



# Skywriter

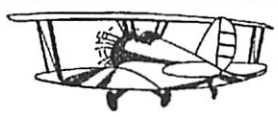


Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

September 1993

♪ Off We Go ... ♪

by Wayne Winters



Is time going by more quickly or am I just getting older? It seems like only a few days ago we were noticing how green and lush the crops and fields are. Now some of those fields are starting to ripen and that can only mean one thing. The summer has been so beautiful, especially from the air, the sunshine yellow of the Canola fields, the rich green of the Wheat and Barley fields, the steel blue of the Flax fields, and the copper rust of the Hay fields. During the next 30 to 45 days we will be able to witness the most spectacular changing of colors Mom Nature can provide. Make sure you take the time to get into the air to enjoy them. Postcards and Calendars are made of what we will be seeing shortly.

### Pick Your Field

With this time of year comes the hazard of finding a safe place to land in the event of an engine failure. The crops, just before becoming ripe, are at their densest and, as some of us can attest, will definitely make for a very short ground roll if you have to go into one! With each flight we need to be watching for places we can go and/or return to in the event of becoming a glider. It is a good idea to treat Canola fields like water - don't fly over them unless you can glide to a safe place beyond. Right now the best fields are the cut hay fields, even if it means zig zaging between the bails (unless they are the small ones and are too close together). If you look in a bailed field you can usually see a path that would be possible to follow, through the bales. The next best fields would be the summer fallow ones, followed by the pastures (complete with Badger

and Gopher holes), followed by the roads (if the power wires are not too close), followed by the grain fields - excluding the Canola - see above.

Actually roads are a pretty good bet as long as you know where the power lines are and that your wing span is not wider than the power and fence lines. When ever you see any buildings, assume that there is a power line across the road - even if you can't see it - ask Bernie Kespe!! It is legal to use a road in an emergency, but beware of cars, etc. because tangling with the dreaded Canola field is better than Fibrous Steelious. In the vicinity of your airfield it is not a bad idea to look at a few roads from the car and measure from the center of the road to the power poles, and compare that to half of your wing span. You will probably be surprised, but when it comes time to land on one the power poles take two giant steps closer to the road and the road sucks its banks in and becomes a bicycle path!

The best idea is to do a really thorough walk around on your Airplane and make sure fuel lines, spark wires, etc. are in good condition before the big flight. The best forced landing is the one you hear about!

### Regulations Update

There have been a lot of changes that have been rumored but not confirmed. Now that summer is over and people are back from holidays we should be able to get some answers as to where things are by the next news letter.

### Family Fun Fly

At the September 1st meeting we will be making a decision as to what date to use for the fun fly. If you miss the meeting be sure and contact one of us to find out the date. It will likely be later in September or early October.

### Hats And Pins

Be sure and get your C.U.F.C. hat and lapel pin. For members the hats are only \$6.00 and the pins \$2.00. Non-members - \$9.00 for the hats and \$4.00 for the pins.

### Fatal Crash

Two Eckville area residents died on August 23 when the 2-place Beaver RX550 they were flying crashed. Tom Thomas, a CUFC member, and an experienced ultralight pilot, was reported to be giving flight instruction to Barbara Lawton when the tragedy occurred.

Eye-witness reports indicate that the airplane was flying about 600 feet AGL, in a nose-high attitude, when it suddenly dove straight into the ground. The engine was reported to be heard running until the impact. Although there was some sort of chute on board, apparently it was not deployed.

Transport Canada has secured the aircraft for further investigation.

On behalf of the members of the CUFC, we wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the families of Tom Thomas and Barbara Lawton.

# Peace River Adventure

the 1000-mile Odyssey of the Dragonfly Squadron -

by Gord Tebbutt

Plans, dreams and speculations around a long cross country flight by ultralights, and performance in a small airshow began to smolder six months ago when our Calgary Ultralight Flying Club was invited to fly in the Peace River Airshow, May 30. Word was passed through Don Rogers, our local fireman pilot extraordinary, that anyone who wished to make the flight up would be most welcome. The idea was immediately very appealing to me, and as many as fifteen of our pilots (from our club of more than seventy-five members and about thirty machines based in or near Calgary) expressed a tentative interest in making the flight. Over the winter months, I found my daydreams wandering into flight sequences and routines ranging from simple and practical to thirty or forty maneuvers involving (and evolving into) rather complex procedures; they all seemed achievable, but even the simplest would require practice and discipline by a dedicated and conscientious group of fliers. As is so often the case, rehearsals were difficult to bring together, but in the last month before the trip, four of us managed one evening of concentrated practice, with the invaluable advice of Stu Simpson, who has performed in several Red Deer airshows in his single-seat Beaver, and his wife, Tina (their soon to be airborne

offspring was keeping them both close to home that month). Bob Kirkby, with his Renegade Spirit, participated in the practice session but unfortunately could not join us on the trip because of business commitments.

This left Don Rogers and Fred Wright in their Chinooks and me in my two-seat Beaver. In the final days before departure, Ray Mackell in his brand new Renegade also planned to join us, and a preliminary meeting at Bob's office brought us all together to formulate plans for our route to and from Peace River, pit stops, and logistical support.

