



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

April 1998

Across the Wing

by Wilf Stark

The last few weeks have been rather hectic - preparing a new ultralight and ultralight trailer/camper for a very long cross-country trip: to Sun'n'Fun in Lakeland, Florida, then up to Toronto for the indoor Aviation Show, and home via stops in Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota to talk to folks that really, really want to see the Ultralight. 10,000 kilometres in 4 weeks! It should be interesting.

This month's article is somewhat short. I'll make up for it when I report on the 2 airshows for our next issue.

I've discovered something fascinating about self-employment in a new venture: You really don't feel the adverse effects of lack of income! You are so busy working that you don't have any spare time for recreation anyway, therefore you are not spending money on recreational pursuits,

therefore you don't need nearly the amount of money you 'had' to have, back when you had a high-paying job. This may be perverse logic to you - but I choose to call it inspired!

At our last meeting we touched on the possible merits of club or group aircraft building projects. The lack of positive response might mean one of three things: 1) All the flyers in the club are already flying, or building. 2) Co-operative projects are not feasible in our particular club, for reasons still to be explored. 3) Folks were too shy to put their hand up and indicate an Interest.

We have a monthly turn-out ranging from 40 to 60 members. Within that group, approximately 12 to 15 fly regularly, and about 5 have active projects on the go. If the remainder simply enjoy the pleasure of each others' company at our monthly meetings, terrific! If however you have a passion to fly an ultralight, but are short on time, expertise or money, you should let others in the club know - you might be surprised at how easily any of these obstacles could be overcome, when there's more than one mind addressing the obstacle. You could even try an ad in our classifieds - they're free! Enough said.

At our February meeting, we had Brian Vasseur volunteer to organize an Indus fly-in, and Stu Simpson a cross-country. We'll keep you posted.

And now for the Sermon: This is OUR club. It will remain as good and active as WE choose to keep it. Without input, it will do what any flywheel does - spool down.

See you at the next meeting: More airplane stuff, some videos.



Wilf Stark with his Koala at Beiseker

Photo by Stu Simpson

Destinations

by Andy Gustafsson

In the last month I have let the crews at Air Canada and Star Alliance do almost all of the flying. Frankfurt, London, and Stockholm are great destinations if you use one of the big air carriers. This trek used to be one of the most boring, except for the last little hop between Stockholm and my birthplace at Dala Airport, 30 minutes airtime to the north. This is the place where I first got bitten by the flying-bug.

We hung around the small turf airport and dreamed of becoming pilots. The airplanes of the early fifties in Sweden were DC 3s, P-51 Mustangs, Saab J 29s, Saab Saffires, and of course the Tiger moth for towing those open gliderplanes where the pilot sat out front in the breeze.

However, the Tiger moth crashed and burned and was replaced by a Cub. Then the Cold War started and our little turf airport was "improved" with long paved runways and finally to include every road and highway as a network of airbases. Sweden went in to a frenzy and developed and built one the most advanced airforce in the World. Fast fighters were the order of the day. At any given time a jet fighter could and did come in at tree-top altitude and scare the daylight out of you. The highlight was the airshows. Regulations were almost nonexistent in those days. The quad formation of jet fighters used to come in at low level, where you least expected and then in a vertical climb split up resulting in a tremendous boom. This practice was halted as elderly people's hearts stopped, grown men messed their pants and kids screamed at the top of their lungs. But boy, did I love those fly-by's.

I finally got my first ride in a Sea-Bee, off the water. Dad and I got to ride in the front seat for 20 minutes for the price of three dollars each.

Well, the years went by and I finally became a pilot. Not to make a living but to enjoy the wonderful world of aviation. If it wasn't for Ultralight airplanes, I probably would not be flying. Today I plowed my runway, pulled out my airplane, did a

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thorough walk-around and went for a half hour flight around the patch. Was all that work worth just a half an hour flight? You bet. The serene early spring landscape has never looked better. The 503 was singing like a fine baritone and the afternoon turbulence enhanced the flight. This is great.

Now I'm looking forward to summer and early morning excursions, or late afternoon and evening flights. And for destinations, I hope that I will be flying for many, many years before I reach that final destination.

Happy landings.

