ten* blissfully unaware jumpers! Subsequent investigation revealed a cracked cylinder head!"

G-AGSH, after service with B.E.A. and a years sojourn in Ireland as EI-AJO, became, in 1965, RAFSPA's jump ship at Weston-on-the-Green. She replaced G-ASFG, an ex-Royal Navy Dominie whose hull is now used for ground training at Weston. 'SH' has always been immaculately maintained by the RAF at Abingdon and is currently up for sale after 9 years of continuous sport parachute flying, usually with the skilful hands of Gerry Challong at the helm.

G-AGTM flew in the Middle East as OD-ABP and JY-ACL from 1945 to 1964 when she was purchased by the Parachute Regiment to become the first Red Devil's aircraft. She was painted in Rothman's colours and named "Valkyrie", after the Parachute Regiment march "The Ride of the Valkyries". In 1966 she flew to Pau, France, for team training, piloted by Barry Tempest (masquerading at Lt.



**Red Devils exit G-AGTM on a display in 1964.**

photo — courtesy 'Daily Mail'



**Exit from G-AGTM — Reading Army Show 1966, photographed from G-AEML by G.C.P. S-S.**



Tempest, Army Air Corps in order to gain access to the Officers' Mess!). Barry recalls the return journey. "It was a beautiful day and Sherdy Vatnsdal had asked if he could have a 'cabby'. After a short lesson on effects of controls, I trimmed 'TM' carefully and we swapped places. Sherdy was managing very well so I wandered back down the fuselage and sat in the only vacant seat at the back beside Ernie Rowberry, who was engrossed in a mucky book. Ernie hated flying at the best of times. I tapped him on the shoulder: "Let's have a look at your book Ernie." He glanced up. The look on his face when he saw the pilot sitting in the back with him was an absolute picture!"

Later that year she was severely damaged at Netheravon. Brian David tells the tale. "Graeme Cathro and I had dispatched a load of students and we elected to land with the aircraft. It may have been that the pilot tried to 3 point it on, but whatever the cause, one wing dropped just before touchdown. She then rolled onto the other wing tip and the situation was becoming very alarming. Graeme and I made a panic-stricken exit — she was still careering across the grass! Just before she ran into the fuel bowser the pilot yelled: "Get out you two!" — we hadn't been with him for the previous 400 yards!"

As a result of this mishap, she was sold to the APA, who gradually rebuilt her. She is still flying for parachuting at Netheravon and is in fine condition.

G-AJSL was purchased by the Parachute Regiment in 1966 as TM's replacement, and named Pegasus. After two years of display work she was sold to Bill Downes and Dave Moore's organisation, Trent Valley Aviation. She became a frequent visitor to Sunderland for use by the Northern Parachute Centre and it was here that she met her tragic end. A pilot was being checked out in her and was taxiing round to the holding point. There had been

recent snow, and in an effort to stop short of a snow bank, our novice Rapide pilot grabbed at the hand brake. In an unladen Rapide this a fatal move, and SL gave a flawless performance of the species' only vice — she tipped forward onto her nose. Both props were bent back and the nose severely damaged. It's in this state that she still stands in the hangar at Sunderland.



**Captain Curly at the helm of G-AKIF.**

G-AKIF was the third Parachute Regiment Rapide, and served the team from 1968 to 1971 when she was replaced by an Islander. In 1959 she had made her parachuting debut when used at Sandown for the National Championships, in company with another Rapide G-ALBA. In 1968 India Fox also journeyed to Pau for team training, this time flown by Captain 'Curly Wee' Watts. It was here using



**Static line exit from G-AJSL over Sunderland 1968.**





**Red Devils Tony Jones and Graeme Cathro exit G-AKIF over Newcastle 1970.**

*photo — Dave Waterman*

IF that John Noakes, of BBC TV's Blue Peter, was first filmed in free fall. In 1971 she was sold to Norway as LN-BEZ. This near Arctic flying was too much for her and she returned home in 1973. She is now owned by Adrian Swire and kept in beautiful condition at Booker.

G-AJHO was the Army Parachute Association's first Rapide, and was purchased in 1963 from Brooklands Aviation at Sywell with financial backing from Rothmans. The story of her purchase and first year's operation was recalled in an hilarious article, 'The Khaki Airline', written by John Weeks, which appeared in Sport Parachutist Vol. 1 No. 1. "... But Paddy had been our No. 1 pilot from the start. He was ex-Army Air Corps, and was now earning his daily bread as second Dickie on a Vanguard. I reckoned that any man who could fly both

an Auster and a Vanguard could cope with a Rapide. . . As we turned in for Blackbushe, Paddy reminded us that he's only landed a Rapide three times before, and never with a load. There was also a cross-wind. He said he was frightened. I said that made nine of us and would he please get it over quickly. We put on our helmets. . ." That first year she operated at £7 per hour, and finished the year having made a profit! In 1967 she was converted to Queen II engines (with constant speed propellers) — this gave her a slightly greater payload and better rate of climb. At the time it was also thought that Queen II engines (as used in the Percival Proctor) were more readily available — this proved not to be the case. The following year she was converted back to Queen III engines and now seven years later she is still flying at Netheravon for parachuting.



**G-AKNN, G-ASFC and G-AJHO at Netheravon 1966.**

*photo — Dave Waterman*





**A beautiful shot of G-AJHO, G-ASRJ and G-AGTM over Netheravon 1964.**

G-ASRJ was the last Rapide to be placed on the Civil Register when she was purchased in 1964 with Rothmans help for use in Germany at the Rhine Army Parachute Centre at Bad Lippspringe. She was hangared at Detmold with the Army Air Corps and flew back there after each days jumping. Occasionally the more experienced jumpers went with her — she simply climbed overhead Detmold and out everyone went, picking their own DZ's where they could find them. Peter Sherman recalls one particular evening: "We'd had a rather cocky Canadian officer jumping with us all day. He asked if he could come along on the evening jump-in to Detmold. We took off from Bad Lippspringe and climbed overhead Detmold. "Where's the DZ?" he said. "The croquet lawn in front of the Officer's Mess", said Mick Turner, pointing it out. "Cut!" And away we went, all happily going for our own selected pieces of open ground. The gullible Canadian Officer, however, worked like a thing possessed to hit the croquet lawn. . . He only just missed, and went clean through the (closed) French windows into the Ante Room! Soon afterwards the authorities put a stop to it all — very sad!" 'Rhinegold', or 'Ringo' as she was more usually called, finally ended her days at Lippspringe when exposure to the elements caused a deterioration that was too expensive to rectify.

The other Army Rapide is G-AIDL (one time mount of Fox's Glacier Mints). One hilarious incident with DL concerned Robert Acraman. The load were sitting patiently in the aircraft waiting for jumpmaster Robert. Next minute he's by the door struggling to get a bicycle on board — he



**G-AIDL at Sibson 1971.**

had been secretly planning to ride it off the wing and see how long he could remain with it in free fall. Unfortunately the tears of mirth from the onlookers attracted the pilot's attention who forbade the attempt! DL is still at Netheravon, though currently up for sale.

G-AKNN, 'the Brown Bomber', was first used for parachuting when she belonged to Bill Tomkins. Barry Tempest was a regular pilot of NN between 66-67, flying





**Kid's Christmas nightmare — a multitude of Santas board G-AKNN at Thruxton 1967.** *photo Dave Waterman*

her for parachuting at Podington, and for a variety of roles at Barnstormer flying displays. In 1967 she was bought by Bernie Green, for use by the British Skydiving Centre at Thruxton. The following year she went to Dunkeswell and was used for jumping both there and at Compton Abbas until she went for a C of A at Castle Donington in late 1969. This was going to prove too expensive, so she was broken for spares.

G-AHAG was a late comer to the role of parachuting when she was purchased by Monty de Cartier for use at Compton Abbas. She was in use at Halfpenny Green on 15th July, 1972 when she was being used for a big star RW attempt from 10,500 feet in formation with the Thurston Aviation Islander. At exit time the Rapide slid under the Islander. Mike Taylor, having exited the Islander, hit the rear of the fuselage of AG and broke his femur. Mike



**Barry Tempest showing off the elegant lines of the 'Brown Bomber'.**

Bolton crashed through her roof, smashed both his wrists and remained in AG until after she'd landed safely. A unique accident which again showed the ruggedness of the aircraft. AG then went to Lympne for use by Alex Black's Club. She is now being rebuilt in a garage in Blandford, Dorset, using many spares provided by the breaking of NN.

