



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

October 1995

Off We Go ...

by Wayne Winters



When it is so nice during the day, and T.V. is so good at night, it is really tough to sit down and get motivated on ye ole typing machine - even for something as important as the CUFC newsletter!!

This morning 0630 rolled around and I could not seem to fall back asleep. Coming off a weekend of early morning flying with students, my mental alarm was telling me it was time to get out and fly. Since I was awake anyhow, and didn't have any flying appointments booked I decided that there was no point in wasting a beautiful morning when I could go out and have some solo time in the new E-Z Flyer. All the solo time I had put in it, including time at Sun 'n fun, Arlington, and Oshkosh was either test flying or demonstration flying. I

had never had a just plain old fly around for enjoyment flight by myself. (Actually, almost all the flights were enjoyment flights, but I don't want anyone to know that it hasn't been all grueling drudgery and grinding work)!!!

The last couple of mornings had provided spectacular sunrise flights, with air warm as can be at about 500 feet AGL - much to my students surprise and pleasure, so this morning should be no different. I cranked up the hanger door at 0700, just as it was getting light, and rolled the airplane out to the music of Bob Kirby's Renegade flying directly over head. He obviously had the same idea this morning, only a few minutes earlier. By the time I had my walk around done Bob had taxied up and shut

down. He informed me that it was warm as could be in the air, although the air temp. was about freezing on the ground. He was heading home so I decided to do the first leg of my flight to his strip, with him. We took off and climbed Northward, Bob first with me behind him. As Bob slowed up and I pulled up on his starboard side I quickly began regretting not having my camera. It was now 0720 and the sight of the sun glistening off his paint, making it look wet, with Downtown Calgary in the background at that moment of sunrise made a picture that one can only dream about!

After a brief stop over at Bob's strip I proceeded on to Ben Stefaniuk's strip to do a fly over and continue on back South to over fly Chestermere Lake. The air was smooth, warm and as still as I have ever seen it. I flew over the Golf Course to tweek the enthusiasm of its Golf Pro - Lloyd McBean, who has just learned to fly and is a new CUFC member. I pressed onward south westerly purring over golf courses and down the river valley. As I approached where the Highwood River enters the Bow a mysterious fog filled the valley. The occasional tall tree on the banks poked its head through the fog - reminiscent of a scene from King Kong the movie - as I listened I could hear the chant "Kong, Kong, Kong" in the distance. I quickly turned my head to make sure it wasn't "clunk, clunk, clunk" coming from the engine. Sigh of relief - the 618 was still purring like a big kitten. What a morning, what a flight, what a day. An hour and a half had slipped by and it was time to see if I could still land.

If you haven't rolled out at the crack of dawn and had that early morning experience, don't - because you will just stir up the air and create congestion for guys like Bob and me!!!!

(continued on page 2)



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(Off We Go - continued from page 1)

The September Meeting

After our Summer Recess it was great seeing so many at the meeting. We really appreciate everyone's attendance and input into the meetings. It is also good to see some of the female pilots, would be pilots and co-pilots out.

We discussed the way the Recreational Pilots license is shaping up, as some of our members are working on same. It was decided that we would send a letter on behalf of the Club, to Lindsay Cadenhead and voice our concern that Ultralight time was not been credited toward the license and that the medical category was not been relaxed from that of a Private Pilot. It appears that Transport has caved in to pressure from the Conventional Flying Schools which enables them to drag the flight training on further than necessary, for someone that can already fly! Ed Dantoni volunteered to draft the letter.

We discussed the June flying party and got wheels in motion for another one in October. Watch the Skywriter elsewhere for details.

Art Hill, from the 783 Wing brought us up to date on some of their activities and by way of reminder, we encourage you to join the Wing as an associate member to help support them.

Our Door Prize program is alive and well. Your continued support and enthusiasm of giving Howard your cash for tickets is appreciated.

During the summer a number of airplanes changed hands and members have moved onward and upward in their flying status. We spent time getting re-acquainted with who is building what and where they are in relation to actually flying their projects. When everyone gets airborne we will need some new regulations because of all the congestion in the air that will be created. Nice problem to have.

During the summer a number of our members attended various air shows around Canada and USA. They were kind enough to share some of their experiences with us and help keep us all informed about the shows and fly-ins that we were not able to attend in person. We wrapped the meeting up with some video footage of Arlington and Oshkosh air shows.

