



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

February 2001

From The Cockpit

by Brian Vasseur

I've decided I'm going through my mid life crisis about 10 years early. I think that's a good thing, it will give me 10 extra years to make up for the reckless behavior that's bound to happen.

As part of every mid life crisis comes thoughts about a career change. I didn't really have any idea what I might want to do. I had lots of ideas, but all of them required that I had already made more money than I could spend in a lifetime.

I decided for the time being to keep my office job, but maybe try a different employer. I booked a flight to Edmonton on Corporate Express because I really wanted to fly on an airplane I've never been in before. CORPXAIR uses Jetstream 31 twin turboprops, with 15 seats. They fly 10 pax to allow them to fly into the Muni in Edmonton. I sat in the back with the Ticket Agent / Boarding Agent / Stewardess, who also served coffee on the 45 minute flight. About enough time to read the paper before I met with the CIO of one of the tall downtown towers.

I would have thought for the job I was negotiating that I would have been really excited, but I found myself just mildly interested in the proposal. What they were offering was good, actually really good, but it just didn't hold my interest. When I left

the meeting his assistant handed me a cell phone with a business card taped to the box in case I changed my mind.

I left and caught a cab back to the Muni. This time I took the early flight home and found the plane almost empty. I sat at the very front right between the Captain and F/O, close enough to hold

the throttles. The captain opened his window to get a report from the ground handler and then as he hit the start for the right engine the smell of jet fuel came thru the cabin. At that minute my heart began to race and I finally knew what the passion was that I had been looking for.

I never blinked as I watched the N1 and EGT start to wind up, watched every detail of the checklists and as the pilots advanced the throttles to takeoff I couldn't hardly swallow. A steep climbout with a slow left turn towards Calgary and I was still straight forward in my seat.

From that point on my enthusiasm began to wane and never recovered. The remainder of the flight was almost painfully disappointing. Other than a few altitude changes requested by the controllers the pilots weren't really flying. The

Annual CUFC Dinner

Where: Inglewood Golf & Curling Club

When: Saturday, February 17th, 2001

Time: Cocktails at 6:00pm (cash bar)

Dinner at 7:00pm

Dinner: Roast Beef Buffet

Cost: \$20.00 per person

Reservations: Call Bruce at 255-6210 or Guy at 253-6498 (See map on page 6)

instruments might have been stickers, none of the dials moved except the altimeter. Even watching the approach onto 16 and the touchdown was a non event.

I departed the plane at Executive Aviation and stood on the tarmac for a minute. From the outside that airplane looked entralling, but it no longer had that same appeal that it had when I boarded. I love airplanes. I love everything about them. Every time I sit at the controls and hold the throttle I feel like the whole world is mine to control. But aviation as a career isn't flying, it's a job, and I didn't know whether I could still love airplanes if I had to spend every day of my life doing it for someone else.

I stood there a minute longer, opened the cell phone I had been given just an hour ago, and told them I'd accepted the job. →

For Sale

Rotax 503 - DCSI, "A" box, 228 TTSN by Reg's Engine. 30 STOH. Currently on a Beaver RX 550. Well maintained, strong engine. \$2500. Call Ron at (403) 345-3013 (2/01)

1998 Fisher Avenger - 90 TTAF, 200 TTE, Rotax 503 DC, 2-blade wood prop. Many new parts including hardware, fuel system, canopy and more. Canopy converts to open cockpit by pulling one pin. Great handling, great visibility. \$8500 OBO. Call Stu at (403) 255-6998 or e-mail at simpsont@cadvision.com (1/01)

Hiperlite - single place, Rotax 447, totally rebuilt in 2000, \$12,500. Chuck Duff 938-6157. (1/01)

Honcho Nomad - no engine, needs rebuild, with custom trailer. This is a high-wing, strut-braced motor glider, \$2000. Call Russ White 250-353-2492. (12/00)

MiniMax - Rotax 447, GSC Ground adjustable prop, full panel, always hangared, only 115 hours since new. \$8,500. OBO. Dale 293-3826. (12/99)

Trade - Western Star Dump Truck for single or 2-place ultralight. Will consider trades up or down from \$10,500. Call Russ at 250-353-2495 or leave msg at 2492. (11/00)

Parting out - Rans S12 Airaile parts and pieces with AULA registration. Call Russ at 250-353-2495 or leave msg at 2492. (11/00)