G-AHJA was first used for parachuting when operated by Charles Boddington and Barry Tempest in the mid sixties. Later she was based at Castle Donington with Trent Valley Aviation. She was written off when a



**G-AGTM and G-AKRS at Sibson 1971.**



commercial pilot on a check ride tipped her on her nose after a poor landing during which he braked too coarsely — he failed the check! She was sold to RAFSPA for spares for SH.

Another Trent Valley Aviation Rapide was G-AKRS which was subsequently based at Shipdham. When John Meacock started the Peterborough Parachute Centre, she was a frequent visitor to Sibson. She is now in the Arrow Air Services hangar at Shipdham, where once again shortage of funds prevents her being made airworthy again.

G-AJGS was used after the war by Allied Airways in Scotland. From 1950 to 1966 she remained in store at Aberdeen. When she was re-discovered by Booker Rapide enthusiasts in 1966, she had only 47 hours flying since new. She was then re-assembled by Doug Bianchi. From 1968 to 1970 she was operated by Aerial Enterprises, and used principally for parachute displays. One such display was in Northern Ireland at an Army Show at Enniskellen.

"Bill Downes was flying and we put into Newtownards to re-fuel. GS was probably overladen; apart from the team, we also had the DZ party plus all our overnight bags. We then flew to St. Angelo, a small disused airfield which was also the show site. Bill made an approach, but the runway was very short. "She's too heavy — I don't reckon I can get her in with this load." "No problem Bill, give us one run at 3,000 feet!" Thus we lightened the load, and Bill landed GS safely!" In 1970 GS was bought by an American, Fred Ludington, and Bill Downes flew her on an epic flight to Florida via Glasgow, Iceland, Greenland, Goose Bay and the Eastern US. This magnificent flight was reported fully in "Flight International" soon afterwards.

Two more parachuting Rapides are now preserved in museums. G-ALAX spent 1960-1967 in Scotland, owned and operated by a dour Scot by the name of Keith Tulloch. She was often used by the Scottish Parachute Club, and was a regular attender at the Scottish Championships. In 1966 she made her film debut when she went to Spain and was used for the parachuting sequences in one of Racquel Welch's early pictures "Fathom". She is now at Biggleswade as part of the Durney Aeronautical Collection. G-AIUL had her initiation to parachute dropping whilst in the service of John Collins at Thruxton. John normally used UL for ferrying flowers from the Channel Islands from 1964 to 1967. "John was the pilot on a memorable flight when we were doing some work for a film company. The weather was no good for jumping, with a 8/8 cloud cover at about 1200 feet. After consultation with Boscombe Down, we learnt that the tops were about 2500 feet with clear blue skies above. At the film company's request, we took off to climb into the bright sunlight, and shoot some footage of the two of us moving around inside the aircraft and climbing out onto the wing with our rigs on. After the usual messing about by the film crew, which went on for over an hour, Boscombe advised us to let down as the weather was deteriorating. During the descent, we lost contact with Boscombe radar. On emerging from the cloud at about 300 feet it was obvious that John didn't know where we were. With everyone in the back offering unwanted advice, it was one of the film crew who — correctly — recognised Guildford Cathedral! Having followed the railway line down past Basingstoke and Andover, we finally landed in a torrential downpour at Thruxton with both tanks reading empty. The bar ran out of brandy!" UL then had three years with Aerial Enterprises and in 1970 she went to Southend where she now resides in the Aircraft Museum.

In 1971 Viv Bellamy, who has had long association with Rapides, purchased G-AIYR from Hunting Surveys. YR is based at Land's End, St. Just, where she is used principally for pleasure flying. She has, however, recently been used at St. Just for sport parachuting, and it may be that in the

future she'll provide civilians with their last opportunity to jump from a Rapide.

Every good story has an element of mystery and in this case it's provided by G-AHJS — an obscure photograph shows her being used for jumping, but it seems to be an isolated occasion. Her last registered owners were the Three Counties Aero Club at Blackbushe, but her ultimate fate is unknown.

Apart from the twenty odd Rapides recorded here, a number were also used for parachuting in France. They have certainly been operated at Chalon, Bergerac, Lille and Biscarosse, although they were normally, but incorrectly, called Dragons. F-BHCD is such an example, used at Chalon.



**Claude Bernard, Chief Instructor at Chalon, exits Rapide F-BHCD circa 1965.**

It would be impossible to try and calculate the number of hours that Rapides have flown for parachuting, or the number of descents made from them. Everyone has his own very personal memories of the aeroplane, whether he be jumper or pilot, and no doubt this article will bring to mind a host of different incidents. My own parachuting highlight with a Rapide was a jump from G-AGSH at Weston-on-the-Green, and closing 5th on an 8-man; I wonder how many jumpers qualify for a Rapide SCR? My flying experience in the Rapide is a meagre twenty hours, but all of it utterly memorable. She is such a forgiving aeroplane, which for me is just as well! The flap limiting speed always provides amusement — 78 knots — try lowering the flaps at 79, it is a physical impossibility!

The following legend about the Rapides seems particularly in character. The story goes that when the prototype was built, a fitter was bolting the triplex windscreens to the tubular cockpit frame. Having used a fair quantity of steel BA nuts and bolts, he found at the end he was one short. The stores had run out of steel BA nuts and bolts, so one brass set was fitted instead. The draughtsmen then descended on the aeroplane to finish off the production drawings. Result every Rapide has one brass BA nut and bolt in the windscreen!

I hope that this article will explain to those unfamiliar with the Rapide, why such nostalgia is worth recording. It is but a small tribute to an aeroplane that has provided a great deal of enjoyment to a great many pilots and parachutists alike. The memories are a sufficient salute.

G.C.P. S-S.



# Z'HILLS — 1974

As if in celebration of that quaint colonial holiday of Thanksgiving, another monster of a parachute meet has come to pass. A new record of fifty-two (count 'em, 52) teams gathered at the Z'hills Parachute Center, Zephyrhills, Florida. To relax, party, meet new friends, greet old ones, tell lies and jump stories and on occasion fling their collective bodies from a melange of twin-engined aeroplanes. 'Twas a glorious event. 'Twould have been gloriously had only the weather co-operated a bit more.

As in the past, teams and parts of teams, as well as those unaffiliated with any team, began straggling in the weekend before the meet. Many arrived after twenty to thirty hours of hard driving, posing as escapees from the harsh environs of the frozen northlands. Stepping into seventy degree weather after slogging through feet of that strange stuff known as "snow", warmed the very cockles of their hearts, and smiles and good vibes abounded. And, indeed, there was a certain air of plain enjoyment at just being there. They had all come for that annual gathering of relative work enthusiasts that has become something of a legend. . . the Z'hills Turkey Meet (in deference to that great bird that is traditionally eaten at Thanksgiving time). . . and to just have fun. Which is what skydiving is really all about.

Largely lacking were the hushed questions and raised eyebrows regarding the times being turned by the better known teams. In fact, an attitude of hard core competition was, for the most part, absent. Which would be reflected in the times turned during the meet.

Due to the Jacques Istel, and other problems of the recent past, we were uncertain as to how the meet would be attended, or how the townsfolk would respond to such an overwhelming influx of parachutists. We needn't have worried. Si Fraser, new operator of the center, and my wife Jan, chief manifestress, met with the fire and police chiefs for the first time in the history of the center. This sort of co-operative effort was much appreciated, and as a result many of the city officials were drawn into our corner, and numerous small problems that had plagued both sides in the past were easily resolved.

Although the city still refused to rescind its ordinance prohibiting camping on the airport, twenty acres of wooded land was leased just off the airport for those who wished to pitch tents or park mobile road homes. They were a five minutes' walk from the drop zone.

Those teams that landed out during practice or the meet were, if not picked up by one of five trucks we had running, collected by enthusiastic townsfolk or a sheriff's patrol car and transported back. Even the fire department volunteered to have a fire truck and full crew standing-by on the airport for the duration of the meet. The fresh involvement of such a large portion of the City of Zephyrhills was most encouraging.

