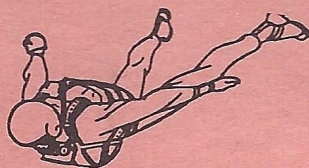


THE

12



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1967

U.S.A.

A NATIONAL COVERAGE BULLETIN

1967 U.S. TEAM :

Roy Johnson

Gene Thacker

Floyd Glover

Erick Bahor

Bill Lockward (Alt)

Pat Hallman

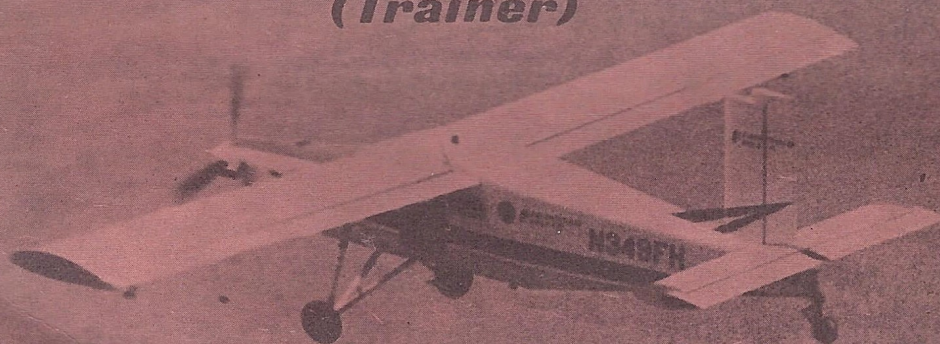
Susie Joerns

M. Huddleston

Karen Roach

Barb Roquemore (Alt)

Tom Baldwin
(Trainer)



Head of Deleg: Dr. Edward Fitch

FAI Judge: Lyle Cameron

Pilot: Len Potts

Exec. Admin.: Chuck MacCrone

SPOTLIGHT

PCA LICENSING . . . A BETTER SYSTEM?

Byline: Bob Westenheffer, Del City, Okla.

It has long been my contention that the PCA licensing system leaves a lot to be desired. Now, don't get me wrong . . . they are doing an excellent job with the present system but under this system they LOSE revenue; create dissatisfaction among long-time PCA members and present a generally cloudy picture to the majority of members. I personally know of quite a few jumpers who never were PCA members and never held a license until they were "D" qualified. This sad fact should be eliminated and a fairer system devised. As an example, let me present two examples labeled "Jumper A" and "Jumper B". First, Jumper A, who joins PCA as soon as he makes his first jump and during the next three years, progresses through the licensing system from "A" to "D". His monetary contributions to PCA during this period are \$50.00 for his four licenses, plus PCA membership dues of \$30.00, for a grand total of \$80.00. Now, let's consider Jumper B who never joined PCA until he was "D" qualified. His monetary contribution is \$10.00 to PCA for dues and \$20.00 for his "D" ticket. A grand total of only \$30.00. Now, although both jumpers have the same rating and enjoy the same privileges, Jumper A has contributed \$50.00 more than Jumper B. No big thing to the individual but when viewed from an overall membership picture, it doesn't sound too fair. In order to eliminate this situation, I propose the following two changes: (1) At present, an "A" license costs \$5.00; a "B" goes for \$10.00; a "C" for \$15.00; and a "D" for \$20.00. And, in addition, it is not necessary for a jumper to hold an "A" prior to getting his "B", and so on. If ALL licenses cost \$12.50 EACH ("A" through "D") and a total of \$50.00 had to be paid by anyone who wanted a "D", then anyone who skipped a license would still pay the same as the member who applied for all four. In other words, if a man put in for a "C" and had skipped his "A" and "B", the "C" would cost him \$37.50. Whether he applies for the license or not, he pays for it. Simple as that. This method would insure that regardless of the license held by any jumper, it is a standard price and every jumper will pay the same for any particular license. The second proposal is as important as the first for they must work together. A standard price

for licenses would bring additional revenue to PCA but would not promote an increase in PCA memberships because a non-PCA member can have his logbook validated by pilots and PCA members and although he will still have to pay \$50.00 for his "D" (if he skips the first three licenses), he will save by not obtaining a PCA membership until he is "D" qualified. The second proposal would prevent this. PCA members should not be allowed to validate jumps for any jumper UNLESS THAT JUMPER IS A CURRENT PCA MEMBER. This means a non-PCA member could not have his jumps validated, period. And to make sure of this, the PILOT'S VALIDATION SHOULD NO LONGER BE AUTHORIZED. This means quite simply that if a jumper wants his jumps to count toward a PCA license at a future date, he MUST be a member while accumulating the jumps. Jumps made while he is not a PCA member SHOULD NOT COUNT TOWARD LICENSE QUALIFICATION, regardless of the license applied for. In conclusion, if PCA would enact this system, I would gladly send in my \$5.00 for the "A" I didn't get and bring the \$45.00 I've paid for licenses up to the required \$50.00.



Prissie Riche, over Southern Parachute Center, Hammond, Louisiana. Photo by Jeff Russell. Nobody, but nobody, falls with their hands in that position!

AS CLOSE AS YOU'D CARE TO COME

This was reported in the "Airplane Drop-out," a monthly publication of the Florida Parachute Assoc., and involved Sandra Maloy of Neptune Beach, Florida. Seems she was making an accuracy jump from 2500 feet and after a short delay was unable to pull the main ripcord. When she gave up attempting to open her backpack, she went for the reserve but also had trouble opening it. Sandra finally was able to open the reserve canopy enough to become entangled in a tall pine tree as she fell through it. This pine tree was one of three in a cleared field several times the area of a large shopping center. The cause of the total malfunction was attributed to uneven packing. Sandra had experienced the same problem on the previous day but fortunately was able to deploy her reserve a great deal higher. Sandra was not hurt on either jump and completed her competition jumps. This editor has since spoke to several witnesses and Sandra apparently came much closer to becoming a statistic than the "Drop out" reported. One opinion was that the reserve had not even partially inflated and simply caught the branches of the tree, thereby terminating the freefall. That is close, baby. One other report was that borrowed equipment was involved and had one Knight a little shook. And to top everything else off, there was some difficulty in locating Sandra after the incident. Whatever the exact circumstances, it was too damn close. Glad to know you are still with us, Sandra. Watch those pack jobs.

A NEW CLUB IN TEXAS

The East Texas Sky Divers have recently set up shop on a DZ in Henderson, Texas. Tommy Johns, Tim Hinkle, Ed Burran, and Clark Smith are the honchos and operate out of the Rusk County Airport. They have a 1965 Cessna 182 and rates are \$4.00 for static-lines and \$3.00 for all freefall jumps up to a 30. Instruction and first jump runs \$20.00. Equipment is available at \$1.00 per jump. Contact Clark Smith, Box 4477, S.F.A., Nacogdoches, Texas 75961 for further information.



An unusual shot of Pope #1, Frank Carpenter, hanging a pitcher after failing to successfully renew his Popeship. Rumbleseat Club, Hemosa Beach, California. Photo by Allen Silver.

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safety
comes
first
as we see it

TALENT '67

THE NATIONALS

Before we get too deeply into the coverage of the 1967 Nationals, it is appropriate that I confess my predictions were shot to hell and that Daubenspeck was the only name I had in the right category in the May issue of DZ-USA. Unfortunately, Larry Schell (who I had great hopes for in accuracy) was seriously injured riding in a malfunction a few weeks prior to the Nationals. Gay Reed was turning her slowest style in some time, and thus shot down another prediction I went out on the limb for. She told me I had "psyched her out" when she read the "star-gazing" column I put my name to. Poppenhager had an out jump in the first round, followed by a deadcenter in the second round, and then another out in the third round. This completely blew my mind and my last prediction. So, with this out of the way, it's back to the "Great State of Oklahoma" (a statement frequently used by local politicians) and the Nationals at Tahlequah. By the way, Norman Heaton says to tell you guys that the liquor stores close at 10:00 and to bring your own bottle if you plan to be in Tahlequah and go to the "Barn."

Friday was practice day and was bad news for about six or eight jumpers who experienced malfunctions by attempting to "pull and jump" and were jacked out of shape on opening. The popular opinion was that the 1800' exit altitude was spooking contestants and not the Fairchild-Hiller. So the altitude was jacked up a couple hundred feet during the afternoon and everyone settled down and took advantage of a fabulous jump plane. The biggest problem for many contestants was yet to come . . . the stiffest competition and largest number of jumpers to ever enter National competition.

On Saturday, after a mass jump from the Fairchild-Hillers (8 jumpers to each plane), 129 contestants were put to the test. The first round of accuracy was less than an hour underway when Bill Lockward, USAPT, made the first deadcenter of the meet. As shown by the "Deadcenter Chart", seven more were made to get things off to a good start. Bill Compton, Dallas Skydivers, was out of the meet with a broken leg on the first jump he made. He was seen the rest of the week hobbling around and crying occasionally. Martha Huddleston, Dallas, set the pace for the women with a .62 cm jump worth 438 points, but many failed to follow her lead. There were 15 "outs" of the 25 women competing or 60% zapped. In comparison, there were 20 outs in the men's first round or about 20% of the 104 competing. And if you count Hal Evans' first jump of 1 point (that's right, o-n-e, one), and a jump by John Schulz, Dayton, Ohio, worth only 21 points, you may as well say 22 "outs". Hal's jump may be the closest out-jump ever recorded in the Nationals so far. And speaking of Hal and the attempt to break the world freefall record, he said he couldn't give me any particulars on the planned date, so your guess is as good as mine.

And before we go any farther, I might add that the chain-link fence was taken down this year and replaced by bales of hay around the target area. A much better arrangement.

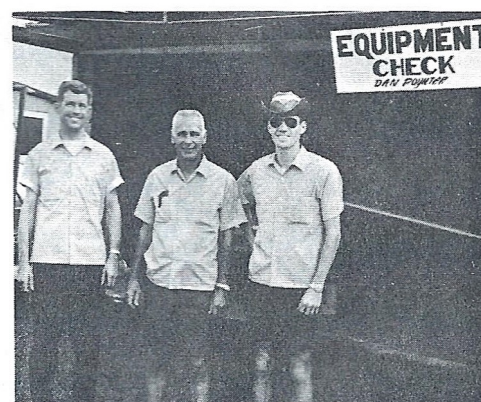
And before we get into the second round of accuracy for the day, Tom Rogers, Oklahoma City, who was a training judge last year, is



Ed Fitch, Pres. of PCA (USPA) kicking things off with a few well chosen words. Photo by Tom Copenhaver, Hutchinson, Kan.



Jeannie McCombs joins in the welcome. Photo by John Clark, Connecticut Parachutists Inc. (CPI)



The equipment checkers and riggers. (l to r) Dan Poynter, Allen Jones & Bob Drake. Photo by Chet Poland.



Tom Williams exiting the Heli-Porter on a practice jump. Photo by Bill Kiehl, Russellville, Arkansas.

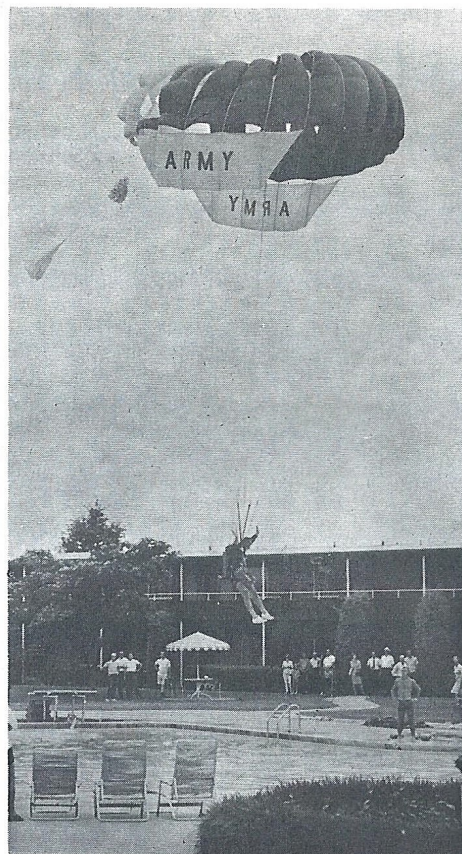
expecting a new arrival around his home in September. Just thought I'd throw that in.

As you can see, the second round was the big one for pie-plates handed out to the "eagle-eyes". In the women's department, Martha was again in the peas and still out front, and Gay Reed, Cochituate, Mass., got a fairly close one for 379 points. The ladies racked up another 13 out-jumps this round and the men fell victim to 19 of the same. The winds were just a little tricky right off the deck, but didn't seem to be bothering too many contestants. Tom Anderson, Western Conference (Pacific), Hawaii, was the second injury of the meet and ended a long trip to the Nationals the hard way. As a note of interest, one of the Hawaiian group, Ernest Casbeer, C-4048, Hickam SPC, entered with 110 jumps and had the least number of jumps of any contestant other than Susie Rademaekers, Connecticut Parachutists, Inc., who entered the women's competition with 110 jumps. The youngest contestant entered was Tom Kinder, San Antonio, Texas, who turned 17 a few weeks before the meet. He was entered with 137 jumps and experienced five outs in seven jumps and left before the Nationals were completed. Rudy Peterson, Seattle, Washington, was the oldest contestant entered as 40 years young and made every year of experience count by logging three DC's, a 427 and a 450 before the meet was over and never fell victim to an out jump in 10 tries. In the most number of jumps category, it was Paul Poppenhager with 2433 jumps logged and no matter what some may think of him, he is one of the mainstays in sport parachuting. Many clubs should follow his lead in student training and safety procedures for first-jump students. A student going through South Florida Parachute Center leaves the plane with about a grand in equipment on his back. A Sentinel-Sentry system, KAP-3 in his backpack and a radio to boot. You can't give a student a better break than this. But, back to the meet...

The third round of accuracy was completed before the day was over and deadcenter's were again plentiful. Martine (Eula) Durbin, Atlanta, Georgia (and member of last year's U.S. Team), made the first DC in the meet for the women and the men racked up 9 more. Out jumps fell off considerably in both divisions and the men to watch were beginning to show themselves.

At this point, it is interesting to note that every member of the Army Team (with the exceptions of Aguilar, Kryské, and Strickland) recorded a deadcenter during the first three rounds. Aguilar and Strickland finally bagged one later in the meet but Leo Kryské never came through. (I should have made a bet with you on that subject, Leo. I've got to get my money back someday.) And for all you guys who were against the 150 jumps per man that the Team made in Tahlequah just prior to the Nationals, the final results showed only 3 of the 9 members of the Army Team in the top 15 slots, which indicated no definite edge over any other contestant in the Nationals. Feel better? Besides, Aguilar and Strickland make their best jumps in swimming pools and that is as it should be.

Before the style portion of the meet began Sunday, the standings in accuracy were as follows: Bill Edwards was having a little trouble holding first with 1485 points; and Larry Holmberg, USAPT, was in second spot with 1445. Third was Gene Thacker, USAPT, with 1420 and Jim Lowe was filling up the 4th slot with 1386 points. Hal Baxter,



A Demo Jump by Don Strickland, USAPT (left). But a "Super Demo" by Chuck Aguilar, USAPT (right) Chuck's PC landed high and dry. Photo by Joe Gonzales, USAPT.



