



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

November 1995

♪ Off We Go ... ♪

by Wayne Winters



By the time you read this article we will already know the outcome of the Quebec referendum, and I hope for the sake of our Quebec members that they are still with us! It is hard to think about anything else these days, because we are bombarded by comments from the media, associations, friends, family, etc., so I guess the only thing to do is go flying!

Nothing like a flight to clear the head and get one thinking about something else. I tell my students that flying should completely clear the head and get your mind off life's problems because your attention should be absorbed by the flight. I also say that if you are still thinking about earth bound things while you are flying, it is time to land and go resolve the situations, in your mind at least, so

that you can be clear minded in your flying.

My guess is that there is only one other thing that clears the mind like flying!!!

Beat To The Punch

A couple of meetings ago we decided to send a letter off to Lindsay Cadenhead at Transport Canada to voice some concerns regarding the Recreational Pilot Permit. Ed Dantoni drafted a letter and right at the time we were going to send it some changes were announced relating to the crediting of Ultralight time, and the possible medical changes. Thus, rather than getting too excited about it we are going to wait and watch the changes as they come down the pipeline. If

anyone has further concerns please let me know and we will voice them.

The October Fly-in

I am sure you will read more about the fly-in elsewhere in the Skywriter, so I will limit my comments to saying that I felt it was a great success and would like to express our thanks, on behalf of all those present, to everyone that was involved in putting it together and keeping it organized the day of the event. Brian Vasseur and Stu Simpson get our vote of thanks for pulling the whole thing together, lining up the chow, events, etc.

The Annual New Years Party

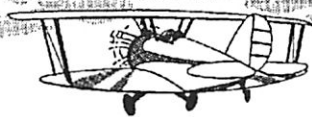
The date for our annual New Year Party has been set for January 27, 1996. The last three years have proven to be very successful and we anticipate this one being no different. The general format will be a pot luck supper and a silent auction. Last year we had some games going on as well as a hilarious time with a Karaoke machine. We are looking for input from members as to what you would like to see (apart from the delicious chow and silent auction). Please be vocal and let us know what you want. Flight simulator games might be fun!

The October Meeting

I know it sounds repetitive but I would like to again thank everyone for coming out and participating at our monthly meetings. It is your attendance and involvement that makes the CUFC meetings so enjoyable. It's always nice to see new faces at our meetings and we encourage you to bring friends and get to know the new folks that are joining the club. Everyone brings a different view of flying and it is appreciated.

We did not have much by the way of business, except for a little more planning for the October party. We (continued on page 2)

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Classified

(Off We Go - continued from page 1)

were quite anxious to get to our guest speaker, Gordon Fraser. Gordon was a Lancaster pilot during the "big one" and was shot down over France. (More in a moment.)

Our door prize program is alive and well. Carl Hassell was the proud winner of a fine book. We thank you and encourage your participation in the form of not only buying tickets but also donating prizes.

We discussed our upcoming New Year party and looked at some dates. Be sure to mark your social calendar for Saturday, January 27th. Also, think about the entre that you will be bringing for the pot luck supper, as well as the quality of the items that you would like to donate for the silent auction (this is a great opportunity to get rid of some of the junk that you no longer want, and laugh at the dough dough that buys it and thinks it is a real treasure).

Earlier we mentioned our guest speaker, Gordon Fraser, and we would like to thank Casey Tanner for making the arrangements to have him come to our meeting. Gordon was really interesting and did a wonderful job of letting us feel what it was like to be so directly involved in the war. It was interesting to hear how he survived being shot down and how they were assisted by the French resistance to get to Switzerland and then make their way back to England. Gordon is of English origin but made his way to Canada where he started his military career as a flight instructor, then ended up back in England flying Lancasters. He was one of the highest time pilots to be on flight crew with over 1500 hours flying by that time.

Gordon went on from the military and has had an exciting flying career. He doesn't seem old enough to have seen the action that he has and can attribute it to good living, I am sure.

We are very thankful to Gordon for allowing us to re-live some of his most memorable times including his return to France for the 50th anniversary. They gave him a piece of his crashed Lancaster as a memento. He showed it to us and no one, including Gordon, is sure what part it is.

We concluded the meeting with a look at some of the video footage that Bob Kirkby shot at Oshkosh.

Happy Landings.

Intercom - 2 place Ultracom including 2 headsets, in good condition. \$400.00. Chris Kirkman 280-1843.

Chinook - 2 place, 1985, 38 hrs on rebuilt Rotax 447 & gear box, ASI, ALT, VSI, Tach, Extra Tanks, 6.50x8 wheels, \$5,000. Dave Dedul 403-823-6054.