Last minute overhauls included replacing virtually all tires and bungees on the three slower machines which constitute what I call our "River Flight" (Chinooks and Beaver), while the lone "Eagle" (Renegade) in our "Dragonfly Squadron" of four needed some radio outfitting. Fred's machine also required an 11th hour engine rebuild, with rush-couriered parts from Smoky Lake and Wayne Winter's shop and skills enabling it to fly in record time. A postponement from a planned Thursday to Friday, May 27th departure gave Fred just enough time to finish his engine and join us, but not enough for a planned replacement of his propeller. The countdown begins, and pulses quicken.

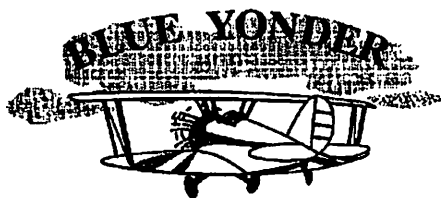
Friday, May 28

Up at 4:00 am, aiming for a six o'clock departure, I arrived at Indus airport at 5:45 in the loaded up ground support vehicle (my wife Liz being a great sport and driving all the way, alone, in our truck with fuel cans, tools and

miscellaneous gear for our week-long adventure). A last thorough preflight and I secured the hangers by the grey light of dawn, threatening sky, strong southeasterly winds and temperature of 3 degrees (I wore my snowmobile suit for the first leg of my open-air escapade). We took off at 0645 hours, Don in his Chinook C-1A9E, Fred in his Chinook C-IDXX, and me in my Beaver C-IDRS (my partner, Gerry Macdonald, gallantly agreed to my taking her to Peace River while he went off sky-diving). No more soft grass strips until our return to Indus.

A persistent tailwind, which stayed where it was, alas, and just grew stronger when we fought it on our homeward flight, took us to our first stop, Olds/Didsbury airport in one hour, cruising at about fifty-five mph. I refuelled and carried a spare can in my back seat, whereas Fred and Don could sustain four hours or more. Ray Mackell met us in his Renegade, C-FBRM (registered as an advanced ultralight) and his friend Giselle with her ground-support Honda, applied a fluorescent pink X to her roof and roared off in the cavalcade.

We headed north, circling around Olds before regrouping, west along Highway 27 then north along Highway 22 as (continued on page 3)



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Meetings of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club are held the first Wednesday of every month at 7:30pm at

R.C.A.F. Association  
110 - 7220 Fisher Street S.E.  
Calgary, Alberta

*(Adventure - continued from page 2)*

Sundre came into view. Our next leg, 70 miles (80 by road) flashed by in 1.5 hours and Don brought us in with his radio (I'm the only NORDO in steady) 10 mph winds. I refilled again (as always, with my two hour + range), then we sped northward along Highway 22 over wooded foothills to Drayton Valley. Here, we were met by Liz's brother Art Garland and sister-in-law Gail, who enthusiastically decided to drive up to the airshow the next day and help staff our CUFC table, selling caps and pins for the club and for STARS air ambulance.

We continued northward along 22 to Mayerthorpe where a conventional twin was just taking off. Our strong tailwind then propelled us along Hwy 43 non-stop to Whitecourt, arriving at 1410 hrs. after 1.5 hours flight from Drayton (80 miles), right on schedule and enough low/slow/noisy hours for our first day. John Wadlow and others at Aerial Recon (about a dozen small helicopters) welcomed us and invited us to tie down on a cable for the night; John had generously offered the use of their van to get into town, but an FSS staffer gave Don and Fred a ride while Liz and I followed in our faithful Sonoma. We checked into the pleasantly pastel grandeur of the Green Gables Motel for a quiet night and a welcome rest.

Saturday, May 29

Up at 6 for a quick breakfast and a truck load of fuel, Premium Shell to mix with our supply of two stroke oil, and we took off at 0800 hrs. Bright, clear day with strong SE winds carried us over densely wooded terrain. The only "attractive" emergency landing possibilities were Highway 43 itself; parallel cuts and well sites were usually occupied by powerlines or well head structures. One hour took us forty-five miles to Fox Creek, a neat little paved strip by the side of the highway with a single outhouse and a small trailer as an air terminal (still has its tail lights, highway speed limit and WIDE LOAD sign attached).

I refueled as usual, then on NW ward as trees gave way to welcome, open farmlands again. We landed at Valleyview airport at 1115 hrs., another 50 mile hop in 1.0 hour, in ever-strengthening SE winds and brilliant sunshine. Refueled quickly and carried on (Liz has somehow managed to keep up to us all the way in the truck). Thermals popping off open fields bounced us repeatedly, with my Beaver straining to keep pace with Ron and Fred's more streamlined, fully enclosed Chinooks. Puffy cum's built rapidly by this time, manifesting the turbulence and instability of the hot summer afternoon; becoming more and more challenging, complete with white knuckles.

We slipped into Donnelly's airstrip between launchings of a sailplane swept aloft by cable and winch, hit by turbulence which tossed us about on short final approach.

We were met here by Ray, who had visited his family near Girouxville overnight and we left quickly, forming up for our final push toward Peace River, 45 miles to the northwest. Don had lost his starter function and discovered that his ignition wires were fused and scorched - from here onward he was to hand prop his machine.