Classified Ads

Props - 3-blade GSC fixed pitch for 277 pusher (R.H.) New 4-blade GSC Fixed pitch for 447 pusher (R.H.) Used. 10 Warp blades (R.H.) to make 72' Prop (you supply hub) new with nickle leading edge. Jim Creasser 226-0180. (4/98)

Beaver 2 pl - 1986 RX550, 275 hrs TTSN, Rotax 532, always hangared, no training history, complete panel, upgraded wing, brakes, \$11,500. Tony 217-5549 or Phil 246-2615. (4/98)

Chinook 2 pl - 1988, 186 hrs TT, Rotax 503, hangared, \$7990. Adrian Winship 640-7429 or 280-3631. (3/98)

Wanted - Ultralight aircraft, complete or requiring work. Allen 546-2588. (2/98)

Warpdrive - 70" 3-blade right hand, SAE1, with spinner, ground adjustable, \$800. Ken Johnson 403-546-2586. (11/97)

Skywriter

Skywriter is the official newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club and is published 12 times per year. Articles and letters are very welcome and should be addressed to either Bob Kirkby or Wilf Stark.

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Calgary Ultralight Flying Club
Meetings of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club are held on the second Thursday of every month, except July and August, at 7:30 pm, at the Northeast Armoury, 1227 - 38 Avenue NE.

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Red Bird In Winter

by Bernie Kespe

Snow fell all night. By 6:00 a.m., when the sky cleared, Charlie Marx Airforce Base was under 40cm of the stuff which had drifted up around the gate, keeping it from swinging open. The padlock was frozen so tightly that it took a soaking with hot water to get it open. Eighteen inch drifts blocked the hangar doors. Two hours with an aluminum grain shovel cleared the sliding portals enough so they would open. Inside the double barrel wood stove was thawing out the water in the teapot while the inside temperature slowly climbed to just above freezing. Outside the temperature was -10 degrees. In this cold the little Rotax 227 engines' fuel economy would climb to 1.3 gallons per hour or more at 60 mph. Charlie knew he could stay up for more than three hours and still have an adequate reserve in the fuel tank.

While waiting for the teapot to get hot, Charlie climbed into his big old Dodge van to begin driving up and down the runway in order to flatten the snow into a hard packed surface. Plowing the runway had proven hazardous for crosswind operations, as the piles of snow along the edges get hard and can trip an ultralight on a wing tip and, at the very least, break a propeller. Packing the white stuff down with the van alleviated this problem. The

sun sparkled on the new snow, the van wheels crunched as they packed the trackless field into a runway, taxiway and access to the hangar. The wind had dropped to a gentle breeze, and the air was clear and cold as crystal ice. Charlie parked and went into the hangar to suit up. Insulated boots, heavy sweater, snowmobile suit, a cap with furry ear flaps and woolen lined two piece gloves were added to the already warm attire. Two thin strips of Kleenex were wadded up, wetted slightly and stuck into the ears for ear plugs. The hangar doors were slid open and 'Little Red', an SNS-8 Hiperlight, was pushed out for preflight inspection.

The pilot filled the stove with thick logs, poured himself a big cup of hot tea and laid out his course on the map. Today he would explore the Little Mississippi River south of McArthur Mills (Ontario) and on to Weslemkoon Lake. He would have a gentle tail wind on the way down, and the forecaster had said the wind would shift in the afternoon, perhaps providing a tailwind on the way home too. The preflight was long and careful. The prospect of a forced landing in the wilderness in sub zero

weather, makes for enthusiastic checking of all important parts of the aircraft. After



Hiperlite SNS-8

some priming with a few hand props the engine fired to life on the second pull, immediately pulling the brakeless airplane out toward the taxiway. The big wooden propeller bit heavily into the thick air and easily propelled the plane to the end of the runway. Here Charlie advanced the throttle to warm up the engine while he did his pre-flight check: canopy latched, altimeter set, fuel valve on, chock off, timer set, seat belt tight, engine temperature off the pin. Finally there was nothing left to do but fly. The throttle opened with that thrill for an aviator that never grows old. The dense chilled air supercharged the little engine. Its thickness flowed over the wings almost like water, creating lift in such a short time that the plane was airborne in less than 100 feet. The rate of climb was simply sensational, far better than most conventional planes. Throttle-back had to take place in a ridiculously short time or the flyer would have missed the panoramic view of the splendid winter landscape. Frost on the inside of the canopy quickly sublimated in the bright sunshine as 'Little Red' turned south.