Jeppesen - CR-3 circular flight computer, new, \$25.00. Bob Kirkby 403-569-9541.

Kolb Wings - like new, ready to fly. Jim Cresser 226-0180.

Props - 2 wood props: 64 x 32 and 64 x 34, \$200.00 for both. Damien Belanger 1-823-3027.

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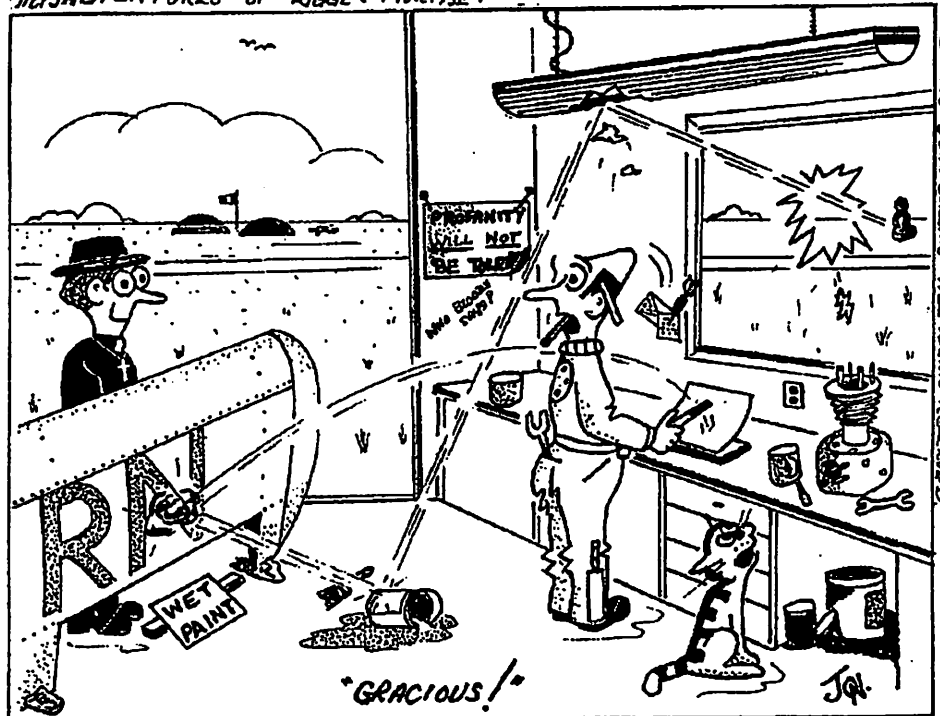
Skywriter Editor
Bob Kirkby 569-9541

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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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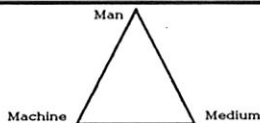
MISADVENTURES OF RIGGER MORTISE.



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Safety Corner

by Paul Hemingson



Coming Home to Roost

Many ultralight pilots try to get in an hour or two of flying in the evening. Sometimes it is during the week but more commonly on weekends. Fortunately for us the evenings are when we find the time, the winds are lighter and the air a little cooler.

One of the most trying times can be coming home to roost for the night. You may have had a pleasant flight and everything went well. You're in the circuit to land and perhaps contemplating the beauty of the low angle light and long shadows that highlight the landscape. Pretty soon you will be on base, then a left turn to short final is all that is left to do. Piece of cake, right? Maybe, maybe not.

Because most of us land with the last few minutes of sunshine it can be right in your face when you are flaring out on a westerly oriented runway. In western Canada the wind is commonly out of the west and, unfortunately, so is the sun. Burning holes through your eyes.

If you wear glasses like I do, combined with clip-on sunglasses that might be a tad scratched, along with a plexiglass windscreen, you're looking through three scratchy lenses at the same time when you most need your vision to judge the flare.

I have no guaranteed solution, but a few tricks I have used might help. If the wind is light, and you have a choice of a runway orientation not into the sun, take it and consider it a little crosswind landing practice.

Or you might just cruise around for another 15 minutes or so, and then land after the sun goes down, but before nightfall. Remember, it is legal to fly up to 30 minutes after official sunset. This strategy might force you to do your tie-down and packing up for home in the dark, but at least you will land without the sun creating problems.

When you're coming home to roost you want to be sure to see the roost.

The next competition was a flour-bomb drop. Each pilot would have two runs and drop a bomb on each pass. A traffic cone was used as the target and the distance between the cone and where the bomb stopped would be measured.