By way of reminder - it is time to start thinking about dates, etc. for our annual New Year party - in January.

Gotta fly!



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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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Classified

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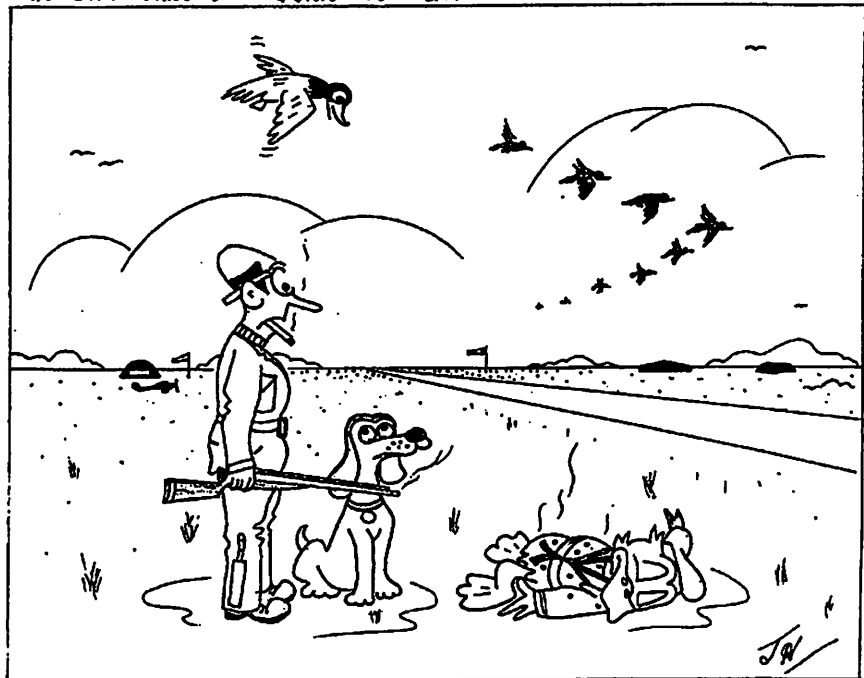
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MISADVENTURES OF RIGGER MORTISE.



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Around The Patch

by Stu Simpson



Tinker's Evening Out

The little yellow ultralight was on a quarter-mile final to Black Diamond's runway 07. It's pilot, Ed Tinker, smiled contentedly to himself as his plane slid towards the field as though on a greased cable. His glidepath was perfect, and he had the speed nailed at 50 mph. The wind was about four knots, right on the nose. A pity, he thought, that only pilots can appreciate the beauty of a good approach.

The weather was as close to perfect as it could be in early fall, with light, easterly winds and virtually no clouds. Tinker had spent the past twenty minutes flying his all-wood, high-winged, Himax from home base to this quiet grass strip in the foothills.

Tonight was his only evening out this week and Tinker planned to make the most of it. He decided to start with some circuits to hone up his landing skills on the sometimes twitchy little tail-dragger (a crotchety old bush pilot had once told him that tail-dragger jocks could never get enough landing practice). Then he wanted to drop in to a buddy's strip ten miles to the north for a quick chat. After that, he'd fly back to the home 'drome and shoot some more circuits until darkness forced him back to earth, and thus, mortality, again.

He loved flying in these foothills, and did so as often as he could. He liked to get down low over the ranch pastures, following each dip and knoll of the

terrain, tracing creeks and fence lines, and generally having the time of his life. He knew every square inch of the area, all of it discovered from his Himax. Tinker sighed peacefully to himself at the thought of it all.

Things on the ground, though, weren't quite so peaceful. On the east side of the only hangar on the airstrip were three men who's thoughts were very far from flying. In fact, one of the men, Earl Moler, was thinking he'd be lucky just to be alive in the next few minutes. Moler was sweating profusely and wishing like hell he hadn't been so greedy. He knew that one, and more likely both, of the men with him were packing guns.

One of the men, a greasy looking drug dealer who modelled his appearance after the Columbians he had seen on "Miami Vice", was clearly very mad. He was counting, for the third time, the number of small plastic bags in a blue duffel. There were supposed to be thirty packets of cocaine, but there were only twenty-eight.

"How's it look Morty?" asked Kaz, the third man there.

"Not very good for Earl," growled Morty angrily as he zipped up the duffel. "We're two bags short," he whipped the duffel to the grass. "Or rather, Earl is."

