



Flight

They are immortal, voyagers like these,
Bound for supreme and royal latitudes;
They soar beyond the eagle, where it broods,
With Venus and the evening Pleiades;
For in the pale blue Indies of the sky,
They plough, gold-prowed, the Arteries of Air,
Finding an unexplored dimension there —
They leave us Star Maps we may voyage by.

Not Galileo, with his dreaming power,
Not great Columbus, master of the gale,
Chartered for Time such harbors for man's flight.
Lured by another Odyssey, a Grail,
They climbed the heavens. Byrd in his white hour,
Lindbergh, an eagle sweeping through the night.

— *Harold Vinal*

Winter Sports —

The Challenge to Fly . . .

Piloting the Endless Skyways

Brett Anderson
Flight Instructor

Beyond the horizon... My dreams take flight... Christopher Columbus

Since the beginning of time, mankind has been fascinated with flight. For many centuries we have dreamed of it and strived to attain it. Icarus, with his wings of wax and feathers, yearned for the freedom that flight would bring him — a yearning which many have had and still have today. This freedom is that which can only be experienced by leaving the chains of gravity behind and soaring high into the sky. Once there, one discovers what a peaceful place the sky is, wishing to never have to return to the ground. How does one attain this freedom, you may ask? It comes through training and hard work, and is well worth the effort. Once you have earned the privilege of being allowed to pilot an airplane, you can apply this privilege in many ways. Sport flying, business flying and flying as a career are just a few of them.

While all pilots probably fly because they find it enormously enjoyable and satisfying, many have found that it can be extremely useful as well. Because light airplanes can travel up to three times as fast as automobiles, as well as taking the

straightest course from point A to point B and avoiding the traffic, they can be invaluable time savers. To many businesspeople, a private pilot license is their ticket to saving time, and since time is money ... well, it goes without saying. By renting or owning one's own light airplane, a businessperson can go to many towns and cities not served by the airlines, on one's own schedule!

Career opportunities for pilots are the best they have ever been. The outlook over the next five years alone calls for approximately 60,000 pilots for the major airlines alone. This is due to airline expansion and the many Korean and Vietnam war-era pilots who will be retiring. It is predicted that by 1992, there will be a severe shortage of qualified pilots. Airline careers are among the most sought-after among pilots due to the high salaries (up to \$160,000 per year for senior captains), travel benefits and amount of days off. It is not easy to get hired on as an airline pilot, though. Many years of hard work must be put in, either as a military pilot or working up through the civilian pilot ranks as a flight instructor, charter pilot and commuter airline pilot, in order to gain the amount of flight experience necessary to get hired. If you don't think airline flying is for you, there are also many rewarding jobs to be



Nexus file photo

had, such as flying for the military, U.S. customs, corporate flying and flight instructing.

The most popular type of airplane flying done in the U.S. is for recreational purposes. This encompasses everything from aerobatics to vacations, to weekend jaunts. On a sunny day at the airport, pilots will be out in full force, taking advantage of the beautiful weather in order to go to places like Catalina Island, Big Bear and Monterey for lunch. Others, in airplanes built for the task, are out for a day of aerobatics. Although many do not have the stomach for it, many pilots find that practicing aerobatic maneuvers such as loops, rolls, and hammerhead stalls is not only great fun, but increases proficiency and precision in piloting an airplane. If this sounds like fun to you, you need only to obtain your private pilot's license.

So how do you get your license? The first thing that you need to do is find out if you enjoy flying before you commit the time and money required. This is done by taking an introductory flight lesson. Mercury Air Center, at the Santa Barbara airport, is one of two flight schools on the field and offers a special intro flight lesson price of only \$20. During your intro lesson, you will be shown how to do a pre-flight inspection of the airplane and then go for a flight in which the flight instructor will let you try your hand at piloting the plane. Afterwards, if you decide you like it and wish to continue your lessons, you can schedule more lessons with your instructor. If, perchance, you decide that flying is not for you, there is no obligation to continue.

Once you have made the decision to get your private pilot's license, you will need to buy books to study in preparation for the written and oral test required by the Federal Aviation Administration. The FAA requires that you have a minimum of 40

flight hours, 20 with an instructor and 20 by yourself, or solo. The first part of your training will be devoted to getting ready to solo the airplane. This includes learning skills such as taxiing, taking off, climbs, turns, descents and landings, as well as basic emergency procedures, such as what to do if the engine quits (a rarity in today's modern aircraft). It is my experience as a flight instructor that most students take between 10 and 15 hours of flight time to solo. When you are ready, your instructor will send you up by yourself to do three or four take-offs and landings. After this you will start going up by yourself more often to practice. At this point you will also begin to learn techniques for cross-country flights, with landings at airports 50 or more miles away, before your instructor lets you go off on your own. Popular destinations are San Luis Obispo, Bakersfield, Burbank and San Diego. Now you are almost ready to take the final flight test, but first your instructor will review with you the requirements and make sure you are ready. Once you pass the test, you will be a private pilot and will be able to carry passengers and fly single-engine land planes in visual flight conditions.

If you wish to fly in the clouds, a useful skill given the way the weather is much of the time in Santa Barbara and at many coastal airports in California, you will have to obtain an Instrument rating. The training for this rating involves learning to fly the plane solely by reference to the aircraft flight instruments and navigate without being able to see the ground, by using radio navigation equipment. Other ratings that you can add on to your private pilot's license include Multi-engine, which allows you to fly airplanes with more than one engine; Sea-plane, to fly planes that can land on water; and Helicopter. If you wish to fly for hire, you must have a commercial pilot's license, which involves more training and

experience and allows you to take pay for your services as a pilot. In order to build experience toward the airlines or some other flying career goal, many pilots become flight instructors. To do this, you must have an instrument rating and commercial pilot's license, and then you must take more tests, covering everything from how people learn to advanced aerodynamics. Whether you choose to be a private pilot, or pursue a career as an airline pilot, you must be prepared to work hard and do some studying. The rewards are great for those who do. Less than one percent of the U.S. population knows how to fly. If you wish to be a part of this group, the opportunity is waiting for you — all you have to do is grab it. Take an introductory lesson if you aren't sure for, once you try, you will fall in love with the experience that is flight.

SPORTS FAN

MAD

OFFICIALLY LICENSED SPORTS FAN APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

- STARTER JACKETS
- T-SHIRTS & SWEATSHIRTS
- AUTHENTIC PRO JERSEYS
- PRO WOOL CAPS
- POSTERS

NFL • NBA • MLB • NHL • NCAA

PICADILLY SQUARE
813 STATE ST
966-0078

VENTURA
POINSETTIA CENTER
644-4889

Daily Nexus

NO Initiation Fee!

\$65⁰⁰

for 3 Months

140 Los Carneros Expires Nov. 10, 1988

ONE COUPON

Daily Nexus

\$39⁰⁰ Initiation

— AND —

\$20⁰⁰ per Month

140 Los Carneros Expires Nov. 10, 1988

ONE COUPON

Daily Nexus

\$140⁰⁰ Special

9 Months for the Price of 6

No Charge For:
• December • June

140 Los Carneros Expires Oct. 31, 1988

ONE COUPON

Daily Nexus

1 Day FREE

Guest Pass

140 Los Carneros Expires Nov. 10, 1988

ONE COUPON

Compare Our Prices Compare Our Quality

No Initiation Fee!

