



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

January 1996

♪ Off We Go ... ♪

by Wayne Winters



As I sit with the sun rising at my back I can see the long shadows it is casting as it brightly illuminates the objects it hits, and causes me to reflect on the newness of the day. It will be a relatively warm winter day and a number of local aviators will be taking to the skies to shake off some of the post-Christmas blues. I will too, and no doubt reflect on the past three years of writing these articles in the Skywriter, and being President of the C.U.F.C.

I would like to sincerely thank the executive of the club, the editors of the Skywriter, and all the members for their support over the past years. The job of President has not been a difficult one thanks to all the effort every one puts in by coming to the meetings and the organizing and attending our special events. The purpose of a club

such as ours is to pool our ideas and talents to help each other be better builders, enthusiasts and aviators. The input of everyone, from new members and novices to the seasoned "been around since Orville's and Wilber's day" veterans has been, and always will be very much appreciated.

New Club President

Ed D'Antoni has been elected the new President of the CUFC and I, with you, look forward to supporting him and receiving a fresh approach to Club matters. Ed has been a member of the club since 1990 and has learned to fly ultralight as well as conventional airplanes. He has his Ultralight Commercial and Private Pilot Licenses. I am not sure of everything he is currently flying, except for a Rans Air Rail.

New Treasurer

For the past six years we have had the luxury of faithful and reliable Gord Tebbutt as Treasurer. He has been in the position so long many of us thought he would continue on forever. We got a bit of a surprise when Gord announced that he was retiring from his position. On behalf of the Executive and all the members I would like to thank Gordon for his years of accurate, dedicated service.

Brian Vasseur has been elected as our new Treasurer. Brian learned to fly last year and is in the process of building a MiniMax. We are glad to have Brian on board and will anxiously watch as he turns our few club coffers into mega-bucks through wise investment and management.

New Director

Fred Wright has been our club Director for the past two years and decided to retire also. Fred has done a wonderful job of directing here and directing there, and we thank him for it. Our new club Director is Wilf Stark. Wilf has just completed building and test flying a Fisher Super Koala. We are looking forward to Wilf directing here and there.

A Big Thanks

I would like to give a big thank you to our Vice-President, Doug Ward, and our Secretary, Bernie Kespe, for their efforts throughout the past year. They will, of course, continue their respective positions as the election for those positions does not come up until next year. We also need to give our Editor, Bob Kirkby, and his new Assistant Editor, Stu Simpson, a big appreciative hand for all the work that goes into the Skywriter. Most of the time we take their efforts for granted, and shouldn't, because all the editing

(continued on page 2)



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(Off We Go - continued from page 1)

and putting together of the publication is no easy task. Another job that does not get a lot of thanks is the one of phoning members to remind them of the meetings. On everyone's behalf I would like to thank Howard Bowie and Don Rogers for reminding us of the meetings.

New Year Party

Don't forget January 27th for our annual pot-luck dinner and silent auction.

Door Prize

Our door prize program is alive and well. The December prize was the book "Gift of Wings" by Carl Heibert. Gord Tebbutt was kind enough to bring the book and we had one of our best ever door prize collections. It was won by Dave "27HP Quickie" Boulton. Thanks to everyone who brought, contributed and collected the money (Howie Bowie).

December Meeting

The elections were the prime objective of the meeting and we appreciate everyone who nominated, seconded and allowed their name to stand for office. We would also like to thank Frank Lynch and Kevin Vanmeeteren for offering themselves for service in the Director position.

Before the election Bob Kirkby gave us an update as to the Constitution of the club and re-clarified the club positions and election procedures. Frank Lynch gave us a run down on a flight suit that is available at an affordable price. Anyone interested in obtaining one please contact Frank at 254-2661.

We were going to watch a video until the VCR decided to eat the tape. The purchase of another VCR was unanimously approved. Chris Kirkman volunteered that he had one that was just overhauled and that the club could have it for the cost of the OH - \$75. Done. We now have another VCR. Thanks to Bernie Kespe who donated the last one which will now go into retirement.

We ended the meeting with a confession session and update on projects under way.

Personal Reflections

1995 has been a good year, with all of our club members still with us, and their airplanes too. We have been fortunate in club growth with about 30 new members. They are appreciated with their enthusiasm and new approaches to our old problems. For me it has not only been an exciting year in the club but also in attending the three major EAA Air Shows. My excuse was good in that I was promoting the new E-Z Flyer. The publicity from the major kit magazines has been fantastic. Sport Pilot, U.S. Aviator, Ultralight Magazine and Kitplanes magazine have all run several flattering articles. The orders have been rolling in and things look positive for 1996. Your kind words (and shots), questions and comments are much appreciated.