We arrived at Peace River with considerable relief after a turbulent ride, at about 3 PM; weather bright and hot, in sharp contrast to the cold rains of Calgary 500 miles behind us. Our final leg took us over the broad, beautiful Peace River valley to the bustling activity of the airport, closed

to the public in preparation for the airshow. After tying down our planes (Don, Ray and I on the "show" side of the fence, whereas Fred, because of his low power prop, preferred not to fly in the show and remained on static display on the "spectator" side), Don, Fred and Ray attended a hosted BBQ at the Shell hangar, meeting many of the pilots who would perform the next day. Among our genial hosts were Neil Buker, one of the chief organizers of the show and Don Roger's brother Bill - a very keen, enthusiastic supporter who provided a great deal of moral and logistical assistance for us all during the weekend - hats off and a big thanks to Bill!

Don had noticed a serious disintegration developing in his forward "lord mount" (a thick rubber connector attaching muffler to engine) as far back as Valleyview, but had managed to hold it together (somewhat) between stops with loops of safety wire and crossed fingers. Once safely down at Peace River, he attacked the problem with enthusiasm and ingenuity. Through Neil, a roving AME took Don to nearby Grimshaw to create a replacement mount from hockey pucks or whatever would work, finally settling for a scavenged "boiler plug", which served the purpose for the show and part of the return trip, before it too began to disintegrate.

Sunday, Show Day, May 30 dawned clear and warm, an ideal day for spectators; however increasingly strong easterly winds swept across the runway at 90 C. Up at 6:30, breakfast at Traveller's Inn, where we were  
*(continued on page 4)*



*Don Rogers and Fred Wright at Olds/Didsbury. Which is which?*

*(Adventure - continued from page 3)*

accommodated for Saturday and Sunday nights, courtesy of the air show organizer's. Out to the airport by 0900, setting up our CUFC display and conducting thorough preflights. A pilots briefing at 10:30, orchestrated by Don and Mike Robertson, gave details of the sequence, tolerances and protocol for the afternoon show. Data sheets on our pilots and aircraft were submitted to the announcer at this time; unfortunately these pieces of information were lost/distorted/neglected and otherwise misinterpreted (from feedback I heard later) during our demonstration.

Promptly at the beginning of the show, at 1300 hrs., Don, Ray and I were warming up our Rotax powered babies, in front of the crowd (estimated at 7500, behind a protective snow fence). Because of the strong crosswind, we elected to take off and land in the grass, approximately 300 feet (halfway to the 6000' x 150' main runway) from the crowd. Minutes earlier, Don, our flight leader, had seriously considered scrubbing our routine, or at least curtailing it because of the strength, direction and gustiness of the winds on this bright, hot summer's afternoon. However, we were finally sufficiently confident to at least do our basic fly-by and if that felt O.K. we would proceed with our full program.

Finally the moment of truth arrived and we wheeled to the edge of the grass in front of the crowd and roared across to lift-off, Ray first followed by Don and I in close succession; full power climbs in the strong winds rocketed us skyward, and immediate abrupt crabs swept us rapidly into our crosswind leg away from the crowd. What a rush of exhilaration as our engines pushed (and pulled) with power and confidence into the sparkling blue sky. Steep banks at high speed had us streaking back in "down" wind, all executed well within the boundaries (maximum 800 feet from the crowd line). In seconds, reaching the SW end of the runway, Don and I banked steeply in unison and soared back abreast toward the waiting crowd at 300' AGL, Don on my left, along the grass and a couple of wing spreads further away, in parallel, for our straight-and-level fly past to test

the winds and set up for our next maneuver.

With steep, simultaneous banks at stage left, I took the lead as we passed line astern into our downward leg, then turned hard together to form up for our second pass and perform the first ever (to my knowledge) public demonstration of what I call an "ultra-loop" which evolved from plans for shifting among several format patterns, especially from a simple forward facing Vic. (Canada goose style) to a reverse Vic; one way of achieving this effectively is with 3 planes: the two flanking wingmen maintain simple straight-and-level flight while the centre (lead) pilot alternately climbs (losing airspeed and falling behind) and dives (speeding up and pulling ahead again) in an undulating maneuver. The visual result, from a ground perspective, is an apparent looping ferris wheel effect with the centre pilot appearing to rotate about the position of the wingman. In our flight we had two performers, which should show the same relative motion. Although we weren't quite close enough together, (in deference to the gusting crosswind) to show the full extent of the procedure, I'm told that it was an impressive flyby nonetheless (Liz is my greatest fan!). Anyway, Disneyworld has probably scooped us on this act years ago.

Rapid pullups and simultaneous steep banks led us into our third downwind astern, crosswind at the end of the runway and back in single file, executing high-angle side shipping descents. Another quick circuit set us up for our final approach, with Don demonstrating a normal, smooth landing after which I came in high, cut the engine and descended steeply to a deadstick landing on the grass at show centre, then pulling on my engine and

taxing in behind Don, followed by Ray's Renegade; Ray had made several high speed passes to entertain the crowd while Don and I were circuiting.

As exciting as our brief show was to us, unfortunately most of the maneuvers apparently were not fully appreciated by the crowd because of numerous mistakes and misrepresentations (bordering on insults) by the airshow announcer. It was scant consolation that even world class performers such as Joann Osterud, Al Pietsch and Steve Wolf were also subjected to inappropriate and derogatory barbs which detracted from the quality and enjoyment of the show - Geraldo tactics are unsuitable for this type of scene.