Next was the spot landing competition. Each pilot had to touch down near as possible to the start line, BUT NOT BEFORE. It surprised us how many people were disqualified by landing short.

The first pair up were Peter Wegerich and Julio Castro, both flying Chinook single-seaters. It turns out we erred in calculating how long it would take everyone to takeoff. As a result, we eye-balled the short takeoff competition, instead of actually measuring it.

With these two planes almost exactly the same, the final results seemed to depend on the pilot's weight. Simply put, Julio beat Peter, but not by much. Peter's bomb drops were 8 feet and 5 feet, respectively. Julio came in with 11 feet and 17 feet. On the spot landing competition, Peter came in at 45 feet and Julio had no score because he touched down too soon.

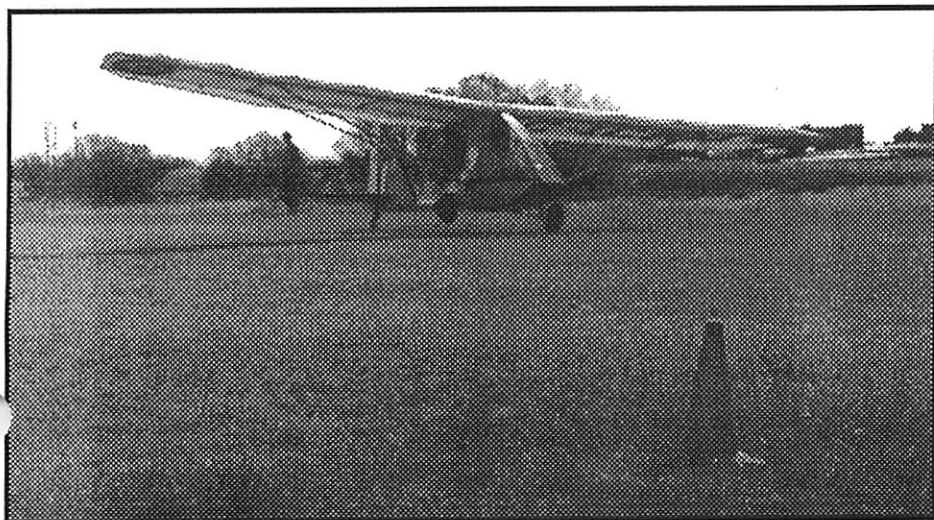
The First Annual Fall Classic

A Special Report by Brian Vasseur

October 15th was a perfect day for a picnic; light wind, sunny and comfortably warm. But the air was also tense with the anticipation of intense in-flight competition. Seven men and their machines. The smell of jet fuel (ok, not jet fuel) wafting thru

the air. It was a rare sight, not seen since the glory days of aviation.

The competition rules were pretty simple. Only two planes would be in the circuit and competing at any one time. First event was a short take-off contest, as measured from a start-line near the button of Indus' runway 28.



Peter Wegerich's Chinook touches down during spot landing competition.

photo by
3 Bonnie Wegerich

The next pair in the competition was Bob Kirkby in his Renegade, and Kelly Kuzyk in his Challenger. It looked to us that Kelly beat out Bob by a couple feet or so. For the bomb drop competition Bob came in at 34 feet on the first run and 32 feet on the second. Kelly came in at 50 feet and 39 feet. Both missed out on the landing competition as they touched down before the markers.

The third round saw Ron Axelson competing in his Ercoupe and Murray Ireland in his Cessna 150. They didn't try the takeoff competition and went straight to the bomb drops. Ron's first drop was too far off for us to measure, but the second came out at 62 feet. Murray came in at 20 feet and 22 feet. On the landing Ron touched down too early and Murray came in at 62 feet.

Last up was Wayne Winters in the 618-powered EZ-Flyer. Looks like Wayne won the takeoff competition. His first bomb drop was at 15 feet. We didn't count his second one because at this point we were too lazy to walk that far. On the landing Wayne came in at 100 feet.

