



Skywriter

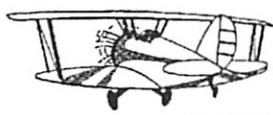


Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

February 1994

♪ Off We Go ... ♪

by Wayne Winters



The other night while watching W-5, and seeing how much the bank presidents are getting paid (the president of the B of M - \$1,800,000 and the President of CIBC, which is losing money - \$980,000), I came to the conclusion that the cash rewards for being President of C.U.F.C. are just not enough! An organization of our size, magnitude and power, which generates untold wealth, should at least try and keep pace with the times. You must realize that I, much like your politicians, am kept so busy looking out for our group's welfare that I don't have time to go out and earn extra cash or invest in insider tips to increase my net worth. I am sure that you realize how difficult it is when you are dealing with large sums of capital, like in the case of the Heritage Trust Fund, that it is easy to misplace or lose track of some of the crumbs that fall off the table, you know the millions and millions that turned up missing.

Now, lets talk about pensions!

Election of Officers

The constitution of the C.U.F.C. is such that every year we have elections, but the terms of service are for 2 years. What this means is that the President, Treasurer and Director are elected in one year and the Vice-President and Secretary are elected the next year. In this election the terms for the President, Treasurer and Director were up and the positions needed re-filling.

The election of officers was duly held and the results are:

President: Wayne Winters

Treasurer: Gord Tebbutt
Director: Fred Wright

Your Vice-President, Doug Ward, and your Secretary, Bernie Kespe, have another year left in their terms and continue in their positions.

The only position that changed was that of Director. On behalf of everyone in the club I would like to thank our past Director, Stu Simpson, for his diligent effort. As the newly elected executive, we will do our best to keep the club running smoothly and address important issues promptly.

Meeting Facilities

The February meeting will be the last one that we will be able to have in the present 783 Wing facility. We hope to be able to make an announcement at the February meeting as to where we will be for the March meeting. We have been planning on tagging along with the 783 Wing and going where they go. Three other similar clubs (Balloon, RAAC and Glider) are doing the same thing.

If you are not able to make the February meeting, call someone on the Executive to find out where the March meeting will be held.

Tribute

At the January meeting we spent some time remembering our flying comrade and dear friend, Ron Sondergaard, who passed away only a few days before, of cancer. We decided to send the family a Fruit Basket, on behalf of the club. We will all miss Ron very much and trust that his new set of

wings work very well!

Door Prize

Gord Tebbutt donated a hard cover flying book, and the usual frenzy for tickets, when there is something good, took place. Tony Stehr won, but donated it back for another draw because he had the book. I think that Carl Hassell ended up taking the prize home. Again, thank you for your support as the funds really help our club's coffers and make it possible for us to meet in a nice facility, etc.

2nd Annual January Party

On January 22, 1994, we held our 2nd annual New Years party. The potluck supper turned out to be an absolute delight. The spread, variety and quality was as good as any hotel buffet. Bob Kirkby had the idea of having a "Silent Auction", and proceeded to round up books, propellers, instruments, flight gift certificates and various other goodies, even a perfume basket for the ladies. During the evening everyone had an opportunity to write their bid on a sheet of paper beside each item. At 9:30 pm the bidding was closed and the person with the highest bid bought the item. It was really a lot of fun and generated around \$300.00 for the club. We would like to thank everyone who donated items for the auction, and supported the potluck supper. If you were one of the few who missed it this year, we would encourage you to come next year and enjoy the festivities. Now, all a person needs to do is figure out a use for a prop that came off a 1982 High Flying Wiggie De Doop Air Smasher!

MOT Black Letter

Did you get your "what am I going to do now" letter from the MOT? If not, I am sure that eventually you will not be forgotten, that is if you have a 2-
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(Off WE Go - continued from page 1)

place ultralight. Knud Rasmussen with a 550 Beaver on floats, Larry Lotyer with a Merlin, Bev Befus with a Merlin, and Hugh Laycock with a Beaver 650 all got Registered letters telling them that they have to get an AME to weigh their airplanes on "certified" scales by early March 1994. They have been instructed that if their aircraft are over the 429.9 pound limit for an ultralight, they are not to be flown.

