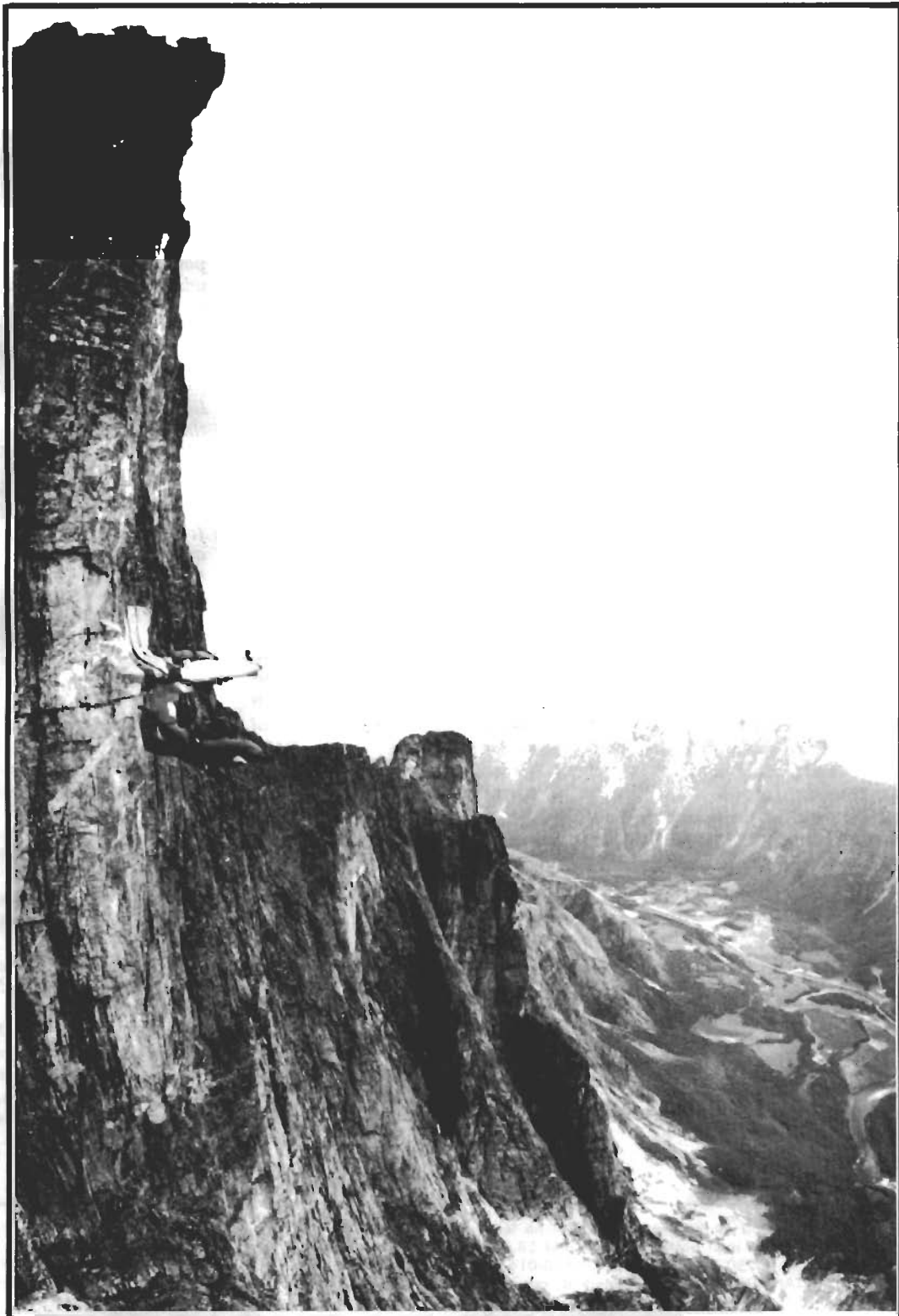


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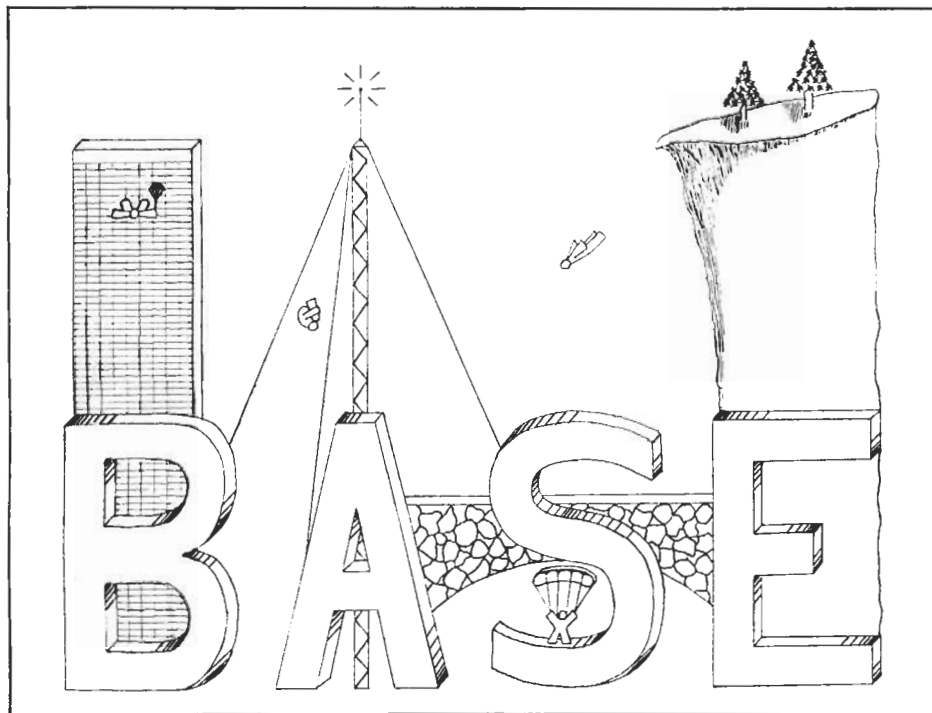
BASETM MAGAZINE

TO BENEFIT ALL MEN . . . TO HARM NO MAN . . .



BASE™ MAGAZINE

TO BENEFIT ALL MEN . . . TO HARM NO MAN . . .



QUOTATIONS... TO INSPIRE US BY...

- *Happy are those who dream dreams, and are willing to pay the price to see them come true.*
- *I DO NOT CHOOSE TO BE A COMMON MAN. It is my right to be uncommon . . . if I can. I seek opportunity . . . not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled and dulled by having the state look after me. I want to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed. I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the state of calm utopia. I will not trade freedom for beneficence nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and unafraid; to think and act for myself; enjoy the benefits of my creations and to face the world boldly and say, this I have done. All this is what it means to be an American.*
- *The man who knows "how" will always have a job; the man who knows "why" will be his boss.*
- *The highest mountain peak receives the light first, followed eventually by even the entire valley at noonday.*
- *The man who puts aside perfection for the sake of travel, get nowhere slowly; but the man who puts aside travel for the sake of perfection, gets anywhere instantly.*
- *Results need no excuses.*
- *What you identify with, and respond to, you experience.*
- *In the service of good, giving never impoverishes and withholding never enriches.*
- *Anyone can tell you how many seeds an apple has, but who can tell you how many apples a seed has?*
