

ROMAN GANDLE. No. 10



THE OFFICIAL, PUBLISHED WHEN YOU GET IT, STOP YOUR GROUSING DROBNIKS, AFTER ALL IT IS A REAL FREEBIE AND THATS 'ANDY 'ARRY, NEWSLETTER OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF PARACHUTING FAUNA, THE BEARLY MADE IT SKYDIVE SQUAD, AND THE U.K. TED DEVILS, (HHEW, WHAT A MOUTHFUL) ISSUE No.10. LAST KNOCKINGS, OR SOMETIME 85.

AHA. O, Ye of little Faith. Just when you thought that, Huh, that Egomaniac Fred Bear has finally run out of any Bear type rubbish that fits to print, WHACKO, I'm back with a quick YOSSER, and its you who needs the Nose Job. Ha, Ha.

Seriously, though Folks, once again my apologies for the length of time between issues of R.C. I'll be the first to admit that the delay between issues of this illustrious organ (OH, WHAAAT.) is well out of order, however, be that as it may, you are grasping in your hot little paw, the Tenth Issue of all the Parachuting Fauna type Trivia that the law and common sense allow us to Publish.

Does anybody out there know how many members we have?, We ourselves, quite honestly hav'nt a clue and we gave up trying to keep track some considerable time ago.

The reason we pose the question is due to the fact that KITELINES, the one and only, asked for details of our Club, AAARGH. They class us as a club. WOW, (Stands back in Amazement and Lower Jaw hits Boots) Gordon Bennett, (Hushed Reverential Tone) do they actually class us among the ranks of the all time greats, i.e. The WOGLAM PARAKITE Appreciation Society, THE BROOKITE HORIZON, ANTI DELTA NECK KITE KLUB, and perhaps the most revered Kite Club in History, The Royal and Ancient GERMAN ROLLER KLUB, whos old motto "THE WORLD IS YOURS FOR A BRANSTON PICKLE LID" echoes down the ages.

So there you have it, we have finally entered the ranks of the Kite Establishment. If KITELINES classes us as a Club, who are we to disagree. I personally think that all you Fauna out there fully realise that we are really a running gag, that Humes are a unfortunate necessity and that the only Counterfeit part of our whole setup is that Posing Cardboard Cutout Wally J.B. So to reiteratate, WE EXIST, THEREFORE WE AM.????

Your Chairbears Waffle

O.K. Guys and Gals, this is the bit where we tell it like it is (OH YEAH, Ed) Those of you have Deigned to Peruse the Official BMISS APPLICATIONS MANUAL, Whats that ?, you hav'nt got one, Oh Dear, how sad, never mind, Hard Cheese, may have noticed that the quoted descent speeds in Metres per second were just a touch on the high side The CIVIL AVIATION AUTHORITY also noted these speeds (7-8 MPS) and suggested that a figure of some 4-5 MPS would be somewhat beneficial (to whome, we're notsure) 'cos as every member knows, its immaterial what speed you descend with an unopened Chute, you still Bloody Well BOUNCE..... Those of you wishing to rectify their non possession of B.A.M. situation, should send very large quantities of very crispy £50 Notes (Oi, none of yer smudgy ones, or them with HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY adorned with a Beard) to G.N. LOCKE Esq, MEGASTAR PUBLISHERS, 75, Ave. Des Dun a Runner, Tossa dl Mar, in Spain, and you could provide us with a nice little earner. (Oi, wheres our cut, Ed.)

GAMLEY.....



A Dearth of Ramfoil Chutes

Although its more than a Year since the cardboard cutout was wrestling with those Jolly old Ramfoil Type Chutes, he admits to being rather puzzled by the continuing dearth of these Types. Isuggested thst it was probably due to most Dropniks being unable to make head nor tail from his chaotic Plans. The lack of these Chutes cannot be due to anything else, i.e. lack of sewing expertise, or lack of souped up sewing machines, because if J.B. can cobble them up on his eighteenhundred and freezing stiff, chugabuggy type machine, with his very dubious sewing and kitemaking technique, the sky should be Black with the Ramfoils. Its all most peculiar, still, I'm not complaining, I still prefer the Old type of Parachute Canopy. (Re Ramfoils, see elsewhere in this issue.)

