

Skydiving from page 18



photo Ron Hesse

No, it's not a skydiver's wedding, but a casual 8000 ft. link-up last August.

The "A" level licence is the lowest of five levels the CSPA issues. These in turn qualify you to do higher, non-supervised dives at a lower cost. This also allows you to participate in other aspects of skydiving such as night and water jumps, sequential formation flying and demonstration jumps.

No matter how many jumps you make, you never forget that very first big jump. It remains clearest in your mind as if it were only yesterday. That first big leap may go like this: It is early Saturday morning as you crawl out of bed. Your entire body aches from countless arches and PLFs you've been doing the last three nights. Your throat is sore from yelling the count you must do on exit.

"Arch-thousand, 2-000, 3-000, 4-000, 5-000, check-000..."

Those words keep going through your mind as you get ready to go. A fellow student jumper picks you up and you head out to the DZ. During the drive you realize that soon you actually will be jumping.

After the last two hours of your training your JM instructs you to gear up. He carefully inspects your equipment from head to toe, front to back and pats your backpack saying "You're ready to go." As you wait as he checks the other two students on your load, that slight tingle of anticipation you've had the last few days now builds with a little more apprehension.

You clumsily walk over to the plane and practice a few dry-run exits. As you board the Cessna 180 you squeeze on to your knees facing the JM as he secures your static line to a metal ring fixed on the floor of the aircraft. You were the last one in ... that means you are the first one out!

A few minutes later you're airborne, slowly climbing to exit altitude. Now that tingle has grown to butterflies and they're big ones! A quick glance around at the other first timers finds they're in much the same condition.

Now approaching 3,000 feet above the DZ you see the people and buildings look like ants. You lose that sensation of height when that high up. The fact there is that much air between you and the ground, and that it is only that last inch that can hurt you is little consolation now. It is then that you realize you are fast approaching the exit point.

The JM smiles and says "This is it, do a good one!" He calls out "DOOR" as he opens it. A blast of cool air hits your face. The JM sticks his head out the door and signals the pilot as he lines up the plane for jump run. Now you can feel your heart pounding away under your jumpsuit. He looks over at you and calls "CUT" to the pilot to idle down the engine, and then "GET READY!!"

You hesitate for a split second then carefully climb out

and hang from the strut, surprised by the force of the 70 mph wind against your body. You look over at the JM, he gives you another smile then taps your leg and yells "GO!!"

Looking forward you mechanically let go, arch, and yell out "Arch-thousand, 2 ...". You suddenly stop as you are overwhelmed by a rush of sensations. All of your fears and apprehensions seem to burst apart in one great rush.

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You feel a tug on your shoulders and look up to see the most beautiful orange and white canopy you've ever seen in your life. Now looking around, you dangle your legs as you are in awe of the intense silence and beautiful sky and a half a mile above the ground. You feel like a carefree bird riding the cool wind oblivious of Earthly bounds.

All too soon you must prepare to land and perform a less than perfect PLF. The canopy crumples on top of your head.

As you untangle yourself you look up at the sky and feel two feet tall. "Wow, I did it!"

As you walk back to the DZ shack you have a smile from ear to ear. Everyone rushes over to congratulate you, asking "how did it go, how did it feel?" The

only thing you can say is a quiet "fantastic!"

A smile remains on your face for hours. You're hooked, really hooked. Now you're a jumper, and you always will be.

They say "Happy are those who dream dreams and are willing to take that extra step to see them come true."

Skydiving is the dance of the sky: a creative endeavor embodying graceful precision and beauty.

To be able to fly is something most people only dream of. To float about in a vast weightless void of blue, to cut the Earthly bonds of time and gravity, to fly free: that's skydiving.

"... and once you have tasted flight, you shall walk the Earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been and there you shall long to return ..."



Terry Jonestown

AYE LADDIE IT'S A SAD DAY FOR SPORT. The loathsome menace of the running trails is out again now that the clime is hospitable. Yes, Jock the Ripper has been making a fiendish presence felt. The evil swine is sabotaging male suspensory apparatus. Stricken athletes, without proper jock support, are dropping like rocks. Campus security has released a voice recording of the ripper's latest threat. The sinister message says: "I'm warning you, chain-mail j-straps aren't stopping me and the rest of us at the Faculty of ...". Campus Security refused to release the rest of the dire message because "there's no need to incriminate the innocent."

SUCCESS COMES IN SPURTS. At least that is the Athletic Board's newest plan for overcoming those cyclical changes in athletic quality. The Board has planned a jock sperm trust, patterned after the Nobel prize winner's own bank, to create future generations of super-men. "Hot damn!" various coaches have exclaimed, "now we won't have to worry about those rebuilding years." Rumor is most coaches already have players lined up for donations. Coaches say, "What the heck, most guys do it anyway, but now it'll be useful."

There's More to Learning than Lecture Notes. . .

General Faculties Council sets the rules you live by on this campus. It decided last month that *all* freshman students will have to write English Competence exams. **That** is authority.

But **YOU** have a say in G.F.C.!

Forty percent of G.F.C.'s members are students and almost every committee has students on it. If you have the *guts* to make the decisions affecting 34,000 people, \$130 million, and **YOU** — then get *involved!*

If you're happy just showing up to classes, then forget it. But if you **DO CARE**, if you want to decide what happens to **YOU** — **YOU CAN!**

For more information, contact Chanchal Bhattacharya, Vice-President (Academic) or Dean Olmstead, President, in Room 259 Students' Union Building, or phone 432-4236.

After all, *you're paying* for what you get— and make sure you're getting *all of it!*

YOUR STUDENTS' UNION WORKING FOR YOU!