Rotax 503 - single carb, new single ignition, requires A drive, \$2750.00. Call Glen Munro 403-335-3764 or Paddy Munro 403-638-5067. (10/00)

Beaver RX550 - excellent condition, 400 hrs on air frame, 7 hrs on new Rotax 503, dual carb, single ignition, A drive, always hangared, \$8500.00. Call Wayne Winters 403-936-5767. (10/00)

Hirth 2706 engine - 65HP, dual Bing 54 carbs, dual ignition, electric starter, 3.66 gearbox, 2 complete exhaust systems (1 side mount, 1 straight mount). Freshly broken in (6 hours) and ready to go! Very strong engine. Must sell, have purchased a new engine. Asking \$4000 obo. Pictures available. Call 519-448-4816 or email at: tpage@sentex.ca (9/00)

Challenger II - 1989, Rotax 503 DCDI, DFP, Bat, ASI, VSI, ALT, CHT, Tach, radio, intercom, doors, cabin heat, brakes, skis, dust covers, always hangared, air frame painted and recovered (Stits) 1996, \$19,000 Cdn. Fly away, phone 403-783-5153 Ponoka AB. E-mail: hammondv@home.com (9/00)

Forward ads to Bob Kirkby 569-9541.

Ads reprinted from the St. Albert Flying Club Newsletter

1986 Bushmaster II - ultralight, high cabin, side by side seating, dual controls, heater. 130 TTSN. Rotax 503, SCSII, 120 TTE. Complete manuals, drawings, & logs. Never a trainer, only 2 pilots. Very good condition, \$16,500 OBO 780-459-0813 or e-mail tya@compusmart.ab.ca

Maule tailwheel - 6" pneumatic, \$100 firm. Simon 963-0737

Hirth F-23 - used 6 hrs, 40 Hp, \$2,800.00 Dan (780) 452-2491

Three bladed GSC prop - 64", almost new, \$500. Contact Viv 460- 8753.

REDUCED! 60" x 38 Culver wood prop (left hand) drilled for Rotax. \$250.00 Contact Viv Branson 460-8753.

Team V-Max - inverted 503, DI, DC, C-box, electric start, 3 blade prop, open/closed cockpit options, wheel pants, shock sprung skis, Endura, brakes, \$10,000. Viv Branson 780-460-8753.

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@skywalker.ca

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 7:00 pm, at the Northeast Armoury, 1227 - 38 Avenue NE.

President: Brian Vasseur 226-5281
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Vice-President: Bob Kooyman 281-2621
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e-mail: mitchell@cadvision.com

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

Visit the CUFC web site:
www.cadvision.com/cufc/

Left of Center

Heard on the center frequency while en route in the northeast US:

XYZ airline: "Center, say again that heading?"

Center: "I need you on your present heading!!"

XYZ airline: "Roger, I am on my present heading."

Approach: UPS XXX, expedite descent through four thousand and slow to one-seventy knots.

UPS XXX: UPS XXX can slow or descend, but not at the same time.

Approach: Did you just make that up or did you win that in your last contract?

UPS XXX: UPS XXX slowing and descending!

Avid Part 2

by Ed D'Antoni

At the CUFC January Meeting comments by a club member made me think the title "An \$1800 AVID" to be misleading. The advertised price of the aircraft firewall back was \$1800US (\$2700CDN). An approximate summary of costs to date follows. Including shipping and 7% GST the aircraft arrived on my doorstep for only \$3300 Canadian. To complete the aircraft I purchased a Poly-fibre (Ceconite) pre-sewn fuselage cover and miscellaneous bias tapes, ceconite and poly fibre products for \$150. For 3 gallons of Arctic White, 2 gallons of Poly Brush, 2 gallons of Poly Spray, 2 gallons of Rejuvenator, 1 gallon of Reducer, 3 gallons of MEK, miscellaneous fiberglass products, automotive paint epoxy and other glues I paid just over \$2000.