This is really a nice gesture, especially since they have known for over 3 years that in order to be strong enough for safe flight, most 2-place ultralights are built slightly over the 430 lb weight. About 3 years ago, in Ontario, the MOT chaps went around weighing a bunch of ultralights and told the owners not to worry too much about it at the time because they already knew they were going to be overweight, and all they wanted was to see how much!

About a year and a half ago the decision was made to allow owners that have overweight ultralights to register them with a maximum of 20% overage allowance. That quite nicely solved the problem and some people went ahead and did so and were sitting



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

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happy for a few of months, until they received a letter from Transport saying, "Oops, we are glad you registered your aircraft, but surprise, surprise, don't fly it if it is over 430 lbs."

Nothing like rolling out the red carpet and once you are standing comfortably on it, giving it the old yank - saying "ha, ha, got ya!". I am sure that the above was not their intent, but if it was - what a sense of humour!

Doug Ward, just a few days ago, got a letter from the NRAC which in effect said, "It is nice that you and the others have been responding to our requests for input into the upcoming regulations, but you may as well forget it for now because the whole thing has been dropped, pending a complete review of the National Recreational Aircraft Policy". I hope this doesn't mean - if you are building a 2-place "I" aircraft, STOP; if you are building an Advanced Ultralight, STOP. If you want to go flying, STOP.

I really don't know what to think. It seems to me with the excellent record ultralights, and with more flying, that the problems are solving themselves and all we need is to be given the weights that we have already been successfully flying with. It is always hard to argue with the test of time.

One of the biggest problems, in my opinion, is that there are too many people that do not fly them, trying to decide the fate of ultralights. The theories of flight and control are the same, but the sheer enjoyment of getting out of a "spam can" and into the open, light flying machine can

only be felt, not just imagined. I probably shouldn't say this, but it is just like so many of the appointees to the Liquor Control Board. All they know about Liquor is how to get saused.

I am sure you sense by now that I am getting a little nervous, and impatient. There is a meeting, I think in Ottawa, on February 9th, 1994, where some thought will be given as to where the ship is headed. Some prominent ultralighters have been invited and I hope good things will happen.

In the mean time, lets forget all this gobble-de-goop and go flying.

IN MEMORY

Ron Sondergaard 1927 - 1994

Oh! I have slipped
the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies
on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed,
and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds -
and done a hundred things
you have not dreamed of -
wheeled and soared and swung...
put out my hand
and touched the face of God...

Anon.

John & Patti Collins.

Willie Bowkett.

A HELICOPTER FLYING LESSON

by Bernie Kespe

Today's aviation topic is how to fly a helicopter. Although flying a helicopter may seem very difficult, the truth is that if you can drive a car, you can, with just a few minutes of instruction, take the controls of one of these amazing machines. Of course you would immediately crash and die. This is why you need to remember:

RULE ONE OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: Always have someone sitting next to you who actually knows how to fly the helicopter and can snatch the controls away from you.

The truth is, helicopters are not at all like cars. Cars work because of basic scientific principles that everyone understands, such as internal combustion and parallel parking; whereas scientists still have no idea what holds helicopters up. "Whatever it is, it could stop at any moment," is their current hypothesis. This leads us to:

RULE TWO OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: Maybe you should forget the entire idea of flying one of these contraptions.

This is what I was thinking on a recent tour to the thriving metropolis of Norman Wells, NWT., where I was to take my first helicopter flying lesson. THIS was not my idea. This was the

idea of Frank (The Lawnmower Man) MacIntyre, a pilot who flies the 'Rig Pigs', surveyors and any other poor soul who needs to get around in this area in the name of exploration. Frank, knowing that I fly Ultralights thought that it would be a great idea for me to take a helicopter lesson. I began to have severe doubts when I saw Frank's helicopter. This was a small helicopter. It looked like it should have a small slot where you insert quarters to make it go up and down.

