

SPORTS NEWS.

Enthusiasts of the South Staffordshire Hydroplane Racing Club get ready for their last event of the season - the race for the Ellwood Trophy, at Chasewater, Brownhills.

They're away - with seventy-five miles ahead of them, and plenty of excitement for their friends and supporters. Vic Labrum and Mrs. Miriam Grogan crew Gee-Wiz, one of the favourites in a hotly-contested field. Seventy-five miles is an awful lot of water to get wet in, and these boats don't stop to replace their divots; but by and large the people who seem to be collecting most of the water are not the crews but the spectators.

The last lap finishing now - and it's Gee-Wiz roaring under the chequered flag. Hydroplane racing is becoming more popular every year - and more powerful; there's eleven hundred c.c. packed in there. But in the end - it's the crew that matters!

Over to Sandown Airport, Isle of Wight, for the 1959 British Parachute Championships. There are six parachute clubs operating in Britain today, and each of them is represented here by a three-man team. The jumping target is marked by a cross, and the upstairs end is the wing of a Tiger Moth - a long, long way upstairs. Three thousand seven hundred feet, to be exact. This is a delayed-opening jump.

You start with 150 points, and you lose a point for every yard between the cross and actual spot where you land.

Nerve-racking enough anyway - but what happens if your 'chute turns out to be torn?

Nobody's worried - because all you do is open another one.

That looks nasty! But these intrepid characters aren't in the least put off. They just come back for more, sometimes dropping for as long as 30 seconds - and scoring points for style on the way! before they pull the string.

The last jumps are made, the 'chutes stowed away, the last distance measured, and the points totted up. And this year's champion is Mr. Norman Hoffman, 35, married. His wife must have good nerves, too!