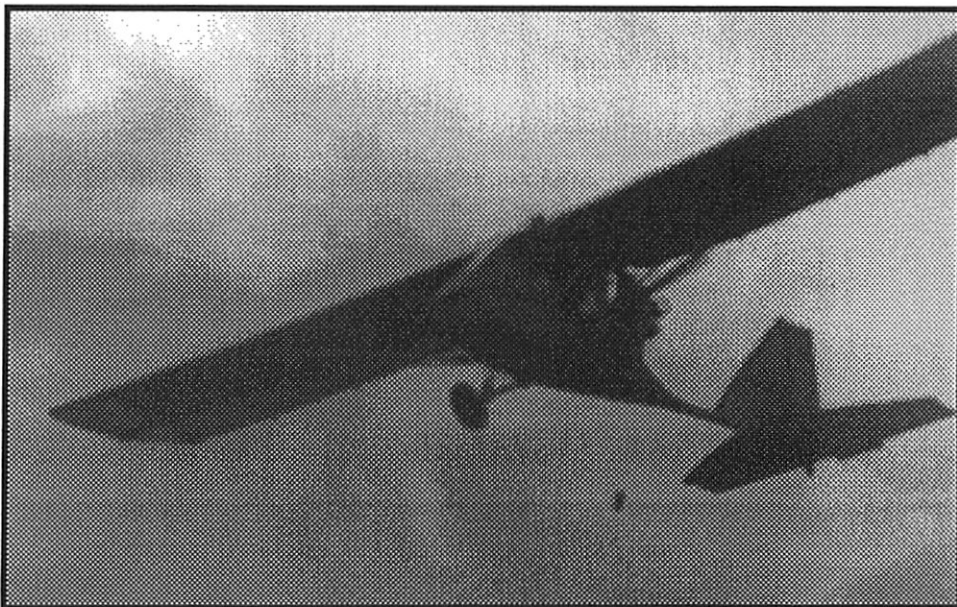
The overall winner in this competition was Peter Wegerich with some pretty (continued on page 4)

(Fall Classic - continued from page 3)

impressive results. Peter may have been an attack pilot in a previous existence.

As Wayne taxied back we fired up the barbecues and began to get the burgers and hotdogs going. At this point we realized we had a pretty good turnout. We went thru 50 burgers and 36 hotdogs if that that gives you an indication of the turnout. Something else that went over well was having coffee and juice in addition to pop.

Overall it was a good event with a good turnout, and generally a great way to spend a Sunday morning.



Julio Castro trying for his target.

Photo by Peter Wegerich

Friday on the Farm

by Wilf Stark

Friday, October 6th became another day of ultralight air-adventure. Don Rogers in his Norseman, Stu Simpson in his Hi-Max, and me in the Rans S-12, departed from Stefanavik Field about 08:30 for the Linden Airstrip. The day before, Don had finished re-installing his fuel tank (Hint: This is foreshadowing). He's starting to believe that his destiny is to always work on the Norseman, which he bought earlier this year, but rarely fly it. The joys of buying someone else's dreams.

The trip to Linden was smooth and uneventful, except for some moderate gusts and bumps just west of Beiseker. We followed Stu into the Linden strip. By default, he's our official radio-man (he religiously announces his

movements and intentions, something we can all learn from).

Upon disembarking, we lined up all three planes, perfectly parallel, pointing into the taxiway at an angle. It looked either jaunty or sexy, depending on your inclinations. I must admit, it did make quite a sight. As the Airstrip runs north-south, and sits just north of the main road through town, the planes were highly visible to cars passing by. We received quite a few waves and curious stares, which is great PR for us humble ultralighters.

It was an arduous 3 minute trek to the local cafe for some of their famous cream and fruit pies. We each had a slice for breakfast, as per the Canada Food Guide. This was the first cross-country trip I'd made where there was

good food available within walking distance upon landing. Linden seems to be a well-kept secret. Since the runway is maintained by the town, and in good shape, this place is well worth visiting.

After doing our share of 'cafe-flying' we decided to head back, as we all had to get to our respective work.

The return trip started to get a bit rough near Beiseker. Interestingly, just as we got west of town, we were once again hit by gusts and bumps in the same area where we'd felt them earlier. The sky was overcast, ruling out thermals, so I'd sure like to know the cause of the turbulence.

As we continued south we saw a small rain squall approaching us and the winds were getting very gusty. With Irricana behind us, we noticed that Rogers was flying lower and lower. He seemed to be on a very long final approach to a farm just outside Kathryn. He landed near the farm's largest barn. As Don was NORDO, Stu radioed me suggesting that we should land as well, in case Rogers was in trouble.

I landed next, and it turned out to be the hairiest landing yet in my short flying career. The gusts had gotten much worse. Just before turning base to an extremely short final into the field I'd picked, the wind pitched me down so hard that everything sitting on the right-hand seat took a jump in the air, then nosedived to rest beside the right-seat rudder pedals. I then had less than 100 feet altitude and was staring at cows staring at me about 800 feet away. Frankly, I was
(continued on page 5)



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Around The Patch

by Stu Simpson



Tinker's Evening Out; Part 2

Now that Ed Tinker had a few seconds to think, he realized the enormous danger of his situation. He had just witnessed a vicious murder, the killers had shot at - and damaged - his airplane, and to top it all off, they were coming after him in an airplane nearly twice as fast as his.