Anyway, I experienced a tremendous thrill in this, my first airshow performance, and am grateful for the chance to participate - how else but in ultralights could we ever hope to rub shoulders with these aviation superstars? Don is the "veteran" of several airshow, having flown in Red Deer for the past three years, and Ray had achieved a lifelong dream with his beautifully crafted Renegade, here on his home turf (make that "skies").

The remainder of the afternoon was filled with outstanding performances by Joann Osterud flying an Ultimate 10-300S in breathtaking loops and inverted passes below a ribbon strung across the runway, and very impressive aerobatic displays by Steve Wolf, Scott Hummack, Al Pietch, Kirk Calvert, Jim Coombs and Ross Grady. Other demonstrations by Canadian military and fire-fighting aircraft completed the show by its 1630 ending - truly an eventful day! Our sun-baked group headed off for shower, grub and a welcome rest after Liz and I fuelled *(continued on page 5)*



*Ray Mackell blasts off in his Renegade.*

*(Adventure - continued from page 4)*

up in Grimshaw (courtesy of the airshow) in preparation for our long trip home.

Monday, May 31

Another hot, sunny day (sun up is before 5 am and sundown about 11 pm this far north) in Peace River saw us packing up, refuelling, cinching up any loose piece of our aircraft and bidding goodbye to the mighty Peace. However, since the persistently southeasterly wind now faced us relentlessly, it took us at least 15 minutes to get across the river (just 4 miles from the airport). This was a portent of things to come, as we beat steadily homeward, straining to make headway. Don and Fred drew far ahead of me as I droned on at 55-60 mph airspeed, trying not to exceed a comfortable 6000 to 6200 rpm on my 503 Rotax. It was a great relief when they eased back and allowed me to catch up - a great comfort to be flanked by my flying buddies, especially since I'm the only one without a radio. Ray flew tight circles around (sometimes too close for my liking), trying to hold back and fly with the group. After a steady 1.4 hours SE ward, we landed again at Donnelly's slider strip, 45 miles from Peace River, in a very strong wind which made landing and taxiing a stressful challenge. As we rolled onto the taxiway and settled in for refuelling, Fred stopped his Chinook, touched his gearbox to investigate an unusual vibration, and glanced away for a split second when a gust of wind shifted his plane a fraction of an inch and clipped

two fingers of his right hand in the idling prop (3000 rpm), like the strike of treacherous rattlesnake! We soon all saw Fred's plight, Liz and Giselle had just arrived, and Ray and Giselle roared off down the road to take Fred to the nearest hospital. In an amazingly short time, Fred was back, stitched and patched and ready to go - after he'd fished some tinfoil out of a garbage bin to bypass a blown fuse in his starter circuit. That Fred is one tough buzzard and a great guy!

Heading southwestward on our 50 mile leg to Vallyview, our time was a little better because of the quartering wind, rather than directly head on, but velocities were increasing. Loyal Liz was there, as always, patching up Fred's bandaged hand and making sure we all had fuel and munchies before heading on. Back over heavier and heavier forest cover and facing stronger headwinds, we beat our way laboriously and agonizingly slowly along Highway 43 - still 300 miles from home and safe haven.

Finally we reached Fox Creek, at about 4 pm, and decided to take a long overdue lunch break. With Fred and Don in the back of the Sonoma with gas cans and a myriad mess of gear, we rattled into town, just down the road. After a good meal and a revamp of Fred's fingers, we were soon back at the strip, in-time to meet Ray's arrival at 6 pm. His overflight had attracted attention in Fox Creek and soon two local men, Richard Sharky and Mike O'Donell, drove out to see where the mysterious ultralights had come from - Mike has a Beaver RX550 hangared at the strip and Richard is a welder and aircraft restorer. While this was going

on, Fred discovered a severe set of cracks in his muffler - looking imminently ready to explode through his prop - disaster, right? Well, Fred's guardian angel was there again with Richard insisting that he take the offending muffler home, crank up his welding machine and fix it - which he did while Fred and I sipped juice in his kitchen and admired his rebuilt Champ. Back to the strip with Mike and Richard, muffler re-installed, tense discussion of our prospects as the evening wore on inesorably, then finally our explosive lift-off into that relentless headwind, with 2 hours of daylight remaining. Reeling and bobbing like corks in the ocean, closely following the ribbon of highway through densely forested foothills, we throbbed onward, threatened by burgeoning rain squalls and thunderstorms lashing out towards our right rear flank and the fiery ball of sun dropping lower behind our backs. On and on, painfully slowly, tossed like dry leaves in autumn, we fought our way directly into the wind. Comforting to see Don steadily and reliable off my right wing and Fred close behind - grateful that they've throttled back to keep me company and resisted the urge to speed ahead before darkness - or the storm, overtakes us. Finally, straight ahead in the lengthening shadow "only" 10 miles away, beckons the Whitecourt airstrip, right in line with our flight path and the Schwarzenegger wind - a splash of brightness in a dark green ocean of forest. Don announced our impending arrival as 4 ultralights, while a startled conventional pilot high above the airport encountered a mysterious "white plane with 2 wings" - Ray had gone in high and fast. Happily, our straight-in approach saved precious minutes and we landed and taxied in as the sun dropped below the horizon - not a minute to spare - what a relief after such an endurance test! Finally, at the end of a long, tiring day, we settled in for the night, nearly midnight by now, with our whole group reunited.