Thanksgiving day, the twenty-eighth of November, started the meet with a new event at Z'hills. . . 20-man star competition. Much to our surprise, a full thirteen teams registered for the event. In the course of two rounds three 20-mans were actually made. First place went to the BACK TO BACK OZONE FLIERS, wit a 16-man and a 20-man. Their 20-man qualified fourteen of them for their XX patches.

The first day of the 10-man competition exploded at 7.30 a.m. as eight engines belonging to three Douglas Dakotas and one Lockheed Loadstar shattered the crisp morning stillness and began carrying team after team

down the macadam runways and into the air. It was the absolute model of an efficiently run meet. Everyone knew that with over fifty teams involved it was going to take uncommon co-operation to run the meet. . . which was exactly what each team, aircrew, judge and ground support member gave. The teams would be waiting as the empty aircraft would arrive to swallow another thirty jumpers. A quick few minutes to get everyone on board, a short taxi to position with the last team on practicing one more exit line-up and then down the runway en route to ten-five. Constant communication between the judges and the manifest, between the manifest and the aircraft, between the aircraft and judges, checking and double checking to make sure that was zero-foxtrot-alpha just turning on jumprun with teams thirteen fourteen and fifteen, and, uh, Zephyrhills Ground Control, this is whiskey-tango; roger whiskey-tango, Zephyrhills Ground, go ahead; uh, Zephyrhills Ground, I've got fuel for one more load after this one; roger whiskey-tango; uh, two-niner-hotel, this is Zephyrhills Ground, what is your altitude; Zephyrhills Ground, this is two-niner hotel, we're just passing through eight-Thousand feet; seven-five-six, this is Zephyrhills Ground; Zephyrhills Ground, seven-five-six, go ahead; roger, seven-five-six, this is Zephyrhills Ground, please orbit southeast of the drop zone, zero-foxtrot-alpha will be dropping his last load in about two minutes; roger, Zephyrhills Ground, this is seven-five-six, standing by southeast of the drop zone. And so on and on. Judges holding hurried conferences between exits, collating scores, using bottles of eyedrops to soothe that burned-out feeling after watching and timing team after team. Team captains coming to the manifest with, could you tell us when we'll be going up; don't worry, we'll call you in plenty of time; would you please page team number fifteen, the GODFROGS, and ask them to meet in their area; say, what team is up now; do you know what kind of time the HUMBOLDT HUMMERS got on their last jump? And so on and on and on.

It ran the way a good star goes together: smoothly. By the end of the day, 130 team jumps had been made. . . over two-and-a-half rounds completed. In the midst of what, to a whuffo, must have looked like mass confusion, thirteen-hundred jumps were made in the space of less than nine-and-a-half hours, with over eighteen hours of individual freefall time logged. Incredibly enough, there was a 10-man team unloading at 10,500 feet every 4.3 minutes. It was simply mind boggling.

While the efficiency of the meet was impressive, the times being turned by the better teams were not. At the end of the day the SLOTS ARE FOR TOTS team of Deland, Florida, was in first place with two stars timed at 20.0 and 16.6 respectively. My own team, unbelievably, stood in second with a 24.2 and a 22.7. Comprised of mostly young, bright and eager lads who have made the majority of their stars while jumping on the (new) TEN HIGH BUNCH, we were agog at our position on the score board. Especially since we have only been in existence a little over two months, and had less than forty practice jumps behind us. As might be expected, however, we were not to maintain this position for very long. The third place team was an old and competition-experienced one. . . the BEECHNUTS. . . with a 28.0 and a 19.3. The DEL RAY AERIAL CIRCUS was close behind in fourth with a 22.8 and a 26.0. With the coming of darkness, a rock band appeared on the packing area and poured out their souls to a greatly appreciative, but motley, mob of jumpers until the wee hours of the morning. While some teams slipped quietly away to rest



for the following day, most boogied until they could boogie no more. This was, after all, the Great Z'hills Boogie Meet. . . as some have been apt to call it.

The second day dawned as the first, with cool temperatures and a 25,000 foot overcast. . . ideal conditions for judging. The weather report, however, gave ominous, predictions of rain later in the day. By late morning low, scattered rain clouds began moving in, hindering judging and causing numerous go.arounds. We, the (new) TEN HIGH BUNCH, knocked ourselves out of the immediate running with a second star, which moved us to fourth, and the DEL RAY AERIAL CIRCUS to third. Only the overall slow times being turned by other teams prevented us from being pushed even further down the line. Shortly after this, the weather conditions became unacceptable, and a temporary hold was placed on the meet. During the ensuing lull a political meeting of sorts was organized. Those candidates for USPA National Director positions who happened to be present (Bill Ottley, John Sherman and Jim Hooper) were introduced, and the jumpers urged to vote in the upcoming elections. (Americans are traditionally apathetic in this regard).

Around 2.00 p.m. it was noticed that the low clouds seemed to be breaking up somewhat. The conditions were still unacceptable from a judging standpoint, however. Using last years contingency plan for just such a situation, those teams that were not in contention were offered the opportunity to go ahead and jump, with the stipulation that should the jump go unobserved the team would have no grounds for a rejump. Many teams took advantage of this, and once again aircraft loaded with jumpers began rolling, the jumpers taking holes in the clouds where they could find them. As a result, by the end of the day we were short but a few teams of having a completed fourth round. Unfortunately, the weather never improved, but rather deteriorated even further for the next day and effectively ended the meet. With the completion of the third round, however, it was judged a valid meet and trophies were awarded on the basis of those three rounds.

While this year's meet did not draw a full European team (as it did the Endrust Team last year), we did have representatives from Finland, Sweden, France, Germany and, of course, Canada, plus a sprinkling from Central and South America. Britisher Ian Merrick was on hand, observing the happenings and keeping a critical eye on the new relative work canopies being displayed. Australian super-photographer Andy Keech was there, clicking away madly and offering up for sale his new book, *Skies Call*, which is undoubtedly the finest and most beautiful piece of photo journalism ever done on parachuting. And, of course, there was that perennial pirate of an Australian, Trevor Busst, who walked about the entire time, mumbling, "Arrgh, it's a scurvy ship and a scurvy crew, too." But, then, that's Trevor, and we here in the States have more or less adjusted to him. Pity the poor Aussies should he ever decide to go home.

New equipment was certainly one of the major themes of this year's meet. Steve Snyder was present to answer questions on his STRATOSTAR RW ram air, many of which were in use during the meet. Those who were jumping them swore by them. The openings are frightening to watch, but the same used to be said of Para-Commanders.

Ted Strong and Norm Fraser of Strong Enterprises came down to participate in the meet, and to loan out examples of their new STARLITE RW canopy. . . a P.C. type, with half the weight and bulk of a P.C. Built of near-zero porosity 1.5 ounce material, it is designed primarily for the weight and size conscious relative worker. It will outdrive a Para-Commander by a substantial margin, and land one only a bit more solidly. An impressive canopy

for those of us who do not wish to go the STRATOSTAR route. In equal abundance were cheapos with pulled-down apexes, and PIGLET Is and IIs.

In the harness and container corner, there were two new piggyback systems very much in evidence. . . the SST designed by John Sherman, and the "WONDER HOG", designed and built by Bill Booth of Miami, Florida. A fairly radical design, it is extremely low-profile and uses plastic ripcords and pull-up cords rather than steel pins and cones. The ripcords cost something like sixty cents apiece. The "WONDER HOG" is seeing rather widespread use here in the southeast.

The thought and design work going into parachuting equipment is exciting. Hopefully it is only the beginning. The old and traditional concepts regarding sport parachuting gear are finally being closely examined by a few gifted and imaginative individuals who are already revolutionizing this particular aspect of our sport.

All of which pretty much wraps it up, Charlie. Had the weather held out for just one more day we might have seen some beter times with the top three teams battling it out. Bad weather always leaves so many "what ifs" hanging about afterwards. Traditionally, however, only a few teams come to Z'hills to win. The rest are there for the good times. An attitude, I'm sure, that even affects the better teams. Which should make it an ideal meet for European teams. Not only have they an excellent chance of doing well (provided they can make consistently quick stars), but the newest in ideas and equipment is there from which they can draw.

