

D 42 ROMAN SANDLE 48.



THE JOURNAL OF THE BEARLY MADE IT SKYDIVE SQUAD, THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHER AND SISTERHOOD OF PARACHUTING FAUNA AND THE U.K. TED DEVILS. REGARDED BY SOME AS A BLOT ON KITING TODAY, BY OTHERS, AS A BIT OF A LAUGH. 100% MINDLESS DRIVEL CONTENT GUARANTEED, TOODLE PIP !

Drug baron granny hid her stash in teddy bear

Yes, you've all been there, seen it, done it, read the Book, watched the Vid, worn the T shirt, had the GLUELASH, yes, we did say Gluelash and not Goulash, you know what we we mean, stuck in the Kharzi for fourhours.

All the while during those subtraenaian rumblings, anguished thoughts are tearing around in your Bonce. "IS this it ?", oh Gawd, Have I finally lost me Bottle? will I never again be able to put one over on that Rotten Dropnik of mine. oh, lor, the sweat is pouring off your fevered brow,

Is it finally GOODNIGHT VIENNA?, that it should come to this,cor, gordon Bennett, was that Vindaloo and the Fourteen Pints of Newcastle Brown, the Straw that broke the Camels Back?

RUMBLE,GRIBE, RUMBLE, sodding hell, is it the aftermath of that last Total you did from a Thou, right onto that Barbed Wire Fence,the one you kept yelling about that it was a bit of p**s, NO PROBLEMS, or, gawd forbid , worse still,has one of the BOF's Healthy Lifestyle Greasebucket Breakfasts, finally come home to roost?

CALM DOWN YOU HYPOCHONDRIAC FOOL, all bets are off, and at the risk of having that bloody Sniffer Dog Sticking his nose where the Monkey stuck the Nuts, again, it can be revealed that ,that Guts Ache is the result of having the best part of a Kilo of Columbias Finest, stuffed into your vitals, by some silly old Moo, who ought to know better.

AH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS, WHEN ALL WAS INNOCENCE AND LIGHT, YES NOTHINIG TO COMPARE WITH SOMEWHAT MOULDY OLD KAPOK,OR MAYBE EVEN FLOCK, COTTON WASTE, SHREDDED BLANKET OR EVEN GOOD OLD TIME EXCELSIOR(wood wool for the ignorant among you)

NOWADAYS ITS ALMOST AS IF ANYTHING GOES,.. ANYTHING FROM POLYSTYRENE BEADS TO MAN MADE NON INFLAMMABLE SAFETY MINDED FILLINGS OF THE MOST POLITICALLY CORRECT KIND ABSOLUTELY LOADED DOWN WITH INNOCUITY, (must have safe Teddybears, dont yer know) NOTHING UNTOWARD IN ALL THAT YOU MAY SAY, CORRECT,

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT ANY TEDDBEAR IS OR EVER WAS, THE SLIGHT-TEST BIT DANGEROUS. All that gets us , when you get down to the real Nitty Gritty, IS THAT WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ONE THING THAT THE GOOD OLD DAYS NEVER HAD TO CONTEND WITH.....

JUST WHERE THAT CUSTOMS SNIFFER DOG STICKS HIS COLD DAMP NOSE REMEMBER.....THEY DONT LIKE IT UP 'EM, DOHNASTY.

THERES ME THINKING THE WORST
YEAH, COS, YOU REALLY WAS STUFFED.



LETTERS,LETTERS.....WE OCCASIONALLY GET SOME.....

From the speed Camera Capital of the west.....

What a load of Wimps, Flippin' Humes, a special Chute to jump from 250ft, we should be so Bleedin'lucky. If our Hume could get us over 150ft,we would think we was in heaven.

You had to publish a picture did'nt you. Last time it was the LARA, so now we have to drift for miles and then get dragged across the ground until the slow old Bugger gets to us. O.K. in a dry spell in the Summer, but have you ever hit a couple of wet ones on the unmentionable Cow Pat Hill? No,well try it some day and see what your passengers say and do when the heater starts to dry you Fur out on the way home.

Why could'nt you just publish the article without the Picture? It took our Hume Four Days from getting R.C. to have the prototype built and we are going out of the first floor window and landing in the Pond. What is the scale height for a 10"x½lb bear to jump from safely?

In future, if you feel the urge to publish picture of a clever new Chute,either give us sufficient details so that the Hume can make one that works, or let us know in advance so that we can leave the country,

yours, The TED BERETS

P.S. Watch out for us little Sods with our new Canopies, and do you any further details of the Transparent skirts what does it do and does it work?

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SODDIN' HELL,WHAT DO THEY WANT, Jam and Butter? Scale Height,must be about 75ft or so(dont forget the life Jack-ets) and as regards proper plans etc, there aint a snowball in hells chance of anything as useful as that.