- *There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.*
- *One man's floor is another man's ceiling.*

The United States BASE Association is founded for and dedicated to the safety, advancement, and positive public image of BASE jumpers and BASE jumping throughout the world. Webster defines "association" as "a body of persons organized for some common purpose." The acronym BASE is derived from the words: BUILDING (any tower or stack), SPAN (any bridge, arch, cable or dome), and EARTH (any cliff or natural formation). Every person who makes at least one jump from each category is awarded an officially recorded BASE number. Each jump must involve using a parachute as a life-saving device which cannot be inflated prior to the jump. The USBA publishes a list of all known "jumped" and "jumpable" BASE sites. BASE Magazine strives to disseminate information, technology, experiences, and opinions about BASE jumping "to benefit all men, to harm no man." Mem-

bership into the United States BASE Association is extended to anyone interested in the concept of man jumping off of fixed objects, an esoteric aspect of man's age-old dream of self-flight. BASE jumping is recognized as a sport, not a stunt. Understanding the motivation behind BASE jumping is perhaps only reached through the gradual osmosis of knowledge that "man's birthright is freedom and dominion over all the earth." BASE jumping is but one of countless facets of life which help inspire all of us to find, understand, and demonstrate this birthright. For these reasons, "everybody envies our ecstasy, but only those who dare, can share it."