Earl thought he was going to wet himself.

"Hey, don't look at me guys", he said raising his hands toward the other two

men. He was trying hard to keep the panic from his voice. "I haven't even opened the damn bag since I picked it up from your people in Vancouver."

"What's with guys like you, Earl?" said Morty. His voice was getting louder as his anger grew. "I loaded this bag myself at the apartment. I put thirty-two bags in it, man", Morty was moving toward Earl as he spoke. Earl was stepping backwards, hoping he wouldn't trip.

"Your payment was two bags of the stuff," Morty continued, "You tryin' to tell me you didn't even open the bag to get your share?"

"That's not the Earl we've come to know and love," said Kaz sarcastically. He knew what was coming.

"You know what I mean guys," pleaded Earl. His eyes darted from one dealer to the other, hoping to see some shred of mercy. "I mean except to get my share. I wouldn't rip you off. You know that."

Earl knew he was going to die when Morty pulled a Mac-10 machine pistol - an idea also gleaned from TV - from the folds of his sport coat.

Earl started running, a look of sheer horror on his face. He made a rather pathetic attempt to zig-zag as he looked back over his shoulder.

Earl Moler's last conscious thought was that he was certain he saw the first bullet that struck his head. A moot point at best, since he was much too dead to see the second and third bullets. Nor would he have felt the other eight that shredded his chest. Such is the life - and death - of a drug courier who steals from his paymasters.

It took a couple of seconds for the entire scene to register in Tinker's mind. He saw a man run from behind the hangar and onto the approach end of the runway. The next image was of that man's head disappearing, and the remainder of him collapsing to the grass. It's a rather inconvenient spot in which to die, especially if an airplane is trying to land there.

Tinker didn't understand it all until he saw two more men suddenly appear from behind the hangar, one of them holding a black machine gun. Unfortunately for Morty and Kaz, they simply hadn't noticed the little plane approaching the field, and the gunfire had numbed their ears enough to miss the plane's engine noise as it arrived for landing.

(continued on page 4)



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(Around - continued from page 3)

When Tinker saw the two men on the ground suddenly turn toward him with that "uh-oh, we've been caught red-handed" look on their faces, he knew he was in deep, deep trouble.

Tinker instinctively rammed the throttle lever to full power and waited a second for the engine to spool up. His guts tightened with terror as he watched Morty point the machine gun right at him, which is probably what saved Tinker's life.

Surprised and angry at the intrusion of the little bug-smasher, Morty aimed right at the pilot of the machine, instead of leading the plane a bit. Just as he was about to fire, the Himax began accelerating, spoiling the drug dealer's shot.

Tinker instinctively turned forward and hunched his shoulders as though it would protect him from the on-

rushing slugs. He felt, rather than heard, a loud CRACK! from the rear of the 'Max. The tail skewed to the right for an instant, then returned to coordinated flight. Tinker twisted around in his seat to see two small holes in the fabric near the top of the vertical fin. He realized that at least one bullet must have hit something because fabric doesn't crack when it's cut. But at least he was safe - for the moment, anyway.

Morty, however, was having a conniption fit. He was furious that he had missed the slow moving plane, and thus missed killing the only witness to the murder he had just committed (Kaz couldn't really be called a witness because he would never talk). And as much as Morty enjoyed killing people, he just as much hated the prospect of going to jail for it. Therefore, he and Kaz would have to kill the man in the little plane.

Morty turned to find Kaz already

sprinting toward their Piper Cherokee. Good man, that Kaz, he'd even grabbed the duffle.

"You watch him!" Kaz yelled, "while I start up." Morty began walking steadily toward the Piper, being careful not to lose sight of the slowly diminishing ultralight.

Tinker banked the Himax to the left to better see what was happening on the ground. He was putting distance between himself and the killers, but he was still close enough to see the shooter climbing onto the wing of a Cherokee while the prop was winding up.

That changed everything. Tinker knew he'd have been safe if the bad guys were travelling by car. They simply wouldn't have been able to follow him. But if they were coming after him in a Cherokee, Tinker knew he was in for a tough fight. And he wasn't sure he could win.

To be continued.

Fun, Frustration and the Greatest Place on Earth

By Brian Vasseur

September 23rd was an opportunity for seven of us to fuel up, dress warmly and take off.

