



Skywriter

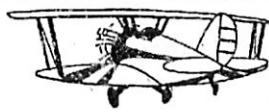


Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

December 1995

Off We Go ...

by Wayne Winters



Winter flying time is with us once again and those that are taking advantage of the stable conditions are among the most fortunate creatures around. There are a lot of days that one does not feel much like flying because it is so crispy cold on the ground. Braving the morning chill, and getting the airplane ready, becomes well worth the effort when one gets 200 to 400 feet above the ground and the snow starts melting off the boots! Looking down at the other earthlings freezing their butts off gives a renewed zest for life and does good things for the "frozen" attitude.

More Paperwork From The Brass

I just got through reviewing some information that recently came regarding aircraft identification,

registration and leasing. I am sitting here scratching my head and looking like a tree full of owls trying to figure out what they really want to say. By the time I get down to paragraph 5, subsection (d), my mind goes to mush and I pick up my latest ultralight magazine instead. (Who knows, there might be an article about the E-Z Flyer!)

I really wish someone would put those government publications into simplified, make sense and follow it at a glance, language. They take 16 pages to say "put a damn name plate on your airplane. Dude, so when you crash and burn we will be able to identify it and the idiot that built it!"

The 4th Annual New Year Party

Just a reminder to set your social calendar for January 27, 1996 when we will have our annual pot luck supper and silent auction. Be sure to line up all sorts of goodies that you and others can donate to the cause.

Membership Dues

It is time to dig deep into the pocket and pull out another \$20 for your annual CUFC dues. If you aren't at the meeting to give them to Gord Tebbutt, just mail him a cheque at 2 Vardell Place N.W., Calgary, T3A 0B8.

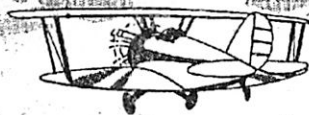
Annual Election

The annual election of officers for the CUFC will take place in December. Our by-laws call for the election of the Vice-President and Secretary one year and the President, Treasurer and a Director the next. This year it is time to elect a President, Treasurer and a Director. We will be posting the results in the January Skywriter.

Emotionally Attached

It is amazing how grown up boys become attached to their toys and maintain that attachment for some of the old sold-off ones, particularly airplanes. A week or so ago when I was trawling through the November issue of the COPA paper I ran across a picture of my old Bellanca 14-19. It was on the bottom of page C-15 in the EAA news section. It brought a tear to my eye as I have fond memories of Dad telling me he had found an airplane I might be interested in rebuilding, then doing the restoration and eventually becoming one with the bird. It was nice to see it out and about as well as the fellow I sold it to from Kingston, Ontario. It seemed like only yesterday that he came from Ontario, looked, bought and had me fly it back with him. As a nostalgic tear ran down my cheek I said good-bye again and turned the page to the ultralight
(continued on page 2)

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(Off We Go - continued from page 1)

section. What luck, there was a picture of the new E-Z Flyer and an article about the Discovery Channel doing the filming of it last fall. Suddenly I didn't feel so bad!

The November Meeting

November 1st was a cold day and we had a few less at the meeting. Those that were not there were missed, although we still had about a 70% full house. Your attendance and participation is appreciated.

We discussed the successes of the October Fun-fly and decided that we should have at least 2 to 3 per year. Winter dates may be a possibility so keep your ear to the ground. Some plans as to the activities for the New Year party were discussed. The activities and outline of the party will be concluded at our December and January meetings. Some of the discussion centered around games, dancing, casino, video games (flight simulator), etc. Your input is appreciated.

The 783 Wing can always use more of our support to keep the facilities going and our participation was invited for their "Casino Night" that will be held at the Elbow Park Lodge (across from the Stampede grounds) in the Spring. It will run for 2 days and is a good money maker for the Wing. It is time to start thinking of signing up for a 6-8 hour shift.

Classified

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

Rotax 447 - with gear box, wood prop, exhaust, carb, 40 hrs, \$600.00. Dave Dedul 403-823-6054.

Jeppesen - CR-3 circular flight computer, new, \$20.00. Bob Kirkby 403-569-9541.

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

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

Wanted - Light fiberglass work done on a new cowl. New welded towing bar to be made from an existing pattern. Gerry Moore 270-0877.

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

Letters

From readers



Editor:

Just read your October Skywriter monthly newsletter.

As always the publication is first class and very informative. Of interest was the article written by Brian Vasseur on George LeMay.

I would like to express Okotoks Flight Centre thanks for your kind words on the September 17th fly-in breakfast.

Keep up the good work and informative information.

A. (Al) B. Craig
General Manager
Okotoks Flight Centre

Thanks for the kudos Al, and we'll try to keep our information informative!

- Editor.

As per usual we had a lot of chuckles and exchanged some good ideas on what works and doesn't when building or flying. We concluded the meeting with some footage of the Red Deer Air Show supplied by Gord Tebbutt.