Hope this is more or less what you wanted, Charles, old chum. Do hope to see you lads here next year. Our best to all. . .

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# 50 JUMP RECORD AT THE GREEN

On Sunday September 22, 1974 I was approached by a flying club friend of mine with the offer of a jump from one of his newly acquired helicopters a Bell 47. This I thought would be just the opportunity to have a go at the British record of 50 jumps in 7 hours held by Bill McLennon.

As it would take a few weeks to organise this attempt, and winter only just around the corner, I set the wheels in motion within ten minutes of my helicopter friend leaving my office, by breaking into a training session and asking who would like to do 50 jumps from a chopper. 'Me please!' shouted Gerry Jones; no sooner the word than the blow, his name was down, and poor old Gerry did not know what he had let himself in for.

The first step was to make sure that Gerry was 100% fit for November 24, the date set for the attempt. A few words with the Governors of a large school next door to me, and we had the use of a super gymnasium, plus a circuit training course set out by the school P.T. Instructor.

Gerry, Pat Hanson, and myself met at the gym twice a week, Pat to train with him, and me to crack the whip. We forbade him all sex, booze, and even cut his smoking in half. After each training session, we called at the local for a beer each for Pat and myself, and an orange drink for Gerry (this was part of the torture).

Our first disappointment was on Wednesday, November 20 when my helicopter friend Barry Freeman rang me with the news that the C.A.A. had decided that to jump from the Bell 47 would not be safe owing to the small door.

Only three days to decide what aircraft to use for the attempt. Tony Unwin was flying us on Saturday, November 23 with his Cessna 182, and was agreeable to try 50 trips with Gerry next day, but alas, our next disappointment, bad forecast, low cloud, high winds.

Gerry was being sponsored by a large number of people, the proceeds to be used for club funds and the Leukaemia Fund for Children, so the show must go on at the first opportunity. Saturday, November 30 Tony could not fly in owing to work commitments but was willing to be with us at first light Sunday morning. Weather forecast, 12-16 knot winds, cloud base 3000 feet; we decided it was on.

Sunday, December 1, 7.00 a.m. Gerry beat me to the Green by 10 minutes, that being his first record of the day. By 7.15 a.m. most of the packers and runners had arrived, the club van was loaded with packed P.C.'s ready for the word go. Our only worry now was, as Tony was flying in from Sibson, would he arrive in time for us to make it.

7.30 a.m. on the dot, two lights were visible at 200 feet making for runway 22, still not quite light, it was Tony. Five minutes later he was on his way to 2000 feet with Mike Bolton to drop the streamer.

8.15 a.m., after a short briefing, the 182 was airborne with Gerry for his first of fifty with Mike acting as spotter, and checking out Gerry's equipment on the way up to 2200 feet. After the first few jumps Gerry settled down to landing in or near to the competition pit (thanks to Mike's spotting) and Tony had worked out his plan of landing on 29 runway, turning off at 29-34 intersection, and waiting about two minutes for Gerry to drop his kit, and put on another rig.

The wind was around 16 knots all day, and the spot was quite deep, but on every landing, some of the team were always there to collapse the canopy when needed.

At 2.43 p.m. Gerry landed on his 50th jump, knocking off 17 minutes from the 7 hour record. The 50 jumps were uneventful. No mals, thanks to the packers, who worked non-stop. The Air Traffic Controller, Fire Crew, and Flying School helped us in every way possible.

The success of this record was due to the superb flying by Tony Unwin, the perfect spotting by Mike Bolton, the physical fitness of Gerry, and a great team of workers.

I would like to thank some of our main sponsors through the Magazine 'Anchor Fast Fixings', 'The Round Table', 'The Halfpenny Green Airport Club' and all the individual sponsors.

The members of the working team I feel should also be mentioned in the Mag, as these are the kind of people that make this sport the great sport that it is.

Pete Hayes	Iris Howell	Sammy Hollowhead
Brenda Carroll	Keith Johnson	Eddie Robertson
Pat Hanson	Anne Jones	Roy Skeldon
Ron Millard	Barry French	Martin Smith
Paul Hibbard	Dick Scott	Bet Hammond
Steve Hayes	Phil Harland	Mike Hammond
Dave Marvin		

Fred Kirk — Standby Pilot and Engineer.

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# BRITISH PARACHUTE ASSOCIATION COUNCIL MEETING

held at The Post House Hotel, Leicester, on Wednesday, 30th October, 1974

## PRESENT

L. N. E. St. John (*Chairman*)  
M. J. Batchelor  
G. C. P. Shea-Simonds  
K. Mapplebeck  
D. Waterman  
W. J. Meacock  
N. J. Forster  
J. T. Crocker  
P. J. Prior (*Co-opted Member*)  
I. B. Wright (*Co-opted Member*)

## IN ATTENDANCE

Sqn. Ldr. W. Paul (*Secretary-General BPA*)  
D. T. Hickling (*Peak District Para Club*)  
D. Orton (*Peak District Para Club*)  
G. Eastley (*Irvin GB Ltd.*)

## APOLOGIES

T. Frieberg (*Managing Director Irvin GB Ltd*)  
P. W. Sherman

It was agreed to depart from the scheduled sequence of the Agenda to permit the early departure of Mr. Eastley and the members representing the Peak District Para Club.

Item 61

### PEAK DISTRICT PARACHUTE CLUB

Mr. Hickling outlined the present position of the Peak District Para Club concerning its pending appeal against a decision which had refused the club the use of Ashbourne Aerodrome for take-offs and landings of light aircraft engaged in sport parachuting—the appeal is due to be heard in February 1975. He also outlined the position as related to the serving on the club of a *Notice requiring Abatement of Nuisance* under the Public Health Act, 1963, Sec. 93 (Copies of related correspondence had previously been distributed to all members of Council). There was general agreement as to how the club now act in response to the Notice and it was suggested that the club seek further advice on the possibility of submitting a new Application for Planning Permission. Mr. Crocker would write informally to Mr. Hickling on the matter. The club representatives were assured that the BPA would help in any way possible and on a proposal by Mr. Shea-Simonds seconded by Mr. Waterman, the meeting unanimously agreed that financial support towards legal costs would be forthcoming in the form of a grant and/or loan—the amounts involved would be decided when the club made application.

It was also agreed that the guidance of the Sports Council would be sought.

Item 62

### STUDENT CANOPIES & BAG DEPLOYMENT

The Chairman thanked Mr. Gordon Eastley of Irvin GB Ltd. for attending the Council Meeting and the preceding discussions with Council Members. The Chairman outlined the discussions as follows:

#### Student Canopies

- a. To design, research and develop a new hem-rigged canopy as had been specified was not considered to be a viable proposition.
- b. Irvin GB Ltd could provide the Skyranger in LL configuration at a cost of £100 each for the first 30 and £112 each for the remainder in any order over 30. These prices would remain for the next three months and took into account the fact that the Approved Agent had agreed to a direct supply to the BPA.

It was agreed that clubs be asked to submit to BPA their requirements for 'student' canopies in order that the total requirements can be assessed. In view of the seriousness of the present supply situation, and the inflated costs, it was agreed that some form of subsidy may be necessary and that an approach be made to the Sports Council to ascertain if grant aid assistance could be available.

#### Deployment Bag

a. It was reported that Irvin GB Ltd. would have a new light weight deployment bag ready in two to three weeks and this would be passed on to Mr. Meacock for trials. There was agreement that the supply of a suitable bag was urgent and that the requirement would be in the order of 200 bags. The cost per bag would be £12 to £15, depending on the number ordered. Mr. Mapplebeck stated that his requirement would be two fold, static-line and freefall use. Mr. Eastley pointed out that the bag produced by Irvin would be intended for static-line use and any other form of use would have to be a matter for the user and the BPA.

Item 63

### PREVIOUS MINUTES & MATTERS ARISING

Proposed: J. T. Crocker. Seconded: W. J. Meacock.  
Minutes of 25th September be accepted. Carried.

