

42 ROMAN CANDLE 82

The Journal of the Bearly Made It Skydive Squad. The International Brother and Sisterhood of Parachuting Fauna and the U.K. Ted Devils. Without a doubt still the biggest load of Mindless drivel in Kiting today, yet probably the most photocopied and do we give a toss?, Nope, nil illigitum carborudum.....

I just wanna eat your teddy bear

Security dog hired to guard collection of rare toys rips the stuffing out of Elvis's £40,000 friend Mabel

Most dog chews are on sale at the local pet shop for pennies, but a recent dog chew cost almost £40,000.

The dog chew in question was actually one Mabel a 1909 Stieff bear once owned by the King of Rock and Roll, Elvis Presley.

Recently purchased at auction in Tennessee for the aforesaid £40k, Mabel was to have been the main attraction at the Wookey Bear collection at Wookey Hole Caves in Somerset,

The Wookey collection is so valuable, some say up to a half a million squids worth of furry wotsits, that the insurers insisted on hiring guard dogs, and it was one of these that went off its rocker and decided to chew up the exhibits. Unfortunately poor Mabel was not in a glass case as are the most valuable Bears, as one was in the process of being made for her protection.

Poor Mabel who ended up with a large gash across her chest which went up through a shoulder and practically severed her head was not the only bear to be savaged by the nutty canine, others with an estimated value of £20k were also ripped to bits, so much so that owners of the collection described the resulting mess as a veritable explosion in a kapok and mohair factory.

To compound the mayhem, poor Mabel isnt even owned by the Wookey Bear collection, she was on loan from her owner Sir Benjamin Slade who was said to be in a state of shock and threatening legal action. Greg West the security guard said that he had stroked Mabel and maybe his canine sidekick had got a bit jealous, or maybe there was some rogue scent on the bear which triggered the attack. Maybe the pooch had detected the vestigial scent of those famouse 6,000 calorie "Fools Gold" sarnies that the King used to enjoy, who knows?

By now all you Doggy people out there are probably peein yourselves with laughter, we are(whoops) at the nutty canine capers of that naughty Doby, Barney, who caused a bit of a barney down at Wookey hole. But, and heres the plug. if old Mabel had been a Bear of the Parachuting ilk, then Barney would have severe indigestion from all that loom state, so much so, that he would have been too tuckered out to have chewed up the Bear.



SAS reports of canine heroics 'just a shaggy dog story'

WARNING! REVISIONIST ALERT, THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.

Almost every day, some long cherished story of derring do is attacked by some cheap shot revisionist who seem to take a particular delight in casting nasturtiums or whatever and a case in point is the story of Rob the Parachuting wardog, which according to yet another cheap shot, is nothing more than a load of old cobbles.



Rob gets his second GONG in 1945...

Long term readers of this journal may remember back in issue number 13 we made mention of Rob the Parachuting wardog who served with the 2nd SAS in North Africa and Italy during World War2, and reputedly made 24 parachute drops on active service as well as acting as a guard dog and sentry. Rob was twice awarded the Dickin Medal, the animal VC for outstanding bravery on the field of battle, and we reckoned that if BMISS ever instituted a gallery of Heroes, then good old Rob would be first in the queue for admission.

Now, however some 60 odd years on, a revisionist says that far from being true, the story of Robs exploits are literally nothing more than a shaggy dog story, and highly embellished at that. You are no doubt aware that in common with most of these cheap shot artists, this one was'nt there at the time, like the one who recently claimed that the Royal Navy won the Battle of Britain, and whilst not wishing to take anything away from the gallant Senior Service, we were not aware that Battleships sprouted wings and flew. holy cow, they'll be reckoning next that Spitfires and Hurricanes helped Lord Nelson win the battle of Trafalgar.

The Peoples Dispensary for Sick Animals who originally awarded Rob the Dickin medal were in no doubt as regards the authenticity of the reports of Robs exploits and the Imperial War Museum who have a painting and model of Rob which they featured in a recent animals at war exhibit, said although all their info and documentation was from a one point source, ie, the PDSA, they had received it in good faith, though of course, they are open to any other information, which may be difficult, since now most of those who were involved with Rob in any way have themselves passed away as did Rob in 1952.

We dont care what the revisionists may say, any person or animal and there were and are millions who helped to put a severe crimp in the day of that 'orrible little git with the Tash, did an excellent job. for which we thank you most sincerely, including that Parachuting furry hearthrug of the slobbering tongue variety.

So its Yah, Boo, Sucks and a big Rasperry to all them revisionists, we're convinced that Rob did unstuff his jolly old rag and was a real Fauna Bomber, long before us cuddley toys got in on the act.....



Bear facts of a paradox

Bruno, the first bear in Germany for 170 years, is killed



FAREWELL THEN DEAR BRUNO, RIP...

It matters not that you were a legal denizen of the Glorious Euro Superstate with no bar to your cross border wandering after all what were borders to a European Brown Bear? just lines them stupid humes drew on a map. If only you had stayed in your Italian nature park where your Mum and Dad had been reintroduced a few years back, after your forebears there had been practically exterminated by them stupid humes.

But, as ever, the old wanderlust kicked in and you slipped into Austria, where the living was fairly easy and thence into Bavaria where you really did hit the grubstake motherlode. What was it? Sheep, goats, the odd chicken, some rabbits and even a guinea pig. You rascal you, why you even had a bash at some Bee Hives and even the odd dustbin, and to cap it all you cheeky sod you even had a kip on the front steps of a local nick, though what the Bavarian Old Bill were doing at the time, one dreads to think.