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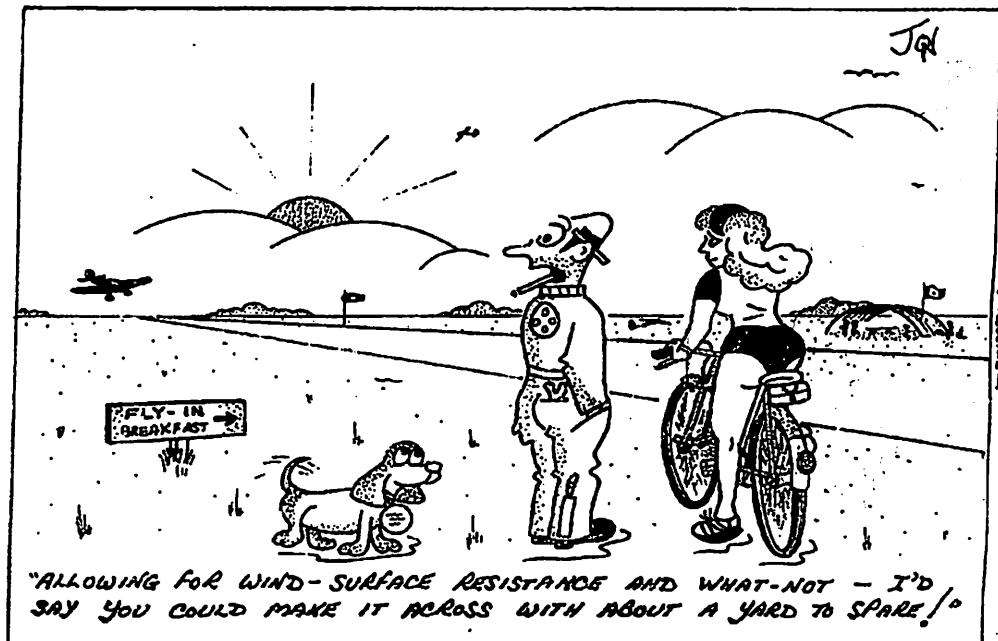
Skywriter Editor
Bob Kirkby 569-9541

Skywriter is the official publication of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club and is published 12 times per year. Opinions expressed by our writers are not necessarily those of the club. Articles and letters to the editor are very welcome from any readers. Address correspondence to: Bob Kirkby, RR 7, Calgary, AB T2P 2G7 or Fax to 403-291-1112.

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

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Around The Patch

by Stu Simpson



The Simple Things

His shadow was just where he promised it would be - behind and to the right of mine. A few seconds later I saw the airplane that made it. Don Rogers' red and white Husky Norseman slid into position off my right wing as we climbed out northbound from Kirkby Field.

It had been 18 months since Don and I had flown together. That last jaunt, with him in his Chinook and me in my Beaver, was in March of '94 to a farm strip near Vulcan. Back then, our airplanes looked exactly like what they were - ultralights.

Not that there's anything wrong with those types of planes. Nope, not a darn thing. It's just that I couldn't help wanting something a little more, well, conventional looking. I'd spent nearly three hundred hours in open cockpit ultralights, and frankly, I wanted to be warm again. I also wanted something with the engine out front and a wheel way out back. So I built a TEAM Himax, a nice, simple, wooden tail-dragger.

Don was also looking for a change. He too wanted something a bit more conventional. He eventually flogged his trusty Chinook and bought the Norseman, a nice, simple, metal tail-dragger.

You'll notice that neither of us had any desire to leave the ultralight fold. No, sir. We like it down here in the weeds. In our minds, this is where the real

flying is.

And this day, we were flying to where the real pie is. Or so I'm told. The village of Linden is about 40 miles north of Kirkby's. The airstrip is right in the town limits and just down the street from a coffee shop that serves absolutely scrumptious pie. At least that's how the legend goes.

Don's gone to Linden on a few occasions for the pie and often times told me we should go there together. So today, the last day of September, would be the day. And we were doing it in airplanes that look like airplanes. That means something to us.

It was late in the afternoon and the air under us hadn't quite settled yet, making it tough to keep a close formation. Heck, with all that

convective air, it was tough to keep an altitude. But we did our best.

Each of us was also keeping an eye on the sky. There was a squall off to the northwest that was slowly getting bigger, but it didn't seem to want to move anywhere. A smaller cloud, east of the big storm, was the focus of our attention. It looked pretty rambunctious, spewing rain and such from its underside. Unfortunately, it was heading straight for our destination.

The sight of Linden on the not-so-distant horizon made my mouth water. But I knew it was not to be.

We were three miles directly west of the Beiseker airport. Checking my six, I found Don perched a few hundred yards back. So I made what military people call a "command decision". I chickened out.

I turned hard right for Beiseker and Don followed.



Don Rogers' Norseman at Indus.