It had taken three and a half hours of hard work to get up there, but it was all worth it (continued on page 4)



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in the first minutes' viewing. Charlie leveled off at 500 feet AGL, pulling the throttle back until the air speed settled in at 60 mph. Engine temperature settled in at 390 degrees. If he advanced the throttle the gauge showed the engine cooling rapidly to about 200 degrees in the cold air. Back at the proper settings the engine settled in within the proper operating range. The wind chill temperature outside the cockpit must have been way below -20 degrees. The fabric covering was loosening as the aluminum wing frames contracted in the fierce icy slipstream.

It was the day after deer season, but the poor harried creatures didn't know it. They were still far away from their home woodlands, out in the center of the largest wide open spaces that they could find. Watching his engine temperature gauge warily, Charlie dipped down to inspect the tiny herds standing in the downed corn field. One bunch was twelve strong and appeared in good health—two of which were big bucks. The river valley showed up in the distance, outlined darkly by its leafless trees. As the plane neared, Charlie could see that the river was covered in ice and snow, only two weeks ago the water was still running freely. From above the river Charlie could see snowmobiles running up and down the banks but still not venturing out over the ice. Cars on the highway below emitted clouds of steam from their exhaust, and steam and smoke rose from McArthur Mills, indicating that the wind was beginning to shift. Weslemkoon Lake appeared over the trees. It was locked in ice. Once there, Charlie dropped to about five feet above the surface, keeping a wary eye out for ice fishermen, but none were seen on the frozen waste. The lonely mottled white and gray surface was crossed by pressure ridges that ran for miles in all directions. Turning north the biplane headed for the dark area in the distance. It was the open water in the narrows where the river entered the lake, an area lined by willows that were forever submerged in the shallow water. The water in the narrows were black with ducks and geese. They flushed in all directions as Charlie pulled his plane sharply away from them. They must have numbered in the thousands for they filled the air in squadrons, turning like leaves in a giant



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whirlpool. "Marvelous how they get their traffic pattern all in the same direction" Charlie mused. He wondered where they found enough to eat in the barren frozen swamp below.

The SNS-8 had been aloft for more than two hours, the fuel tank was just under half as Charlie climbed up out of the beautiful valley near the little town of McArthur Mills. The town stood out like a picture post card against the winter landscape brightly lit by the low winter sun. It was time to go home. Charlie's feet were cold, the chill had seeped through all his winter clothing and the noise and vibration of the wonderful little engine and begun to seem tiresome. Still the scenery held him in fascination, and he did not want to go back. He slipped into his home field, well aware that the plane would float further in the ground effect because of the cold air. The timer read 3.6 hours and there was still a good half a gallon of fuel left in the tank. He turned from the rollout and taxied up to the hangar doors. Charlie topped up his fuel to avoid condensation in the tanks, then put his plane away, kissing its cute little red nose. Inside, the stove was still hot, the water in the teapot just under a boil. He poured himself a big mug of tea sweetened with honey, put his cold feet up on the cement block beside the stove and leaned back in his easy chair. "Life is sweet for the aviator" he thought.

This story was compiled from the observations of Charlie's son Steve and filled in by Charlie who, at the time didn't realize his son's interest in flying. Charlie

and Steve now fly together in their Rans S-7 whenever they can.

GOOD NEWS for prospective Cessna 172 purchasers:

Tired of anemic climb? Worried about calculating W&B? Cessna is introducing the new Skyhawk SP, which stands for "Special Performance." With the population "expanding", the 172R's standard 160 HP engine just isn't adequate for many users. The SP uses the SAME fuel-injected Lycoming IO-360-L2A engine, but squeezes 180 HP out of it by means of a different prop and a 2,700 RPM red-line.

The result: 100 lbs. more useful load, better climb, faster cruise...and it can be all yours for only \$210,000 Cndn, taxes excluded of course!

Caution, 900-Pound Gorilla at Work!

After a lengthy delay at the gate while waiting to depart, the Captain finally came on the PA system and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain. I'm sorry for the delay, but the machine that smashes your baggage and pulls the handles off is broken, so the ground crew is having to do it by hand!"

AIR REGS??