Tuesday, June 1

An early morning start and a fresh fill up of our 7 cans of fuel set us up for the second half of our homeward trek. Winds were strong even at this hour, and dark clouds loomed somberly overhead. Take-off launched us into the cool morning air, facing those omni-present headwinds as we skimmed over the hills toward Mayerthorpe and the northern terminus of Highway 22. At this little strip, with its Mexican-style stucco building and sour-gas drenched  
*(continued on page 6)*



*Liz and Gord Tebbutt relax after a grueling trip.*

plumbing, we refuelled and took stock. Then Don, Fred and I headed southward along 22, bouncing along with increasing turbulence over Antwistle and Highway 16 (Edmonton - Jasper, Yellowhead Highway) an hour later and on to Drayton Valley almost another hour beyond. Still higher winds, inevitably across the runway, made landing and taxiing major challenges, and we were glad to be back on the ground. A beautiful, hot, clear day like this should have been delightful, but the relentless SE wind had no mercy.

While dozing and waiting several hours for winds to diminish, the local FSS contact came by with a message that Ray had landed at Villeneuve on the edge of Edmonton, after having left Mayerthorpe after us he turned east instead of south. Running low on fuel, and NORDO, he landed at that airport, prompted by signal lights and, after being severely chastised, acquired enough fuel and oil to send him on his way south again, eventually reaching Olds by 4 pm, then on to Calgary.

Meanwhile, the 3 of us in "Raven Flight" slower than our sole "Eagle" but heading homeward more directly, continued onward to Rocky Mountain House for a quick refuel stop (Liz had arrived by this time) and left again by 8:00 pm.

On my preflight at Rocky, I'd noticed for the first time a couple of cracks beginning to form alongside a weld in my muffler - 3 for 3 in the old muffler syndrome. A few miles beyond Rocky, trees gave way to open farmland again, the wind was steady, and flying became more pleasurable as we sped south over Caroline and curved eastward from a distant Sundre toward the orange elevators of Olds beckoning from 25 miles away.

Our smooth arrival at Olds soon after 2200 hrs left not quite enough time for the final leg back to Indus before dark, and we were all weary after a long, arduous day, so we slipped into Olds for the night, Don and Fred borrowing the Flying Club's aged sedan.

By 9:00 the next morning, Wednesday, I saw Don and Fred off - also Ray, who had flown back to see us as well. Liz and I stayed in Olds a second night and returned to Calgary the next morning, each alone in our vehicles and NORDO, reaching Indus at 11:45 after a final 1.6 hour flight. This ended a wonderful, challenging open air adventure, 1000 miles in 22.8 flying hours, a 7-day odyssey, never to be forgotten.

## Letters

From readers



To The Editor:

I am writing in response to club president Wayne Winters' article in the August 1993 issue of Skywriter, regarding the Red Deer Airshow.

I disagree with Wayne's assertion that "We (the CUFC) have always been very well received..." at the airshow. I've flown up for the show twice; once in 1991, and again in '92. The '91 show was one of the best weekends I've ever had. The show people treated us on par with the other participants and I and my wingmen felt very welcomed there.

1992 was markedly different. The members of our club were treated as though we were second class citizens. For starters, the organizers traditionally hold a banquet on the Friday night for all the performers and show participants. Since we had been allotted performer's passes, I assumed we were deemed to be performers. However, when past president Paul Hemingson arrived at the banquet, he was turned away with the explanation of, "Well, we can't invite everybody."

The next morning we attended the pilot's briefing and were told that we would have to confine our airborne activities to beyond the 600' showline. This surprised us since previously we had been allowed to takeoff and land on the taxi-way. It meant our fly-by routine, that we had been working on for the last month, and our very airplanes, would be nearly invisible to the crowd.

Then came the final insult. Todd MacArthur and I were schmoozing with some crew members of a USAF C-130 and I asked one of them where he had gotten his ball cap. It was the official Airshow cap. The guy told me one of the organizers had come by and offered each one of them a hat. Apparently the hats were being offered to all the performers. We later returned to our display area and asked if anyone had been around offering hats for our group. No one had.

I attended the show office on the airport and inquired if I could pick up some hats to give to our pilots who had flown up for the show. From their reactions I might just as well have asked for the keys to the safe. I was told by one of the show people that

they didn't have any more hats left. Until I pointed out the box of hats that was right in front of both our noses. Then he had to call someone else on the radio to get permission to give me any hats. The second person showed up a few minutes later and after explaining which outfit I was with, and that I knew every other performer was being offered a free hat, this guy said the best he could do was give us some hats left over from last year. So I took them and made sure each of our guys got one. I can't remember being so insulted.

I would like to point out a few other things too. Our club members absorb most of the expenses of appearing in the Red Deer Airshow. We buy our own gas, our own food (except for breakfast), and most of our lodging (the show pays for one night's hotel accommodations). We spend our own money and a hell of a lot of time preparing a suitable demonstration for the audience. Some of us take time off work just to make the show. And more than once our club members' safety has been jeopardized flying to and from the show. We are not remunerated at all.

Yet the organizers for the 1992 show seemed to think we should feel grateful and honored just to be allowed on the airport for the weekend.

Well, I sure don't feel honored or grateful for the way we were treated in 1992. I feel insulted and belittled.

I have to wonder why we were treated so poorly. I speculate that someone on the organizing committee viewed the lower cost of ultralight aircraft as a financial threat to their conventional flying operation. Perhaps keeping us at a distance minimized the (imagined) threat. But I don't know for sure.