Photo by Don Rogers



Simpson's Himax leaves Kirkby Field

Photo by Bob Kirkby

We taxied in just as a Cessna 206, loaded to the rails with skydivers, taxied out. We hopped out and surveyed the airport from the ramp, talking easily as old friends do. The sky to the north got slowly worse, confirming our choice in diverting to Beiseker.

Meanwhile, the 206 had departed and was droning higher and higher with its load of jumpers. Listening carefully, Don realized we were actually hearing two planes. Sure enough, directly over the airport was a cross-shaped speck that quickly started spewing crazy people. They'd have to be crazy, wouldn't they?

Five chutes soon blossomed with five live bodies hanging underneath. The (continued on page 4)

(Around - continued from page 3)

jumpers hollered joyously as they floated the last few hundred feet to earth, which was probably the last place any of them wanted to be right then.

We spent another half hour on the ground relaxing and swapping stories with the drop pilots. Checking the airport log, we found Todd MacArthur's name, Larry Motyer's, and mine in an entry dated early August, 1992. That's when the three of us flew back from the Red Deer Airshow, barely making it to Beiseker after trudging through low cloud, rain, and thunder storms.

Rogers and I bugged out a few minutes later with me taking off first. But I slowed passing the town of Beiseker so Don could take the lead. The air was considerably smoother now, allowing us a tighter formation than on the flight up. I formed on the Norseman's left wing, near enough to see the rivets outlined beneath the plane's fabric.

As we neared Irricana, Don began slowly descending. Then I saw why.

South of the town is a large slough, that's where he was headed. Rogers is a bit of a rascal and loves to do a good buzz job, especially over water.

I stayed up high as Don scooted down over the pond. Startled by his approach, a flock of birds took off, splashing their wings and feet, spoiling the calm surface.

Don was having a ball. He banked gently one way, then the other. The Norseman became a silhouette, an outline of a simple airplane caught in the sunlight bouncing off the water. What a thoroughly beautiful sight.

Once over land again, the Norseman dipped it's nose for a few seconds, then pulled up sharply, climbing for height. I slowed the 'Max to compensate for Don's lack of forward speed. He quickly resumed his lead and I my wingman's slot, and we continued south.

I moved in tighter now, marvelling, as I always do, at the pure magic of this type of flying. It's these times when I shake my head, absolutely amazed that everyone else doesn't want to do this.

I spent the next thirty-five minutes or so glued to Don's wing, straying only once when we angled eastward to avoid flying over Kirkby's neighbors. I admired the big, rugged Norseman and recalled from years ago the few hours I'd spent in one.

We separated north of Indus, Don opting for the straight-in to runway 16 while I elected to try my cross-wind technique on 28. I stayed on the ground only a few minutes, chatting with Don and Gord Tebutt. I invited Tebutt back up to Kirkby's with me, but his time wouldn't allow it.

So, I checked my fuel and clambered back into the 'Max. Don swung the prop for me, repeating a ritual as old as powered flight, and to pilots like us, just as sacred.

The trip home allowed for some time to reflect on the day and entrench it in my memory. My thoughts ambled happily through images of tail-draggers, formation flying, and grass runways. Then I smiled to myself and silently thanked God for the simple things.

I'm An Airplane Owner

by Andy Gustafsson

How did I get into this? I know that being a renter is a totally carefree way of getting into the air. You don't have to worry about any maintenance or hangar space, or even if the plane is fueled up or not. You drive to the airport and there it is, ready for preflight.

Some people find this to be the perfect solution. Then why was I not satisfied with this? I think I wanted to get more involved and make flying a more fulfilling hobby.

After having talked to people and checked safety records of different aircraft, I finally ordered a kit for a Challenger II. It was somewhat intimidating when the kit arrived and the boxes were opened. I had built a 20 foot cabin cruiser back in Sweden from scratch, but an airplane?

But my aircraft was very easy to build as all parts were ready for assembly. It is enormously rewarding to see the plane slowly take shape, and with your own hands create something that will take you to new heights and thrills. I like to say that aviation is not only about flying, but also about everything else that makes it such a fulfilling hobby. The flying part is the highlight of it all.

Owning your own makes you familiar with every nut and bolt, and the very soul of your plane. That kind of familiarity would not happen otherwise.

It has been one year since I first test flew my Challenger. I love it because I can go flying whenever I feel like it, at the spur of the moment and for as long as I want, without having to have the plane back at the airport in time for the next guy.

Owning an ultralight airplane is one of the few ways to make flying affordable. Of course it costs money, but not too much, and the rewards are enormous. You have the choice to go flying for the sheer enjoyment of it, to just bum around by yourself, or fly to some airport for coffee and to shoot the breeze with other ultralighters. As I see it; "It is better to have had an airplane and lost it, than to never have had an airplane at all."