\$65⁰⁰ for 3 months

- Outdoor Weight Training
- \$50,000 in New Flex Equipment
- Air Conditioned
- 5 Minutes from Campus

140 Los Carneros 968-6566

After a fire or a flood... after any disaster... it takes money to help people rebuild their lives. A lot of money. Give to the Red Cross. We'll help. Will you?

+

American Red Cross

Grounded By the Fear of Flying

By Wade Daniels
Staff Writer

Some people will gladly drive eight hours through the blazing desert to Las Vegas instead of spending 45 minutes on an airplane.

It's called fear of flying. And there are seemingly legitimate reasons for this sort of apprehension. Freaky things happen on and to planes.

— A flock or even just a couple of big birds can inadvertently get frapped in the engines and mess up the whole works, causing engine failure.

— Drifting into Soviet airspace on your way to Japan and convincing yourself that that MIG fighter with the hammer and sickle just happens to be passing by.

— Pilots on drugs
— Ex-airline employees with suicidal tendencies, vendettas against their former bosses and ways of sneaking big handguns on board — as was the case on a 1987 L.A. to S.F. flight which crashed after some guy shot the pilot.

— A vast sky which has nonetheless packed-to-the-hilt flight lanes that are watched by stressed and strung-out air traffic controllers.

This is not to mention your proverbial hijackings.

No one is really safe, even the innocents who never set foot on a tarmac. When there's a plane crash, the craft has to land somewhere and quite frequently it's on a neighborhood as was the

case in Cerritos, Calif., last year where several houses and their inhabitants were decimated.

Also, consider the plight of the dozens that were maimed and slaughtered this past summer at the air show in Germany where three or four fighter jets collided.

Sure, that was a terribly sad occurrence, but consider the logic of an advertisement that might read, "Come See It! Ten Fighter Jets Speeding Toward One Another at Mach-Speed and Missing Each Other By Mere Centimeters!" Something is bound to happen.

It's "Faces of Death" on tour.

Of course, one can just as easily argue what would have never been in this world if it weren't for valiant bravery, which others may consider mindless showing-off.

For the most part, most prefer to think that plane crashes only happen to the "other guy". The root fear of most persons who are apprehensive about flying, however, is simply the prospect of not being in control of their situation, according to T.W. Cummings, a former pilot who is director of Freedom From Fear of Flying, Inc., located in Coral Gables Florida. "People who like control don't even like to ride in the back seat of a cab."

"The other aspect of being in control is that some are frightened they might do something on the airplane that will embarrass them," he said. "The fear of the

unknown may be a fear of death. What will happen if I get on? Will I die? Will the plane crash? These things flood through their minds."

UCSB senior Steve Elzer has disliked the experience of airplane travel ever since his first flight when he was nine-years-old. "It's not a fear that you can rationalize with other people," he said. "For me, it boils down to a real fear of stopping unexpectedly into the side of a cliff."

For Elzer, the apprehension stems partially from a lack of faith in the members of the airline industry and the fact that "the first thing they give before taking off is the preparation for a 'water landing,'" he said. "That's not really getting off to the right start. They are preparing you perhaps to crash and die."

According to Cummings, when a person who is scared of flying boards an airplane, "their hearts begin to pound as their breathing cycle becomes shorter and shallower. Their stomach muscles tighten, and they perspire, feeling weak or dizzy. All are alarmed by these feelings. They want to turn and get off."

Factors such as sometimes exhaustive media coverage of airline disasters contribute to and reinforce people's fears of air travel, Cummings said and pointed out that a 1982 Washington D.C. crash was on the front of the *Washington Post* for nine days afterwards — complete with pictures.

The remedies to these

problems are many.

Elzer says he would rather miss a plane than skip buying a large sum of flight insurance whereby he is assured that if he per chance loses his life in an airplane crash, somebody, somewhere is going to pay dearly.

He also gets very drunk before a flight.

Confrontation of and distraction from the fears are the tonics prescribed by Cummings. His clinic educates its clients about flying and familiarizes them with all that is involved in the process in attempts to instill a sense of confidence in them.

But for those who choose not to drive to Florida to consult with his clinic, he suggests that they might first acknowledge what the philosopher Epictetus said in the first century A.D., "People are disturbed not by things but by their view of them." The solution, then, is to change one's view of flying through reassurance from those you trust and through the employment of deep breathing etc.

A person can focus their attention on watching children or listening to music — or, reading a pornographic magazine which will either intrigue or disgust a person — responses that are both preferred to fear, Cummings concluded.



Find out what the locals have known for years...
Come see our largest selection of **Evening and Party dresses** and the latest in **Tuxedo Rentals**.

Glenda's
Bridal Cove

3230 State Street
687-8868
M-F 10-7 Sat. 10-5

If you haven't been bowling lately, you ought to see what you're missing.

AUTOMATIC SCORERS 

Fun and excitement are the name of the game when you bowl at the **ORCHID BOWL!** Automatic Scoring keeps score for you and shows it in color on a 25" screen. Watch TV while you bowl, too! It's a Ball!

Home of UCSB's intercollegiate bowling team
Intramural Bowling-Wed. & Sun.

Minutes from UCSB!
OPEN 24 HOURS

ORCHID BOWL Hwy 101 at Fairview
5925 Calle Real Goleta · 967-0128



INTRAMURALS



INTRAMURAL SPORTS 1989 WINTER SCHEDULE

Leagues	Officiated	Entry Fee
9 Person Soccer (M,W,C)	Yes	\$30/team
5 Person Basketball (M,W)	Yes	\$30/team
9 Person Softball (M,W,C)	No	\$15 team
6 Person Volleyball (M,W,C)	No	\$15/team
Tennis Singles/Doubles	No	\$5/person
4 Person Bowling	Yes	\$7.50/session
<i>(For bowling, earn .5 unit P.A. credit — must register for class)</i>		
Pool (Eight Ball) League	Yes	TBA

M = Men W = Women C = Coed

SIGN UPS BEGIN NOV. 28. BEGIN ORGANIZING YOUR TEAM NOW!

Coed Innertube Water Polo Tournament

November 5 & 6
\$15 per team
Signups END TOMORROW!
\$\$ Referees Needed for Tourney!
Mandatory Meeting Today
6:00 pm Rob Gym 2111

**NOTE: Don't forget Fall Quarter Playoffs are coming soon:
Check the sports standings in the Intramural Office, Rob Gym Trailer 304**

UCSB INTRAMURAL TURKEY TROT RACE

NOVEMBER 19

5K 7:45am
10K 8:30am




**BEHIND THE UCEN
NEAR LAGOON**

\$5 WITHOUT SHIRT
\$7 WITH SHIRT

AWARDS
**FREE TURKEYS &
MERCHANDISE FROM SPONSORS**

**RAFFLE AFTERWARDS
ROB GYM TRAILER #304
961-3253
SIGN UP NOW!!!**




PACIFIC BEVERAGE COMPANY

The Intramural Division would like to thank Pacific Beverage for their sponsorship of this page.











Action Sports Arena

900 EMBARCADERO DEL MAR
IN ISLA VISTA (2 Blocks off campus)



Pacific Gel
Reg. 65.95
Sale Price 56.95



Gel Spiker
Reg. 49.95
Sale Price 44.95



Full Service Bike Shop

10% STUDENT DISCOUNT
WITH REG CARD

Excellent Service Department,
Full Lifetime Warranty
with ALL New Bikes
(Including Univega, Trek,
Makaha Cruisers, Sterling)

AS WELL AS:

- Safety Equipment • Locks • Tires • Accessories
- Parts • Maintenance Items • Touring Equipment

Open Air Bicycles

968-5571

6540 Pardall Rd., Isla Vista

Why Birds Sing...