On behalf of your old Executive and myself, as well as your new Executive, we wish you many happy flights (both real and hangar), good times building, fun at parties and meetings, and over all a stupendous 1996 for you, your family and associates.



Executive

President: Ed D'Antoni 247-6821
Vice-President: Doug Ward 282-0806
Treasurer: Brian Vasseur 948-0688
Secretary: Bernie Kespe 255-7419
Director: Wilf Stark 271-4435

Skywriter Staff

Editor: Bob Kirkby 589-9541
Assistant Editor: Stu Simpson 255-6998

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

R.C.A.F. Association
5430 - 11 Street N.E.
Calgary, Alberta

...And the Last Thing on my Plate was a Rubber Donut - Part 2

by Wayne Winters

(continued from the December issue)
I got on the phone to Rotax to see if they could tell me what the problem was. What they came up with was that the rotary valve must be out of time. I was sure that was it because the 618 rotary valve is timed differently than the 532 and 582. As I slipped off the rotary valve cover I fully expected to see the timing out of whack. Let down time again - it was right on. What else could it be? Back to the telephone. We discussed several things and tried many of them with no luck. The engine was still rough and unable to go beyond an idle, except with the prop off - then it ran like a watch.

After hours and hours of trying to figure things out I retired for the evening. The next morning, in a conversation with Arnie at Kodiak Research, we concluded that the engine must have some how ended up with the wrong rotary disk. The one for the 618 has it opening several degrees

different than the 532 and 582. That had to be it! I took the disk out and checked it's opening in degrees to find that it was exactly what it should be for that engine. Another remote possibility was that the pistons had been installed backwards. An inspection through the exhaust ports showed that they were right. (If they were wrong I would see the split in the piston rings facing the exhaust.)

After doing spark tests, changing the plugs, checking the jetting throughout the carbs, trying different carbs, etc., the only thing left to do was send the engine back to Vernon, B.C.

During the past few days I had become almost obsessed with finding the problem on the 618 and now it would take a few days to ship it, then a few days for them to look at it and a few more for the return. Being on the impatient side I elected to drive the 360 miles to Vernon myself and see first hand what the problem was. Sunday my wife and I left with the engine and arrived in Vernon early Monday morning. After only a few hours sleep I anxiously drove to Kodiak's new warehouse and found them very busy. I felt they wished that I had shipped the engine rather than bring it (although, in kindness, that is *(continued on page 4)*)

The Net Minder

by Peter Wegerich

A Visit To The Ultralight Home Page

This Internet address is the first home page just for ultralights. There have been many pages for sky-diving, hang gliding, para gliding, and other aviation related activities, but this page is just for us. This is an American-based page but does acknowledge Canadians, so most of the legal stuff is American.

The main body of the page is broken into sections. The first section is a beginners guide to ultralights. This takes the form of FAQ (frequently asked questions), such as how to locate ultralight fields and instruction. What are the ultralight regulations? What does it cost to fly?

Another section deals with maintenance and safety. I'll get deeper into this section of the page at a later date. There are sections on clubs, manufacturers, news groups, and more. If WE do a home page for the CUFC we can have it linked here and the whole world can see our stuff!

There is a section for upcoming events. This is grouped by location and includes Africa, Australia, Europe, France, Spain, the United Kingdom, Canada, and the USA. Anyone can post an event. So far the Canadian region is empty. I think we should remedy this by sending our event calendar as soon as we have some dates set for 1996.

There are some links to other ultralight related sites and also to other aviation sites.

Internet surfers can visit this site at: <http://www.cs.fredonia.edu:80/~ste10302/WWW/ULTRA/ultralight.html>

In the new year I'll try to visit these, and other sites, and report back in more detail. Hopefully, we can reprint some of the more interesting stuff. In the mean time, surf's up!

Classified Ads

Classified ads are starting over fresh for 1996. To place a free classified ad call or fax Bob Kirkby at:

Tel: 569-9541 or 291-5560
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News...

...from the Blue

AN Parts Available

Some CUFC members may not know that there are two sources of AN parts right here in Calgary. Both Field Aviation and Canadian Air Parts will sell AN hardware over the counter. If you're dealing with Field, it's strongly recommended that you phone first at 275-2111 and ask for either Bob Boswell or AN Stores. Canadian can be reached at 974-2327 at the Canadian Regional hangar. Or, you can just walk-in.

Gyro-Jim?

Club member Jim Creasser reveals that he's designing and building a new gyroplane similar in plan-form to the Pitcairn Autogyro from the 20's and 30's. The fuselage is a 4130 steel tube truss structure that's fabric covered. The rotor mast, comprised of streamlined tubing, will end in a Vanek manufactured rotor-head. Creasser says the rotor blades will be of either McCutcheon or Vanek design, and the craft will sport a Rotax 532 up front.