This last month I have been doing my 50 hour inspection on the plane. I went through it with a "fine tooth comb". I also put on a few extras like a flexible heat duct, to get heat in the
(continued on page 5)

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(Airplane Owner - continued from page 4)

cockpit, and a 55 watt halogen fog amp. To me, a bright illuminating light is a very important safety feature that makes the plane visible for miles.

I took a test flight today after having spent October on the ground and it seemed that the plane just couldn't wait to get airborne again. I'm sure she's got a soul.

In short, I'm glad to be an airplane owner.

The Resurrection of ICBM (Inter Continental Ballistic Missile)

by Peter Wegerich

I started coming to Indus in late 1992. There seemed to be a lot of attention given to the more expensive, faster and more glamorous aircraft. But in travelling to and from Blue Yonder's hangar, my eye always came to rest on a tattered, strange looking, yellow aircraft that appeared abandoned in the end of the barn. It was a Birman Chinook, a single-seater registered C-CBM. A few times Fred Wright and I looked in on it and wondered if any one would ever fix it up and fly it again.

I had been renting the Beaver and the EZ from Wayne, but I wanted to be working on my own machine. So one day this past spring I was talking to Wayne about the different aircraft that were for sale around the area when he mentioned that the old Chinook was for sale. This raised my interest only slightly as the bird seemed in pretty



Any stand proudly next to his Challenger II.

Photo by Ole Gustafsson

bad shape. But after taking a closer look and checking the fabric, ICBM appeared repairable. We soon made a deal and clean-up and repairs started right away.

It was a pretty sad looking machine under those old, ripped up covers, and it had about a thousand bird bombings per square inch. The barn where it sat wasn't wide enough for the wing span, which turned out to quite remarkable for such a small machine - 34 and a half feet, wing tip to wing tip. This made it a bit difficult to get it in and out of it's home. The tires were well rotted out and need replacing. They were of the expensive wheel barrow variety. After replacing all the fuel lines, filters etc. I got the 277 fired up. It ran remarkably well with only 1 spark plug! But I managed to taxi it to Wayne's house (the only supply of sufficient water to clean the beast). Three hours later I located a nice

(maybe not pretty) aircraft underneath.

I'd heard stories of the tail booms on Chinooks breaking so I ordered a bracing kit from A.S.A.P., in Vernon. It came a few days later and I started removing the old bracing from the tail (not too many rivets). After locating the new bracing, drilling in a few new holes, and drilling out a few old rivets, I started drilling and riveting in earnest (there were a lot of new rivets). I now have a new appreciation for the guys building their own metal aircraft. After checking all the fasteners and nuts (especially the ones coming around to see what was happening) it was time for taxi testing.

Three or four passes up and down in front of the hangars proved that the engine was almost powerful enough to taxi ICBM, providing the grass wasn't too tall. I decided to do a couple of crow hops to feel it out in the air. The first run down the runway got me into the air a few feet before I realized just how easy the Chinook takes to the air.

The second run was about the same, except that knowing what to expect allowed me to feel the controls a bit (apparently, lateral control is bit sluggish). There are no ailerons, instead it has wing warping. Oh well!

On the third hop there must have been a bit of a wind gust because before I knew it, I was too high to come back down. Darn, now I was having my FIRST FLIGHT!!!

I did a few gentle turns, a circuit, then landing. I left a little power on to help because I had no idea of the right approach speed. It seemed to never
(continued on page 6)



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(ICBM - continued from page 5)

want to settle onto the ground. I kept easing back the throttle and finally, it stalled and bounced it's way down the few remaining feet of runway. Not a landing, an arrival! A thorough post-flight check showed only a couple of dents in the runway.

After a few more flights my handling of the Chinook improved to fair. Very encouraging! The first evening flight showed me a place where I could spend a few more dollars. When flying into the sun, I couldn't see forward at all, so it was time to buy new Lexan. After a couple of days of cutting and riveting, gluing and taping, I was ready to go again.

Over the next few weeks I learned the stall speed (about 2 MPH less than cruise), the best glide speed (about 2 MPH above stall), the best cruise speed (full throttle with the nose down), and the best climb speed (full throttle with the nose up). Geez, everything seems to be at full throttle. Amazing little engine, runs at near full throttle for hours. So much for having only about 28 HP. Good thing I don't weigh as much as some other pilots (whom I won't mention by name).

It's been a fun summer. Without this project I would have had way too much time on my hands and I'd have missed out on all the sun and bugs at the airport. And I would have missed all the great flying, too.



Peter's Chinook C-ICBM.

Photo by Perter Wegerich

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News From The Blue

Welcome to the newest column in Skywriter. Here, the editors will present a collection of brief aviation items of interest to our readers. This column will depend heavily on the contributions of CUFC members, and we're looking for stuff right now. We want any information you have on aircraft, products, services, engines, avionics, equipment, events, members' activities, projects, trips, ideas, etc. For example, if you find out there's an A.D. or product update for your particular type of aircraft (or any other type), we want to know. If you come across a service or product that other members can benefit from, we want to know. Contact either Bob Kirkby or Stu Simpson by phone, fax, mail, courier pigeon, or dog-sled.