#### Matters Arising

a. **National Coach/Safety Officer.** The Sec-Gen reported that he had been informed verbally by Mr. R. Hiatt that because of changes in his personal circumstances he was not now in a position to accept the post of National Coach/Safety Officer. It was agreed that the vacant post be advertised again but in the meantime the Sec-Gen would investigate the salary structure with the Sports Council.

b. **Use of Service Airfields.** A list of Services Airfields put forward as being of interest to clubs would shortly be forwarded to the MOD for consideration.

c. **National Championships — Relative.** The Sec-Gen reported that the National Championships — Relative had been held at Halfpenny Green over the two week-ends 28/29 September and 5/6 October. Because of adverse weather, a result had been possible only in the 4-Man Sequential Event and the Bulmer Strongbow Salver had been presented to the winning team—the RAFSPA. It was confirmed that the Salver was for presentation annually and be held by the winning team for one year. In the case of the 10-Man Star Event, Mr. Crocker had been able to purchase a trophy (£46.44) in time for presentation but as the event did not take place, the trophy was presented to the Managing Director of 'Endrust' to hold till the 1975 Championships.

Mr. Batchelor, on a point of order, referred to the fact that he and Mr. Crocker had been asked to look into the provision and cost of a suitable trophy for the 10-Man Event with a view to presentation at the AGM. Such a trophy had in fact been purchased and presented at the Nationals without any further reference to himself. Mr. Crocker apologised for what seems to have been a misunderstanding—it was his impression that only in the event of not being able to purchase a trophy in time for presentation at the Championships would the alternative of presenting it at the AGM be adopted. He had in all good faith gone ahead and found a suitable trophy and arranged the purchase through the BPA office. The Chairman acknowledged Mr. Batchelor's point of order and apologised for the misunderstanding.

d. **Safety and Training Committee Report.** Mr. Crocker reported that at the last meeting of the S & TC, the review of two-thirds of the Regulations had been completed. The remaining one-third would be reviewed at the next meeting on 13 November at Birmingham. The full review should be available for the next Council Meeting when a decision would be required on the method of compilation and distribution. On the question of a Hand-out to clubs concerning emergency action in event of an incident involving Power Cables Mr. Crocker reported that this had not as yet gone out to clubs but was basically as had been discussed in S&TC, namely that clubs should be aware of the emergency number of the local Electricity Board and in event of an incident no equipment should be touched until the arrival of the Electricity Emergency Service. In the case of displays, the DZ Controller and one or more of the jumpers should be aware of the emergency telephone of the electricity board in the area. The Chairman in referring to Electrified Railway Lines, pointed out that his club was affected by such lines in that exits were from time to time made over the lines. Mr. Crocker stated that



the reason for not pursuing the matter with British Rail was that it may in fact create a 'storm' with disastrous results which were not warranted by the limited risk.

Mr. Crocker reported on correspondence to date on the question of the GQ Protector Reserve Parachute — he had received what he considered to be ineffective and evasive answers to his enquiries from the Manufacturer and Boscombe Down. It was his view that every possible pressure must be brought to bear on whatever sources necessary for relevant information to be released to the BPA. If there exists any information which reveals any form of deficiency in the GQ Protector then there is a moral obligation for it to be made known to other users. The Sec-Gen reported that he was aware from telephone calls that the matter was being dealt with at the MOD. It was agreed that Mr. Prior would again take the matter up with the VAG.

e. **Annual General Meeting.** The Sec-Gen reported that all relevant papers had gone out to members in the last issue of 'Sport Parachutist' and forms indicating attendance, accommodation and meal requirements had started to come in. The Chairman asked if the new Carl Boenish film would be shown at the AGM but the Sec-Gen indicated that it was not yet available from USA — an order had been placed for early delivery of the film.

f. **Public Relations.** Mr. Waterman reported on his meeting with Mr. Regan, The Sports Council PRO. From the broad outline discussions, it was felt assistance could possibly be available for printing a BPA Publicity Poster and a New Brochure, and in arranging for the BPA Publicity Exhibition to be displayed at Crystal Palace National Centre. In answer to the Chairman, Mr. Waterman stated he had not raised the matter of possible assistance with the printing of BPA Regulations but would raise this at the next opportunity. Mr. Waterman would be maintaining personal contact with the PRO and had arranged for interested persons at the Sports Council to see films about parachuting in order to give them a wider insight of what is involved in the sport.

Mr. Waterman also reported that he was about to start work for a Daily Telegraph 'How To' feature on parachuting which should be published in about two months — Mr. Shea-Simonds asked if there was any possibility of publication being delayed till the spring when it would be of more value to the sport. Mr. Waterman pointed out that he had no control over the date of publication but he would certainly make the point with the publishers.

Mr. Waterman stated that he was currently talking with various Television Authorities concerning the possibility of producing a documentary film of the British Teams involvement in the World Championships (Relative) to be held in West Germany in 1975.

g. **World Championships — Hungary 1974.** The Sec-Gen reported that he had not yet received a report from Wg. Cdr. Johnson as the Head of Delegation — another letter had been sent. The Team Coach, W/O. Peacock had stated that a report would be submitted — this was still awaited. The Sec-Gen would produce a Balance Sheet on the Championships for the next Council Meeting.

Mr. Batchelor referred to the article by Dave Waugh on the World Championships which had appeared in 'Sport Parachutist' — he understood that the 'Editorial Pen' had been exercised on the article. Mr. Shea-Simonds, as Editor of 'Sport Parachutist' agreed that he had cut out certain stories in the article which had no direct relevance to the World Championships and felt that the publication of some five and a half pages of print, which incidentally had to be in smaller than normal print to get it all into the issue. Mr. Shea-Simonds fully appreciated Mr. Waugh's efforts in providing the article but there were times as Editor when he had to exercise his Editorial right and cut some articles.

h. **BPA Offices.** The Sec-Gen reported that subsequent to the last meeting Mr. Crocker, Mr. Meacock and himself had visited Kimberley House and viewed the office areas available. As a result of the visit and discussions with the representative of the owners, it had been agreed to follow up the possibility of renting an area of some 1,500 sq. feet. Subsequent approach to the Sports Council for a ruling produced an estimate of an allowance of 1,000 sq. ft. against which 75% of the rent would be paid. This would have left BPA with a rent bill of some £1,535 per annum. In view of the estimate from the Sports Council, Mr. Shea-Simonds, Mr. Batchelor and the Chairman of BPA visited Kimberley House to review the situation and decided to recommend to Council that a smaller area of 1,179 sq. ft. would be suitable for our needs. On the estimated sq. footage from the Sports Council the cost to BPA would be £966 per annum. The Chairman informed the meeting of his visit to Kimberley House —

it was his view that the scheme to take the 1,179 sq. ft. was a good one. The other costs necessary to become installed would be for partitioning at about £9 per foot run, plus electrical fittings and cleaning costs. Mr. Crocker agreed that it seemed acceptable but felt there was perhaps a case for going back to the Sports Council to see if they would grant 75% of the rent for the total area of 1,179. The Sec-Gen had reservations about such a move since the Sports Council was applying a firm policy and format which would be applied not only to BPA but to any other Body in similar circumstances. A common 'yardstick' was being applied based on an area per employee and the usual storage requirements. It was the view of the meeting that the Sec-Gen make another approach to the Sports Council as indicated by Mr. Crocker but that this should not hold up progress in accepting the 1,179 sq. ft. area as recommended. Mr. Crocker advised that nothing should be signed until the confirmation has been received in writing from the Sports Council — the Sec-Gen expected this to arrive soon.

It was proposed by Mr. St. John and seconded by Mr. Shea-Simonds that the BPA offices be moved into the 1,179 sq. ft. area at Kimberley House, Leicester, at a rent of £1.45 per sq. ft. plus rates and services and that the necessary contract be signed, subject to receipt of the letter of confirmation from the Sports Council. The proposal was unanimously approved.

Mr. Crocker referred to the fact that during the original discussions with the owners of Kimberley House we had been successful in obtaining a rent-free period up till 24th December; in view of the delay which been unavoidable the rent free period had of course reduced and there may now be a case to go back and see if the period could be extended.

