



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

August 1999

Cloud Dancing

by Dan Mitchell

Sitting here preparing to write about a recent flight I had with Bob Cameron, I recognize two things. First is the absolute wonder of the flight we enjoyed together, and second, the limitations of my writing ability to adequately describe the experience. Hopefully a few photos will help.

Bob and I had planned to set out on a cross country flight to Drumheller that Saturday morning at the end of June. The higher elevation around Calgary gave me a good view to the east toward Indus as I left home and headed for the airfield. It didn't take a

rocket scientist, or brain surgeon, to realize we were going to have to change our plans. The fog bank I could see from my vantage point appeared to stretch from the east side of Calgary to the Saskatchewan border. But I was hopeful it would burn off soon so I continued on to the airfield.

When I arrived at Indus the fog wasn't too bad and I was optimistic it would be gone soon. I rolled the Beaver out of the hangar and performed a very thorough inspection. I took my time since I was early and Bob hadn't arrived yet. With the main tank and auxiliary wing tanks full there was plenty of fuel for the trip to Drumheller. I strapped a jerry can with an extra five gallons in the back seat to make myself feel better anyway. With a map clipped to my knee board and the GPS programmed, I was ready to go.

Bob arrived and opened up his hangar. As we sat in his hanger looking out at the dismal weather we contemplated our options, which weren't good, and getting worse by the minute. The only plan we agreed on was to wait it out and hope for the best. As time went on and the fog grew thicker I wandered

over to my plane, rolled it back inside the hangar and removed the jerry can from the back seat.

Two and a half hours and several donuts and cups of coffee later the fog began to lift. By 9:30 the fog was gone and we decided it was time for a ride. We had earned it by being so patient and waiting so long for the fog to break. Small scattered clouds had replaced the fog but the sun was shining brightly between the clouds. It was getting later in the morning when thermals make the air bumpy. We decided to head south and west with no particular destination in mind and just have fun flying. Neither of us ever imagined the flight we were about to have.

Bob took off first from Rwy 28, with me hot on his tail. After leaving the circuit he dropped down low over the open fields and headed for the Bow River while I continued to climb to 4000' (approx. 600' AGL). I couldn't believe my eyes. Clouds! Big white fluffy clouds. At 600' AGL I was already at an altitude even with the cloud base. I could see Bob skimming the fields below so I called him and suggested he climb to where I was. He ignored me. I called again, louder this time. Still he ignored me. Finally I was yelling for him to join me. But it was no use. Without radios I wasn't going to be able to get his attention that way. So I continued to climb, picking my way between the clouds. Keeping an eye on the bright yellow wings of Bob's Beaver, I (continued on page 2)



Dan Mitchell and his Beaver southwest of Indus
Photo by Bob Cameron

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maintained the same general heading Bob was following.

Eventually Bob saw me between the clouds above him and he started up. It didn't take long before he was cruising along beside me, grinning from ear to ear and giving me the thumbs up each time he saw me look his way. We cautiously picked our way around, between and over the clouds, slowly climbing higher until at 5200' (1800' AGL) we reached the top of the main cloud layer.

It was at this point that I recognized the awesome beauty that spread out beneath and around us. And I also immediately regretted having left my camera in the hangar. What to do? Continue to fly and enjoy the moment, or return to the airport for the camera so I could enjoy the moment for ever through photographs. I know I made the right choice.

With the Bow River below us visible between the clouds, and the Highwood River Valley in the distance, it was a simple matter to tip-toe our way back toward Indus. Descending down between the clouds to 4000' was an absolute thrill. The climb to the top of the cloud layer had been as random as the clouds themselves. Turning, climbing and descending on a whim. On the other hand, I wanted to make our return to the airfield as brief as possible. Retracing our steps back down between the clouds on as direct a course as possible was a thrill in itself. We hadn't traveled very far from home and the airport hadn't packed up and moved. There it was, right where we left it. A quick pass over the intersection to identify the active runway, which wasn't active, and we joined the circuit. We had been in the air for 25 minutes and the airfield was still as quiet as when we had taken off.

I must admit I was surprised that Bob



Bob Cameron and his Beaver southwest of Indus
Photo by Dan Mitchell

followed me back to Indus and landed behind me. Considering the flight we were having I expected him to stay up until he ran out of fuel. I was pleased when he told me later, with all the flying we've done together, he has learned to trust me. If I was returning to the airport, there must have been a pretty good reason, and he was with me.

As I shut down and climbed from my plane



Photo by Dan Mitchell: Southwest of Indus and the Bow River, looking west

Bob taxied to a stop beside me. I signaled my intention to get my camera. He waved, shut down and ran to his hangar to get his camera as well. We were back in the air in minutes, anxious to continue where we had left off.

I had expected some turbulence passing

beneath these clouds and possibly beside or above them, but the air was as smooth as silk. We made a point to stay well clear of the occasional tall, dark, menacing clouds that were developing in places. The forecast was calling for thunderstorms that evening and the storm clouds were beginning to form already.

