



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

September 1999

Across the Wing

by Wilf Stark

We have had some beautiful flying weather this summer. The trip that a few of our members were able to participate in (Cold Lake, St. Paul, St. Albert, Wetaskiwin, etc.) makes wonderful reading, as it's being described in the current spate of Skywriter issues. So far, I'm enjoying every word (living the trip vicariously?).

I had touched on safety issues in the June Skywriter article. It is my hope that Safety, and the Safe Enjoyment of Ultralight Flight will be the main theme of the last four 1999 CULC meetings. The first 8 months of his year have brought with them an abnormally high rate of 'incidents'. We owe it to each other to share and to learn from each of them as much as we can. To do less would make us nothing better than a social club. Our Members practice an amazing variety of Ultralight Flight Profiles -

ranging from flights that consist of very large circuits, never losing sight of the landing strip or airdrome, to cross-country flights that truly challenge both pilot skills and nature's elements. Both of these types of flight provide the same type of joy, or risk to the pilot - it is up to us to manage each flight to maximize the joy and minimize the risk.

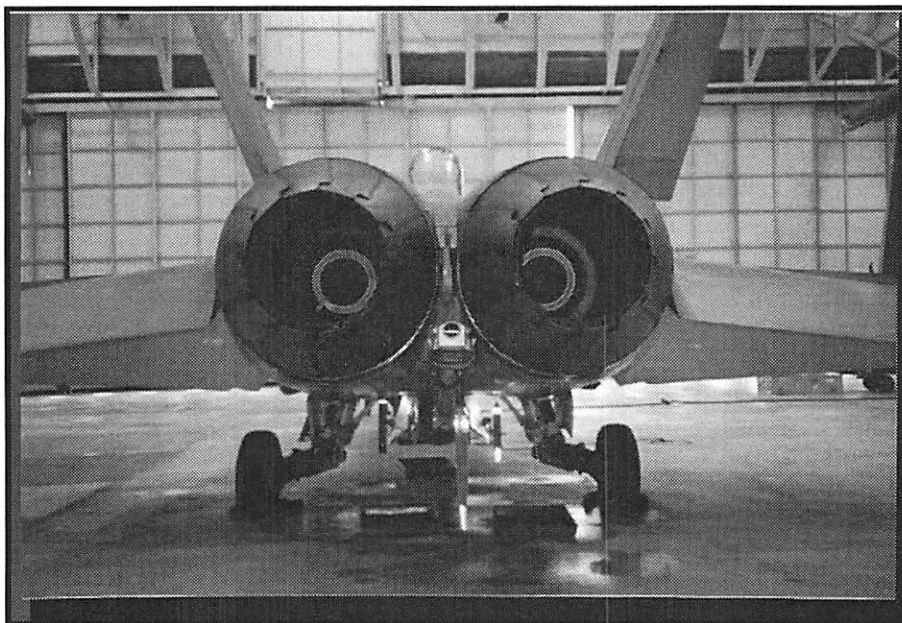
At the recent Club fly-in at David

hear that. I have always been comfortable in respecting a fellow-pilot's decision not to fly. Since I can never live in his or her shoes, I can never assume their risk - therefore I do not have the right to be a judge when that person chooses to minimize that risk. On the up side of all this, we who drove in, enjoyed the same great food, great facility and great company as those who flew, and, we got to see an airshow! I'm looking forward

to the next visit at David's place - his acreage is breathtakingly beautiful.

Four more months to election month! It is time for fresh blood at the helm - I am looking forward to nominating one or two hardy and worthy souls! Our club is what it is because of the large and varied skills and perspectives we all bring to share with each other. Speaking personally, I have met more interesting people that I've been privileged to become friends with,

during my last seven years in CULC, than I have during the last 2 decades in 'my job', and it ain't over yet! See you at the meeting - September 9th. ➔



The business end of a CF18

Picture taken at Cold Lake by Adrian Anderson

Boulton's place, I overheard several members teasingly asking each other if they drove in because they were 'scared' of the weather. It bothered me just a bit to

Classified Ads

Murphy Renegade Spirit - 250 TTSN, Rotax 532, 50 SMOH, always hanged, ASI, VSI, Tach, T/C, ALT, CHT, Water Temp, Volts, Icom A20 Nav/Com, intercom, two helmets, 3-blade Ivoprop, Red & White Endura, hole covers, \$26,000. Call 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 hanged, 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 hanged, 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 hanged, 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.

Flying Events

September 6th, Stettler, AB
Stettler Flying Club fly-in breakfast, 7:00am to 11:00am. Info: Val, 403-742-4431

September 18th, Dave Bolton's strip
Calgary Ultralight Flying Club fly-in breakfast, 8:30 am to 12:00 noon. Contact Bernie Kespe, 255-7419

September 18th, Rocky Mountain House, AB
Fly-in and car show, 7:00am - 3:00pm. Info: Gordon, 403-845-3590

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

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.