Charlotte, So. Carolina, was holding 5th with 1381 points. 6th through 10th place were as follows:

- 6th — Floyd Glover, Phoenix, Ariz. . . . 1371
- 7th — Roger Wolford, 1361
- 8th — John Clark (1965 Acc. Champ) . . 1323
- 9th — Erick Babor, 1309
- 10th — Heiner Rothmann 1294

John Clark and Jim Lowe were the only names appearing above which also appeared last year in the top 10 in accuracy, so the field was full of new arrivals. Babor, who has always been noted primarily for style, was looking real good in accuracy and maybe trying to fill another slot other than "2nd in style" which he has nailed several times. Roger Wolford, who has been hitting every meet within a 1000 miles of Chicago, for the past several months, was putting everything he had into every jump and was making a maximum effort to stay in the running. Talking to John Clark, I found he had only made 17 jumps since the Conference Eliminations (because of work and finances), and was hurting as a result of no training jumps before the Nationals. John was only 108 points from taking first in accuracy last year from Schapanski and would have been the only man in the past six years to take the Nationals accuracy event twice in a row. He took 1st in accuracy in 1965 with a .70 cm average for 10 jumps and took 2nd in 1966 with a .58 cm average. And while we are speaking of John Clark . . . he had a near 3 meter jump this year and it was the farthest out he has ever been in THREE National competitions. That's something to be proud of, anyway you look at it. If this was his last year (and he believes it may be), he has a record hard to duplicate as a competitor. Okay, already. I haven't forgotten where I was before I started rambling.

The following chart may be a little ahead of the program, however, I'll list all of the deadcenters made during the meet (which was 102) instead of listing them in 10 small groups. You will have to refer back to this page from time to time while reading the particulars of a certain round, but it will save space and reading time:



Back to the meet and the woman's standings after three rounds of accuracy. The top five were:

- 1st — Patricia Hallman, Norristown, Pa. . . 879
- 2nd — Martine Durbin 827
- 3rd — Gay Reed, Mass. 823
- 4th — Karen Roach, Virginia 802
- 5th — Martha Huddleston 767

Martine, Karen, and Martha were all members of the U.S. Team last year, however, Gay Reed and Pat Hallman were new to the scene and speaking very well for themselves. Pat, who had a back injury just prior to the Nationals, was "called" several times for dragging one foot behind her to avoid hard landings, and in spite of this was doing very well indeed. Gay Reed, who had logged 150 jumps since the Nationals last year was making every jump count but felt she could have used better practice jumps in accuracy and style. She stated her home club did not concentrate on accuracy or style and this held her back somewhat. Martha Huddleston, who's consistently in the top five, had a near-out jump which hurt her in the third round. Maxine "Always Third" Hartman was missing in this year's competition and rumor has it that she is married and thinking of other things. All the best, Maxine. And one woman was missing who will never make a National Meet. Barbara Druggan was killed in Dayton, Ohio

DEADCENTERS

#1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6 #7 #8 #9 #10

[illegible]

AGUILAR, Chuck, USAPT						X			
BAHOR, Erick (Sharon, Penna.)	X								
BAXTER, Hal (Charlotte Skydivers, So.Car.)									X
BREISE, Vance (San Diego, Calif.)									X
BRANCH, Bob (Tampa, Florida)		X					X		
BRANSON, Gil, (Opelika, Ala.)	X		X						
CLARK, John ('65 Accuracy Champion)								X	X
CLARK, Richard (Old Lyne, Conn.)	X								
CONE, Jim (Seattle Skydivers, Wash.)	X	X							
DAUBENSPECK, Mike, Plainfield, Ind.					X		X		X
DAVIS, Jimmy (Char- lotte, So. Car.)					X				
DEVEAU, Vic (Conn. Parachutist, Inc.)							X		
DOUGHER, Tom (Boston, Mass.)						X			X
DOW, John, Denver SPC, Colorado			X	X					
DURBIN, Martine, Atlanta, Ga.		X							
EDWARDS, Bill, Elsinore, Calif.	X	X	X						
ESPEN, Dave, Phoenix, Arizona								X	
FRIERSON, Bob, "**Vik- ings", So. Car.				X					
GEDRIMAS, Al, Mar-Nav SPC, Hawaii							X		
GLOVER, Floyd, Tempe, Arizona			X	X	X		X		
GOETSCH, Phil, Wauwatosa, Wis.	X				X				
GOLDEN, Herb, Baton Rouge, La.	X					X			
HALLMAN, Harry, Dela- ware Valley SPC, Pa.	X								
HAWKINS, Sherm, USAPT	X								
HIGGINS, Johnny, The Chute Shop, N.J	X								
HOLLER, Bob, Landover, Maryland			X			X			
HOLMBERG, Larry, USAPT	X								
JOERNS, Susan, Houston Texas					X				
JOHNSON, Roy, Walkor- son Skydivers, Ohio			X					X	X

LEWIS, Gary, Seattle Skydivers, Wash.		X				X			
LINCOLN, Lud, Denver, Colorado			X						
LOCKWARD, Bill, USAPT	X				X	X			X
LOWE, Jim, Century Skydivers, Wash.	X	X			X		X		X
LOWRY, Chris, Lakewood SPC, New Jersey				X			X		
McDERMOTT, Bob, USAPT			X						
NEUSTEL, Ken, Aloha Skydivers, Hawaii									X
NUNEZ, Hector, Los Angeles, Calif.		X			X				X X
OCENAS, Gary, USAPT		X							X X
OLMSTEAD, Bob, Dallas Skydivers, Texas				X					
PETERSON, Rudy, Seattle Sky Sportsmen, Wash.	X			X	X				
POPPENHAGER, Paul, Indiantown, Fla.		X							
ROTHMANN, Heiner, Bristol, Wis.			X						
SALTONSTALL, Tim Deland, Florida		X			X				X
SAUVE, Dave, Detroit, Michigan			X			X			
SCHAPANSKI, Tom, Carbondale, Ill.	X	X		X				X	
SCHERRER, Bill, Ocean-side, Calif.	X								
SCHOELPPLE, Clayton, Alexandria, Va.						X			X
SCHULTZ, Mike, "Pelicans", Maryland	X					X			
STEWART, Jim, Grand Forks, No. Dakota									X
STRICKLAND, Don, USAPT						X			
THACKER, Gene, USAPT			X						
TOBIN, Bill, Rayntown, Mass.								X X	
WAGAMAN, Dick, Bloomington, Minn.							X		X
WALK, Carl, Walkorson, Ohio		X							X
WOLFORD, Roger			X			X		X	

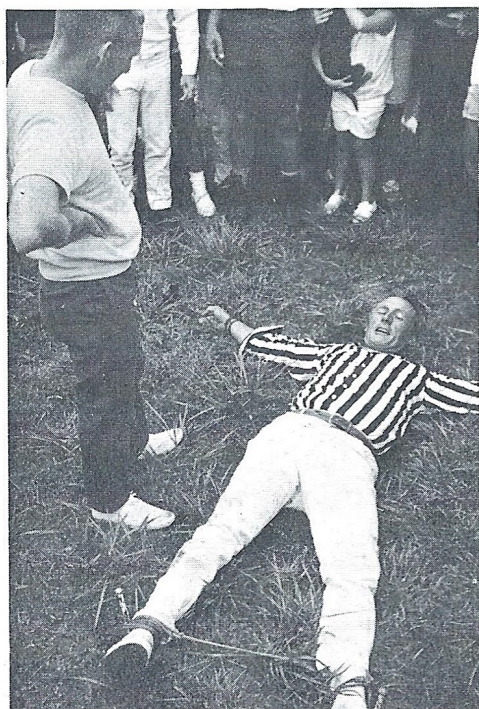
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TOTAL DEADCENTERS	8	17	10	10	8	12	7	8	11	11
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GRAND TOTAL: 102

three weeks before the Nationals when she cut-away a minor malfunction on a PC and her reserve became entangled in her arms and failed to inflate. She had made 35 jumps since placing in the Mid-Eastern Conference and was practicing for the big one. I talked with Barbara a couple weeks before her death on the very thing that killed her . . . cut-away regardless of the type of malfunction. I, and other jumpers, could not talk her out of this opinion, which makes her loss a very personal thing with me. There are many "ifs" to the sport, but Barbara would have made the Nationals, if someone could have gotten through to her. No matter how casual the acquaintance, many jumpers will have trouble forgetting her. I know we will never have a "no fatality" year, but this one shook me.

Sunday was almost a day of rest. Only one round of style was ran after a very late start and an overcast wiping out the morning's possibilities of jumping. During this time, however, the time was well spent and Lyle Cameron was staked out as shown in the photo below.



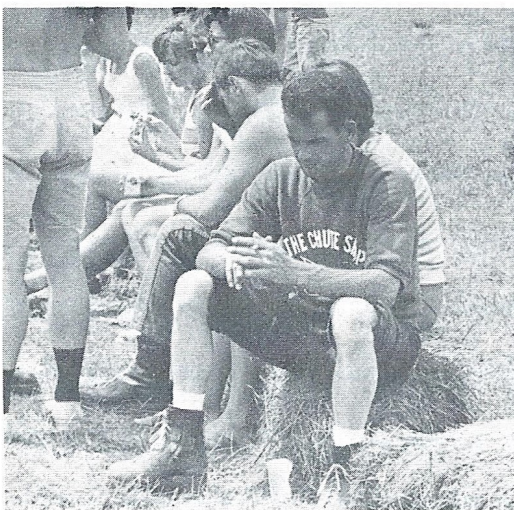
Heaton Looking over the situation.
Photo by Dan Poynter.

He evidently forgot that he was in Indian territory and that the natives sometimes get restless. Or maybe it was because of a bad call . . . Anyway, before it was all over Bill Scherrer had a gash in his chin caused by contact with a screw-driver wielded by LC (after he freed himself from the tie-down). This was after Heaton arrived on the scene and put some Beechnut drippings very near Lyle's head. And before we get away from the side-lights on Sunday, this deserves mention.

In a conversation with Jimmy Davis, D-478, and Woody McKay, D-937, the HAGALO subject cropped up. You may have read that this infamous group had their start in Lakewood, New Jersey. Not so. The "High Altitude, Grab-Ass, Low Opening" organization began in Charlotte, North Carolina and the original HAGALO's were: Jeff Dixon, Woody McKay, Jimmy Davis, Hal Baxter, Bob Ferguson, and Steve Whisnant (all members of the Charlotte

Skydivers). The group is still going strong and has been in existence since December 1964. I know this little tidbit of information will be of interest to all you sports fans. It's only fair that credit be given where credit is due.

Style got off to a roaring start with Roy Johnson (who else?) setting the pace with an



Roy Johnson in deep thought over something. Photo by Bill Kiehl.

8-flat on his first round. Erick Bahor was a little slow with an 8.8 (slow for him, that is) but Bill Lockward, USAPT, bettered this with a 8.3 series (clean). Dave Espen, Phoenix, turned an 8.3 but penalties gave him a "no-point" jump. Mike Daubenspeck deliberately turned slow to avoid penalties and ended up with a high 8 and a 370 point jump. Saltonstall seemed to be playing the same game and had a similar jump for 330 points. Gary Ocenas, USAPT, turned in a 9.1 and 18 other contestants turned under a 10-second series. It looked quite different from last year and some of the sure-bets were failing to come through. The secret was to keep them clean for maximum points and not necessarily so fast. Bob Holler, a Pelican from Landover, Maryland, proved this by turning a 9-flat (clean) and earning 400 points to take second place after the first round of style was complete. Susie (Clements) Joerns was undisputed in women's style and cranked out an 8.7 to start things off. Barbara Roquemore quickly made it evident she was the one to beat for second honors and turned a 10.7, clean. She was followed by Karen Roach with a 10.8 but with a gig. Martha Huddleston logged a 11.1, clean, and Sue Rademaekers, Mary Etta McMasters, Carol Goetsch, Gay Reed, and Cynthia Wescott all turned a series somewhere in the 11's. Much improvement over '66, to say the least. Oddly enough, Sue Rademaekers tried a series for the FIRST TIME in the early part of May. Less than two months later, she was turning in the 11's. Not bad at all when you consider the 12's and 13's by women who have been competing for several years. And before we get into the second and third rounds of style which were run on Monday (July 3rd), let's get some of the non-contestants in here.

J. D. Dodson and his wife, Lena, were on hand the entire meet and are the greatest supporters of the sport you will ever run into. J. D. now has over 500 jumps and has one-half of his wings painted gold. Not bad for a 54-year-old youngster. And publicly, I want to get this in. Thank you, Lena.



Susie Joerns

The Tulsa group was well represented by Bob Drake, Dave Woolsey, and Don Boyles. Bob, by the way, arranged for 5500 gallons of FREE JP-5 for the Fairchild-Hillers through his company (Champlain Oil Co.). The fuel was donated by the Continental Oil Co. (Conoco), complete with a tank from the Hugh Breeding firm, and pump and filter system was from the Fram Division of Warner-Lewis Corp. Add it all up and we wouldn't have had such a profitable Nationals without Bob Drake.

And before I forget, Bob Westenheffer was there to "tweak my beak" for being late with the May issue. Before the year is over, I'm going to have a mighty sore nose.

John and Maxine Moore, Huntington Beach, California, and Richard and Marilyn Webb, had driven from the West Coast to see the happenings (at 10 miles per gallon on their gas-eater), and that, friends, is pure devotion to the sport. And speaking of California supporters, Bob Deegan from Elsinore was also present with his prediction for the winners in accuracy in 1968: Bill Edwards and Barbara Roquemore. It's beginning to look like John Coppe was right. The West Coast does produce some damn good accuracy people and I can't agree more with Bob's choices. If Barbara doesn't make it, it won't be because she hasn't tried. Here's one little gal that takes accuracy and style very seriously. In fact, she looked like she was over-trained this year.

Another notable observed sucking up the sun and relaxing (as best he could), was Jacques "Super Frog" Istel. He looked in excellent shape and before he left Oklahoma, he dropped by a local rodeo and rode one of the Brahma bulls for 4 seconds. The best time

continued to page 12

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LATE BREAKING NEWS ITEMS

The Mini-Wing has malfunctioned for the first time. Tom Rogers, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma managed to shoot down its "malfunction proof" claims by unpacking it on a 5 second delay (during the last day of the Nationals) and having the distinction of observing most of the lines over the top and a canopy which resembled a large propeller. Tom says the malfunction could have been caused by packing (3-minute job) but whatever the reason, he landed on a 26' conical, non-steerable, with the Mini-Wing making a separate landing.

THE UNITED STATES HAS WITHDRAWN ITS BID TO HOST THE IX WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN TAHLEQUAH, OKLAHOMA. After requesting a definite commitment by FAI (Paris) prior to 8 July 1967 (and receiving no reply to the request), the bid was withdrawn with the recommendation that Chuck MacCrone, FAI Representative, make a proposal at the next CIP Meeting in the fall (in Paris) that NO WORLD MEET BE HELD IN 1967 IN ANY LOCATION. This would allow the Parachuting Championships to be held on odd-years (the first being in 1969), and not be held on the same years as the Olympics. If this proposal was approved by FAI, the United States would then submit a second bid for the Championships in 1969. Complete details in the July issue of DZ-USA.