Also, this helicopter had no doors. As a frequent flyer, I know for a fact that all the leading airlines, despite being on the verge of bankruptcy, maintain a strict safety policy of having doors on their aircraft.

"Don't we need a larger helicopter?" I asked Frank. "with doors?"

"Get in," ordered Frank.

From past experience I've found that you never defy a direct order from Frank. (Another story)

Now we're in the helicopter, and Frank is explaining the controls to me over the headset, but there's static and the engine is making a lot of noise. "...your throttle (something)," he is saying. "This is your cyclic and (something) your collective."

"What?", I say. "(Something) give you the controls when we reach 500 feet," Frank says.

"WHAT?" I say. But Frank isn't listening. He is now moving a control

thing and WHOOAAA we are off the ground, hovering, and now WHOOOOAAAAAAA we are shooting up in the air, and there are still no doors in this particular helicopter.

Now Frank is giving me the control thing.

RULE THREE OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: If anyone tries to give you the main control thing, refuse to take it.

Frank says: "You don't need hardly any pressure to...."
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...
"That was too much pressure," Frank says.

Now I am flying the helicopter. I AM FLYING THE HELICOPTER. I am flying it but not moving a single body part, for fear of moving the control thing. I look like the Lincoln Memorial statue of Abraham Lincoln, only more rigid. "Make a right turn," says Frank.

I gingerly move the control thing one zillionth of an inch to the right and the helicopter LEANS OVER TOWARD MY SIDE AND THERE IS STILL NO DOOR HERE. I instantly move the control thing one zillionth of an inch back. "I am not turning right," I inform Frank. "What?" he says.

"Only left turns," I tell him. When you've been flying helicopters as long as I have, you know your limits.

After a while it becomes clear to Frank that if he continues to allow the Lincoln statue to pilot the helicopter, we are going to wind up flying in a straight line until we run out of fuel, possible over the North Pole, so he takes the control thing back.

That was the good news.

The bad news is, he's now saying something about demonstrating an "emergency procedure." "It's for when your engine dies," he says. "It's called auto-rotation." "Do you like amusement park rides?"
I say: "No, I DOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..."

RULE FOUR OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: "Auto-rotation" means "Coming down out of the sky at about the same speed and aerodynamic stability as that of a forklift dropped from a bomber."

Now we're close to the ground (although my stomach is still at 500 feet), and Frank is completing my training by having me hover the helicopter.

(continued on page 4)

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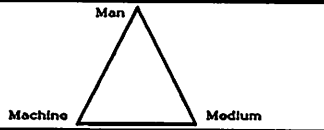
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Safety Corner

by Paul Hemingson



Afraid to Bank??

This month I would like to share a few thoughts about banking your airplane. Most of our flying is straight and level, and for the most part gentle banks of 15 degrees or less are all that is required to get up, around and down again. But there is good reason to know how to properly make a moderate or steep turn.

Sometimes a moderate or steep bank is required as an evasive maneuver. Many novice and intermediate pilots find a bank angle of 30 degrees or more somewhat disconcerting. Me thinks it has something to do with the unnatural feel in the seat of your pants and the look of the tilted horizon. It may be a hang-over from our car-bound instincts to get everything back to plumb level. Or, maybe we are conditioned to thinking that a steep turn may get us into trouble and induce a stall, and resulting spin. As with most things there is a right way and wrong way to do it. There is nothing unsafe about steeper turns as long as you know how to do them properly. With time and practice you will learn to love the tug and look of a properly executed steeper turn.