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OF EUROPE — DISCOVERED!

by Carl Boenish

INTRODUCTION

Jorma Oster and three of his Finnish skydiving buddies became the first four people ever to cliff jump from the peaks of the Trolltindene Mountain Range just outside the small Norwegian town of Andalsnes (population 2,200), setting afire man's insatiable quest to locate and master all of nature's sheer drop-offs on the globe. Imagine hiking 8½ hours up the back side of tedious, torturous boulders and loose rocks that seemed, and did, go on for miles, but then finding yourself on the back side of some incredible, sheer drop-offs that netted you 1800 feet of pure altitude. (El Capitan is about 2,200 feet.) You found yourself a mile high above sea level, and after a ten-second cliff jump and a 3½-minute square canopy ride back down to the boiling Rauma River and a rather tight DZ situated in a small meadow nestled amongst the nearby forests, you found yourself right back down at sea level again.

MILE-HIGH AMPHITHEATER

The jump site resembles a mile-high amphitheater laid out in a semicircle about half a mile across with 2,000-foot walls on three curving faces. The "balcony section," towering an additional 600 feet above the walls, consists of pinnacles and spires resembling the jeweled crowns of ancient kings and queens. Incidentally, the mountain gets its name because many of the crumbling, weather-beaten formations resemble caricatures depicting animate "trolls" standing watch over the mountains. Some regions are slightly overhung; some are slightly underhung (sloping out). It's important not to get them mixed up! (We almost did!) In place of a level floor found in most "amphitheaters," we found this awesome 3,000 foot high granite bouldery talus which slopes 45° down all the way to the river some 1.2 miles away from the sheer walls. If you opened at a thousand feet high above this mammoth granite slab situated at the base of the walls, you sat in your square and ran for some 3+ minutes, maintaining around a thousand feet above the boulders until you landed, since the ground is falling away at the same rate as the glide ratio of your ram air. If you took it down, or didn't spend all your time running away from the wall, you would have a "rocky" DZ for a landing!

THE EXPEDITION AND CREW

Jorma Oster put together a 3½-week expedition of eight people (which later blossomed into 13) to explore the west coast of Norway and many of its fjords. After two months of map research, collecting hearsay, and many phone calls, Jorma proposed at least eight possible cliffjumping sites, many of which purported to be easily accessible by backpacking but some remote and inaccessible except by helicopter. Jorma had a pretty good idea of what to look for in cliff-jumping sites since he jumped El Capitan in Yosemite National Park last January.

The trip originated in Helsinki, Finland, where Jorma lives. He rented a Ford diesel van and took a 15-hour ferry ride across the Baltic Sea to Stockholm, Sweden, along with five of his Finnish skydiving friends and associates: Pentti Pukkila and his wife Eila, Timo Liukkonen, Jukka Heikkinen, and Petri Mäkinen. The trip officially began in Stockholm when the group picked up Carl and Jean Boenish who were "coincidentally" visiting Maj Nikamo (and her husband and three boys) whom he had met when Maj was a foreign exchange student from Finland staying with Carl's family for the school year of 1957.

NORWAY COUNTRYSIDE

The first five days of the trip gave us immaculate weather. We eight drove in the van for two straight days with bubbling, expectant, jubilant spirits, all of us anticipating "walking on the moon." Norway is incredibly beautiful; it has the same intensity of grandeur as Yosemite Valley, except that it goes on "forever"—being larger than the state of California. Incredible brooks, rivers, turquoise waterfalls, glacial greenery. They all run rampant—yea, it floods the senses with astonishment. The entire country of Norway has but 4 million people who speak their own language; their population density is one-tenth of California's. Norway's standard of living appears quite high—even better than the U.S. in many or most ways—with an independent oil supply, modern farm equipment, luxurious automobiles (we saw no jalopies); modern generating plants, etc. Norway is very clean. Norway has typical European one-lane roads (17 feet across), very often for both lanes of traffic—through tunnels, over bridges, etc. You had better slow down at the right spots and share the road with your "opposing" motorist, or either you or he or both will get squashed.

The west coast of Norway is composed of countless islands and fjords ("fingers of the sea" that go inland sometimes 50 and 100 miles where they "peter out" but nevertheless receive "newness of life" as the fresh river waters empty down into them, making the overall salt content of the "sea" very low). We used seven or eight ferries of varying sizes, all modern and efficient, acting like miles-long bridges across the various fjords which would otherwise bottle you up on an island and desert you.

