



Skywriter



Monthly Newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

June 2002

From The Cockpit

by Bob Kooyman

Flying weather has FINALLY arrived. Think, no more snow! YEAH!!!!

On behalf of all the members, I'd like to extend a hearty Thank You to Stu Simpson for all his hard work in preparing the recurrency seminar held on Saturday 18 May 2002. We had a turn out of 45 which was terrific! Close to half of our total club membership turned out on a Saturday morning of the long weekend to listen and learn. It shows the strong commitment the membership has to advancing their skills and safe flying.

We anticipated ~30 people attending, so we were short a few sets of handouts. To anyone who missed out, we will have additional handouts at the meeting on Thursday, 13 June.

The World Wide Web is a wonderful resource. Over the next few months I'll be pointing out some of the sites I find on a regular basis which should be of interest to our members. One site I'd like to point out is the Nav Canada web site: www.navcanada.ca

If you log onto www.navcanada.ca/navcanada.asp and then select flight planning / weather you are presented with a wealth of weather

information. If the abbreviations in the Metar and TAF are a challenge, you can select plain language and see both the abbreviation and a plain language translation (along with a clock to translate from UTC to local time, very handy). I'm sorry Wayne, but they don't seem to list Winters Air Park yet. I'll get right on it.

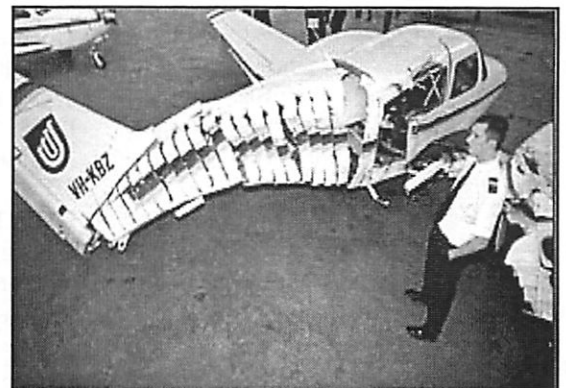
If you select Graphical Products nine separate weather maps are presented. The clouds and weather forecast shows the area south of Ft. McMurray obscured in smoke from the forest fires. Satellite images in both visible and infrared show the fine weather we have had in late May. The radar images show some mild rain over southern Saskatchewan, but confirm nothing in our immediate area.

I strongly urge you to investigate these tools and to become familiar with them. NavCanada is pursuing a policy of reducing service at its smaller offices (Springbank). These computer products are the model of how it intends to deliver service into the hands of the ultralight and GA users.

Another site which has received acclaim is our own club site at www.cadvision.com/cufc. It is an excellent site and Dan Mitchell does a great job of designing and of keeping it current. Forget when Bob Kirkby's breakfast is? Check it out on the Activities page. Visit the

Links page and prepare to take off on some Web adventures. Looking for a new plane. Try the Western Producer link. The Western Producer is a rural based newspaper with listings of many planes (including a number of ultralights) throughout Western Canada (in \$CDN). Select Lite Air Enterprises and see what Kim Skulsky has to offer. There is a link to the Calgary Pilot Supply here also.

Blue skies and tailwinds to all throughout the upcoming summer. Have a fun filled and safe summer flying season. →



Customs officers recently seized an airplane which they suspect was to be smuggled. The not so bright entrepreneurs had attempted to cut the aircraft into small enough pieces to be shipped without suspicion. Two large cases of duct tape several glue guns were found with the airplane. The officers do not believe the suspects were part of an experienced or organized crime ring.

- Brian's view

Flying Events

June 9 - Innisfail annual fly-in breakfast, 7:00 - 11:00. 403-728-3457.

June 9 - Bonnyville fly-in breakfast, 7 am to 11 am, 780-826-7457.

June 9 - Hinton Flying Club annual fly-in breakfast, Hinton Entrance Airport. BBQ and overnight camping also on June 8 starting at 5:00pm.

June 13 - Nanton/AJ Flying Ranch fly-in breakfast 8:00-11:00, lunch 11:00-1:00. Contact Joe English 403-646-2834.

June 15 - Lethbridge fly-in breakfast by COPA Flight 24 and EEA Chapter, at Lethbridge municipal airport, Air West hangar, 8:00 to 11:00am, contact Jim Gunlaugson 403-329-9292.

June 15 - Okotoks fly-in breakfast, 7:00-11:30am, sponsored by the Okotoks Flying Club (COPA Flight 81). Contact Ron Rebutt 403-207-1147.

June 16 - Lloydminster fly-in breakfast, 8 am to noon, contact Martin Johnson 306-893-2776.

June 21-23 - COPA Annual Convention 2002 celebrating 50th anniversary. The COPA Red Deer annual rust remover safety seminar will be held at the same time. See web site for details: www.copanational.org

July 10-14 - Northwest EAA fly-in, Arlington, WA. See details on web site: www.nweaa.org

July 13 - Nanton Lancaster Air Museum annual fly-in at AJ Flying Ranch. Breakfast 8:00-10:00. Lunch 11:00-1:00. Under-wing camping available. Contact Joe English 403-646-2834.