1.000A - No pilot or pilots, or person or persons acting on the direction or suggestion or supervision of the pilot or pilots may try, or attempt to try to comprehend or understand any or all, in whole or in part of the herein mentioned Air Regulations, except as authorized by the Minister or an agent appointed by, or inspected by the minister.

1.000B - If the pilot, or group of associated pilots become aware of, or realizes, or detects, or discovers, or finds that he, or she, or they, are or have been beginning to understand the Aeronautical Regulations, they must immediately, within three (3) days notify, in writing, the Minister.

1.000C - Upon receipt of the above mentioned notice of impending comprehension, the Minister will immediately rewrite the Aeronautical Regulations in such a manner as to eliminate any further comprehension hazards.

1.000D - The Minister may, at his or her option, require the offending pilot or pilots, to attend remedial instruction in Air Regulations until such time as the pilot is too confused to be capable of understanding anything.

AIRLINE ADVENTURES

by Bernie Kespe

(Subtitle: My Worst Experience in an Airplane)

Way, way back in, oh, must be around 1972, me and the "Other Half" (before she was the "Other Half", in fact) had gone to meet her folks in Nova Scotia, but enough about the trip. We had plans to fly back to Toronto on an airline that I have been advised by the powers that be, should remain anonymous here, and that I will call Hapless Airlines. No big deal, right? So there we are at Halifax International. We get on the plane. The nice Hapless Airlines employees close the door, rattle-THUMP This sound effect is followed by the nice airline employees clustering around the door, which is now open again, muttering amongst themselves. One of them goes forward, presumably to speak with the pilot(s). A short time later one of those ladder things is wheeled out next to the offending door, which is closed again, and some guys in overalls start going WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! on it with what sounds like a large, blunt object. At this point it occurs to the nice, Hapless Airlines employees that maybe the passengers (who, after all, are paying for this "entertainment") might like to know what's going on. So it is announced that the emergency ramp had just spontaneously self-deployed then fallen completely off the airplane, and because it had just done this there was now some problem with getting the door closed and secured but don't worry, we'll be underway soon.

The thumps on the door cease, the ladder thing is wheeled away, and as the plane starts to taxi the nice airline employees start their song-and-dance about what to do if all hell breaks loose. Including "don't use that door in the event of an emergency, it won't work". Believe me, we were paying attention. Actually, I had the urge to get up and say "Excuse me but could I have a different plane?" , but this being my younger and more timid days I didn't. I wish I had! So, anyhow, Transport Canada wouldn't let them fly something unsafe, right? I mean, these folks are professionals

and they want to live too, so it must be OK, right? Anyhow, there we are rolling down the runway with the familiar wheel-rumble underneath and just as that rumble disappears and we start going up -(thud)JERK! YAW RIGHT! Guy across the aisle: "Hey! There's smoke coming outta da wing! "Mad stampede by stewardesses to quiet down passenger. Announcing the problem "Other Half" says: "We just lost an engine." Me, I say: "What?" Other Half: "We just lost an engine. I can only hear two. Me, "Could you say that a little louder please? I don't think everyone knows about it yet. We could try for complete panic." Foolish me. I thought that, what with bits falling off the plane, engines quitting, smoke trailing off the wing, and so on we'd turn back to Halifax International. I mean, even then I knew a multi-engine plane could fly minus one engine, but given how many things had gone wrong already why push your luck? HAH! Noooooooooooooooooooo, the pilot comes on the intercom and announces that despite our little difficulties (nervous laugh) we are still going on to Toronto. Yes, we protested. Did it do any good? Of course not! Apparently there was some hope that the plane could still make the next leg of its schedule to Montreal. With bits falling off the plane! It was... um... an interesting 40 minutes.

Let's see what else was unusual about that flight. Well, for one thing we did not fly over remote terrain like most such flights. Instead we followed what appeared to be the Trans-Canada Highway all the way from Halifax to Dorval in Montreal. OK, I figured that one out - there have been a few instances of jets in trouble landing on the highway, right? Near Montreal the highway is straight, there aren't a lot of obstacles once you get past the billboards near the actual airport, and most people will yield to landing jets entering the freeway. The seat belt light never went off. Also we did not get our stinking little peanuts and pop. Which was OK, as most folks didn't seem to have much appetite. Alcohol, however, was served, (in abundance) by the very nervous and nice Hapless Airlines employees. When someone could convince them to unbuckle and get out of their seats long enough to scoot down to the galley and back. Usually by being loud, panicked, and urging the
(continued on page 6)

other passengers to revolt.