THE PULPIT

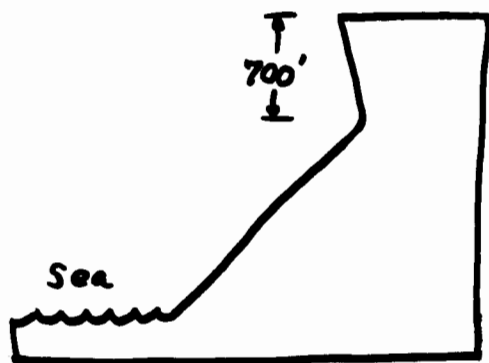
The first cliff jump site we explored is called "Prekestolen," or "The Pulpit Rock," a popular "tourist trap" located a few miles outside the small town of Jorpeland, Norway. Jorma had sent us a postcard of this locale, depicting this 1800-foot sheer dropoff straight into the ocean. From the angle of the view of this postcard, it seemed ideal for a cliff jump. It was on the sole basis of this one "glimpse" from the postcard—in this case, worth "more than a thousand words"—that Carl and Jean Boenish decided to "go for broke" and tag along with Jorma and his friends, tramping across to the other side of the earth to look for cliff jumps.

A few hours before hiking up the back side of "The Pulpit," we were joined by Henrik Enbom

whom Jorma had clued-in about our special sojourn. Henrik lives in Denmark and took trains and hitchhiked to meet with us.

We hiked up the back side of Prekestolen for 2½ hours, carrying only our rigs, 5 of them, fitted with round main canopies. We figured that with only 1800 feet total, a sheer wall, a water landing, we would be better off and safer with rounds. We planned to hide our rigs up on top and carry up our cameras and other things the next day to do the jumps and filming.

Our first glimpses from the top of Prekestolen were awe-inspiring, but perplexing. Not only was it sheer, with an ideal launching platform, it was clearly overhung by more than 100 feet near the bottom. It was clearly jumpable but had one major problem: the landing area was very far away! (See diagram below.)



It was decided that a round wouldn't "make it out" and due to the nice overhang, a square would be advantageous, in fact, necessary to reach the water. It took a rock 7-8 seconds to hit the ground, indicating a net of about 700 feet (compared to 19-20 seconds at El Capitan, or about 2,200 feet net, and 17 seconds at Trollvegen, or about 1,800 feet net.) It was a "one-chute-site"—700 feet—with no reasonable possibility of a cut-away, and, if you didn't make it out, your landing would be on a 1:1 slope of boulders, trees, etc., accessible only by hiking up from the bottom, reachable only (to our knowledge) by boat. After about three more hours of investigation, photos, climbing, Jorma said, "We don't jump here—it's too dangerous." But we all knew that in time it will be jumped—by several—but that a snivel, a hesitation, a line-twist could seriously injure you. We decided not to take the time and energy to locate and rent a small boat to go around and explore the landing area.

ANDALSNES, NORWAY

We spent the next two days driving to what turned out to be our final site, Andalsnes, Norway, a small mountainous town of about 2,200 people, elevation 150 MSL, located in the Romsdal Valley. Here the famous Trolltindene mountain range is located, where mountain climbers from all over the world come to climb the sheer walls, including Europe's highest overhang of 1000 meters or 3000 feet. The problem with this overhang, however, is the fact

that after you ascend the back side to reach the summit, you still have to descend at least 300 feet by ropes before the overhang begins, and at this point, there is not even a ledge on which to stand. Standing at the bottom of this mountain and looking up, it certainly isn't clear where, or even if, there are any usable overhangs from which to launch cliff jumps. (The same is true regarding El Capitan, too, though.) We knew we had to get to the top of this mountain before we could pass any final judgment on it as a possible jump site.

The following day we hiked all the way up the granite, bouldery talus, comparable to El Capitan's, except 5 or 6 times longer, taking a good two hours one way. When we got there, we still couldn't touch the wall and look straight up at it because of a giant slab at the base that kept us about 75 yards away from the wall. We couldn't see the peaks because they were buried in a solid cloud cover about 75% of the way up. We couldn't do much more now until the clouds lifted and we found a way to the top from the back side.

We went to town and bought extensive topographical maps of the area. We also met a Yugoslavian mountain climbing party of 11 members, of whom two or three were women, who had been there for the prior 3½ weeks. They told us we had the right mountain but they couldn't be sure precisely where the overhangs were located, nor where the back side trails lay, as they were climbing the "face" only. They advised us to go into town as they had done and look up this fellow named "Arne Randers Heen," a 75-year-old living legend who was the first person ever to climb the "Troll" and who knew every nook and cranny like the back of his hand. We did so, which turned out to be one of the best things we did on the whole trip!

ARNE RANDERS HEEN

Arne Randers Heen at first couldn't comprehend how we proposed to hold ourselves away from the face as far as 100 meters without the use of ropes! We told him "No! We would be falling at 100 mph when we were this far away from the wall!" This really confused him. Eventually, we got our mission across to him, and we all mutually agreed that it would be best to keep the whole thing "quiet" until we pulled it off, in case we couldn't!

