

42 ROMAN CANDLE 66.

SOMETIMES THE LANDING GOES COMPLETELY WRONG

The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. A 101% Politically Incorrectload of Mindless Drivel, but then you already knew that, and lets face it, Do we give a Toss, like as 'eck.



Wartime secrets of Percy the parachuting pig

Percy and wee Percy...

A rather scruffy looking stuffed toy pig, posted by a soldier to his wife whenever he was sent on a dangerous mission, was the sole survivor of an auction of the couples toy collection held recently.

Percy a pig with a parachute, was mailed to Jean Metcalf whenever her husband Bernard, who was in the Parachute Regiment during the Second World War, was sent overseas.



Capt Bernard Metcalf

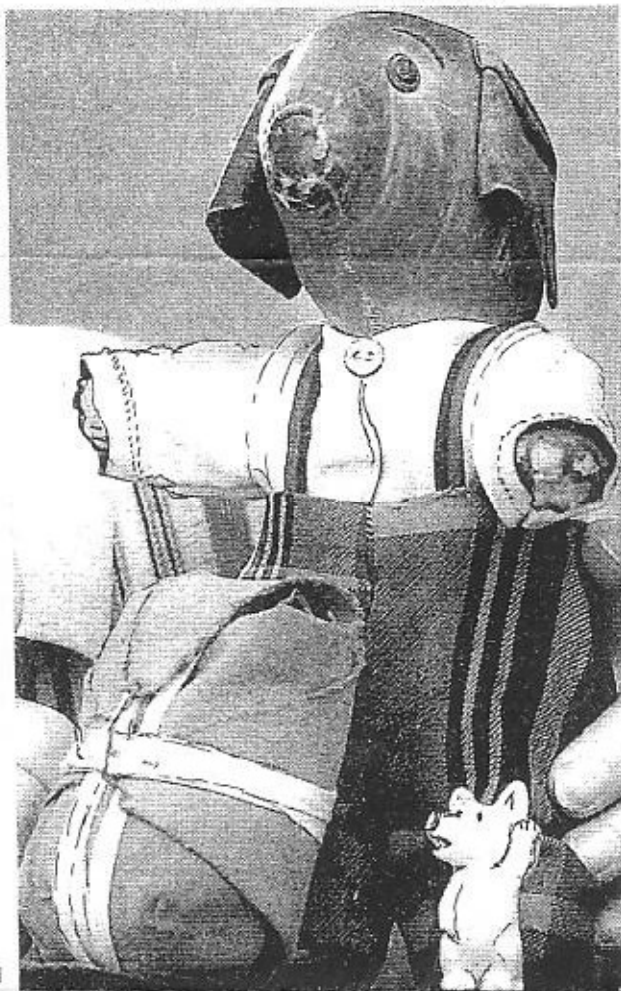
Percy the pig was used as a signal because Capt. Metcalfs whereabouts were of course classified, so he could not tell his wife where he was being posted to.

The couple from Yelverton, Devon, collected more than a thousand ornamental and toy pigs during their sixty year marriage. After her husbands death last December, Mrs Metcalf decided to sell them all except Percy.

The entire collection, minus Percy were auctioned at Plymouth Auction Rooms for an amazing £1,500. Percy the parachuting pig still remains in the glass cabinet that once housed the entire collection along with wee Percy a tiny china pig that Capt. Metcalf carried on him for the whole war. Mrs Metcalf believes that this little china pig actually guided her husband safely through the war, as his only injury throughout that dreadful time, wa having his top front teeth knocked out by a shell splinter, on the night before D_Day.

Getting Percy in the post was my only way of knowing that my husband was being posted somewhere secret, says Mrs Metcalf. I was sad to see the collection go, but it wa too much work for me, to keep them clean.

Percy the parachuting pig was originally borrowed from Capt. Metcalfs niece. He was given a Flare chute, hopefully minus the flare, and was regularly parachuted from the roof of the post office where Mrs Metcalf was stationed during the war. However we can be pretty certain that Percy was never parachuted from a Kite, or even from a Plane, for that matter, but netherthe less good old Percy and wee Percy, certainly did their respective bits.



GORDON BENNETT, WE'RE A WUNNER, A TON, NOT OUT.....

And funny enough most of us decrepit wrecks dont feel a day over Fifty, even if we all appear to be about Two Hundred.

In this vein, Alistair Cooke, who will be 94 in November, took an ancient piece of journalistic advice as regards the subject of his "LETTER FROM AMERICA" (Radio 4) The ancient advice ?, when stuck for a subject on which to write, never despair, just reach for an anniversary and the anniversary Mr Cooke reached for was the Centenary of, yes you guessed it, the Teddy Bear. Of course as you know the name Teddy came from the 26th President of the United States, one Theodore or Teddy Roosevelt.