President: Wilf Stark 935-4248
e-mail: wstark@compuserve.com

Vice-President: Stu Simpson 255-6998
e-mail: simpsonst@cadvision.com

Secretary: Bernie Kespe 255-7419
e-mail: kespeb@cadvision.com

Treasurer: Carl Forman 283-3855
e-mail: formanc@cadvision.com

Director: Jim Creaser 226-0180
e-mail: creaser@cybersurf.net

Past President: Ed D'Antoni 247-6621
e-mail: ed.dantoni@logicnet.com

Icom Raffle Winner

The winner of the Icom portable transceiver in the June raffle was Adrian Anderson of Chestermere Alberta. Congratulations Adrian.

The next draw will be held at the January 2000 meeting - look for details in the November news letter for prize details.

From the Cockpit

Heard on the intercom shortly after take-off:

"Weather at our destination is 25 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive."

ANNUAL BARBEQUE

The Calgary Ultralight Flying Club barbecue went off without a hitch.....sort of. After Guy Christie and I spent several evenings on the phone to get a handle on a head count it was deemed that about 20 would attend - weather permitting. Saturday morning the weather was looking mighty fine so Ida and I ran about getting everything together for the afternoon.

With the exception of a thunder storm that passed just north of David's homestead the weather was just great - calm and sunny. I guess that the storm kept several from flying in but it sure didn't stop anyone from driving in. Carl Forman and Dale Robinson managed to fly in and 31 drove in. So much for the 20 head count.

Fortunately we had counted on some to show up unannounced so there was enough to go around except for the pop - for that I apologize.

The afternoon was a resounding success, we enjoyed burgers grilled to perfection by Guy Christie, smokies seared to an edible form by myself, a delicious dill and sour cream dressed salad prepared by David Boulton carrots fresh from the garden and for desert cookies by Costco and a delicious bumble berry crumble and raspberry pie by Lynn Stark.

After the last smokie and all the burgers were done and devoured I found some time to sit back and enjoy my coffee, chat with some of those in attendance and watch the younger more agile play volley ball. This was occasionally interrupted by the gliders that drifted by on there way back to Qu-Nim - a truly wonderful sight with the mountains in the background.

All in all the barbeque was a success, a true family outing, good weather, good company, good food and a great view. Hopefully this will become an annual event - David has already agreed to host this event again next year. Thanks again to all those that helped out and contributed to make this work

Bernie

Editor's note: Our report on the Alberta Air Adventure Tour 1999 is continued from the August issue in the following three articles by Carl, Adrian and Stu. The last issue left off just as the intrepid adventurers arrived at the Cold Lake Regional Airport. For the record I am reprinting the sidebar showing who the Adventurers where.

Cold Lake The Odyssey Continues

by Carl Forman

We arrived at Cold Lake on a cool Monday afternoon, having dodged rain showers most of the distance from St. Paul. Chief Warrant Officer Al Gray and Master Sergeant Denis Filion met us at Cold Lake regional airport. Between rain showers, we climbed aboard their vans and, after a short tour of the town and surrounding area, were driven to Cold Lake airbase. Our first stop was at the Maple Leaf Inn. This is a military run quarter for transient personnel. CWO Gray explained the amenities and handed out room keys as well as a gift package of mementos from 416 Squadron. The rooms were spacious and had a TV and shared a bathroom. Cost was \$20 per night.

The first order of business was to get supper at the Officer's Mess. Food is prepared cafeteria style and you pay at the end. It seemed a little strange to be eating with all the uniformed military people. I was envious of their youth. In



Cold Lake Air Force Base

Photo by Adrian

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 Piepgrass -	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.

the evening, we divided into two groups. One group headed to the Sergeant's mess to hangar talk military style. The second group headed back to Cold Lake regional airport to check their airplanes. At the airport, a local dentist was flying a Pitts Special and put on quite an acrobatic display. This was an unanticipated bonus. He later showed us his Midget Mustang. This fifty year old
(continued on page 4)

Cold Lake - continued from page 3

design squeezes out 190 MPH from a 100HP Continental. We also admired a Pietenpol. This parasol wing design is one of the first designs for homebuilders and dates back to the 1920's. We drove back to the base to join the rest of the group for a drink and then to bed.

I woke up a little early Tuesday morning and went for a walk around the base. The static displays of the DC3, CF104 Starfighter and CF101 Voodoo received my undivided attention. The official start of the day was at 7:30 AM when CWO Gray and MS Filion gave us our base passes and we drove over to the Officer's mess for breakfast. Next, we were driven to the 416 Lynx Squadron hangar. Our mouths dropped as we got inside and saw all the CF18 Hornets. External aircraft panels had to be closed for security purposes before we could take pictures.

One CF18 was set up for us so that we could sit in the cockpit and a pilot explained the controls to us. The CF18 has two "EFIS"

(electronic flight instrument system) screens plus some old fashioned instruments that serve as a backup. We all got our picture taken in the cockpit. We were walked around the hangar and aspects of the maintenance



Adrian holds tight to the pitot tube while Elmer (seated in cockpit) and Stu are briefed by the pilot.
Photo by Bruce



Our hosts: CWO Al Gray (2nd from left) and MS Denis Filion (2nd from right).
Photo by Adrian

process were explained to us. The loading of the cannon guns was impressive. Trust me, you don't want to mess with these guys. We then went out to the taxi area and watched the CF18's taxi and take off. We also took the opportunity to get group pictures.