Arne is a small but still agile man of 75 years of age who still works as a tour guide and lecturer for the town of Andalsnes. He and his 63-year-old Danish wife Bodil invited all nine of us over for tea and a scrumptious snack, especially after 11 days of camping out. Their immaculately kept home reads more like an exquisite museum than a residence, displaying literally hundreds of medals, trophies and photographs, commending Arne's countless accomplishments in mountain climbing, including his roles of heroism from various heads of states, including President Eisenhower, for his contributions made during WW II. This man is the epitome of veneration; he is "Yoda" in "The Empire Strikes Back."

BAD WEATHER

We were all ready for the ascent and had everything lined up by the second or third day at Andalsnes. Arne and Bodil had agreed to hike up with us as our mountain guides, and they had two very strong Norwegian climbers who wanted to tag along, agreeable to carry up whatever excess weight there was. What a god-send they turned out to be!

The Yugoslavs told us that they had had only five good days of weather out of 23. We thought, "Well, the weather's bound to get good soon, then." Well, anyway, day by day, the mountain peaks remained buried in the clouds and we could do nothing towards our trip but wait. We couldn't even see the peaks! After seven consecutive days of this, it was really starting to be a drag. This wonderful dream of 21 days of cliffjumping mania was slowly being undermined by clouds and rain into a dismal failure and a seeming waste of time. We all had a vote and agreed to "stick it out here till the end," since this site purported to be the most promising. Jorma personally vowed to stay here two months if he had to just to be the first person to jump a Norwegian cliff, even though most of us had to leave on time, empty-handed or not.

On Monday night, July 21, 1980, Henrik had had enough. He caught the 11:00 pm o'clock train heading back to Denmark. By now, like us all, he had waited ten consecutive days and nights at Andalsnes ready to climb the Trollveggen. He had been so very valuable to us all on the trip since he spoke seven languages, including Norwegian and English. In 2½ more days, the van would be winding its way back to Finland.

On Tuesday morning at 6:00 am, it was still overcast; at 7:30 am it was 80% clear with a forecast of two days of good weather. We jumped at the chance to hike up that mountain like an avalanche "in reverse!"

ON OUR WAY UP

By noon we had a party of ten at the embark-ing point—the "cafe," ready for the ascent, hile two—Petri and Eila—agreed to take the van down and serve as ground crew. We had about 500 pounds of parachutes, cameras, batteries, food, supplies, ten sleeping bags, etc. Carl enjoyed the privilege of "hiking up empty" as he had only to carry up his "Arri" because, so he said, he "wanted to film the caravan hiking up!" Our two Norwegian mountain climbing "sherpas," Fred and Kare, saved the day, carrying up between 80-100 pounds each, totally unbelievable if you could have seen that slope and terrain!

By 6:00 pm we had established a "base camp," the last good "sleeping location" with about 25% of the trek remaining over unceasing boulders and an unrelenting upward slope. We left everything behind at our base camp except the five rigs and two documentary cameras so we could scout "unburdened."

At 8:30 pm we finally arrived at the moving rock—a several ton boulder that could be pushed up and down like a teeter-totter. Here we received our first glimpse of the sheer drop-off and the Romsdal Valley on the other

side, where we had been staying the previous ten days. "Wow! What a view!"

We threw several rocks over the sides. It wasn't obvious that they weren't hitting the sides. In fact, some did. Many did. Some didn't. It wasn't apparent where the launch point would be. We found another spot 150 feet further north (left) that was better. At least none of the rocks were being blown back into the sides of the wall. With that, everyone else except Carl, Jean, Arne and Bodil headed back to base camp for sleep and rest. It was already 10:30 pm. They wouldn't be asleep till midnight and would have to arise by 5:00 am to be back up by 6:00 am for the real thing. Fortunately, at this time of year, the Norwegian sun doesn't set, but rather remains "in twilight" from about 11:00 pm to 2:00 am until it then starts rising again! A really different experience.

Arne guided Carl about an eight of a mile farther north around the granite landscape where, once again, another sheer overhang appeared out of nowhere. (Between the two overhangs are 600-foot vertical towers of granite which totally disguise and disorient the uninitiated hiker. Without our Norwegian guides the whole party probably would have been thwarted and discouraged about eight hours earlier!)

Just as he had yelled to himself two years prior, that time at El Capitan, Carl gave out a giant yell, "Eureka," meaning "This is it; we found it; we can jump here!" We can put the 12-120 zoom at the "moving rock," and we can jump from here. Sure enough, Arne had told us correctly: drop a rock (a heavy one) off here, even without the slightest horizontal push, and it will bounce off the smooth granite slab beneath us exactly 17 seconds later, always uninhibited from nicking the walls, wind or not. This site is called the "Brur Skar;" the Norwegian pronunciation of this reminded us of "the Blue Scar."