The pilot did talk to us, which I suppose was nice, except that he seemed to be going through a second puberty the way his voice kept creeping up in pitch and there was that unsettling nervous quaver and slight stuttering he kept doing. "Oh, ****, we're *****", even the pilot is scared "*****" was basically my thought. So maybe it would have been better to pass on that thought. People were allowed to go to the bathroom, but not to stand in the aisles waiting in line. Actually, the bathrooms got quite a bit of use during that flight. Gee, I wonder why. People really do pull out their rosaries and start praying. And not just nuns and priestly types. Most Bibles I ever saw outside of a church. You cannot grip the armrests for 40 minutes with white knuckles, After about 15 your hands go numb and you let go. Actually, even with pieces falling off an airplane, stuff on fire, and an engine not working I found it impossible to remain terrified for more than, say, 10 minutes at a time. After that you go through a brief mental numbness while your adrenal glands are recharging or something. 40 minutes is a long time to be afraid AND unable to do anything about what is happening around you. You get this dialogue going in your head: "Do something" - "What?" - "Just do SOMETHING!" - "WHAT!?" - "DO SOMETHING!" - "WHAT!?" - "WE'RE GONNA DIE - DO SOMETHING!" - "WHAT!? - WHAT CAN I DO!?", and it gets worse from there. In fact, this may have something to do with the fact that the next time I got into any airplane I was in the cockpit. I mean, if you're near the controls and the **** hits the fan you just might be able to do something, right? We also flew really low. I was looking out the window and thinking that, and mentioned it to the 'Other Half.' She said "Well, you know things look different from up in the air." I said "We just went over a sign saying "Welcome to Grandfalls" She said "Yeah, right!" (she didn't know me real well then). I said "Really - look. "She said "Oh *****!"(I have never known her to swear!) I said "Look - you can read street signs: Oak, Main, First..."(This is before Bill 109) No, I am not kidding! We really were that low.



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All right, I've kept you in suspense for 40 minutes but I won't keep you much longer. Here's how the landing went: Flew over Sherbrooke, still following the highways. Flew west to Beauharnois and turned northeast over the St Lawrence River (I know this because, being so low, I had a great view of it all) heading for Dorval. I could see the people on the ground look up, pointing upwards, and cover their ears watching us go by low just over the houses. Came in just over the fence at Dorval. I was also sitting right next to the leading edge of the wing, so I know that when those wheels touched pavement the tail end of the plane was not over the hard stuff, it was over grass. We touched down right on the edge of the pavement. As we were going down the runway, thinking "Great, we're on the ground, and in one piece, we're safe." Our Nervous Pilot starts talking again, saying as how we will not be allowed to taxi up to the terminal but will be "deplaning" out on the apron, and that's when the sirens of the fire engines started up.

Ah, yes, a very exciting flight followed by an equally exciting taxi while pursued by a half-dozen emergency vehicles careening down the runway after us, wailing and blinking and whoop-whooping. The Hapless Airlines employees were yelling at the passengers to REMAIN SEATED and KEEP YOUR BELTS BUCKLED and WE'RE GOING TO DEPLANE IN AN ORDERLY MANNER. Yea Yea! Yea! I have no intention of ever jumping out of a perfectly good airplane but this airplane

was not good!!!! I was ready to disembark immediately! Actually, I'd been ready to disembark pretty much from the first moment we left the ground. Anyhow, the plane comes to a halt. Pretty much everybody stands up all at once. We are READY TO DEPLANE (just try to stop us!). One of them step things is rolled up to the plane and we tromp-tromp-tromp down it at double-quick tempo and start heading for the buildings without anyone having to ask us to do this. On the way, we pass another one of them ladder things next to the dead engine. There's a guy on top of it. He's got the engine cover open and he's reaching inside and pulling out bloody slime and feathers. Seagull feathers, near as I could tell, but I was in kind of a hurry to leave and didn't really want to conduct my own inspection. Scary, huh?