The final stop of the morning was at the kit shop where T-Shirts and other Memorabilia were on sale. Sales were brisk. Lunch was at the Officer's mess and we were then driven back to the Maple Leaf Inn for check out. Stu Simpson made a presentation of CUFC hats to our two hosts as well as a couple of extras for the other people at the airbase who had helped out. We were driven on a short tour around the base then headed to Cold Lake regional airport. Our next destination was St. Albert.

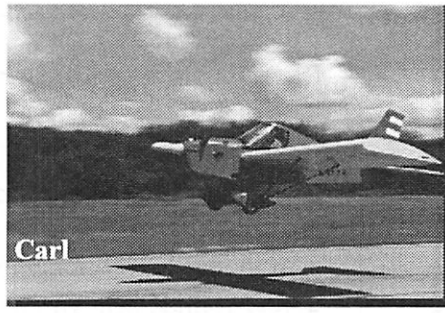
Just for the record, in 1996, there was a contest in the United States that pitted fighter squadrons from NATO against each other. The 416 Lynx Squadron took five out of six medals. These guys are arguably the best fighter pilots in the Western world. ➔



The group at Cold Lake. Left to right: Carl, Bob, Irv, Gerry, Guy, Stu, Dennis, Elmer, Jim, Glenn, Adrian, and Bruce.



Photos of aircraft taking off from Cold Lake taken by Bruce Piepgrass.



The Adventure Continues...
Cold Lake to St. Albert
by Stu Simpson

Once we finished the tour of 416 Squadron and CFB Cold Lake we had to decide whether to stay one more night in Cold Lake or press on that afternoon. After a short debate we decided to go while we still had the weather.

We changed into our flight gear, cleaned out our rooms, and met up in the parking lot. There, we presented Al and Denis with club hats, handshakes and our deepest gratitude for all their work and hospitality.

Al and Denis dropped us off at the Regional and we set to work pre-flighting and gassing up. The wind wasn't exactly in our favour, coming out of the west at about 12 mph, and we were starting to see some cumulus clouds that looked potentially menacing. We were anxious to get going.

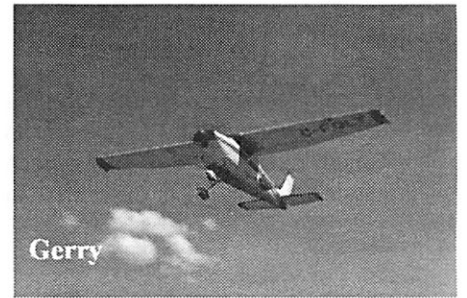
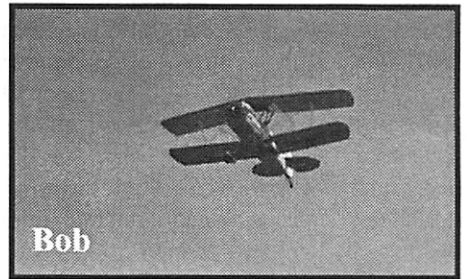
The slower planes took the runway first, taking off on runway 25, one behind the other. I contacted Cold Lake tower immediately after takeoff and was pleasantly surprised when the controller cleared us directly southwest out of the zone. This saved us at least 20 minutes because we didn't have to follow the normal routing to the northwest area of the zone.

A few minutes later Jim called from the Champ, "Dragonfly One, Dragonfly Seven."

"Go ahead."

"What's our routing, please?" he asked.

"Straight out to the southwest," I told him,



"same way we came in."

"Roger."

Together again, we were on our way.

A few minutes later the controller told Gerry to keep a lookout for the ultralights ahead of and below him. Gerry acknowledged he had us in sight. Seconds later, his Cessna 182 filled my windscreen as he swooped down just a couple of hundred feet ahead of me. "Dragonfly One has the Cessna in sight," I radioed dryly, knowing Gerry would get the joke. I hoped like hell his wake turbulence wasn't about to make me do my impression of a blender. Gerry wagged his wings goodbye (or maybe he was just laughing too hard to control the plane) and turned for Calgary.

The hop back to St. Paul was windy and bumpy. We were flying right after lunch at the height of daytime heating. There were numerous times where I found myself nose-down, at half throttle while still going 80 mph and climbing 600 feet per minute.

I have to hand it to Glen Bishell, though. He was still fairly new to his Bushmaster, but he stayed practically glued into his right echelon position in the flight. That's quite a feat considering the Bushmaster has something like three-and-a-half square miles of wing area. Glen really showed his skill as a pilot.

I enjoyed flying over northeastern Alberta. I'd never been there before and was surprised to find the terrain to be so flat and continually spotted with small, shallow lakes - almost sloughs in many cases. The remaining terrain is farm land and bush. It's easy to see that old fashioned homesteading made some of these farms, and I'd bet a lot of it was done in the last half of this century.

We eventually arrived at St. Paul where Jim had a bit of drama with his engine (see Adrian Anderson's piece elsewhere in this issue). There were a number of reasons to stay there for a while, not the least of which (*continued on page 6*)

Cold Lake - continued from page 5

was Jim's engine trouble. The wind had also picked up and was traveling at a pretty steady 20 mph or more. We hoped it'd diminish toward the end of the afternoon. Finally, there were some thunderstorms building on the western horizon. We'd definitely have to keep an eye on those.