A five-man star (with the average number of jumps per man being 1000), grouped over Tahlequah, Oklahoma to officially mark the end of the 1967 Nationals. The group consisted of Viking Team Leader (Woody Binnicker, 1270 jumps); Viking Team Fossil (Bill Ottley, 785 jumps); Viking Team Daddy (Bob Frierson, 900 jumps); Viking Team Lover (Woody McKay, 1020 jumps); and Viking Team Baby (Chris Lowry, 1080 jumps). The star was completed at 8,000 feet after exiting on a 45', and Viking Team Leader busted it up by making a back-loop through the center of the congregation.

The "Gapers" were not correctly identified in the May issue of DZ-USA. The two participants identified as Paul Henry and Paula Healey were none other than Mr. & Mrs. (Paul and Paula) Henley. One other member of that group (which appeared in the April issue on page 26) was Dick "Donk" Phelps and is easily recognized by the "Mohawk" haircut. Sgt. Ed Rector is the last man not identified earlier. Hope this sets everyone's mind at ease.

YES, WE WERE LATE LASTMONTH . . .

"To Whom It May Concern: I was wondering when my issues for the months of May, June and July would be sent. I could see maybe being a month behind but three months is a little ridiculous, don't you think? Hoping to receive the back issues of a very fine magazine, Robert Bourque, Addison, Illinois" . . .

"Where's my June and July issues?? Gene Feeney, D-104, White Plains, New York" . . .

"If the May or June issue has been mailed, mine got lost. DZ-USA is still the best jump-mag and getting better each issue. I hope you're up into the "black", Jim Moore, C-3495, Pittsburgh, Penna." . . .

"I have not received DZ-USA in awhile. In checking around, the last issue I can find is April. Wish you would check on this to see what the trouble is. Thomas Ridout, Aiken, So. Carolina" . . .

"I haven't received May or June issues and it is now July, so I felt a note at this time would be in order. How can I get you new subscribers if I don't get my own magazines? If I didn't enjoy reading DZ-USA so much, I wouldn't be so disappointed. My good friend Don MacQuattie has also missed his May and June copies so I'm writing for him also. We save a stamp this way. Joe Comean, West Barrington, Rhode Island" . . .

"Why April's issue when I sent my money to you in June?? Frank Foster, C-4012, Butte, Montana" . . .

"Dear Subscribers: This may not be appropriate and it's probably not good business practice, but DZ-USA (like any other business) has problems from time to time. Being a magazine of sorts, it depends on renewals for it's only source of PREDICTED INCOME other than ads. March, April & May renewals fell so far below predicted percentages that a loan was necessary to guarantee another 12 issues of the magazine. This took time and, in the meantime, I had a printer trying to double the price of issues he was producing each month. I guess what I'm trying to say is that DZ-USA is here to stay but it takes renewals, subscriptions, and ads to keep it on time by paying the printing bills and miscellaneous expenses. My credit will only extend so far and your help is essential if you want the June issue (or July or whatever) to arrive in June. All I can do in the meantime, is keep the news current. That's why the Nationals (and my coverage of it) appears in the June issue. The wrong date on the front but you'll read the National's results in DZ-USA before you receive the other two magazines. That is all I can do until things work themselves out. I am, of course, sorry for the delay in issues but what can I do that I haven't already tried? If you want the magazine, you'll have to pull with me. The Editor, C. E. Hunnell" . . .

No material or photographs in DZ-USA may be reproduced in any form, without the express approval of the editor, C. E. Hunnell. Such requests for approval must be submitted in writing with a tear-sheet provided after reprinting.

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF NEIL BROWN, TOM LEEDHAM, KEITH LEE and PILOT WILLIAM MURRAY

Killed on 20 May 1967 in the crash of their jump-plane on Vernon Hill, Vernon, Canada. Their deaths were the first skydiving fatalities resulting from a plane crash in Canada and was a blow to sport parachutists, not only Canadian, but American as well. Neil Brown had been jumping for 1½ years and had made 170 jumps. He was a member of the Calgary Parachute Club, Calgary, Alberta,



SMITTY'S STORY . . .

Here is the first installment of a story you can't help but enjoy. It is continued on pages 19 and 20 and is part 1 of 3 parts. To get the story, bound and complete just send \$2.50 to: "Smitty"

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FAMOUS & INFAMOUS QUOTES

"I did not streak a wedding . . . I only mooned a wedding recital breakfast."

. . . David Blume
Pekin, Illinois

"Death is Nature's way of telling us to slow down!"

. . . Jerry Naylor
Camp LeJeune, No. Car.

"To hell with independent jumpers!"

. . . Lori Meile
Omaha, Nebraska

"The 1967 Nationals were completed with absolutely no disagreements between Lyle Cameron and myself. Somehow, I feel I am wrong."

. . . Norman Heaton
Exec. Director, USPA

"If God didn't exist, man would have had to create him, and I believe this also applies to PCA."

. . . Jacques Istel
Orange, Massachusetts
(quote from Voltaire)

STEP BY STEP

The Board of Directors Meeting held on July 9, 1967 in Tahlequah, Oklahoma will be covered in detail in the July issue. Not a long report this time, but important from many aspects.

and a bacteriologist at the Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster. George Keith Lee and Tom Leedham were members of the Trail B.C. Club and active in the sport. I wish there was more I could say in their behalf, but not knowing them personally, leaves me with the only thoughts we all feel . . . it is a sport for individuals only . . . you can replace groups or whole nations . . . but you can't replace an individual.

"SMITTY"

HIS EXPLOITS OF EARLY DAY JUMPING:

I was born in Salisbury, North Carolina October 17, 1898.

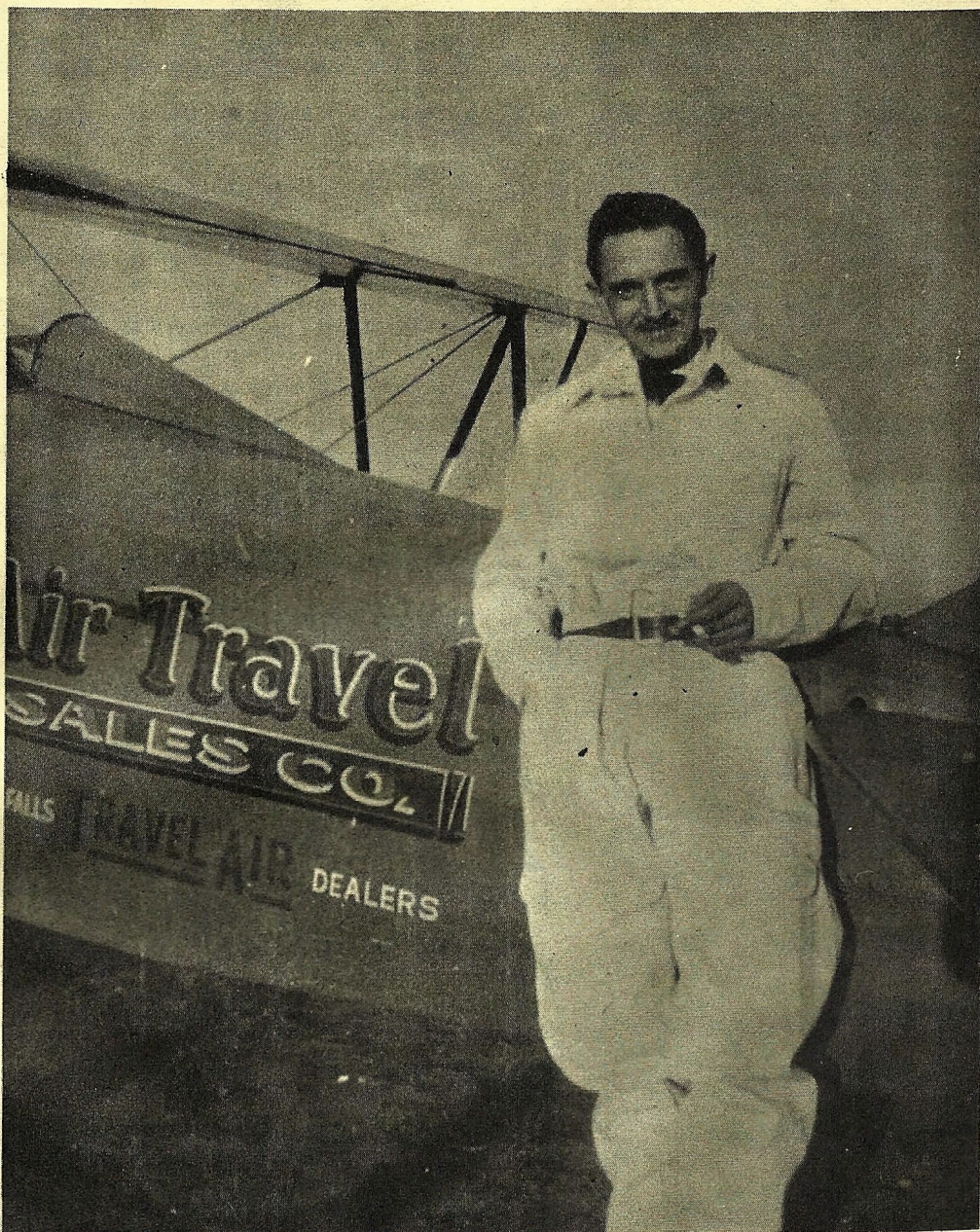
When I was 18, I knew I would jump from a plane and ride a parachute down. In 1928, twelve years later, I made it.

Here are a few experiences from my scrapbook and memories from that big day in 1928 to 1937.

It wasn't easy in those days to get a jump. When I could find a chute, I couldn't get a pilot who would fly me and vice versa. One day, however, Andy Burke, a pilot friend of mine, was made Chief Pilot and General Manager of a new airfield that opened up at Wichita Falls, Texas. It was out on the Burk Burnett Road. Still trying to find someone who would get me a jump, I told him I wanted to make a parachute jump. To my surprise, he said, "When?" This was on Friday and I said, "Sunday." He says, "Smitty, why don't you make one this afternoon. If you get hurt, we don't want too many people to see it." Andy said he knew where he could get a chute in town and we would pick it up when we went in to eat at noon. It was a cotton canopy, packed in a bag that was about 15 inches in diameter and stood about 30 inches tall. There was a rope on the bottom of the bag that tied off to the tubing inside the plane. I don't know if it was homemade or what it was, but it was a chute. Anyway, back at the field, Andy said: "Boys, how would you like to see a parachute jump?" They got excited about it and asked who was doing the jumping and he said "Smitty." Andy was a very good pilot but he had never flown a jumper so neither of us knew what we were doing. We figured out the wind drift as best we could, and we both figured I should get off over a large two-story farm house about a mile south of the field.

When we got to our spot, I was standing on the step and waiting (all planes had a step in those days to climb up on because they sat so high off the ground.) Andy throttled it back and into a slight stall and nodded his head for me to go. Then he leveled off, and without hesitation I left him. My dream of 12 years had finally come true. The ride down was wonderful. Just like it was in my dreams. I yelled and played like a monkey on the end of a grapevine. Finally I began to look down to see where I was. We must have been about as bad as you could get on spotting. I landed about two miles from the hanger, I was drifting pretty fast and, of course, coming down backwards. I didn't know anything about slip-turning my chute, so my landing was awful. Guess I covered about an acre before getting on my feet. I didn't have to be embarrassed because, fortunately, no one at the hangar could see me. It was the worst shake-up I'd had in my life. A car came as far as it could but I had to walk about a mile. This was Friday afternoon.

Saturday morning, Andy and I went up to Mr. Armstrong's office. He owned the field and was in the oil business. (I understand he has just lately passed away.) I booked a jump for the next day (Sunday) for \$20.00. The Sunday morning paper had me down for two jumps, which was swell with me. The article



"Smitty", the day of his first jump, 1928.

in the paper said "amateur will make his first two parachute jumps today." And for a little humor they said I was a sign painter and had never jumped from anything any higher than a step-ladder. They didn't know anything about my first jump which had ended a little sadly.

Sunday went swell except that I landed a little farther from the crowd than I wanted to on my first jump. It was a nice day in December, 1928, and I guess there were 7,000 or 8,000 people on the field. Then came my second jump of the day, about 5:00 p.m., and all through the years to come I never made a better jump and landing. I really thought for a while I was going to land on the hangar, but

I went over it from back to front, almost got a flagpole, or it almost got me, but missed it and came right down in an opening the people had made for me. Luck was with me. I made a stand-up landing, grabbed my shroud lines with my left hand, kept the chute from hitting the ground, pulled off my white cloth helmet with the other hand and waved it. There I stood, and, dammit, not a camera on the field.

The next morning I went to Mr. Armstrong's office for my check. He had it already made out but it was for \$50.00 instead of \$40.00. I asked him about it and he said the extra \$10.00 was for that beautiful landing I made on my second jump.

Well, that was fine. I had found out that I

would rather jump a chute than anything I had ever done in all my life, and at that time, \$50.00 wasn't bad money. I was headed for a few years of jumping because of that check and secondly because all the girls went for a jumper back then. The pilot was always second choice. This was in 1928, and about a year after Lindburgh's flight. I won't go into the girl part of it but I could write a book on that alone. (It might be a best seller.)