July 20 - Kirkby's annual fly-in breakfast at Chestermere-Kirkby Field, 8:30 to noon. Contact Bob Kirkby 403-569-9541

July 21 - Vulcan annual fly-in breakfast, 8:00 to noon. Info: 403-485-2633

July 23-29 - EAA Airventure 2002, Oshkosh, WI. See details on web site: www.airventure.org

August 3-4 - Lethbridge annual airshow with the Snowbirds.

August 10 - Calgary Ultralight Flying Club fly-in breakfast at Chestermere-Kirkby Field. Contact Bernie Kespe 255-7419.

August 26-30 - 2002 Alberta Air Adventure Tour to Dawson Creek. To join contact Stu Simpson 255-6998.

September 8 - St. Alberta Flying Club annual Fred Herzog memorial fly-in breakfast.

September 8 - Calgary Ultralight Flying Club BBQ at Dave Boulton's airstrip. Contact Bernie Kespe 255-7419.

September 14 - Glen Bishell's annual fly-in and all-day BBQ at Carstairs-Bishell airfield. From 8:00 am on.

For Sale

Garmin GPSmap 295 - colour, best available. Sells for about \$2,500.00, yours for \$2,000.00. New, still in Box. Buzz Mawdsley 403-974-1205W 403-271-7931H (05/02)

Kolb Firestar - Single seat ultralight, excellent condition, good panel, Rotax 447, 160 hrs TTAE. 10 minute wing fold for easy storage. Complete with enclosed trailer which can be used as a hangar. Asking \$15,000.00 For details and pictures contact Andy Cumming (403) 380-6291 or flyingac@hotmail.com (05/02)

Continental 65 - with prop, 300hrs, high compression pistons make it an 80hp, \$5500. Call Don (250) 427-2046. (05/02)

Loran-C - Apollo 604 with antenna, works great, \$150. Bob Kirkby (403) 569-9541. (04/02)

Propeller For Sale: 2-Blade wood, 68x32 tractor for Rotax 503DC. Leading edge protection, 60 hours TT, great condition. \$350 CDN, obo. Includes bolts and mounting plate. Call Stu at (403) 255-6998 or e-mail simpsont@cadvision.com for pictures. (02/02)

1995 TEAM Himax.- 314TT, 60hrs SMOH on Rotax 503DC, 2-blade ground adjustable prop, good panel, spinner, speed fairings, VHF antenna, large cockpit, always hangared. Great performance and handling. Only \$9500. Call Stu at (403) 255-6998 or e-mail simpsont@cadvision.com (02/02)

Tundra - two for sale, both with Rotax 503 and 100 hrs, one enclosed - \$15,000 and one open - \$14,000. Garrett Komm 257-3127 or 874-6447. (02/02)

Super Koala - Rotax 503, DCDI, Culver wood prop. Airspeed, Altimeter, Tach, CHT, EGT, Hour meter, Fuel gauge. Heated cockpit. Less than 200 TT on new engine and airframe. This is an attractive, predictable and easy to fly taildragger. Open to any serious offers. Dale (403)293-3826. (01/02)

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: Bob Kooyman 281-2621
e-mail: kooyman-eng@home.com

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

Secretary: Bernie Kespe 255-7419
e-mail: bernie.raymac@home.com

Treasurer: Carl Forman 283-3855
e-mail: forman.c@shaw.ca

Director: Dave Procyshen 257-8064
e-mail: dprocyshen@shaw.ca

Past President: Brian Vasseur 226-5281
e-mail: vasseurb@cadvision.com

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

First CUFC Recurrency Seminar a Great Success

Forty-five pilots turned out for the first CUFC recurrency/safety seminar held at Chestermere-Kirkby Field on May 18th.

Transport Canada Recreational Aviation specialist, Lenora Crane and Morgan Air Instructor, Dave Kupchenski gave an excellent three-hour presentation covering weather reporting, circuit procedures, safety awareness, safe attitudes and much more. All in attendance agreed this was an excellent event and must be repeated again. A big thank you to Stu Simpson for organizing the event and to Lenora and Dave for presenting.

The letter below from Transport Canada verifies that those who attended can use this event to meet their bi-annual recurrency requirement.

May 16, 2002

Dear Mr. Simpson:

Thank you for providing an outline for the upcoming Calgary ultralight Flying Club recurrency seminar, being held in Calgary, AB on May 18, 2002.

We understand that your recurrency seminar has been designed to update ultra-light aeroplane pilots' knowledge in the areas of human factors, meteorology, flight planning and navigation as well as aviation rules and procedures. Your recurrency seminar is hereby approved in accordance with CAR 421.05(2)(c). Those licensed pilots who participate in the seminar will have complied with the requirement to successfully complete a recurrent training program as specified in CAR 401.05(2)(a).