Suiting Up

CUFC member Frank Lynch has been looking into the subject of flight suits lately and found a local supplier. The Soldier Shop, at 129b 17 Ave S.E., is offering CUFC members flight suits at a price of \$49.95 or less (depending on the quantity ordered). They are similar

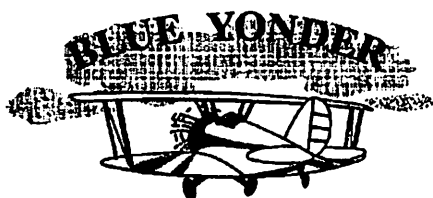
to current USAF issue and come in green, black, navy, and tan in sizes small through XXL (which is \$5 more). They're a poly/cotton blend with a two-way front zipper, adjustable waist and cuffs, and lots of pockets. FMI, contact Lynch at 254-2661 or the store, at 229-4270.

Rotax Maintenance

Reg Lumsden, of Reg's Air Cooled Engines sent a recent service bulletin. Reg advises pilots to check the carb-needle and clip very closely for any wear, as needle-clips have been known to saw through the needles. The needle then drops into the jet and kills the engine (See Skywriter, Oct.'93). He also advises to check regularly that all electrical connections on the engine and aircraft are tight. And be sure to CAREFULLY tighten the top end of your spark plugs. These ends thread on and have vibrated loose in the past, also causing engine failures. Thanks Reg.

Dog Destroys Mooney

Somewhere in the US, a dog owner left his pooch in the cool comfort of a running, air-conditioned van one summer day. The van was parked outside the owner's hangar, in which was his Mooney. Somehow, the dog shifted the van's automatic transmission into gear. The van accelerated into the hangar, collided with the Mooney, and pushed it backwards into an I-beam roof support. The Mooney suffered a severed left wing and a collapsed gear on one side. The dog was unharmed in the accident itself, though his ultimate fate remains unknown.



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(Donut - continued from page 2)

not what they said). Anyhow, Arnie went through all the electrical components with test gauges and they all checked out okay. We removed the heads to make sure, once again, that the pistons were installed correctly, and they were. The next thing was to put it on the test stand and check it out. In my enthusiasm to get to Vernon I had forgotten to bring the 618 carbs and the propeller that I was using. That was not a problem though, because they had carbs and props on the premises.

We used a 2-blade GSC 68 inch propeller and to my surprise the engine lit right up and took throttle, producing power immediately. We ran it up and at 6000 rpm it was producing about 285 pounds of static thrust. (We did not adjust the prop for peak performance because all we wanted was to just run it. The 618 produces about 325 pounds of static thrust at peak rpm.) We could not make it do what it was doing to me in Calgary and each time we started it the engine would smoothly go from idle to power. At home I could not even get it to take any power because it was shaking itself to death sputtering out. The baffling thing was that we did nothing to the engine except mount and start it. When I looked at Arnie, with a sheepish, frustrated look on my face, I asked what could be making it work for him and not me. He said, "It is just the touch of Arnie," and went on to explain that very often when an engine that is having problems comes to him and he puts it on his test stand, it starts and works normally - to the dismay of the person who has been having the problem. We laughed about it and I left feeling like a first class fool. This was a humiliating, Experience because of the success I

have had with the Rotax engines over the years I thought myself somewhat of a Guru. I re-loaded the engine in the van and the next morning left for home, like a scolded puppy, with my tail between my legs.

Wednesday morning I could hardly wait to get the engine back on the new E-Z Flyer and get it running - the thought of what the problem could have been still haunted me. I got it all mounted and hooked up then fired it without the prop. Smoooooth as a kitten. I then put the 3-blade 68 inch Ivo Prop on and pulled the engine to life. Shake, shake, sputter, cough, shake, die. What the H E double hockey sticks is going on, I thought. I had checked the spark, checked the wiring, checked the connections, changed the plugs, put different carbs on it, etc., but all to no avail. I went through the full gamut of emotions from frustration, to anger, to rage, to wanting to kill something. I had spent over 50 hours monkeying around with this engine, not including a 750 mile round trip to Vernon.

I got back on the telephone to Arnie Lepp at Kodiak to see if he had any ideas what the problem could be. We rehashed everything and concluded the only thing left was the gear box. I decided to try going over everything again before dis-assembling the gear box.