Robert Odom, Jr.
Contributor

We rode out to the parachute center in my friend's brand-new Cadillac, while my friend told me all about her first jump. It was a hot day in August, and I wanted a beer, but the first thing I had learned about skydiving was that you have to wait until after you jump to drink.

From the main highway, we saw the canopies glide gently down into the Dropzone, and I felt my first thrill of anticipation at the thought of going up in an airplane and throwing myself out. The canopies we saw as we drove up the dusty road were multi-colored "square" airfoil canopies, which do more than simply slow your descent. My friend told me that sport parachuting has all but given up the old-style "rounds" that were mostly military surplus.

As we drove slowly onto the Dropzone, I noticed right away the long rows of small Cessna and Piper single-engine pleasure crafts. At the end of the long runway was a beat-up old shack surrounded by dozens of gliders — light planes that are towed behind another craft and then released to glide on the thermal updrafts from the heated desert floor.

We watched a couple of ultralights doing aerial training exercises, and I thought how very much like motorcycles these planes are — they have no body, no

protection from the wind. I was thinking of how scary it must be to fly something that flimsy and uncertain, when it occurred to me that I would soon be flying with *nothing* between me and the ground except a large canopy of thin nylon — and that would actually be over my head.

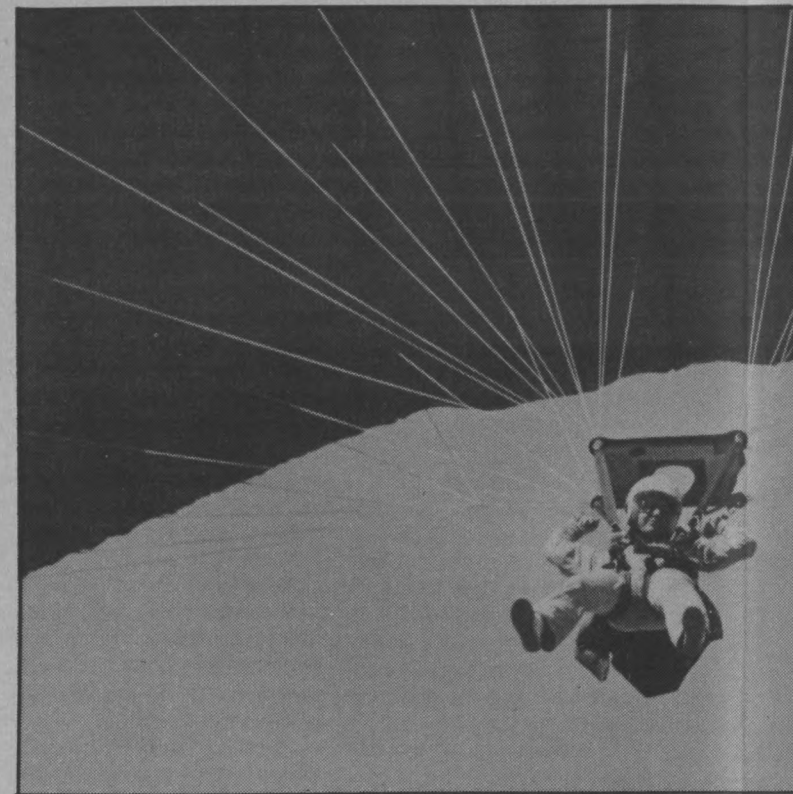
As I paid my hundred bucks and signed the multiple waivers of liability, I became more and more excited about what I was about to do. Today, most Dropzones require a video waiver, but in those days two typewritten pages seemed to suffice. The waiver kept repeating the phrase "death or grievous injury," pointing out "the extremely hazardous nature" of the sport, and reminding me that it was my free choice to "endanger my life" through no fault and without help from "any person employed in any capacity" by the Dropzone. Who could resist signing a document like that?

Not me. I went into the classroom and proceeded to learn, by diagrams and slides, about every conceivable malfunction or misadventure available to a falling body with a pair of canopies strapped on. The reason behind this is that the more you know about what *can* happen to you, the better prepared you are in case it *does* happen to you. (Actually, the statistics on skydiving injuries and fatalities look pretty good. The sport involves some 20,000 or so enthusiasts making a million or more jumps each year. Fatalities have averaged about 25 per year for the last ten years, and other accidents somewhat more. The bottom

line is that more people die of bee-stings or from heart attacks on the golf course than at all the hundreds of Dropzones across the country put together.)

So we looked at types of canopies and containers (the intricate and exquisitely designed "backpacks" that

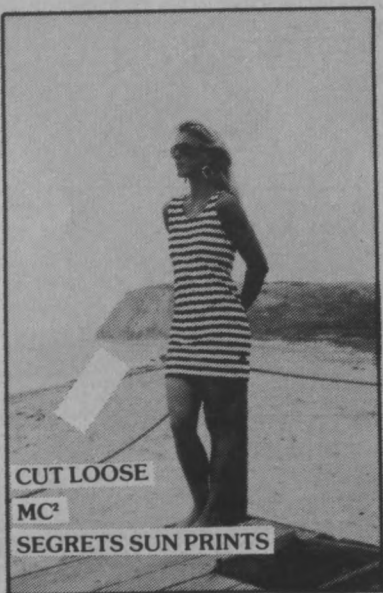
On the way to this awesome-sounding device of torture, I took the time to notice what was going on around us. All along the broad lawn that faced the runway, sun-tanned and blond boys and girls were packing their rigs. Every conceivable color combination was there, including your basic black-on-black, the macabre intonations of which appealed to me. Near the student gear shed, a



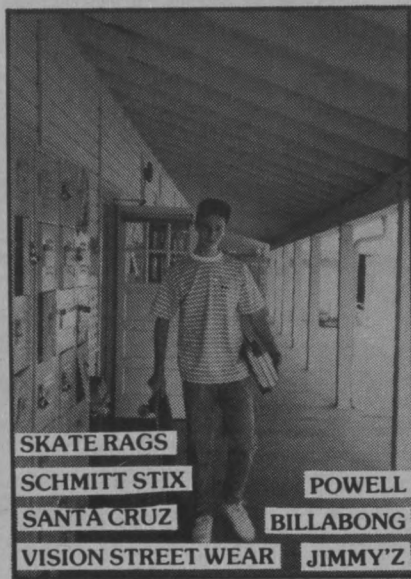
hold the parachutes and reserve canopies), learned about wind shifts and eddies created by buildings and trees, and were instructed in the identification and avoidance of electrical wires (no joke!). After a quick group of skydivers was performing the strangest dance I had ever seen: each bent forward at the waist with arms in the relaxed "reach-for-the-sky-podner" position and faces looking intently at each other, they stood in a circle. At an almost imperceptible nod from a muscular crew-cut giant, they would each turn halfway round in a clockwise direction and look over their left shoulder at the man next to them, whereupon another nod was spread round the ring and

group of skydivers was performing the strangest dance I had ever seen: each bent forward at the waist with arms in the relaxed "reach-for-the-sky-podner" position and faces looking intently at each other, they stood in a circle. At an almost imperceptible nod from a muscular crew-cut giant, they would each turn halfway round in a clockwise direction and look over their left shoulder at the man next to them, whereupon another nod was spread round the ring and