Stu Simpson, Wilf Stark, Rob Armstrong, Kelly Kuzyk, Bob Campbell and me met at Bob Kirkby's at about 9:00 that morning. It was quite cool, but there was no wind and lots of enthusiasm. We planned to meet up with Andy Gustafsson over Kathryn after take-off, which would make seven of us in total.

It wasn't hard to figure out that seven guys who got out of the house on a Saturday morning were going to have fun. Knowing that we were all flying into George Lemay's airport at Acme just added to the excitement. You'll

read in a minute why George's place is considered airplane Mecca.

The flight to Acme is fairly relaxing. Just fly north-east and follow the railway tracks thru every small town in sight, and you're there in about an hour. George's airport is about halfway between Beiseker and Acme. Stu and Kelly were careful to point out the three runways on the map before we left. I don't know why they bothered. About the only things at George's that aren't runways are the oval race track and the hangars.

But it's the items in these hangars that make this airport such a gem.

The big hangar is really just a large, open shelter, with about a dozen aircraft beneath it. For starters, there

was Ken Johnson's Renegade, a Minimax, a BD-4, a Piper Cub, and more. The center piece of it all was a Rapide.

A Rapide is an 8 passenger, all-wood, twin engined biplane built by DeHavilland back in the 40's. It's an incredibly nice airplane and George does make a point of flying it.

Also in the hangar was a twin engine DeHavilland Dove (disassembled) and three or four other planes, whose make and lineage we couldn't agree on, that were also disassembled. Scattered among this collection were all manner of wings, engines, parts and other assorted hardware which really gave the place that extra touch.

Then George Lemay drove up and introduced himself and offered to show us his shop.

More surprises. Just outside was a painted steel fuselage frame with canopy and engine (looked like a Sonera) that seemed about 90% done. As we stepped into the door we were met by a huge Beech Staggerwing with an enormous Pratt and Whitney radial up front. Even without being fully finished it was something to fall in love with.

At the back of the shop was a scratch-built dirt track racer. It looked like something straight out of the 20's. It had one great big header off the right side of the hood, great big open tires all

(continued on page 5)



Pre-flight roundup at Kirkby's.

Picture by Vasseur

(Fun - continued from page 4)

around, an open cockpit and lots of chrome.


The most impressive piece was yet to be seen. On a previous trip to England, George acquired the drawings to the original DeHavilland Comet. This is a twin engine 40's style aircraft looking somewhat like a Mosquito. The wings looked almost complete and the fuselage had a fair amount of work done on it.

George is apparently a stickler for details as he's building it exactly to spec. This means original engines, materials and construction methods. No plywood, just two layers of 4" x 1/4" spruce strips at 45 degree angles, all laminated together. The only change to original so far was the use of modern epoxies instead of the older glues. Please slap me if I ever again complain about my Minimax being tedious to build.

It's hard to summarize this place. If George ever found time between projects he'd make a fortune by starting up a summer camp for pilots having a mid life crisis.

Leaving George's was as much fun as getting there. After a few individual akeoffs Stu, Wilf, Rob and I all decided to taxi to the end of Runway 13 together. With about 30 seconds spacing for take off, and me at the back, I got a fantastic view.

Once airborne, Stu dropped in off my right wing and got a good look at me eating my picnic lunch. He hasn't yet



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let me forget about it.

The flight home is best described as relaxing. Stu stayed on my wing the whole way and we got some good pictures of each other in flight. I'm glad he managed to put up with my 50 mph, since his 'Max is a comparative rocket at 65 mph.

I followed Stu onto Kirkby's runway 16, did a touch and go, and scooted down Indus way to give back the E-Z-Flyer.

Four hours since I'd left and I had more fun more than I'd had in months.

So what was frustrating, you ask? A couple of things, which can fairly be attributed to trying to rushing things

and not paying attention. At Kirkby's, everyone was quick to fire up...except me. I either flooded it or didn't prime it enough. Anyway, it took about 100 pulls between myself, Bob Kirkby, and Kelly to get the EZ Flyer's 503 started (plus draining the float bowls and hand propping, etc.) My apologies go to Bob, along with a package of grass seed for unthinkingly dumping a float bowl of gas on his golf-course- quality taxiway.

Secondly, at Acme, after re-fueling from my jerry can, I made a particular point of ensuring the jerry can was strapped in and the caps were on tight. Unfortunately, I forgot to take the fuel cap out of my coat pocket at put it back on the E-Z-Flyer's fuel tank. Over Beiseker as I pulled a kleenex out of my coat I watched the fuel cap fly into the breeze.