Maybe they just want to apologize for spoiling my evening out, he thought sarcastically.

Tinker was seventy-five feet above the ground, about two miles from Black Diamond, heading east along a small river. He had the Himax at full throttle, but the little plane could barely hit eighty miles per hour. Tinker twisted repeatedly in his seat, constantly checking his six', trying to spot the Cherokee that would inevitably come for him.

There it was! Just coming off the deck from B.D. Tinker thought his heart might explode from tension. There had to be something he could do. But what? Think, he told himself, THINK!

"Okay, I see him!", Morty shouted into

the intercom. He pointed forward, slightly left of the nose. His quarry was barely at tree-top height, it's yellow outline sometimes disappearing in the fall colors along the river.

"Good, keep an eye on him," said Kaz from the left seat, "I can't find him yet. Don't lose him, man!"

"I won't.", replied Morty. Without looking, he located a fresh magazine in his jacket pocket and rammed it into the machine gun. "Just get me close enough to use this." Then he reached over and opened the vent window beside his right arm.

Tinker knew they'd seen him. The Cherokee was on a collision course, and gaining quickly. He pushed on the throttle lever again, which was already to the stop, and turned forward.

TREE! Tinker yanked the stick back (continued on page 6)

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(Friday - continued from page 4)

grateful to still be in the air and flying. Upon touchdown, I stood on the brake pedals until I could feel muscle pains in my crotch. The cows and I managed not to touch noses. I did a swift 180 and high-tailed it to where I'd crossed over the fence, so that Stu would have a visual aid for his touch-down point.

But Stu landed in the field immediately to the east (the same one as Don), on the other side of a long fence. Now that I had time to look around, I noticed that I'd chosen to land in an area about 500 feet wide by 800-900 feet long, fenced on all sides, with at least 15 cows for company and a lifetime supply of pies, lovingly spread everywhere. This gave me an opportunity to start worrying about how to get out again, and wishing that I'd had the presence of mind to land on the other side of the fence as my more experienced flying buddies had done. I had visions of renting a tractor to lift the plane over the fence so I'd have room for a take-off. Oh the indignity of it all.

I walked over to where Don and Stu were. Don had gotten gas from two farm-hands, and was filling his tank. He stated that he became concerned and landed when his fuel gauge winked 'empty'. It seems that the fuel drain-valve hadn't shut tightly after the tank work he'd done the day before (remember the foreshadowing?).

From that perspective, we couldn't have landed at a better place. After all, fuel was available and we were ready to take off again less than 20 minutes after setting down. The only thing that makes me suspicious is the \$5 bill that Don had ready and neatly folded, "for just such emergencies". What the hell does that mean? I lost 4 good years of my life during that hairy landing, and he sets down on the good side of a field where he gets fuel delivered to him less than 5 minutes after asking for it! Am I folding my bills wrong, or does he simply lead a charmed life?

Through it all, the farm-hands just stood there staring at us, wide-eyed and open mouthed. They apparently don't often get three ultralight visitors dropping in to share their cow

pastures. One can only hope we've added to their conversational material in the months to come.

By the time Don had re-fueled, the rain squall had passed and we all took off uneventfully, having been given an opportunity to practice some short-field take-off technique. Don and Stu had barns to contend with at the end of their runs, and I had to worry about cows at the end of mine. Fortunately, they just stared at me as I crossed over them at about 50 feet. The trip home for each of us was safe and uneventful since the rough weather had passed while we were grounded.

Which part of this fateful Friday would I not want to repeat? That's easy: I'd do it all again in a heartbeat. I learned some more about flying, which is a never-ending lesson. Having previously flown in only calm weather, this day also shook some built-up complacency out. And I had another nifty adventure enjoying the support and company of fellow aviators. That's worth aging for.

(Around - continued from page 5)

and to the right while he stomped the left rudder pedal. His landing gear missed the tall pine by three feet. The G-force of the snap maneuver caused his vision to grey for a second or two. Then, almost as quickly, he corrected and put the 'Max back to its original course.

Fighting panic and gasping for breath, he tried to sort his options. But there just didn't seem to be any. He was slower - much slower - than the Cherokee, he was alone, and he was unarmed. Not that he'd know what to do with a gun if he had one, he realized.