For the Active Life



CUT LOOSE
MC
SEGRETS SUN PRINTS



SKATE RAGS
SCHMITT STIX
SANTA CRUZ
VISION STREET WEAR
POWELL
BILLABONG
JIMMY'Z



Sundance OCEAN SPORTS

2026 Cliff Drive • Santa Barbara
(805) 966-2474

THULE YAKIMA UVEX HOBIE
180 SOUTH O'NEILL AMPRO NORTH



ORIGINAL UGG BOOT VICTORY WETSUITS
MANGO SURFWEAR MOREY BOOGIE

- 30% off all Sails and Sailboards
- Swimwear Sale
- New Fall Fashions
- Complete Skate Shop
- Deckers/Teva Sandals
- Beach Front Property

Parachuting From the Pa

Jeff Martin
Contributor

Well it was finally about to happen. There was no turning back. I looked at the faces of the people in my group, or 'stick.' There I found anxiety coupled with eagerness. They knew, just as I knew, that this is what we had worked for.

My mind raced back to the Monday of Ground Week, to the demonstration given to us by the instructors at the U.S. Army Airborne School. I remember watching the dummy fall from the 250 ft. tower, and how it hit the ground and bounced back up high in the air, only to finally settle on the ground with a sobering thud.

"Remember Airborne," the 1st Sergeant had hollered through the staticky P.A. speakers, "you have the rest of your life to activate your reserve parachute if you experience a malfunction."

My mind was racing. Everything I had been taught in the last week I was trying to review in my mind.

I looked at the reserve parachute strapped on my chest. It looked so small in comparison to my main canopy. I looked at the C141 aircraft — it had its cargo doors open and its ramp down. It was hard to believe how big it really was. I spotted the door on the side of the aircraft where I would shortly be exiting. It looked like it was a good jump from the door to the ground just sitting on the runway.

My stick was composed of about twenty-five paratroopers. I was going to be the second jumper out of the door.

My stick was moving now. We were loading the plane. We were the third to the last to load the aircraft, so we would be the third stick off the craft.

I filed on the plane and was directed where to sit by some Air Force personnel. I sat shoulder to shoulder with the jumpers on my left and right.

It was dark and crowded on the C141. It was unbearably hot. I could not believe how much I was sweating.

I looked around at the interior of the plane. It was a mass of pipes and wires suspended from the ceiling; steam of some white gas was seeping out from the joints of a really big pipe. I thought how much it looked like a cheap Hollywood movie set. Even as I felt the plane taxi down the runway and finally take off, I kept trying to convince myself that it was indeed real and not some bad remake of *Airport 77*.

My attention turned to the rear of the craft as the Air Force people opened the two jump doors. There was a loud and

forceful rush of wind and a flooding Georgia countryside zip by in minutes, heat waves coming from the exhaust engines.

The Air Force turned the doors of the Jumpmasters commanded, "each side of the plane a Jumpmaster. There, in the openness of the doorway had been, I could now see only his boots. The Jumpmasters were p check. They had to lean outside of plane's exterior for any jagged edge one of the parachutes. I knew that inside the aircraft it was going to be

I watched two sticks stand up and felt the plane, circle around and another pass; all too soon I realized would soon be returning inside, and "THIRD STUDENT PASS, THE ONLY! ... STAND UP!"

I struggled to my feet, and all waiting to jump, I felt relief in being cool air circulate around my body. Jumpmaster. I had heard his speech before, but now I strained to hear trying to find some information that "HOOK UP!"

Mechanically I connected the stick parachute to the anchor line over the

"CHECK STATIC LINES!"

Yes my harness is still on, my stick the jumper in front of me appears order also.

"SOUND OFF FOR EQUIPMENT"

I wait for the rap on my butt and in front of me and scream "OKAY" that command gets echoed up to the "STAND BY"

I could clearly see the countryside the open door. I was the second in line big door and I had an unrestricted and go; that clicked something in my — we had just crossed over into our Drop Zone.

"GO!" the Jumpmaster screamed was gone. I practically ran toward

they all turned a quarter turn in the same direction and grasped each other's hips. Another nod broke the circle and straightened them into a line, each still one behind the other, before they all turned another quarter turn to make a straight line shoulder-to-shoulder. A nod from the leader set the ends of the line curving toward each other as they formed a circle. A last nod, and they all turned out of the circle

speed of force apparent. Then one fellow came in for a landing and the packing area grew quiet. Everyone was watching as this poor guy tried to run his momentum off. Even before his feet hit the ground, his legs were churning away. As his canopy continued to surge forward, he was slammed onto the ground face-first. In the packing area, a few people commented on what he had done

rather badly. I was feeling a bit anxious as our instructor led us to the dreaded hanging harness. Four at a time, we were strapped into surplus parachute harnesses suspended from a huge framework, so that our feet were about eighteen inches from solid ground. As we hung there, we were again drilled in the various safety measures required for each malfunction. Suddenly, I was rocked violently and the instructor shouted "Streamer!" in my ear.

Remembering that a streamer is a high-speed malfunction involving a balled-up canopy that won't open, I proceeded to cut away the bad canopy by means of the release toggles on my harness. With a thump I hit the ground and fell over. Helping me up, my instructor told me that I would have to react a little more quickly if I intended to spend any time in the sport alive.

The rest of the afternoon was taken up with exercises in the hanging harness (until I thought I had two crotches) and a fun little number called "PLF," short for "parachute landing fall." This consisted mainly of jumping off things and landing with our legs slightly bent and our feet and knees together, in attempt to transfer the energy of the landing from our feet to our calves to our thighs and then to our butts, as each body part came in contact with the ground. Starting with a footstool, we slowly worked our way up to jumping off a six-foot wall. The only trouble I had with this was several years of martial arts training, which had left me with an ingrained instinct to land and tumble into a forward roll.

A little before sundown we were gathered up and taken to the student gear area,

where we were issued lightweight hockey helmets, mechanic's coveralls and thick-soled boots. Then, according to weight, we were given military-surplus rigs with the main canopy on the back and the reserve canopy on the front. (Today, almost every student rig in the country is made with both canopies on the back; it is a much more efficient and comfortable system.)

Receiving a pin-check (making sure that the ripcord was not obstructed) and our last minute advice, we were shepherded to the plane. Our little class, beat from the day's exercises and walking a little like so many Robbie-the-robots, still had the sense of keen anticipation and excitement that we had started with. We had already been trained in the proper exit from the aircraft, and now as we waited to board we were reminded again of the exit procedure.

Because they would drop us at three thousand feet and the other skydivers would go out at higher altitudes, we were the last ones on the plane in order to be first out the door. I had chosen to be first to go out, so the only person behind me in the line was my jumpmaster who would take the spot next to the door. We all sat facing the rear of the plane, tucked between each other's knees on the carpeted floor. I looked out the gaping door.

Our takeoff was uneventful, and as we neared 3000 feet, our pilot shouted something back to the jumpmaster, who proceeded to call directions back to the pilot — during the intervals between leaning out the door of the

(See WHY, p.8A)



RICHARD O'Rourke/Daily Nexus

and duckwalked away.