In order to demonstrate their compliance, participants should retain a record of the date on which they successfully completed the seminar. Additionally, the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club should retain records of the seminar date, the program covered and the seminar participants.

Yours truly,

Karen Tarr
Acting Chief
Recreational Aviation and
Special Flight Operations

I'm Safe to Fly Checklist

I - Illness
M - Medication
S - Stress
A - Alcohol
F - Fatigue
E - Eating

Something that is always hard to remember is Airspace Classifications. Lenora discussed the use of each class then presented this interesting memory aid:

A - Airlines
B - Big boys
C - Clearance required
D - Dialogue
E - Elsewhere
F - Funny Stuff
G - Go for it

Bad Antifreeze

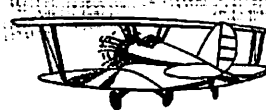
by Brian Vasseur

In doing the annual inspection on the Rans S12 I dip-checked the Rotary Valve oil tank on the Rotax 582. Until now I've just been looking thru the clear tank to check the level. What came out was a blue-gray opaque muck, nothing like the clear blue two stroke oil that should be in there. A call to Light Engine Services to ask them about it confirmed my worst fears. The damage was caused by the wrong brand of antifreeze, and this would be about a \$270 repair to replace the seals and damaged parts.

This problem is prevalent in North America, and the cause is the additives in the antifreeze that don't agree with the seals in the Rotax engines. There's two recommended antifreeze brands that won't cause this problem, and if you're not using them it might be a good idea to flush your cooling system thoroughly and replace the coolant.

What you want is a long life antifreeze that is silicate, amine, nitrate and phosphate free. One possibility is a VW shop who sell an expensive product, or Halvoline long life which is not quite so pricey. While the VW stuff is expensive it works. It's definitely cheaper than the repair. →

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- Rentals (Block time)

Circuit Procedures at Kirkby Field

By Bob Kirkby

At the May 18 Safety Seminar Lenora Crane stressed the importance of reading the CFS for the proper circuit procedures prior to flying to a new aerodrome.

For some time I've been "stressed" over the lack of proper approach procedures followed at my aerodrome. The procedures at Kirkby Field are the easiest anywhere due to the opposing circuit directions designated for each runway, and I fail to understand why people have difficulty with them.

First the opposing directions. The circuit for 16 is left and for 34 is right. That means all circuits for 16/34 are on the east side. The circuit for 08 is right and for 26 is left. That means all circuits for 08/26 are on the south side.

The proper procedure for joining a circuit is to cross over from the upwind side and since the wind sock is on the west side of the aerodrome the easiest and safest approach is from the west side, which permits a check of the wind sock before crossing runway 16/34 so that a decision can be made over mid-field as to which runway to use. Once the decision is made and announced on the radio you either fly straight east for runway 16/34 or turn south for runway 08/26. All this is done at circuit height which means it's not necessary to overfly at 500' above circuit height to check the wind sock. It really couldn't be much simpler.

Alternatively, it is legal to enter straight onto a downwind leg if you know the wind direction and active runway in advance. However, why not do it the easier and safer way?

What about no wind? Logic prevails - first choose the longest runway, second choose a natural left circuit - i.e. Rwy 16.

The diagram at right tells it all. Don't be afraid to call me before arriving if you have questions. Practice Safe Circuits!