T. Bear. St. Kilda Bottle Job?



From a certain DAILY TELEGRAPH via Tony Cartwright (A good - Guy, 'cos he dont inflict Parachuting Pain on Fauna) comes news of possibly the Worlds biggest BOTTLE JOB, or perhaps a Parachuting Bear with arguably more FRONT than HARRODS. The story goes like this. Way out in the Atlantic lies the tiny group of Islands known as St. Kilda. On one of these is an Army Missile Range. and Britains most Westerly Pub, The Puff Inn (Geddit?). Displayed in the Pub is the coffin of Warrant Officer Class II, T. Bear. The occupant of this coffin was regularly Parachuted onto the Islands dropping zone to check Wind velocity and Direction etc.

All of these descents it seems went well until May 15th 1973, when T. Bears chute failed to open. After a formal inquest, a Death Certificate was issued and the said Bear was placed into a suitably (whoops, paws) suitably inscribed coffin and put on display in the Pub. Yes we know what you are thinking, A Bottle Job?, hardly likely, no I think that T. Bear is what we are not, namely a Crafty Bleeder. After all, how many times have our Chutes failed to open?, I personally have lost count of how many times I have been Stiffed, and I expect all members are the same, yet, T. Bear has one Horrible hows yer father and instantly Bottles. It could be that when the Brains were being dished out, unlike us Mugs who were in the Sawdust queue by mistake, it seems likely that T. Bear was in the correct queue and getting a Dubble Bubble load of the Old Grey Matter. J.B. always says that if I had a brain, I'd be dangerou, to which, my stock reply is, Listen Mush, if you had as much Gunpowder up there as Brains you would'nt have enough to Scorch yer Hair Roots.

Does R.C. Give you acheing Minces? You Bet.

One of our less withit Members recently asked us to explain to him how on earth the Romans were able to Read by the Light of the said Candles (We digress here to apply large quantitys of Rolled up Newspaper to his Head, 'AVE SOME 'O THAT) Only a right DIVVO could ask such a question, cos everyone other than you Brother Sid (we always knew Shopstewards and Conveners were Thicko's) knows the answer of by heart.

The Romans were only able to read by the light of their Candles with great difficulty. especially when trying to read a Porno Tablet. They were tryers them Romans imagine this, you go down to the local Newsagent to buy your favourite Porno Tablet, on reaching for it from the Top shelf, you dropit on your Paw, hobbling back to your Villa, by now its Dark, not to worry you have your Roman Candles and on lighting the Blue Touchpaper you commence to read with difficulty cos the shooting stars have set fire to your ceiling, which is a great help to your acheing Minces cos its easier to read by the light of a Burning Ceiling than it ever was by the light of a Roman Candle

The Archeo's would have you believe that the Romans had underfloor heating, don't you believe it, no the Roman Empire fell from a surfeit of Smashed Paws, done in Minces and Villa's catching Fire and burning from the Top to the Bottom, and the Roman's took up Parachuting, its safer, and thats why your Newsletter is called Roman Candle, and if you believe that you'll believe anything.



Introducing the K.N.D.S.T. (OH WHAT!)

I don't suppose for one minute that the Initials K.N.D.S.T. mean anything to you dear member, that is unless you are a Dutch Fauna of the Parachuting Persuasion. We recently had a very nice letter from KOOS VERHELJ who is by the way a Parachuting Monkey, in which, amongst other things, he says he thinks its about time there was a Dutch Sky Dive Squad, hence the initials K.N.D.S.T. No. you wallys they don't stand for Kindly Nockoff Damaging Skydiving Teddies, they actually stand for, (hope we get this right) KONINKLYK NEDERLANDS DIEREN SPRING TEAM, (cor what a gobful) or as KOOS says for all you non Dutch Speaking Members, R.D.A.S.S, the Royal Dutch Animal Skydiving Squad, (ROYAL?, cor, just how up market can you get?) Anyway KOOS says he intends to issue a comprehensive Dutch Language version of R.C. primarily for those, he says, who have a bit of trouble with English Slang. ('ERE, thas 'andy 'arry, speshly as ar dint fink we yoosd ay Slang Frazz 'tall, Ohh Whaaat) Koose says he has got the old Photocopier well cranked up, and we look forward to hearing much much more from freinds of of ours in Holland.

↑ cant spell.

I.B.P.F. Approved by Royalty?

At the same time that he informed of the formation of the K.N.D.S.T. new Dutch Parachuting Fauna Club, Koos also listed some of their new members. As we said elsewhere, we have totally lost track of how many members we now have, however, be that as it may, we thought that as Koos seems to include a member of the Dutch Royal Family amongst his membership, we thought that this was worthy of a mention. Not being entirely au fait with all the members of the Dutch Royal Family, we are not too sure as to where His Royalty Leopold, III. fits into the hierarchy, nevertheless the K.N.D.S.T. with Royal connections, has scored a notable first.

