

ROMAN SANDLE 81.



The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the UK Ted Devils. As always, arguably the biggest load of mindless drivel in Kiting today, but you never needed us to tell you that. Full speed ahead, sod the torpedos.

Pair tie knot - and drop in to celebrate!



Now you are confused, is 'ee talking about the bears or the humes I hear you asking.

Well both actually, the humes Jenny and Dan tied the knot in Cumbria, and as Jenny is closely related to a well known Kiting family (Malcolm and Jeanette Goodman) they asked a few barmy kilters to come and fly at their reception

Now this site was a Malcolm Goodman special. A howling gale as everyone went to the hotel, then as the happy couple came out after their wedding (and before the obligatory bun

fight) the wind dropped completely. And just to make it double special, the flying site was in a walled garden surrounded by 200 year old beech trees. The poor sods had no chance!

Dropniks Carolyn and Jerry Swift had been asked to come and bung some fauna of a soft cuddly persuasion, and they just happened to find these two lovebirds/bears in a well known bear breeding centre (aka Bear Factory)

Would you believe it, they had even managed to match Bridegroom Dans clobber, right down to the Mauve coloured cravat as well.

Dropnik Swift failed to launch our intrepid pair - lack of wind was blamed for total ineptitude. And a distinct lack of sense of humour, citing Safety Elf concerns, meant the hotel would'nt let'em up on the roof for a static launch.

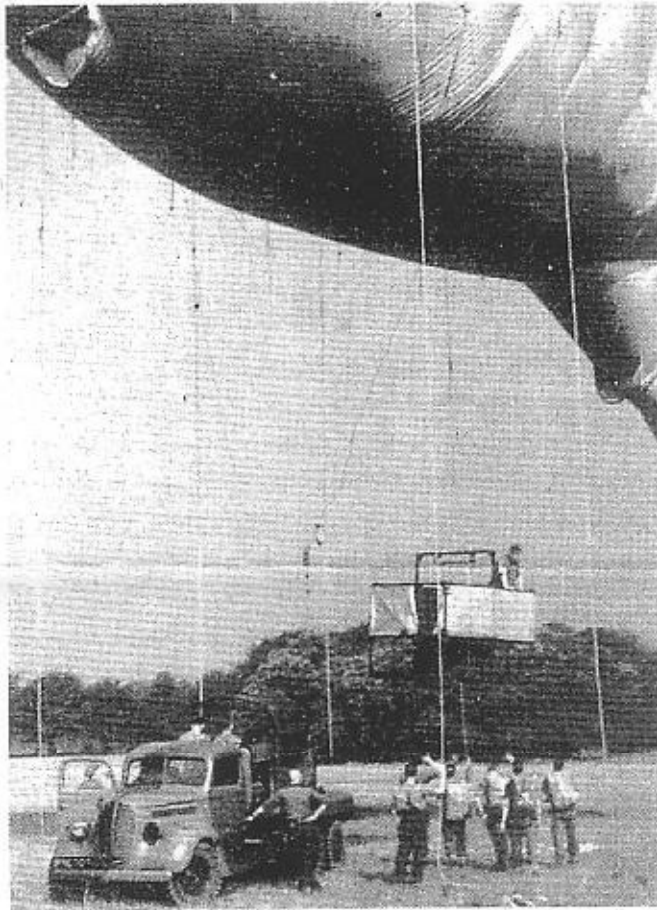
So, in the absence of any other action pix, we can tell you that the bear bride and groom sported a white parachute, decorated with silver bells, sitting side by side on a silver swing.... All together...ahhhhhhhh!

Jenny has promised (threatened?) to turn up at the Washington thrash in full regalia to try again....we wonder if she can still get in the dress.....

FASHION NOTES..... The Bride looked radiant in an off the shoulder number, the Groom wore a dapper morning whistle and looked the part, the bear bride looked lovely in white, whilst the bear groom even had a weskit and cravat, but perhaps the most appropriate get up was sported by Chief bear holder upper, Carolyn in her De Riguer outfit for a wet wedding, she only needed a Sou'wester and it really would have been a case of 'MAN THE LIFEBOAT' only in England

Knowing Carolyn and Jerry, its only a matter of time before the bear couple are fully bunged, bombed or whatever, via Kite or roof, complete with full pictorial proof, hopefully the results will be here. till then sod that Safety Elf of that ilk..

Balloons could solve Paras' problems



A couple of issues back we reported that the Parachute Regiment was actually allowing some troops to join active service as Paras without them having completed the Parachute training course. Yes only in Bliars Cool Britanya could you have Paras who had'nt Parachuted.

This somewhat sick joke was because the R.A.F. were so short of aircraft, they could not spare any for training Paras, so short in fact that it was rumoured that the airforce were even thinking of hiring some aircraft from, wait for it, the Polish Airforce.