In November 1902, President Roosevelt was out Bear hunting in Mississippi, and it was not a successful day. After the President had failed to shoot a Bear, his host captured a Bear and tethered it to a post and invited the President to have a pop at it. President Teddy declined, saying "spare the Beare, I will not shoot a sitting animal" A couple of Brooklyn shopkeepers named Morris and Rose Michtom, then decided to celebrate this act of Presedential compassion by making a soft toy Bear and putting it on sale as "TEDDY'S BEAR".

One hundred years later, the Teddy Bear has never been more poular, and in recent years it has acquired a poignant new role as an offering to the dead. Thre were many Teddy Bears amongst the offerings at Ground Zero in New York, as there were outside Kensington Palace after the death of Diana, Princess of Wales.

This may be because the Teddy Bear feels an especially intimate kind of pffering because of the strong ties of affection usually binding it to its owner. Possibly it may be that it is regarded as a symbol of innocence, an idea perhaps encouraged by the character of good old Winnie the Pooh.

Have any Parachuting Bears been offered ?, probably not in view of what happened at Ground Zero, Para Bears would probably be taken as some kind of sick joke. Not too worry our chuteless breteren fill the bill admirably.

So there you have it we, as a species are a oner(wunner) and are galloping into our second century at a fair old lick Suffuce it to say that a goodly proportion of us are not of the TWEE persuasion, all power to them if thats the way their Mothers put their hats on. But we are of the more down to earth persuasion, no more so when we're aloft under a Kite and contemplating the sudden drop. Be that as it may, we, at the 'enth degree know full well whata an amazing hold we have on those Humes.

YOO HOO
MR HUMPHRIES,
I'M TWEE



Killer bears put town under siege

The People of Ola a rundown town in the middle of a Russian wilderness, are being besieged by killer Bears.....

One Bear mauled a local teenager to death this summer and a recent helicopter survey logged seventeen Bears on the outskirts of the town. Raging forest fires to the west and a shortage of the Siberian humpback samon that are a staple of the Bears diet at this time of year have sent the Bears marauding into human territory.

Ola on the Sea of Okhotsk shore in Russia's far east is situated right in the path of the Bears hunt for fish. One month ago AlexSeleznyov and Nikolai Fedosov were poaching on the river bank, when they heard a rustling in the bushes. They thought it was the fishing inspector but it was a bear. In their ensuing panic one lad climbed a tree, but the other lad ran, persued by the Bear and was later found mauled to death. Local Police have been trying to protect the town by setting ambushes for the Bears. So far four Bears have been shot, but it makes you wonder if it would be better to feed'em

THREE CHEERS FOR GOOD OLD PROFESSOR BALDWIN, AND THOSE HAPLESS DOLLS.....

THIS WANTS SOME BELEIVING...IT APPEARS THAT THE TORNADO TEDS,HAVING TIRED OF TERRORISING POOR OLD JOHN THORNTON,HAVE DECIDED TO GO FOR SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THE BOOK VARIETY, YOO WOT! THEY'VE EVEN PERUSED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF E.H. SHEPARD WHO WAS THE ILLUSTRATOR OF THE ORIGINAL WINNIE THE POOH BOOKS.

The Tornado Teds came across the following episode from Shepards childhood, and what you must remember is this was round about 1886 or 1887, well before our Ted ancestors were even a gleam in the eyes of Mr and Mrs Michtom.

WE QUOTE... The hall of our house was paved with tiles and the staircase was of stone with iron banisters. It was wide enough for us to play our favourite game of Parachute descents. This pastime had been a craze with Cyril and me ever since we had been taken to the Crystal Palace and had seen a certain Professor Baldwin make the perilous descent by Parachute from the main transept.

Lit up by limelights and accompanied by the din of brass band and the thunder of drums, he had sailed majetically, to arrive in the arena in tights and spangles, and to bow his thanks to the delighted audience.

When we came home, we set about emulating him, but wisely decided to try the experiment first with Ethels dolls.

Ethel was older than we were and her intrest in dolls was waning so she took the conscription of her dolls in good part.

This was fortunate for the casulty list was very high. Woe betide the victim if her head was made of china or wax! We soon found that an umbrela was of little use as a Parachute as it became unmanageable and stuck in the stairwell. Then we tried handkerchiefs of different types and sizes, one of which was decorated with a coloured picture of the Professor himself. But even these handkerchiefs were not entirely satisfactory.

Poised at the top of the stairs, leaning over the banisters and holding the contraption with the hapless doll attached, I would launch it whilst Cyril waited below to avert calamity. The only doll to survive these escapades was Minna,grubby,tough and made from leather.

As you can see from the above, fauna bombing, though not necessarily from kites as is our droptniks wont, predates furry wotsits of a Beary persuasion by at least 15 years, and who knows, probably by a whole lot more.

PARAS READY TO RESCUE 20,000 BRITS FROM MUGABE.....