While on the ground Bob and I had agreed to

take special care to keep each other in sight. We didn't want to end up playing hide and seek between these clouds. So we stayed together, using our usual hand signals to communicate our intentions to turn, climb or descend.

The sun was bright and made the green fields below glow, constantly changing color as the shadows moved across the ground. From our position 1000' up, the Bow River sparkled as the sun reflected off its surface. Our aircraft made shadows on the tops of the clouds, and occasionally I could see a small, circular rainbow around the shadow of my plane. What a spectacular sight!

The flight lasted for about an hour and a half. We went absolutely nowhere and had the best flight of our lives. Whoever first said, "getting there is half the fun", had no idea how much fun it could be.

In the two years and four months since I took my first flying lesson with Wayne Winters, I have never seen conditions like this before. (Coincidentally, this flight marked my 200th hour of flying ultralights.) Generally the clouds are too high to get to around the Indus Winters Aire-Park. Air space restrictions imposed due to the proximity of the Calgary International Airport prevent flying above 5570' ASL (2200' AGL) until
(continued on page 3)

Dancing - continued from page 2

south of Indus. Even then, commercial traffic seems mighty low, now and then, as they approach the Calgary airport. The conditions that morning don't occur very often and I am thrilled to have had an opportunity to experience them up close and personal.

I am unable to adequately put this incredible experience into words; to describe that brief period of time when I

reached out and touched the clouds. But if there is a Heaven, I think I found it, a thousand feet up and surrounded by clouds. I am thankful Bob Cameron was there to share this flight with me. He can understand, first hand, the way I felt up there dancing with the clouds in my little flying machine.

Footnote: It seems a shame to interject a touch of reality to my story at this point, bring us down to earth, as it were. But for those readers who are sitting there saying,

"You can't do that. That's against the Reg's", I offer you this. Ultralight aircraft must be operated in accordance with Visual Flight Rules. Air Regulations issued by Transport Canada Aviation stipulate the distance from clouds in uncontrolled airspace, at 700' AGL and above, and under VFR conditions, is 2000' horizontally and 500' vertically. Trust me. You don't have to drag your wheels in the clouds to enjoy them.

Dan

Classified Ads

Murphy Renegade Spirit - 230 TTSN, Rotax 532, 35 SMOH, always hangared, ASI, VSI, Tach, T/C, ALT, CHT, Water Temp, Icom A20 Nav/Com, intercom, two helmets, 3-blade Ivoprop, Red & White Endura, hole covers, \$26,000. Call or e-mail for photos: Bob Kirkby 569-9541 (8/99)

Oil Injection Pump - for Rotax 582. Call Dave Dedul, 403-823-2214. (8/99)

Murphy Renegade - Damaged four wings, forward of passenger seat and landing gear. All control surfaces good. Includes most new parts to complete reconstruction. A fine 92 MPH cruise Bi-Plane. 532 rotax engine electric start, no propeller blades, \$12,000 as is. Use of facility and assistance available. Call Ray (403)787-2427 (8/99)

Head Set - Aviation Communications Inc. head set \$100, 3 yrs old, hardly used. Call Bob Kirkby 569-9541 (7/99)

Fuel Gauges - Sky Sports' capacitive fuel gauge for dual tanks. 2 probes and one gauge with switch, \$50. Call Bob Kirkby 569-9541 (7/99)

For Rent - Fully enclosed T-hangar at Chestermere-Kirkby Field. Will accommodate 30 ft wingspan. \$60 per month. Call Bob 569-9541 (6/99)

Chinook WT II - single place, 1983, warp wing, "0" time 277 Rotax, can be seen at Indus Airfield, \$3,500 OBO. Dan 403-243-7934 H or 403-230-6415 W (6/99)

Wanted - Low-time 2-stroke engine between 40 and 65 hp for newly built trike. Call Ron Linkes 250-389-0800. (4/99)

Lazair A-87 - has 3rd engine, 3/4 enclosure pod, wider landing gear, always hangared, includes enclosed trailer, \$5500. Betty Whitney 403-684-3459. (4/99)

KR-2 Sport Plane - 35 hr TT, 1834cc HAPI VW conversion with dual ignition,

carb heat, oil cooler, cruises at 125mph, full power 155mph, registered as homebuilt. 1/2 share \$7000 including flight training and ultralight pilot permit. J.T. Hibberd 617-1831. (3/99)

Suzuki engine - 3 cylinder, 65 HP @ 5500, with belt reduction drive 2.21:1, can be seen running, \$3000. Ken Johnson 546-2586. (3/99)