I went through everything on the engine once again and decided to turn the 3-blade Ivo Prop into the 2-blade model (this can be easily done without a different hub). I thought I would not have enough adjustment in the blades to absorb all the power from the engine if it did start to run right, but it was worth a try. Woodiedoo, it worked! The engine ran, took rpm and seemed to operate near normal. I

taxied it out to the hangar and tied it down to do the break-in on the engine. At full throttle it would only smoothly pull 6000 rpm and I could not seem to run it any higher without creating a lot of vibration. I finished the run-in though, because I knew I was getting enough rpm for a good break-in. After the break-in I played with the adjustment of the 2-blade Ivo Prop (68 inch), but did not get the rpm over 6000 without feeling like the prop would shatter because of a vibration that would develop.

I re-fitted the Ivo Prop to its 68 inch 3-blade configuration and mounted it on the engine. Again it was back to its old tricks and would not allow me to get it off the idle (my hope was that after break-in things would improve). I removed the Ivo and put on a 3-blade 68 inch GSC wooden prop. The experience was the same. I thought that maybe the pitch was too coarse and that maybe both props were trying to take too much bite. I had adjusted the Ivo Prop to its finest setting and thought that perhaps I simply could not get it fine enough, in pitch. I kept adjusting the GSC wooden prop until there was 0 degrees of pitch on it, and still the engine would not go above idle. In frustration I took a 3-blade GSC 50 inch prop off the 503 engine on the original E-Z Flyer and without making any adjustments I put it on the 618. It started and accelerated smoothly. There wasn't enough pitch on it for the 618 and the rpm shot right up to 7000 with little effort. Then I re-fitted the 68 inch GSC, with 0 degree pitch. Again the engine would not go past idle. Back to the 50 inch GSC and no problem.

By now my hair is getting much thinner, tangled in my weathered fingers and laying all over the ground. I got back on the telephone with Arnie at Kodiak and we decided that it was time to check the only thing left, though it didn't seem it should be a problem, the gear box.

Removing the gear box showed no signs of malfunction. The oil, gears, seals, etc. were all normal and perfect. While I was dis-assembling the gear box Arnie called and left a message for me to check the hardness number on the rubber donut that dampens the torque between the engine and the gear box. I pulled it apart and called Arnie back because there were numbers all over it. I located the correct one and it was a hardness of "65". For that engine it was supposed to be a "75". The slight difference in the hardness may be why it would pull a 50 inch 3-blade or a 68 inch 2-blade. *(continued on page 5)*



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Around The Patch

by Stu Simpson

The Deadrock Range Adventure

The Himax bounced gently, then settled to the brown, early autumn grass of Ed Tinker's runway 31. Though he'd done it hundreds of times in the past, Tinker still couldn't help smiling at the pure and perfect experience of bringing a tail-dragger back to the earth. A few minutes later he rolled to a stop in front of his hangar. A flip of the kill switch and the Rotax shuddered to silence.

The phone inside the hangar was ringing. Tinker quickly clambered out of the plane and trotted to the hangar door. He grabbed the receiver and banged it against his helmet, which he'd forgotten to remove.

"Just a second!" he yelled at the receiver. He quickly removed the 'brain-bucket' and said, "Hello," into the mouth piece.

"Tink, it's Darren," said the voice on the other end. Tinker and Darren Kirk were good friends who often flew the foothills together, Tinker in his Himax, and Kirk in his Renegade biplane.

"How are you, Darren?"

(Donut - continued from page 4)

but not a 68 inch 3-blade Ivo or GSC prop. During the course of the above problems it had always haunted me as to why the 618 had run well originally when I had tried to get it working on the RX-550 Beaver (but was having the water pump leaking problem). Then it dawned on me that when I had run it on the Beaver I was using the 3-blade 50 inch GSC prop. I had never tried the 68 inch 3-blade.

Arnie sent me the "75" donut via the "big hound" and the next day I installed it. After re-assembling the gear box and putting the 68 inch 3-blade GSC prop on, I was ready once again for the moment of truth. A little prime and 2 tugs of the starting rope found the engine idling smoothly. As I confidently advanced the throttle smooth power rewarded me. After a half hour of propeller adjusting I was ready to fly and have never looked back. The engine, rubber donut, and propeller are all working wonderfully well and all that is left is to tell the world how I almost gagged on a "rubber donut"!

"I've got a problem," replied Kirk.

"You've just discovered this now?" Tinker asked jokingly.

"This is important Tink," Kirk replied.

Tinker was suddenly serious, sensing Kirk's severity. "Sorry Darren. What can I do for you?" he asked.

"There's a little girl missing in the foothills of the Deadrocks, south-west of Adams," Kirk said. The town of Adams was located in the Adams Valley, ten miles west of Tinker's foothills acreage. The west wall of the broad valley was the start of the Deadrock Mountain Range. "They need people to help look for her."