Although basic instruments were included with the aircraft, the switch from an air-cooled to water cooled engine, necessitated the purchase a regulator and few other instruments for \$800. I decided on a Rotax 582 for power. In order to use an electric start, engine mounting is such that I could only use the more expensive series E gearbox. The E-Box has the starter mounted to the gear reduction unit. There is no room for the rear flywheel mounted starter on an A model Avid. This meant \$7800 for the engine and another \$970 for a Powerfin propeller. I have been throwing most of the receipts for smaller items into a box, so far they have exceeded \$2000. For those of you that have been adding costs, my \$1800 AVID has now passed the \$16,000 mark. This does not include the cowl, engine mount and other parts that I "borrowed" from my Avid Speedwing that I hope to start this summer.

As soon as all the pieces arrived the landing gear and wings were attached to the fuselage to make sure everything fit. The wings were removed and stored in the unheated hanger and the fuselage was move into the heated work area for covering. Covering was straight forward.



Photo 1 - fuselage envelope installed

I cleaned and primed any chipped or suspect areas with epoxy primer, painted all areas where fabric is to be attached with two coats of Poly Tack and slipped on the pre-sewn cover. After ensuring the sewn seams were on the appropriate tubes a liberal amount of thinned Poly Tack was then brushed through the fabric to soften and attach the fabric to the aircraft structure. The manufacturer of

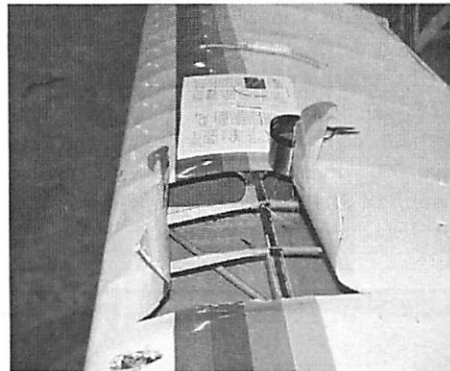


Photo 2

the pre-sewn envelope had not made a large enough opening at the rear to allow the cover to be slid over the fuselage. Rather than send it back I enlarged the opening by cutting the fabric and hoping there would be enough slack to glue it onto the fuselage in accordance with Poly Fibre instructions. Unfortunately this was not the case so I lengthened the fabric by sewing in additional piece as per FAA AC 43.13, Acceptable Methods, Techniques, and Practices for Aircraft Inspections Repair & Alterations. I knew I hadn't spent \$30 on this manual for nothing.

After covering, seams were taped and two coats of Poly Brush were brushed onto the fabric. The landing gear was

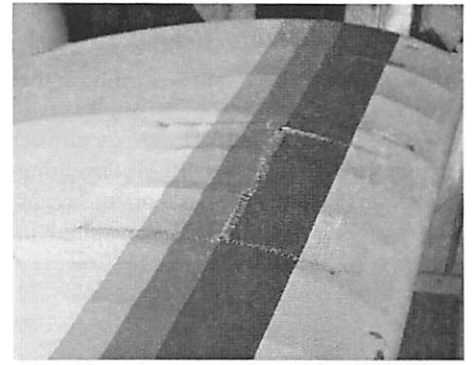


Photo 3

then installed onto the fuselage and it was rolled into cold storage. Photographs show the attached covering prior to and after shrinking. It was now time to tackle the false wing rib repairs. Since I was working in borrowed space a typical work session consisted of carrying a wing from the unheated hanger to the heated workshop, working a few hours, then returning the wing to cold storage before heading home for the night. When I received the aircraft the wing fabric was already been thoughtfully cut to allow false rib replacement. After replacing the false ribs, fabric repair required the removal of at least 3 inches of Poly Spray (paint) from the edge of each cut then either sewing in an approximate size piece of fabric or sewing up a horizontal or vertical cut. The length of the fabric cuts were such that AC 43.13 required the fabric to be "baseball" stitched and then taped 3 inches on either side of the seam. Photo 2 shows the fabric cut away and new false ribs in place. Photo 3 shows an H cutout after baseball stitching. For cuts that required sewing I found it easier to sew first, then remove the paint with Methyl Ethel Keytone (MEK) then
(continued on page 4)

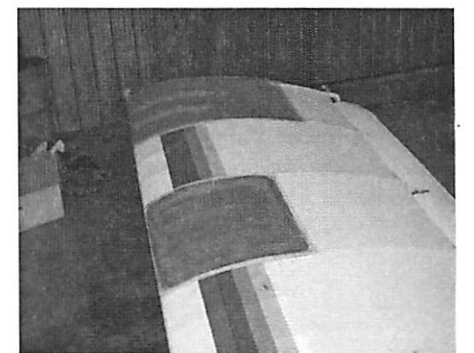


Photo 4

Avid - continued from page 3

shrinking, taping and priming the repaired section. Photo 4 shows two taped and poly brushed sections. Stripping the paint was time consuming and messy. I did not mask off the areas that required stripping. This resulted in



Photo 5

the spattering of paint and stripper over a wide area. This lack of foresight was one of the reasons the entire wing was eventually repainted. Photo 5 is a picture of the wings with repairs complete and ready for the color coat.