The Sec-Gen reported that he now had a buyer for his present house and that he had entered into negotiations to purchase another house in the Leicester area. He reminded the meeting that it had been agreed that in event of the two transactions not being completed simultaneously, the BPA would assist with finance to permit his move to Leicester; it now seemed that such assistance would not be required but asked that the option be left open. This was agreed.

j. **Riggers Products Liability Insurance.** The Sec-Gen reported that a further two riggers had now taken advantage of the policy and the premium cost per rigger would be reduced accordingly.

#### Item 64

#### CALENDAR OF EVENTS— 1975

The meeting considered a Calendar of Events for 1975. It was agreed that it was impracticable at this stage to include Instructor Potential and Examination Courses but every effort would be made to encourage clubs to give as much advance information as possible to the Sec-Gen.

It was agreed that the Calendar include the following events plus any other main events which the Sec-Gen can include:

- Army Championships
- National Relative Championships
- Scottish Championships
- Rhine Army Championships
- National Style/Accuracy Championships
- World Relative Championships
- French National Championships
- Austrian Relative International Meet
- Adriatic Cup
- Halfpenny Green Meet
- Thrupton Meet
- Duck End Meet

It was agreed that the National Championships Relative and Style/Accuracy would be run as separate meets, each over a ten day period — the suggested dates being, Relative 17 — 26 May and Style/Accuracy 16 — 25 August. The Sec-Gen would check the dates of the listed events and draw up the 1975 Calendar.

In discussing the National Championships, it was agreed to set up a Competition Sub-Committee and, subject to their accepting, the following members were suggested:

M. J. O'Brien — *Chairman*, D. Waterman, D. I. Waugh, W. J. Meacock, K. Mapplebeck.

Sgt. Mapplebeck offered to make a preliminary approach to the RAF concerning the possibility of using Weston-on-the-Green for phases of the National Championships.



**OTHER BUSINESS**

Item 65

**PURCHASE OF AN AIRCRAFT**

The meeting discussed a paper presented by Mr. Waterman and previously distributed to Council Members. There was general agreement that there was a need for an aircraft and that a sub-committee should be set up and tasked with producing a case for submission in support of grant aid toward the purchase of an aircraft and to conduct a feasibility study of how the aircraft would be utilised, financed and controlled. The following, subject to their acceptance, were suggested as members of the sub-committee:

G. C. P. Shea-Simonds, D. Waterman, W. J. Meacock, A. J. Unwin.

Item 66

**VENUES FOR COUNCIL MEETINGS**

The Chairman noted that despite the previous agreement to alternate the venue for Council Meetings, the present meeting which under this arrangement should have been in London was scheduled for Leicester. It was his view that despite the plan to move the BPA HQ's to Leicester, we should continue to alternate the venue between London and Leicester. The original agreement was based on fairness to those members in the Midlands and the North — we must now apply the same reasoning for the benefit of those members from the South. It was agreed that the

next meeting would be in London and the following meeting would be in Leicester.

Item 67

**FATAL ACCIDENTS**

It was reported that Boards of Inquiry had been set up to investigate the two recent fatal accidents, one at Halfpenny Green and one at Thrupton. The findings of the Boards were not yet to hand but should be with the Sec-Gen and Chairman of the STC within the next week.

**WANTED**

*A vacancy exists for a*

**Chief Parachute Instructor/Manager**

*at a full time centre.*

Good salary and prospects for an energetic and enthusiastic instructor.

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**Farkle Family 11-man**

*photo — Carl Boenish*



# A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE ACROPOLIS...

It was one of those days when life, it seems, is really worth living; a day which would make other days seem dull. The sun was quite hot although it was still only early. I reflected that, a couple of weeks earlier, we had left a drab, cloudy England, held up two fingers to overdrafts, gas bills, etc., and driven south in search of sand, sea and a decent climate.

So this particular day had seen us up at dawn under a blue Greek sky. We'd camped overnight in the mountains but a hot cup of P.G. (the tea you can **really** taste!) soon took the chill away. It was downhill to Athens and we were soon heading along the motorway through the suburbs of that city.

Now Greek drivers are pretty wild at the best of times; so you can imagine that it takes a deal of concentration to steer clear of buses, taxis, ox carts, donkeys, etc., while Julie was trying hard to interpret the various road signs. Also, you'll appreciate that, in the midst of this profusion of noise and colour, a small blue sign stuck on a post at the side of the road should, ordinarily, attract little attention. Indeed, it is doubtful whether one percent of the hundreds of commuters, who must pass here daily, had ever realised its existence, let alone pondered upon its significance.

But, lads, as we all know, a parachutist is a parachutist, is a .....; and when I explain that the symbol on that small blue sign in the dust by the side of the main road into Athens, was a small white canopy with an equally small arrow pointing over to the right, a light of understanding will, I'm sure, begin to glow in your eyes.

"Now what," I began, "is **that** doing here . . ."

Julie, who had been busy transforming alphas and thetas into Athimai looked up:

"Pardon?"

But I was somewhere else. One's instinctive reaction is to slam on the anchors but, being pursued by a forty-ton T.I.R. wagon, it wasn't such a good idea after all. Anyway, managed to pull over and reverse towards this curious motif, ignoring disapproving car horns and mad Greeks shaking their fists.

A glance at the scenery in the direction indicated by the arrow, wasn't too encouraging; the sea, skyscrapers, oil refineries, etc., didn't seem to leave much room for this imaginary D.Z. However, we reached the sign and, sure enough, there it was, a canopy, complete with arrow pointing down a rough track. No doubt about it. Definitely a parachute.

The track led for quarter of a mile past a few ramshackle houses and then opened out to reveal a high, white wall, topped with barbed wire. There was an opening in it, by way of an entrance to what lay beyond, guarded by a soldier and a lift-up type barrier.

He looked wary as we approached.

"Parachute club?" I asked tentatively.

He spread his hands out and shook his head questioningly.

"Speak English?"

"No."

Then I remembered my log book in the van.

"Ah" he said, as he realised what it was, and said something that seemed to mean 'you are parachutists?'

He looked astonished and then smiled a toothy smile. Still looking as though he couldn't believe it, he made motions of folk leaping gaily out of aeroplanes, canopies billowing open, etc., we frenziedly answering 'yes' to everything and, when he was at last convinced, signalled us to wait.

"Telephone" he said.

I was quite relieved to have got through to him and my mind was wandering, mulling over the possibilities . . . Well I won't bore you with the trivia. A few minutes later, an 'officer', for want of more accurate information, appeared, announced that he could speak a little English, and could he see my log book?

Modest though I am, lads, I must say that he seemed mighty impressed, nodding his head wisely, while mine was swelling to twice its normal size. It suddenly struck me that perhaps he was thinking the altitude column was in metres, in which case 7000ft would take on grandiose, John Noakes proportions . . . Oops! I explained and he looked relieved.

Nevertheless, he was quite friendly and said that this was an Army Parachute School, they didn't jump here and, no, there weren't any civilian clubs in Greece.

Julie and I had been listening expectantly and it was at this point that something seemed to go wrong; I must confess to a little disappointment.

You see, folks, as faithful S.P. readers, we had been brought up on the notion that British parachutists, when visiting overseas, were treated with some reverence. When one arrives at a foreign D.Z. cold and hungry at midnight, a warm greeting awaits one; the whisky is brought out, steaks slung over the still-glowing embers, tales are told and new friends are made. Similarly, when one arrives at a Greek Army parachute school, one is invited to jump at their D.Z., or at least asked into the mess for a drink!

So it came as somewhat of a blow when he shook hands, bid us farewell and the little crowd of soldiers, who had gathered round, disappeared.

However, as I said, the sun was shining, Athens awaited and we had other things to think about. After all, lad, I kept saying to myself, this isn't a parachuting holiday, yer know!

Too late, though. The seed had been sown.

We had a good time on Crete although it was about this time that a nagging rumble from the back axle decided to manifest itself. Three oil changes had failed to cure it in its early stages on the trip from England, and the Greek roads had compounded the injury, with the result that we were reduced to 20 m.p.h. without the van shaking itself to bits. Time to think about the trip back through Yugoslavia.

Hang on though, lads, me brain, also, had had a nagging rumble for some time now (yes, yes, we know . . .) which, at the thought of Yugoslavia, twiggled, flipped, twitched or whatever the expression is. Wasn't that where the World Championships were held some years back? Was it Bled?