Our instructor informed us that this was the "dirt dive," and that every good relative-work skydive is preceded by a plan rehearsed in just this manner several times over. Because this relative work takes place while falling at 120 mph, the moves of the dive are best rehearsed many times in the dirt dive. I could only agree.

We watched a couple of landings. Under the square canopies, the skydivers were mostly able to just step onto the ground without any

wrong, while a couple of boys at the end of the area whistled and clapped.

When the guy finally managed to get up, it became clear that he had injured himself. He sat for a couple of minutes until the airport manager ran out to him and helped him to his feet. The manager led him across the runway and made him sit in the packing area, while two staff members helped him out of his gear. He had indeed broken his wrist in the fall, at the same time bruising his kneecap

Paratrooper Perspective

...flooding of light. I could see the... in miniature, distorted by the... exhaust of the plane's powerful... doors over to the Army. One of... ended, "GET READY!", and on... jumpmaster disappeared from view... doorway, where a Jumpmaster... only his hands and the heels of his... were performing their safety... outside of the aircraft to inspect the... edged that might snag or rip... knew that when they leaned back... ing to be show time.

...being knocked over by the people behind me. I got to the door and my static line was taken from me. Instantly my hand dropped straight down, avoiding entanglement and assumed its trained position on the activating handle of my reserve parachute. I robotically stepped out into the hot blast of the jet engine's exhaust and bellowed, "ONE THOUSAND, TWO THOUSAND,". In the back of my mind I noted at how hard my voice was straining, yet I could not hear anything but the now lessening roar of the C141's engines. At, "THREE THOUSAND!", I felt a ripple on my back. I quit counting, and above the sound of wistling air I heard my parachute inflate in what has to be the most satisfyingly beautiful noise the earth has ever heard.

As I screamed a sigh of relief, I looked up to inspect my canopy for rips, holes, or missing lines. Everything was fine, and for a moment I marvelled at the perfectly shaped green mushroom.

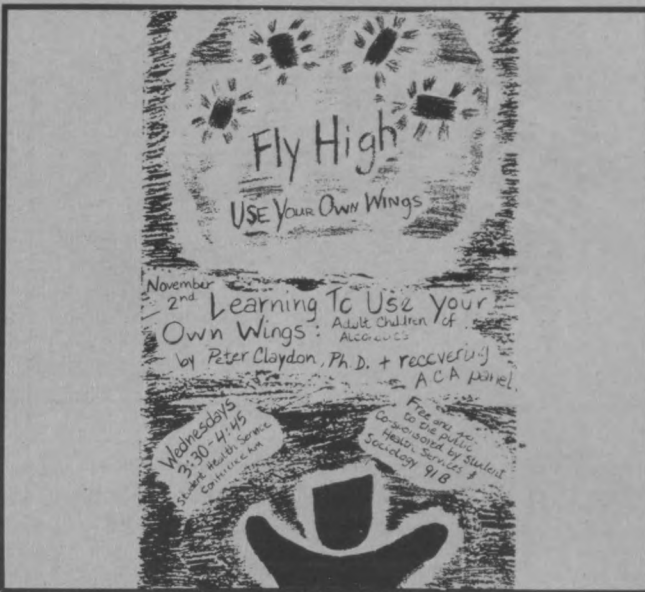
I reached up and grabbed the risers of my parachute. I then looked down towards the Drop Zone. On each end of the D.Z. there were yellow smoke grenades showing me the direction of wind drift. Making note of the direction of drift, I pulled my appropriate risers and slipped towards the center where a small section of the normally hard ground had been plowed up.

I was aware that my ride was ending all too soon as the ground started to rush up towards me. I prepared to land: feet and knees together, slightly bent at the knees, feet angled slightly downward. I hit the ground and I did a good P.L.F. (parachute landing fall)

It was over. Man what a rush! I went on to complete four more jumps from both the C130 and the C141 aircraft, some 'Hollywood,' without combat gear, and others with everything but the kitchen sink strapped to my waist and legs.

I plan on jumping again. The best part of parachuting has to be the few heart beats before committing yourself to the open air and then actually jumping into nothingness. The ride down is nice, but it is not as thrilling by far as is the wait for the main canopy to deploy. Landing, for myself, is just plain scary. It is not fun, it hurts, and I really do not enjoy it that much, but it all evens out and totals up to a fun time.

Many would say that if God wanted man to fly, he would have given man wings; well God gave men minds to create parachutes and airplanes, and after last summer I was given wings!



**Life is Hard
And Then You Fly.**

Get away from it all. Learn how to fly. The UCSB Flying Club offers flying lessons at affordable prices to UCSB students, staff, and faculty. Professional instructors will guide you all the way from your first lesson to your pilot's license. Whether you're interested in flying for fun or in a career in aviation, the UCSB Flying Club can help you on your way. Call today at 562-8260 (ask for Jep), 964-6733 (ask for Max), or 961-4487 (ask for Roger).

The UCSB Flying Club

Meeting Wednesday, November 2
7:00 pm, Broida 1640
Speaker: Darren Pleasance, UCSB '87
"Flying in Alaska"

BUSTIN' OUT WITH O'Neill

FIRST NAME IN THE WATER

Check out the Best Selection of O'NEILL wetsuits in Santa Barbara - just a wave up from Stearns Wharf.

29 STATE STREET SURFBOARDS 966-7213

THIS AD GOOD FOR 10% OFF FIRST LESSON



See what it's like to run on the ground with a colorful glider flying above you.

613 N MILPAS SANTA BARBARA CA 93103 965 3733

Bob's Diving Locker
"The Best Prices in Town for over 21 Years"

**CUSTOM WET SUITS
MADE IN THE SHOP**

Expert suit alterations and repairs
Diving equipment • Large inventory
Boat trips to Channel Islands
N.A.U.I. instruction • Rentals
Repairs • Air fills

Specializing in spear gun customizing
Tuesday thru Saturday 9 am - 6 pm
Closed Sunday and Monday
- Easy Parking -
BOB GUTHRIE N.A.U.I. No. 1102

967-4456
500 BOTELLO RD. GOLETA
(Turn North from Hollister
at Entrance to Airport Drive In & Cinema Theatres)



**EGG SEASON
Opens
Today!**

The best place
to HUNT is
in I.V. at...

**THE
Egghead**

Mon. - Fri
7:00 am - 1:30 pm

Sat. & Sun.
7:30 am - 2:00 pm

900 Embarcadero Del Mar 968-1993

Eye of the Hawk

By Eric Jorgensen
Contributor

I stood looking out at the horizon from the top of a 4000 foot high mountain ridge. The light breeze made me aware of the sweat running down my neck. I waited. The sky seemed to stretch to infinity with only the occasional presence of a hawk to disturb its vastness. The wind shifted ever so slightly and I ran. I ran down the steep slope and onto an invisible ramp that led out into the sky, into a different world. Within moments, the spectators that had crowded around me at launch were nothing more than insignificant specks on an insignificant chunk of ground. I was free! The hawks that had seemed so unreal as they effortlessly soared on the wind, came closer as if to welcome me to their home. As they passed close by, I could only muse at the thought that we shared a bond that set us apart from the rest of the world; a bond that only a true soaring pilot could ever understand. I looked down on the crowded streets of the city far below and felt a sense of sorrow that I would eventually have to return there. Then, removing all thoughts of civilization from my mind, I banked sharply back towards the mountains to seek the lift that would keep me aloft a little while longer.