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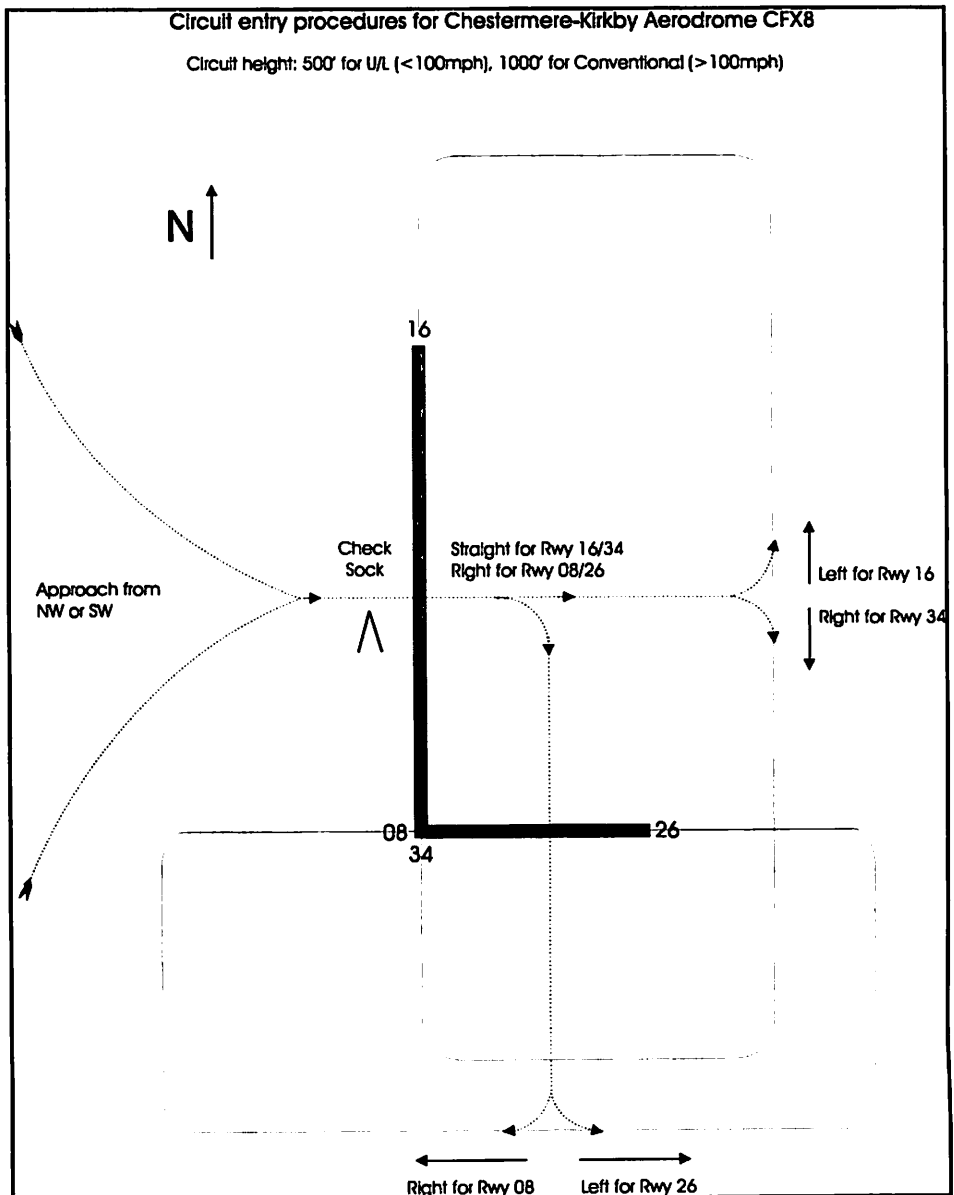
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Rotax: No Failure to Communicate

Newest Moves Make Everybody More Enlightened

Eric Tucker, Rotax guru and ANN columnist, has let us know that Rotax has made some recent decisions that will change owners' habits. Lots of mechanics get familiar with a particular engine, and work from their memory, evermore. While that usually works, it's not foolproof. Materials and procedures change over time, and things like clearances and torque values change along with them. It's easy to do damage, overtightening a nut, just as it is a bad idea to undertighten one. When the stud material changes, or the thread design is upgraded, torque values typically are adjusted accordingly. The value in the mechanic's head, though, doesn't get upgraded.

Gaskets change; clearances change -- all this means that the conscientious mechanic needs to pay attention to exactly what he's working on, by serial and part number, if necessary. Rotax is making that a whole lot easier, by issuing online maintenance manuals and service bulletins.

As an example, Tucker noted that, "In the Product Updates manual (for 4-stroke engines), published in 1997, one particular stud showed a torque value of 70 inch-pounds; now, due to some changes, it's 26." It's a two-way street: "Some torques have increased, for instance on the Dacomet series fasteners (case bolts, rocker retainers)," he added.

Parts Books, Owners' Manuals, Maintenance Manuals

As Eric told us, "Rotax is moving to communicate, and to offer better material with its engines. Soon, Rotax will be supplying owners' manual and a logbook with each engine, along with a CD," that is full of additional information. Not only will these materials come with the engines, they will be available online, for download -- and you needn't be a Rotax owner to download them, either.

As Mr. Tucker explained, "You'll have open access: you don't have to be an owner. that makes it convenient for the FAA, the NTSB, for repair shops, and so on. Updates are immediate. There's no guesswork."

Owners and non-owners will be able to download *.pdf files, that cover the parts book, the maintenance manuals, and the owners' manuals.

The CDs, furnished with each new engine, will also be available for purchase, as will hard copies of the printed books, for those who need a paper copy. "Rotax makes a lot of running changes, rather than introducing new models," Eric explained. "The online system keeps everybody up to date." He added, "Of course, it's still a good idea to register as an owner (through the Kodiak site). You can do it online, and there's no charge. You automatically will get all current info and updates, even if your warranty has expired." Even, in fact, if you're not an owner.