We finally left St. Paul, minus Adrian and Jim, around 5:30 that afternoon at somewhat less than a break-neck pace. Our destination was Andrew, a village about 50 miles west of St. Paul, and well off the beaten path. This flight was worse than the leg from Cold Lake to St. Paul; the wind hadn't died much at all and if anything, the thermals had gotten worse.

But we slugged it out, thermal by thermal, and kept going.

Approaching Andrew was like slipping gently back through time. The place is really small, and it didn't take much imagining to make us all barnstormers in 1925.

Eagle-eyed Dennis Wickersham spotted the airport first. He was up a bit higher and directed us to a smooth-looking swath of grass just off the railroad tracks west of town. The place was deserted.

The runway's smooth appearance from the air was just an illusion, though; the strip was actually pretty rough. Bob landed last, his biplane dragging us even further into our barnstorming fantasy.

Then our reception committee showed up. Two men, about as different from one another as could be, welcomed us to Andrew. One was a short fellow dressed in black jeans, a ball cap with a trucking logo on it, and a red disco-style western shirt unbuttoned almost to his navel. He proudly sported a walkie-talkie radio on his belt because, apparently, he was the town's fire chief. He seemed very important.

Fire Chief's partner, also radio-equipped, looked like he just stepped off a bus from the Ozarks. Tall and skinny, he wore a dirty t-shirt and had matching long, stringy



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hair. The guy was missing so many teeth I thought his tongue was in jail. And he had an odor all his own.

Despite their appearance Fire Chief and Ozark were friendly and quite excited we dropped in. They heard us fly over the town and decided to come on out and see our machines. Hearing that, I was completely convinced it was 1925 again.

humorous and not at all unlike some critter marking it's territory.

Ozark remarked on how it was too bad we didn't arrive a few days earlier... uh, no, later, he corrected himself. Turns out we were just a few days too early for the annual Andrew Mud Bog Races. Ozark and Fire Chief got pretty wound up telling us about the mud bog events and the highly



The town officials turn out to welcome us at Andrew.

Photo by Bruce

Fire Chief, I soon noted, liked to lean. As we chatted, he wandered slowly from plane to plane. Once he had a quick look at each machine, he went to the front of it and leaned on it. He stayed there for a few minutes, chatting some more, then moved to the next plane where he did exactly the same thing. The effect was quite

specialized machines the drivers raced. "Yup," Fire Chief finally declared, "all the big stuff comes to Andrew!" Of course, Ozark nodded proudly in agreement.

Fat with gas again, we left Andrew behind
(continued on page 7)

Cold lake - continued from page 6

and flew back into the last little bit of the 20th century.

We were bound for St. Albert to hook up with the guys in the St. Albert Flying Club. I was really looking forward to getting there and meeting them. The wind just wasn't cooperating, though. It was stronger than ever.

At one point Dennis radioed that his GPS showed us having a ground speed of only 39 mph. That put the wind at about 25 - 28 mph. And my bum was starting to hurt.

Bob spotted the Edmonton skyline first, but it still took another hour before we made it to our destination. Ironically, the wind finally eased off about ten minutes out of St. Albert.

We couldn't have been more pleased with our reception at St. Albert. Dan Pandur, Bob Robertson, Viv Branson, and several others were there to meet us and help us tie down. We were more than an hour late, but they still stuck around to make sure we got the planes tucked in. On top of all that, these guys took us into St. Albert to a great hotel and made sure we were set for the night. Their hospitality was simply astounding. Thank you, gentlemen.

Just as we were about to bid goodnight to

the ground crew in the hotel parking lot, a call came in for me on Kirkby's cell phone. The Rescue Coordination Centre in Trenton, Ontario called to give me hell for not closing our flight plan. All that the other guys heard me say, as I grew more and more embarrassed, was "Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. Please don't send someone to hit me, sir."

Without a doubt, I was really glad to get to bed that night.

Now I'll turn the story over to someone else. →



Members of the St. Albert Flying Club turn out to greet us. Photo by Adrian



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Stuck Engine Valve

by Adrian Anderson

It was day 4 of our 5 day major flying tour (June 27 to July 1, 1999) from Calgary to Carstairs, Three Hills, Stettler, Camrose, Vegreville, St. Paul, Cold lake, back to St. Paul and on to Andrew, St. Albert, Wetaskawin, Carstairs and home to Calgary. On arrival at Cold Lake we had 13 people in our Dragonfly group, including our excellent hard working ground crew who followed us with supplies, fuel and provided ground transportation from the various air strips to our nightly lodgings.

We had a great tour of the Cold Lake Air Force Base. Each of us got to sit in a CF-18 jet fighter with hands on the stick as the pilot explained all the gauges and controls. (See Carl Forman's report on the tour elsewhere in this issue.)

On leaving Cold Lake our mini-air force group was approaching St. Paul when my brother Jim and I in his Champ developed a bad miss in the engine. It was serious, we had lost power in one cylinder. We were almost right over St. Paul so Jim radioed the rest of the group, who were
(continued on page 8)

Stuck Valve - continued from page 7

reasonably close by in formation, and advised them that while we still had some power we were going to make an immediate emergency landing. He also advised St. Paul traffic on 122.8 that we were coming straight in on runway 25.