The first thing to realize is that the steeper turn requires more speed and power, since the airplane is "weighing up" in the turn and will slow down. In

a steeper turn the stall speed also increases, so a guy wants to ensure he has a safe margin over the stall speed. Remember, you're pulling 2 G's in a 60 degree turn, so your machine effectively is twice as heavy. Secondly, the attitude over the nose is slightly different. More back stick is required to hold a level steep turn. If you are losing speed in the turn, the quickest remedy is to give a bit of forward stick to lower the nose a tad and everything will work out fine.

Go out and practice initially with sufficient altitude to recover if the turn goes sour. And the quickest way to get out of trouble in a steep turn is to push the nose down slightly. A properly coordinated moderate or steep bank will feel good. You will sit in the seat in the same position as though you were straight and level. Neither falling to the low side nor being pushed to the high side. If you feel yourself falling to the inside, chances are you are slipping your turn. If you are slipping or skidding the turn, chances are you are holding too much, or perhaps even opposite rudder in the turn. Every machine is different. Some require a tad of rudder and some none at all. The general rule for most airplanes is that the rudder is pushed with the aileron, and once the turn is established, no rudder is required.

A bank of 60 degrees feels like the airplane is up on knife edge. There is little reason to go steeper than 60 degrees. Neither you nor your machine may be capable of handling the gravitational forces at that angle. You can easily black-out, and are almost guaranteed to grey-out, when you feel about 3 G's, unless you are accustomed to them. Learn to enjoy the steeper turn, it will improve your piloting technique and confidence.

(Helicopter - continued from page 3)

RULE FIVE OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: You can't hover the helicopter.

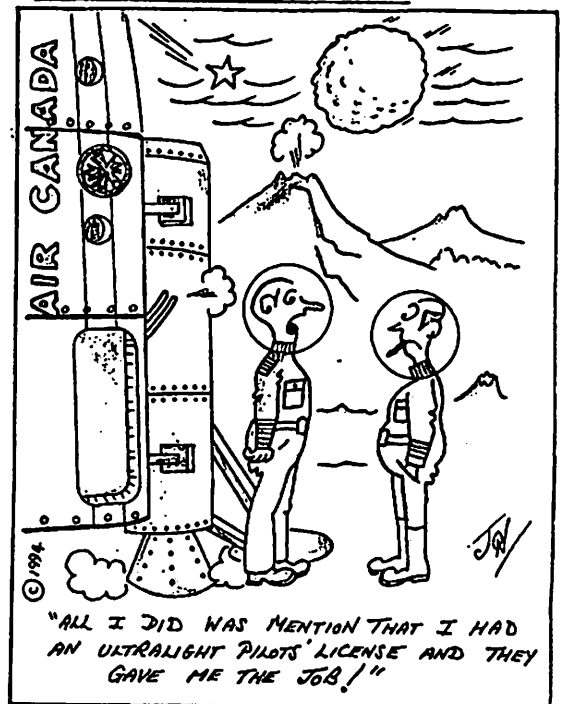
The idea is to hang over one spot on the ground. I am hovering over an area approximately the size of Ireland. I am swooping around sideways and backward like a crazed bumblebee. If I were trying to rescue a person from a burning building, the person would realize it would be safer to simply jump.

At times I think I am hovering up-side-down. Even Frank looks nervous.

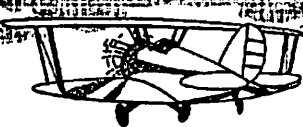
So I am very happy when we finally get back on the ground. Frank tells me I did great, and he'd be glad to take me up again. I tell him that it sounds like a fun idea.

RULE SIX OF HELICOPTER PILOTING: Sometimes you have to lie.

MISADVENTURES of RIGGER MARISE



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Wayne Winters is back again!

