



# Skywriter



Monthly newsletter of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club - COPA Flight 114

## October 2003

### The CUFC Flies Young Eagles

by Bob Kirkby

The sun announced its arrival with a crimson glow over the eastern horizon as I stumbled out the back door heading for the hangars. We'd been planning this day for weeks and it was now time to see if it all came together. It was September 20 and the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club (COPA Flight 114) was about to host its first Young Eagles Day at Chestermere-Kirkby Field.

While the sun slowly rose on what was to be a beautiful day, I opened the hangar and moved my Cherokee out to its designated spot on the ramp, set up tables and chairs, and started to strategically place traffic cones to cordon off the active ramp area from the pedestrian area. The first to arrive, as always, was Elmer Dyck. Elmer was in charge of coffee for the adults and refreshments and snacks for the kids. It took him no time to get the coffee brewing.

Soon the rest of the crew started to arrive and began setting up. Kay Clarke and Tina Simpson were to man (or is that woman) the all-important registration desk. There they would sign-up the Young Eagles as they arrived with their parents

and assign them to a pilot and a flight, and finally complete all the paperwork to go into EAA. Stu Simpson prepared to give the ground briefings. He planned to use my Starduster to explain aerodynamics and introduce the parts of an aeroplane to the kids.

Marshalling is a very important job for an event like this. Allan Botting would do Ground Marshalling duty while Robin Orsulak would coordinate the kids on the ramp as Load Marshaller. Together they would keep people and aircraft separated when props were spinning. Heather Dean



*This says it all! A Young Eagle after his flight with Allan Newell in his CH601. Photo by Heather Dean.*

had a digital camera and would take photos of the Young Eagles as they deplaned after their great flying adventure. Glen Clarke would take the kids on an airport tour to fill in the time while awaiting their turn to fly.

Everyone was in place and ready to go when the first group arrived at 8:30. While the registration process and ground briefing kept the kids busy our pilots starting arriving. Gerry MacDonald in his C182, Reid Huzzey in his Challenger II, Ralph Inkster in his homebuilt Cavalier, Allan Newell in his homebuilt CH601, and of course I was already there with my Cherokee 235. Jim Corner had planned to join us with his Kitfox but during a flight the day before he discovered a charging (or lack of) problem and wisely decided to cancel.

At 8:50 we convened our pilot briefing. Weather was forecast to be great all day with light winds down runway 34. We had two courses plotted out. The faster aircraft (C182, Cherokee and Cavalier) would fly south to the Bow River, then west about 5 miles, north to the south end of Chestermere Lake, then back towards the airfield. The slower aircraft (CH601 and Cavalier) would fly north to Delacor, southwest to the north end of Chestermere Lake, then back towards the airfield. The north and south ends of the lake would be our reporting points inbound as any simultaneous arrivals

would be merging after those points. Gerry and I would fly 3 at a time while Reid, Allan and Ralph would fly 1 at a time. By flying 4 flights each we could comfortably handle the 34 kids who had  
*(continued on page 3)*

# For Sale

**Avid Aerobat** - Advanced Ultralight, 102 hours since rebuild completed in January 2003, new Rotax 582 engine 3:1, Powerfin 2-blade 74" prop, new VFR instruments, new interior, new fabric and paint (red and yellow), wings rib-laced, new wide stance gear, new double tail spring with Matco tailwheel, tricycle gear option included, new cowling with twin rads, folding wings provide easy storage in garage, cabin heat, all maintenance logs up to date, cruise 95 to 100 mph, \$29,500.00, Troy, (403) 936-8424 or email for pictures [brancht@tsesteel.com](mailto:brancht@tsesteel.com) (10/03)

**SkyPup** - Plans built ultralight. 52 hours total time on frame and rebuilt 277 Rotax. Cruise at 55mph on 1 1/3 gallons per hour, climb at 450 fpm. Enclosed cockpit. Single seat. Endura paint. Asking \$4,000, Bruce Lange, 403-227-6577 or [langeb@rvvs.com](mailto:langeb@rvvs.com) (10/03)

**Cuby II** - 2-place, side-by-side, 65hp MZ202, low time. Beautiful yellow airplane I need money for my next project, \$19,000. Peter Wegerich, 403-862-7148, email [wegericp@telusplanet.net](mailto:wegericp@telusplanet.net) (09/03)

**Parts** - Set of 3 skies (tail ski), teflon bottoms, \$500. Arrow 500 engine, 65hp, 2 cylinder, horizontally opposed, 93 hrs, \$1500. Cuby fuel tank for left or right wing, \$100. Variety of flight and engine instruments, Alt, AS, Tach and more. Some other parts as well. Peter Wegerich,