At this point the basic components were complete and ready for painting and final assembly. Since I had no safe place to paint I had to wait until spring/summer so that painting could be done outdoors when the weather was suitable. When warm weather finally arrived, painting was carried out early in the morning on calm days. The actual time spent painting was not that long, but with the many trips to the hanger and painting only on calm warm days, the painting was not completed until early in June. All of the spraying was done by my friend Ben Stefanich. My job was mixing paint, keeping the air hose off of the fresh paint and holding small parts as Ben sprayed them.

Next month – Discouraged by an oversight that required the cutting out of a large section of painted covering from the rear of the fuselage I decide to scrap the project. →

Destinations

by Andy Gustafsson

Been to Chestermere – Kirkby field lately? Things are getting busier around there. New hangars are being built, and new taxiways have been cleared. The new pilots lounge is up and running with a fridge full of refreshments and a great variety of snacks. The goodies are paid for, by using the honor system and the prices are very competitive.

Bob has installed a combination lock on the door and he gave me permission to give all of you visiting flyers the combination. It's 119.4. Services like a telephone, a large aviation chart of the province with a big table for your flight planning, and comfortable sofas and chairs. It even has a TV set. This whole airport is first class.

For those of you who don't know where to find Kirkby's you can look on the CUFC chart, map reference #15. Lat. 51° 02' 30". Long. 113° 45' 06". The airfield has two of the smoothest runways that you will ever land on. 16 – 34 with a length of 2040' and 08 – 26 with a length of 1060'. Runways 34 and 08 have a

RIGHT HAND circuit. 26 and 16 are standard left hand. Please don't forget. Radio work is done on 123.4 MHz, if you are equipped with a radio. Distance from Chestermere Lake is approx. 2.2 miles to the east, and just north of #1 highway. As I said earlier Bob has built several new hangars and they are filling up with aircraft as fast as he can put the buildings up. Mo-gas is available for you with thirsty engines. Talk to Bob first.

A new communication tower has been erected approx. 1 mile to the SE of the airport and is sometimes a little hard to see, so be on the lookout. I frequently fly past Kirkby's on my way south or southwest, and almost every time there is activity there. Bob also flies his Cherokee in and out of there so keep an eye out for the "heavy". So now you know about this "new" destination. Pay it a visit. It is easy to find and Bob would love to see you. And before you leave the pilots lounge, don't forget to sign in.

Fly safe. →



Chestermere - Kirkby Field looking down runway 16. Photo by Dan Mitchell

High Speed Flying

by Brian Vasseur

Now that I've moved from Ultralights to a KR-2 I've realized I need to learn a lot more about flying at high speeds. I've spent some time with some airflow analysis programs to understand better what happens to a wing at low and high speeds to get a better understanding of drag and performance.

One of the first things I've learned is that at speeds under about 120 MPH the airfoil doesn't make a whole lot of difference. When you analyze lift and drag only angle of attack seemed to change the numbers. A wing made of flat sheets of plywood would probably fly pretty darn well on an ultralight, although the stall might be a little abrupt.

Something else that's different at high airspeeds is the ability to use laminar flow airfoils. Laminar flow airfoils allow the air to slip smoothly over the entire surface of the wing without separating, causing less drag and faster speeds. The downside to this is that laminar wings need to be kept clean all the time. Bugs, dirt and even rain cause a noticeable performance difference and can cut airspeed 10-20 MPH. Gaps and fit are a lot more important.

Flutter is another problem that is more likely to occur at higher speeds. The KR-2 requires mass balanced ailerons, and recommends a balanced tail as well. The mass balancing allows the ailerons to center themselves without control input which is what helps eliminate flutter. One of the KR newsletter articles described a flutter accident. The pilot and passenger made a very high speed pass over the runway by executing a diving approach to build up airspeed. Although redline on the KR aircraft is 200 MPH it was estimated they were doing about 240 MPH. As the airplane passed the people standing by the runway it appeared to disintegrate in midair.