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IS NOT
MUCH FUN
WITHOUT
THE BIRDS



Its enough to meltcha brain, so it runs outcha nose. AAAAHSHOOO!

A question which crops up from time to time from non Dropnik (Blessed be their Names) Kitefliers, is what is the fascination with dropping Parachuting Fauna from Kites?

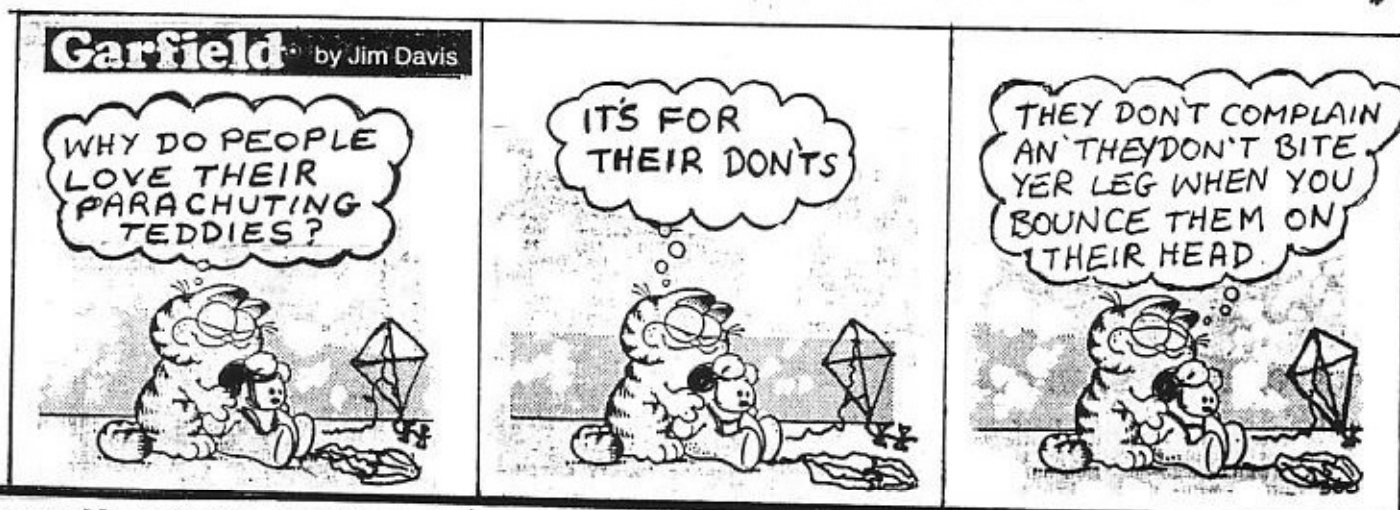
(Its not fascination, its a Sadistic desire to inflict Pain and Indignity on us Fauna)

At this point most Dropniks usually mutter "Sod Off", under their breath, maintaining all the while, a subtle combination of Bonhomie and Pity for the poor creature who dares to have a different perspective of Kiting than their own. (All Dropniks are Nutters.)

The reply to the question can take many forms, and the favourite reply from the one and only 22carat Wilf, (Shhh, you know who.) is "ASTRONOMY" (Oh, Whaat.) Yup, ASTRONOMY, folks, you did read it right and I know what you are thinking, Whats that got to do with Parachuting Fauna from Kites? (not a lot.) Anyway. to continue. the Superwilf will say that the whole study of Astronomy can simply split into two halves The first half is the study of just one interstellar object, i.e. The Crab Nebula and the second half is the study of everything else. So it is with Kites. According to the average Dropnik, the whole of Kiting can be divided into two quite easily. If it dont (or wont) lift a Bear or whatever, then that Kite is Naff, to a Dropnik. Those Kiters who dont drop Fauna (The Nice Ones) may wax lyrical about their favourite Aerodynes looks, colours, aesthetic appeal etc, whilst any old load of Big Fertilizer Bags and Sticks which somehow manages to lurch into the sky, but nethertheless can loft 20 Fauna is the only type of Kite that will send a Dropnik into transports of Delight. Whilst we are on the subject of old Rubbish and Fertilizer Bag type Kites, I am trying to persuade the cardboard cutout to give some of his Kites the Stergene treatment cos they are beginning to resemble the aforesaid Bags.

O.K. Folks, you've managed to plough through this Brain Softening load of Garbage up to here and the question now is obviously, "What do you think of it so far?"