"Damn!" said Kaz, "That tree nearly saved us the trouble." He'd had Tinker's plane in view for about the last half mile. He planned to bring the Piper right up behind, and a little above the ultralight's tail. Then at the last second, he'd skew the nose to the left and give Morty the angle to score his first air-to-air kill. Morty would have to shoot down, out the vent window, and aim between the Cherokee's prop and wing, but he could do it, Kaz was sure.

"I need to get close, Kaz." said Morty, "This thing doesn't have much range."

"Sweat," replied Kaz, smiling confidently. Kaz relayed his plan to Morty. "He's got no where to run. Just be sure you don't hit our plane."

The Cherokee was closing quickly, less than a hundred yards to go. Kaz backed the throttle off a bit, carefully noting his airspeed. He knew the Cherokee performed well at low speeds, but like any pilot, he didn't want to press the issue at low altitude - especially this low.

"Get ready Morty. We're just about there." Kaz could actually see the pilot of the ultralight looking back over his left

shoulder. He wondered, for a fleeting second, what it must feel like to know you're about to die.

Morty had the barrel of the machine gun stuck out the vent, his finger on the trigger.

"Closer, Kaz. A bit closer", he said.

"Say your prayers, chum," whispered Kaz. "NOW!", he yelled to Morty, as he kicked the left rudder. Morty started firing.

Tinker whipped the 'Max into a hard left turn as soon as he saw the bigger plane yaw. He heard more cracking sounds and knew the plane was hit again, somewhere on the right wing.

His plane passed almost directly beneath the Cherokee, and thus, flew right into the larger plane's wake turbulence. At such a high bank angle, the violent, boiling air nearly caused the the Himax to stall. Tinker grabbed the stick with both hands, and jerked it to the right. He watched helplessly from forty feet above the river as the world turned completely sideways, the stick input doing nothing.

And then he was through it. The airplane snapped back to the right and Tinker levelled out. He had completely reversed his course in three seconds flat. Shaking with fear, he looked quickly over his shoulder to see the Cherokee in a hard, climbing, left turn. They were coming back for more.

Both planes were flying into the sun now. Tinker pushed over to get lower to the water. He deparately hoped the sunlight reflecting in all directions from the river would make him harder to see.

Back in the Cherokee, it was Kaz's turn to be furious at the ultralight

jockey. The guy driving it had made fools of the killers by sucking them in close, acting like he'd given up, and then pulling that unexpected maneuver. Kaz had nearly stalled the Cherokee as he yanked back on the wheel to avoid what appeared to be an imminent collision. Only the rush to full power had prevented the plane from going out of control. Damn that guy!

Morty looked at his partner, sensing his fury.

"I know how you feel, amigo." he said, "Let's nail him this time."

Kaz merely grunted in response. He continued to bring the Cherokee around to the west. A sudden flash of movement on the water caught his eye. There he was, and he was still running hard. You won't escape again, Kaz vowed to himself.

Tinker was in a bad spot. He knew it, and he knew the bad guys knew it. On the south side of the river were tall pines, the likes of which had nearly killed him only a few minutes ago. On the north side was a sharp cliff, rising at least a hundred feet above the river bed. The 'Max's wheels were a mere five feet above the water.

Tinker whipped a glance toward the Cherokee, which was now descending towards him rapidly. He thought he saw the flaps coming down.

They were learning fast and Tinker knew he couldn't pull the same escape trick again. Besides, there simply wasn't enough room on either side of him. He pulled up another five feet, allowing him to safely check his six' without hitting the water. He saw that the killers would be in a firing position in about three seconds. The good news was that they were slow. Again.

Tinker knew the only place left to go was up. He waited until the Cherokee was fifty feet back and starting to yaw again. Then he snapped the stick back into his lap, held his breath, and hoped like hell the wings stayed on.

"LOOK OUT!" cried Morty, involuntarily jamming his arm against the top of the instrument panel.

Kaz rammed the wheel all the way forward, missing the 'Max by only fifteen feet. Then he noticed the water coming up to smite him. He yanked the wheel back, nearly over-controlling and stalling. Again, Kaz noted with disgust. Good thing he'd dropped the flaps this time.

(continued on page 7)



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(Around - continued from page 6)

Morty hadn't got a single round off. He watched as the 'Max executed an Smeلمان turn, having swapped directions once again.

"Hey, Kaz," said Morty, "I'm no pilot, but I think this guy's pretty good."

"Ya, well he's really got me pissed off", Kaz snorted. He circled the Cherokee back to the left, searching for the 'Max again. He found it just in time to watch the little yellow airplane complete a perfect chandel. The ultralight was westbound again, down just above the river, obviously trying to hide below the tree tops. That's your tough luck, thought Kaz.