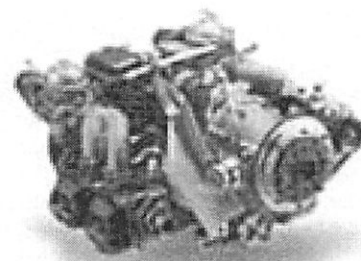
Good News on 912s, 914s

For those who have experienced the drain on the 914 production line, that the "war" on terror has brought (the Predator UAV, for instance, it 914-powered), Eric has some good news: "The lead time is now lower on the (turbocharged) 914. The production line has been speeded up; slow suppliers have been speeded up or changed."

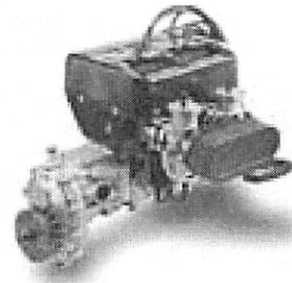
That means it's time to get serious about finishing your airframe -- you'll soon have an engine!

The 912's line and heavy maintenance manuals are soon to be released, as well; they'll be available online, furnished with new engines, and for purchase, in paper and on CD.

FMI: www.kodiakbs.com
www.rotax-owner.com
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Rotax 912UL



Rotax 503



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Nightmare at 2000 Feet!

by Dick Starks of the "Kansas City Dawn Patrol"

"BANDITS! SIX O'CLOCK HIGH AND COMING FAST!!" I always clench up in my seat when I hear those words while I am watching a late show. Mandy, my faithful hound, bails out of my lap because she knows what is going to happen next. I start to writhe and twist in my recliner chair, slinging popcorn to the skies and spilling Diet Coke on Sweetum's immaculate carpet as I twist and turn to the combat on the screen.

I am a glutton for these old flying movies and always sit up late at night to thrill vicariously to those beautifully staged Hollywood combats where the planes all look new, the pilots are always tastefully shot in the shoulder, and the hero always gets back to base in his bullet-riddled plane.

As he rolls up to the hard stand there is a crowd waiting for him. There is always the beautiful slim, long-legged, flaxon-haired, buxom nurse waiting with misty eyes and quivering thighs as he dismounts from his war-weary plane. They always ride off into the sunset as countless ranks of our fighters and bombers roar overhead in perfect formation, off to pound the living crud out of the foes of Democracy, Chevrolets, and Mom's apple pie.

When the show finally grinds to its halt and the credits are rolling down the screen I usually get jerked brutally back down to earth. This is helped by Sweetums screaming down the stairs, "Hey dummy, shut off the ^&*&%^ TV and get your lazy butt up to bed. We've got to teach tomorrow."

Later, lying in bed, I reflect on life as it used to be. I have been flying for 10 years and have never had as much excitement as they have in ten minutes in those movies. My beloved Tweetie Bird has taken us for many joy-filled hours over the endless plains of Kansas and the patch-work fields of Missouri. We have thrilled to the three-ring circus that happens around Oshkosh when the devoted flock there every year.

My extensive library about flying is filled with books about the men who flew the warbirds in both big wars. I sometimes feel cheated that I have not had the chance to live some of those adventures. This feeling usually lasts about two seconds because I quickly remember that a guy could get hurt in combat. Thirty years of teaching math and pre-algebra to 13 and 14 year old kids is as close to deadly combat as I really want to get.

I guess what I really miss is the thrill that some phrases always seem to give: BANDITS!! SIX O'CLOCK HIGH!!... CAPTAIN!! WE'VE LOST NUMBER

THREE!!... THE GEAR WON'T COME DOWN!!... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LIGHTEN SHIP!!... FIRE IN THE BOMB BAY!!

All of those cliches have been used in almost every flying film ever made. They still give me goose bumps when I hear them.

Of course my ultimate dream is about being a passenger in an overseas jumbo jet just as it is reaching the point of no return in the middle of a dark night. We are plowing through towering thunderstorms which litter the course like gloomy pillars of destruction, waiting for some foolish mortal to challenge them.

As I lay back in my first class seat, with beautiful blond, buxom, nubile, long-legged stewardesses fluttering around me like moths to an incandescent flame, a sudden interruption comes.

The head steward, panic filling his distended eyes, interrupts the revelry to bend down to me and lisp in my ear. "Excuse me sir, but the entire flight crew has been taken ill with acute acne, trapped gas and hangnails and we have no one to fly the plane. We called approach control and told them of the problem. They checked through the FAA's computer and found out that you are a world-famous Cessna 120 pilot. We would be deeply and eternally grateful if you would consider coming up to the cockpit and taking over."

I slowly nod my head in my devil-may-care manner and say, "Sure, but let's walk up there calmly, so as not to disturb the civilians." Weeping with relief, the steward scurries up the aisle to the cockpit.

With a world-weary sigh I put down my beaker of vintage diet cola, apologize to the beautiful stewardesses for having to deprive them of my company, leave my seat and, with my carefully cultivated John Wayne walk (practiced for hours in front of the mirror at home), saunter casually to the cockpit.