Recent newspaper reports indicate that if it does go completely pearshaped inZimbabwe,it is planned to evacuate the Brits under the protection of a Paratroop security umbrella . It is reported that the SAS has already reconoitered the ground. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the present situation,it would be a spectacular event indeed.

Be that as it may, already there has been a crop of the usual letters to the newspaper editors , yeaing or naying as THEIR FANCY TAKES THEM, and one in particular did catch our eye, so much so that its worth printing it here.

THE LETTER COULD BE ENTITLED "TITTER YE NOT"



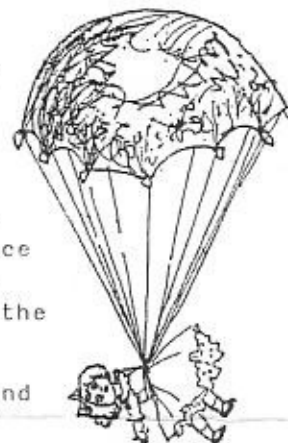
Sir- Talk of pennypinching armed forces dropping paratroopers in Africa reminds me of when I covered the Shaba province rebellion for UPI in May'78. When the Zairean government claimed it had dropped 100 paratroops behind the rebel lines, I checked with the Belgian Colonel who had been training them. He said, " If thats true, they've got 100 dead paratroops, as we have'nt supplied them with Parachutes yet. (Daily Telegraph)

Is'nt that typical of Gobby politicians shooting their mouths off before they are in full posession of the true facts.

One things for certaaain, wherever they drop Humes, the buggers still dont bounce.....



'Sailed majestically down'



'With the hapless doll attached'

PONGY, POSING PENGUIN MENACE KICKS OFF STATESIDE.....YOO WOT...

DID WE OR DID WE NOT TELL YOU IN THE LAST ISSUE OF R.C. TO KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR ANY SIGNS THAT THE PONGY, PISSHEAD PENGUINS POSING AS PARACHUTING POLARBears ON MERSEYSIDE WAS SPREADING? WELL IT NOW APPEARS THAT THE PROBLEM HAS NOW KICKED OFF STATESIDE.

Ernie Fosselius, erstwhile crew chief of Bear Devils Aerial Circus of California, informs us that the authorities Stateside are desperately trying to suppress reports that the aforesaid Pongy Penguins are still storming aircraft in their eternal quest to make all known sources of the Amber Neck Oil into replicas of the Sahara Desert.

Having pretty well worn out their welcome at every known watering hole on the west coast, the Pongy Ones are getting really desperate, so much so that having heard that you can get free beer on aircraft, these notorious party hanigmals are doing their utmost to get on board with out paying for a ticket.

These events are happening in spite of the increased security measures, now in place state-side, at a cost of Billions of Squids in Taxpayers Dollars. Ernie wonders just how deep is the bottomless pit into which all these tax bucks are being shovelled, as the security measures dont seem to be having much effect.



HOW COULD A THING LIKE THIS HAPPEN IN THE USA-WITH BILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN HEIGHTENED AIR SECURITY?? WHERE DO OUR TAX DOLLARS GO?

The bottom line is be alert as Britain and the States need lerts to ensure that this very nasty menace is curtailed before it gets completely out of hand. Remember this you serious boozers, those seemingly nice Parapolarbears you are in a drinking school with in reality are nothing but Pongy Pisshead Penguins Posing as those awfully nice Parapolarbears, and when its their turn for a shout, they dissappear in a pong of fish, having drunk your pub dry by poncing pints from mugs like you... nuff said.

REFORMED DRUNK OF THE WEEK????? OOH'ER MISSUS

A beer loving Bear has been tricked into going on the wagon after villagers in a Bosnian village grew tired of his "Singing".

The two year old Bear, named Mrki by the villagers of Dobratic who had fed him with kitchen scraps since hunters killed his mother, got a taste for the Amber neckoil after finding half full cans left over by the locals. Tadija Sugic, who owns a coffee shop in the village said "He was drinking up to 20 cans of beer a day, getting really plastered, then starting to get out of hand. So we decided to trick him with alcohol free beer, and its worked a treat. He loves it, and is so tame, you can sit down with him and enjoy a beer with him without fear."

SO AS EVER ITS THE USUAL TO "TO"THE WHATNOT

The Teddytorial, C/O The Boring Old Fart, who does'nt get any the less boring, at, wait for it 48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, UB7.7TY, in what will forever be ENGLAND, no matter what the Traitors have planned, a plague on them.

Heres a little footnote thought. If at the end of the first century of Teddy Bears, the highest price ever paid for one was round about £100,000, what do you reckon that will translate to at the end of our second century. Its a fair bet that none of our humes will be their to see it, but who knows some of us may well be, and thats a scary thought.

AN ALCOHOL FREE BEAR IS SCARY
ALCOHOL FREE KITER IS WORSE