THE OVERNIGHT VIGIL

Arne and Bodil decided not to hike back down to the base camp because it was so late, so far away, and they were so tired. Carl and Jean quickly "joined suit." We had informed the others of our decision just prior to their heading back. By this decision we four would save two to four hours of hiking (in only seven hours left anyway) and lots of energy, but now we must pay the price for that decision by getting through the night without dinner or sleeping bags! Fortunately the four of us located enough odds and ends in our jackets, like apples, nuts, dried fruits, and even a can of mackerel so as not to mind no dinner too much. But now the next four to five hours of semi-consciousness, feigning "sleep," and the discomfort of sleeping on the rocks in the cold seemed interminable. We took the five parachutes and put them together underneath us and sat on them, four abreast, which at least kept us off the ground, sharing one warm-up suit as a cover that Jorma had left behind for us at our pleading request. The four of us slept sitting upright cheek-to-cheek, keeping warm primarily by each other's body heat. Every five minutes someone had to toss or turn, cough,

change sides or shiver. The temperature dropped to 43° F. The nearest water was an hour away, so forget a sip of water. At 3:00 AM it got as dark as it would, but we could still see through tired and half-shut eyelids the beauty of the cold snow-capped mountain peaks 50 miles away. We felt, in our own small ways, that should we prevail through this whole adventure, we should feel distinctly more alive than had we never even tried. It was a rugged, but good, experience. Oh, how small we are, in the rugged wilderness of this planet. Day in and day out, all of mankind doesn't see 1% of what is always out there, constantly changing, thriving, living and dying.

THE DAY BEGINS

At 4:15 AM Carl got up and set his Beaulieu movie camera on its tripod and began taking "time-lapse" sunrise shots at two fps. It was a relief to walk around and shiver, instead of lie in one spot and shiver. Then Arne assisted him 50 feet up the boulders to the "Moving Rock" at the sheer drop-off, where Carl could repeat the process, this time across the valley and into the sun. A chilling wind of up to 20 mph was vibrating the tripod which Carl attempted to shield with his body.

By 6:20 AM the remainder of the party "trudged" up from the base camp, having gotten up before 5:00 AM to do so. They looked as tired and haggard as we felt. Thirty minutes of breakfast and companionship perked everyone up a bit.

By 7:30 AM we had all ten of us and everything needed for the jumps at the "Blue Scar," 30 minutes around the corner from the four's sleeping place. Jean was appointed radio operator once the operation got underway. She had made contact two or three times by now with Petri and Eila who had set up the target the day before in a very small meadow (the largest one to be found) nearly two miles away. Petri and Eila camped out on the target, thinking we were planning to jump as early as 6:00 AM. It took nearly an hour and a half setting up four POV (point of view) helmet cameras and assigning positions for everyone. Every minute detail eventually "evolved" itself.

It was decided that Jorma Oster would jump first, alone, carrying an ingeniously-built left-wrist-mounted N9 movie camera with a 3.5mm fisheye. What a place to test a new camera mount! He would be followed by Pentti Pukkila, carrying one of Carl's forward-facing N9 fisheyes. The third and final pass would consist of Timo Liukkonen, carrying a rear-facing fisheye and Jukka Heikkinen right on his heels carrying a forward-facing fisheye, hoping for a momentary two-man prior to dumping in ten seconds! Fred, our Norwegian workhorse planned to film movies at 80 fps with a 10-mm lens looking straight down over the edge and letting the jumpers "fall into frame." Jean would film master shots using the Beaulieu and the 5.9mm Angenieux of everyone running off the edge, in addition to running the show using two sets of radios, one to the ground and the other to Carl perched two feet from the other sheer drop-off across the bowl at the "moving rock." The other Norwegian sherpa, Kare, repeated

Jean's angle for stills using a Nikon and a fisheye; he also had a portable radio-telephone in case anyone went down in the talus or forests and needed immediate medical help via rescue climbers or helicopter. (Jorma was thorough and thought of just about all possible contingencies.) Bodil's job was to keep all lenses dry, as it had now started to rain off and on again! The lighting was horrible for filming, but we all had to carry through with all the motions, if we could, no matter what, having come this far! Petri was set to film movies of the landings from the bottom using Jorma's Bolex and Eila was to take stills. News of our attempts had finally leaked out and the Norwegian press was present at the landing area hoping to scoop "history in the making."