Hang gliding is the purest form of flight that men can ever hope to obtain. It is, in essence, the transformation of a person into a bird. Sound crazy? Then consider this:

A hang glider is a foot launched and foot landed aircraft — just like a bird.

The airspeed required to launch a glider is imparted by the take off run of the pilot. When he runs down a slope, his airspeed builds up until the glider lifts him off of the ground. His wing then carries him wherever he wants to go. Once the pilot begins his take off run, however, his wings become a part of him. This feeling is reinforced by the fact that the pilot cannot see his wing unless he looks up at it (which is fun for a while but gets old quick). The glider isn't flying — the person is flying. When he eventually has to land, the pilot will direct his glider out of his approach pattern and onto a final approach while aiming for a target point. He will then wait for the appropriate time and flare, and if everything is done correctly, the pilot lands on his feet without taking a step or letting the glider touch the ground. If done properly, the landing will feel equivalent to stepping off of a three inch high step. Watch the birds land sometime — it is exactly the same technique.

Perhaps the most dramatic similarity between man and bird though, is the sensory impressions that both pilots experience. When flying a hang glider the pilot is not enclosed at all. His entire body is immersed in the airstream. He can feel the wind blowing on his face and hands, and the air circulating all around him. Furthermore, since he is exposed to the wind, he can often feel changes in the moisture content of the air, and can usually detect smells such as the blossoms of an orchard far below him, the ocean or even wet grass in the morning. Hang gliding



Photo courtesy of hang glider emporium.

is such a natural form of flying that the pilot can even hear birds chirping that are 2000 feet below him, but the sound of traffic is difficult to discern. Then there is the wonderful absence of the noise, stink and vibration caused by an engine. Generally the only background noise is the sound of the wind rushing past (which, incidentally is just about the same as a bicycle coasting down a hill) and an occasion squeak of the glider. Hang gliding is the only form of aviation that does not hinder any sensory inputs. It is truly like being a bird.

The final similarity between birds and hang glider pilots is how they stay aloft. Soaring birds are undisputedly the best pilots in the world. As far as human aviation is concerned, hang glider pilots are the best aviators in the world. There are several reasons for this bold statement. First, whereas an airplane can (and usually does) simply power through small scale air disturbance and turbulence, a hang glider cannot. Because of a glider's low flight speeds and light weight, a hang glider pilot can not simply ignore the small scale wind conditions like an airplane pilot can. Instead, the hang glider pilot must identify the type of disturbance and then decide whether or not to attempt to use it to his advantage, which brings up point number two. A hang glider pilot must have an intimate knowledge of micrometeorology, his aircraft's flight performance characteristics, the effects of topography on airflow, and localized atmospheric processes. Third, once the pilot makes a split second analysis of the disturbance, he must be able to continuously fly precision maneuvers around, in and through these invisible

objects (i.e. thermals, sink, etc.) using only instinct and "feel." Yes, this is as tricky as it sounds. The final reason that hang glider pilots are the best pilots in the world, is that they don't have a choice. There are no second chances in a hang glider. If a pilot misjudges his altitude on final approach, there is not very much he can do about it. Usually the landing zone (L.Z.) is large enough so that this isn't too much of a problem, but sometimes the field is very restricted and a mistake has dire consequences.

The solution to this problem is, of course, to get proper training, fly conservatively and leave margin for error. Hang glider pilot training has come a long, long way since the days of jumping off cliffs with gliders made of bamboo and trash bags. That was almost 20 years ago. Today there is a national organization, the United States Hang Gliding Association (U.S.H.G.A.), that issues instructor and pilot proficiency ratings. The aircraft are the strongest in the sky (some having stress limits comparable to fighter jets). All major equipment such as parachutes, harnesses, and helmets are tested, and gliders are certified according to guidelines set down by the Hang Glider Manufacturers Association (H.G.M.A.). The equipment is safer, more fun, and easier to fly than it has ever been. Instructional techniques have also been dramatically improved since the days of trial and error. Today a good instructor will teach a student how to fly — not how to crash. In short, hang gliding is no longer the crazy sport that it was years ago. For example, a large portion of the pilots in the Santa Barbara area are (See EYE, p.8A)



Eric with his glider at the mesa training site in Santa Barbara.

\$5 OFF

All fitness shoes,
walking shoes and
Lycra Sport Tights.

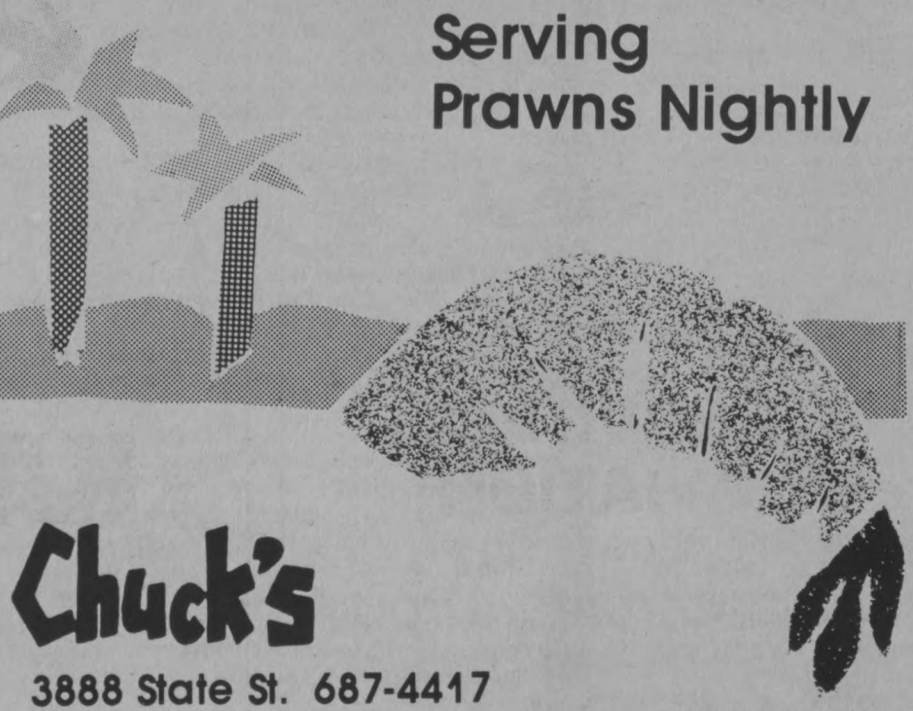
PER CUSTOMER
not valid with other offers
expires Dec. 1, 1988

Get with the best. Come to the stripes.

Foot Locker
AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE ATHLETIC FOOTWEAR STORE.

5 Points Shopping Center
3987 State Street
683-1773

Serving
Prawns Nightly



Chuck's

3888 State St. 687-4417

Diving Double

Melissa Ayala
Contributor

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to fall through the air without anything supporting your body? Well, I never had any urge to find out. I was fine on the ground. In fact, I was a little fearful of heights, not to mention always getting motion sickness in planes. So why have I made two skydives in the last year? The idea sort of grew on me.

I first encountered sport parachuting while working at a restaurant in the California City airport, located in the Mojave desert approximately 20 miles from Edwards AFB. Skydivers would come in every day and I would hear all kinds of stories. Two years later I began working at the parachute club and was thrown into the daily routine of the club and its members. I had to learn as much as I possibly could about every aspect of the business. For instance, the So. California Skydiving Club offers three different student programs and I had to know the details of all of them in order to give prospective students as much information as I could. There is more to skydiving than merely getting on a plane and jumping out. The club also offers flying lessons as well as catering to experienced skydivers. An experienced skydiver is one who is officially 'off student status.' Working there, I picked up their unique brand of skydiving lingo, the types of planes we operated, how to read altitude levels and wind directions, landing techniques, body positions, skydiving formations, etc. I learned about a variety of parachutes and all the accessories that are needed with them.