"I'm in," Tinker said instantly. "Are we using our planes?"

"That's what the Mounties are hoping. They're running the search and their choppers are either down for maintenance or tied up elsewhere. The earliest they can have one here is late tomorrow."

"That's not fast enough. How old is this little girl and how long has she been gone?" Tinker asked. His mind was racing, planning what would be needed for an air-search, and the best way to use the local ultralight pilots and their aircraft.

"She's eight years old," Kirk replied, "and she's been gone four-and-a-half hours, just wandered away from a campground early this morning. Her parents are absolutely sick with worry."

"Who wouldn't be?" Tinker tried to imagine their anguish, and knew he couldn't. He vowed to himself to do all he could to find the little girl. "Have

you got any other planes or pilots lined up, Darren?"

"Ya, I do," Kirk said, "Al Loomis is bringing his Norseman over and should be at my strip within the hour." Kirk's airstrip was situated a mile north of Adams. "And Dennis Moe is also flying his Super Koala in. I expect him here shortly." Tinker was impressed; Kirk had obviously been busy. "My wife is trying to get in touch with some of the other guys, but so far hasn't reached anyone else. Anyway," Kirk continued, "with your 'Max and my Renegade, the four of us should be well equipped to start an air-search."

"Okay, I'll be there in forty-five minutes or so. I've got to fuel up and check my equipment," said Tinker. He said goodbye and immediately set to work.

Refueling the Himax took only a few minutes. Then Tinker grabbed a quick sandwich and ensured that all the plane's tools, emergency equipment and extra radio batteries were on board. Then he was accelerating into the air again.

The flight to Kirk's ranch-strip was short and uneventful. After exiting the plane he heard the distinctive whine of a pair of two-stroke engines in the near distance. Sighting the source of the noise, Tinker recognized Loomis' Norseman and Moe's Super Koala as they approached the field. They too were soon on the ground.

Kirk greeted all three pilots but wasted no time getting down to business. "Okay guys, the Mounties have set up a Search Headquarters in the community center across the road. Let's get over there, they're expecting us. Oh, and bring your maps," he *(continued on page 6)*



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(Around - continued from page 5)

added. Kirk led them to a building roughly the size of a house.

Inside, ground searchers dressed in hiking gear, were poring over large scale maps of the area. The mood was obviously serious. One of the teams, loaded with equipment and looking determined, was just leaving. Kirk led his friends to a uniformed RCMP corporal who seemed to be in the center the activity.

Kirk introduced the Mountie as Tom Warner, who then shook hands with each of the flyers.

"I'm sure glad you guys are here. Now we'll be able to cover a lot more territory." Warner went on to explain how Tamara Sutton, age eight, wandered away from her campsite some time around 7:30 a.m. and hadn't been seen since.

"She's wearing a bright red jacket," Warner continued, "which ought to help make her more visible. And her parents say she's a smart girl, not really prone to panicky behavior. That could help too," he added.

"Has anyone checked with the weather office?" Tinker asked.

"Ya," said Kirk, "and it sure could be worse. The briefer says we can expect warm westerlies at about ten knots, but he warned about low level turbulence, particularly down-wind of any mountain passes. The temperature is supposed to be twelve degrees today and down to around zero tonight. Like I said, it could be worse."

"Listen guys," Warner said, "I've got a million things to do. I'll leave you to come up with your own plan because you're the ones who know how to best use the airplanes. Darren has been pretty close to the action so far and can bring you up to speed on where we need you. Come and see me before you leave, though, so I know what's going on and can coordinate your activities with the ground searchers. Any questions?" he asked, looking around the group. There were none, so Warner returned to his previous activities.

"Tink," Kirk said, "I know you have previous SAR experience and I was hoping you'd give us a few hints on how to pull this off." Kirk was referring to the three years Tinker spent as a Search Navigator for Volunteer Search and Rescue, known as VOSAR, a civilian outfit overseen by the military

and used to help in searches for missing or downed airplanes.

"Sure Darren," Tinker replied. "The first thing we need to know is where we'll be looking."

"Come on over here," Kirk replied. He led the pilots to a large topographical map of the area. He pointed out the campground Tamara walked away from and the areas already searched by ground teams. They were small areas indeed, Tinker noted, only a couple of square miles north and south of the campground. He reminded himself that the search was only a few hours old.

"I'd suggest we draw a cross through the campground," Tinker said, "seven miles in each direction. That gives us four blocks of airspace, but we'll only be searching these three for now." As he spoke, he pointed to the northwest, northeast, and southeast blocks. "We'll leave that southwest block alone because she'd have to cross a river to get into that area, which is unlikely. It's also unlikely an eight-year-old travelled seven miles in," Tinker glanced at his watch, "five and a half hours. But there's not much snow on the ground, and the terrain's not that tough, so you never know."