PULLING IT OFF

We originally thought we needed to jump around 6:00 AM to get good light in the amphitheater; normally it is in shadows all day long. It didn't matter, though. The logistics were so difficult that we couldn't have made it at that time even if we had wanted to. We were happy to settle for 9:20 AM, and we would have received adequate lighting if it weren't for the high overcast. The mild rain we had earlier quit and so did the early morning wind gusts, but the sun was having trouble poking its head out through the cloud openings. We held 15 minutes for better light and then went on ahead. It was a dead calm on the target.

It's hard to describe the intense drama that was present during these moments. We all seemed so fragile and destined to "obey" whatever nature had in mind for us, except that we couldn't be sure what that was. Our inner selves told us that we had to proceed, whether we wanted to or not, if only to find out just what that "destiny," in fact, was. In Carl's words, it was as "hard-core" as it gets. "Go for it" if you choose. The biggest concerns were "wall-to-canopy opening clearance," having no malfunctions, and maintaining a better glide ratio than the boulders for over a mile, all a tall order, but all possible! We'd never know without trying!

After final radio clearance from Jean, Jorma locked on his wrist movie camera, took two healthy steps and fell away from that edge like he weighed 500 pounds! No one could believe how quickly he accelerated. And unlike El Cap's 12 feet of runway, at the Troll there's more like only four feet in which to "run." Carl tracked Jorma's "plummet" with his Arri at 50 fps for eight seconds before a foreground boulder obscured his trajectory. Two seconds later everyone heard a "whap!" and everyone started yelling and cheering in joy. Jorma had managed to track out about 75 meters from the wall. Jorma had a somewhat bumpy 3½-minute ride due to bubbling air rising from over the talus, and then made a couple of passes over the target from both directions which indicated he had plenty of glide ratio left. The dead calm started about 200 feet up and faked him out. Jorma overshot the small clearing in his Unit by about ten feet and touched down into a bunch of small trees. He didn't get hurt but

Trouble at the Troll Wall

one of the tree branches broke his fisheye lens in half which he was able to screw back together again later.

About 15 minutes later Pentti took the mighty leap and displayed just beautiful form, nursing as much forward speed and distance out of a "dead calm mush" as is possible. He also opened in about ten seconds and easily made the meadow with altitude to spare, missing the target by around ten feet. His multi-colored five-cell Strato Star looked beautiful against the rocks and trees.

We waited again for good light. It was probably almost 10:20 AM before the third and final exits were made. Timo was to launch first followed immediately by Jukka. We could all understand why Timo was a little "uptight." It was to be his 201st jump in eight years and his third square jump on a borrowed rig! Yahoo! (Jorma had 620 jumps, Pentti had 857 jumps, and Jukka 522 jumps.) Timo probably hadn't tried a camera before, either.

At any rate, the two exited almost simultaneously which put them almost abreast of each other. They tried for a two-way hookup but--as predicted--failed. Timo took about 8 seconds and Jukka "smoked it" to 10-12 seconds. Besides being a little low, Jukka had a Flyer 5-cell canopy and "didn't quite make it out." He had to settle for a landing on a 45° incline covered with shubbery. The shubbery kept him from sliding backwards a long ways--who knows how far. He turned his ankle but otherwise was happily unhurt. Timo landed his square just beyond the clearing and clipped some young trees about four feet above the ground. He was incredibly ejubilant, as were the rest. Four perfect cliff jumps, even if three of them resulted in tree landings!

Carl and Jean Boenish were just as happy to have filmed and not to have jumped since they both were not properly prepared. Six hours later the support crew from the top hiked all the remaining gear and cameras back down to the cafe where they were met by the jumpers and ground crew. Everybody had such a triumphant feeling of success and gratitude. It was really a neat adventure.

The next day, everybody raided the local newsstands to purchase numerous copies of the daily newspaper carrying a full-blown 4-page account of the whole event. Despite some difficult conditions and much bad weather, everybody felt the adventure was well worth it and agreed that it served to expand everybody's horizons and to meet new friends. Word got out about the cliff jumps and Europeans began showing up, week after week, until winter set in. Long live the Troll Wall!

Jorma Oster, Finnish jumper, was probably the first person to jump off the Troll Wall in Norway (Skydiving, Issue #00). He has kept a close watch of skydiving from the 3,500-foot cliff, returning to the Troll Wall several times. He filed this report late last month:

As I said in my previous letter of last June, (Troll Wall jumping this year) started off very quietly without any accidents. On July 20th two Germans made a jump from the Troll Wall. The first supposedly fell too long, deploying his canopy too low for it to inflate. He hit a 45 degree snow bank and slid into an ice cave.