Jim brought us in nicely and taxied up to the parking area in front of the St. Paul aerodrome office and radio room. The rest of the group joined the circuit and were soon parked in a row beside us. On opening up the engine cowl Jim felt the tops of the cylinder heads and sure enough one was quite cool because of no compression. We figured on a broken or stuck valve in the open position.

Numerous phone calls were made and the guys that came and went at the field were all very helpful in trying to find us an AME. As it happened, an AME that has a hangar there on the field was away on holidays, however his son was there doing some last minute work on his car before he left town on holidays too. We very kindly said we could use any of his Dad's tools if we needed them.

My brother and I proceeded to take the cowl off, etc., while word went out around town. With more phone calls for an AME different guys started to show up at the airport to see if they could help. A fellow drove up with his wife and child and they came over to the plane to see what all the

fuss was about. He was in St. Paul on some personal business and heard in town that there was a group of flyers from out of town with one plane having mechanical problems. He was an AME from Bonnyville and could not resist the urge to drive over to the airport and see if he could help out.

We were in luck, he had lots of experience on the old Champs. His wife said she would drive back to Bonnyville without him if he wanted to work on the plane. Jim said he would fly him back to Bonnyville if and when we were able to get the Champ repaired.

Since we had no idea how long we would be stuck in St. Paul the decision was made for the other boys to leave us behind and continue on the trip to St. Albert via Andrew. Our ground crew left us half their tools



Jim finds a suspicious cool cylinder. Photo by Adrian

and with the tools offered by the son of the absent St. Paul AME, we thought we had enough to get into the problem.



Adrian working on Jim's Champ. Photo by Bruce

We could not get the front cowling off without removing the prop, so with great fanfare I presented the AME with the side cutters and with a smile he cut the safety wires on the prop bolts. In minutes we had the prop and cowling off.

With the valve cover off we could see immediately that one valve was stuck in the open position and the return spring could not close it. So off came the cylinder head, or jug as some guys call it, and the AME and my brother waltzed off to the absent AME's hangar to use his valve spring depressor. With this the valve spring and keeper were easily removed.

(Continued on page 9)



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Stuck Valve - continued from page 8

They tapped the stuck valve out of the valve guide and proceeded to use fine emery cloth to clean off the build up of film and baked-on gum from the valve stem and the inside of the valve guide. Meanwhile the rest of the group of flyers and the ground crew departed.

I proceeded to clean all the tools and organize them somewhat for reassembly. It wasn't long before they were back and we were putting everything back together again, lickety split, like a finely tuned pit crew on the race car circuit. I must say we were quite pleased with ourselves and how well we worked together to get the little Champ back together again.

Jim got in, hit the starter, and she purred like a kitten. The AME got in the back seat and without further adieu they were off on the 30-mile trip to Bonnyville.

I put all the tools away in the tool box and carried it to the airport office where our tent and sleeping bags had been left by the ground crew in case we had to camp in St. Paul for a few days. There was no one left

at the airport this evening but me. As I sat on the steps I couldn't help but get an eerie feeling looking down the empty runway and at the locked hangars. I used the pilot's code to unlock the office door to let some

ready (which I already had) since he would like to load as fast as possible and hi-ball straight for St. Albert. Which we did.

The other guys were stopping at Andrew on the way to St. Albert to refuel. Having such great luck to be repaired so fast and flying straight through to St. Albert with a faster plane (90 mph) we thought we might just catch up to them, depending on how long they stayed at Andrew. Around 9:30 pm, nearing north east of Edmonton, the sun broke through the cloud cover making a spectacular sight. The sun's rays were streaming down to earth, through an opening in the clouds, in the shape of a fan. I just had to take a couple of pictures if that. What a good omen.



Adrian's good omen north of Edmonton.

Photo by Adrian

air in, as it was very hot in there. Then I could listen to the base transceiver as I sat on the steps just in case Jim was to call in.

I was jolted back to reality from my day dreams by a squawk on the radio. It was Jim incoming back to St. Paul. I went inside and answered his call and advised him there was no movement at the airport at all. He said everything went smoothly returning the AME to Bonnyville and asked me to have out baggage and tools

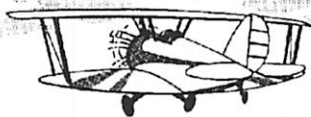
Jim decided to call the frequency our ground crew was using and be darned if they didn't hear us. Bob Kirkby had his portable radio on and heard Jim call. They had arrived a-ok at St. Albert, tied the airplanes down were on their way to the hotel being escorted by members of the St. Albert flying club. Bob said they were delighted to hear from us so soon and would turn around and go back to the airport to meet us.

Jim and I landed at approximately 10:00 pm, just at dusk. Our group was now back together again to continue the trip the next day, to Wetaskawin. What a great adventure to share with my brother Jim and other flying buddies in the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club.

As of this writing a month has passed and I'm still flying high. →

Stay tuned for the completion of the Alberta Air Adventure Tour 1999 in the October issue of Skywriter. - Editor

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On Top of the World...