Which begs the question, whatever happened to those old captive Balloons which at one time were very successfully utilised for basic parachute training during the Second World War and on into the fifties at such places as Wormwood Scrubs, as the BOF well remembers. As well as training Paras, those Balloons were ace at emptying a school at chucking out time as hordes of ankle biters legged it over to the scrubs for some solid entertainment which the kids thought was just for their benefit.

Those reliable old balloons carried five trainees and a dispatcher at a time in a little basket or railed platform, and the balloon went up about 800ft on its cable and the whole delivery of paras was done in short

order and the balloon came down smartly for the next load, it was almost a production line process, and those old reliable balloons really did have an amazing output.

Latterly it was found out that the trainee Paras did five balloon jumps and two aircraft jumps to qualify for their coveted winged shoulder badge. The balloon team with its winch truck, gas wagon and a truck for carrying the deflated balloon was hardly what you would call a drain on the most tightfisted of governments, but of course these days a balloon team would need a whole army of Safety Elves, risk assessors, outreach counsellors and hordes of parasitical jobsworth papershufflers, human rights lawyers, asylum seeker monitors, a couple of battalions of Plods, Hello, Hello, and two coachloads of prats from the EEEYOO, who stick their noses into everything, all on a nice little earner which we the mug British Taxpayers have to stump up as usual, so maybe it would be cheaper to train Paras with BudgetrentaFlyingcrate from Poland. such is life.

Imported bear is set free in Pyrenees

The French have imported a female brown bear from Slovenia, and in less than 24 hours, released it into the Pyrenean mountains despite objections from local farmers.. this bear, the first of five imported bears that are due for release into an area where the native bears are in decline. Its believed that there only between 14 and 18 native bears left in these mountains, not helped by the occasional attempts of some of the bears to catch high velocity bits of cupro nickel, that just happen to fly about the mountains.

Meanwhile over in La-La land the killing, one hesitates to call it hunting of Polar Bears continues apace. 518 got blown away last year, on the one hand the local Inuit say that the population of Polar bears is booming whilst the conservationist reckon thats because the bears enviroment is actually shrinking. Whatever though for one "hunter" a Mr Bob Hudson of Mississippi, his claimed outlay of some \$40,000 for a Polar Bear trophy, does some what stick in the gullet when you realise that his 8ft bear he took at a range of 87ft, thats right 30 bloody yards. Hunting. my arse, P.B = Polar Bear, No P.B = Point Blank. Poor Bloody Bear.



Rare brown bear

A GRIZZLY WAY TO GO



Visitors to a Dutch Zoo got more than they bargained for recently when Mother Nature decided to remind the visitors of the truth in the old saying Red in tooth and claw

A Barbary macaque escaped from its enclosure but inadvertently got into a Sloth bear enclosure which was surrounded by an electric fence. the monkey touched the fence and was stunned, it recovered enough to climb a wooden structure in the bears enclosure. Unfortunately all this did was sound the Dinner Bell at Sloth Bear central.

What happened next left Families screaming in terror according to reports and for the life of us we cannot understand why. Does the average Bunny hugging visitor to a zoo think that bears lay in the sun all day scratching and eating lots of honey and posing for photos? they probably do, so maybe it was a shock when the Sloth bear eyeballed the monkey and thought dinner is served.

Of course if this was a twee P.C. publication we could give you a load of Psycho babble to disguise the "what happened next" bit but we aint, so we wont cesit was bear up the wooden structure in a flash, a quick bash about as per usual, followed by a rip to bits and stuffing into bear type gob, thank you very much, and a bit more barbeque sauce on the next one perlease.....

All jokes aside, it just goes to show that any opportunity for animal survival i.e sustenance can never be passed up in Mother Natures scheme of things.....

SCENE AND HEARD

WHILST HAVING A TRAWL IN THE 31 METRE BAND RECENTLY. HANG ON WILL ANY OF THESE MODERN DAY NET NUTS KNOW WHAT THAT IS? nope,

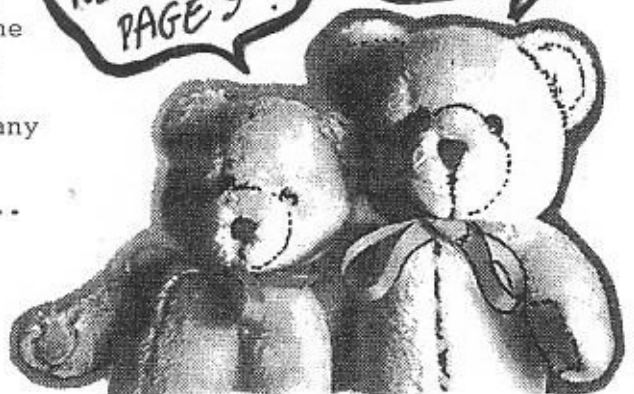
Ah well its old technology , better known as short wave radio, but which us boring Old Farts call H.F. So there he was having a trawl, as he does, when he came across the Voice of Russia on 9890khz. Hmm, have'nt listened to radio Turgid for quite some time, not quite as turgid as the old Radio Moscow days, but not far off. Anyhow twas the News and things on the go russkaside, going into the usual brainfade the BOF was suddenly jerked back to reality when the announcer said that 75 Parachuting Teddy

Bears had been dropped somewhere to celebrate 75 years of something or other, was it Paratroops? did they drop them from a plane? or by Kite, soddit that'll teach you to concentrate you silly old sod.

