

Student Voice:

“Do you support President Reagan in his decision to take military action against Libya?”

The United States has, after months of taunting, attacked Libya. Reports of the attack are still sketchy. No one will ever know exactly what happened on Monday, but one thing is clear: military action has begun. It could lead to more military action or, more remotely, the end of Khad-daffi's reign of terrorism. This issue's Student Voice question asks: “Do you support President Reagan in his decision to take military action against Libya?”

Paul Minger, Second Semester, Advertising--“I do not support him. Being of draft age shines a light on the subject that I never had before. A lot of people my age are very upset and very scared about it. But it seems like the people who are not of age are suppor-

ting Reagan. I don't think anything will ever progress of it. They're afraid of another Vietnam. We've made one mistake before, and I don't think we'll make another. I didn't think it would progress as much as it did, but on the other hand, who knows what will happen next.”



Paul Minger



Rosanne Grygier

Rosanne Grygier, Second Semester, Accounting--“America needs to show the world that we're tough, and we're not going to take any harrassment from minor countries. I support Reagan, I voted for him and I think he's a good President.”

Deanna Blackburn, Second Semester, Marketing--“I think Reagan has been trying to start a war ever since he got elected. He's been building military since he's been in the presidency. I think he's been provoking it.”



Deanna Blackburn



Michele Buczkowski

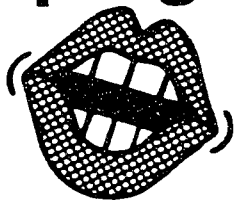
Michele Buczkowski, Second Semester, Political Science (specializing in the Department of Defense)--“I support Reagan's decision to bomb Libya. I don't think it will result in World War Three. They're going to kiss up to us and it's all going to blow over within a matter of three weeks.”

Cadets experience their first helicopter jump

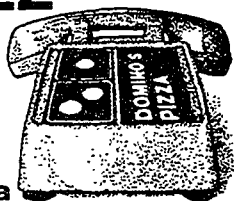
by Thomas Milley
Collegian Staff Writer

At fifteen hundred feet the

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jumpmaster shouted, “Unhook safety belts” and issued the double thumbs-up sign that stirs the blood of every paratrooper.

“Stand by” the jumpmaster shouted. We slid out onto our buttocks, our feet and knees together and ‘cocked back’ like the hammer of a pistol locking back, in anticipation of the final pull of the trigger.



Paratroopers try to relax before jump

“Go” he shouted, pointing at the first jumper. The sergeant he was referring to kicked out his feet and shoved off with his hands, disappearing into the wind. Just as quickly as he had gone, the jumpmaster pointed at the second jumper and shouted the final command. One by one we disappeared until all seven of us had gone...

Sound like a novel? It's not, it's just another day for the U.S. Army Rigger School, at Fort Lee, Virginia. It wasn't just another

day for myself or the other cadets, however, we were making our sixth airborne jump. Major McDavid was making his tenth jump, but for all of us it was a first, the first time any of us jumped from a helicopter.

The jump that took place on Friday, April 4 was arranged last November by the cadre of the Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

They had openings for more airborne qualified personnel than they could fill, so they invited the airborne cadets of neighboring colleges, namely Slippery Rock and Behrend, to join them.

The jump was preceded by a tour of the U.S. Army Rigger School. The riggers are a special department of the Quartermaster Corps which are responsible for the folding and rigging of the various parachutes and airborne equipment used by the Army.

Following the tour of the

facilities, we moved off to the airborne refresher site to review our airborne training. The group of twenty cadre and cadets took turns jumping from the thirty-seven foot mock tower, making exits from helicopter mockups, and doing parachute landing falls (PLF's) from a platform and from a lateral drift apparatus.

After lunch, we moved to McLaney Drop Zone, and got into our MCI-1B Parachutes, the military's steerable parachute. We lined up in chalks of eight, and watched as Major McDavid loaded the helicopter in the fifth position of the first chalk. Then, after receiving our jumpmaster's primary inspection, we sat down and waited, relaxed as best we could and watched the first chalk jump. The other Behrend cadets who jumped were: Mike Gavrilis, Jon Heidt, Michell Miller, and Mark Sinicki.

...With the second “Go” Mike had thrust himself out of the UH-1H, then Jon, then Michell then myself, followed by Mark Sinicki and Vitessa Del Prete, an IUP cadet.

On the fifth “Go”, I kicked my feet and leapt out. My eyes tried to focus, but between the rotor blast and the rate of my descent, the air looked as if it were boiling.

I snapped to a tight body position with my hands on the reserve, and counted six thousand. My chute opened, and I looked up and saw that my risers had a twist from the motion of my body during the time between exit and inflation.

I bicycled with my feet and that spun my body around. I then grabbed the control toggles used to steer the ‘Dash-1’, as the chutes are nicknamed by the paratroopers. I looked around to be sure that I wasn't in anyone's

way, and that I had room to maneuver for myself.

Then I looked down to see where I was headed, and discovered that I was falling at twenty-two feet per second toward the black-top road that formed the western boundary of the drop zone. I pulled the left toggle down and turned the T-U shaped modification that provides the MCI-1B with its eight miles per hour forward velocity, into the wind. By doing this I wound up 100 meters east of the road.

At about two hundred feet above the ground, I put my feet and knees together and bent slightly and prepared to land. I did a right side PLF, stood up and dragged the harness down wind to keep the canopy deflated. I got out of the harness and pulled the canopy upwind, tightening it out, and figure eight folded it around my arms placing the whole parachute in the aviator's kit bag, and jogged off to the drop zone.

Everyone agreed that jumping from a helicopter was more fun than jumping from a plane: you can jump with a small group of close friends, you don't need to wait long once you're in the air, and you can see the entire drop zone before you jump.

That evening we attended a dinner at the officer's club, and got a chance to discuss the differences and similarities in programs between the three universities. Saturday morning we said good-bye to Fort Lee and sat back for the eleven hour ride back to Erie.

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