

42 ROMAN SANDLE 80.



The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Arguably the biggest load of mindless drivel in Kiteflying today, but do we give a toss? Maybe yours is the hooter we're bound to get up, we'll probably melt'ya brain.

Once bitten...

Four hundred times shy as the saying goes. Sue Storey sent us this pic of a recent blatant attempt by at least 400 humes to mass gatecrash the BMISS membership list.

Ostensibly a celebration in honour of the King of Thailand's 60th year on the throne. King Bhumipol Adulyadej is the world's longest reigning monarch, by the way, the do was held in Thailand's Udan Thani province.

Be that as it may, what we had here was yet another madcap stunt in an increasingly bizarre series whereby crazy humes, who of course must

have it all at almost any price. the it in this case being membership of the very exclusive BMISS. As all our bone fide members know we dont easily confer full membership on every crazy two bob who thinks its a snap. Nope, theres criteria to be met.

You know the score. humes have to survive a 10,000ft fall, sans a chute, and Sue says that she has given the pic a real good clocking, and she cant actually see one, but we're not so sure. Knowing these tricky humes, we suspect that one at least had a chute, stuffed where the monkey hid the nuts, all casual like, ready for the other 399 to grab onto when they thought the photographer was'nt looking, 'cos lets face it them yumes is a right dodgy lot and we would'nt put anything past them.

So there you have it dear members, please keep your eyes peeled and yer lugholes akimbo, for any sight or sound of yet another put up job, cos as we've said before, up with this we are not putting.

In the past we have had a few members who were no doubt going soft in the head, saying that maybe the official criteria for humes wishing to join the BMISS was a little too harsh. Too harsh? are they raving mad. how many times has each individual member been stiffed, through some half baked hume not stuffing the jolly old rag properly, or cocking it up in many other ways. Some of us are well brassed off with yet another gobfull of dropzone. Sorry and all that but, however harsh the 10,000ft sans a chute criteria may seem, we have standards to keep up, so there.

To keep the metricated merchants happy, 10,000ft..@ 3,000 metres.



Not so grim up north

I'ts true, they even fly Kites and bomb fauna in Sweden..

Dear Fred,

What , may you ask is a proper British Ted doing in the land of 'kin cold winters that last 6 months? Well, me and about 15 other pilot bears live 'ere, cos the boss yume shacks up 'ere, and 'im being a pilot, like all pilots 'e collects us. funny enough not all of our merry band are pilot bears, one is a weird looking flying chicken from Austrian Airlines an one is a snooty looking geezer togged up in a wax jacket an flat 'at,oo calls imself Land Rover bear. 'ees a bit posh but alright.

There are are also two pilot Elks, one is called Brit Elkland, who 'aint bad lookin for an Elk that is. She and one of me mates calle Amelia Bearheart 'ave bin chosun by our dropnik to jump from 'is Kites. Soddin 'ell, when he was flying, 'e thought you'd 'ave to be bleedin mad to hop out of a perfectly good aircraft, now the cheeky sod cant wait to send them up. I was dead worried that 'is nibs would choose me for the long drop, but he took pity on me cos Ive got dodgy minces. Yerse, a slight Astigmatism, 'is nibs calls it a bleedin squint, so I got grounded at the same time as he was when his minces went chronic, sumfin called'er, bests macular degenerashun, poor barsteward, so nah we both wear bins, but is are like beer bottle bottoms.

Anyway he maybe not be able to see too good, but he did 'ave the sense to call me 'is favourite and I'm proud to be one of the chosen few 'oo are allowed to kip in his bed between 'im and the missus hume. She, being of the Swedish persuasion is the why we all have to put up wiv the bleedin weather here. Still, I must'nt complain as she did buy me my own Ted last Chrimbo. He's a pedigree Bukowski bear and I calls 'im Emil. He helps me kip when 'is nibs and the missus hume are driving their pigs to market, there I told 'im I'd grass dem up for snoring. All the other bears have to make do with a shelf above the bed, poor sods.

Fred, I know thatsome of yor readers are of a nervous disposihun, so you'd better warn tham that the next bit of this letter gets a bit hows yer farva, catch my drift?