Post crash analysis revealed that one aileron had fluttered and separated from

the wing. As that happened the stress on the wing caused the spar to tear apart in the centre, tearing the airplane apart with it. The failure was attributed to exceeding the redline speed causing flutter.

One other flutter incident was reported, although the pilot was at high altitude and managed to recover. While practicing stalls, the pilot pointed the nose down and added full power, at which point the stick started shaking and loud banging noises were heard from the rear of the aircraft. The pilot cut power, the banging stopped, and he was able to regain control. He landed immediately and found that the elevator hinges had started to tear out. The analysis revealed that the flutter was caused by slightly loose elevator cables which allowed the flutter. This is one of the few documented cases of flutter where the pilot survived, almost without exception flutter is fatal.

I've got a lot more to learn before I fly this airplane, and in the end I think I'll be a better pilot because of it. →

A Brave Little Girl

by Ed D'Antoni

Wednesday morning, December 20, I was heading downtown to pick up a small Christmas Gift when Wayne Winters called me on my cell phone. He informed me my propeller would not be here until the new year. I was a little disappointed as I had the next week off and weather permitting thought I may finally be able to fly my new AVID S.T.O.L. Feeling glum I headed for the C-Train platform.

The C-Train allows free travel through Calgary's 1.3 kilometre downtown core. Standing beside me on the City Hall platform was a solemn young man with two children. It was -20 C and I was taking the train from City Hall to the Eaton's Centre. The children looked the same age as my grandchildren, 6 and 4. The 6-year-old boy looked as solemn as his dad. He wore a toque, thin cloth

gloves, a jacket not nearly adequate for the temperatures and heavy black denim slacks with a large hole just above the left knee.

The 4-year-old girl also wore a jacket that didn't look warm enough for the weather. She had on a toque, thin cotton slacks, they may even have been pajamas, and had her hands in her pockets. The Dad looked very sad. He too wasn't dressed for the weather, his hands were bare and he wasn't wearing a wedding ring.

Standing staunchly beside her dad the little girl's eyes suddenly became very sad and tears started to form. When she felt the tears she quickly regained her composure. A few seconds later the tears formed again, this time one trickled down her cheek. Again she regained her composure and pushed her cold body against her dad's leg. This happened a few more times before they boarded the train.

His daughter beside him the father sat against the window across from an older man. The little boy sat across from his sister. None of them spoke. The older man got out at the next stop, somehow leaving a pretzel on his seat. The little boy picked it up and moved to the same seat as his dad and sister. Putting his arm around his sister they shared the pretzel. The little girl put her head on her dad's lap and instantly fell asleep. I looked across at the dad and said, "she looks tired." He gave me a polite smile but never said a word.

I got out at the Eaton's centre, purchased a small item and got back to the C-Train platform just as a train was leaving. On the train I saw the same man with his two children. I guess they were riding the train to keep warm.

Concern about not having my propeller for Christmas suddenly seemed awfully selfish.

Editor - Thanks for a nicely written piece Ed. Although not aviation related, it gives us cause to reflect on the world around us.

Congratulations!

ICOM Raffle Results

1st prize winner of the ICOM IC-A4 transceiver was Dale Robinson.

2nd prize winner of the Softcomm Stereo headset model C-40-20 was Bob Kooyman.

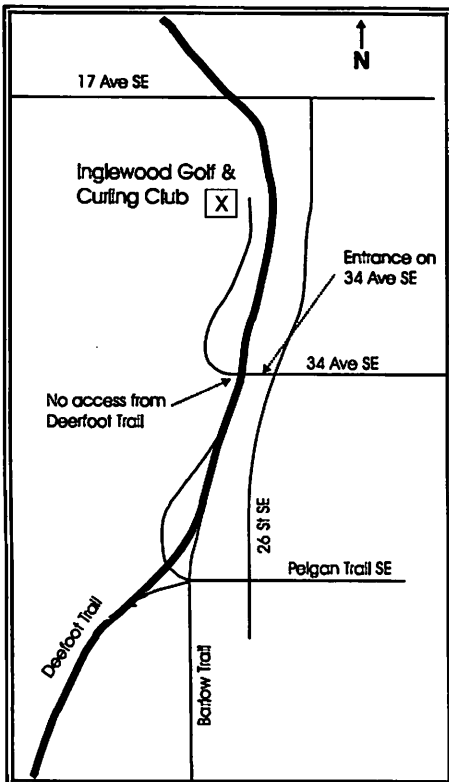
A sincere thanks goes out to all those that participated in this draw and renewed their memberships, your continue support is greatly appreciated. According to "Treasurer Carl" the club netted \$369 on this event and membership (89) is at an all time high for this early in the year. Thanks again to Kim Skulsky for donating the headset.