Later, I arrived back at Indus and was ready to overfly the airport to check the windsock. I hadn't yet crossed the highway, but I was already searching for any other planes in the circuit. I didn't see any other planes, but I did see a shadow of another plane crossing straight east in front of Wayne's hangar.

Look at the sun, look at the shadow, there should be an airplane in between, right? Three more seconds of looking and still no airplane. Panic, figure out where that other plane must be and where it is going. Ok, the sun's in front of me, and the shadow's in front of me, so the other airplane must be in front of me as well. And the
(continued on page 6)



George Lemay holds court next to the DeHavilland Comet's wing.

Picture by Simpson

(Fun - continued from page 5)

shadow should be way off to my left before I cross behind it so I'll be fine if I hold my course.

Once I was straight west of the other plane I finally spotted it. It was about 100 feet below me and seemed to be doing what I was doing - overflying the airport to see the windsock.

We were both doing everything Wayne taught us. Though I don't recall a lesson on mid-air collisions. What really concerns me is that if the sun had been behind me, and I'd been a bit lower, this could have been a mid-air.

After I got home, I got to thinking about it some more and some other things came to mind. First, during the trip to Lemay's and back we all flew in formation, and it was really tempting just to follow someone else in the pattern assuming that everyone knew what they were doing. Also, most everyone else had a radio, so it was easy to think that they'd be more aware of other traffic. Maybe a radio is a false sense of security. If you heard over the radio that there was only one person in the circuit would you think to look for six more NORDO's behind him?

Constantly during my flying lessons, Wayne reminded me that the worst thing that can happen to you is a mid-air collision. Good advice, and worth repeating regularly.

All in all, not a bad day for my first outing, and I think I'll be making time for a few more of these trips. Especially, if I can wind up at another place like George Lemay's.

Exploring The World in My Ultralight

by Wilf Stark

I'm sure glad that Stu Simpson loves flying his HI-MAX, because it's provided me with some spin-off benefits as well.

During the month of September, Stu organized 4 trips to nearby locales. On the 4th, it was an evening jaunt to High River with Kelly Kuzyk, Andy Gustafsson, Stu, and myself. Terry, one of the Instructors at the High River Flight Centre, noticed us approaching and drove out to the airport to welcome us and show us around. The Flight Centre instructs using Pipers, Cessnas and a Spectrum Beaver! There's hope for us yet.

On the 8th, Stu and I flew to Thompson's Ranch glider strip near Black Diamond. This was an early Friday morning flight and the countryside was beautiful to look at. I blindly followed Stu, and was astute enough to actually see the field while on final approach to Runway 25! This 2200 foot strip is very wide and has a lovely bump near the east end that allowed me to perform that rare aerial maneuver known as "the take-off during the landing". Sure glad Stu was ahead of me. He claimed that his landing wasn't much better, but I was too busy to notice.

We were greeted by the only person on the field, Barry Bradley of the Cu Nim Glider Club, who proudly showed us the Club's hangar, sailplanes (2 Blanik 2-seaters, 2 high-performance singles) and 2 tow-planes. Cu Nim has been in operation for 25 years. Barry mentioned to us at least twice that

ultralights are very welcome, and that visitors could tie down on their 2000-foot cable, and even camp over-nite on the airport. What a friendly welcome.

Stu and I had agreed that we'd fly a bit further west into the foothills after leaving the Glider Strip. Apparently, the scenery in that direction is quite breathtaking.

We left Thompson's and headed for the hills. Right around the time I should have been struck by the awesome scenery, I was visited by the Fear Gremlin instead. He reminded me that I really couldn't fly, that there were fewer emergency landing spots below me, that I may have miscalculated my fuel, that my radio life-line to Stu could break at any moment, and just what the hell was I doing flying out here anyways?

You see, I'd flown barely seven hours solo, mainly circuits and a short local flight, since soloing in December '94 (such are the joys of a job requiring out-of-town travel). So I let the Fear Gremlin win that day, and radioed Stu that I'd prefer if we headed back. Stu must have sensed from my erratic formation flying that I was ill at ease, and he genially complied.