RUBBISH..... (speak the Truth & Shame the Devil)



As well as being heavily into (crumbs, that dates us) Kites and Parachuting Fauna as well as Shooting, Painting Badges and Waffling on C.B. Radio, amongst other things. The cardboard cutout is suddenly going a bundle on of all things, American Football. Thanks to Channel 4, T.V. Sunday evenings are spent glued to the dreaded Box. Although a lot of the intricacies of this game escape him, he is well hooked as are we the BMISS H.Q. squad. I suppose we should fancy the Chicago Bears, but cheering on no hopers like The Green Bay Packers and the Cleveland Browns, is better, 'cos when You're down, the only way to go is up.....

Ramfoils Revisited



Although its nearly a Year since we published Plans for two types of Ramfoil Chutes and more than eighteen months since J.B. was cursing and struggling to nail them together we are still suprised by the lack of these chutes. Seemingly on a par with Hens Teeth, these Chutes when fully sussed out, provide a high level of Dropnik, and dare we say it, Fauna satisfaction. Maybe with the following, we can inczease the number of these Chutes.

1. Let us assume that the "Hair Gorn Grey, Fingernails Chewed to the Quick" stage, i.e. the construction is complete, and that the Dropnik now wishes to "Stuff the Jolly Old Rag". As these chutes are somewhat packing critical, it is best to take abit of time with the packing. Lay out the Canopy on a flat surface and by grasping alternate top seams, form the canopy into a rough airfoil shape, thus....
Once you have done this and the shroud lines are not tangled. Starting from the small end, you can concertinathe canopy horizontally- into a nice compact bundle, ensuring at the same time, that the shroud lines are not wrapped over the bundle.



2. When you've reached this point you will find that the canopy bag on these chutes is pretty well essential. Carefully stuffing the Canopy into the Bag, it is best to ensure that after having stowed the shroudlines as per a conventional Chute, the open end of the canopy faces the front. of the fauna.

3. With the packing completed as dascribed, there is almost a one hundred percent certainty that the chute will deploy successfully. In fact it seems that Ramfoil Chutes are as consistent as conventional types, if not more so

4. A complete deployment in any sort of breeze with these chutes will result in an extremely long flight which is very spectacular (moreso if it finishes in a tree) so a nice large D.Z. is an advantage.

5. The Anti-Shock Slider is best dispensed with due to the fact that although the Canopy is a Quarter Scale, the average Fauna no way approaches one quarter the weight of a 12-13 stone(168-182 lb or 74-86kg) Hume and therefore the Deployment shock is not enough to operate the Slider satisfactorially.

The Superwilf earnestly hopes that these few wrinkles will persuade other Dropniks to have a Bash at these Chutes, for us Bears part, I can only say "Roll Up Mugs".....
OH WHAAT!

Vas ist das Bottle Job? or 'Ullo, John, gottah noo mo'ah.

Oh, Gawd, suddenly its just occurred to us that if some of our Dutch friends are having trouble in deciphering the Slang contained in this and every past issue of R.C.. then maybe other Overseas Fauna/Dropniks are in the same Boat. If that is the case, never mind 'cos heres something to make amends. The first overseas Fauna/Dropnik to send in the correct Definition of "BOTTLE JOB" wins a prize (no, Rasta not a Knuckle Sarnie.) This is open to anyone not of U.K. extraction, i.e. If your Great, Great. Great, (pew) Great Grand Father was a Tripe Boiler and part time Pig Gelder in Heckmondwyke, and he Dun a Runner to Pastures new in Seventeen 'Undred 'an 'ows yer Farva, sorry, you just Blew Out.....


Alright, alright, I know what you're thinking, it was'nt worth the wait. O.K. you're entitled to your opinion, but that is neither here 'nor there, the fact is, that its very difficult to do better when you're a Bear of little Brain, So if any of you out there have got anything which you think would intrest others, then lets have it. News, Views, in fact any old Parachuting Type Rubbish will be gratefully accepted.

This space is due to a cock up partup wise

At the moment its still the same address we 'aint done a Moonlight Flit yet, however sometime in the New Year, they are planning to knock our House down, (probably to build a Slum,) and when that happens, rest assured, we will keep you posted as to when and where we do a runner to . Our house, in the middle of our street (key change) Our house was our castle and our keep (sorry Madness.)

Anyone can Pinch what they like from this Newsletter just so long as you tell your readers where you Nicked it from. (Copy the whole of it if you like.) Just give us the credit.

Published by and on behalf of the
IBPF/BMISS/UKTD 26. Lowdell Close.
Yiewsley, West Drayton.
Middx. UB7.8AZ.
England.

 Fred 85.