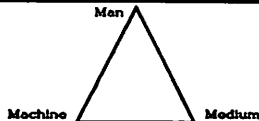
There were only two members of our club at Red Deer this year and while the weather was certainly a factor in that outcome, I know a few guys who stayed away because they feel like I do.

The CUFC will likely be invited back to Red Deer for 1994. At least I hope we are because I'd like to give it another try. But I'm going to be a little more cautious before I sign up. I'm going to phone ahead and make sure we'll be treated well. I'm not asking for special treatment, just fair treatment. If I can't get assurances of that, I'll just stay home, where the flying has always been fun.

Stu Simpson

# Safety Corner

by Paul Hemingson



## Circuit Procedures

Many Ultralight pilots are now flying into both controlled and uncontrolled airstrips. It is timely to revisit the proper procedures for entering/exiting the circuit. Both for your safety and for you to be perceived as professional in your 'approach'.

In this month's article, I will assume that you are radio equipped, although one should also be familiar with the no radio (NORDO) situation. Especially considering that the battery life associated with the variety of compact lightweight battery powered transceivers now available is usually limited to 6-8 hours if you are listening only and maybe 4-6 hours if you are also transmitting. Or maybe you forgot to charge it to full capacity before your flight?

The first thing to consider before landing at another airport is get all the pertinent information. The handy-dandy reference to consult for this information is the "VFR Supplement" put out by Transport Canada. It contains a diagram plus text information for all the licensed airports in Canada. If you don't have a copy, borrow one from a buddy. It is updated monthly.

At a minimum, if the airport is radio controlled, you will need to know the circuit height, the call-up frequency and the circuit procedures in effect. Also familiarize yourself with the runway orientation and other useful data like the position of buildings, hangers and the windsock, etc. ... It is sometimes difficult to recognize an airport especially in congested areas. It's good to know beforehand where the windsock is planted so you won't have to hunt for it when your busy on short final. A quick glance at the sock will tell you what component of crosswind exists, or any gustiness in the air. Also note the recommended distance from the airport for the initial call-up when you ask for permission to land. After contacting the tower, tell them: who you are, where you are and your intentions.

Most airports use a standard left-hand circuit but don't assume that to be the case. The left-hand circuit means ALL TURNS ARE MADE TO THE LEFT !! The basic rules of the circuit are:

1. It is flown 1000 feet AGL;
2. Left hand unless otherwise noted; and
3. Entry is made into the circuit on the downwind leg.

Note: There are always exceptions to the rules so read/study on the different approaches used at different airports that you might favor. In some cases the controller may clear you for a right base, even though the circuit is left-hand, or may even grace you with a straight in approach if the traffic permits. In all cases the overlying principle behind the rules is that pilots will "see and be seen". In a proper circuit, other pilots know where to find you, and you will know where to look for them.

Figure 1 below shows the Standard Left Hand Circuit Procedures. Hold it up to the light and backward and look through it to see what the Right-Hand Approach shows. Become familiar with the figure in both the left-hand and right hand circuits. It is a good idea to copy the figure and tape it to your aircraft until you are completely familiar with the recommended procedures.

Private strips also commonly use the left-hand standard circuit but again, don't assume anything and don't assume that all pilots will use a standard left hand approach. Many private strips use a right-hand approach to avoid over-flying nearby residences or other sensitive areas.

At uncontrolled airstrips, there may be a UNICOM frequency in effect. Know it and use it. Not for a lot of chatter, but for stating your intentions as well as listening in for 10-15 miles out for other traffic in the area which may also be using the airstrip. In summary, pilots who do not know the proper circuit procedures, or those who choose to ignore them are considered unprofessional. Be a pro, and study up before you buckle up.

*"Rare is the person who can weigh the faults of others without putting his thumb on the scales."*

- Byron J. Langenfield

## Classified

**Bushmaster II** - 1986, 2-place, Rotax 503, 15 hrs since rebuilt motor, very nice, always hangared, VSI, ALT, ASI, engine gauges, \$12,500 delivered, OBO. Pat Rudiger 403-986-3159.

**Sale or Trade** - Hi-grade gold mine, just staked June 1, 1993. Million \$ Pit, ready for drilling or shaft sinking in the north country, close to good fishing. Terms: \$1000. on closing, 2 x \$20,000. option payment over a year and a 5% N.S.R. Will trade the 2 option pyts for 2 small airplanes, such as perhaps Easy-Flyer or Parasol, etc. Knud Rasmussen 403-873-2133.

**Airlight Model "A" Parasol** - Steel tube & rag, Rotax 503, Warp Drive, lots of instruments, 800 x 6 tires, strobe, CB & VHF hookups, folding Kolb wings, \$9,950.00 (Reduced). Jim Creasser 226-0180.

**Trailer** - all metal, fully enclosed, 7'w x 24'l x 6'h, built for airplanes, \$800.00. Jim Creasser 226-0180.

**Hiperlite 2-place** - excellent condition, Rotax 503, full instruments, extras. One of the best aircraft around. Price reduced to \$18,000. Paul Hemingson 931-2363.