Challenger - Single place, 288 hr TTSN, Rotax 447 CDI, Instruments: Tack, compass, altimeter, air speed, CHT, Gas gauge, Hr meter, 12-volt power outlet, radio antenna, (GPS & mount optional), fully enclosed with cabin heat, ski package, tundra tires & reg. wheels with pants included, always hangared, at Indus, \$9,800.00. Ray at 403-274-4388, office 275-6540, cell 540-2492. (3/99)

Rotax 447 - with carb and muffler, low time, \$2700. Chuck duff 938-6157 (3/99)

Mini-Max - Rotax 447, GSC Ground adjustable prop, full panel, always hangared, only 114 hours since new. This great flying, well known little airplane can be seen at Transport Canada's photo album at: www.tc.gc.ca/aviation/GENERAL/RECAVI/Pictures.htm Dale 293-3826, e-mail: dacl@cybersurf.net (10/98)

Forward ads to Bob Kirkby 569-9541.

Skywriter

Skywriter is the official newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club and is published 12 times per year. Forward your articles and letters to:

Editor: Bob Kirkby 569-9541
e-mail: kirkby@telusplanet.net

Assistant-editor: Bernie Kespe (see below)

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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Kirkby Fly-in '99

The eighth annual Kirkby fly-in breakfast turned in a new record. A total of 14 airplanes flew in carrying 19 hungry fliers. In addition approximately 30 people arrived by car, making this the biggest fly-in breakfast since Kirkby Field opened in 1992.

The weather turned out just right for flying although it was a bit chilly for outdoor dining. Copious quantities of pancakes and sausages were served up by master griddle chefs, Ken & Tammy Mitchell.

Glenn Bishell and Dave Bolton both flew in from about 40 miles away. Glenn to the north and Dave to the south. Thanks to everyone for coming out and making it another success.



The Kirkby fly-in breakfast from the air.

Photo by Stu Simpson

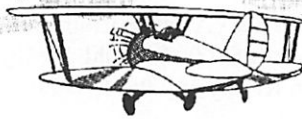
Flying Events

August 14th - 15th, Lethbridge, AB
Lethbridge International Airshow

August 21st, Dave Bolton's
CUFC's fly-in/drive-in barbeque at David Boultons strip (rain day the 22nd). From 3:00 PM to 7:00 PM. Menu: burgers, smokies, potatoes and salads and drinks. For info call Bernie Kespe 255-7419

If you know of an event that you would like to see listed here please contact Bob Kirkby or Bernie Kespe.

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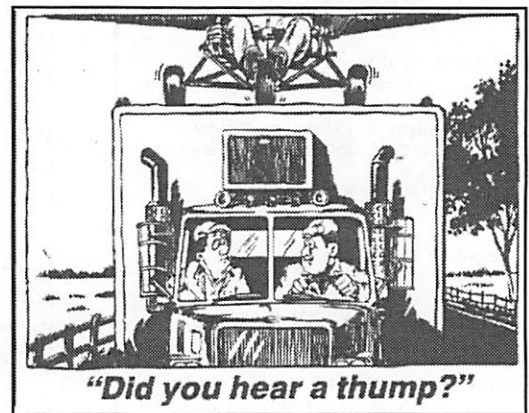
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Glenn Bishell's Bushmaster - Photo by Stu Simpson



The Alberta Air Adventure Tour 1999

Planning and Preparation

by Stu Simpson

Like many adventures, this one started out as a simple idea, an idle musing, really. It was one of those "Wouldn't it be neat if we could..?" type of notions. I thought it'd be really cool if a bunch of us could fly our ultralights to Canada's premier Air Force base, CFB Cold Lake.

Realizing such a trip would take at least a few days, the first thing I knew I'd need for sure was my wife's permission. It'd be no good flying to Cold Lake only to return home to an empty house with a divorce notice nailed to the door. This year our boys were both of an age where I could slip away for a few days and not be too terribly missed. I begged, pleaded, whined and sniveled until Tina finally said, "Go".

The original idea was simply to fly to Cold Lake, get a tour of the base, and fly home. But the more I thought about it the more I realized there were so many more aviation-related stops we could make. I decided to make this a true aviation vacation.

A very rough plan started to form in my mind. We could fly from Calgary to Cold

Lake. On the way we could stop in St. Paul and tour the factory where ASAP (Aircraft Sales and Parts) makes the Beaver and Chinook ultralights. When we were done at Cold Lake we could go west to St. Albert and meet up with the St. Albert Flying Club, which is the CUFC's sister-club in the Edmonton area. And isn't one of Canada's newest and best aviation museums located in Wetaskiwin, just a short hop south from Edmonton? Finally, I thought it'd be spectacular to see the Red Deer River valley from the air on the way home.

MAKING CONTACT

The first priority was to get a foot in the door at Cold Lake. I initially made contact with the base Public Affairs office. A short

conversation with the person there indicated that a tour arranged through them would be a fairly standard, pre-packaged and sanitized arrangement designed more for political correctness than for a bunch of dirt-strip ultralight jockies. To be fair, that's Public Affairs' job. They're not really mandated for small groups like ours.