His nibs other 'arf has her own bear called Lisa, not a pilot bear, but a classy Swedish bear, 'oo wont give us lot the time of day. Snooty she may be, but I think her morals are a bit lax, Lisa's I mean, not the missus yume, and I'll tell you why. As well as Lisa, Emil an me kipping wiv the yumes, theres a dodgy character 'oo does too. He is of all things a bleedin 'edgeog called Siggy. The mascot apparently of the Scandic Hotels group. Wait for it, 'es togged up with coaruroy strides held up with braces and a red sweater.. Nah, heres the mularky bit, when we all goes to bed them strides are always well pulled up, yet every morning they are arond his ankles, and theres 'm with a stupid grin on his boatrace, and as for that snooty Lisa, well she always looks well knackered. The Yumes swear blind that they dont thrash around in their kip and knock Siggy's strides down, so's I arsk yer, wot'choo fink? We reckon that bleeding 'edgeog is at every night with that Lisa. Jumping wivout a parachute is gonna get all us fauna a bad name.

Still, talking of jumping, the boss hume is smart enuff to give Brit Elkland and Amelia Bearheart some nice clobber to fall from the Kite with. Hes got them nice Helmets and Jackets, also natty strides which he reckons are essenshul to stop the girls whistling on the way down
Hmm, dont really understand that, why dont they just shout Geronimo and have done with it?

Anyway Fred, thats enough of this drivel, I have things to do so I cant prattle on all night. Oh, by the way, R.C. is O.K. but the print is a bit small for us hoptickly challenged.

Sincerely yours, Edward B Chambers, Sollentuna, Sweden.....
The norf wind duff blow, we shall have snow, yea, 6ft of the bleedin stuff, a right bummer when yor only 1ft3inches tall.....

GORDON BENNETT



CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD



Yes Ron, we guess that cant get it out of my head would be the oprative phrase, along with cant get it out of sundry other partsof your anatomy.....

This is Ron the Reindeer, an unlikely recruit to Dropnik Slaters bunch of furry wotsits. Ron, you could is a bit outspoken on the subject of winter kip. He reckons that all parachuting bears are nothing but a load of wimps, strictly fair weather parachutists. That of course is debateble, but there again we have been there, seen it, done it, worn the old hat and the T-shirt, so's you could say that we are no mugs.

Thing is Ronnie boy, ave you actually done a drop? the reason we ask is that after giving the photo' that dropnik Slater sent us a good clocking, the HQ mob reckon that chute you are sporting is actually solid, cannot be folded so if you do do a drop, you really wont be able to get it out of your head and probably a lot of other bits: of your body.

So whats dis chute of Rons made of? Lord knows, but it looks well capable of giving him a right bash on the bonce. We cant wait to see gobby Ron doing his first drop, probably be aright giggle, and no Ron we aint never seen a bear pulling a sleigh, we just leave that to mugs like you.

Gordon Bennett, first orf its Elks, nah its bleedin Reindeer, spose the next thing will be a soddin Parachuting Moose, yoo wot?

US cares for bears

Holy cow, it seems as if the loonys really have taken over the asylum stateside, so, wots new you may ask.....

It appears that U.S. wildlife chiefs may declare Polar Bears an endangered species because of global warming and pressure from heavy artillery toting Jimbo's has been responsible for a marked decrease in polar bear numbers, and a fear that their habitat may literally melt away. Hang on, are these wildlife chiefs the same ones who recently decided on total annihilation, whoops, "A CULL" of the renowned Grizzly Bear. Have we lost the plot somewhere? probably. So now all them good 'ole jimbo's wont have to risk getting cold feet up thar in the Arctic, nope they can do their nefarious work further south 'cos mountains do not melt.