Well, the scariest part of the whole thing was the line of pilots and stewardesses lined up with their little luggage carts next to this DC-10. Why? Because, you see, as soon as the nice man in the overalls gets through removing the former seagull from the engine this plane is going to Toronto, falling-off bits and all....Well, that's my Worst Experience in an Airplane. I hope you enjoyed this story more than I did. Oh, and the next plane I took a ride in? It was an old two-seater glider of unknown origin. No, I'm not afraid of heights. No, I'm not afraid of falling. I'm afraid of airlines that don't have the sense God gave a pigeon not to fly when there is something wrong with the bird!

Feature Plane of the Month

Airdrome Airplanes 3/4 scale flying replica kits. These aircraft cover a wide range of historical aviation. From the most recognized aircraft that have ever flown in WW I, the scarlet red FOKKER DR-1 TRIPLANE flown by The Red Baron, Manfred Von Richthofen, to the most technologically advanced aircraft to come from the great war effort, The FOKKER D-VIII parasol (AKA The Flying Razor). Also available is the FOKKER E-III, Eindecker, the first plane to mount a synchronized machine gun and the Fokker D-VI, the precursor of the FOKKER D-VII, Probably the best performing aircraft used in the war by the German War Machine.

Now you can build and fly your own piece of Aviation History in less than 400 hours, (or so they say). No special tools or skills are needed to build your own personal fighter. Full kits are available with all machined and welded parts supplied with the kit. Construction videos are also available and Airdrome Airplanes claims to offers excellent builder support.

3/4 Scale Replica Fighters Available Are:

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Fokker DR-1 Triplane. (Rotax 582 power or VW.)

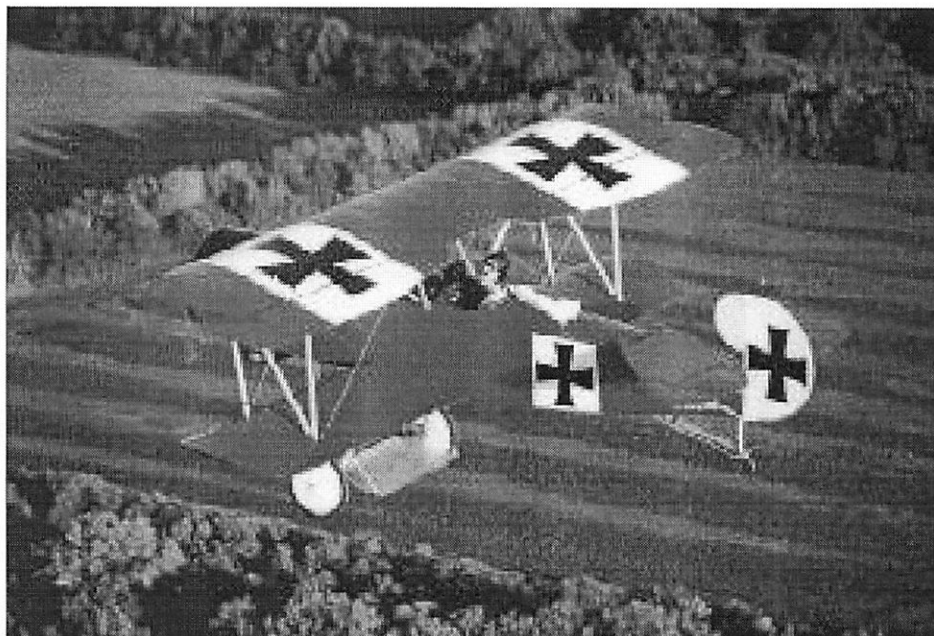
Fokker D-VI Fighter (Rotax 503 power or VW.) - featured plane

Fokker E-III Eindecker (Rotax 447 or 503 power, it can also use a half VW and still be built as a legal ultralight.)

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Fokker D-VI Replica

FEATURED PLANE: FOKKER D-VI

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Sub Assembly kits are available but were too numerous to mention. All aluminum tubing to complete fuselage, wings, landing gear, cabins, lift struts, and formers. All aluminum sheet metal to construct gussets, cowling, & seat. All machined parts for control systems, lift struts, axles, and wings. All AN hardware to build aircraft, eye bolts, locknuts, thimbles, nico press swedges , aircraft cable (rudder cables, drag/anti/drag braces). Ball bearing rod ends for control system. Stainless steel pop rivets. Main wheels, tail wheel, spun aluminum nose bowl, plans and builders video. All covering supplies through silver.