I wanted something more ramp-level; where we could get up close to the planes,



Our destination: the 416 Fighter Squadron, Cold Lake. Also know as the Linx Squadron Photo by Stu Simpson

where we could touch and smell them, and maybe even sit in them; something geared more towards pilots than politicians. This was going to be the highlight of the tour, I wanted to make it good.

I remembered I knew someone who knew someone who worked at the base. Here's how it went; my wife's brother's wife's mother's brother (got that straight?) is the senior NCO for 416 Tactical Fighter Squadron at Cold Lake. I got his phone number and made the call.

Chief Warrant Officer Al Gray was quite excited about the idea of us flying up for a tour. He said he'd look into it and get back to me. A couple of weeks later the deal was on. Al offered to provide ground transport and to set us up with very inexpensive accommodations and meals on the base. Best of all was his offer of a tour of 416 Squadron, including access to the flight line and a chance to sit in a CF-18 and ask questions of one of 416's fighter (continued on page 6)



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pilots. The only thing that could have been better was an actual flight in a two-seater. All that was left to arrange was when we'd do it.

When I initially started researching the project I knew we'd have trouble with scheduling. There were two big factors that I had to work around. The first was Maple Flag, which is essentially one of the biggest air war simulations on the planet. Military air crews from around the world descend on Cold Lake each year from April to late June to pretend to blow each other out of the sky and win the pretend war. Because of the vast expanse of unoccupied land and airspace near Cold Lake, there is virtually no better place to stage such vital training.

The problem with Maple Flag, as far as we were concerned, was accommodation. Every spare bed within 50 miles is occupied during the exercise. So we'd have to go once Maple Flag was over. Which leads us right into our second problem.

There was no way I could book holiday time from work during July or August. But a closer look at the schedule revealed there were just the right amount of days open from June 27th to July 2nd. So I went to my boss and after plenty more whining, sniveling and groveling (we're starting to see a pattern here) I had the time.

Now I had to line up arrangements at the other stops we'd make. I contacted Brent Holomeis at ASAP in Vernon B.C. I learned that the St. Paul operation makes the actual parts for the Beavers and Chinooks, then ships them to B.C. for distribution. Brent said his brother, Curt would be pleased to show us around the St. Paul factory.

Next, I contacted Bob Robertson and Dan Pandur of Light Engine Services in Edmonton. Those two are a couple of the big mukky-muks in the St. Albert Flying Club. Bob just about jumped out of his skin with excitement when I told him of our plans. Right on the spot he offered to be there when we landed, and to help us all

get settled in. This was getting better with each phone call.

Finally, I phoned the Reynolds Museum in Wetaskiwin to see what they offered for tours. It looked like Museum staff would be able to provide a guided tour as long as we didn't show up on July 1st.

HOW TO GET THERE?

So, we had all the stops planned, now we needed to know what route we'd take. After a couple of meetings with the ground and aircrews involved we settled on this itinerary:

- Day 1
Kirkby-Linden-Stettler-Camrose
- Day 2
Camrose-Vegreville-St. Paul-Cold Lake
- Day 3
Cold Lake-St. Paul-Andrew-St. Albert
- Day 4
St. Albert-Wetaskiwin
- Day 5
Wetaskiwin-Drumheller-Kirkby

We planned each leg to be around 60 or 70 miles long. Some were shorter, some longer. It worked out to a bit more than an hour of flying for each leg, longer with a strong headwind.

Those legs probably seem a bit short, but they'd be much farther for the ground crew who'd be forced to travel on highways. We definitely didn't want to get too far ahead of them. Some of the guys on the tour had made long cross-country flights before, to places like Red Deer, Radium and Peace River. We knew that ground crew would be hard-pressed to keep up. Finally, not every plane on the tour had a comfortable range beyond 1.5 hours.

A few days before our planned departure we learned of a late addition to the flight. Adrian Anderson phoned and asked if his brother, Jim could tag along in his Aeronca Champ. Since the Champ is really nothing more than an overgrown ultralight, I told Adrian that Jim would be most welcome.

Jim was bringing the Champ from Kelowna and would try to make it through the Rocks in time to leave with us.

Alberta Air Adventurers

Flight crew

- Dragonfly 1 - Stu Simpson
Hi-Max
- Dragonfly 2 - Carl Forman
MiniMax
- Dragonfly 3 - Glenn Bishell
Bushmaster
- Dragonfly 4 - Dennis
Wickersham
Beaver RX550
- Dragonfly 6 - Bob Kirkby
Renegade
- Dragonfly 7 - Jim Anderson +
Adrian Anderson
Aeronca Champ

Ground Crew

- Guy Christie - Pickup with fuel
tank and trailer
- Bruce Pieprgrass - Motorhome
- Elmer Dyck and Irv Dyck - Van
(Elmer & Irv only went as far as
Cold Lake)

Gerry MacDonald flew his Cessna 182 directly to St. Paul and Cold Lake, then returned home after the tour.