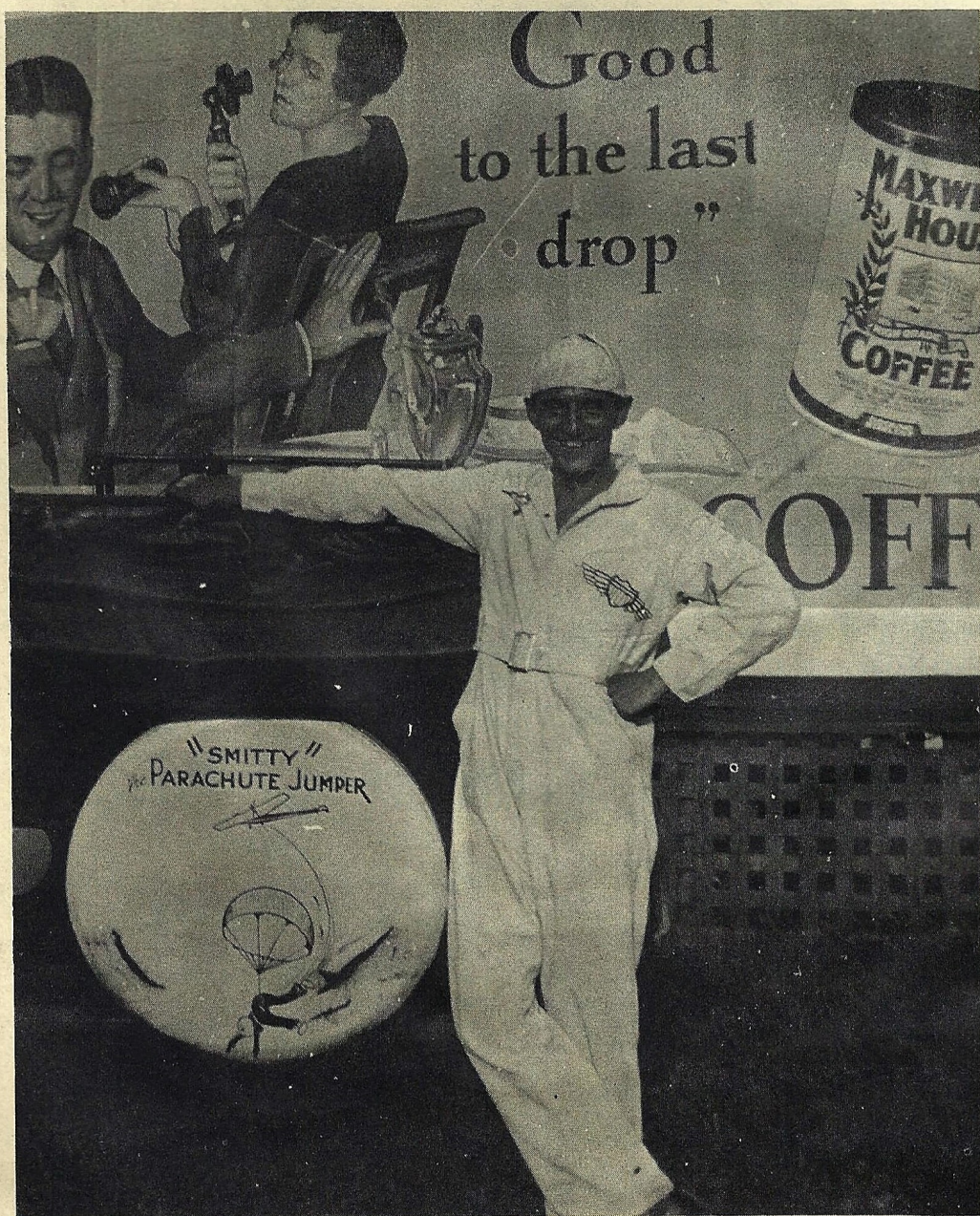
One morning, four of us left Wichita Falls, Texas in two planes (an American Eagle and a Curtis Robin, both OX-5 jobs) and went to Graham, Texas, to put on a show and do some passenger work. The American Eagle had a siren attached to a wheel strut with a wind-driven propeller. While approaching Graham, I got out on a wing, and right over the city, the pilot dived. This gave the wailing siren all it had. With a man on the wing and all that noise, they sure knew we were in town. We landed and out they came. In cars, horseback, wagons and walking, but they got there.

We had a good turnout that was really worth putting on a good show. I did more wing walking at the field that morning. I told the pilot after the wing work I would get down on the axle and hang there and for him to almost drag my feet, which he practically did, going by the crowd. We had agreed that before he started pulling up into a climb, he would wiggle the plane and I would get back on the undercarriage as I was afraid of getting pulled off. Everything went swell, until I found myself hanging there and my coveralls were on fire under my right arm. I had gotten too close to those short stacks on the way down. But I held on with one hand, smothered the fire out with my other one and got back up on the undercarriage in time. I went on up and into the back cockpit and sat down. The pilot smelled something burning and looked back at me. I held my arm up and showed him the hole in my coveralls. It had also burned through my coat to the only suit I had, and the hole was big as a saucer. It kind of shook

him up a bit and his landing wasn't too good. I stayed pretty calm through the whole thing and I found out that your strength can really increase in an emergency.

This incident was just the beginning of a bad day in Graham. We did good with passengers and things were going smooth. Around noon someone with a car took me into town to eat. Rowdy Curtain, one of the pilots, asked me to bring him something to eat as he had passengers waiting and didn't want to take time out. When we got back to the field everybody was running over to the far end where the trees were. Rowdy had just dived into a creek with two passengers. His engine had cut out completely and instead of pancaking into the trees, he tried to turn and get back. I think he knew better but sometimes I guess it's easier to do what you think you can do rather than do what you are taught. We got the three bodies out and there wasn't much left of the Curtis Robin. We had to wait for some time before the C.A.A. got there. There was nothing to determine as to what caused it. The OX-5 engine that had cut out, which was nothing new, and Rowdy from only 400 feet shouldn't have tried to turn and get back to the field. We were allowed to hook onto the plane and pull it out on the bank. It was sticking tail up in about three feet of water. We salvaged what we could of it and left the rest for the souvenir hunters. They did a good job and picked it clean. When they got through, there wasn't much left. We got a car and I drove the salvaged pieces back to Wichita Falls. The male passenger who was killed had lived there at Graham. His dad had a general store and undertaking establishment. The girl's dad was president or something at Austin College. Well, that was quite a day. That night, when the three of us went to eat, it seemed like everybody gave us a funny stare. Maybe it could have been my imagination, or an unjust feeling of guilt. After eating, we turned in early and before going to bed I thought I'd wash some of the blood-stains out of my white cloth helmet by letting it soak in cold water over night. I filled the wash basin in my room (Yeah! running water right in your room! Just after the bowl and pitcher days) but didn't know the darn faucet leaked. In the night the helmet got across the overflow outlet and when I got up the next morning the corner of my room was full of water. It had leaked through the floor and a lot of plaster had fallen from the ceiling of the room below. Obviously, enough happened at Graham, Texas that I will never forget it. The three of us finally got back to Wichita Falls.

Soon after that, I left Wichita Falls and went to Shawnee, Oklahoma and hooked up with Jack Russell. He had a Waco-10 and on all jumps with him I would get a long ride up and he would always put me out at 1500 feet. One day I asked why he put me out so low and he said "Hell, Smitty, that's as high as the old crate will get." I managed to get in a jump with him every Saturday and Sunday. There were lots and lots of small towns and cow pastures. In those days anytime a plane would land they would start flocking out, and all jumps were on a collection. Most times it was small, anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3.00. Always jumping a borrowed chute and no one had ever heard of a reserve parachute. There was no such thing as a packing date slip or a pin check. All I wanted was something called a chute. I made lots of jumps for practically nothing, but I was building up a



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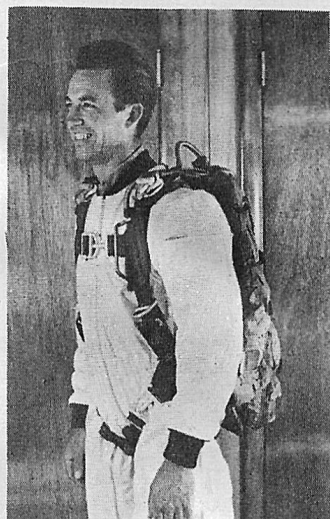
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F. A. Rodriguez peeling out for a style jump. Photo by Bill Kiehl.

by local talent was 6.5, so let's just say he has "fully recovered" from any problems he has had with his health in the past.

Back to the non-contestants a little later . . . Right now, let's get to Monday's activities and two more rounds of style.

Roy Johnson is out front, naturally, with clean jumps of 8.2 and 7.7 on his second and third rounds. He now has a perfect score of 1500. Erick Bahor is on the books as 1130 points after turning a 9.1 and an 8.7. Bob Holler is very close to Erick with an 8.7 and a 9.5 for a score of 1120. Fourth is Bill Lockward with 1090 points (an 8.4 and an 8.3 effort). The fifth spot is taken by Gary Ocnas with 1060 (after two 9.6's, back-to-back) and looks like the Army Team is making a better showing in style than accuracy. Tim Saltonstall has had an unusually bad run of luck and scored "zero points" on his second and third round of style. Mike Daubenspeck got so cautious in his attempt to avoid gigs that he turned a high 9 on one jump and got a gig to boot. Mike now has 970 points and may still have a chance to make the top 5.

Still in the running with scores of 900 or more for three style jumps were: Leo Kryske, USAPT, 980 (and making up for no DC's); Hector Nunez, Los Angeles, 940; Paul Poppenhager, 930 (would you believe a 9.4 with a front-loop?); Gene Thacker, USAPT, 900; and Phil Goetsch, 900 points. So much for the men. In the women's department, Susie was 500 points ahead of her nearest competition and had racked up 1350 points. Barbara Roquemore was tied with Martha Huddleston for second place, each accounting for 850 points. Third spot was also a tie between Karen Roach and Gay Reed, with 690 points each. Best times so far for each have been: 10.4 for Huddleston; 10.7 for Roquemore; 10.8 for Roach; and 11.4 for Reed. Susie's best time is still her first jump of 8.7. And enough of this for awhile. We have a General Membership Meeting to make in a few hours, so gather up your proxy votes and forget the competition for today.

There were approximately 200 PCA members present and about 500 proxy votes were entrusted to them. Heaton brought more proxies than anyone and accounted for 164. At the beginning of the Meeting, it was explained that the proxy votes would be validated in Monterey and that it would take two to three weeks to do so. The votes at the Meeting would, therefore, be unofficial until validation because an overlap of votes could occur (the member could be present and someone else use his proxy vote thus giving him two votes).

With this out of the way and the proxies turned over to Elliot, a telegram was read from Joe Crane which stated his inability to attend the Nationals due to his illness but wished the contestants and PCA every possible success. The message was read by Jacques Istel, who then made the opening address speech. He spoke of safety in the sport, the future of sport parachuting, and his satisfaction of the caliber of contestants in the Nationals. As Paul Poppenhager put it later, "The only person who made a lot of sense to me was Istel". Sport parachuting is fortunate to have this man dedicated to personal support and guidance for the betterment of us all. Jacques is a rare individual and one we can never afford to lose. Just one of the safety devices he mentioned was a radio-controlled reserve that could be activated from the ground which was still in a planning stage and confronted by many problems. After Mr. Istel's address, the name change (Parachute Club of America to United States Parachute Association) was immediately put into the form of a motion by Major Garrity and seconded by Russ Gunby. A short discussion followed on the motion and the seconding but, nevertheless, the name change was on the floor. Much discussion followed and many members voiced valid reasons for not wanting the change. One member in the rear of the auditorium asked a straight question of "whether anyone felt the name change was being pushed down their throats?" A very good question when you think about it. Another wanted it to be the United States Parachutists (in lieu of Parachute) Association, and this too was a valid argument. Captain Elliot was asked why he wanted the name change and his personal opinion boiled down to a prestige thing for the elected directors by having a more impressive name. Vic Deveau, Connecticut Parachutists, Inc., asked what the cost of the name change would amount to and Mr. Heaton stated \$1500 would be required above normal operating costs. To make a long story short, the vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the name change with less than 50 votes against it. Now is the time for someone else to start an organization named the "Parachute Club of America" and suck up on ten years of work in building up the name of PCA. We are just beginning to be recognized by many individuals and agencies as PCA. The name change requires that we start all over and be recognized as USPA. But who am I to fight City Hall? The name change was like a school bond. No matter how many times it failed to be approved, it would be put before the general membership over and over again, until we all got tired of it and voted it in. The mail vote indicated the general membership did not want the name change last January. However, less than 500 votes put it through in Tahlequah. So much for that, though.

The next item on the agenda was the reapportionment issue but because of Jack Bergman's absence (who was involved in a car accident shortly before the Nationals), it was decided that since it was his work that it best be presented by him personally. Art Armstrong voiced his desire to put the splitting of his conference (the Western Conference) before the members present instead of waiting until the next General Membership Meeting and this was put into the form of a motion and passed. The vote was unanimous to make the Western "hemisphere" (in Art's words) into the Western and Pacific Conferences and allow the Northern California Parachute Association and the Southern

California Parachute Association to control separate conferences. This would mean one less National Director and the appointment (by vote) of one more conference director. This will be decided at a later date. And other than a short poll taken by Jacques Istel on piggy-backs and chest reserves (which came out 50-50 of the members present), there isn't much else to report of the General Membership Meeting. I can only urge you to attend the next meeting and represent your interests in an organization we vitally need whether it be called USPA or PCA.

Tuesday, and jumping began early and ended late. Four rounds of accuracy were completed and speaks well for the performance of the Fairchild-Hillers. Here is one plane you just



John Clark posing in front of the "Super-jump-plane."

can't believe. In two rides as an observer, it busted my brains. Bill Viets was the pilot on my first trip and he put it through the paces descending. Imagine yourself in a nose-down dive and looking straight down at the terrain . . . and doing 75 knots. You don't pick up speed, you lose it while diving. Now you are on jump run and it sounds as though he has cut the engine (or turbine in this case). You expect to start losing altitude and be too low at exit point. Not true. It will act as a glider with just minimum power and you coast in from about a half-mile out. Total loss of altitude with six jumpers, the pilot, and one passenger aboard: about 150 feet. I'm telling you, it's unbelievable. It is the only plane built which allows a passenger to take a picture of a jumper exiting at 6,000 feet and get down quickly enough for the passenger to be standing on the target and get a second picture of the same jumper's landing. Think about that. In all honesty, the plane was 75% of the whole meet. The attendance was bound to be influenced by knowing they were going to jump it and we have never gotten so many lifts off in so short a time in the history of the Nationals. It may be a little weird looking, but the Heli-Porter's design is just as unusual as its performance . . . which is truly outstanding. I think every jumper who jumped it will agree with me on that. But we were talking about accuracy, so let's get back to it. Four more rounds were completed on Tuesday (to make a total of seven), and the top ten are showing themselves. Round #3's leaders stayed about the same during the 4th round with Bill Edwards making his third DC in a row and holding on to first. Chris Lowry, who is the holder of the National record of 7 consecutive deadcenters, scored his first one of the meet, and John Dow, Denver (who entered with only 250 jumps), made his first deadcenter. Schapanski, last year's accuracy

champ, is looking good and now has 3 deadcenters out of 4 jumps. Winds are still faking-out a few contestants but not to any great extent. Only 13 out-jumps were scored by the men and 7 by the women. Tony Stroh, Denver, who entered with 236 jumps, was injured during this 4th round and dropped from the meet.

As a point of possible interest, some contestants such as Roy Johnson and Carl Walk (Walkorson Skydivers, Ohio), came to the Nationals prepared to win. Roy made 150 practice jumps from April until the end of June and Carl made 200 in the same period. The average contestant made about 35 or 40 between his Conference Meet and the Nationals depending on the weather in his area or how many jumps he could afford. And while we are on the subject, the average number of jumps per contestant this year was 692. The total number of jumps at the beginning of the meet for 128 contestants (taken from their registration forms) was 88,642. That's a few. So, when I speak of someone being entered with "only" 250 or 300 jumps, I am merely trying to point out what they are up against and I'm not belittling their experience. These guys deserve a lot of credit for getting in there and defying the odds against their winning. And every year someone proves it can be done in spite of all.

The 5th round of accuracy was a little less hectic and some new faces were getting into the picture. One was Floyd Glover, Arizona, who eased by Bill Edwards by a bare 28 points. Floyd made his second DC in this round and Rudy Peterson, Seattle, came through with his 3rd one. Tom Schapanski had a rare 3-meter jump in this round and in his own words, "it is getting harder to relax and concentrate on the jumps". Tom, by the way, made his 1000th jump during the Nationals and had his first malfunction on number 1001. That must be some kind of rotten luck that doesn't happen too often, fortunately. Jim Lowe, Washington, picked up his 3rd deadcenter this round, and as you can see, the West Coast jumpers are in there again.