January Elections

As usual this was pretty much a non-event and was over in but a few minutes.

We have a new Vice President - Bob Kooyman by majority vote.

Treasurer - Carl Forman (by acclamation)



Map to the CUFC Dinner on Feb. 17

Calgary Plasta - Blast

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15% discount for all CUFC members

Secretary - Bernie Kespe (by acclamation - again)

Congratulations to Bob, I look forward to your input.

Hats and Crests

This issue has dragged on long enough so I have taken on the task to have several proposals at the February meeting. A decision will be made and I should have either hats or crests or both available for the March meeting. The crests and/or hats will be embroidered not silk screened.

Bernie Kespe

Plainly Written

The local television news crew was covering a single-engine plane crash that occurred on the large front lawn of a private dwelling. While the reporter described what had happened the cameraman panned the grounds. He couldn't resist pausing for a moment on the sign hanging from the mailbox: NO FLYERS!

-submitted by Elmer Dyck



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Nobody's Flying School

BY MICHAEL BRADFORD

Come in, come in, and welcome to Nobody's Flying School. In today's session, we're going to go back to the dark ages of our sport—back to the days when Nobody thought twice about trimming a stabilizer with cable twists or carrying fuel in a bleach bottle.

Here's a little tale from Nobody's past, a true story about one of the places where Nobody went to flying school. When I listen closely to my own experience, I can still hear "The Rainbow's Roar".

It was one of those August air-shows the Tintown Lion's Club Annual Air Affair, or some such hoopla afoot. The mix of aviating contraptions was enough to defy any singular description.

Gyrocopters, P-51s and the "new fangled" ultralights all competed for citizens' attention. Mayor Fogbottom gestured and sprayed his oratory upon those of the crowd unwise enough to seek the shade of his girth.

Standing by a sleek, red ultralight, I watched the people come and go. Middle-aged men were stopping; most were jerked back to motion by a wife or girlfriend.

But one girl, dressed in not much more than blue shorts, walked up boldly, stared in my eyes and challenged: "Are you going to fly that thing?" The cute little babe had my complete attention. "Maybe," I said. "Maybe later." Actually, I was looking hard for an excuse not to fly. Something just didn't feel right.

I whispered to myself as I watched her walk slowly away: *good-bye, judgment.*

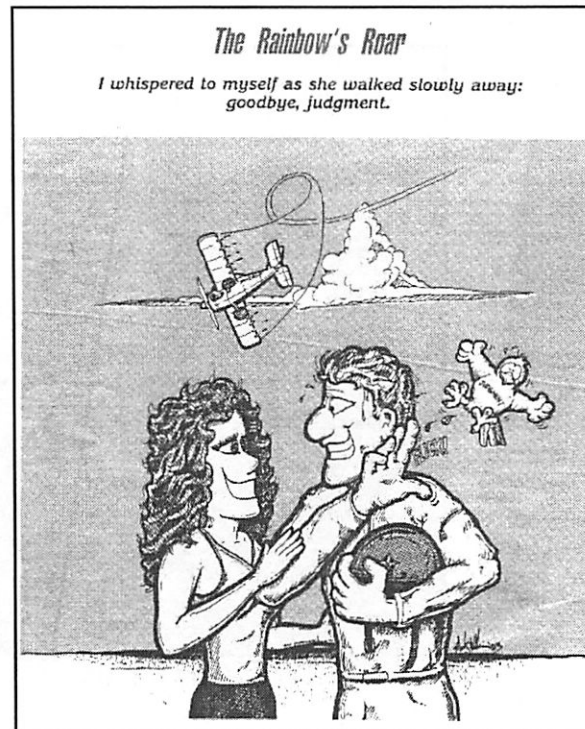
We used to attend a lot of these little air-shows; they're the rural "summer stock" of aerial show business. And we introduced a lot of "regular" people to ultralights, people who had shown no prior inclination to exhibit the kind of behavior which drives someone to fly an

ultralight.