(Dragonfly 5 was to be Ed D'Antoni, but he had to cancel at the last minute)

A total of 11 adventurers made it to Cold Lake for the base tour.

We set our departure date for Sunday, June 27th at 0700 from Chestermere-Kirkby Field. We'd fly to Linden to meet Glen Bishell and his Bushmaster, and Dennis Wickersham with his Beaver and head on from there.

As you'll see, things didn't all work out the way we planned. But it's someone else's job to tell those stories. →

The Adventure Begins

by Bob Kirkby

June 27th at 0700 turned out to be too early. The weather forecast was favourable but patchy morning fog was expected. As it turned out the patchy morning fog made it very difficult to walk around Kirkby Field without bumping into a hangar.

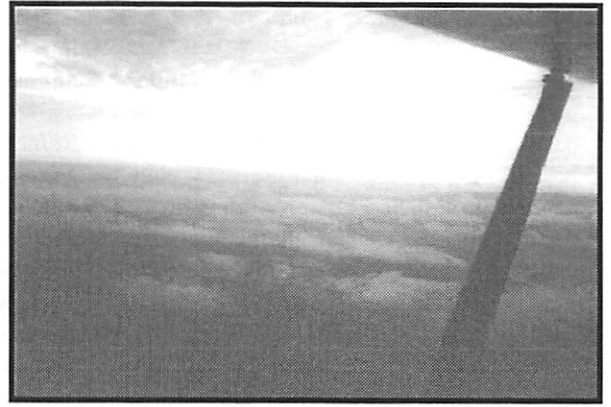


Stu's HiMax waits patiently for the fog to lift. Photo by Stu

Both Guy and Bruce had arrived the evening before and spent the night in their RV's. The intrepid aviators began arriving as early as 0600 to prepare for an 0700 launch. I, of course, was the last to make an appearance even though I live there. However, rather than launch at 0700 we all stood in my hangar discussing when the fog might clear.

It did give us a little extra time to get organized and by 0800 the sun was shining, the fog was clearing and we were ready, or so we thought. We would start off in two groups of similar-speed aeroplanes. Stu in his HiMax and Carl in his MiniMax went first while Jim and Adrian in their Champ and I in my Renegade went second. We took off about 10 minutes behind. The first leg was to take us to Linden where we would meet up with Glenn in his Bushmaster. Originally Dennis was also to meet us in Linden but due to some family commitments he was unable to leave until later that day. He caught up with us in Camrose that night.

By the time Jim and I had climbed out to 4200 feet the patchiness of the fog became apparent. It was below us in pretty but eery petals as if randomly scattered by some unseen giant. The whiteness started about a mile to our left and extended as far as the eye could see to the east. I expected the fog patches to slowly disappear as the sun rose higher but instead, as we flew northeastward they began to knit together until



The fog bank looking east.

Photo by Stu

we were in danger of transgressing the VFR flight rules. Jim radioed ahead to Stu and discovered that Stu and Carl were already flying along the western edge of what they discovered to be a solid fog



Glenn's strip is clear.

Photo by Adrian Anderson

bank. Our flight leader made the first of several pivotal decisions and instructed us to head northwest to Glenn Bishell's strip near Carstair. Glenn was in radio contact with Stu, reporting that he had also encountered the fog en route to Linden and had to turn back.

Within minutes we were in the clear on the west side of the north-south fog bank and preparing to land at Glenn's. Safely on the ground we were not in the least dejected. We had completed our first leg, albeit to an unscheduled airport, and the adventure was finally under way. We killed a couple of hours waiting for the fog to dissipate with a visit to Wilf Stark's Eureka assembly facility located in Glenn's massive hangar.

(continued on page 8)



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The ground crew was in touch by cellular phone (we had telecom equipment coming out our ears!) and they were able to keep us posted on the fog conditions as they continued on their course. As a result we decided to skip Linden all together and make our next leg to Three Hills, where the weather was clear.

So eventually we bid adieu to Wilf and took off, once again in two flights with Glenn joining Stu and Carl. We encountered haze on the way but the visibility was 10 miles and the fog was gone. This was our first leg flying together and it felt great.



Carl and his MiniMax at Three Hills

Photo by Bruce Piegrass

The ground crew arrived at Three Hills just as we did so the process of refueling began quickly. Our first breakdown of the trip occurred here in the form of a flat tire on Stu's HiMax due to a pinched tube. But Stu was prepared. He had a spare tube in the cockpit and with a little help from his



Stu repairs tire while locals watch - Photo by Adrian

friends had it changed and inflated again in about 20 minutes.