"Put that thing away, Morty", growled Kaz, pointing at the Mac-10, "I'm gonna fly that guy right into the ground. It's personal, now." Morty, starting to get scared, just looked at his partner. He hoped Kaz's anger wouldn't get in the way of his flying.

You're in my back yard now buster, thought Tinker. He knew the killers had seen him duck back down toward the river. That was okay, because Tinker knew the river. The killers didn't.

Confidence was growing as he realized the Himax could do things and go places the Cherokee could not. One such place was just up ahead. Tinker smiled viciously to himself, thinking what a nice little surprise that would be.

"What are you going to do, Kaz?" Morty asked worriedly.

"I'm going to fly ten feet over top of him at a hundred and twenty knots" stated the pilot, "Our slip-stream turbulence will force him out of control and into the water. Guaran-freakin'-teed. Hell," he

smiled at Morty, "there won't even be any bullet holes in him. Everyone'll think he just got stupid."

Morty didn't like it, he preferred shooting people. But neither did he have much choice.

The Cherokee dropped into position a quarter mile behind the Himax, just in time for Kaz to see it bank right and disappear around a bend. The Cherokee followed a few seconds later, turning hard around the cliffs, closing on the 'Max.

"Aw, crap!" shouted Morty. It just kept getting worse.

"Don't worry man, I can make this", said Kaz, miffed at his partner's lack of trust.

Tinker snatched a quick look behind and he knew he had them. They were so low now that they had to try to go under the bridge. It was high enough off the river bed that if they pulled up, they'd hit it. But the best was yet to come.

Tinker threaded the Himax between the left bank of the river and the center pillar of the bridge, a distance of about sixty feet. Then he pushed the stick forward, going as low as he dared. A second later he saw the abandoned ferry cable flash by a few feet above his cockpit. He pulled the stick back and coaxed the airplane into an easy, climbing left turn. Then he twisted in his seat. He didn't want to miss this.

Morty watched with relief as the bridge pillar flashed past the right wing tip. He turned to congratulate Kaz on a good job. But he never got the chance.

When Kaz saw the cable, it was much too late to do anything about it. And the instant before they hit, he

discovered exactly what it feels like to know you're about to die.

The ferry cable sliced through the Cherokee like it was a soggy loaf of bread. The upper half of the wreckage, which also contained the upper halves of Morty and Kaz, went sailing upward for nearly forty feet before tumbling back into the river.

The lower half of the plane, which also contained the lower halves of Morty and Kaz, and the cocaine, actually maintained flight for a few seconds before smashing into thousands of pieces on the shallow river bed.

Tinker watched the crash with utter fascination, until he felt the 'Max shaking on the verge of a stall. He quickly turned his attention back to flying.

That'll teach you, he thought, for trying to spoil my evening out.

Letters

From readers



Well gang, December is voting month at CULC. The past 2 years have just flown by.

We once again have an opportunity to help shape our direction and pursuits of interests, by whom we nominate and elect. This is a good time to reflect on whether or not our monthly and seasonal activities still meet our individual objectives for joining.

Do we desire more interaction among our members? Would we like to know more about their projects/interests, and how that might affect us? Would we like more practical help/knowledge on aircraft projects, pilotage, supplies and tools? Would we just like to keep it as it's been, with the socializing at monthly meetings, occasional guest speakers and videos, or can we expand the scope of what we do and the impact we could make?

I for one have developed a hunger in recent months for more. I get a sense that there are many fine individuals in our club who have much to share, yet I hardly know any of them. There are many fascinating projects out there and yet I've seen only a few. I know beyond doubt, that all who attend our meetings come prepared to share, of themselves and their respective expertise. Why else would we all go to the trouble of allocating this time if we weren't all in pursuit of the same family of goals?

I will be mindful of all this as I nominate and vote this year. I want my club to become more, to grow, to evolve. In being part of it and contributing, my reward will be that I too will grow and evolve. We all share a common denominator: our precious time. Let's maximize it.