From ARRER, everso everso dontcha know.....

My first ever ROK, a stout Bearlifter if there ever was one finally Clapped hands in a brisk wind that also snapped two 90kg Dyneema lines on my 2.4 metre Foil. all three Spars spontaneously shortened themselves in such a way that it was easy for them to pass through the Sail they were meant to be Supporting. Sounds like illegal Immigration to me,though at least the Kites were easier to take home on the Tube.

My next project will be something I can take to the Field in a Bag, Sparless.....Aside from accidents when the Cork comes off my Fork at Dinner Time, I think there are few things in life to compare with creative nights spent behind a Whirring Sewing Machine, let the Footpedal Fly.....

Yours Droptnik Dix

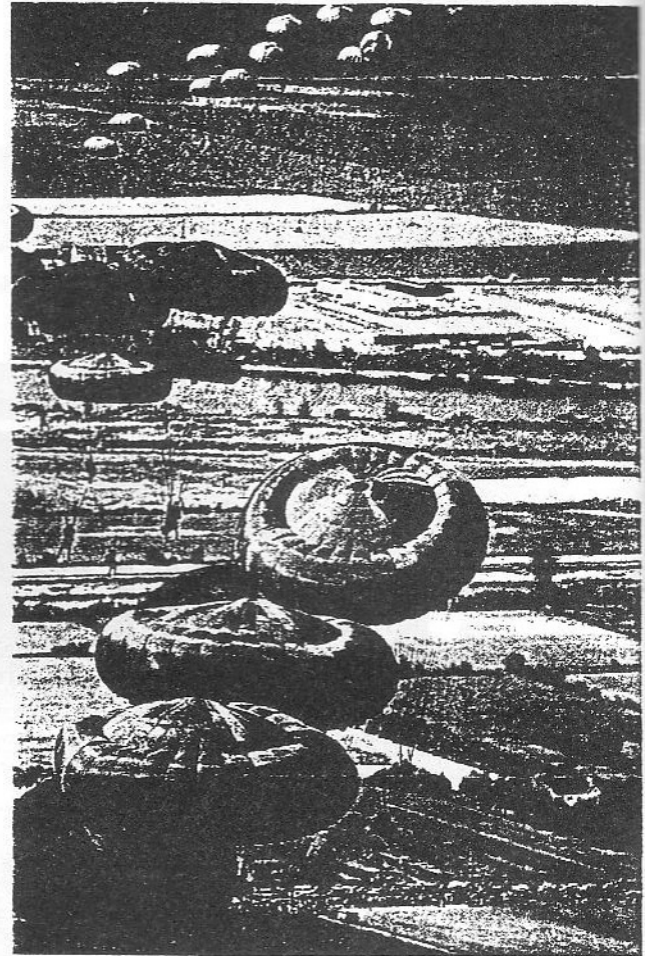
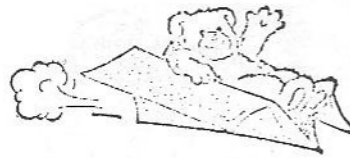
P.S. Are there any support Groups out there for people who are intrested in Kites and Fauna Bombing? the reason I ask is that at social events, it seems better to say that you have a Dose of the Clap, than say that you love Kites and Fauna Bombing.....

HOW TRUE THAT PS IS. Come on , how many of us rarely if ever,let on what our Hobby is?

Tell someone that, and for the most part you'll see the quickest ever Eyes Glazing over routine imaginable.

I've even offered the Lip Curlers out many a time, You know, I'll pick the Wind and the Kite, you hold it one handed for Ten minutes then tell me that Kiting is for wimps and An-oraks, so far, no takers, but lots of Lip Curling and Hilarity, even seen the "Head for the Hills, theres a Nutter on the Loose " routine, just goes to show, I suppose that theres no accounting for taste.

Still, when alls said and done, would we ever want our Hobby taken over by those of that ilk? Lets face it, we of Kiting and Fauna Bombing can and will survive any adversity that being a sort of Fringe activity will bestow upon us... Up with Kites and Down with Fauna, but of course only by Parachute.....



High fliers: but new parachutes will work at low altitude



LEFT HAND DOWN A BIT SON, WHOOPS, ON ME HEAD HARRY, LITERALLY.....

Times were when the delivery of much needed supplies from the Air, by Parachute, to a pin point location whilst under intense Fire from an enemy. who all too well knew to a nicety, the exact spot, that the intended supplies were supposed to be dropped on, was very much a Hit or Miss affair.

Countless times in History, have the intended recipients watched as their supplies were delivered at great cost directly to the Enemy. Not only in times of conflict do supplies from the Air go astray. Recently on the borders of Iraq, where the U.N. had established safe havens for Refugees, Parachute Drops of much needed humanitarian supplies actually killed some of the intended recipients when they went off course.