Refueled and repaired we were ready for the next 47-mile hop to Stettler. Stu, Carl and Glenn took off first with Jim and I 5 minutes behind. This spacing turned out to work well on most legs. The first group flew at 65 mph and the second at 75 mph. We would pass about half way so the whole group was together for some time on each leg. Regular radio contact and position reports made this safe.

We flew along the most beautiful part of the Red Deer River valley. The view of the river winding it's way along the bottom of this deep valley is truly impressive. No wonder this is a popular rafting and hiking spot. Jim and Adrian flew across the valley a couple of time so Adrian could get some good pictures. He had the ideal perch for pictures in

the back of Jim's Champ. He could even slide the window open as needed to get some excellent shots.

The landing at Stettler was smooth. Jim went in first with me right behind. We taxied in and parked beside a big Agcat while we waited for the others to land on cue 5 minutes later. I think everyone enjoyed the warmth of the sun as we walked around the tarmac chatting about the last leg and looking for the ground crew. It was lunch time and we were ravenous.



Lunch break in Stettler Photo by Bruce

Elmer and Irv were already there and Bruce pulled in next without Guy, which was a little odd since Bruce was going to follow Guy. Twenty minutes later we started to get a little worried so out came the cell phone and once again the miracle of modern communication located Guy about to turn into the airport parking lot. I never did discover how they got separated, but now that we were all together it didn't matter anymore. We all enjoyed an hour of



Jim and Adrian in the Champ at Camrose - Photo by Bruce

relaxing in the sun and eating various titbits that Carl, Adrian and Bruce had brought along. A camaraderie had developed that would last the entire trip. The next leg of the trip proved to be equally enjoyable. Out of Stettler we headed north to our final destination of the first day, Camrose. The Camrose airport is very nice with a modern terminal building (continued on page 9)

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and tie-downs available on the ramp. We busied ourselves preparing our planes for the overnight stay while the ground crew caught up. I recall a debate about whether to face the tail or nose into the wind which apparently had no resolution since the planes ended up being tied down in three different directions. Everyone was filled with a sense of accomplishment having traveled 200 miles and loving every minute of it, with the possible exception of the first 15 minutes.

Once the ground crew showed up we were off to town to find a suitable hotel for the night. The ground crew brought their hotel rooms with them so they elected to find a camp ground. After setting up camp they returned to join us for dinner. We spent a great evening rehashing the events of the day over beer and pizza. Later that evening, after the ground crew return to the campground, Dennis Wickersham flew over in his Beaver. Fortunately the campers spotted him and drove out to the airport to pick him up.

We were back at the airport the next morning at 0900 preparing for another day of fun. The weather was not quite as nice as

the previous day with light rain showers moving in from the west. Fortunately it was clearer in the direction we were going so we decided to push on. We now had six airplanes in two groups as we left Camrose for the 45 mile hop to Vegreville. Ten minutes out though the rain started. Visibility was still good and the ceilings were high enough so we continued. Since I had the only open-cockpit airplane in the group a few wisecracks were heard on the radio. In addition



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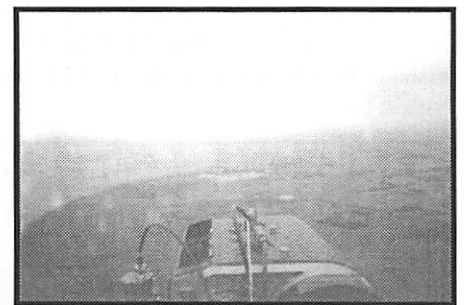
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The Ground Crew: Irv, Elmer, Bruce and Guy - Photo by Adrian

to the normal challenge of folding a VNC in a cramped open cockpit I now had to deal with a soggy one. Nevertheless, the rain was a new and enlightening experience for several in the group.

The rain ended about five miles from Vegreville. Jim landed first into a fairly gusty wind and advised a wheel landing. I followed, taking his advise and flew the Renegade to a smooth touchdown. However, by the time I parked and climbed out of the cockpit the rain caught up with us. Since the rest of the group was still a mile out Jim gave them a call suggesting they continue on to St. Paul rather than landing, if everyone had enough fuel. We had out-run the rain cell once and there was no point in doing it



Get'n wet at Vegreville - Photo by Stu

again. Stu called for a check-in and everyone was ok with not stopping so they overflew Vegreville and continued on to our next stop, St. Paul. It was another 10 minutes before Jim and I got airborne but *(continued on page 10)*