You Won't Believe This, But...

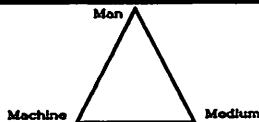
An Arizona Highway Patrol officer came upon, what appeared to him to be, a crashed aircraft embedded into the bottom of a cliff beside a highway. A subsequent lab examination revealed the wreckage to be that of a Chevrolet Impala. One might well ask how a seemingly normal automobile could actually embed itself into solid rock. It turns out the driver of the car had attached to the vehicle a Jet Assisted Take Off (JATO) bottle, which is a small and powerful rocket used to help military airplanes take-off from short strips. Apparently, the driver found a long, straight stretch of highway, lit off the rocket, and let nature take it's course. Accident reconstruction experts estimated the Impala to be travelling 250-300 mph upon impact and found the brakes were completely burnt away in the futile effort to stop. The budding rocketeer did not survive.

And You Won't Believe This Either...

During a forest fire near Cranbrook, B.C. fire fighters walking in the forest noted a strange shape hanging in the top of a tree. It turned out to be a man wearing scuba gear. He was dead. But no one could figure out how he came to be there. An extensive investigation divulged that the man had been diving in a nearby lake when he was inadvertently scooped up by a water-bomber taking water from the lake. The bomber then dumped it's load, complete with the unluckiest man in the world, and continued on. Evidently, the (continued on page 7)

Safety Corner

by Paul Hemingson



The Teeter-Totter of Risk

Safe piloting has a long cumulative experience. Like the profession of geology, the present is built on the past and the future on the present. Older pilots have much experience and have encountered most of the situations that are likely to occur in flight. They may have begun as young adventurous pilots but only became old pilots by learning from their own mistakes and the mistakes of others. The legacy of knowledge is there to tap, but within each young crop of pilots there will always be those who choose to ignore what has gone before. Pilots with long safe flying records have learned to balance risk and consequences.

As we get older we begin to take different attitudes toward risk. With maturity and the aging process comes an increased desire for risk aversion. The aging pilot finds himself in a dilemma. He knows that flying can be inherently dangerous, yet his or her joy of flying is still present. Flying has opened so many doors in their personal lives and filled them with so much enrichment, yet they have an increased sense of their own mortality.

As younger men and women, we were more programmed for action and adventure, eager for the roller-coaster of flight. Now, as older pilots, we still want to enjoy the joy of flight but with fewer surprises, more like a teeter-totter.

On one side of the teeter-totter sits

risk, and on the other side sits something called benefit. Sounds simple enough, but like many skills it requires much practice and self-discipline to determine which side of the teeter-totter is heavier. The pilot must consider and properly recognize the risk as well as have some intuitive perception of how to weigh the possibilities and probabilities of the consequences. Safe pilots make few decisions in flight that are irrevocable. Multiple outcomes and multiple options are continually evaluated to balance risk and benefit.

For example, the UL pilot who finds himself low on fuel has a decision to make. Should he stop and re-fuel or try to make it to home base with what fuel he has remaining. He needs to know his ground speed, the amount of fuel remaining and how much fuel his aircraft burns at different power settings. The temptation for most pilots is to fire-wall the throttle, which will burn more fuel/hour and increase his ground speed by only a few miles/hour due to increased drag. The correct action may be to reduce the power setting. How much fuel does your engine burn in gallons/hour at 4500 RPM? 5500 RPM? 6000 RPM? The answer may surprise you. What is your range at various power settings?

If the pilot above decides to push on home in spite of the marginal fuel situation, the worst thing that can happen to him is a forced landing. Not a particularly dangerous thing, but more aggregating than adventurous if you have to hitch a ride and then later

arrange for fuel and a return ride.

The older pilot who may have been in this situation before has learned to manage his fuel so that he seldom faces the question of running low on fuel. He simply has programmed himself to pre-set his personal reserve margin so that he always has 30 minutes or more of reserve after arriving at his destination. A small consideration that balances the risks and consequences. A balance that leaves other avenues of action open to him as opposed to entering an aerial cul-de-sac.

The teeter-totter of risk is inherently unstable and it is the job of the safe pilot to continually re-evaluate his options to weight it in his favour.

(News - continued from page 6)

pilots had no idea they'd carried a passenger, however reluctant, on one of their trips.

New in Skywriter

A warm welcome to Skywriter's newest staff member, Peter Wegerich. Starting in January, Peter will be monitoring the Internet (a world-wide computer network system) for items of interest to club members. In his monthly column he'll summarize what he's found and let us know of any 'Net addresses we should take a look at. If any one has any Internet info, please pass it along to Peter.