4 0 3 - 8 6 2 - 7 1 4 8 , e m a i l [wegericp@telusplanet.net](mailto:wegericp@telusplanet.net) (09/03)

**Mini-Max** - TT173, 3 fuel tanks, 15 USG, Rotax 447, 40hp, enclosed cockpit, removable canopy, new tires, \$8300. Stan Sheriff 934-3460 (09/03)

**Trade** - One year old Full Lotus 1260 floats, as new, for Mono 2000 Full Lotus. Russ White 250-353-2492 (04/03)

*Notice: Classified ad are free to CUFC members. Call Bob Kirkby to place or renew your ad 569-9541 or email to [bob@skywalker.ca](mailto:bob@skywalker.ca) Ads will be dropped after 6 months unless renewed.*

## Ads reprinted from the St. Albert Flying Club Newsletter

**Team Airbike plans** - complete set, manuals, excellent condition, \$200 including shipping, OBO. Reg Lukasik 780-459-0813.

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**Puddlejumper amphibious floats** - used, \$2500. Dan Pandur 780-418-4159.

**Gas tank** - plastic, US Coast Guard approved, 11.5 US gals., new in box, \$75. Ron Swan 780-477-6112.

## 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:

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## Calgary Ultralight Flying Club

Meetings of the Calgary Ultralight Flying Club are held on the second Thursday of every month, except July and August, at 7:00 pm, at the Northeast Armoury, 1227 - 38 Avenue NE.

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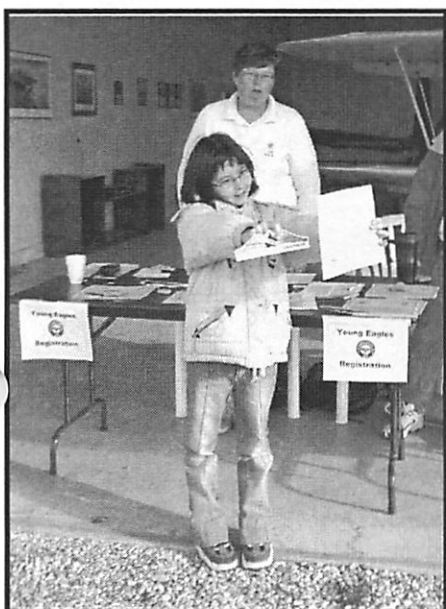
## Young Eagles - continued from page 1

made reservations. Gerry agreed to advise Calgary Terminal of what was about to take place. (For the benefit of our Transport Canada readers the Challenger is an AULA, was flown by a PPL pilot and was therefore legal for passenger carrying.)

Garrett Komm, of Sylvan Learning Centre, made a donation \$300 to the club to cover the expenses of this Young Eagles Day. Garrett had wanted to fly some kids but he didn't have the correct combination of AULA and license, so opted to make a



*Stu Simpson conducts a ground school briefing in the hangar with 10 Young Eagles and some parents while the registration ladies await the next arrivals. Photo by Heather Dean.*



*A Young Eagle proudly displays her Flight Certificate and COPA wings. Photo by Heather Dean.*

donation instead. This was more than enough to cover fuel for the pilots and the refreshments for the Young Eagles. Thank you very much to Garrett for this very generous donation.

We had the kids scheduled to arrive 10 at a time at 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30. The extras would arrive at 10:30. Stu did 4 ground briefings and each pilot did 4 flights. We flew a total of 35 Young Eagles between 9am and noon.

This first CUFC Young Eagles Day turned out to be a stunning success. It's hard to tell who was more excited, the kids or the parents. Everyone had a great time and the kids had an wonderful experience they will always remember. From talking to the volunteers it seems they all had a great time too and really enjoyed passing on a little of their flying passion to these newly minted Young Eagles.

All the volunteers who helped put this together deserve a great big thank you. We might just have to do this again. ➔

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## Super light aircraft made in Vietnam

*Reported by the VOV News Service (No pictures available)*

Vietnam has manufactured and assembled its first two-seater aircraft. The VAM 1 aircraft has a 9.7m wingspan, weighs 150kg and can fly at an altitude of 3km and a speed of 140km/h. Based on a foreign model, aeronautical engineering re-worked several details to ensure safety and suit Vietnamese people.

Vimar Nguyen, Director of the Hoa Binh Company, said with VAM 1, Vietnam can compete with other foreign rivals in manufacturing super-light aircraft. He said VAM 1 has the same quality, but it is 60 percent cheaper than the foreign imported units.