Dennis & his Beaver at Camrose - Photo by Bruce

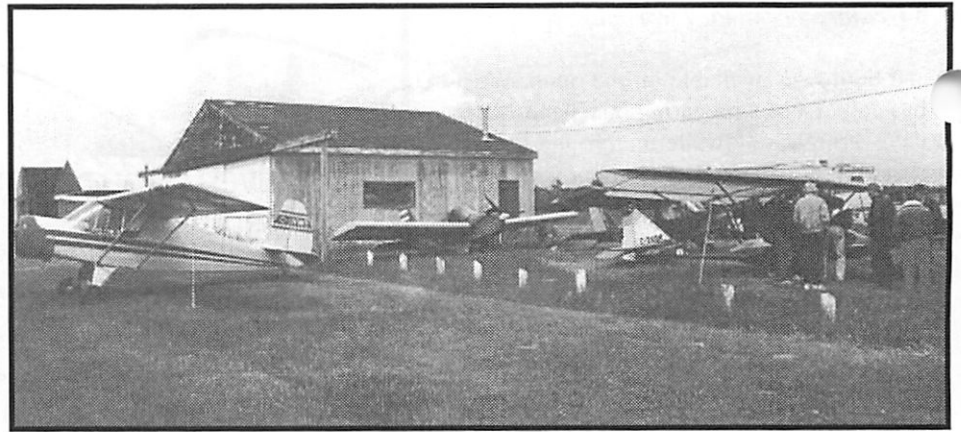
Adventure - continued from page 9

we quickly escaped the rain and continued in pursuit of the others.

The 42 miles to St. Paul took us over Two Hills and the very scenic Vermillion Lakes. I was expecting to see a lot more trees by now but below I saw mostly farmland with occasional clusters of trees near the rivers and lakes. I wasn't to see a lot of trees until only a few miles south of Cold Lake.

Shortly after leaving Vegreville I heard Gerry MacDonald on the radio. He was somewhere whizzing by us in his Cessna 182. Gerry was on the ground waiting for us when we landed at St. Paul. There we all tied-down and, when the ground crew arrived, headed for our scheduled tour of the ASAP factory (following a brief stop for lunch as we passed through town).

Curt Holomeis welcomed us at ASAP and introduced us to the family. His father oversees the entire operation at St. Paul and Vernon, his mother does the administration in St. Paul, his brother looks after the Vernon assembly and service operation, and he looks after the component manufacturing in St. Paul. I was quite impressed by this family-run business. They have some major metal working equipment including very large shears and breaks, a large press and their latest acquisition, a CNC milling machine that is used to produce both the hubs and blades



Everyone gathers for a briefing before leaving St. Paul - Photo by Bruce



Glenn Bishell and his Bushmaster - Photo by Adrian

for their GSC props. The company's main products are the Beaver and Chinook airplanes and parts plus the GSC props. The tour lasted about an hour and we and they enjoyed it immensely.

After the tour Curt showed us a nice little grass strip out behind the factory. If we had known we would have landed there. The ASAP crew then followed us back to the airport to see us off.

The final leg of our outbound journey was the longest

thus far. From St. Paul to Cold Lake Regional Airport would be either 55 or 65 miles, depending on whether the Cold Lake Base controller would let us fly direct through their airspace or send us north to follow the published VFR arrival procedure. (The Regional Airport is 5 miles north of the Base and we were coming from the southwest.) Stu called Base Ops from St. Paul and was told they would let him know the route when he called in over Bonneville. So we took off, but this time Jim and I waited 15 minutes to be sure we didn't pass the others en route.

Since Stu would be doing the communicating with the Base Tower we didn't want to catch up with them until they were approaching the Regional Airport.

This leg proved exciting. While we were in St. Paul the weather system to the west had been slowly catching up. Leaving St. Paul was good but as we progressed north we could see some major rain cells (i.e. black ones) to the northwest moving toward the Cold Lake area. By the time we got to Bonnyville, a little over half way, it was beginning to look like one huge cell would be intersecting our track if we had to fly north around the control zone. Fortunately, there weren't any CF18's flying that afternoon and the Base Controller gave Stu clearance for us to fly direct to the Regional, not only shaving 10 minutes off our time but permitting us to skirt the storm cell.

(Continued on page 11)



Bob Kirkby and his Renegade - Photo by Adrian

Adventure - continued from page 10

By the time Jim and I were abeam the Base Runways we only had about a two mile gap left between the rain cell and the base to squeeze through. Although turbulence was mild the updrafts from the storm cell were major. Holding the nose down to maintain level flight produced almost 100 mph in airspeed. We made it past the cell without

The rain caught up with us just after everyone had finished securing their airplanes, except me. I dawdled a bit too long and ended up getting soaked while the rest of the crew chuckled at me from inside the Flying Club building (no terminal here). It didn't matter. We had accomplished our primary goal of reaching Cold Lake in time for the grand Base Tour

report on the Cold Lake Base tour, including our CF18 cockpit briefing, as well as some exciting events on the trip home. Stay tuned. ➔



Bob races to beat the storm and catch up with the others - Photo by Adrian

wandering further toward the base and caught up with the others just in time to fall in behind Glenn on the downwind for runway 25 at the Cold Lake Regional Airport.

the next day, and we were all feeling elated.

Our Air Force welcoming committee was at the airport to greet us and ferry the weary (and soaked) adventurers to the base and some fantastic hospitality. But I will leave the introductions and the rest of the story for next month.