Caught in the Net

Pilot magazine, a UK-based aviation publication has an Internet address. They're on the World Wide Web at <http://www.hiway.co.uk/aviation.pilot.htm>. For those unable to surf the net, "Pilot" magazine can be found at Smith Books. It leans very heavily toward recreational aviation topics, including a healthy dose of ultralight news.

And if that's not enough for you, an outfit called the AVweb Group has started the first electronic aviation magazine. It's called AVweb and is available on the Internet through local access providers. The magazine plans to be interactive, allowing subscribers to E-mail their comments to it's various authors. Subscribers may also receive the AVflash service, a weekly E-mail aviation update. For more info contact the AVweb group at (407) 989-9330. If anyone does subscribe, please let Peter Wegerich know what you think about AVweb, and he'll pass it on.



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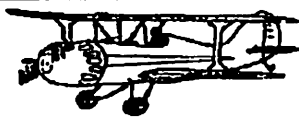
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One Pilot's Opinion

by Bob Kirkby



Not All Clouds Have Silver Linings

My eastern relatives snoozed in the spare room as I eagerly showered in anticipation of a morning of flying. The night before we had agreed on a sight-seeing flight into the Rockies this morning since the miserable weather of the past week had finally broken.

While they arose and prepared for the day I called Flight Services for a weather briefing. The Flight Service Specialist rattled off the FA, FT and SA for me and I noted nothing of consequence with the possible exception of a warm front running east-west north of Red Deer. The forecast was for it to move south to lie 30 south of Red Deer by 1900 Zulu. If all went well we would be back home long before 1900 so I filed a flight plan, leaving sufficient time for the relatives to have breakfast and load up.

On schedule, we departed runway 34 and headed for Seebe where we turned south for a leisurely flight down the Kananaskis valley. The weather was CAVOK with a little chop now and then to remind us where we were. The trip down the valley was enjoyed immensely by my passengers, whose total mountain experience to-date had been a drive to Banff. We exited at the Highwood pass and headed straight for home.

As we approached home base from the southeast I could see a solid bank of cloud running east-west a few miles north of the aerodrome. As we crossed the Bow river I dropped down to 4500 feet in order to stay under the Calgary Terminal airspace and at the same time flew under a developing cloud base about 1500 feet above us. As we

approach home I kept a close eye on the cloud base above and the visibility ahead.

At 5 miles out I could clearly see the ground at least 5 miles beyond home base so I suspected the cloud bank descended to the ground at that point. I felt assured that the visibility around the aerodrome was still good and should be for the five more minutes it would take to land. Since the weather was perfectly clear behind I had the option of turning around and landing at Indus.

I had another choice at this point, I could line up with runway 34 and come straight in on final or I could overfly to check the wind sock and join the downwind on the east side. Although the winds had been negligible all morning I thought it best to verify the wind direction before choosing a runway because of the approaching front. So I descended to circuit height and headed for mid-field from about 2 miles southeast. Again I scanned the clouds and concluded that the base was about 1000 feet above and it descended to ground level about 5 miles north of the airfield.

As we neared mid-field I could see the windsock hanging limp on its pole and decided to join a right downwind for runway 34. I banked 30 degrees right to cut across the runway and suddenly noticed that my left wing tip disappeared. ACK! This was no time for a clipped wing mod. At the same time wisps of cloud, appearing from nowhere, floated by only a few feet above the windshield. In one continuous motion I reduced power and prop pitch, nosed over for a 500 foot circuit height and called for a seatbelt check for landing.

south in the direction of the diffused light source, I could see the cloud definition, but when I looked north I could not discern the sloping clouds but could only identify where they reached the ground a few miles away.

On the ground my passengers deplaned, talking excitedly about the flight and the spectacular mountain scenery they had witnessed. I did not tell them that we almost had to execute a rate one turn in clouds and land someplace else. By the time I had the Cherokee tucked away in its hangar the vis had changed to zero-zero.

Later I dug out my "Flying the Weather" book and read up on warm front cloud patterns. Sure enough, there was a diagram on page 47 of exactly the cloud formation I had encountered. I have reproduced the diagram in Figure 1 and added in my aerodrome and airplane approaching from the south. The insidious part of this scenario is that the light conditions (diffused and from behind) made it almost impossible to identify the bottom edge of the cloud layer. I didn't think about the down-sloping cloud layer because it paralleled my line of sight, which was telling me that visibility was good for several miles beyond my target. Of course, I should have known better.

In addition to learning what to expect from a warm front, one must also keep in mind that fronts can move much faster or slower than predicted, especially in Alberta. In this case it was several hours ahead of schedule!

Fly safe, and stay out of the clouds.