Professor Nguyen Van Dao, the project team leader, said that VAM 1 is a combined product with contribution by local and overseas Vietnamese scientists, enterprises and intellectuals. The team has asked the Prime Minister for permission to test fly VAM 1. The company will produce and assemble another two aircraft, one with two seats and the other with four seats, using 70 percent locally sourced materials.

## Air Adventure Tour 2003, Part 2

by Stu Simpson

### Day 3

Day 3 in Saskatoon dawned cold and miserable, which, ironically, was a welcome change from the blast furnace the prairies had endured for several weeks. But it also meant delays in the longest flying day of the Air Adventure Tour.

We had to cover 280 miles today to get to Cold Lake. There'd be four legs, all of which were going to be against the wind. It was blowing from the north at better than 10 knots on the surface and forecast to increase substantially.

We took a vote at 0800 on the ramp at YXE and decided to wait out the rain that was just starting to trickle down. The delay cost us two hours, which we spent constantly checking the weather and getting our planes and faces on a couple of the local TV channels.

Finally, with a break on the horizon and confirmation from the weather radar in Doug Lockhart's Esso Avitat, we decided to give it a try. Robin Orsulak climbed in with me again and I made sure he got



Glen Clarke hand-props the Cub in 'Toon Town with Kay at the controls. Photo by Adrian.

video of us taxiing past an Air Canada Airbus parked on the terminal ramp. It'll

be something to show our grandkids when they ask what it was like to fly airplanes instead of space scooters.

I held the Giant short of runway 33 while the rest of Bravo Flight joined up and confirmed they were ready to go. Then we switched to the tower frequency.

"Saskatoon tower, Dragonfly 1 is with you," I called.



Bravo flight departs 'Toon Town in the background as Alpha flight starts up on the ramp. Photo by Adrian Anderson.

"Dragonfly 1, go ahead," the controller replied.

"Sir, Dragonfly 1 is holding short of 33 with five to go. We'd like to do a formation takeoff."

"Roger, Dragonfly 1, the wind is 340 at 13 gusting 17. Your formation is cleared for takeoff runway 33.

"Roger, Dragonflies cleared for takeoff runway 33."

With that I goosed the throttle, wheeled around the corner and fire-walled it. The tail came up seconds later, then the mains, and just like magic we were flying. Grinning like an idiot, I leaned back a bit so Robin could get video of the tower and ramp

as we flew by.

We stayed low to mitigate the wind, which seemed to help some. It also helped that the breeze was at about 70 degrees to our flight path to North Battleford. But there was no question it was going to be a long day, especially once we were traveling due north on our next leg.

We cleared Saskatoon's control zone and I made sure to thank them for all of 'Toon Town's hospitality. They remarked that it was good to have us there.

It took more than an hour and a half to fly to North Battleford. At one point some of the ground crew vehicles passed us on the highway below. I didn't mind that because I always enjoy being able to see and talk with them as we're flying.

The remarkable thing about North Battleford is that

the MF there is manned by someone in Edmonton. It was rather surrealistic talking to Edmonton radio and getting information about the airport conditions from a source so far away.

We left there headed due north for Meadow Lake. I was sure this'd be the toughest leg of the whole Adventure. The wind was at 15 knots and the sky was starting to cloud over with cumulus clouds from the daytime heating. Thunderstorms looked to be a very definite possibility.

We had the option of landing at a place called Glaslyn, about 45 miles away, but we planned to do that only if the wind dictated it.

Well, the wind most certainly did. It was closer to 20 mph aloft, sometimes 25, and almost right on the nose. It took more than an hour to reach Glaslyn and the turbulence was some of the worst I've seen. (continued on page 5)

*Adventure - continued from page 4*

Landing there was an adventure in itself as we battled the wind careening through the trees around the strip. Then there was a badger hole the size of an open pit mine in the middle of the runway. I radioed for the rest of the Bravos to stay to the right side to avoid it.

Al Botting was there waiting for us, bless his heart. We refueled quickly and were airborne again in half an hour. I was really glad to climb through 100 feet and escape the turbulence near the surface. It wasn't much better aloft, but at least up there I could only hit the sky.



*On the ramp at North Battleford. Photo by Robin Orsulak.*

The wind wasn't changing any, but the scenery sure was. A glance ahead revealed the territory to come was even more remote and deserted than we'd seen before. And this time it was all bush.