"You'll have to draw your assigned search blocks in on your own maps. When you do, draw seven one-mile wide strips running north and south. We each begin in the southeast corner of our assigned areas."

"Fortunately, the terrain out there isn't too heavily wooded. It's mostly brush with some scattered evergreens. So I want you to fly at 500 feet AGL with a visual search range of half a mile out the left side of your airplanes. Since there's only one set of eyes in each plane, you can only effectively cover one side of your search leg. That means it'll take two trips, one northbound and one southbound, to cover each mile-wide strip."

"We'll fly at 60 miles an hour, which each plane is capable of. That means each leg will take about seven minutes, and a mile-wide strip about sixteen minutes. We'll all be finished these blocks in about two hours."

"And this is important, guys. At the end of each north-south leg, make a long slow turn to properly line up the next one, and to rest your eyes. These missions are normally flown by crews of four, so I can tell you now that this will be hard, demanding flying. Take the time at the end of each leg to rest up for a bit, you'll be much more

effective if you do.

"Any questions so far?"

"I've got one," said Moe. "You say we're only searching three areas, but we've got four airplanes. What are we going to do with the fourth one?"

"Good point," said Tinker. "It's logical that the high-winged airplanes are the choice for air-to-ground searching." Tinker saw disappointment starting to show on Kirk's face. "But we'll be down low behind this ridge", he traced the ridge line on the map with his finger, "and unable to communicate with the search base. So we're going to need someone up high to act as a communications relay. That'll be you in your Renegade, Darren. It's a vital job."

"No sweat", replied Kirk, relieved he'd still be able to help.

"The search frequency will be 123.5, because no one else uses it." He turned again to Kirk. "Darren, when we're airborne, we'll need you to call for check-in's every fifteen minutes for our safety. Our call sign will be Firefly. You'll be number One. Al, you're number Two in the southeast block. Dennis, you're Three in the northeast, and I'll take the northwest as number Four."

"Is everyone clear on this?" Tinker asked. The other three pilots all stated they were.

"Darren," Tinker said to Kirk, "I presume your plane is ready to go?" Kirk nodded. "Good. You can brief Corporal Warner while we refuel and draw out our maps. We take off in thirty minutes, boys."

Tinker, Loomis and Moe started to leave when Kirk broke in. "Just a second fellas," he said. The other three turned back. "There's one other thing you need to know." He motioned his friends in a bit closer. "We're trying to keep this quiet, so the girl's parents don't worry any more than they have to, but we have a hell of a problem with wolves around here right now. Some ranchers have already lost several animals, and more than a few dogs are missing too. This pack doesn't seem to be very afraid of humans."

"Well," said Loomis looking gravely at his wingmen, "I guess we'd better go find her then."

To be continued next month.

'Twas the Afternoon Before Christmas

by Peter Wegerich

That a beautiful day! I decided to go for a flight. I drove down to Indus where not a creature was stirring not even a mouse. Well, actually lots of mice in the hangars. The sun was warm and the wind was light as I took off for a short flight to Kirkby's to see if anyone was around. There was slight turbulence at around four thousand feet ASL so I dropped down to a more comfortable height.

As I passed Kirkby Field I could see that there were no cars or aircraft around. I decided to head on over to Chestermere Lake. Maybe I would find something of interest.

On the north end of the lake a small oval had been cleared. There were a few motorcycles practicing ice racing. After a couple of passes watching the bikes slide and fall I headed south over the middle of the lake. What a feeling flying over water and not worrying about a place to land.

Wait a minute. Did I say land? Great idea. I bet that would be fun, and it looks so smooth down there.

I dropped the last twenty feet and checked out the surface conditions. The ice was all snow covered but I figured the snow must be pretty firm because the snowmobiles only sank in a couple of inches. I made a careful approach to the middle of the lake and let the old Chinook settle down onto the snow.

After a three foot landing roll, it came to a complete stop. Oomph! "I'm stuck", came immediately to mind, which turned out to be quite accurate. At full power, even pumping the rudder pedals back and forth, I was only up to walking speed. I could see myself taxiing back and forth, eventually running out of fuel, and never gaining any speed.

But on my first pass I had noticed a shiny looking section of snow off to my left. Taxiing along at full throttle, and only barely moving, is a frightening experience. And now that I was moving I wasn't about to stop, even for that snowmobile that had come out to see what was happening and was now right in front of me. Well, he soon moved.