A Little Prop Wash

by Douglas J. Ward



As a Representative to the National Recreational Aviation Council, I receive, or I am supposed to receive all the Draft Proposals which NRAC has conceived and which they intend to propose to Transport Canada in regards to the rulings involving Ultralight aircraft in Canada. I then present these proposals to the members of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club, glean the clubs comments and write up a small report, which I send back to NRAC. I believe that NRAC collects any and all of these reports, goes thru them for positive and negative comments, and comes up with an actual draft proposal, which they present to Transport Canada. It is my belief that Transport Canada has assembled this group of experts because TC was not really sure what was needed in order to bring the UL Rules up to date. "Up to Date" meaning that the rules need to be modified to fit the excellent group of Ultralight aircraft which are now on the market in Canada, and also the more experienced group of Ultralight pilots who are now flying these better designed aircraft.

The whole concept seemed to be so perfectly logical to me. How could you possibly get better information on an issue than from consulting with the people who are actually involved with the perceived problem. Is this problem an issue or is it a dilemma?

Transport Canada seems to have started in the right direction. They perceived that there was a problem with the rulings regarding Ultralight Aircraft because they were perhaps getting questions about the possibility of "unsuspecting passenger" carrying privileges for U/L aircraft. They perhaps were not really sure what to do with this question with this class of Recreational Aircraft, so they compiled a group of experts (NRAC) in this field to work on the problem with them to come up with an answer to this dilemma. Transport Canada would now know that the Ultralight pilots had the opportunity to comment on these proposals. Perhaps Transport Canada may have been surprised by some of the reaction from the Ultralight community. Not all U/L Two Place Pilots really wanted the envisioned "passenger carrying nightmare". Not all U/L pilots were interested in an AULA. Most just wanted to keep things basically the way they are except for a little grace on the Launch Weight. Reality must creep into this whole Proposal thing someplace. Most people in the Ultralight racket know that most Pilots would have to weigh in at about 72 lbs wet to fly legally solo in a Two Place U/L.

Since the inception of this whole problem, diversity is starting to show up in the ranks of Ultralight pilots.

Most of the Proposals have been rather logical to me and to most of the other members of the Organization. There have been a couple of long shots presented which none of us really felt would do very well in the eyes of Transport Canada. I must give credit to the people who want these particular points presented for discussion and comment. It is only then that the Ultralight community can feel assured that Transport Canada has all the information and reaction that we, as Ultralight Pilots, are able to give them. I have tried to express that all the opinions returned from the CUFC are of a positive nature. Emotion does not fit into a discussion of safety and reality. A lack of "incidents" from members of our Club and it's flying activities is a much better voice for safety than just talking about safety. And I personally believe that Transport Canada looks at these statistics carefully.

Transport Canada's decision to assemble experts, give them a Mandate and then be prepared to listen to and hopefully abide by the Proposals given to them by NRAC, is the only way that the Ultralight rules can be successfully modified. I personally feel that NRAC has done it's homework on any perceived problems with the Ultralights in Canada. They have taken the past knowledge and history of Ultralights in Canada, made their proposals using this vast amount of information they were able to collect, and they are indeed looking towards the future to try and keep all safe and under some sort of control. It is now that the future must be planned for. I feel that they are working towards this in a very careful manner with all points covered.

I very carefully read all the proposals that I receive, and, although I cannot present the entire document, I do get all important points into the Skywriter so members who do not attend our regular Club meetings will be able to understand what NRAC is proposing. I have yet to have any comments back from any of our readers. Now is the time that we must express our concerns. The rule changes are going to effect us.

Those who do not feel what NRAC is doing is correct, let NRAC or Transport Canada hear your opinion. Now is the time to voice an opinion, if you have a valid point to make. Remember that Transport Canada deals in reality, not fantasy. Safe Flying.

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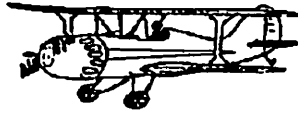
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One Pilot's Opinion

by Bob Kirkby



In Touch

After getting my PPL in November, I decided that I would spend the cold, dark winter months getting my night endorsement. This was more for the enjoyment of learning to fly in a new environment than for any real practical reason. It has been too cold to fly my Renegade anyway.