For about 40 miles there was little more than the highway below as the only sign of civilization. It spread out as far as we could see. There was the odd survey or hunting trail off the main highway, but most of them seemed unused and petered



*Dragonflies parked at Meadow Lake. Photo by Robin Orsulak.*

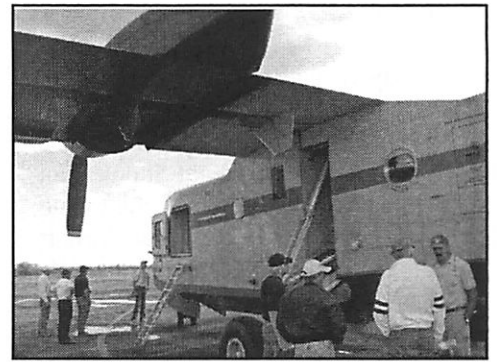
out within a mile or two. It was both thrilling and daunting to fly ultralights over such territory.

I asked the rest of 'B' Flight to go line-astern in case there was a problem. We could use the highway if needed because it was almost deserted, too. But God help the guy who's ever forced down in such a place if there is no road. It gave us a little taste of what bush pilots see each day.

We finally cleared the jungle and were suddenly over farm fields and pastures once again. We switched to Meadow Lake's frequency and as we called our position a King Air pilot radioed that he was inbound for a straight-in to runway 26. I told him of our position, intentions and ETA and advised he might have to hold for us.

The King Air pilot pleaded with us to let him land first because he had a couple of Alliance politicians and their wives on board and they were all in a terrible hurry. I felt sorry for the guys up front and realized the pressure they'd be under, so I agreed to extend our approach to the airport so they could land right away. They owe us a beer.

We got an extra treat on the ground at Meadow Lake, besides the wonderful Air Adventure Tour lunch the ladies had laid on for us. A pair of CL-215 fire bombers were sitting at the air attack base there. The pilots gladly showed us around the bombers and let us sit in the cockpits. They're a m a z i n g airplanes and p r o u d l y



*We get an opportunity to examine a CL215 water bomber up close and personal at Meadow lake. Photo by Robin Orsulak.*

Canadian. The fire crews really enjoyed seeing our stuff, too. It was a good trade.

We had 80 miles to go to get to Cold Lake, the day's final destination. It looked like the wind had eased a little, at least on the ground, which gave us some hope for the leg ahead.

Airborne with Robin in the left seat again, it was quickly apparent the wind had done no such thing as ease off at altitude. We settled in for a long flight. About halfway along we radioed the ground crew about road construction below and to expect delays in their progress.

We were delayed, too. The wind was generally about 15 or 20 mph, but was still showing as high as 25 or more pretty regularly. The only saving grace was that the turbulence had eased a lot because the day was getting late and the fields below were much greener than those to the south.

After nearly two hours we were finally getting close. We were about to call Cold Lake and get clearance through their control zone to the Regional Airport. I asked the Bravos to tighten up the formation a bit.

About 15 miles out we switched frequencies, but Hans failed to check in. We'd have to keep an eye on him. I called the tower, told them all about us and that we were headed for the Regional airport.

*(Continued on page 6)*

*Adventure - continued from page 5*

"Dragonfly 1, roger," the controller said, "you're cleared to the Regional via the East Route." The East Route is a published route in the Flight Supplement that goes northwest from the main highway and into the Regional Airport from the east end of the control zone. We made the turn and began following the designated path with Robin navigating for us from the CFS map.

Suddenly, it all felt wrong. Ahead was nothing but swamp, trees and water. There was a dirt track a few miles north, but no other clearings in the thick bush. As far as I was concerned, it looked positively hostile. Something inside was yelling at me to change course. The voice got louder and louder. I decided to listen.

"No," I finally said to Robin, "I don't like this one bit. I'm going to ask for a routing change." Robin echoed my concern and quickly suggested an alternate route on the map that looked good.

"Cold Lake tower, Dragonfly 1."

"Go ahead Dragonfly 1."

"Ma'am, I wonder if it'd be possible for us to follow the highway to Cherry Grove then angle toward the Regional from there. It'd give us some better terrain to fly over."

"Dragonfly 1, the change is approved. Cleared to the Regional via your discretion. Just remain 3 miles or more from the Cold Lake air base."

I thanked her and began a gentle left turn back toward the highway so Hans, still NORDO, could more easily follow.

"Dragonfly 1 copies. We'll stay well clear of the base."

A moment later we breathed a sigh of relief as the clear pavement below was

back within easy reach.

Seconds later Carl called. "Dragonfly 4 has smoke in the cockpit." He sounded cool as a cucumber. Our pre-planned emergency procedures kicked into gear.

"1 copies. Dragonfly 5, keep number 4 in sight."

"5 roger," was Andy's terse reply. I looked over my right shoulder at Carl as he began angling left for the highway behind Dan. I knew instinctively Andy would be closing on Carl to better keep him in sight.