The stricken flight crew are pulled from their seats. A quick glance at the hundreds of fluctuating needles and flashing lights tells me that a lightning strike has knocked out all the navigation instruments. I am able to take star sights with my always-ready sextant with my left hand and fly the plane with my right hand as I keep the clumsy behemoth twisting and turning to miss the towering surly cumulonimbus on its course to the continent.

Finally, with a superb display of flying skill, the lumbering jumbo jet is flown to a squeaker landing after a harrowing instrument approach through thick fog that has sea gulls walking. As we taxi up to the gate I see the news and TV cameras waiting. The dream comes to a climax as I'm walking to the microphones and cameras. Weeping passengers and the recovered flight crew

kneel in my path and try to kiss my fingers as I walk past.

I usually wake up then because one of my cats has decided to sleep on my face or, Myrtle, the dog, elects at that time to throw up on the bed.

Dreams are good things...

When I look at all those dreams, my own flying adventures seem pretty tame in comparison. I've never been jumped by Messerschmitts, my gear is always down, I don't even have an engine number three to lose, let alone a bomb bay to have a fire in. You don't get compressor stall with a Continental C-85-12F engine.

When I scream, "LIGHT THE AFTERBURNERS" during takeoff in the Tweetie Bird, all I get is a strange look from Sweetums. I'll never have a stewardess come up and coo in my ear about a problem on the flight deck. In fact the only thing I've had like that is when Sweetums screams in my ear over the roar of the mighty 85 horse Continental, "ALRIGHT YOU BIG STUPID IDIOT!! YOU'RE LOST AGAIN!! JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO GO SOMEWHERE WITHOUT YOU GETTING US LOST! GOOD GRIEF!! NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO CALL APPROACH CONTROL RADAR AND ASK FOR HELP OR WILL I?" She hits me with the sectional and glares at me over the top of the chart. (I know inside me that she's really having a great time and her anger is just a way she has of showing me what fun she is having. She's a real peach! Few wives can act so well.)

I never like to ask Approach Control for help unless I am really in dire straits. There always has to be a water tower somewhere on the horizon that I can read. If that's not the case, I can usually find some railroad tracks to lead me to some small town where I can read the name of the town on the roof of the train station. Then Sweetums usually finds that the town is on the sectional chart we don't have.

That's when I finally call Approach Control and tell them that I only have three hours of fuel left and I need their help to get me to where I want to go. The most embarrassing time was when we were flying from Mobile, Alabama to Meridian, Mississippi and I got a little lost. (I have never been totally lost! I just don't know where I am currently located.) I wasn't going to call Meridian radar approach but, when Sweetums threatened to turn me from a tenor to a soprano, I finally did.

After radar approach had led me through several turns to different headings the controller finally said, "Radar contact 77212... Where do you wish to land?" I told him I wanted to land at Meridian. There was a short silence and then he came back. "Bank (continued on page 7)

to your left and look down. The controllers were waving to you from the control tower catwalk." I banked left, looked down and there it was. I told Sweetums that the field had been hidden by the landing gear. I called the radar approach controller when I got on the ground and had to put up with about five minutes of rotten jokes and raucous laughter before I could break in and thank him for leading me in.

My chances for a Hollywood type of emergency in the Tweetie Bird are kind of limited. My experiences wouldn't usually make the plot of a movie or book. My engine purrs like a kitten. The Tweetie Bird will fly for hundreds of miles hands off. If I have an engine failure she can land on a dime and give you nine cents change. But, I have had one almost emergency and several "interesting experiences." (Editor's warning: the concluding scenes of this chapter could be--indeed, have been--called "rough," and may be injurious to your digestive contentment. Proceed with caution; do not read further if you are fainthearted or delicate; instead, skip to the next chapter.)

I am always offering my fellow teachers in the school district a flight in the Tweetie Bird so they can be impressed with my consummate skill as a pilot. Several of them have taken me up on the offer and we have enjoyed many early morning sightseeing trips over the Missouri river bottoms north of Kansas City.

These pleasant trips came to a halt the day I took Sue, a high school English teacher, for a ride. I told her the air would be as smooth as silk and the ride would be like sitting in her living-room easy chair. I told her there was no way she was going to get airsick because we flew early in the morning and I am such a superb pilot.

She had never been up in a small plane before. After that flight I was sure she would never go again. I told her to meet me at Noah's Ark, which is usually deserted except on weekends. Sue drove up just as I finished the preflight. The wind was light and it was early morning. It looked like a perfect day to fly. I showed her how to perform a preflight, strapped her in the right seat, fired up the mighty C-85-12F powerplant and, accompanied by the throaty thunder of the idling engine, we waddled out to the runway.

The mag checks were perfect and we roared down the runway to a beautiful takeoff. GOD! It was perfect. The air was smooth as silk. Visibility was 20 to 30 miles. Life was full!! We had been flying for about thirty minutes and the air was still as smooth as glass. Sue is a real chatterbox and she was rattling away about the size of the cows, cars,

people and the beautiful scenery of eastern Kansas and the Kansas City skyline.