I put in a few hours before Christmas, then pressed the "pause" button to allow for those interminable holiday gatherings and festive activities. "Ba humbug", says I. I couldn't wait to get back to some sanity (read - back in the sky).

Finally, by mid-January I was back at it. To get a night endorsement one needs 15 hours, consisting of 5 instrument hours (day of night), a two-hour night cross-country and lots of night circuits. It wasn't planned this way, but it seems I have been alternating between practicing instrument flight with my instructor during the day and flying solo circuits at night. Most of this time is in a Cessna 172, which I am beginning to like a lot better than the 152.

A few days ago I pulled up to the flight centre at dusk for more circuits. After checking in, I went out to the flightline to pre-flight the 172. I waited until I had completed my walk-around before checking the lights, since it was getting dark rapidly. "Why?", you might ask. Well, that's so I could just sit in the cockpit and check the lights by looking for their reflections on the ground. If I had done so at the beginning of my walk-around, I would have had to run from wing-tip to wing-tip to check the nav lights. I'm doing my part for energy conservation. Actually it's because I don't like to leave the Master on very long when its 10 below. The batteries in these Cessnas wouldn't keep that Everyready Bunny going long enough to do one commercial.

Anyway, after ascertaining that the 172 was airworthy, I discovered that the landing light was burned out. Not only that, but the taxi light was also out. Although I personally prefer night landings without the landing light turned on (provided the runway is adequately lit), my instructor had a different opinion as to what I should do. "Go back outside and secure the 172 while I pull a 152 out of the hangar". Nuts, another pre-flight!

When I saw what Sue was pulling out of the hangar I smiled and forgave her. Sitting under the bright ramp lights, that little Royal-blue and White 152 sparkled as if she had just been polished with Rolite. C-GZCP was the airplane I did a lot of my undergraduate training in, and the one that served me faithfully on my flight test. I eagerly went about the task of pronouncing her airworthy.

ZCP and I became re-acquainted as we taxi out to the button of 34. I had forgotten how nice ZCP was to fly. Her throttle has a nice short, crisp throw, unlike the other three 152's I've flown, whose throttles are long enough to give you tennis-elbow after two circuits. All of her plastic trim and bits and pieces are in place (it seems most AME's never bother about cosmetic repairs). For about 30 seconds when it is first turned on, ZCP talks to you on her radio in a raspy, crackling voice. A stranger might be put it down to warming-up an old radio. To me, tonight, it sounds like, "Welcome back - let's go flying".

On the button now, its full throttle, confirmed by tach and engine sound, jump on the right rudder to keep us straight, airspeed coming up. ZCP tells me, "a little more back pressure", the front wheel is dancing back and forth over the furrows of snow left by the plow. I see the blue taxi lights at the intersection coming up, we'd better be in the air by then or we shut down and stand on the brakes. No problem, an almost imperceptible nudge backward on the column and ZCP jumps into the air, as if on cue. We quickly establish our climb speed of 65 kts and I pop the flaps up. They report their progress to me with a static whine in my headset (the servo motor obviously needs new brushes). The runway lights fade away below and we're following that imaginary dotted line that marks our path around the pattern. We each know the routine. ZCP shows me the wind and I adjusted our heading. I work out the headings needed to keep each leg nice and square and ZCP keeps me honest by wildly swinging that DG needle whenever I let myself spend too much time admiring the spectacular light show on the ground. She tells me when to turn with her altimeter. She acknowledges my throttle adjustments by changing the pitch of the tune she is humming with

her gravelly, Cindy Lopper voice. We are flying in harmony, each dependent on the other, each supporting the other, in the isolating blackness that surrounds us.