There's one thing about the uneventful return trip that still makes me smile, though. As we were approaching Spruce Meadows, Stu requested that we tighten up our formation to look good for the folks below. The place was getting quite full with people attending World Cup horse jumping, so I could only concur. To the aviation set, much as the horse set, form is important.

On the 19th, Stu and I flew to Springbank using the northerly route around the Calgary control zone. Stu did all the communication work with Calgary and Springbank; I listened and followed. Stu originally identified us as, "Ultralights Dragonly One and Two", which is what the controllers called us from then on. What a thrill to be treated so congenially. The icing on the cake came when the Calgary controller actually thanked us for calling him. Any misconceptions I had about their attitude towards U/L folks were permanently dispelled. To be treated with the same professional courtesy as pilots of larger machines really felt great.

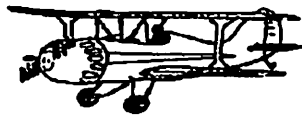
(continued on page 7)



Chinook driver Rob Armstrong survey's a 1946 DeHavilland 6 Rapide.

One Pilot's Opinion

by Bob Kirkby



Well, thanks to the many great contributions to this newsletter there is very little room left for my article. That's ok, it's great to see other club members submitting articles and news items. If this keeps up maybe the Skywriter will get up to 10 pages each month.

I would like to thank Stu Simpson for his help as Assistant Editor (I just invented the title). Stu has been collecting many of our articles, putting them into computer-readable format, and providing me with a file on diskette that can be very easily incorporated into the newsletter. In fact, if anyone has a story or article to contribute I would ask that you forward it to Stu first as he has volunteered to prepare it for me.

If you haven't been flying lately you are missing the best flying weather of the season. I didn't get much flying in during the summer for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was weather. But now I am making up for it. These early September mornings are absolutely beautiful, if you don't mind being a bit nippy. Believe it or not I have even gotten Louise into the air at last.

Three weeks ago she and I, and our sister-in-law, Tammy, flew the Cherokee up to Sundre for their annual fly-in breakfast. It was an absolutely perfect day and the turnout at Sundre was great. There were dozens of airplanes of all description from a Beaver RX550 to a King Air. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely. The most hilarious part of the trip was

Louise's reaction. She has always refused to fly with me thinking that flying in a light aircraft by definition meant lots of turbulence. As it turned out the day was perfectly smooth except that on final coming into my home strip we hit some bad thermals and it got a bit bumpy. After landing I explained why it was bumpy on the way down expecting to get a blast from Louise. Instead she said she didn't even notice the bumps. I couldn't believe it, but I kept quiet just in case.

The following Sunday Okotoks was having a fly-in breakfast which I wanted to attend. Louise said she would come with me. I wasn't sure whether she wanted to or just felt obligated now that she had sprouted wings. I decided to put it to the test and announced that I had planned on flying the Renegade down to Okotoks. "No problem", she said. Ok, I thought, let's see how this turns out. Sunday came and off we headed for Okotoks in the Renegade. The flight went fine except that I forgot to warn her before turning downwind in the Okotoks circuit. As I rolled sharply into a left turn I heard a great gasp over the intercom. I immediately realized my error and began explaining the circuit procedure as if nothing had happened. I then gave her fair warning before turning base and final, which seemed to ease the tension. On the ground we had a great breakfast and a great time mingling.

I did not dare to inquire how Louise liked the flight until we got home. Again, her response blew me away.

Aside from being too cold, which she admitted could be rectified with warmer clothing, she thought the flight was good and she said she enjoyed it more than flying to Sundre in the Cherokee. This amazed me since the flight to Okotoks had been under a low scattered layer of cumulous clouds which made for a fairly rough ride. But I didn't argue with success.

Maybe this new revelation means there will be some enjoyable trips on the horizon for Louise and I. Who knows. Women are fickle about such things so I'll just wait and see if she has really taken an interest in flying with me or if she was just bored the last two weekends.

Get out there and enjoy some fall flying. It's the best there is!

(Exploring - continued from page 6)

By the end of the day, any scars the Fear Gremlin might have left me the week before were permanently erased, scrubbed out by the huge grin on my face upon landing back at Kirkby Field.

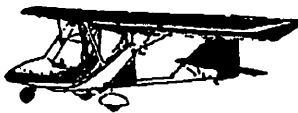
On Saturday the 23rd, we had a party when seven of us flew to Acme. Stu took off first and Bob Campbell quickly joined on him with his pretty Zenair 701. Rob Armstrong, in his Chinook, and me, in the Rans S-12 were off next. Then, Kelly Kuzyk in his Challenger paired with Brian Vasseur, who'd rented the Easy Flyer. Andy Gustafsson was circling over Kathryn and joined up with Stu and Bob in flight.