However, things are set to change with the recent development of a self contained Steering unit for each individual unit of Air delivered by Parachute, Cargo.

Used in conjunction with a Steerable Paracute, the Computer controlled, Battery powered unit achieves an amazing degree of accuracy onto the chosen Drop Zone. Using information from Global Positioning Satellites, each unit via a system of pulleys and steering lines, literally flies each unit of Parachute Cargo directly to where it is needed.

The beauty of this system is that the delivery Aircraft, no longer has to fly an almost suicidal course to get the Cargo to exactly where it is needed. Now the Aircraft can stand off, drop the load and watch as the individual units of the load fly themselves to exactly where they are required.

In Testing, cameras were attached to the loads, which produced quite amazing footage of the Steering Units in action. The Computer controlled pulleys and steering lines were working overtime feeding corrections and instructions to the Parachutes as would be done by a Human Parachutist. There is also bonuses in that when the Steering units have delivered their Payloads to the intended place, not only is each unit fully reusable but the sensitive GPS Data which enables the unit to know where it is to land is destroyed each time, just in case the unit falls into the hands of the enemy or other unauthorised, thereby jeopardising future Air Dropped by Parachute deliveries.

No doubt these steering units were developed at Multi Mega Buck cost primarily for the Military, but who knows, maybe an inventive soul out there could apply the idea to Fauna Bombing

Lots of scope for something along these lines would enable Parafauna of a soft cuddly toy persuasion to go Barmier than they already are, cor, the thought sends shivers up yer Doobry.

Alright, calm down, you know the lots of SCOPE, involves vast numbers of Parafauna endlessly circling the nearest Po-Faced display site waiting to commit Furry Armageddon when the CHIPS are down.

We love 'em really, ha ,ha, well we love winding them up, Shhhhsh,listen, cant you hear Pen scratching paper, muttered curses,Fingers tapping that computer, Scratch,Scratch, Curse, Curse, Tap,Tap..... Sodding Hell, ARFURS on the case already my life.....

OOHER, MISSUS.....

Pooh 'escaped' to pay secret trip to Britain

By David Millward

WITH the transatlantic war of words over Winnie the Pooh showing little sign of abating, details have emerged of a secret trip to London made by the bear in the 1980s.

Pooh was brought to London on Concorde for tea at the Savoy by Nancy Winters, an American writer, shortly before the bear began his life sentence at the New York Public Library.

New York-born Ms Winters saw Pooh sitting forlornly in the offices of her publishers, EP Dutton, and persuaded them to allow her to take him home for a fortnight's holiday.

Pooh — along with Piglet, Tigger, Eeyore and Kanga — had been living in New York since the 1920s. The toys had been given by A A Milne to his son, Christopher Robin.

Permission to repatriate Pooh for a fortnight was granted to Ms Winters on condition that she brought him back to America in time for him to be taken to his new home at the library.

"Pooh had a marvellous time coming across on Concorde and enjoyed himself in London. He had friends like Rupert the Bear come to the Savoy. He had honey, tea and there was a little bit of champagne around.

"When we were out people



Ms Winters in Britain with Pooh, right, and chum

who recognised us would stop us in the street. Pooh loved being taken around in black cabs and he doesn't mind riding in a Daimler.

"Pooh was heartbroken to be going back, but he understood that I had made a promise to the man who let me bring him over."

Now Ms Winters regards Pooh as a prisoner of the library in her native New York and is backing a British campaign to free him from his glass case.

"We should make 'Free Pooh' buttons. If we could get John McCarthy out, we should be able get Pooh out."

Her backing for the Bring Pooh Home campaign is certain to lead to derision from other New Yorkers who, led

by Rudy Giuliani, the city's mayor, are determined that the bear should remain in exile.

Most of the scorn is currently aimed at Gwynneth Dunwoody, Labour MP for Crewe and Nantwich, who has likened the bear's position to that of the Elgin Marbles.

But her plea for the restoration of a chunk of Britain's heritage provoked a stream of vituperation from Andrea Peyser, a New York Post columnist who dubbed the MP "Dunlooney".

The MP, however, declined to respond in kind. "The temperate and intelligent tone of the response shows how guilty the New York Post must feel," she said.

Italian bears start march on Rome

ALL roads are said to lead to Rome. Soon Yogi and his kind are likely to be spotted taking one of them into town. Like boars and other animals which once hid away in Italy's wilds, bears seem to be migrating toward the capital.

Despite his unimaginative name, Yogi is an original and, quite literally, "emerging" sort of bear. After happily living his life in the rugged Abruzzo region to the east of the city with the rest of his breed, he recently stepped out into society, and was quickly noticed.