**Rear Fairing** - for RX550, white, new, \$50.00. Doug Ward 282-0806.

**Ivo Prop** - updated 3-blade, ground adjustable, 60", composite blades. New - \$300. OBO. Paul Hemingson 931-2363.

**Hiperlite SNS-8** - 200 Hrs. TT, hydraulic brakes, ground adjustable prop, STOL, fun aircraft to fly, good condition, \$7500.00. Bob Campbell 934-3657.

Classified ads are free to CUFC members. Call Bob Kirkby, 569-9541 to place your ad.

## New Members

### Damien Belanger 823-3027

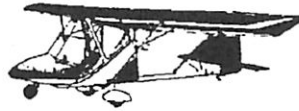
Damien is in his early 30's and works for the Department of Corrections in Drumheller. He is an avid radio control buff and has just soloed in an ultralight.

### Randy Galusha

Randy is a construction contractor and builds houses on the Island. He is 31 and has always wanted to fly. He has soloed and returned to Nanaimo with an ultralight license.

# Around The Patch

by Stu Simpson



## Cross Country Flight Proposal

I was pouring over my Calgary VFR chart the other day, dreaming of adventure in the wild blue, when an idea struck me. I looked at the chart a little more closely, got out my plotter and checked the mileage, and realized it could be done.

I'm proposing a flight to Kalispell, Montana. The route I like is Calgary to Fairmont, B.C. for the first day, with refueling stops at Banff and Radium. Total distance is 186 statute miles.

Day two is from Fairmont to Elko, B.C. as the first leg. Then we'll either have to stop at Eureka or Glacier International to clear U.S. customs. Glacier is only 10 miles north of Kalispell. Kalispell's airport is right in the city limits. Total distance on day two is 170 miles.

The terrain is relatively easy to fly over and covers travelled highways and populated areas the entire distance. The toughest part of the trip, and it isn't really that tough, will be the leg from Banff to Radium. And we've proven that can be flown quite easily.

I'm thinking the best time for this trip would be early to mid June of 1994. It's not in the heart of tourist season and should take less than a week to complete both ways. It's a much easier and more appealing flight than the Abbotsford trip we proposed a couple of years ago, and not quite as long as the adventure Don Rogers and company undertook to Peace River this year.

I've not addressed the problem of crossing the border with our planes simply because I know nothing about it. It's one of the things I have to look into, but I understand it can be done.

A lot, in fact, most, of the preparation done for the now defunct Abbotsford trip can be readily applied to this trip. The main difference being the shorter distance and the border crossing.


I'm hoping that when Todd MacArthur and Buzz Mawdsley, who both live in southern B.C., get wind of this idea they'll be in like Flynn. And how about the local boys? I'd sure hate to make this trip alone guys. So please let me know if you'd be interested and if you'd like to help out with the planning.

Our club members have proven that ultralights can make long cross-country flights and that the guys who do, have the time of their lives. Don't let this opportunity pass you by.

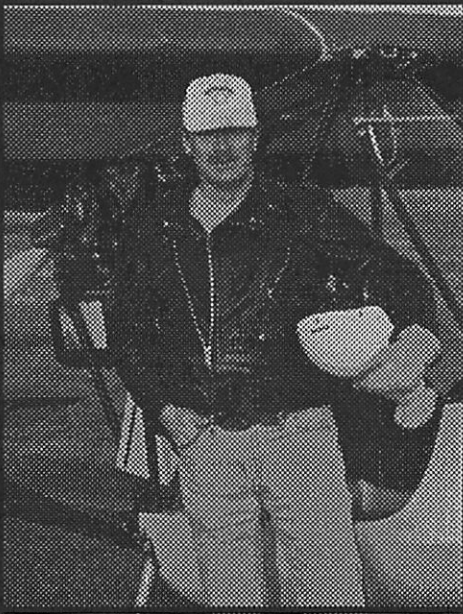
*"There is only one thing more painful than learning from experience, and that is not learning from experience."*

- Archibald MacLeish

### First Solo Congratulations



"BOINK" "BOINK" "BOINK"

	
<b>George Oliver - July 3/93</b>	<b>Doug Paslawski - July 9/93</b>
	
<b>Stew Galambos - Aug 5/93</b>	<b>Morgan Anderson - Aug 4/93</b>



# Quebec Chronicle

by Paul Pontois

## News From Quebec

On July 18th our group met in Sainte Anne- de-la-Perade, at the Hivons' farm.

The Hivons have a nice grass strip located 60 miles from Quebec City and 60 miles from Louiseville - a convenient place for a fly-in.

Unfortunately, a strong east wind did not allow the two Sky-Pups and the Pelican, based in Louiseville, to reach Ste. Anne and they had to turn back to their airport. For them, the fly-in became a drive-in.

From Quebec, we were expecting a Renegade and a Super-Koala. As the Super-Koala needed a wheel repair, only the Renegade made the trip. The other members also came by car.