The women's fifth round put Pat Hallman out in front, followed by Karen Roach and Martine Durbin. On the other side of the coin, Dee Dubois had logged her 4th out-jump in 5 jumps, and Sandra Maloy, Christina Thurber, and Mary Etta McMasters were also holders of this distinction. The combined scores for these four women (20 jumps total) was 727 points. My apologies to all four of you, but I couldn't pass up this interesting statistic.

An injury in this round almost put Judge Gordon Riner out of the meet when he got in the way of Ted Mayfield's "7-Up Special" which was headed for the peas. Ted also suffered a very painful leg injury and Gordon's right leg was more than a minor injury. It was swollen badly and blood was drained from his knee by a local doctor on two occasions. As seen by the photo below, it is sometimes a little congested in the area of the deadcenter disc and judges have been known to get in the way of an incoming contestant. Occupational hazard, I guess.

Round #6 got underway mid-afternoon and some new names picked up 11 pie-plates. Don Strickland, USAPT, Clayton Schoelpple, Jimmy Davis, Mike Schultz, and Mike Daubenspeck got their first deadcenter in this round. Clayton Schoelpple, by the way, is a 18-year-old with 354 jumps and a member of the Horizon Parachute Club, Virginia. He is the second youngest contestant entered. Floyd Glover stretched his first place lead to 125 points in this round and Edwards is 3rd with Thacker holding second place. It should be close between these three men from here on in. Glover now has three deadcenters back-to-back and is surprising everyone but himself.

Oh, yes, there was another injury in this round. Judge Ron Radhoff had a minor accident while swinging two fichets around in front of him. Seems we now have a judge with some pretty sore "jewels", if that's the correct word. Sorry about that, Bad Guy.

In the ladies department, Susie Joerns came through the second DC in the meet for the ladies, and this round was the best so far for the gals. Only 5 out-jumps and no injuries so far in the meet for them. Cynthia Wescott came through with a .12 cm jump (488 points) and has 5th place for herself at this point. Pat Hallman is still leading. Sandra Maloy has extended her record to five out-jumps in a row and is in great position for an "Also Ran" award. Linda Meals is threatening in this category, however.

There is a report that Sam McGill, one of the Original Bad Guys, has been seen in the vicinity of the water-barrel. All contestants are cautioned NOT to drink from the barrel until the State Board of Health gives it an okay. Susie Neuman, a member of the "Spoilers", could be involved in the incident. Be extremely careful of these two individuals. For those who haven't heard of them, I hope you don't find out the hard way.

Round #7 was the big one. Standings changed considerably from the three rounds back and everyone knew who he had to beat at this point. With some storm clouds building in the sky to the east, the last round of the day got underway. Deadcenters fell to 7 this round (the least of any round so far) and competition got serious. Jim Lowe racked up his fourth DC, however, and is leading in his category. The standings at the end of the 7th round looked like this:

1) Floyd Glover	3350
2) Gene Thacker, USAPT	3211
3) Bill Edwards	3149
4) Bill Lockward, USAPT	3110
5) Bob Frierson	3056
6) Tim Saltonstall	3016
7) Harry Hallman	2969
8) Phil Goetsch	2891
9) Jim Lowe	2885
10) Roger Wolford	2869

The surprises in this round were many. Tom Schapanski had an out-jump and dropped completely out of the running; Jim Lowe, in spite of four DC's was in 9th place after a near-out jump in the 6th round; Mike Todd was given another of those 1-point jumps that Hal Evans received in round #1; Bob Frierson was in 5th place and no one had been watching him too closely up to this point; Tim Saltonstall was doing very well in accuracy and not a thing in style (which is certainly a switch); and Roger Wolford was knocked down from 4th or 5th because of a 110-point jump this round. It became apparent that no one would walk away with anything they didn't earn. With less than 300 points between 1st and 5th, it was anyone's meet if one of the leaders experienced an out-jump.

Dick Wagaman, North-Central Conference Director, became the one and only Conference Director entered to score a deadcenter in the meet when he stomped one out during this round. The others entered were: Ted Mayfield, North-Western Conference, and Jimmy Godwin, South-Eastern Conference. One National Director, Craig Elliot, was competing, and although he didn't end up with a piece of the disc, he finished with a very respectable 3642 points for ten jumps. And, last but not least, National Director Bill Ottley was also Assistant Meet Director and logged about 25 "fun", "wind", "Wing", and miscellaneous jumps to lead the field in free jumps. In second place in this category was Jack Lankford, a training judge, who sucked up 15

continued to page 16



Helene Tozer unpacking on an accuracy jump.
Photo by Bill Kiehl.



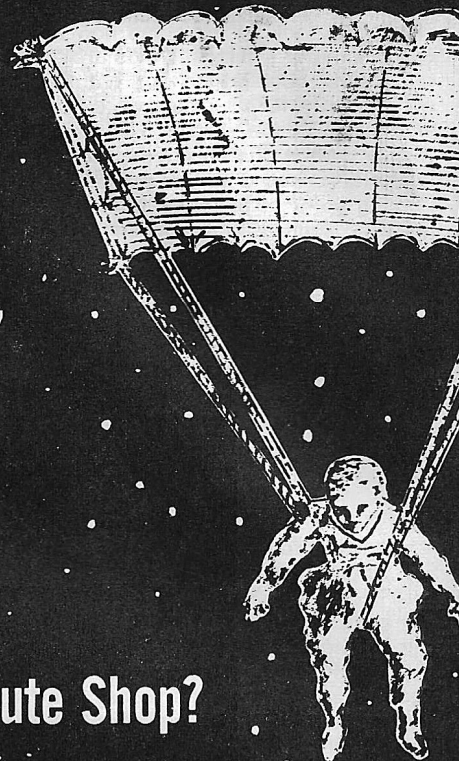
Dick Wagaman coming in for a DC, between the judges.
Photo by Tom Copenhaver.

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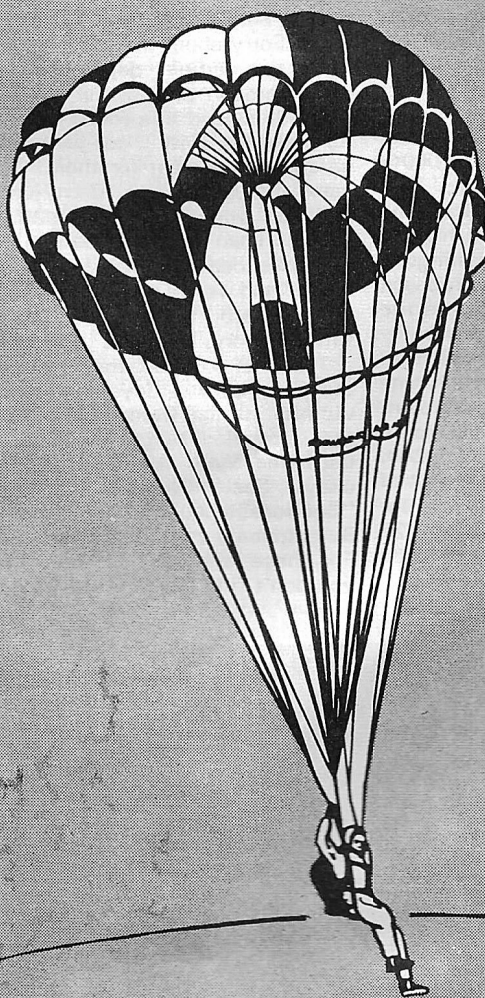
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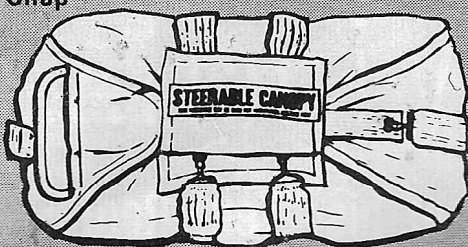
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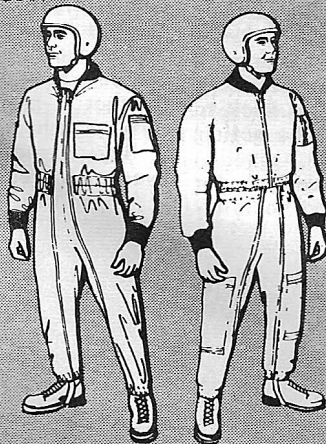
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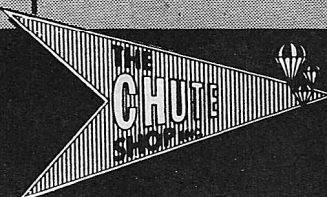
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Floyd Glover showing how he became #1. Photo by Bill Kiehl.

free ones. I guess the secret is to enter the Nationals as a worker instead of a contestant. You get more jumps . . . and you don't have to pay for them. Last year there were complaints of not enough fun-jumping for non-contestants, so this year the jumps were plentiful. That much I'll have to admit was for the better. And please note, Norman, that I didn't say a word about your 15 or so free ones. You earned every one of them. And so did you, Bill, so you're not being picked on . . . but twenty-five?? And if giving wind-readings earned yours, Jack, more power to you. Enough of this, though . . .

The women who were leading after seven rounds were the same first four (just rearranged a little) and a new face in fifth spot. They were:

	Points
1) Pat Hallman	2344
2) Karen Roach	2107
3) Martine Durbin	1984
4) Martha Huddleston	1890
5) Cynthia Wescott	1813

No big surprises here to speak of. Sandra Maloy was firmly in last place with 6 out-jumps consecutively and Linda Meals was closing the gap with 5 out-jumps in 7 tries. Jeanni McCombs and Mary Etta McMasters also had 5 out-jumps to their credit and couldn't seem to get started. So far, Huddleston, Roach, and Hallman are the only women with every jump in the peas.

In addition, Ronald Young (Lucky Lager Parachute Team, Lake Tahoe, California), and Woody McKay (Carolina Skydivers, Darlington, South Carolina), also made their 1000th jump during the competition and joined Schapanski in getting their Gold Wings at the Nationals. Jim Cone, Seattle Sky Sports, was damn close to the magic number before the meet started

but I don't believe he made it before the meet was over. Bob Branch, Tampa Skydivers; Jim Lowe, Century Skydivers, Washington; and Chris Lowry, Lakewood Sport Parachute Center, New Jersey, made their 1000th jump shortly before entering the Nationals. All together, 34 contestants were Gold-Wingers and 5 of the officials had passed the grand mark. Throw in Scotty Hamilton (neither contestant nor official this year . . . just fun jumps), and you have a grand total of 40 Gold-Wingers. Not bad for one gathering of jumpers.

Wednesday, July 5th, was one of those rare days in Oklahoma (or so the Chamber of Commerce claims). It rained most of the day (lightly) and the overcast varied from 500 to 1500 feet. No jumping but a little partying was going on. So, with everyone staying inside and out of the elements (and involved with other activities) . . . let's go back to Tuesday night and cover some of the action in various locations.

The "Smokehouse" was unusually quiet this year and the beer-drinking and socializ-

ing took place at the "Golden Knight Ranch" (owned by Marie and "Chief" Gaylor). The first arrivals were Russ Gunby, naturally, and "Smitty the Jumper" (who was given honorary Gold Wings at the General Membership Meeting which is a first in the awards PCA has bestowed upon a person in particular), and Bill Viets (pilot extraordinary and all-around good Joe) was there; Walt Hickerson, USMC, was there with his buddy, Jerry Naylor (who the Marine Corps is messing with and passing out a lot of bad duty and no jumps), and one other Marine who deserves every honorable mention in the book was there. Bob Matthews, recently returned from Vietnam and very lucky to be alive after being seriously wounded, was relaxing as all good jumpers do and didn't let his crutches get in the way. John Clark (First at the Bar), was seen in the vicinity of the beer keg most of the night and Dan Poynter was official chairman of the "Motion Picture Committee" showing (what else?) Pioneer movies. Linda Meals was present and made a statement concerning her winning in the Nationals this year. Quote, "Maybe next year . . . maybe 69", unquote. I'm not sure how to take that. There was no demonstration jump this year because of Ron Radhoff's injured leg (due to a recent break in several places) and the planes being chained to the ground by Norman Heaton to prevent anyone from considering any kind of "demo" from them. I wonder why he's so touchy on that subject? We missed Ray Duffy's guitar playing but there was a sing-along of sorts. I forget who was leading the group so why blame the wrong party?

Also seen sucking up a few beers was Paul Henley, Los Angeles, Calif., who put in many hours on the microphone calling loads and assisting Major Garrity with the manifesting. Paul also was seen to be limping after a jump on the Irvin Eagle. Seems the Wing and his reserve deployed simultaneously because of a toggle wrapped around the reserve ripcord housing. The Wing deployed and the reserve fell downward and then drifted up in front of Paul (while inflating). He ended up with lines wrapped around his left leg and unable to jettison the Wing because of an oddly-shaped reserve. He kept both canopies and headed for a tree which he made a two-meter overshoot on. He landed safely in spite of missing his target . . . and about that limp . . . he got it getting off the truck that picked him up. It had nothing to do with his jump.

Ray Heald, No. Hollywood, California, was also present and his only comment was

18 MORE ►



The Golden Knight Ranch, Tahlequah, Okla. Photo by Bill Kiehl.



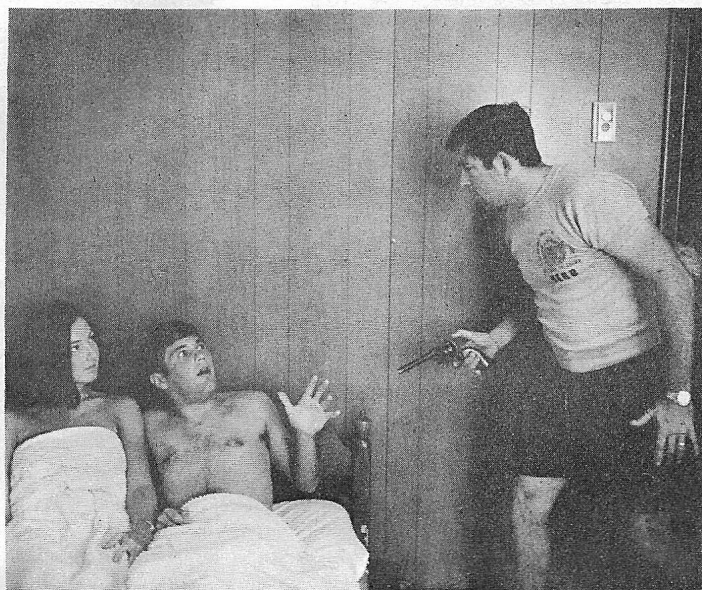
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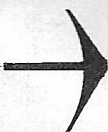
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"Alice is what's happening". I haven't figured that out yet but you West Coast jumpers have always been a couple steps ahead of the group. Ray was seen pursuing local talent when he wasn't on the target (ala red bandana). It just wouldn't be the Nationals without Ray.