But did I want to actually go up and jump out? No! Because I was under 18, I used the excuse that my dad wouldn't give me permission to. After I turned 18, I couldn't use that excuse anymore so I just told the skydivers that I was a chicken. Then one morning in September 1987, I had this overwhelming urge to try it. I decided rather than making my first jump a solo one, I would make a tandem jump. This is the program where the passenger is connected to the instructor by a dual harness in a sort of piggyback style. I was briefed on the equipment, body positions and landing



The tandem parachuting position.

procedure. I then rode an aircraft called a Twin Otter up to 12,500 feet and got ready to exit the plane. I was so excited by this time that I forgot all about being frightened. It didn't even hit me until the exact second that I left the plane. The feeling is too hard to describe. It was unlike anything I have ever experienced before. Since there was nothing underneath me, I didn't feel like I was falling. The feeling of air rushing past me was like sticking my head out of a car window, only faster. I even received a kiss pass from my friend, Cary, as we joined hands for a few seconds while free-falling. We free-fall for approximately 60 seconds, which is around 7,500 feet. At an altitude of 5,000 feet, I pulled the ripcord which released the parachute. Now we are what is termed 'under canopy.' It was a huge blue and yellow parachute which I could steer by pulling on a right or left toggle. I did wide turns and tight spirals and proceeded to safely land. The skydive was great and worth it. I received a certificate and my own logbook to record any future jumps I would make.

My second skydive was also a tandem with the same instructor, Bill Estes. It was planned in advance and if the weather permitted, I would jump on my 21st birthday last August.

The winds kept us grounded 'till just before sunset, so it looked like my second jump would be a night dive also. With Bill's approval, 12 other skydivers with a minimum of 200 skydives each were to jump out with us. We were all to join hands together to form a 13-person round formation. I even

(See DIVING, p.8A)



Melissa and instructor ready for the jump.

Life's a bitch and then you fly.

Flying lessons are a great way to get away from it all. And it's a lot more affordable than you probably think.



ABOVE ALL AVIATION

Santa Barbara Airport
967-2116

Don't compete with a Kaplan student—be one.

Why? Consider this: More students increase their scores after taking a Kaplan prep course than after taking anything else.

Why? Kaplan's test-taking techniques and educational programs have 50 years of experience behind them. We know students. And we know what helps boost their confidence and scoring potential.

So if you need preparation for the: LSAT, GMAT, MCAT, GRE, DAT, ADVANCED MEDICAL BOARDS, TOEFL, NURSING BOARDS, NTE, CPA, INTRO. TO LAW, SPEED READING, or others, call us.

Why be at a disadvantage?



KAPLAN
STANLEY H. KAPLAN EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD.
ENROLLING NOW! Visit us at our center, 6464 Hollister, #7, Goleta, CA 93117. Or call us days, evenings or weekends. Our number: (805) 685-5767.

Copeland's Sports

NOVEMBER SPORTS KICK OFF!!

MEN'S COURT	MEN'S RUNNING	WOMEN'S	CHILDREN'S
PRINCE PRECISION XP MESH Sold in 1987 for \$50	ADIDAS WEB TECH Slight blen. if perfect in 1987 \$50	TIGER LADY GEL 100 Sold in 1987 for \$52	DIADORA KID'S TRADITION Durable soft leather upper
PRINCE SPECTRUM Sold in 1987 for \$40	HI-TEC TRANSTAR Dual density midsole	AVIA LADY W470 BLACK Sold in 1987 for \$54	CONVERSE KID'S REVOLVER Sold in 1986 for \$42
ADIDAS RIVALRY Sold in 1987 for \$65	ADIDAS MICRO PACER MICRO COMPUTER IS NOT GUARANTEED AND MAY NOT WORK	DIADORA LADY WINGS Disc. color. Sold in 1987 for \$55	CONVERSE KID'S NITRO Sold in 1986 for \$31
28⁹⁹ A PAIR OR 2 PAIR FOR \$50	28⁹⁹ A PAIR OR 2 PAIR FOR \$50	34⁹⁹ A PAIR OR 2 PAIR FOR \$60	YOUR CHOICE 19⁹⁹ A PAIR

MEN'S COURT & BASKETBALL

REEBOK VENGEANCE Soft leather upper	REEBOK PRO LEGACY Full grain leather upper	FILA LOW BASKETBALL Sold in 1987 for \$72	NIKE DELTA FORCE Sold in 1987 for \$50
YOUR CHOICE 34⁹⁹ A PAIR OR	2 PAIR FOR \$60		

BASKETBALLS

MOLTEN COOPER LEATHER BASKETBALL Official Size	MOLTEN SYNTHETIC LEATHER BASKETBALL	WILSON JORDAN BLACK BASKETBALL Synthetic Leather
19⁹⁹	16⁹⁹	19⁹⁹

ATHLETIC APPAREL

ADIDAS FLEECE SHORTS	ADIDAS GRIFFEN WARMUP Sold in 1986 for \$90	MOLTEN NYLON LYCRA WORKOUT SHORTS	CHAMPION REVERSEWEAVE SWEAT PANTS
14⁹⁹	49⁹⁹	12⁹⁹	19⁹⁹

SKI APPAREL

COLUMBIA FALMOUTH JACKET	NYLON FULL ZIP SHELL	MEN'S INSULATED STORM PANT	MEN'S & WOMEN'S 100% COTTON T-NECK
49⁹⁹	36⁹⁹	39⁹⁹	\$20 EACH OR 2 FOR \$24

SKI BOOTS

NORDICA 600 MEN'S & WOMEN'S	RAICHL 860 MEN'S	NORDICA 755 MEN'S	SALOMON SX81 MEN'S & WOMEN'S
129⁹⁹	179⁹⁹	189⁹⁹	209⁹⁹

SKIS

DYNASTAR SPORT 55	99⁹⁹
ATOMIC DOMINATOR	99⁹⁹
ELAN GTX	129⁹⁹
ELAN EXT	129⁹⁹
PRE M35	179⁹⁹
ATOMIC SL3	199⁹⁹

BONUS SAVINGS COUPONS NOVEMBER 2 & 3 ONLY

EXTRA 10% OFF DISCOUNT GOOD 11/2-3	EXTRA 10% OFF DISCOUNT GOOD 11/2-3	EXTRA 10% OFF DISCOUNT GOOD 11/2-3
--	--	--

Each coupon may be applied to the purchase of any item in stock. Limit (3) coupons per person. One coupon per item. Coupons cannot be used for layaways or gift certificates.

Quantities & size limited to stock on hand. We reserve the right to refuse sales to dealers. PRICES GOOD THRU 11/7/88

Copeland's Sports

1230 State St.
Santa Barbara 963-4474
HOURS: Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat 10-7, Sun 10-6

Why Birds Sing...

(Continued from p.5A) He then tossed a small roll of foot-wide crepe paper out and watched it as the pilot circled the field. This was the wind-drift-indicator, weighted to fall at the same rate as a man under canopy. From this, the jumpmaster "spots" our landing area and tells us exactly where over the Dropzone to exit the aircraft.