ZCP reports 4100 ft, time to turn cross-wind. We start a climbing left turn and ZCP again tells me when to straighten out with the heading indicator. Continue climbing and start looking for traffic that might be sneaking in on downwind. Now that we're moving right along, its starting to get hot in the cockpit. I'm tempted to close the cabin heat control, but I know all too soon it will get cold again, so I leave it open and enjoy the heat while I can. Approaching 4600 ft, time to start turning downwind and leveling off. Again, ZCP tells me we're on downwind and to throttle back a little. We make a radio call to no one in particular. Just in case someone is listening in on this cold, frosty night, ZCP and I are on left-hand downwind for runway 34 at Okotoks airport. I don't expect a response, of course. If I heard one I would probably jump out of my harness.

Not long ago I read that Jimmy Doolittle once flew a circuit, from ground to ground, completely on instruments. That may not sound like a great feat today if one's airplane is equipped for MLS, GPS and all those other nifty gadgets. But he did that back in the 1930's. He knew his airplane so well that all he needed were basic VFR instruments and a stop watch. Flying with ZCP around the circuit that night, I began to understand how he did it. Pilot skill and a dependable airplane were only part of the requirements. He was in touch with his airplane and it was in touch with him - there is no other way.

After a brief 20 seconds of cruising I start my landing checks. Primer in and locked, masters on, mags on "both", oil temp and pressure good, harness secure, fuel switch on (of course, there's no instructor here to turn it off on me). Now its time for me to share my heat with the carburetor. I begrudgingly pull the carb heat on and instantly feel the incoming heat slow to a trickle. For this last half of the circuit I know I'm going to get colder and colder as my precious heat filters out through the window and door cracks into the frigid night air. Time now to turn base and pull the throttle back. ZCP tells me when to stop with her faithful hum. Airspeed below 85, we throw down some flap. ZCP reports back with the servo whine in my headset and she bucks her nose to remind me to watch the airspeed. (continued on page 7)

(Opinion - continued from page 7)

Another look around for wayward traffic, all clear, turn final. Check unway alignment, about 3 degrees off. I tell ZCP that we're not ready for the Jimmy Doolittle circuit yet. She sighs lightly as I make the corrections to get us in between the rows of lights. ZCP pretty well takes it from here. "Decent rate looks good", she reports on her VSI. I just provide the visual input to keep us on centre line and she bring us in, as smooth as could be. We have one more radio call to make, to let any unsuspecting clods on the runway know we're about to descend upon them. "Okotoks traffic, ZCP (and me) on final, 34, touch & go, Okotoks".

After about ten circuits that night, an incredible thing happened. We were climbing out from our last T & G and I was scanning the panel, bathed in the soothing glow of the red cockpit light. The runway lights just faded from my peripheral vision. The altimeter was telling me we had 200 feet, plenty of height to clear the power lines I knew to be just ahead. DG indicating 335, just right to compensate for the light breeze blowing from the NW. ZCP humming her throaty song, letting me know that everything was going great. Then I smiled. I couldn't see myself, but I know it was a big smile. I suddenly felt a oneness with ZCP. I with she and she with me. A oneness felt only by a pilot alone in the sky with a trusty airplane. The pilot depending on the airplane for flight and the airplane on the pilot for control. I had this feeling only once before, in my Renegade at 8000 feet, passing 50 feet from the sheer rock face of Storm mountain, enroute to Radium. There is no feeling quite like it in all the world.

Before quitting for the night we flew a few more circuits and both had a great time. We were in touch with each other.

As Sue and I were pushing ZCP back into the hangar, she asked how it went. Perfect Sue, just perfect. I looked back as I was leaving the hangar, and thought I could see a faint smile on ZCP's cowling, where I never noticed one before.

Was I flying or dreaming? You'll never know. You weren't there - were you?