Ed Parrish, D-1432, another West-Coaster, was G-2'ing the area and "observing" the haps between beers. And Marilyn Hansen, Carson City, Nevada, was mingling. She is the first woman competitor from Nevada to ever enter the Nationals and swears she'll be back next year with vigor.

And the 1967 National Frisbee Match Winners were represented in the persons of "Super Skull" Ottley; Clayton Schoelpple; "Ace" Burkhard; Martha Huddleston; Karen Roach; and Pat Hallman. This bit of international sporting news was reported to me by Chuck Brophy, who witnessed their record-setting Frisbee Match during a lull in the jumping.

And before we get back to the last of the National competition, here is one story I can't leave out. Lew Sanborn (who is crazy about firework), spent a few minutes around midnight, in the middle of a State highway (in front of the Smokehouse), trying to set off his firework which kept fizzling. Lew, an ex-National Director and Vice-President of Parachutes, Inc., could also be seen doing one helleva job flying . . . when you could get him away from his firework.

Thursday dawned but not so brightly. It was a day of jumping, however, and two more rounds of accuracy were completed. This makes a total of nine rounds. Out-jumps were at a minimum, with 11 in the 8th round for the men and 10 in the 9th round. The women had 13 out-jumps in the 8th round (13 being an average for them throughout the meet); and 10 in the 9th round. After the 8th round, three men in the competition had four deadcenters each to their credit: Schapanski, Glover, and Lowe. In the ninth round, Lowe picked up his 5th deadcenter and, as it was to turn out, had more discs in his possession than any other competitor. Bill Lockward, USAPT, picked up his 4th deadcenter in round #9 and the standings are still pretty much the same as reported after round #7. Jeff Russell, Hammond, Louisiana (who listed his occupation as "Bum" on the registration form), got his first out-jump in round #9 and Lockward, in spite of his DC's, logged an out in round #8. Earl Cossey, Seattle Sky Sports, also logged his first out in round #9. So, Thursday wasn't a day of great changes . . . unless you happened to be one of the contestants and was really watching your individual score.

I did manage to talk to Jeannie McCombs (whose last National competition was 1963), and Jeannie said that although she didn't do too well this year, that she'll be back next time so watch out. She hasn't given up.

I also had a short conversation with Roy Johnson, who wasn't too happy about some of the style judging, and asked him if the Russian techniques had helped him any. His reply was that the hand positions used by the Russians were the same that he had been using but that he did try their technique to see if it helped. The results were doubtful in his opinion. Roy, by the way, turned a 7.5 (clean) to be #1 in the history of the Nationals with the fastest time to date. It will be some time before anyone threatens his position. Twice as 1st Overall is a record to be envied,

continued on page 21

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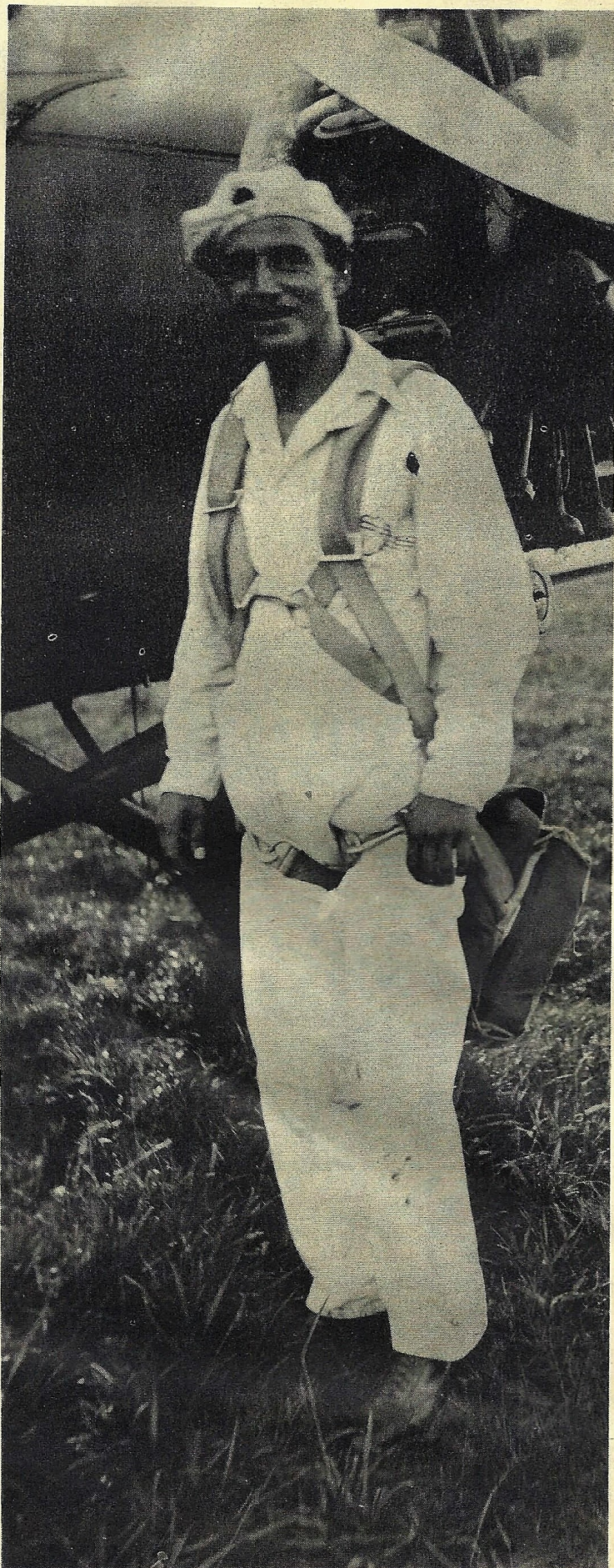
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lot of jumps. I figured when I got to be better known and an old veteran with a lot of jumps, I could get better bookings with more money. One time I took in about a \$3.00 collection and before I could get in the air a wind storm came up. The crowd got awful mad because I didn't jump, and I tried to give the \$3.00 collection back to the people. That's a hard job to begin with but when I ran short, they were mad. They said I hadn't intended to jump anyway, that nobody would do a thing like that. That was just one of the many unpleasant deals I survived.

One experience with Jack Russell was when he lined up a guy named Buck Hoover from Texas. He was quite a promoter and a very good stunt man. He did all kinds of crazy things. In 1929, he put on a deal with Isham Chevrolet Co. in Wichita, Kansas where he drove a brand new Chevy touring car for a week without sleep. He was billed as the "Sleepless Wonder." All the driving was in the main part of town. It was advertised well and had signs all over the car. I still have a picture of it and he did drive for a week without sleep. The last 3 days, however, he had a registered nurse riding with him. He might have needed someone to keep him awake but it might have been just show stuff. I don't know which but I don't think I would have objected to having that cute little nurse with me.

When Buck got with Jack and I later on in 1929, he was going to bulldog a steer from an airplane and I was going to make a jump after that. We got good publicity and on the day of the show, we had a large turnout. The parking area on the field was almost full at 25¢ per person. And like all air shows, some people who wouldn't spend a dime, had parked bumper-to-bumper on the highway and county roads bordering the field. To put on the bulldogging act, I had to be out in the center of the field with the steer. I had a friend of mine go along to help me. We had a 50-ft. rope tied to each horn which put us 100 feet apart and gave Jack plenty of clearance to come in with the plane. He and Buck were in the air by then, and the steer was acting nicely just standing there. Finally, here comes Jack and Buck is on the rope ladder hanging under the plane. On the first pass, he comes in too high and instead of coming around again, he goes over to another pasture and lands. I knew something was wrong, so I got in my Model T and started over there. I met Jack about half way and he was yelling, "Smitty, for gosh sakes, go back and get those cars away from the approach side of the field." He said he couldn't come in low enough to let Buck off before he got to the steer and needed every inch toward the fence he could get. Buck was to make a dirt landing off the rope ladder, roll up like a ball, and roll to the steer and throw him. He had done this before at the Miller 101 Ranch and had shown us clippings to prove it. Well, I went back and by this time, the people were raising hell. I ignored them and cleared that part of the road and managed to open a good approach for Jack. The crowd just kept getting louder and more wild. They figured it was a gyp. I started looking for Jack when we were all set, thought things would go as planned, but Jack and Buck didn't show up. The crazy crowd was beginning to leave, and although I kept scanning the sky for Jack and Buck, they didn't show up. The next time I saw them was 30 minutes later in the Shawnee jail. The

Sheriff had come out and arrested them for landing in that farmer's pasture. Jack's wife and I finally got them out late that evening. This little story has a lot of steer in it but no bull. Things like this had a way of blowing over and there were no fines to pay. Was sure glad for Jack for about all we had was a lot of crazy ideas, and most times, just enough money to buy gas to put on another show. Most people I was with those days were in the same shape financially and did anything to keep the old crates flying.

Jack and I went from Shawnee to Prague, Oklahoma the next day and did pretty good there. We slept under the wing of the plane and two Bohemian boys would visit us every night, sometimes bringing wine to us. Jumping from and flying all the OX-5 aircraft back in those days has since made it possible for me to be a member of the OX-5 Club of America.

I finally left Jack and went on to Okmulgee, Oklahoma. There I got with Harkie Russell, Cash Gilispie and Bud Thorp who is now Dr. Thorp, and retired in Wichita, Kansas. The three men and their three planes were known as the Arkoma Airways. Bud flew me on lots of jumps in and around Okmulgee and still didn't have a chute of my own. As it turned out, I never did have one of my own. On one jump there, we had to fly to Muskogee to get a chute for me. I forgot the man's name, but he had a foundry or some kind of iron works and owned a plane and had an old seat pack he always rode on. He must have weighed 190 pounds and the harness was adjusted to him. We were late getting back and the crowd was yelling for the jump. I didn't take time to adjust the harness to my 130 pound frame and you can imagine how loose it was. I jumped, pulled my ripcord, folded my arms around me, crossed my legs and locked them and luckily didn't get jerked out of it.



Packing "chute" in Shawnee, Okla. 1929.

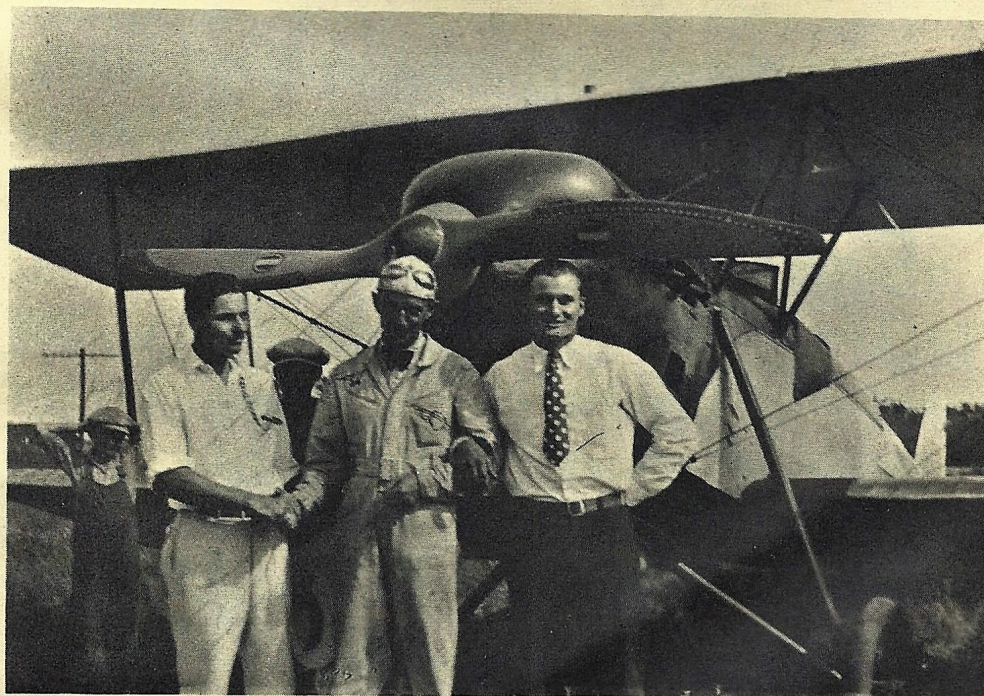
BARGAIN PRICES ON PLANE RIDES

Stimulation of Okmulgee's Interest in Aviation Aim of Company

Hoping to sell Okmulgee on aviation so that when the proposed passenger airline is established here people will patronize it, the Arkoma Airways, Inc., Sunday will offer citizens of Okmulgee a chance to ride an airplane for what is said to be the smallest price ever charged at the local field.

Two cabin airplanes will take up passengers from 9 a. m. until noon for \$1 per passenger, and from noon to 7 p. m. passengers will be given rides for 1 cent a pound of the passenger's weight with a minimum price of \$1. Scales will be provided at the field.

H. T. (Smitty) Smith will make a parachute leap sometime during the afternoon for the entertainment of the spectators.



Two Bohemian friends, Prague, Okla, Sept. 1929

Next I went to Tulsa, jumping at the old Garland Airport on the Broken Arrow Road for Mr. Bob Garland. The airport later became the Brown Airport and has now been sold for a housing area. I had lots of good jumps for Garland. On one air show there, Freddy Lund was there with his Ford Tri-Motor. He would loop it at about 800 feet. I don't think he's with us any more, but I really don't know what happened to him. Anyway I rigged up seven other guys with chutes for a multiple jump from his Ford. There were lots of chutes in Tulsa. One of the boys, Beany Spicer, who is now in Ponca City, Okla., had made one jump. The rest were office workers and had never given jumping a thought but they were for it. I got the seven guys out like clock work. Just one hesitated a second or two,

then went and all the jumps were free falls with ripcords on their chutes. By the time I got the last one out we were getting almost past the field and in order for me not to land too far away, I delayed my opening to about 500 feet. I touched ground before the first jumper landed. After the jumps I was walking by the crowd and heard a man say, "that SOB that came out last sure scared the hell out of me." It made me feel good because on most of my jumps those days, that was exactly what I wanted to do. I called it putting on a good show and giving them something to talk about for years. It was not being a smart alec, it was showmanship and helped make the crowds bigger at the next show.

In 1934, a Tulsa pilot that owned the Eagle Auto Salvage and I flew over to Hominy,

TALENT '67

and speaks well for his accuracy in addition to his style.

Just saw Jim Baldwin, Russellville Collegiate Skydivers, Arkansas, either selling sweatshirts or silk-screening a few. He is also responsible for over 700 being sold with credit due Chet Poland and the Jaycees. Everyone had one, regardless of what the lettering was. As seen below, Johnny Higgins passed out a few free ones too:



See anyone you know? Just a few of the sweatshirts passed out.
Photo by John Clark.

Friday was the day that wound it up. Two rounds of style today to complete that event and one round of accuracy to wrap it up. Deanna MacCrone was on the telemeter with Judge Lowell Bachman early in the morning and recorded as Roy Johnson turned his fastest so far (7.5), and Erick Bahr took up second place. Bob Holler, turning in the low 9's, was third when the event was over, and Bill Lockward had held his 4th spot throughout the meet. But rather than go into this too deeply, the accuracy round was the one that put the last final score on the board and brought the competition to an end. Floyd

Glover, who started jumping in May of 1963, and had never attended a meet of any significance before the Conference Eliminations this year, was standing up well under the pressure and came through with a .17 cm jump to cinch first place in accuracy. Talking to Floyd, I found he had always been interested in accuracy and had been helped along on style by Dave Espen, Phoenix, Arizona. In Floyd's own words, "I made about 200 style jumps and was still in the low 10's. Dave started working with me and I can get into the 8's now. Last year, I was 6th in style in my Conference, and this year I was 2nd. I was



And amidst everything Pete Williams (Garrett engineer who is connected with the Heli-Porter's and their performance) gets ready for a first jump from one. Dan Poynter doing the training.