I worked my way over to the shiny snow, and sure enough, it was firmer. And it seemed like I was picking up speed.

ed. Yes. There was something showing on the ASI. After a couple of hundred feet of this I could raise the tail, now things were happening! A few more hundred feet and almost flying, I pulled back the stick and as the wheels broke ground it felt as if there were rockets attached to the Chinook.

Hmm. Rockets. Another good idea? I've heard of JATO rockets at the surplus store. Maybe another day.

An Ultralight Airshow Adventure

by Kelly Kuzyk

Gord Tebbutt and I planned to fly up to the Red Deer airshow as we had done the year before. Last year's airshow was a good experience and we were looking forward to the same for this year. Gord had just purchased an Icom A-21. However he hadn't had time to get the installation complete, so I would be doing the radio work on the trip. We decided to arrive the morning before the show to avoid heavy traffic in the circuit at Red Deer. I also talked to Ron Axelson, who decided to fly up at the same time in his Hyperlight.

Early (Zero Dark-Thirty) morning of 4 August found me at Indus fuelling my aircraft by the lights of my car. I was excited about the flight, and could not wait to get into the air. Gord and Ron arrived after the sun came up and soon we were pre-flighted and ready to leave. Gord and I blasted off first as Ron was much faster than us and would catch up along the way.

In short order we were flying north towards Chestermere Lake. We stayed on the East side of lake being careful not to go above 4500 AGL until we were clear of the Calgary Terminal airspace. Once past the control Zone it was onwards to Olds/Didsbury, our first stop and a refuelling point for Gord. By this time Ron caught up to us and entered the circuit just as we were landing, and soon we were all on the ground.

After a short break we were ready to go, and after take off we climbed out and turned towards Red Deer. The air was rock steady, the sky was a bright blue and seemed to stretch forever. Flying just doesn't get any better than that.

I dialled in the Red Deer ATIS and then the MF (Mandatory Frequency) as we neared Innisfail, and were informed of

one aircraft in the circuit doing touch and goes. We entered down wind for runway 16 and landed. Total Hobbs time was 2.1 hours, which included engine warm up and taxi time.

I must mention here that the Red Deer Airshow people treated us like gold. Once on the ground our aircraft were stored in a hangar, we were driven to the reception area where we were given our Air Show Packages, and then given a taxi voucher to get us to the Red Deer Lodge (they even called the taxi for us). The Lodge had very nice rooms, a very good restaurant that included a huge salad bar, and pilots everywhere you looked.

That night Ron, Margaret (my wife who drove in later in the day) and I attended the Presidents Reception, where we rubbed elbows with the pilots and crews of the Skyhawks, Snowbirds, and Brazilian Smoke Squadron.

Early next morning was the pilots briefing for the airshow performers. Gord and I had flown in last year's airshow, and since everything had seemed to work well then, and as we hadn't been banned from the Red Deer airspace, we decided to use the previous year's routine (if it works don't fix it!). After the site briefing was completed (which included info on crowd lines, show centre and such) we hurried off to pre-flight and position our aircraft.

We were scheduled to fly from 11:09 to 11:15 and would be taking off and landing on taxiway Alpha. Our routine consisted of two circuits with steep turns and climb outs, and then a dead-stick landing by Gord.

I must say that it is a little intimidating flying in front of a large crowd of people, including fellow pilots watching from the VIP sponsor area. You definitely don't want to pull off a bouncer as you land at show centre. Our final approach took us directly over the Snowbirds, who were parked in a neat line on the South part of the taxi-way. I had a fleeting thought (while on very short final over their jets) of what would happen should my Rotax pack it in and I were to wipe out several of their aircraft. Needless to say, the routine worked out well (I didn't have to call my insurance adjuster after all). We went over our time by a couple minutes, though, but soon we were on the ground pushing our aircraft back to the static display areas.

After the flight many people came by asking questions about the ultralights, some of them conventional pilots who
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were thinking of switching over due economical reasons. I even had a Snowbird pilot poke his head in my Challenger and relate that he would like to get into our low and slow bug smashing type of flying. All in all a great day, with no indication whatsoever of what was going to happen the next day.

The next day it rained, so much in fact that we didn't even take our aircraft out of the hangars. Needless to say it was disappointing, a whole year of planning flushed down the pipes. Not only was the last day of the airshow a washout, it also looked like our return trip would have to be delayed. Ron, Gord, and I made many trips to the weather office for updated briefings, however, the news was always the same, the Calgary area was mostly IFR with some marginal VFR and 500 ft ceilings. We all stayed one more night hoping that the weather would clear the next day. But there was no such luck.