Said a Bavarian Government Official in reply to the ensuing uproar, Its not that we dont welcome bears in Bavaria, its just that this bear is not behaving properly. Nein, da Brumbar ist well out of ordnung. so the Bav Gov hired at team from Finland to track you down with dogs, whack you with a stun gun and dump you in a zoo. Boy was that some merry dance you led them Finns and their dogs on. 300 miles was it? and still they couldnt catch you, so the Bav Gov went to Bikini Red, Defcon 5, you were a risk, they assesed you in the fully approved, politically correct european superstate manner and so dear Bruno you had to die.

So the first Bear in germany for 170 years is no more, and what is more than strange is that the Finns who only wanted to stun poor Bruno and chuck him in a zoo, didnt get a smell of him, yet once open season was declared, the licensed to kill team of Bavarian hunters, whacked poor Bruno the very next day.

RIP...HERE LIES POOR BRUNO, A VICTIM OF THE MODERN DESIRE TO AVOID A RISK.....

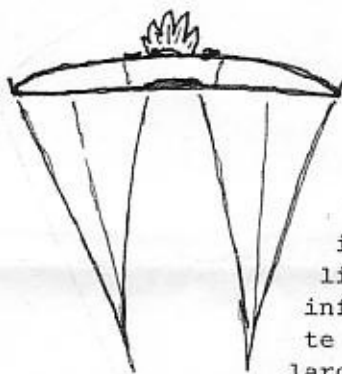
One final question

Are Bavarian lawyers in any way slower off the mark than their opposite numbers in the U.K.? Its a pound to a penny that if Bruno had been cape- ring around our green and pleasant, some me learn'ed would have been on the gravy train as quick as a flash, demanding legal aid, Bear rights and possibly even lemonade and loads and loads of them tasty red backed drinking vouchers.

Mind you both Bruno and his lawyer would have had a tough time fighting off all the Bunny Huggers. Social Workers, Outreach counsellors, Safety Elves, Risk assessors, yeah, lots of them and of course a veritable horde of Red Top hacks waving chequebooks. Wow, Bruno could have ended up as a celebrity on Big Brother 48.....



Tales of the unexpected



Having recovered from the sight of a large monkey descending under a half peeled banana chute and getting slightly giddy as a rat tries to chase a triangular chunk of emmental cheese masquerading as a chute which circles above him, perhaps it was natural that the well known Air Attractions duo, Francesca and Jon Caton would pull a truly original design of chute from out of the hat. so you have this frog with a yen for parachuting. Do you equip him with a normal chute? no you do not, you give him a lily pad chute. As you know, lily pads float on water very flat, so how do you make a chute canopy more lily padish? One way is to air inflate it and equip it with a secondary set of shrouds to make it fly as flat as possible.

This canopy design is unique, in fact one wonders if the full size hume chute makers have tried something similar, cos it does seem to work. Two circular skins of ripstop are joined with vertical ribs internally, A large air inlet in the lower skin admits air which is vented through six smaller vents surrounding the lily flower in the middle of the upper skin. Thus the canopy is air inflated but does not possess a deep dome as does a normal round chute i.e. it flies flat aided by the secondary shrouds which surround the larger air inlet in the lower skin. As per usual around the rim of the canopy, the usual shroud are attached.

When the BOF asked Francesca and Jon for the plans for this unique chute, they fell about laughing, plans? you're raving mad pal, plans, Ha. there aint none. We got bored one evening, and bashed out this chute by Mk1 eyeball engineering, and what do you know, it seems that they got it right in one,

In the picture

Whilst we're on about unique chutes hows about this one, spotted in a Tory-graph feature on Paragliding. Tucked in amongst the paraglider canopies and harnesses etc was this strange looking chute called the Seven Up from Independance. This radical design promises faster deployment with less opening shock, and is a snip at £480, which probably translates to 48p in furry fauna size, courtesy of your ripstop scrapbag. Wonder who was the first brave or stupid hume to try out this one?



Days like these

So theres this Teddy Bear see, playing as wicketkeeper in a game of cricket on a sand bank in the middle of the Moray Firth in Scotland which is only uncovered every 80 years. Going by the name of the Skate Bank, the sand last saw a cricket match in the 1920's. Ah, you say, did the furry wicketkeeper parachute onto the sand bank. nope the local Sailing club took him out there, but the poor little sod never even had a lifejacket let alone a parachute. And to cap it all someone thought the cricketers were in distress and called out the lifeboat and the local plods to rescue everyone from astickey wicket. Only in Scotland folks..... Wotcha mean them Jocks is bonkers, Its an English loony typing.

Mad for it

Sometimes we do wonder, for a new map of Yurop has Kent and East Sussex as part of France. Eastern England will be Germany, Western England and Ireland will hence forth be Spain and its no use you Jocks peeing yourselves with laughter you will be part of Sweden. And as for Wales and you proud Welsh people, you just disappear.

Needless to say, the Yuro Burocrat responsible for this map one Wolfgang Thiefensee said we can permanently overcome old borders Well, sunshine have we got news for you, two words, Up Yours and if you are so confident of achieving your ambition, just git cher 'arriss down to Cardiff and see if the Welsh wear it. So as ever its the usual to the Teddyt-orial, 48 Laurel Lane, West Drayton, UB7.7TY in ENGLAND and thanks to a nonny mouse, Leicestershire post mark, for the Bruno info, cheers.....

YOU WOT?