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7th in accuracy though and came down here on a style slot." Glover's second jump on a PC was a deadcenter, by the way, and it was 200 jumps later before he made his next one. Second to Glover was Gene Thacker, USAPT, and he made his last jump a .19 cm effort for 481 points and second place. Oddly enough, Gene made only one deadcenter throughout the meet but was consistently right on the edge of the disc. Tim Saltonstall, as I said before, was one of the big surprises in the meet, and deadcentered his 10th jump to take a firm third, beating out Lowe and Wolford who were just a few points behind him. They recorded a .21 cm and .23 cm jump, respectively, on their last attempt. And last, but not least, an out-jump in the 10th round, completely knocked Bob Frieson out of the top 15. So, it was all over, except for the ladies, and their standings did not change considerably. Linda Meals did manage to end up last with 8 out-jumps and 501 total points out of a possible 5000. It was the 10th round, that put Martha Huddleston's first out-jump on the books. Carol Goetsch also suffered an out-jump on the last round and hurt her standings somewhat. It may have cost her 5th place at worst. So, without further adieu, the final scores were as follows:

ACCURACY

MEN

1) Floyd Glover	478.4
2) Gene Thacker, USAPT	466.8
3) Tim Saltonstall	440.5
4) Jim Lowe	432.0
5) Roger Wolford	427.7
6) Dave Sauve	413.7
7) Phil Goetsch	413.3
8) John Clark	410.3
9) Roy Johnson	408.9
10) Bill Edwards	408.2
11) Gary Ocenass, USAPT	403.2
12) Carl Walk	401.5
13) Harry Hallman	400.7
14) Bill Lockward, USAPT	396.4
15) Woody McKay	389.3

WOMEN

1) Pat Hallman	327.4
2) Martine Durbin	318.0
3) Karen Roach	302.4
4) Martha Huddleston	263.2
5) Cindy Wescott	249.2
6) Loretta Breise	239.2
7) Susan Joerns	222.1
8) Gay Reed	207.9
9) Barbara Roquemore	200.5
10) Pat Meiron	169.9

STYLE

MEN

1) Roy Johnson	490
2) Erick Bahor	380
3) Bob Holler	366
4) Bill Lockward, USAPT	364
5) Gary Ocenass, USAPT	332
6) Leo Kryske, USAPT	322
7) Mike Daubenspeck	322
8) Gene Thacker, USAPT	314
9) Phil Goetsch	292
10) Hector Nunez	290
11) Don Strickland, USAPT	288
12) Steve Remke	286
13) Woody McKay	284
14) Lud Lincoln	278
15) Floyd Glover	270

WOMEN

1) Susan Joerns	470
2) Barbara Roquemore	332
3) Martha Huddleston	304
4) Gay Reed	250
5) Karen Roach	246
6) Carol Goetsch	236
7) Susie Neuman	202
8) Helene Tozer	166
9) Martine Durbin	156
10) Sue Rademaekers	156

OVERALL

MEN

1) Roy Johnson	898.9
2) Gene Thacker, USAPT	780.8
3) Erick Bahor	768.9
4) Bill Lockward, USAPT	760.4
5) Floyd Glover	748.4
6) Larry Holmberg, USAPT	735.2
7) Bob Holler	729.8
8) Phil Goetsch	705.0
9) Don Strickland, USAPT	676.3
10) Woody McKay	673.3
11) Mike Daubenspeck	672.1
12) Hector Nunez	642.0
13) Tim Saltonstall	622.5
14) Rudy Peterson	616.2
15) Craig Elliot	614.2

WOMEN

1) Susan Joerns	692.1
2) Martha Huddleston	567.2
3) Karen Roach	548.4
4) Barbara Roquemore	532.5
5) Martine Durbin	474.0
6) Gay Reed	457.9
7) Cindy Wescott	369.2
8) Susie Neuman	347.8
9) Pat Hallman	327.4
10) Carol Goetsch	317.2

And so it ended. But just in case you're not tired of my statistics yet, here's a couple more. Karen Roach and Pat Hallman were the



PAT HALLMAN - first in women's accuracy, 9th overall.

only two women to finish with no out-jumps in accuracy. On the other hand, however, the following male-types had all ten jumps in the peas and deserve mention: The top ten men in accuracy, naturally, and Harry Hallman (13th in accuracy); Woody McKay (15th in accuracy); Erick Bahor (16th in accuracy); Don Strickland (17th); Bill Scherrer (19th); Jimmy Davis (20th); Rudy Peterson

(22nd); Mac McCraw (28th); Woody Binnicker (29th); Tom Copenhaver (31st and the only Kansas entry); Heiner Rothmann (33rd); Herb Golden (36th); Vance Breise (37th); Dave Espen (53rd); Vic Deveau (60th); Gil Branson (62nd); and Ted Mayfield (64th). And before you believe that an out-jump put you down in the 70th or 80th category, consider this. Gary Ocenass, USAPT, had an out-jump on his very first jump in accuracy . . . and he still finished 11th. Carl Walk and Bill Lockward, USAPT, both had one out-jump and finished 12th and 14th respectively. So, it wasn't the closest Nationals on the books after the first five slots were filled in accuracy, even though Floyd Glover took first with the closest average for 10 jumps in the history of the Nationals. And just in case you're wondering where all the facts and figures are coming from, I have one person to thank for the rough score sheets . . . Irene Gorham, World's Greatest Scorer, and Chief Scorer at this year's Nationals. She was very ably assisted by Gail Potts, Mary Todd, and Marsha Tobin. What would we do without the wives? And speaking of this necessary evil, the following husband and wife team were entered this year: Vance & Loretta Breise, San Diego, Calif.; Phil & Carol Goetsch, Wauwatosa, Wisc.; Harry & Patricia Hallman, Delaware Valley SPC, Penna.; and Tom Schapansky and spouse (?). That last one is not verified and strictly unofficial. And just in case you aren't completely bored with the "in-depth" report of the Nationals, let me whip a couple jump stories on you and I'll bring this to a screeching halt.

During the first days of the Nationals, there was a double malfunction experienced by Maureen Locke, Pelican Skydivers, Washington, D.C., and came very near to being more serious. Maureen attempted to deploy her reserve under a malfunctioned PC and entangled both canopies. She fortunately landed in a tree and suffered minor injuries to her nose and walked away. There were only two malfunctions during the meet itself, in case you're wondering, but practice days were something else. Even Al Beverly, Muscatine, Iowa, who hadn't experienced a malfunction in over 1200 jumps, got his first taste of one. Maybe this accounts for the lack of dead-centers Al made during the competition. I doubt it but Al is noted for picking up a couple every year.

And in the experimental department, Anne Zurcher, Portland, Oregon, and Susie Neuman, Greene County Sport Parachute Center, Xenia, Ohio, were jumping "Hunnell Pack Jobs" on their last few jumps and Anne stated her openings were much faster and cleaner, while Susie felt they were slower. As you can see,



Some of the judges who helped make the meet a success. Photo by Bill Kiehl.



THE OLD MAN

Byline: Jim Bates, Contributing Editor, DZ-USA

Funny mottoes are designed to make people laugh, to help them make fun of their own errors and failings; smile and your burdens become lighter. But if the "old man" had quit because he didn't succeed at first his story would have ended differently — and no one would have laughed.

What happened to the old man might not have if everyone had given a little more attention to the goings on. With the hundred percent certainty of hindsight it is simple to state how the whole matter could have been prevented, how things should have been.

The setting on the flight line appeared the same as on many other days. Parachutists of varied experience and ages, of both sexes, in slick-magazine ad and conglomerate attire were busy with getting ready for a jump, comparing equipment, or swapping stories. Others sprawled on the turf soaking up the rays of a summer sun. The sky was a cloudless, brilliant blue and the mild breeze brought no concern about a distant exit point or worrisome, dog-legged glide path. The day was ideal for skydiving.

At the far end of a row of equipment tables several people gathered about the old man, offering advice and giving assistance as he adjusted a harness to fit his small frame. This was to be a new experience for the slight oldster with grey, thinning hair. His nearly two hundred previous parachute jumps had been made with the conventional back parachute with a reserve mounted on the front of the harness. This was a "piggy-back" rig he was strapping on, loaned to him by a persuasive fellow aficionado. The well-meaning friend had brushed aside objections about damaging another's gear and urged his companion to try out the latest development in sport parachuting equipment. He regaled his senior with the wonders of a tandem main and reserve assembly until, with a half-hearted hesitancy, the old man yielded to the friendly goading and insistence from the group that had formed, curious as to what he was up to.

What followed is perhaps best looked at with a sympathetic eye rather than with the unyielding positiveness of a point of view and absolute certainty, critical attitudes which many jumpers (only novices a short while past in many instances) seem to so readily develop for looking at another's mishap.

The ascent to seven-thousand plus was uneventful. The jump run and the group exit from the Cessna were routine. The old man's momentary instability from the unpoised exit was quickly overcome. The called-for adjustment of body position was made to compensate for the unfamiliar weight distribution of the different rig. Some unspectacular relative work was done in the brief duration of the free fall. He glanced down to check his instruments. Oh, oh — No! no, it's O.K. For an instant he wondered why the instrument panel

was so close to his face. It flashed through his mind that the panel was secured to the chest strap, not in its customary location on the reserve. He had to look at a new place to see his instruments and bent his head forward a bit to see the faces more easily.

Altimeters registered thirty-five-hundred feet. The trio separated to set up for pull altitude. Each jumper located the others. Wave-off came at three thousand.

At a one-hundred-seventy-four-feet-per-second rate altitude diminished rapidly.

Seconds.

He watched one of the others start his pull. From habit the old man brought his left hand in above his head and started his right hand in for a cross pull. Wait! Different rig! Look down and to the left. Different rig! Look to the right! Damn goggles! Their bulk, oversized to fit his eyeglasses, obscured the right outside-drag ripcord handle clipped into its pocket, low and flat on the main lift web.

Seconds.

He bent his head to find the handle. His body took on the curve started at the neck. The left hand wavered. The right hand came in quickly to search for the heavy handle.

Seconds.

The arch position and the bulk of the goggles combined to keep the ripcord handle out of sight. The gloved hand groped at the harness. The old man, unaware for a fraction of an instant, broke his arch and brought the left hand in to help the search.

Seconds.

Seconds!

He snapped into a twisting front loop. He tumbled and turned. Where is it? dammit! He rolled and spun.

Seconds!

SECONDS!

Straighten out! Reserve? Straighten out! Arch! Forget the main? RESERVE! Arch! Arch! Straighten out!

SECONDS!

SECONDS!

Arch and spread! Hold it! Blue and brown and green and white blue red green blue white brown green RESERVE RESERVE! where the hell is it? OH, oh! the piggy-back!

SECONDS!

SECONDS!!

SECONDS!!!

The blond young man sitting in his canopied harness high above screamed at the diminishing figure above the mass of green-brown. S-E-C-O-N-D-S!

Gloved fingers found the needlessly small lollipop left of the reserve ripcord and pulled it forcibly.

SECOND.

Two people saw a flash of white. The blond young man shouted something, saw the white dot engulfed by the green-brown, and moaned his relief. Several hundred yards away a tough giant of a man put his arms about an elderly woman's shoulders as she pressed her face to his massive chest. "It's all right. He's going to be all right," he said.

The old man abashedly met the reluctant searchers at the edge of the forest bordering a farmer's field. Quietly he accepted their congratulations.

The outcome? Staff huddled in twos and threes to decide how to protect their situation. What should be done? Ideas flew back and forth. One thought was to restrict the old man from this D.Z. Another was to limit him to static line jumping.

A shadowy spectre danced about their heads, whispering at them, then shouting,

"He's going to be the one! . . . Had a close call once before! To be sure, others have too — more often than just now and then — but the old man's an old man. He's to be the one!"

They hemmed and hawed; they said yes, then no, then yes again. The little conferences broke up, re-joined, then broke up again. Once more they re-formed — a decision must be reached soon. Among the experienced jumpers some looked at the old man with the same concern the staff was feeling; others congratulated him. Student jumpers wondered what the fuss was about and tried to sift fact from the array of stories buzzing about the flight line.

The precipitate judgment was banishment.

Months later a reasonable man, with the requisite degree of authority, stepped forward to more closely look at the problem and the solution. The old man and the reasonable man were two of several parachutists in a mass exit from a plane high above the scene of the earlier jump that had brought on the suspension. The old man performed and was exonerated, no longer completely *persona non grata*. He could well enough do what was demanded, long since proved, at other places during his enforced exile, by more than a score of delayed jumps with his accustomed paraphernalia.

On the flight line, over the beer stein, in the bull session, the old man's story quite often crops up. Distorted by distant memory, hearsay, lack of the narrator's story-telling ability, the consensus among listeners develops negatively; heads shake and a profound collective judgment is invariably proffered by sturdy, virile youth — "I really don't think a guy his age should be jumping. This thing is for young people . . . you know, poor reflexes, that sort of thing . . . Really."

A point missed in a narration given long after the incident is that, at the time, no one would have been completely surprised had the old man quit doing something after the first attempts. In fact, it was accepted that he might well have frozen, his inaction to be posthumously attributable to lessened reflexive capabilities. After all, hadn't younger people frozen? Become fatally fascinated by the euphoria free falling can produce?

The old man surprised a lot of people — but not himself.

To reflect upon an earlier premise, hindsight is perfect. Pause in fault-finding and blame-placing in the old man's incident and think of the time you fell victim to circumstances and a subsequent analysis clearly revealed errors in practice or judgment. You were probably hesitant, even adamantly unwilling, to recognize the fact of error in your own case. Examples are countless and too varied to comment upon here. Before rebuttal, before defensive statements for your case spring to mind as you read, THINK back again. Relating it as a jump story what seemed to be valid reasons were handily determined for a sequence that went wrong, reasons attempting rationalization, but not withstanding closer objective scrutiny.

This has been set forth to explain what resulted from the occasion of inadequate attention to a new set of circumstances. It is hoped that parachutists, both novice and old-timer, will benefit from the tale.

The old man did.

* * * * *

The editor reserves the right to edit any material published in DZ-USA.

COMING MEETS

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

HUDSON VALLEY SKYDIVERS WATER JUMP MEET MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK 12-13 AUGUST '67

At the Mongap Lake, one jump with accuracy, 4500', \$6.00 entry and registration. Open to all in the area. Fun jumping all day Sunday. An ASO will be available to sign off the jumps and riggers will be on hand to repack reserves. FFI, contact Michael Perrin, 321 East 200th Street, Bronx, New York 10458.