There's a big difference between curious people and serious shoppers. I guess I could have walked away from that show; probably without losing one sale.

Such rational thought was truly winning ground when I looked up to see a familiar pair of blue shorts, floating through the crowd at a distance. Gulp!

As the windsock whipped from pole to



magnetic pole, the warbirds and other "heavies" thundered hundreds of miles an hour down the runway. Major general Mufti (retired) waved me over to his position below the announcer's box. As I walked over to him, I kept one eye on the ultralight. It seemed about to blow away.

"The next five minutes are yours," he said. "We're going to clear the sky. Get ready, and launch as soon as the Mustang lands."

Now, boys and girls, can you spot the danger in the conversation I just described? They're getting ready to announce my show, the curtain is going up, the crowd has turned to watch me and I'm all set to dazzle 'em. But do I believe what the major is saying?

"We're going to clear the sky," he had said. I was watching the Mustang's slow, dirty approach, imagining the hurricane which must surely follow in its wake. The sky may never clear, I thought.

Our little ultralights have their own definition of rough air. But to the crowd, it was just another "alleged" flying machine. If it can't fly on such a beautiful day, they will ask, then when will it fly?

I'd rather croak than answer that question again, I argued with myself. Then I caught the cute little babe's eye. End of argument.

So I mounted the noisy machine and taxied out to my promised grass runway.

It wasn't necessarily too windy to fly; I had flown the same type machine in worse conditions. And it wasn't necessarily too crowded in the sky. Then why was I nagging myself to death?.

There was just something telling me to watch out. An uneasy kind of premonition about the place. My inner voice was insistent: *don't fly it.*

I looked over at the announcer's stand to see the major waving me on. I could tell by the attention of the crowd that I had been announced — in fact promised — to the audience, some of whom did not believe my contraption could fly.

Oh well, I remember thinking. The show must go on.

But after about 20 feet of a normal
(Continued on page 8)

Nobody's - continued from page 7

ground roll, my instincts caught up with the moment. "Stop!" my instincts cried. And I stopped.

Imagine the full house at Carnegie Hall; all eyes on you, the fanfare fades, you take a deep breath and burst upon the stage. Then you stop dead in your tracks, drop your jaw to the floor, and scream at yourself: "What are you stopping for? You turkey!"

There I sat, without an apparent excuse for stopping, feeling small enough to hide inside my helmet.

Then whoosh! Up from behind, a fully-laden cropduster blasted directly overhead—not 10 feet up —dumped the water he was using to simulate his spraying routine, and peeled off for a quick 180-degree reversal. The ultralight and I surged ahead, nearly airborne in the maelstrom of his wake.

As he began the dive to his next pass, he must have finally discovered my presence on the grass runway. I'm sure he was cussing as loudly as I was. But he wasn't soaking wet.

Obviously, he had not gotten the word about me, nor I about him. At least, not officially. But in that moment, we knew of one another. And as that sheet of water spray settled to earth amid its own private rainbow, I developed a lasting fear of crowds — and the things a crowd might encourage me to do.

SUMMARY


Don't let the silent pressure of observers push you into something you are too wise to tackle under other conditions. The temptation can be great, especially when honor, or even sales, may be at stake.

Ask yourself:

* Would I choose to fly under these conditions, just for fun?

* Is anything on my craft untested?

* Can I expect better conditions if I wait?



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- * Would I trust this crowd with first aid?
- * After I take off, aren't they just going to



High River Airport looking west down runway 24

gossip about me anyway?

* Is ET going to bring his mothership in for an oil change while I'm trying to fly my routine?

* Can I still exercise good judgment, even while suffering from terminal Polanski-itis?

* Is there anything which can't go wrong while the crowd looks on? →

High River Airport

Located 2.5 nm southeast of the town of High River, the High River airport makes a great fly-out destination. The scenery close to the foothills is great.

Elevation: 3431ft

ATF: 123.0

Runways: 14/32, 2950ft, gravel
06/24, 3000ft, paved