In the September issue we will give you a detailed



Flight leader Stu Simpson and his HiMax - Photo by Adrian

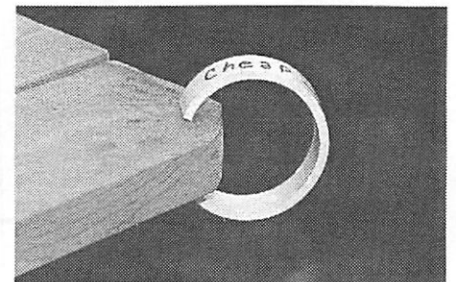


Adrian Anderson took over 150 pictures

TECH TIP

Just in case everybody hasn't heard about 'cheap clamps.' This idea comes as a Chesapeake Light Craft shop tip. As is the case with airplanes, many clamps are needed when building a kayak. So, instead of spending a bundle on clamps, you can make simple clamps from a four-inch schedule-40 plastic drain pipe.

To make a clamp, simply cut off a 1-1/2 inch ring and split it. The result is a little spring. Because they're cheap, you can use a lot of them to apply equal pressure along the length of the spar. A 10-foot length of schedule-40 plastic drain pipe costs about \$15. If more pressure is needed, the clamps can be cut wider.



TEAM Inc. to Cease Operation

In a fax communication to all dealers, TEAM President Wayne Ison announced on May 4, 1999 that the company will cease operations in the near future.

Citing a three-year lawsuit, Ison explained the company's financial resources had been drained. The lawsuit resulted following the crash of an Airbike built and flown by a Florida resident, with the builder claiming TEAM had supplied defective parts. The court hearing was held last year, with the court finding no indication of defective materials and ruling the accident was caused by the pilot's loss of control.

"The financial expenditure to TEAM was far beyond our expectations," explained Ison, "and, in fact, we are still in debt to our attorneys. Now, we have been informed the case has been re-filed. While our lawyers have advised us they feel we can win again, the financial cost this time will be much greater."

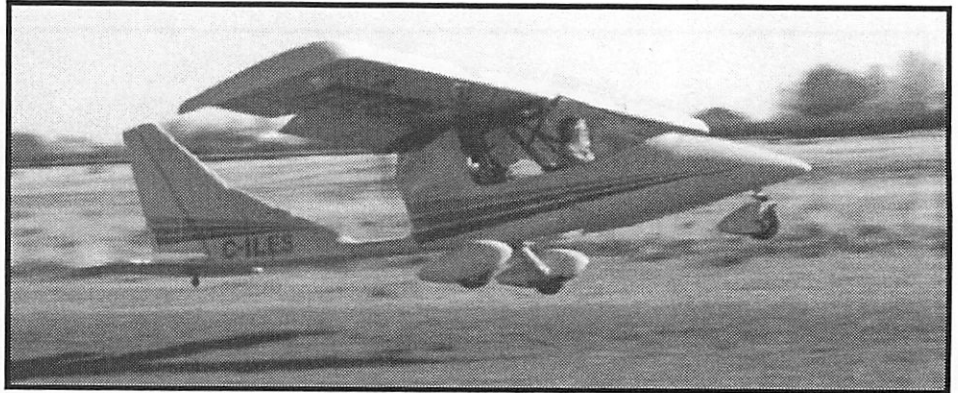
A frustrated Ison continued, "This is a 'no win' situation for TEAM as we lose big bucks either way. Unfortunately the U.S.



Spencer Simpson can't wait to take his Dad's HiMax the around circuit.

CUFC Fly-in BBQ

Saturday, August 21
At Dave Bolton's Strip
3:00 PM to 7:00 PM.
For info call Bernie Kespe 255-7419



Dan Pandur of LES takes off from Indus in his Titan Tornado "Rocket".
LES is a dealer for the Tornado.

judicial system does not protect or provide a method for a small business to defend itself against, repeated assaults Our options are few. Financially, we cannot afford to win and even when we win, this may not stop another legal attack. If we do not defend ourselves and the case goes to trial, (the plaintiff will automatically win and can take everything. It appears our only option is to immediately cease as an existing business by filing for bankruptcy.... It is with extreme regret that we find it necessary to do this to our worldwide network of TEAM dealers and customers."

Ison advised that the company plans to fill all orders currently in-house, including partial kit orders. Final disposition of the company's assets remains to be determined. Over their years of existence, TEAM Inc. has sold over 2,000 sets of plans, 1,000 complete aircraft kits and 700 "mini" (partial) kits, making them one of the more active ultralight plane manufacturers. →

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VNE	120 mph.
TAKE OFF DISTANCE	300-400 ft.
RATE OF CLIMB	600-1200 ft./min.
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Tornado specifications

Propwash

"What's the purpose of the propeller?"
"To keep the pilot cool. If you don't think so, just stop it and watch him sweat!"