The jumpmaster motioned to me to stand up. He hooked the long nylon belt called the static line from my container to a cable above the door of the plane, then shouted to me "Stand in the door!" He called for the pilot to cut the engine, then turned to me and shouted "Go!" I

looked at him and froze for a moment. Did this idiot realize that if I jumped out of the plane I would fall to my death? Did he really think I could just jump out of the plane? The next instant brought a hot wind in my face as I hit the propblast, and I was watching the plane fly away from me as I fell.

I didn't fall for long — the static line had not only opened my container, but it had actually pulled my canopy from it, so that the next thing I knew, I was being jerked upright by the inflated canopy above my head. Looking up, I had an inexplicable desire to kiss that canopy.

The very next thing I

noticed was the silence. A breeze blew in my face, the sun was approaching the horizon, I could see the ocean so many miles away, and I was suspended above the earth a half mile, floating gently on the breeze. As they say in Switzerland, "The view is marvelous."

Three minutes later, it was time to set up for a landing. Remembering the fellow

who had broken his wrist in the downwind landing earlier, I checked the wind-sock and aimed for the big plowed area of soft dirt. I

kept feet and knees together, kept my eyes on the horizon, and flared at the right instant. The next thing I knew I was trying to get to my feet, completely tangled in my suspension lines. My martial arts training had

won out.

My jumpmaster met me after the jump, and sitting in the bar over a cold Foster's, we talked about the jump. I knew I was hooked — I knew I would do a lot more of this. And I have. I'm saving up for my fourth rig right now, having made almost 70 sport skydives. The gear is expensive, so are the jumps — but there are few things on the planet that can give you

that feeling of freedom, the absolute ecstasy of flight.

Before leaving the Dropzone, I bought a T-shirt in the gear shop. It shows a skydiver in freefall, with the legend "Only birds know why skydivers sing."

Anyone interested in skydiving can contact the United States Parachute Association for a list of USPA-affiliated Dropzones.

Eye of the Hawk

(Continued from p.6A) businessmen and women — there is a noticeable absence of crazy young men with a death wish.

So what does it really take to become a pilot? Desire. That's all. Almost anyone

can safely learn how to fly a hang glider. If you think you are interested in learning how to fly then check around; see what's out there. Be aware though, the quality of instruction varies considerably between one instructor and the next. Before you give any money to anybody, see what you get for the price of lessons. Is the instructor a USHGA rated instructor? Where does he

train? Is three hours of driving time considered to be part of the lesson-day? How many students who have previously trained with the instructor are still flying? *Get references!* Talk to the students that are currently training with him. Go out to the training site and watch. For instance, the training hill located across from Arroyo Burro (a.k.a. Henry's beach) is one of the best in the country. The instructor that runs it is one of, if not the best instructor in the world today. Go talk to

him and his students while they are training. They love visitors and it is a great place for a picnic. Ask questions and keep your eyes open, and hopefully, someday, I will have the pleasure of flying with you — like a bird. Stay safe and good lift!

If you have any questions about hang gliding or would like to know more about local flying or training, messages can be forwarded to Eric through the Nexus.

ERIC JORGENSEN



Sport rights



Factory 2nds \$12.99

Manufacturer's Sports Outlet
1134 Chapala St
965-6652
open Mon-Sat 10-6
Sun 12-5



THE ANSWER!!

to:

- Aerobic Exercise
- Levitation
- Stress Relief
- Self Improvement
- Adventure & Excitement
- Interspecies Interaction
- Group Social Events
- Suited to YOUR schedule

is
SCUBA DIVING
at



963-8917
22 Anacapa St.

Adventure Under Water

Diving Double

(Continued from p.7A) had the jump videotaped by our cameraman in order to have something to show my friends. Again we exited the Twin Otter at 12,500 feet, pulled at 5,000 feet and had a perfect stand-up landing. We didn't complete the round, but each of us had a wonderful time. I got two kiss passes this time!

I plan on making my next jump solo through one of the other two programs offered. In the Static Line course, the student's parachute is

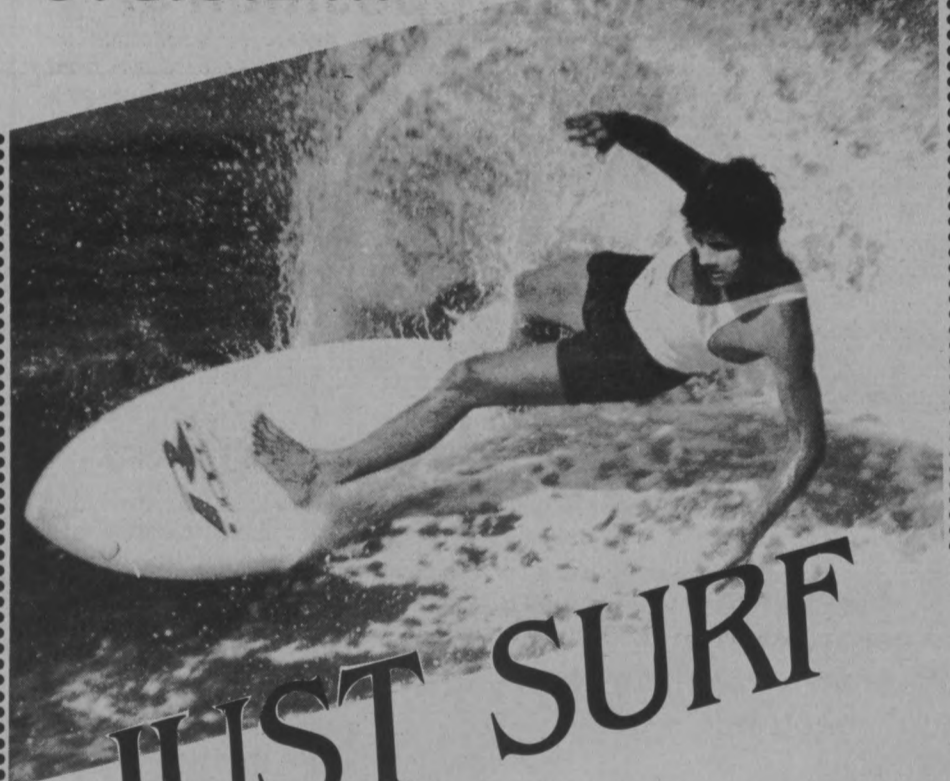
connected to the plane by a cord which automatically pulls the parachute out when fully stretched. The student begins at an altitude of 3,000 feet and progresses higher through each phase of the course. Two jumpmasters jump alongside the student from 12,500 feet in the Accelerated Freefall Program. The AFF program is more intense because it condenses the traditional Static Line course into several levels, each from 12,500 feet.

All in all, I would say that

skydiving is great and I can't wait to do it again. It's a great sport. It isn't comparable to anything else because it's a sport in its own. Everything from the skydive to the club atmosphere is unique. So for those of you who say you've always wanted to try skydiving, you should!

For more info call: So. California Skydiving Club. (619) 373-4659 or Melissa 685-9761.

U.C.S.B...



JUST SURF

- ▶ Billabong
- ▶ Quicksilver
- ▶ RipCurl
- ▶ Stussy
- ▶ Oneil
- ▶ Gotcha
- ▶ Skates too...

967-7151

5752 Calle Real, Goleta