"When you aim for perfection, you discover it's a moving target."
- George Fisher

Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

Balance Sheet
As at December 31, 1993

Assets:	
Bank balance	1108.07
Petty cash	<u> .60</u>
Total assets	1108.67
Fund Balance:	
Opening balance, Jan. 1, 1993	467.51
Excess of Receipts over Disbursements	<u>641.16</u>
Closing balance, Dec. 31, 1993	1108.67

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements For Year Ended December 31, 1993

Receipts:	
Membership dues	1815.00
Caps & pins sold	501.00
Door prize receipts	334.50
Donations by members	70.00
Skywriter Advertising	50.00
Bank interest	<u> 3.06</u>
Total Receipts	2773.56

Disbursements:	
Pins & caps purchased	1047.53
Skywriter copying	388.07
Postage, envelopes & labels	334.26
RCAF Association donations	250.00
AGT Long Distance	40.00
Flowers	35.60
Door prizes	26.74
Annual Corporate filing	8.00
Bank service charges	<u> 2.20</u>
Total Disbursements	2132.40

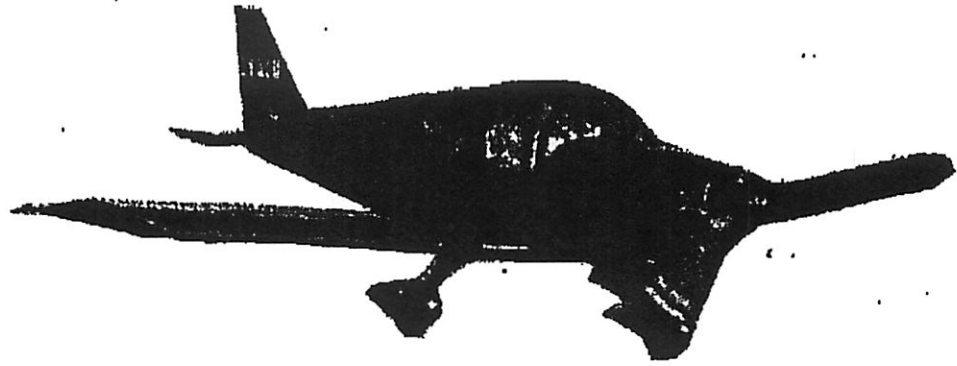
Notes:

1. Current inventory: 31 caps and 200 pins.
2. Donations were from: Mel Haakenson, Reg Lumsden, Rob Bruce, Patrick Rugiger.
3. Flowers were for Ron Sondergaard.





January 18, 1994



Greetings Fellow Aviators:

Are you looking for someplace to fly this winter? How about a winter festival?

The Lac La Biche Kinsmen Club is hosting the Western Canadian Ice Racing Championships on February 18, 19 and 20, 1994.

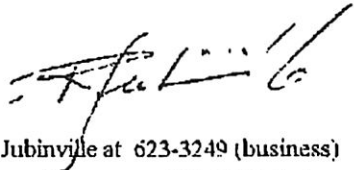
In conjunction with the ice racing will be a weekend of festivities plus a fly in. There will be a 2.5 thousand foot runway plowed out on the ice for visiting aircraft on wheels plus a groomed snow strip on the lake for aircraft on skis. Overnight parking and tie-downs will be available at the airport, free of charge. We will also have competitions for ultra lights, target bombing, shortest takeoff, dead stick landings, timed level flight etc.

The pool is setting aside time exclusively for all pilots and crew, saunas, hot tubs, the works. Billeting will be set up in one of the local schools with showers etc. available. Transportation will be available for pilots and crew to get around to the various activities. All you will need to bring is a sleeping bag.

I would suggest anyone planning on staying in a motel to make prior arrangements as bookings could be a problem.

The program will start on Friday, February 18 in the afternoon and end on Sunday, February 20. The ultra light competitions will take place on Saturday, February 19. Come for the day or come for the weekend and don't forget we also have great ice fishing in the area.

For further information call:


Rocky Jubinville at 623-3249 (business)

623-1846 (fax)

623-2597 (residence)