A true story by Cheryl Robinson, wife of CUFC member Dale Robinson

I was flying...in an airplane...for the 2nd time in my life. Taking off...oh, what a thrill! The speed... the utter helplessness when you realize that your life is truly not in your own hands - it appears to be in the pilot's hands, although it is really in the God of the universe's hands. The speed again! Then take - off...into the air, the sky...higher and higher. Climbing into what seems like nothing...climbing the air. Excitement and wonder building up in my heart, and then sort of bursting into my eyes and throat!...and then the plane became alive and spun into a continuous motion - stewardesses walking up and down the isles smiling, making sure everyone is comfortable or at least not complaining (the seats are pretty rock - hard if you have to sit any longer than a couple of hours!) "Whewww!" (some sort of relief - difficult to explain.)

Anyway, the man - made creature, the plane, has been given a little bit of aerodynamics - you know, those certain curves to its wings and body, and specific locations for all of its parts. Quite amazing - the bird (God's special creature of flight) is a great model for man's replica! Just like cheetah curves and lines are making the newest sports cars more speedy and efficient when they are in the design. I just think there's something to notice here...rather than models being of plastic or steel, they are first of life - in God's created!

Well, since I was sitting quite close to the wing (right at the window as the considerate girl at Air Miles did all she could to get me, a "not - so - frequent - flyer," that window seat) I saw the "tail" feathers of the wing stretch and puff as we were landing, and I'm quite sure they did the opposite when we took off. There were also these little triangular pieces of steel fastened to 2 different sites of the wing - I believe there were 8 on the closest part of the wing and 11 further away. I remember small antennae propped at different locations of the wing, but can't remember if they were on the plane that took me to Ontario, but I would think so...they were

probably there for structure or radar of some sort. it's kind of funny, ironic, when you find something that looks so insignificant, and it turns out to be so essential! It's usually the way God does things! And it makes you look on in wonder and awe!

I have to tell you what they tried to do to this "not - so - frequent - flyer" on both my trips in this Boeing 737 (my husband told me its make and model # - I thought it was the horse power at first - even though I was more interested in the fact...or could it be question, according to Bernie?...that this plane would get me from point A to point B and back again.)

Like I was saying before, I was watching the beauty of this man - made creature, and then I caught a glimpse of God's green earth! ! or black and white earth on that day...it was a dismal day when I left Calgary for Ontario...but even so, I was breathless! I smiled greatly to myself...so much so that I was honestly afraid someone would notice the Cheshire grin on my face. I positioned myself to be directly facing the window! And kept smiling! I was excited and in awe! I could see Deerfoot as well as a black and white map of the whole city of Calgary - without having to move any paper or pages. We had a polite pilot who even told us how far we were from sea level - we started out cruising at 29,000 feet and eventually would climb to 35,000 feet. Truly amazing! The clouds were so white...so close...so unmarked...virgin territory. So beautiful! And then the stewardess came and the microphone (in both English and French) to tell us about breakfast. I had eggs, fruit, and orange juice. And just one cup of that instant diuretic. Coffee is my mainstay in the early morning, but I held off then (and my bladder stoically held out for about 2 and a half hours before I noticed that both people next to me had already moved for some reason - maybe the same one?) Well, my stomach full, my head in the clouds - literally.. just then 5 TVs came on via command (one of the stewardesses' clickers) in the isle of the plane! They shouted their images at us in synchronized fashion. People beside me, in front of me, and even behind me put on their headphones...so, I put mine on, too...I

wasn't going to miss anything! Well, the movies started with (what else) a commercial just like at the Drive - in. We listened to (who else) Canadian Airlines give us a "Thank you" spiel designed to make all of us come back tomorrow and buy another flight! Then Ford Motors (or was it GMC?) Eeou! I thought "advertising! and went back to my window. And then I saw God's advertising! Right out the window. No TV. No brand new cars. No brand new trucks. No props. Not even Robin Williams- Just plain creation...and beautiful ! I will admit Robin did a really good job trying to convince me to watch him in this new movie of his with the green silly putty, but I reminded myself that I could see this anytime down on earth...I don't very often travel the skies, so I better make the most of my hard - gotten window seat!

I'm sure glad I was able to say "No" to this temptation, and I don't even have to live with any guilt towards that nice girl at Air Miles! And one of my objectives was to remember this flight! I was truly captive...caught up...thrilled beyond expectation! I saw hilly land that had abstract and marble-like imprints, flat prairie lands - you know - God's country where there were boxes outlined on the soil, rivers and rivulets, banks and even more beauty...then there were the clouds ...thin and cold ones...thick and heavy ones...close and bumpy ones (only for a couple of minutes) ...even ones that looked like stiff whipped mashed potatoes! Eerie, dense, scary, covering...covering, thick. I don't remember seeing any great lakes on the way there. It was a foggy day in Ontario as it was in Alberta - it kept raining...cloudy all over. And then the "tail" feathers of the wing stretched out; we were descending - fast! Oh, the pain! My ears! (Funny that such a small element in a body can hurt so much?!) The whole left side of my face! Which dentist didn't use freezing?! 7 solid minutes of pure pain almost made me forget the fineness of this flight. It's horrifying what pain can do! It seems to make you concentrate only on it and miss out on other things...Oh, well...this, too, ended.