Even further south in Schwartzeneggar country, where if you cannot afford six hummers, a couple of mansions and an expensive cuban cigar habit, you dont deserve to live a certain member of the grizzly tribe really did lose the plot. Grizzly Mishap you know, a member of the Aerial Circus who aint playing with a full deck went abso flipping lutely bonkers, for he read Total obliteration of Grizzlies in RC 79, and this is where poor Ernie Fosselius says it really got weird as there appears to be some nutty long sleeve shirt cult on the go, and they appear to have upset half the aerial circus whilst the other half at the behest of Mishap were gorn mad indefence of grizzly bears, Poor Ernie was caught in the mid- of the ensuing riot(as always) and had to call in the local animal control team who were nonplussed as to why some furry wotsits who have always been regarded as mostly armless, should now be mostly mad,



**PROTECT THE RIGHT
TO BEAR ARMS
TO ARM BEARS!**

GET THEE HENCE!



ON WITH THE SHOW

Once again that about it for official winter kip, and like it or lump it, time is, to seriously think about another season of parachuting mayhem and that includes those of our members who do not seem to hibernate anymore as it seriously interferes with their boozing time. We'll believe them tho' fahsands would'nt.

Just how high was that climbing wall at Milton Keynes?

In the last issue you may remember we told of dropnik Billings chucking one of our members, oh, all right, launching then, said member from the top of an indoor climbing wall at Xscape in wonderful downtown Milton Keynes. All the griff in fact with one exception. How high was the wall. Steve reckons about 55-60ft. Not bad considering the chute actually deployed before said member got a face full of floor.

Did we upset the British Veterinary Association???

We're not sure actually, but we did get an annonymouse complaint about how much liquid lunch it took to anaesthetise the average member down at the Gun and Ferret. It appears that we are in contravention of the latest yuropean directive on alcohol consumption by furrries of a tender age. The limit appears to be one pint or whatever metricated b/s the hequivilent is. From a furrries point of view this is a disaster, whilst of course from a turd skinning Dropniks point of view, its great, as they are always screaming about the cost of a shout when they are in the chair. So fundamentals to Yurop, if five pints of John Smiths or similar is what it takes to get the average member legless, then so be it, and dont forget the packet of crisps.

Titanic Bear on the Antiques Roadshow, a real rarity.....

All the HQ mob are fans of the Antiques Roadshow as quite often some of our ancestors feature therein, but not a lot have parachutes. However a rare bear was featured recently, a Titanic Bear. Why Titanic you may ask, well this was one of a limited edition Steiff Bear commemerating that awful disaster. The Bear was made with Black mohair and this one was in absolutely mint condition with no wear at all on the pads. The Australian owner said she had paid 17,000 Aus dollars for it and looked well chuffed when she was told that recently another Titanic Bear in not such good condition had sold for about 200,000 Aus dollars or @ 70, odd thousand quid. Gordon Bennett.

That certainly took the wind out of the sails of the HQ mob (cue muted violins playing hearts and flowers) 70 farsand nicker wailed a plaintive voice, there aint one of us worth 70pence, said another sotto voce, yeah well Rastachat is black, but I aint made of mohair said the hiself, and I aint got a hole in me lughole for a button, Yeah. barked a loud voice, I'll do yer one wiv a 12bore shotgun, Holy cow the maudlin little swine had awakened old supersmote herself, great Aunty Wintergreen and suddenly all the twee discussion as to how much the collective worthof the HQ mob dissappeared in a whirling blur as the old bag let rip with the dreaded gin bottle. Shoot, the BOF is hiding in the cupboard again, with tin hat firmly clamped to his head, whilst mumbling bin 'ere, seen it, dun it, dont want no more. Even the fan, well before any thing had hit it said sod this for a game of tin soldiers, I'm off, and as the Sun sinks slowly in the west we leave these distressing scenes. you know how the rest goes.....

THEN THE DREAM GETS REALLY WEIRD, EVERY TIME HE REFERS TO ME AS CUDDLYCUS CHUTICUS, I PUNCH HIM UP THE BRACKET



Dear Bear,

We are greatly concerned with your constant obsession with over indulgence in alccoholic beverages and the underlying violence that is (cont p94

As ever, its the usual to the whatnot at the Teddy-torial... c/c The Boring Old Fart, 48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, Middx, UB7.7TY. in what forever will be the one and only ENGLAND no matter what the Traitors have planned, roll on the day when they get their comeuppance.

Up with Kites, down with Bears, preferably by chute.