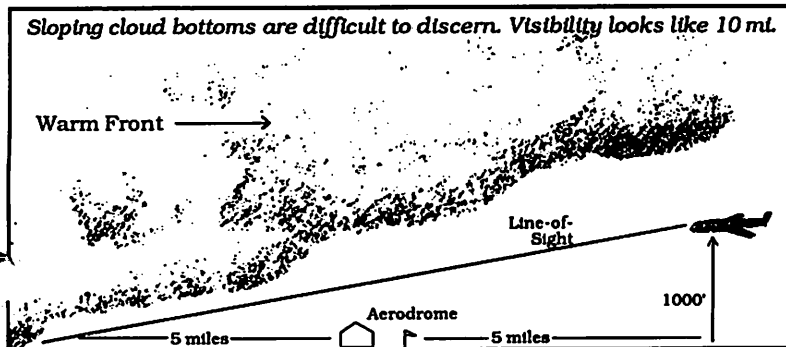


Figure 1.

Once settled on the downwind I had another look around at the cloud base and could now see it sloping upwards toward the south. On right base, when looking

New Rotax Service Center

Some CUFC members have recently discovered a new Rotax service center right here in Alberta. Light Engine Service, located in Edmonton, offers a full range of Rotax engine repair services and parts. They also sell props, instruments, and other accessories. The company offers a catalogue for ten bucks, which is refundable on a \$100.00 order. You can contact them at 12624 124 St. Edmonton, Alberta T5L 0N7, ph. (403) 452-4664.

Member's Activities

CUFC members are busy and getting busier. Wilf Stark is close to having his Fisher Super Koala up for it's first flight. He's had it airborne for some crow-hops and things look good. Some minor control adjustments are needed, which will be followed by more taxi-testing. And Brian Vasseur continues work on his miniMAX. He's currently building the landing gear and the rear turtle-deck. Also, Brian's article, "I Should Have Bought The Kit", appears in the R.A.A.'s latest bi-monthly rag. Congrats to Brian. Bernie Kespe's Renegade Spirit is nearly ready for covering. He's got the wiring and instruments done and is working on the radio installation. Ted Orlick hopes to have his engine in-hand when you're reading this. He's mounting a 110hp Subaru conversion on his Pelican tail-dragger. He says that most of the painting is done too.

New from TEAM Aircraft

Tennessee Engineering and Manufacturing has a new aircraft out called the Eros. It is, like most of TEAM's designs, based on the popular Minimax, but features a vertical firewall with provision for a Rotax 503, a sleek new cowling, and a new landing gear design which eliminates the axle between the gear legs. TEAM is now also producing an updated version of their Airbike, called the Enduro, which features a Rotax 447 to swing the fan. For more information, contact TEAM.

Ivoprop Prices Climb

Ted Orlick, one of two local Ivoprop dealers, reports that prices are going up as much as 15% as of January 1st, 1996. Orlick says that anyone wanting to order an Ivoprop should do so before December 22nd to take advantage of 1995 pricing. For more information, contact Ted at 279-7623, or Wayne Winters at 936-5347.



Wilf Stark's Super-Koala; expected to fly soon!

Photo by Stu Simpson

...And the Last Thing on my Plate was a Rubber Donut

by Wayne Winters

If you have ever had the culinary delight of a rubber donut I am sure you would remember, just as I do. It all started last June when I decided that I would be the winner of the "shortest take off distance" contest at the CUFC annual fly-in. What would insure my position in the annals of club history was a Rotax 618 engine that I was installing on an RX-550 Beaver. This was an engine that I had the opportunity to try for the Rotax people to evaluate it in a flying school environment. It was an engine that had been in a couple of test programs previously but had not received a fair and adequate test. It had started its life on a Max Air Drifter that was on floats. After a little over 100 hours the float plane had an incident happen that caused engine damage. Apparently in an instructional situation a student was allowed to land hard and damaged the aircraft as well as himself. The instructor elected to taxi the craft to shore and fried the engine due to lack of coolant. The engine was re-built and put on Lockwood Aviation's Sky Cam as one of its two engines. After 35 hours a piston seized due to a stuck Rave Valve (likely an oil or lack of cycling the valve problem). Hence, it was again completely re-built and I now had it.

With much excitement, for the win that would be mine, I enthusiastically removed the 532 engine that was on the airplane and installed the 618. It was not an easy change over because of the extra cable for the oil injection, the rave valve cycling cable and hook up, re-engineering of muffler mounts, and the addition of the carb box intake silencer. Finally, and just in time for the contest, I was done. With a GCS 60 inch diameter 3 blade propeller on it (the one that I had been using on the 532) I primed it 3 times and pulled on the starter rope. With the first pull it burst into life and began purring like a 75 horse kitten. As I stood by looking and listening to the masterful installation I detected a few drops of coolant dripping off the bottom of the engine and being sucked back into the prop wash. It couldn't be - but there it was, a leak! I had to fix it quickly because it was only a few hours until the contest that I was sure to win. All I had to do was get it fixed, broken in and the trophy would be mine. I removed the water pump and checked for reasons that would cause the leak. None could be found so I goosed with gasket goo and re-assembled the unit. Five tries later, including inverting the pump housing, it still produced a leak. Bye, bye chances in the contest!