We flew down to Lawrence, Kansas and did a touch-and-go before heading back to home. The air was now getting a little bumpy as the thermals started to pop and the Tweetie Bird was starting to bounce gaily around the sky.

Sitting on the left side of the cockpit in the pilot's seat I began to feel something was wrong and suddenly realized what it was. I looked over to the right at Sue.

She had quit blabbering away and was staring quietly out the windshield instead of down at the scenery as she had been. I asked her if she was O.K. and she said sure. I noticed her eyes were getting bloodshot and were slightly out of focus. She seemed a little pale.

We flew on for a few more minutes. She didn't say a thing. Then she turned to me and said a sentence that sent thrills of horror rippling up and down my spine and curled my toes.

"Do you have any of those little bags?" she asked. I then noticed that her face had taken on a gentle gray-green color. I panicked.

This had never happened before. And what was worse, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY BAGS!! No one had ever been sick or even nauseated in all my early morning teacher flights and I have never been airsick so I had never bought any bags.

We were half-way between Lawrence and Noah's Ark And there were no fields close where I could put Tweetie down. Sue was looking more and more like Krakatoa before it blew its top and we were still about ten miles from Noah's.

I started to plead with her to hold on. I said all the dumb things that you say to someone who is about to throw up everything except their toenails.

"COME ON SUE, WE'RE ALMOST THERE... LOOK AT THE PRETTY COWS... WOW!! HOW ABOUT THAT BUMP WE JUST FLEW THROUGH!!!!... WASN'T IT A BIG ONE?... SEE HOW PRETTY THE RIVER IS FROM THIS HEIGHT?... LOOK! THERE'S THE FIELD!.. WE'LL BE DOWN IN JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES... PLEASE DON'T THROW UP!!!"

Sue was now drooling continuously and had turned a more shocking shade of green. Her glistening eyes were wide open and rimmed with panic. I knew my time was growing short. I hammered on the throttle knob trying to get a few more miles per hour out of my red and yellow beauty.

A tiny knot of panic began to gallop around in my stomach. We weren't going to make it! Now Sue looked like a green

persimmon! She was swallowing convulsively.

I was frantically trying to fold a aeronautical sectional chart into some kind of bag in case she couldn't make it to the ground. That didn't work because my sectionals are usually tattered rags and it kept falling apart while I was trying to fold it. I reached around with my right arm to rummage around in the luggage area behind the seats, looking frantically for something else when it finally happened.

She gave me no warning. She struck from six o'clock high, out of the sun, just like a yellow-nosed Messerschmitt 109 diving on a crippled B-17G.

"BRAAAUUUUCCCCCHHHKKK!!!" Sue finally let fly.

Right in my lap.

She'd had a big breakfast too. That was bad but what she did next added insult to injury. She took common barfing and elevated it into an art form. If I had been anywhere else I would have probably appreciated her mastery of a difficult deadly skill. She has a black belt in up-chucking. A real master!!

Have you ever noticed that when someone is throwing up they never let nature take its course? Instead of making a nice neat small little puddle, they have to put their hands in front of their face so they can sort of spread it around and share the wealth a little.

For a fleeting moment I thought she was finished. Wrong again. Her eyes bugged out as she swelled up again like an angry toad.

"BRRRRAAAAUUUUUUCCCCCHHH HKKKKK!"

"OH PLEASE NO!! NOT AGAIN!!", I wailed. Sue let fly her second massive broadside but this time she used both her hands to divert the pungent stream. She looked like one of Kansas City's famous fountains as she spouted in umpteen different directions.

I was bobbing and weaving like a mongoose in front of a king cobra as I tried to dodge the malevolent streams spraying around in the cockpit.

It was to no avail. I could see her horrified, tear-filled eyes looking at me over her splayed-out fingers as she sprayed me with the atomized effluvia of everything she had eaten for the last month.

She kept on retching uncontrollably. I was covered. My shirt pocket was full. The cockpit was covered. The instruments were dripping. She had even splattered some unmentionable goo on the windshield. It was horrible, heady stuff. The almost tangible smell would have taken the chrome off a trailer hitch.

The hell with that "BANDITS.. SIX (continued on page 8)

O'CLOCK HIGH" crap. Those guys in combat didn't know what tough was. They didn't have to mess with toxic waste. This was serious!!

You know, I have always been a follower, never a leader. It is never more true than when someone around me is barfing. Just the sounds, let alone the smell are enough to make me an enthusiastic member of the club. When one of my students explodes in class, and that usually happens at least twice a year, I usually leave a "speed stripe" down the hall as long as the one the kid leaves as we both thunder to the rest room, spouting like moving fountains. It is a standing joke in the Middle School and I think some of my teacher buddies bribe some of the more spectacular and flamboyant barfers in the school to do it in my room so they can see two spouting humans come racing down the hall. I can't prove it but I have my suspects listed. If I ever find out who it is, my next "speed stripe" will lead to their rooms instead of the restroom.