So there you have it. Them furry wotsits of a soft cuddly toy persuasion have taken over from where the Red October Tractor Factory left off which anyway you look at it cant be a bad thing, however unless the BOF fell akip and dreamed the whole thing, though he listened carefully to the next News bulletin that particular item was not repeated.

There cannot be many parts of the world that have'nt been overrun by the Legions of the Parachuting Furry howsyerfarvas, preferably being bombed from Kites, but highly amenable to being launched from whatever is handy at any particular time.

BE WARNED WORLD DOMINATION IS AT HAND.....



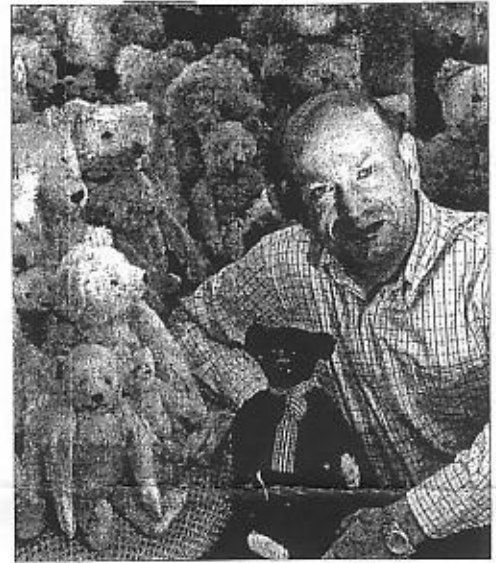
Passion that bears a profit

Dean Howard is sure his pre-1940s teddy bear collection is a feasible alternative pension,

Whilst most parachuting bears are down at the dirty end of the stick pricewise, there are of course lots of

other bears who would'nt recognise a chute if one reared up and bit them on the whatnot. Such bears command some fairly ludicrous prices, so much so that heres one collector who reckons they could be a pension.

Dean Howard has been collecting posh bears for 15 years and some of the prices he has paid make your eyes water. Mind you some of the amounts hes made aint too shabby either as he reckons he sold a load of bears at a specialist sle for £55,000, wow. He owns 3 of the Black bears made after the Titanic went down his are the smaller ones, there were two sizes and they cost £13,000 apiece. One of the larger ones went for, wait for it £95,000, which does take the wind out of your sails somewhat. Each to his or her own, but are his bears just about wonga and lots of it. Does Mr howard get as much fun out of his posh bears as the average dropnik gets out of their scruff bag crowd of parachuting howsyerfarvas..... thanks for the info A Nonnymous.



DO WE SMELL A VERY PAINFUL RAT? Pray Titter Ye Not,,,,,

So there we was at the Swindomania thrash and two things were very obviously missing. Wot, no Ticketchick and Fethers McGraw of the Miller ilk. We'll state here and now that Ron had a serious accident, which he did, whilst here and now, which you notice is a bit later in the proceedings we'llstate that everybody was in stitches when the full facts of the above accident were revealed.

Ron did his first solo Parachute jump from a plane and the deployment, descent and landing were textbook perfect. however when he attempted to exit dropzone with the jolly old rag bundled as per the book, he managed to put his foot in it literally, and broke his ankle quite badly, necessitating immediate surgery, hence the absence of the jolly twosome at Swindomania.

Suffice it to say some of the not so smartt money is on a failed attempt to crash the BMISS membership list(no chance) and some of the even less smart money is on Ron accidentally finding the hard way, the hole where the local Parafauna hid their stash, but there again as all them cynics out there know ... WEIRD S**T HAPPENS, so get well soon Ron, and in the meantime its now FETHERS CRUTCHES MCGRAW.....

BY THEWAY..... As you are no doubt aware fake designer goods are everywhere these days (soddit I paid two quid for my Rolex, now you say its a bummer) even to the extent that they are now faking Steiff bears. You'd better believe it... if perchance you paid a wunner or thereabouts for a "STEIFF and its Pink, Red.Blue or Green then its probably a bit "HOOKEY" to say the least. And if you have a Tartan one with a button in each lug, then you should'nt be allowed out without yer Mother.....Toodle Pip

As ever, its the usual to the whatnot, care of the BORING OLD FART at the Teddytorial....48. Laurel Lane, West Drayton, UB7.7TY. In what will forever be the one and only ENGLAND..No matter what the Traitors have planned, their comeuppance awaits.