Robert and I were Numbers 4 and 5 to land. As I overflew Acme Airstrip, I was still unable to see the damn thing, even though I'd watched Bob's bright 701 and Robert's highly visible Chinook turn final. I heard Stu tactfully say, "Dragonfly 5, you are about 1 mile northwest of the runway". I knew that, of course. I was just testing! Kelly and Brian arrived moments later.

We were soon greeted by the owner of the strip, Mr. George LeMay, who kindly showed us around. What a toy-store for grown-up boys! Brian Vasseur has covered the highlights of Lemay's place elsewhere in this issue, so I'll leave the details to him. But I must mention one of the more rare items under shelter there. It was an antique Bleriot Fighter. A wooden mono-plane sans engine and covering, it had old, spoked wheels, and remained remarkably intact.

(continued on page 8)

HR



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(Exploring - continued from page 7)

George must have liked us because he invited us into his workshop to see the Beech Staggerwing undergoing restoration and the DeHavilland Comet that he was building from scratch. What a labour of love. George expressed doubt that he'd be able to finish the Comet, but remarked that someone in California had offered to complete the work. From what we saw, most of the actual wood structure (wing, tail, fuselage, engine bay for 2nd engine) was completed. Judging from the complexity of the project, there are several man-years of work remaining. It was a real privilege to have this fine gentleman make us feel welcome and proudly show us his work.

The time to return homeward came all too quickly. Andy and Bob dispersed directly to their respective home bases. The rest of us were soon on our way as well. Kelly and Robert headed towards Indus. And I remained somewhere between them and Stu and Brian's formation. I landed at Kirkby's to do some work on my Fisher Koala before going home. I watched as Stu settled on Runway 16 while Brian followed him around the circuit. Vasseur did a polite touch-and-go at Kirkby's before returning to Indus.

The month helped us accomplish several important objectives. We enjoyed each others' company as kindred spirits. We explored interesting places in a manner you just can't emulate in bigger, faster, heavier machines. And I'm sure we all whetted our appetites for more. I've managed to overcome many of the cross-country fears that stemmed from my low experience. The 7 hours of solo flight I had at the end of August are now up to 15. The learning continues, the joy is constant.

What a privilege it is to be associated with our club, and our group of folks who are all so different from each other, yet share the same passion and pursuit of high standards. Misquoting a once-famous Canadian, "Today is the first day of the rest of my life, exploring the world in my ultralight".



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By The Seat Of My Pants

by Andy Gustafsson

I have a pitot tube in the nose of my Challenger that I can take off very easily and replace with a screw-on cap when I hangar my plane. It keeps the bugs and other foreign matter out of the line. When I fly somewhere I carry an orange plastic sock that I stick on the tube to prevent people from walking into it when it is parked. People seem to like to get close to aircraft and I have seen kids blow into the pitot tube...why I don't know. I take very good care of this instrument that I rely on so much.

The thing is, one may rely on this gadget too much. One time I had flown down to Indus and parked my plane, and of course slipped the orange cover on the tube. After having talked and exchanged views with other pilots it was time to depart. The walk-around checked out OK so I taxied out to the runway and throttled up for takeoff. I usually rotate at 35+ mph, but this time I did not look at the airspeed indicator. It sort of felt good so I pulled the stick back. My takeoff rpm is around 6200. A look at my speed indicated 20 mph, strange I thought, so I stayed in ground effect to pick up speed. In the meantime the end of the runway was getting too close and I climbed out at full engine rpm.

Then it hit me. The stupid cover was still on. At 1000 feet I cut back to 5500 rpm for cruise. I have always counted on speed indicators and it sure felt strange to suddenly have to rely on what I had learned as a student, to feel the plane and fly "by the seat of the pants".

I continued to Kirkby Field and landed without any problem, probably the best landing I have ever made. After that "partial panel" experience I have made a cockpit checklist that is taped to the panel. But if that bumble bee happens to fly into your pitot tube, be prepared and always leave yourself a way out.

Ultralight flying is very forgiving and even without any instruments it is not at all difficult to manage. So, get to know your airplane and fly safely.