"His friend jumped about a half hour later. His canopy had badly twisted lines and he hit the wall very soon after opening. It is said he did not track. He was stuck on the wall about 300 meters from the bottom.

"Both accidents were seen from the ground. After a few hours three big (Sikorsky) Sea King helicopters and a smaller one showed up. Fifteen mountain climbers from Oslo were also brought in."

"It took 12 hours to rescue the jumper who was hanging on the face of the cliff. He had only a few broken bones.

"His friend was thought to be dead because nobody thought anyone could survive the jump without an inflated canopy. And neither the helicopters or mountain climbers were able to find him.

"The next day, after 32 hours of searching, a helicopter pilot spotted a very small mark in the snow and a small hole. The ground crew went to the hole and found the jumper alive. He was badly hurt with a broken back and several other bones. But he was alive.

"The whole rescue operation cost 500,000 Norwegian kroner (about \$100,000).

"The newspapers were full of stories on the accident. Cliff jumping was widely condemned.

"The guy who was hanging on the wall was interviewed in the country's largest newspaper. There was a picture of him lying in the hospital, smiling and saying, 'It was the best jump I've ever made but I am not going to do it again.'

"By now things really began to happen on the Troll Wall.

"A group of English jumpers had been there for a while, ready and waiting to jump. Some of them had even taken part in the rescue operation. The police somehow heard that they intended to



Editorial cartoon that appeared in Norway's largest newspaper.

jump. They guarded the trails going up behind the cliff. They tried to send a group to the exit point, but could not find a guide to show them the way.

"The English group was faster and beat the police to the exit point. But the weather was very cloudy. When they returned the next day the police were waiting for them. No one was arrested, but everyone had to promise not to jump and return to England.

"The police were satisfied and left. The guards were removed.

"It was sunny the next day, and one jumper decided not to return to England until he had jumped. He made good preparations: three days of food, plenty of warm clothes and a package of morphine in case of injury. He later told the press he was prepared to survive three days of hanging on the wall.

"He went up with a Norwegian skydiver and both made good jumps. The Norwegian had a getaway car waiting and he escaped. The English jumper was surrounded by the press when he landed. The journalists found out how well prepared he was for the jump.

"The next day, the front page of practically every newspaper carried headlines which read, 'From the Troll Wall with Morphine.'

Elif Ness and Thorolf Paulhus from the Norwegian Air Sport Association were

also at the landing area when the two jumped. They read the letter of the association to the English jumper. (The letter told of the problems Troll Wall jumping was making for the association and asked skydivers to cease.) They berated the jumper.

"The police became interested again. They decided to arrest the English jumper, but couldn't find him, he had already left town.

"Later, on television, the police said they would stop the jumping 'even if we have to use force.' But a few days later they had to retract the statement, because the head of the Norwegian police declared the jumpers were not breaking the law and therefore couldn't be stopped.

"After the accident involving the Germans, jumping continued without any problems. Then, at the end of July, a French jumper hung up on the wall and was rescued 16 hours later, unharmed.

"Norwegian jumpers are still jumping from the Troll Wall, in spite of orders from the association not to. They jump anonymously, or call themselves Swedish skydivers.

"So far there have been no deaths, but the future looks bleak. It seems impossible to stop the jumping. If Norway makes it illegal, the skydivers will do it secretly.

"The only effective way to stop the jumping is to post an armed guard at the top. But that solution is very expensive and very unlikely to happen. And Norway is full of mountains; it would only be a matter of time before someone finds a new place.

"All of the accidents have resulted from breaking one or more of the basic rules of cliff jumping, such as not tracking, or freefalling too long, or doing RW. All the accidents have happened because jumpers have not cared to take the jump seriously, or because they just didn't know how to make it safely.

"Several foreign jumpers have jumped without contacting someone who knows how to do it right. There should be an



Swedish Jumpers Sonny Olausson and Anders Nyqvist jump from the Troll Wall; each is wearing a camera. Nyqvist did not track during freefall, collided with the wall immediately after his canopy inflated, and suffered a broken leg. Photo by Jorma Oster.

organization that gives the jumpers the information.

"At the moment the Norwegian Air Sport Association is trying to stop the jumping by not giving out information and by making rules. The hands of the association are tied because the com-

manding general of the air force has threatened to stop the country's regular skydiving if the cliff jumps continue.

"It looks like things are going the same direction as El Capitan, except the final stop of jumping looks farther away. The circus will go on . . ."

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