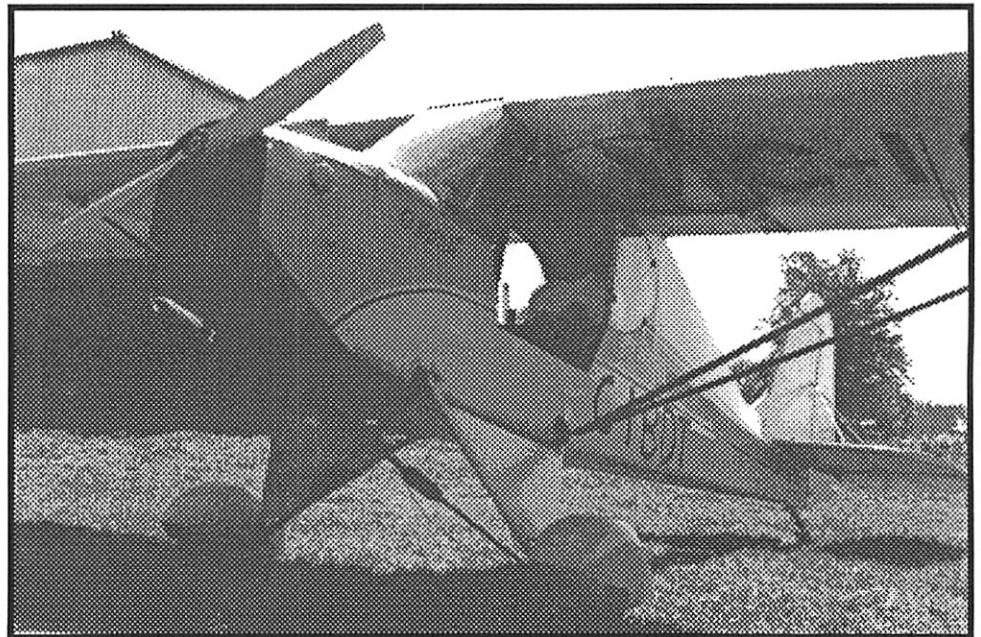
So, we had only 3 planes in flight. The Renegade from Quebec, a Beaver and Jean Claude Hivon's Caronet from Ste. Anne. Some families had followed by car and, as you can see on the picture, it was a very nice picnic.

The next meeting is in Louiseville on Labour Day, around a barbecue and corn on the cob. We should have 8 ultralights, including a "trike".

Happy flights!



*Bruno St Guy in his Renegade II*



*Jean Claude Hivon  
in his Caronet*



*Paul Pontois  
hangar-flying  
in his Hi-Max  
project  
"vroom-vroom"*

## Coming Events

**Sep 4-6** - Canadian National Aerobatic Championships, High River. For info call Gerald Deines 652-4991.

**Sep 5** - Sundre Flying Club's Annual Pancake Breakfast. For info call Larry Nielson 638-3168.

**Sep 6** - Stettler Flying Club's Annual Labour Day Fly-in Breakfast. For info call Bob Airey 742-2874.

**Sep 12** - Wetaskiwin Flying Club's Annual Fly-in Barbeque, Wetaskiwin Municipal Airport. 1100 hours to 1500 hours. Enjoy a day at the Reynolds-Alberta Museum. For info call Brett Binnie 352-1883.

**Oct 7-9** - Alberta Aviation Council's annual convention, Jasper Park Lodge, special presentation on Greenland Expedition Society's recovery of a P-38 from the Lost Squadron. For info call AAC at 403-451-5289. (or call Bob Kirkby)

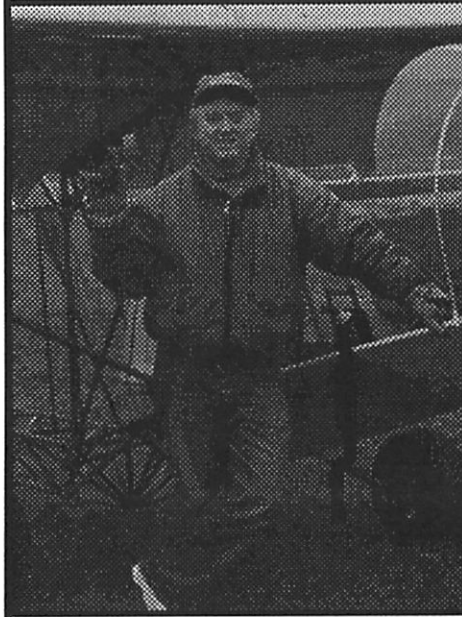


## First Solo Congratulations

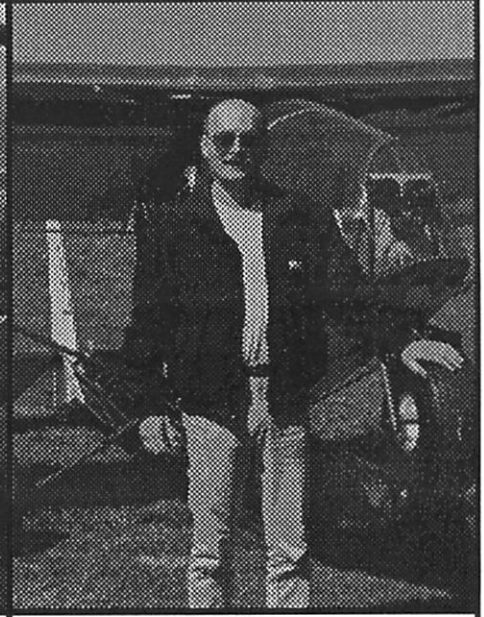
"BOINK"

"BOINK"

"BOINK"



**Randy Galusha - Aug 9/93**



**Damien Belanger - Aug 9/93**



*Ste. Anne Fly-in/Drive-in, July 93*

*Jean Claude Hivon's Caronet*



**Carl Hassell - Aug 19/93**

*Anyone interested in a cross-country to Quebec?*