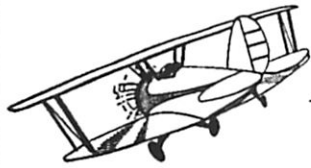
Wilf Stark




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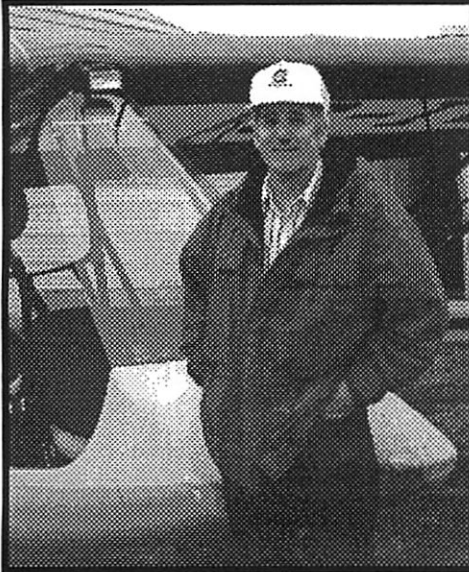


First Solo Congratulations

"BOINK"

"BOINK"

"BOINK"



Al Terrian - Jan 23, 1995



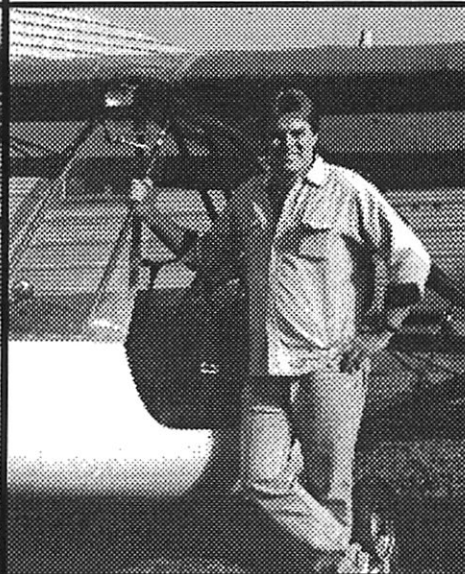
Brian Baillie - Jun 4, 1995



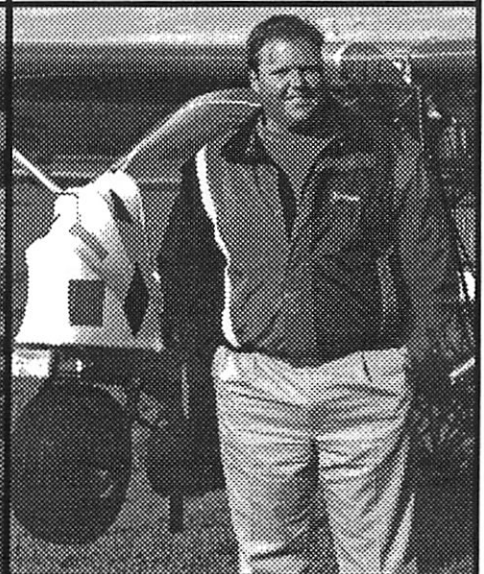
Jim Sharma - Aug 14, 1995



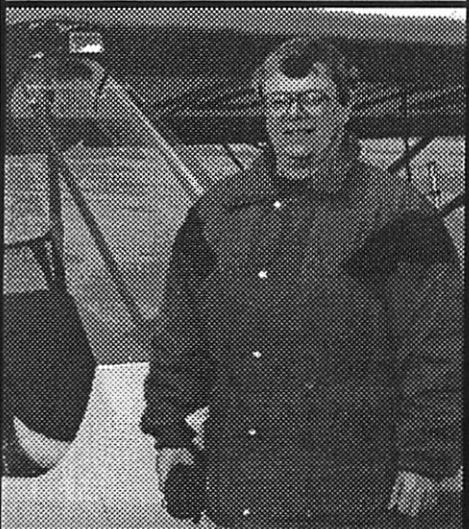
Brian Vasseur - Mar 18, 1995



Darrell Dye - Jun 10, 1995



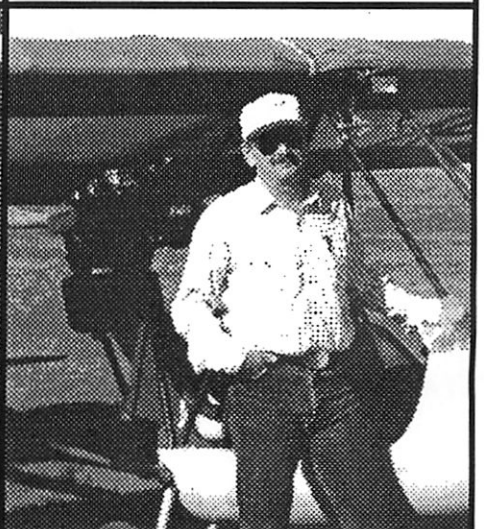
Lloyd McBean - Aug 16, 1995



Conrad Nay - Apr 21, 1995



Glen Rippon - Jun 22, 1995



Gordie Ehertraut - Aug 19, 1995