(Continued on page 11)

On Top - continued from page 10)

So, we were in Toronto. After that 3 and a half hour drive! I got off the plane, walked half a mile, met my sister (received a great big hug from her), found my 1 suitcase on the circular treadmill, got in Annette's van, and just watched as she paid \$9 for a 20 minute park in Toronto's well - taxed International Parking Lot...and, yes, my mouth hung open! And here I thought Calgary was bad! So, I went home with my sister to the Army Base in Borden. It took her about an hour and a half to drive this stretch of road, but I think I was so starved for her company that I barely noticed - you know - the time flew! I was able to spend a fun 2 weeks and a day with Annette and her family. And while weather doesn't play a big part in how much enjoyment you have, it certainly marks your memory! Ontario's weather was lousy the whole time I was there...Annette drove me to Niagara Falls in what was the tail end (although no less of a storm - there were cars in ditches, and even a semi jack-knifed on a ramp) of that blizzard that El Nino spurred up in Calgary in March...when my husband couldn't get his truck up the driveway, and (I hear) when the airplanes just couldn't get off the ground no matter how deep the guys made the ruts in the slush!!

In my little time with Annette, I was able to get to know my sister a little better (she's 36, and I finally clued into the fact that she likes white chocolate better than brown, and she loves maple walnut ice cream - all we did for coffee was groceries...it was too cold to go anywhere but home. I now can say with a little bit of confidence that I know my 2 precious and beautiful nieces a little bit - Jade, Dahlin' loves comfortable clothes, especially if they're purple (or rainbow coloured!), and Brea, Dahlin' plays hard and has so much fun she doesn't realize she's tired, and she loves to walk around in big people's shoes or boots!

These 2 young ladies also have some clue as to who their Auntie Cheryl is. We had a truly fine time! Great memories!..... And then there was a plane to catch! You know the good-byes that are really hard - right at the last moment? Well, maybe tears mean more than meets the eye to sisters. I love my sister! She's got the same blood! She even reminds me of my daughter

sometimes. Yes, I like that kind of beauty!

My plane was caught in the nick 'o time! With none to spare! 0850 hours on Monday morning in Toronto traffic is a lot to ask anybody - but my sister managed to get me there - just barely it was partly this fact, I suspect, as well as the notion that she didn't want to spend another \$9 for parking (I was broke a couple of days ago!) that made her choose not to "park." she just, we'll say, "stalled" her van for those 5 minutes, and we cried our good-byes. And then, I couldn't see very well for the next couple of minutes. I also had another state to deal with - panic! Even though it came on me gently (I didn't know panic was ever gentle?), I became flustered...I had to ask someone in an Airport suit and cap where B20 was. He opened a door about 10 feet from me, and pointed. There it was - B20 - in big and bold letters about a quarter of a mile down the hallway. I first had to check my little green "no - one - will - suspect - there's - a - camera - in here" suitcase. So, that done, I started running...they hauled me back...they wanted my purse...and anything in my big practical pockets. OOPS! Did I look suspicious!? I pulled out a dusty pair of magic mitts...and a looney. Maybe it's my imagination, but they seemed very much on guard when I had my hands in my 6" square pockets! Anyway, they let me go. I did the fast walk...and just made it to B20 as they called my ticket number to line up for the trip. And they only called it once! I breathed a sigh of relief, thanked God silently (and, I'm sure, not so silently!), found the seat that would be mine on the way home, went to the Ladies' room (or Gentlemen's, depending on your sex), went back to my seat, and asked the 2 gentlemen already in their seats - right next to mine - to allow me access to it. Yes, they both had to move out into the aisle. . just a little inconvenience! the price of flying, eh?

"Wheew..." I wiped the sweat from my brow, took a 1 minute rest, and began to unravel my camera from its unsuspecting wrap. There isn't a whole lot of room in an airplane seat, so I know I was making a commotion. courtesy is something I always attempt, but here, its trial was quite fruitless. Well, the gentleman right next to me made no bones about being ticked off-

not directly to me, but to his friend right in front of him. It seems that both of these elderly gentlemen had made their travel arrangements with a reputable and Name-Brand Travel Agency (which they wouldn't ever use again!), specifically requesting that neither of them be given "middle" occupancy. And guess what? Something must have gotten a little screwed up both their butts were given this privilege! I could have told them they would have been better off had they talked to that charming girl at Air Miles (kidding), but to tell you the truth, I was a little peeved by then, and also, I will admit, a little embarrassed. So, I said nothing. Instead, I started clicking pictures - a feat for which I will some day be remembered - on this trip that I was bound and determined to remember! I got so click - happy that I took all my 24 pictures just before the Captain took us on a swivel turn to the west. you know - when the airplane tilts. Anyway, the wing was now at a 45 degree angle, and there they were: mountains with snow capped peaks right on the horizon! A most fine picture! As well as my quick but lively glimpse of a red nosed plane coming towards us - and then turning! Both only in my mind as I was all clicked out of film. Well, maybe next time...yes, I'm getting ahead of myself...