CLARKSVILLE JAYCEE'S 2nd Annual Open Meet Clarksville, Texas 26-27 August '67

4 events: Event I, novice accuracy, 2 jumps, 3000' Event II, senior accuracy, 3 jumps; Event III, 3-man team event, 2 jumps, one from 3500' and one jump from 7500'; and Event IV, 4-man team Exhibition jump, one jump, 7000' from Gull-Wing Stinson. Bonus for star on Event III. Bring your own smoke for Exhibition Event. \$250 in cash and trophies. \$7.50 registration and \$3.50 per jump. 60' pea-gravel target, 3' deep & soft. Free beer bust on Sat. night. FFI, call or write Lee Walker, Rt. #2, Foreman, Arkansas, phone 542-6231. I'll see you there as this meet will be covered by DZ-USA.

SIXTH ANNUAL LABOR DAY TOURNAMENT GALVESTON SKYDIVERS, LA MARQUE, TEXAS 2, 3, 4 SEP 1967

T & C DZ, Farm Road 517 and Gulf Freeway. All accuracy events. Event I, Novice, 1-50 jumps, 3000' J/P; Event II, Intern., 51-125 jumps, 3500' (10 sec. delay); Event III, Expert, 126-and over, (20 sec. delay); and a Baton Team Event with a complete pass (Three Way Go For Target). Best three out of four jumps. ONE THROW AWAY. \$10.00 registration, \$10.00 Jump Card (includes 5 jumps). Registration begins at 8:00 on Saturday morning, 2 Sept. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$100) Cash Prize to TOP SCORER plus trophy. Twelve trophies in all. PCA not required. FFI write Gus ("Doc") Anagnostis, 3040 Cedar Drive, La Marque, Texas.

GREATER ST. LOUIS SPC ST. LOUIS, MO. 2, 3, 4 SEPTEMBER 1967

Lobmaster Field with accuracy & style events plus a surprise event. Event I, 5-49 jumps, 3 jumps; Event II, 50-and over, 3 jumps; Event III, style, 2 jumps; Event IV, team accuracy, 2 jumps (individual jumps in this event count towards overall prizes); and Event V is for talented jumpers but will not count toward overall. Trophies for the first places, all events (except Surprise Event). Overall prizes include a PC, pilot chute & sleeve for 1st; Piggy-Back system for 2nd;

and 26' conical steerable reserve for 3rd . . . or CASH for the items offered. DZ is on Highway 40, 1 mile west of Gumbo, Mo. (approx. 30 miles west of downtown St. Louis). PCA membership required. Contact Kim Tucker, 2008 Withnell, St. Louis, Mo. 63118 (AC 314, 776-8220) for further information.

WISCONSIN SKYDIVERS 7TH ANNUAL LABOR DAY MEET MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 2, 3, 4 SEPT 1967

Event I, novice accuracy, 3 jumps, 2500', \$12 for jumps and registration. Event II, advanced accuracy, 3 jumps, 2500', \$9. Event III, style, 3 jumps, 6600', \$10.50. Event IC, team accuracy, 3 jumps, 5 x 10 scoring on accuracy, 5 x 5 on style. All jumps scoring. OVER \$350 IN CASH PRIZES PLUS TROPHIES. Entry fee is \$5.00. PCA membership required. FFI, contact Gil Wierschke, 725 No. 22nd St., Apt. #304, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233 (phone 342-5617).

ALATE PARACHUTE CLUB FLOATING FEATHER AIRPORT, BOISE, IDAHO 16-17 SEPT. 1967

All accuracy event with four classes (50 jumps or less; 50-225 jumps; one class for 1.1 & 1.6 canopies and one class for PC & XBO canopies; and 225-and over Class). 3-man team accuracy for Event V, all canopies, 1 jump from 3500 feet. Entry fee is \$13.50 for all events. 3 jumps in Events I through IV. Trophies to first 5 places in Events I through IV. 5X10 scoring system, 20-meter pea-gravel bowl. First 3 teams will be given trophies (all members of each team). PCA, PCC membership, reserves, and logbooks will be checked. Entry fee includes all you can eat and drink Saturday night. For further info write or call: Wally Benton, 2812 Montevista Drive, Boise, Idaho 83706 (343-7645); or Steve McNeill, 1621 So. Olympia Drive, Boise, Idaho (344-0278).

1967 FUN FEST 28-29 OCTOBER 1967 XENIA, OHIO

Hosted by the Greene County SPC. Style and accuracy jumps are \$4.00 each with a \$3.00 entry fee. Surprise events and trophies in some events. You may not win anything but you're sure to have a good time. Fourth year for the most enjoyable meet in the area. Contact Jim West, 1516 So. Maple, Fairborn, Ohio 45324 for further info.

MID-EASTERN PARA ASSOC. 1967 COMPETITION SCHEDULE

Aug. 26-27
Steve Snyder — at Burlington County Airport, Mount Holly, New Jersey.

Sept. 9-10
Horizon Parachute Club — at Applegarth, New Jersey.

THE PARACHUTE SONG BOOK IS NOW AVAILABLE

And for a buck you can't afford not to buy the revised edition (June 1967) of the only collection of sport parachuting songs in existence. Songs like "Francine McFilthy"; "Red Roses for a Flat Lady"; "Beautiful Streamer"; and 30 others. They won't last long so send that dollar bill to: Songbook, 33 Prospect Hill Drive, Warehouse Point, Conn. 06088. During my trip to Orange last month, I was privileged to hear firsthand the original versions of many of the songs, which are included (uncut and unabashed) in the Songbook. You can't make a better investment in my opinion. You may not have Sonny Dickey on the sax; Terry Theriault playing guitar; and Dick Barber on a mean Kazoo, but buy the group a keg of beer and they'll work something out.

THE JUMPING EAST Byline: Don MacQuattie

"Just a line to let you know what is happening in Little Rhody. We're jumping on weekends at the Riconn Airport, Route 14 in Green, Rhode Island. The aircraft is a Stinson V77 owned by Matt Mazkiewilz; instruction and rigging by Don MacQuattie. The prices are reasonable, \$3.50 to 7200. Rental equipment is available.

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PCA and a log book are required. Write or phone, Don MacQuattie, 40 Waldron Avenue, West Barrington, Rhode Island 02890, or Area Code 401 - 246-0449."

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POPS BULL # 1012

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Lenny Barad, and his damned new laws, passed by his overwhelming "one vote" majority to be placed in the by-laws (we don't got), just about caused me to have a relapse of my bungled bladder problem. In other words, finding I had been appointed the new "Top Pop" almost made me wet my pants. (This ain't hard to do these days either.)

Seriously, Lenny Barad, POPS #1, (our founding father) deserves ALL the credit for getting the POPS off the ground. He did one heck of a lot of hard work and footed most of, if not all, the bill for it. He is retaining the Chairmanship of the POPS Patch Committee too, which is one whale of a job. I know all the POPS join me in saying "Thanks Lenny for doing such a great job." Aside from having the number, you will always be "No. One" in the POPS book.

So, the toggles have been handed over to me and I will try hard to keep the POPS canopy riding in that thermal that Lenny found from the start. I am counting on all you POPS to keep me supplied with "hot air" in the form of letters. All current and potential POPS send future correspondence, except pertaining to patches, to the new Top POP:

Jack H. Sowle - POPS #33

15402 Baffin Circle

Huntington Beach, Calif. 92647

POPS PATCHES

Without delay, send your loot to Lenny Barad for the shoulder patch and the back patch. The shoulder patches are \$1.00 each and the back patches are \$3.00 each. Don't goof around about this as Lenny had to put up his own hard earned moola to get the in the mill. (As Lenny says, "he ain't no bank - yet.") I am certain that every POP is going to get a charge out of these patches and will be proud to wear them.

CRASH AND BURN

POPS #36, Ken Zufall, pulled a boo-boo and busted one ankle. He had his rigger change his 5-LL to a 5-TU. In the process, the rigger tied down the toggle lines and told Ken to "untie" them. Ken is a little deaf in one ear as the result of a grenade explosion in WW#2 and did not hear the instruction. He jumped the chute with the toggles tied down and

"burned" in with lots of brakes. "Crunch!:" The blame goes two ways, the rigger didn't complete his job properly and Ken didn't check his own gear. S.A.T. Ken and remember, be careful . . . "zufall!"

SHANGRI - LA

That is a place in Louisiana as reported by Ken Whittier, POPS #7, President of the Delta Sky Divers. They make seven-fives for three bucks into a city park in the middle of New Orleans, donated by city officials for use as a DZ. "Fantastic". (Must be a tight park because Ken is looking for a used PC. Go get him boys!)

Cruddy California just put in a new regulation prohibiting any new DZ within "50 miles" of an existing one. You damn near have to be a desert rat to jump out here now!!!

FUNNY STORY

Glom onto the June issue of "Signature", the Diners Club magazine. There is a parachute article in it titled "On A Clear Day You Can See Your Own Terrible Fate". Bob Thompson, POPS #40, sent it to me to see if I'd blow my bladder because he almost split his spleen when he read it. It may not be considered PCA-Plus-Publicity but it sure is hilarious reading!

ON TAP

Jack Green, POPS #42, is a parachutists' parachutist! He dyed a new 32' TU "beer color". What did you use Jack, Coors? Guess he must like the smell of it cause it has been in his basement, unjumped, for seven weeks. Better hurry up Jack or you'll have to go on the dope-rope-or would you believe . . . HOPS and Pop?

CHAMP

POPS #65, Gus Gutshall, (D-217) deserves Pop Of The Year honors so far. Gus broke three bones in his ankle last November and was about to hang jumping up. He says, "after reading the POPS bulletins he just couldn't honestly do it, so swore and suffered until he got the ankle to working again. He made three practice jumps and entered the International Friendship Jump meet at Lebach, Germany in May. Gus, with a little luck and lots of pain he said, took "First Place" in the 1500 meter accuracy event. He outjumped 51 other contestants and scored 2,492 points out

of a possible 3,000 points. His nearest competition was 332 points behind. Besides being a POP, Gus is Chairman of the European Parachuting League, President of the 8th Infantry Division SPC and member of the 7th Army Competing Parachute Team. "Congratulations POPS #65, we're all proud of you."

DEMO. JUMPS

Yours truly, POPS #33, had the pleasure of making one demo jump each with POPS #59, Bob McClimans, and POPS #60, Don Moses, at the Pomona Valley (Calif.) Air Races on June 3rd and 4th. We got the narrator to put in a plug for the POPS.

NEW POPS

Our newest member is POPS #94, Gerald A. Paul - 1237 Monroe St., Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022. Gerald is Phifty Three years old, has 135 jumps and 6,000 flying hours. As a jump pilot he has dumped out over 1,000 jumpers. Welcome aboard POPS #94!

Our sincere thanks to Gene Hunnell for including us in his magazine. All you POPS pass the word around to subscribe to the DZ-USA. This magazine will be the only source of the POPS Bulletins from now on! This being the case, the least we can do is get behind DZ-USA 100%.

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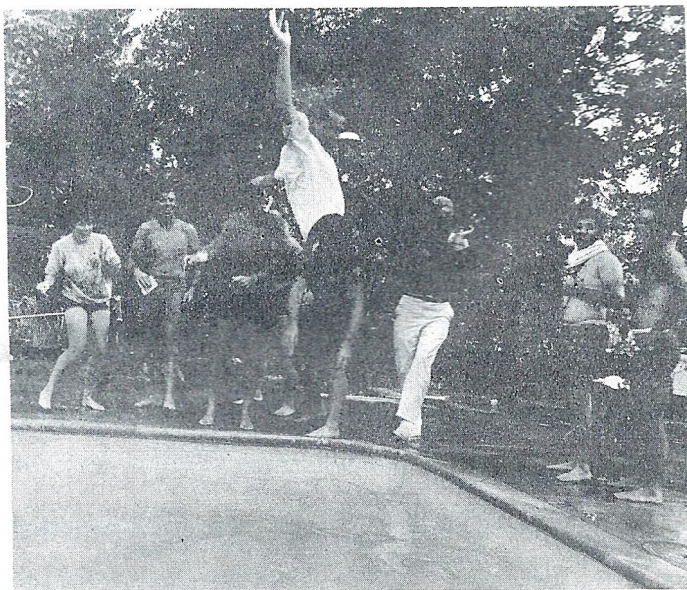
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A 4TH OF JULY JUMP IN MAY Byline: Jerry Ryburn, D-1100

On Armed Forces Day, 15 May 1966, I jumped a double smoke bracket (w/two military smoke grenades), carried a parachute flare (the long, slim military type that is struck on the bottom to ignite), and a 37mm flare gun with one round in the chamber and one in my pocket. While in freefall, I first set off the smoke, then at 9000 feet, I fired the parachute flare. At 5000', I fired the flare gun and after opening, I reloaded the flare gun and fired it for the last time at 1000 feet. This, of course, was for a demonstration and took place in Perrin AFB, Texas. All other jumpers carried smoke and single shots for their flare guns. I would submit this as a record "pyrotechnics jump" but Lyle would come up with some joker that jumped with a 500 lb. bomb. Well, that's life. Remember, as the boys from Connecticut would say, "I complained because I had no shoes . . . then I met a man who had no BEER".

CREDIT IS DUE

A vote of thanks to Don MacQuattie, C-3329, who has assisted and trained jumpers from Rhode Island to Alabama, and helped them become members of sport parachuting. Joe Comeau is one of many who believes Don is deserving of more than just "thanks" for the personal expense and effort he has devoted to others interested in the sport. DZ-USA is happy to pass the message along to a very deserving jumpmaster.

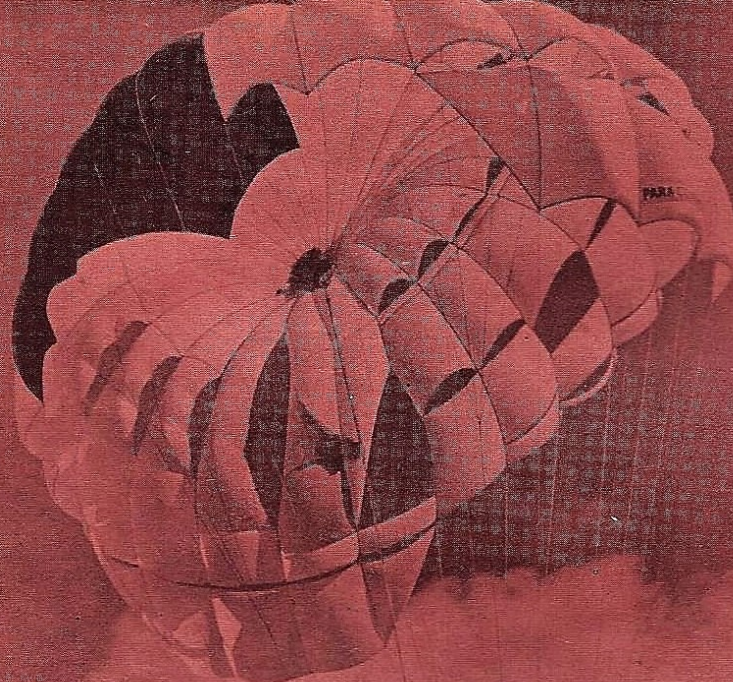
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