Now came the hangar hunt. But with luck, we found help from someone who was a ex-ultralight pilot (Gary Hillman of Hillman Air Ltd.). It was not a nice feeling driving back leaving my aircraft far away, but we all felt that we made the right decision not to fly back. When we left Red Deer the ceilings looked good for VFR, however, on the drive back we watched the weather get lower and lower and we realized we would have never made it to Olds/Didsbury, never mind Indus.

It took 10 days of calling the briefer and looking out the window before I made it back to Red Deer. I drove up alone at 0430 a.m. 15 Aug, and flew straight back to Indus, helped along by a moderate tailwind. The total Hobbs time was 1.3 including taxi time.

Just a short note on what happened as I was preparing to leave Red Deer. I started up by Hillman Air Ltd, listened to the ATIS, then called into the FSS requesting a taxi advisory. As soon as I released my PTT (push to talk) the FSS operator came over the radio with a very annoyed tone to his voice and proceeded to blast me.

The conversation went something like this:

"Red Deer Radio, this is Challenger Ultralight C-IEHK with information Alfa by Hillman Air, on a flight itinerary back to Indus, requesting a taxi advisory, over."

"Ultralight IEHK this is Red Deer

Radio, you must report in when you are 10 nautical miles outside the control zone. In the future when reporting in you will report in outside the control zone on the mandatory frequency, do you understand this?"

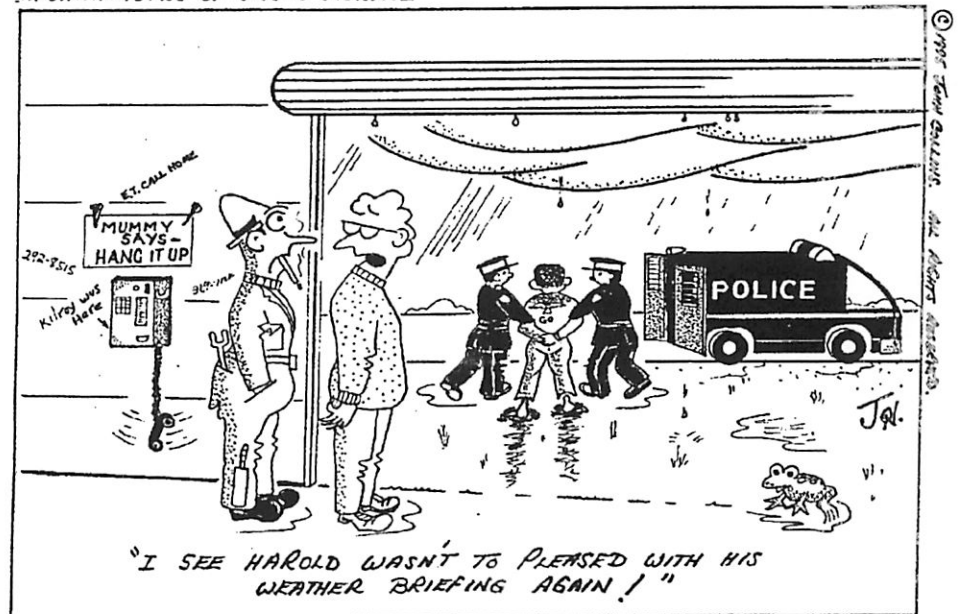
After a pregnant pause I hit my PTT and replied, "That's fine Red Deer radio, however at this moment I'm stationary by Hillman's hangar requesting a taxi advisory so I can depart for Indus."

After apologizing to me for the blasting, I was cleared to taxi to and depart on runway 16. I guess it had been a stressful week for the FSS boys as well. In all fairness, excluding this incident, we had been treated very well by all parties involved with running the airshow.

All in all the whole adventure was worth the effort, and I hope to attend the '96 airshow. Hopefully we can show the flag with several club aircraft attending again.



MISADVENTURES OF RIGGEL MORTISE



News... ...from the Blue

Another Reason Shakespeare Was Right

Famed aerobatic pilot Bob Herendeen died when his Christen Eagle crashed early last year. Upon seeing the crash a nearby contractor jumped in his truck and sped off to the crash site, killing a real estate broker who was hammering up a sign. So who, you may ask, did the broker's family sue? Why Herendeen's widow and estate of course, claiming that Herendeen (who was already dead when the realtor got nailed, pun intended) was negligent and careless and thereby responsible for the broker's subsequent demise. In a rare display of judicial common sense, the case was dismissed before it reached trial.

On the Air

A new cable television channel is currently in the works in the USA. Wingspan - The Aviation Channel will broadcast 18 hours a day, covering everything from ultralights to space stations. Wingspan is produced by The Network Group, who also produces the 'WINGS' series on The Discovery Channel.