Out with the maps and, indeed, it was Bled, or, rather, there was a place called Bled not too far out of the way.

This was it. The last few weeks had had a sort of aimless, wandering air about them, but, now, all was changed. We, or rather, I, had a purpose, a goal to go for.



Hot foot up the Yugoslavian coast at a sedate 20 m.p.h. and after six days the end was in sight! Friday evening and two kilometres to go.

"There's a plane up there".

"Uh huh", says I.

"It's twitching its tail", and before you could say 'Get us on the next lift' we were out of the car just in time to see two brightly coloured PC-type thingumyjigs, crack open. A sight to behold. But not for too long, though!

"You speak English?" Here we go again. Out with the log book. A bit surly this lot. Not impressed — they could obviously tell a foot from a metre, probably divided by five, to boot!

Found someone to ask the instructor if it was possible for me to jump. He went away to ask his boss who, likely as not, got on the 'phone to local Party headquarters, Dispatching of Foreigners from the Peoples' Aircraft Department.

Had a look round. Grand D.Z. All local gear, mini-systems, the lot. Quite impressive.

"It is not possible for foreigners to parachute in Yugoslavia."

Oh well. One better than Greece — at least they have clubs here.

You may think that, after all this effort, our two worthy heroes would call it a day, throw in the streamer, and speed off home (at a steady 20 m.p.h. of course!).

Not so! You see, folks, one of them had let slip a vital clue as to the whereabouts of another club, not too far away, in Italy. Out with the maps again. Ronci, a small aerodrome somewhat akin to Heathrow.

Saturday dinner time (oh, alright then, 'lunch' if you **must!**) and, sure enough, there was a jump club (R.W. only); we were given a warm welcome from, as fortune would have it, an American serviceman stationed in Italy.

Log book, licence O.K.

"Insurance?" he enquired.

"Certainly. B.P.A. Valid world-wide." This was better! Butterflies (nay, papillons!) in the tum. It was all coming back.

It was Caesar (sorry to get interlekchool, lads, grade seven Latin 'O' level!) that said it: 'When the Gods wish to bring the downfall of a man, they first build him up, thus he has further to fall! Logical really. Crunch!

"Where does it say that?"

"What?"

"Valid world-wide"

The lads were very sympathetic. Not for us, they insisted, but the Airport Authority was meticulous about matters of insurance. A lesson to be learnt, so be warned!

They were friendly folk and assured me that I would have no trouble jumping at an ordinary F.A.I. licensed club (which they weren't at Ronci). 'Gorizia' was the cry, several miles away. So, in order to get there for an early start on Sunday, we bid them farewell and eased off up the road.

Contrary to what you would think, the fact that no one had mentioned that they only jumped at Gorizia on a Saturday did not deter us (sorry, 'me'!) in the least. After all, I now had a long list of 'potential' clubs and I meant to bl---y well jump at one . . .

And so, for one reason or another, next weekend found us in Florence which, you guessed it, lads, was high on the list of 'possibles'. Saturday dawned bright and clear; we were at the airport at nine o'clock. Not a P.C. to be seen.

"I don't like it, Slim, it's too quiet!"

Found Reception and decided on a direct approach.

"You speaka-da-English, gringo? Est-ce qu'il y a ein club paracadutissimo?" quick flash of the log book to rub it in. He pondered awhile.

"Paracadutissimo? Si"

But he was not to be drawn and it took some minutes of cajoling before he would tell us that they didn't start until one o'clock! One o'clock! Imagine it!

Back again at the appointed hour, the airport building seemed even more deserted than before. No one about so we strolled over to one of the hangars. Aha! There they were, lurking behind some packing tables!

However, we were well received and, after looking through log books, etc., (Julie didn't have hers so couldn't jump) I was given a great big white (wait for it, no, not a Leeds Uni 32 footer!) ex-Military rig, made in Italy, to pack. What a size! I should certainly get my moneys' worth since it must have been made to carry three or four times my weight! Built somewhat on the lines of an overgrown Papillon but slightly more messy to pack. Someone came over every so often to see that I was getting on OK but, all the same, it makes you want to go out with the capewell covers already down in order to save time!

Half past three and all was ready. I'd been given the dubious honour of being on the first lift along with another fellow (112 jumps) who was dispatching a girl static line student on her third jump!

Went on the scrounge and was loaned an altimeter, graduated in metres (**did** you multiply by three, or was it five?!), a stopwatch, graduated in hundredths of a minute (?!), an oversize helmet and the instructor's paraboos! What a grand chap!

Off we went, then. 800m, a nod from the jumpmaster and the girl, who could only have been about fifteen, tried to haul herself out of the 172. However, the pilot didn't seem to believe in throttling-back the engine, with the result that she fell off backwards.

This fella's spotting technique was really cool! No sitting with streaming eyes in a draughty doorway. Oh no! A nice warm seat up the front (the plane was called an Oscar, mighty similar to a 172, but an exit door behind the pilot) and an odd glance out of the window was all he needed! Oh well, plenty of open space. 1500m. Out yer go, son, nothing dramatic now. Surprised myself with a nice clean backloop and, zot, the Thing opened. First time, too! Looked up to check it out but, while my head rotated backwards O.K., the aforementioned helmet didn't, thus giving me a good view of the inside of same!

And so, folks, once again we had survived a fall from a fully serviceable aircraft, in flight, without the aid of a safety-net.

Seriously, though, if you're in Italy, rumour has it that there are a surprising number of clubs in most of the northern towns, at least. It is also said that there is even one on the Lido at Venice, Saturday afternoons that is . . .

JOHN BREWER, C 1290

**SEASONAL INSTRUCTOR WANTED**  
at the Peterborough Parachute Centre.

Telephone Elton 490 or Peterborough 240159  
(Before 22.00 hrs.)



# LATER THOUGHTS ON THE PARACHUTISTS' ALPHABET

**A**drenalin, Adrenalin goes pumping through your body,  
When your canopy don't open or it streams or looks most  
odd.

It's a wondrous useful substance.  
For it quickens up your nerve.  
For the quick reaction cutaway.  
And dive for the reserve.

**B**ottle, bottle, bottle small. D.O.Es all should save,  
'Cos the wildly fearless jumper is a menace and a knave.  
He'll jump from too low a height.  
In wind speeds far too high.

D.Z. controllers nightmare.  
A mickey mouse type guy.  
Yes, a small amount of bottle.  
Keeps you steady on the climb.  
It's a healthy apprehension.  
In the background, all the time.

**C** is the canopy—usually it's round.  
The square ones are flashier. But not half so sound.  
Malfunction rates higher percentage of leaps,  
Than in all your conical ragged old heaps.

**D** was for Delta—I'm bored with this topic,  
Let's talk about effort—let's hope that you've got it.

**E** was for Effort, it still stands for that,  
Whether practising good P.L.F's on the mat  
Or doing a series. Practising style.  
It's a sine qua non\* and it comes by the mile.  
(\*Do not fear, gentle reader, what this is about,  
It's a Latin tag meaning "Without which there's nowt").

When rhyming **F** one wonders  
In this sexy ridden age  
Whether Anglo-Saxon usage  
Should invade this virgin page.  
It was finally decided  
That though luck is easy scanned.  
That **F** much better stood for  
Free fall jumping nicely planned.

Oh, the **G**rabbing and comical grapple of pin man  
right at the start.

It's a base man's pennance suffered  
For the sake of the star builders art  
With consequitive repetition.  
Even up to a big sized star.  
The alternative miss we won't mention  
The grapple is better by far.

**H**eight is a subject on which much is said  
It's right and it's proper to din into your head.  
That without this requisite,  
You'll surely be dead.

**I** was the idea of miles per hour.  
At one hundred and twenty, remember, you shower.  
This statistic of full spread at terminal V.  
(It's faster in other positions, you'll see)  
Fifteen seconds or less though now it is reckoned  
As so many metres of free fall per second.

**I** is also instructor—a job he does fine  
Despatching his students by strong static line.  
He doesn't preside at a students' convention,  
He works like a black and he merits a mention.

**J** is the jump ship—it's also for jerk,  
As your canopy blossoms above, and a spurt of  
Adrenalin—Hey! We've rhymed this already,  
Let's go on to **K** which is keenness all steady.  
When clouds are low with octas eight  
And wind speeds all the day too great.