Anyway... back to our story. I was proud of myself this time with Sue. I displayed the tempered stainless steel that hairy-chested hero's spines are made of. This time I didn't join in the festivities.

Gagging and choking, I opened the side window. By sticking my face as far as I could in the air stream I was able to swallow my gorge and get on the radio. For just a brief moment I was determined to talk just like the Hollywood heroes did in "Top Gun:" in a calm, clear, bored voice and in a very matter-of-fact tone I was going to tell them what had happened.

What really happened was that in a high, shrill voice I screamed in the mike, "NOAH'S ARK TRAFFIC THIS IS CESSNA 7212!! I'M FIVE MILES SOUTHWEST OF THE FIELD INBOUND WITH AN EMERGENCY IN PROGRESS!! I HAVE TO BE NUMBER ONE TO LAND!! CLEAR THE PATTERN!!!"

There were four or five planes in the pattern at the time and they scattered like sparrows at the approach of a diving hawk. The radio was absolutely quiet as I made a straight-in approach. We were on short final and I peeked over at Sue to see how she was doing. She was collapsed against the door and breathing in short pants. A high moaning obligato accompanied the pants and she seemed to have shrunk a little. I could certainly understand why.

She exuded the aura of someone who had accomplished a difficult task successfully. From slitted eyelids she was glaring daggers at me. I have seen friendlier eyes looking out at me from underneath a rock.

I made one of my usual fantastic, greaser-type landings and turned quickly off the runway into the grass where the faucet and hose were. As the prop shuddered to a stop and we threw the doors open, someone finally asked over the radio what the problem had been. Now that we were on the ground the emergency didn't seem so bad. I wondered how to answer the question.

I decided to try something new for me--the truth--"My passenger threw up on me." I finally admitted.

"HAW HAW HAW." The horse laughs came over the radio thick and fast, and everyone landed as quickly as they could so they could come over and watch me hose myself down at the water faucet. A cloud of dust was all that was left of Sue as her car took a corner on two wheels leaving the airport.

Her parting comments were still echoing in the quiet Missouri river bottoms. The grass was turning brown and smoking. She was a hell of a cusser. I wish I had taken notes. English teachers can really cuss good.

It took about two days of scrubbing and cleaning before the Tweetie Bird was ready for occupancy again. The seats and carpet were removed so the fuselage interior could be hosed down. I threw my clothes away. I had to buy new sectionals. Three cans of Scotch Guard made sure the cockpit was ready in case it ever happened again. It took two cans of NEW-CAR spray to get the smell down to manageable levels.

Sue also started talking to me again in about three weeks. It took about five weeks before she started saying something to me besides ancient, obscene curses.

My reputation as a master pilot suffered a while as a result of that flight. My motto, "NOBODY URPS IN THE TWEETIE BIRD," had been destroyed. I took my ad off the bulletin board at school. Everybody was making fun of me. It wasn't a pretty sight. But time passed. The talk settled down. The laughs came further and further apart...

It was time to strike again.

I put my signs back up on the school bulletin board. No takers. Sue was still being vocal. I kept after her to go flying with me again. Sue finally agreed and on a calm summer evening we went for the second time. I made sure we weren't up for more than thirty minutes and were always within ten minutes of an airport. It was great! She even forgave me enough to proofread this story and correct all my miserable grammar and punctuation mistakes. She thanked me profusely for understating her portion of the story. I told her I was only thinking of her.

The school year is about to start and we have a flock of new teachers. I think it's about time to put up another of my ads on the bulletin board for scenic, interesting flights

around the Kansas City area. Sue has promised not to say a word. Like the victim of any practical joke or miserable experience, she just can't wait for someone else to go through what she went through so she can laugh too. Just think of the unlimited possibilities out there! Tweetie Bird Airlines is ready to fly again.

- Contributed by Kim Skulsky

Squawks

Pilot: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

AME: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

Pilot: No. 2 propeller seeping prop fluid.

AME: No. 2 propeller seepage normal.

Nos. 1, 3 and 4 propellers lack normal seepage.

Pilot: Something loose in cockpit.

AME: Something tightened in cockpit.

Pilot: Dead bugs on windshield.

AME: Live bugs on backorder.

Pilot: Autopilot in Altitude-hold mode produces a 200-fpm descent.

AME: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

Pilot: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

AME: Evidence removed.

Pilot: DME volume unbelievably loud.

AME: DME volume set to more believable level.

Pilot: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

AME: That's what they're there for.

Pilot: Suspected crack in windscreen.

AME: Suspect you're right.

Pilot: Number 3 engine missing.

AME: Engine found on right wing after brief search.

Pilot: Target radar hums.

AME: Reprogrammed target radar with words.