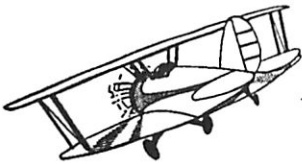
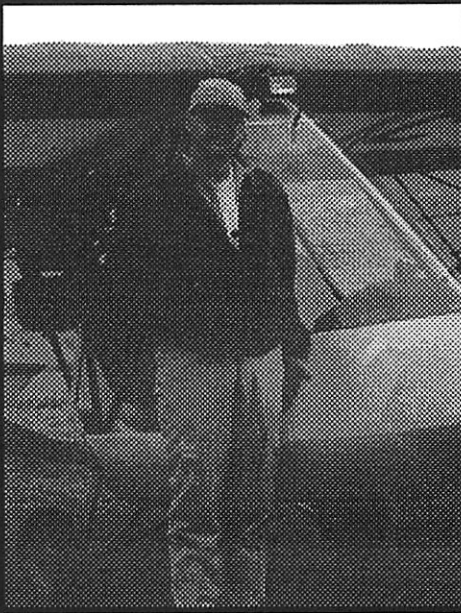

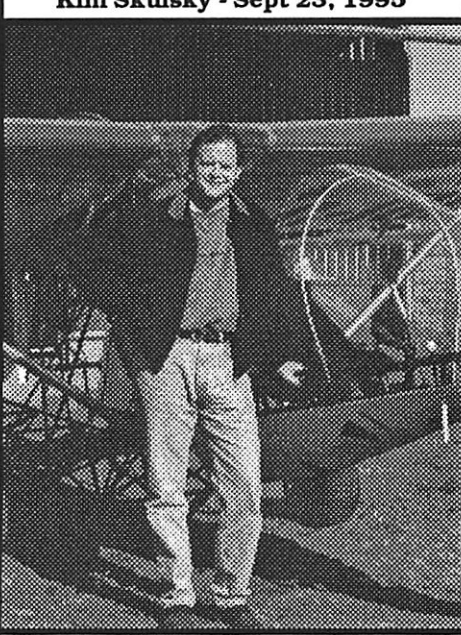

On Monday I talked to the folks at Rotax and we concluded that the water pump seal must be the problem. They sent me a new seal and shaft
(continued on page 10)

(Donut - continued from page 9)

(because the old one had been slightly damaged from the previous removal). I got it all back together complete with new seal. Once again the engine came to life quickly but only to find the leak still existed. I had high hopes that as it warmed up the leak may subside, but instead it worsened. It was now concluded that the engine case must have been warped from the previous overheating and would have to go back to Kodiak in Vernon, BC. I crated it up and sent it off for repair.

It turned out that everything was all right with the case and that the problem was a missing "o" ring from the shaft. It had not been installed at the time of the overhaul and I didn't know such a thing existed on that engine, as well as a new one was not sent with the repair kit I received. Anyhow, the engine was returned to me shortly after my return from Oshkosh and now I would put it directly on the new E-Z Flyer, where I wanted it installed in the first place.

I carefully installed the engine - paying attention to every detail. Once I had it all in place and ready to go I set the throttle to idle and primed it to give it its' first start without the prop. Two tugs on the starter rope brought it to life. It was so smooth and immediately RPM's went to 5000 where it effortlessly stayed. After checking the ignition switches and other electrics I shut it down. I was so excited. Now to put the prop on, break it in and go flying. I couldn't get the 68 inch 3 blade Ivo Prop on it fast enough. After getting it on and torquing the bolts I was ready to taxi it out to the hangar to do the break-in, then launch myself into the sky with all 75 horses. I pulled on the rope and got it running, but it was rough and for some reason would not go past idle. As I tried to advance the throttle the engine would shake and bark, then sputter out. I tried priming it, I tried leaning it, I tried kissing it, but could not get it off idle, and it was so rough. Fuel was getting to it, spark was hot and yet it would not run. This was the engine that I had running 2 times before on the Beaver when it was leaking coolant - so what was wrong now? I was sure that Arnie at Rotax hadn't done anything to it. I took the prop off again and started it. Smooth as could be - RPM up, RPM down - no vibration, just smooth power. I checked the float bowl fuel levels and they were a smidge over half way - just where they should be. But, with the prop on and the engine running, the float bowls filled right up because of the shaking that the engine was going through,

 First Solo Congratulations		
"BOINK"	"BOINK"	"BOINK"
		
Kim Skulsky - Sept 23, 1995	Ken Booker - Sept 30, 1995	
		
Dan McGinn - Oct 7, 1995	Tanya Smith - Oct 8, 1995	

which was what I expected because of the shut off needle rattling so much that it could not stop the fuel flow into the float bowls.

To be continued in the January 1996 issue of the Skywriter. Pick up your copy to find out how Wayne gets his engine to work with a prop!

 SEASONS GREETINGS
From the Skywriter editorial staff