Fokker D-VIII Parasol

DELUXE AIRFRAME KIT...
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All welded components finished welded. Deluxe kit consists of basic airframe kit plus engine mount and 5 gallon tank.

Also available are optional 10 gallon (US) tank and spun aluminum wheel covers. NOTE: Pricing should be confirmed and is in US dollars.

Technical Corner

from the 'net by Bernie Kespe

Your Two-stroke Engine Will Not Start or Is Hard to Start :

1. Pull the engine slowly with the pull starter rope. As the engine piston is coming up on the compression stroke, definite resistance should be felt on the rope. This resistance should be noted on every revolution of a two-cycle engine crankshaft. If alternate hard and easy turning is noted, the engine compression is not the cause of trouble at this time.

On engines with electric starters, remove the spark plug and check the engine compression with a gauge. If a gauge is not available, hold your thumb so that the spark plug hole is partially covered. An alternating blowing and suction should be noted as the engine is cranked. Compression readings should be equal. If very little or no compression is noted, it is recommended you take your engine to a Rotax Service Center to be repaired. If the engine is developing compression, proceed to Step 2.

2. Remove the spark plug wire and hold the wire terminal about 1/8" away from the cylinder. While cranking the engine a bright blue spark should snap across the 1/8" gap. If the spark is weak or yellow, or if no spark occurs while cranking the engine, refer to IS THERE A SPARK AT THE SPARK PLUG PROTECTOR in our Trouble-Shooting Sequence Guide. Engines require 300 RPM to start cold. If the spark is satisfactory, remove and inspect the spark plug. If in doubt about the spark condition, install a new plug. NOTE: Before installing the plug, be sure to check the electrode gap with a proper gauge. If necessary, adjust the gap to .015 for points and .018 for DUCATI is optimum. Do not guess or check the gap with a "dime". A few thousandths variation from the correct spark plug electrode gap may cause the engine to run unsatisfactorily. Under some conditions, the engine will not start at all.

If the ignition spark is satisfactory and the

engine still will not start, even with a new plug, then proceed to step 3. Spark plug(s) should be replaced every 25 hours. A coating builds up on the porcelain area that eventually shorts out the plug. This coating cannot be removed, it is an unavoidable product of the fuel/oil mixture.

3. If the engine compression and ignition spark seem to be okay, then trouble within the fuel system should be suspected. Remove and clean (or replace) the air filter. Check the fuel tank and be sure it is full of fresh gasoline and two-cycle oil mixed 50 to 1. Refer to CHART 1 for the proper fuel-oil mixture. If equipped with a fuel shut-off valve, be sure the valve is open.

If the engine has a remote choke, check to be sure that when the choke is engaged it is fully closed. If not, adjust the linkage so that the choke will fully close, then try to start the engine. If the engine does not start after several turns, remove the air filter. The carburetor throat should be wet with gasoline. If not, determine why there is no fuel getting to carburetor.

Remove the fuel line at the carburetor. Crank the engine through several turns. Fuel should spurt from the open line. If it does not, then disconnect the fuel line from the tank to the fuel pump at the pump connection. If the fuel will not run from the open line, remove and clean the fuel tank, line and (if so equipped) the fuel filter and/or the shut-off valve. If the fuel runs from the open line, then remove and

overhaul (or replace) the fuel pump. Check to be sure the tank is vented.

After making sure that clean, fresh fuel is available at the carburetor, again try to start the engine. If the engine will not start, then refer to the recommended initial adjustments for the carburetor in the Rotax Operators Manual and adjust the carburetor idle and/or main jets.

If the engine will not start when the compression and ignition tests are okay and clean fresh fuel is available to the carburetor, then remove and clean or overhaul the carburetor.

4. The preceding trouble-shooting techniques are based on the fact that to run, an engine must develop compression, have an initial spark and receive the proper fuel-air mixture. In some instances, there are other factors involved.

If All Else Fails, Read the Directions!

Some of today's more modern, more sophisticated aircraft are equipped with automatic landing systems. Following a maintenance test flight on a large jet, the pilot-in-command wrote in the aircraft log, "Aircraft satisfactory, except auto-land very rough." The mechanic's sign-off on the squawk was, "Auto-land not installed on this aircraft."



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