Descending from his mountain in the dead of the night, the bear raided the cellar of a village house some 25 miles from Rome and found it full of cheeses. After gobbling them up in the street, he sauntered away; but later, feeling peckish he came back, and woke up the owners by angrily banging on the front door for more.

No longer content with their lot in the Appenine national parkland reserve of the Abruzzo, bears are moving towards the cities.

Bears are not the only animals coming down from the hills. Wolves, too, are also migrating, and besides turning up for the first time in Piedmont, whose capital is Turin, are moving closer to Rome. The lynx has also reappeared.



A main attraction for wolves, the World Wide Fund for Nature says, is the re-appearance of wild herbivores such as different kinds of deer, and wild boar, which are so common in Italy that it is not unusual to find them rummaging in suburban dustbins.

The migration of wild animals is being taken so seriously that the WWF is offering courses for the re-education of sheepdogs, which it says have lost their smell for such animals.

The idea of the project, which is being funded by the European Union, is to teach the local breed of dog — the Abruzzo mastiff — to recognise former enemies that it has long forgotten. The WWF says the project will help "minimise conflict between man and wolf".

SEEING THIS PIECE ABOUT THE ITALIAN BEARS MARCHING ON ROME, makes one realise that something similar has occurred in the U.K. Notwithstanding all the Yea or Nay Furore over Foxhunting, it would seem to be more likely that you would see a Fox in the Urban setting than in the Countryside, "Do Ya Ken John Peel, Dahn the old Kent Road" Yoo Wot, yes, wiley old Reynard has taken to the City in a big way.

So, have we any Parachuting Foxes of a Soft Cuddly Toy Persuasion? Membership of BMISS embraces a varied amount of the Weird and Wonderful, but so far, we have not heard of any Parafoxes.

For that Matter we donot appear to have any Wolves, Lynx, or Deer Members, though we are open to correction On that point.

Openings in our membership are also available for any Dysfunctional, Olefactorially challenged Abruzzo Mastiffs, as you know, all are welcome, nuff said.....

FURTHER TO THE PIECE IN RC 47, AS TO WHO was the first Successful Hume Parachutist, we had it as one A.J. Garnerin, who did the biz in 1797, preceded by his Pooch, named GNASHER. However, we are reliably informed by Dropnik Slater, that some Chinese Geezer, actually got in first by the space of some 300 years.

However, as the critical piece of paper with all the details on it has vanished into the ever hungry maw of the BOF's amazing filing system, probably never to be seen again, we'll have to get back to you on that, watch this , or that space.

FOR THOSE READERS WHO ARE NOT AQUAINTED with the story behind that Drugged and Stuffed Teddy Bear headline on page one, we include the potted piece below, which gives an outline of the story behind the seemingly crazy headline. Though the PERP got her Just, its still no way to treat a TEDDYBEAR.

AN evil gran who ran a vast drugs empire from her home in a respectable suburb was jailed for 15 years yesterday.

Evelyn Fleckney masterminded cocaine and ecstasy deals worth millions, while keeping drugs for herself stitched inside a teddy bear.

Neighbours who included bankers and estate agents suspected nothing as ruthless Fleckney ran her vile trade from her four-bedroom home.

The 41-year-old blonde—who boasted she could get a million ecstasy pills at a moment's notice—bought drugs through London's underworld



SHOCK....HORRER....GORDON BENNETT.... OUR FLABBER IS GASTED.....

That it should come to this, Word has it that Professor Mike Dallmer of the World Renowned Oakley Street Maternity Clinic for Soft Cuddlies of a Toy Persuasion, has been and gorn and turned into, wait for it, a bleedin Politician, Boo, Hoo, where did we go wrong..... Prof Mike has been elected to the position of the Head Honcho of the South Jersey Kite Flyers.

Can it be that a Decent Dropnik would go off the rails like this and become one and the same as Slick Willy or Bambi Blair?

After some consideration, we are convinced that this is probably a put up job, whereby a Dropnik can do another covert number on even more of the Po Faced, pretty good to convince them to vote for you. We await with keen intrest, future developments....

MANY THANKS, BUT IF WE HEAR ONCE MORE, THE CATCHPHRASE, " I'LL GET YOU BUTLER" We really will go Bonkers, "Dont wanna be a Bus Driver all my Life, Much prefer Flying Kites and Bombing Bears in the Night" Yes, you could say not much of a Job, but it pulls in a few notes, so there you go

Anyway once again we have managed to cobble together another load of Mindless drivel, thanks mainly to you CRAZY SODS out there, you know who you are and more power to your elbows.....

So its the usual to the usual, The Teddytorial, c/o The BOF.....
48 LAUREL LANE, WEST DRAYTON, MIDDX, UB7.7TY. U.K. cheers.....