It's nigh impossible upon this scene  
To stay, appear to be, and be, quite keen.  
Repack, do minor mods.  
And wait, and chat, and lie to bods  
Of hairy jumps. You wait in vain until night comes.  
And now it's booze time—drunken bums!

**L** is for Lofty the rigger mark one.  
Who can build you up anything under the sun,  
I suppose for such riggers this isn't surprising,  
(Who cares if I'm guilty of free advertising).

Oh dreaded **M**alfunction who nobody loves  
We'll handle this subject with white kid gloves  
You shouldn't be happening at all any day,  
Malfunction—kindly go away.

**N** is for noose, the jumpers best mate  
If you have it, do use it, before it's too late  
If you lack it, just pack it  
In, sky's not for you

Get on with your knitting, plain one and pearl two.

**O** I said was 'orrible, pray don't my spelling mock  
It could equally be standing for the T.V. opening shock  
'Owever if your eddication is posher much than mine  
Just keep your bloody trap shut—to me it's all the  
sime.

**P** was the packer a-patiently packing  
It's a pity it couldn't be **Z** for a-zapping  
However the rules are well known—they're old hat  
**Z**'s the last letter, you can't alter that.

I do not think we wish to hear  
Any more about the **Q**ueer  
From him D.Z's quite well preserved  
His bums rush off it well deserved.

**R** stands for regimental cock-up.  
Of kit mixed up in the D.Z. lock-up.  
Some of yours and some of mine.  
Some paraclubs—here's static line.  
Wrapped round a rig that's left to pack.  
Odd boots and helmets in the stack  
Of sundries—order, please descend.  
God help us all come next week end!

**R**'s also relly—this dear to my heart  
I could wax quite locquacious concerning this art  
Space is limited luckily, so as you will guess  
I'll admit it's my favourite and pass on to 'S'.

**S** is for students all trousers and boots  
Pink with embarrassment standing in groups.  
Chatting too casually, laughing too loud.  
Trying to lose themselves in the loose crowd.  
Don't forget—but remember in spite of this verse  
In our time when we started,  
We were several times worse.  
So do not despise them, contrarywise prize them  
Cosset and comfort, encourage them all  
They'll progress that much faster  
In splendid free fall.

**T** stood for terror, put that into your pipe  
Smoke it and consider, whatever be your type  
Ponder deeply and refer to B. Perhaps its really not all.  
That pertinent just now-a-days, let call the subject  
"Bottal"!

**U**nderground, underground, V. & T's unsmiling face  
At Big Jake's monument, at Low Pullers resting place  
Altimeters enemy. Mental countings foe.  
It's always there awaiting you  
Sky divers woe.



The Greater Boobed bird, Big Jake's Amorata  
Is Voice and Tits—She—the gorgeous tomato (A)  
Amazonian figure unforgettable she.  
Hurrah for the glamorous bird V. & T.

**W** was when, well I've nearly finished all  
My verses alphabetical on the subject of free fall,  
I've often changed the metre, sometimes the  
scansion's weak.

The rhyming isn't strict at all, and frequently it's freak.  
However as my royalties don't bring me any pelf.  
If you would care to challenge me, just write some  
for yourself.

At **X, Y** and **Z** I was very short of time  
And farce and arse together was my last despairing  
rhyme.

My muse had almost had it, but that was hours ago.  
Let's consider some alterations, and have another go.

**X** could be **X** type, which is an ancient breed.  
Of serviceable canopy, rather going now to seed.

**Y** could be youngster in category one  
Apprehensive in the aircraft as despatching is begun.  
It's now his turn to climb outside, but how could he  
know.

That for him his life's beginning and then suddenly  
it's "GO".

**Z**'s not errogenous, but for dropping zone,  
Full blooded pleasure here, it goes right to the bone.  
The gang's all here, the fun's begun, the bug you've  
truly caught.

Your name is on the manifest—a marvellous sport.  
N.W.S.Y.

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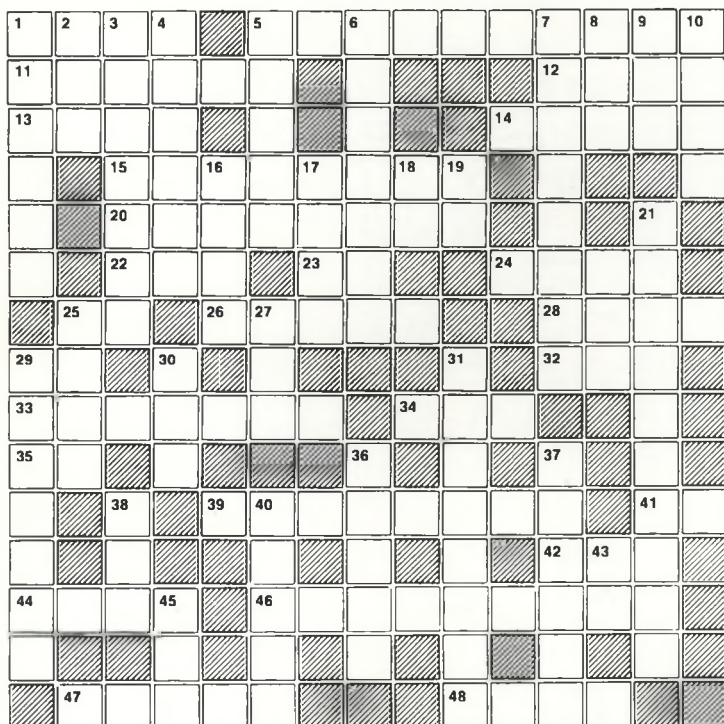
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# CROSSWORD by R. Timms



## ACROSS

- 1 Sally, Teresa, Diana & ---- whose sponsor give a health warning (4).  
 5 It's those glassy eyes that find the faults (10).  
 11 Barometric line on a map (6).  
 12 Warmth (4).  
 13 1st man for a link up (4).  
 14 Phonetically 'D' (5).  
 15 Did Tell jump his I wonder (8).  
 20 Basic essential for a NOTAM (8).  
 22 To fall behind (3).  
 23 Not out (2).  
 24 Do it before 'dumping' (4).  
 25 Beginners mod. (2).  
 26 They lead the world in our sport (5).  
 28 One who tells untruths (4).  
 29 18 down has suffered a reversal (2).  
 32 Sorrowful (3).  
 33 It would be rough if you were on your back at the time (7).  
 34 Digested (3).  
 35 Is this the way the doctor works? (2).  
 39 Cut away (8).  
 41 Negative (2).  
 42 Suitable (3).  
 44 Canopies have been known to refuse to do this (4).  
 46 Like a bank account, when it's in the red, you can expect harsh words (9).  
 47 With 29 Down, the home of 'Boots by Cookey' (7-5).

48 With 30 Down, a strong 2nd at the British 10 man star team meet (3-4).

## DOWN

- 1 Meacock's stomping ground (6).  
 2 The States (3).  
 3 'Mayday' or a call from the Sibson Star Team (3-4).  
 4 Spain & Portugal (6).  
 5 Will keep your hernia under control (5).  
 6 Leaves wing tips in the ground (3-4).  
 7 They can temporarily stop you coming down (8).  
 8 Fish (3).  
 9 Vermin (3).  
 10 R.W. tries to add yet another to the 'milky way' (4).  
 16 Wild revelry (4).  
 17 Throw your reserve into it (4).  
 18 I'm in charge says the soldier (2).  
 19 Us (2).  
 21 Is not a Detective Constable (10).  
 27 Beard of com. (3).  
 29 See 47 Across.  
 30 See 48 Across.  
 31 Slang W.D.I. Not to be confused with a partial (8).  
 36 Used in mastication (5).  
 37 Eating utensils (6).  
 38 Female deer (3).  
 40 To collect (5).  
 43 Physical exercise (2).  
 45 The refuse container has suffered a reversal (3).

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From **Sibson** (early 1975) — **26 ft LO-PO RESERVE** (red and gold) in Super-Pro Container.

In transit at **Netheravon** — late summer — **Protector reserve canopy** — Serial 528767

*Any information on this equipment please contact:*  
 The Editor — Tel: Rawdon 503840



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