Back to the plane ride...I thought I was pretty wise this time. The whole rignarole again. I braved it as I told the steward "No thanks" to the pillow he offered me to cushion my butt. He raised his eyebrows more in shock than curiosity, I think. I already knew that Canadian Airlines would be doing some sales promoting along with a couple of other wealthy sponsors. And then they would entice us with another movie. This time they had Danny Devito do his stuff for their talent show. And, yes, I was tempted. But, God's green earth (this time it was blue) won out again! I'm so happy I didn't let Danny tear my eyes away...it's great to be able to enjoy what God has made for us with nature - and now from a whole different view! The sun was out all that day - just beaming (why did it take my going away

(continued on page 12)

On Top - continued from page 11)

for this fine creation to peek out from behind those clouds?) The blues of his sky are just incredible! Still breathtaking! My eyes kept soaking it all in...there was the water - lots of it - 2 or 3 great lakes - stunning...and blue again! The land was "quilted" with rivers and rivulets - and hills

- some with precise and checkerboard lines...all in a blue hue. Half an hour from home, Regina and its city planning were underneath us - 35,000 feet underneath us in - 3D fashion! Some clouds sparkled the way home - some fluffy ones and some stringy ones along with some bubble clouds...no really heavy "mashed potato" ones, but all unmarked again. The Rockies

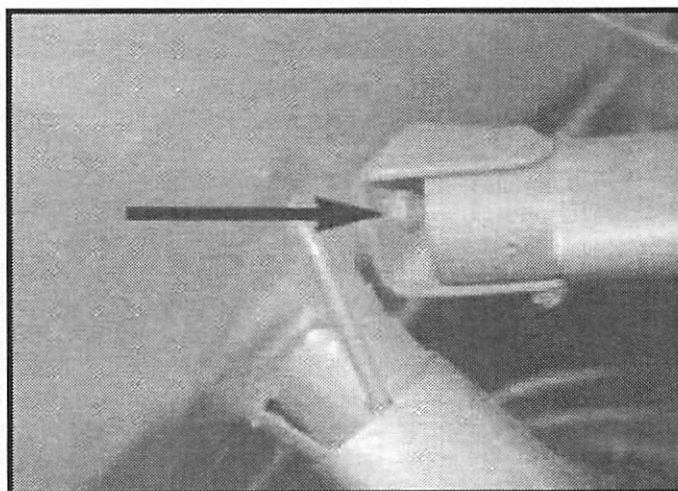
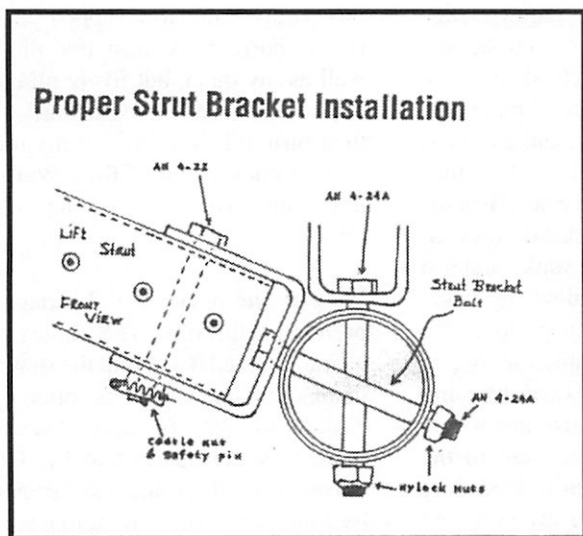
will have to be my own Kodak Moment. And, yes! I am grateful! For a fine sister! A cool brother-in-law! 2 special and precious nieces. And my flight. My mind was filled with awe, excitement, wonder and thanks...I totally agree with my husband this sight is something to behold!

On top of the world. ..in a plane! →

Attention Challenger Owners

... and owners of all aircraft that use a similar method of attaching struts to fuselage. In view of a recent fatal accident involving a Challenger, it became apparent that some builders on both the experimental and ultralight version of this aircraft did not follow instructions in the proper installation of strut brackets. If the bolt attaching the strut bracket is not installed as shown in the instructions, with the bolt going through the strut bracket and into the fuselage with the threads and the nut on the inside of the fuselage, the bolt will break, resulting in a total failure of the wing.

If an aircraft is found to have these bolts installed improperly, it must be grounded at once and have new bolts installed as per instructions. If this is not done, it is only a matter of when the bolts will break, not if. Due to the fact that the strut bracket is resting on the threads of the bolt and every time the wing flexes the bracket bends the bolt back. Periodic replacement of all bolts is recommended



Proper installation has bolt head on outside of fuselage.

From the "It's worth a try" file

Shortly after landing at a big international airport in his Cessna 150, our hero strolls into the busy airport cafeteria for a bite to eat. He finds an empty table by the window to keep an eye on the airport comings and goings. Shortly thereafter, a striking woman walks up and asks to share his table. Naturally, he invites her to sit down. After several minutes of small talk, the woman asks if he is a pilot. He responds, "Why, yes, I am -- I fly a C-150." Knowing next to nothing about airplanes, she asks him what a C-150 is. The pilot looks out the window and spots a C-130 Hercules taxing out for takeoff.

Pointing to it, he tells his companion, "See that plane over there? That's a C-130. I fly a C-150!"