

# Woodbine Reunion Picnic

9 Aug 2003

Baltimore, MD

The Woodbine Drop Zone, located west of Baltimore, MD, operated from the 1960's until 1980. On August 9, Woodbine jumpers and pilots gathered for a reunion picnic at Tom Hamrich's home in nearby Ijamsville, MD. This was the 5th reunion picnic, the first through fourth were held at the Hutchison farm near Woodbine. The first reunion was in 1994.



Woodbine Reunion Group. Back row: Gary Thompson, Dean Widerman, Joe DiClementi, Mark Siders, Larry Derreth, Hal Boone, Kyle Geatz, and Johnny Hutchison. Middle row: Cheryl Whitford, Ray McCawley, and Teedle Williams. Front Row: Dick Kreis (pilot), Evelyn Hutchison, Maria Yegella, and Tom Hamrich. Not in photo: Bob Ostman, Pat Ashby, Rob Hutchison, Sean Dwyer, and Denise Stephens



Evelyn Hutchison, Ray McCawley, Gary Thompson and Johnny Hutchison wearing shirts from past reunions

Photos by Cheryl Whitford

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## MEMORIES OF WOODBINE

Nothing could be finer, than to be an old Woodbiner and to have a get-together with the 'crew'.  
We'll drink a bunch of beers, and talk about the years it's been since old 'Two-Seven X-ray flew.

Back then we'd pound the ground, and try to stand up with a round, the knees and ankles really took a beating,  
Or land 'out' and walk a mile, but I know what would make you smile... Good old Richard just convened a 'safety meeting' !!

Well the whuffos ask you "Why, plummet headlong through the sky?" And they'd wonder, "What's the greatest thing you risk?  
Course you'd tell them of the terror of flat spins & jumper error, But not the dreaded 'meadow muffin' disk.

They'd say "It takes a lot of guts!" or "You must be a little nuts, to leave a perfectly good airplane while in flight!"  
But then how can you explain that when you look up at your main, what they call foolish, never felt so right!

They could never understand just how it feels, the time you land and realize the wondrous thing that you just did.  
It doesn't matter if you're 'old', thirty-something, full of mold, you feel just like a sixteen year old kid.

Now a night down at the bar would make us yearn to build a star, and when the time would come we'd try hard not to blow it,  
But more often times than not, we would funnel, flip, and flop, we were doing freestyle... we just didn't know it!

Hesitation when I dump, now I've really got 'The Lump', after this jump I'll be ready for a drink.  
FUNCTION JUNCTION! ! Holy cow! Capewells please don't fail me now! Feet and knees together, here we go! KA-CHINK! ! !

Now the part that I like best, is how it snivels off my chest, and I'm hoping that there won't be any trouble.  
Then it's open, big and round, and I'm still above the ground, YAHOO! ! Better make that drink a double!

Running hard from Woodbine Road, 'cause the spotter was a toad, eyeing up the runway 'cause there ain't a breeze.  
Wait! ! The outhouse looms in sight, now give it just a little right, I might get that extra lift and make the peas!

Well I long for those old days, back when Woodbine was the craze, and everyone just wanted to have fun.  
But the memories remain about ol' Kephart and his plane. Now I need a beer, it's time for me to run.

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