"Dragonfly 4, are you declaring an emergency?," the controller asked.


"Negative. Standby." Still cool. I flashed back to a conversation Carl and I had years before when he stated he'd never declare an emergency in flight because the paperwork afterwards would be just too onerous. I chuckled to myself at the memory.

"Number 4 is going to land on the highway," Carl reported. He was like ice, though he had to be in a world of trouble. But no one had any idea then

just how much trouble.

Several seconds later Andy, circling overhead reported Carl safely on the ground and out of the plane. As luck would have it the ground crew was on him in seconds. They couldn't have been better placed if they tried. I declined the controller's offer of fire and ambulance service because we had our people there. The controller said she was sending out the RCMP. I asked for, and got,

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permission for us to circle back and collect Andy.

Robin updated me on Hans' position since he was still off the air. The Challenger was well clear in an echelon left. I started a gentle left turn so Hans wouldn't be too surprised. He still had no idea what was going on with Carl.

Suddenly, the radio started emitting the loudest, most awful squeal I've ever heard. No one could transmit, or receive anything but the squeal. It was similar to when two people transmit at the same time on a frequency, but very much louder and stronger.

Robin, still keeping an eye on the Challenger, pointed urgently and yelled above the radio noise that Hans had gone astray! He'd ducked down below us and was southbound several hundred feet lower. The terrain beneath him was exactly what we'd avoided a few moments ago and he was heading deeper into it. Hans' turn and descent had put the Giant in his blind spot above and behind his left wing. I knew that with the headwind we'd been fighting for the last two hours he was down to the very last of his fuel. And we still had to fight that wind for another 10 miles to the Regional. The radio continued its incessant howl.

That's when Dan earned his wings with us.

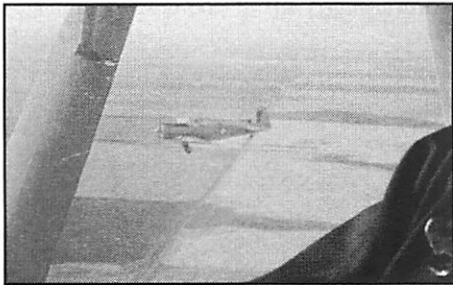
Mitchell, realizing full well the situation and the trouble Hans was headed for, fire-walled the Harvard and began steadily *(continued on page 7)*



*Andy Gustafsson checks out the cockpit of a CL-215. Photo by Robin.*

*Adventure - continued from page 6*

gaining on the Challenger's right wing. He slowly pulled abeam Hans' right side, then ahead of him. Making sure Hans could see him, he pulled out in front, then turned left across the Challenger's nose. Hans obediently followed and quickly spotted the Giant off his left wing. The squealing finally ceased on the radio. With communications available once



*Dan Mitchell's Harvard replica as seen from Stu's Bushmaster. Photo by Adrian.*

more, I called the tower and let the controller know the situation and our intention to get back on course with Andy in tow. We soon acquired a visual on the Merlin, joined up and turned inbound again for the Regional. The whole incident lasted less than 5 minutes.

We landed without further trouble and that's when we learned Carl had been badly burned in his cockpit. Later, Carl stated that when he first called smoke was the point he realized the plane was on fire. He remembers landing, reaching back into the flames to release his seat belt, then the canopy latch. He literally ejected himself from the cockpit, rolled off the wing and onto the ground where he rolled to extinguish the flames on his clothing. He recalls standing up and kicking off his right shoe which was filled with gasoline.

The Bishell's son-in-law, Mike Sweere used an extinguisher to put out the fire in the MiniMax. A passing motorist stopped and immediately took Carl to the Cold Lake hospital. An air ambulance flew him to Edmonton a few hours later. Carl endured 2nd and 3rd degree burns to his

legs, right arm and torso, and less severe burns to his face. Carl's prognosis for recovery is excellent and he's already talking about rebuilding the 'Max.

In the next episode we'll conclude the story of the Air Adventure Tour 2003. ➔

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## Carl Forman's Story of Survival

Several factors combined to help Carl survive this potential disaster. The first one was Carl himself. While he lived every pilot's worst nightmare he stayed calm and professional and did what he needed to do to survive. It really helped that he regularly practices forced landings. There was no panic, only a solid determination to win and live. Carl never gave up, never quit. His actions are nothing short of heroic.

Also, prior to the incident, we made the decision to stay over territory where we could best handle an emergency. Cold Lake's tower controller was also very helpful, both when we needed to change our route and through the entire emergency. She gave us free reign to



*Cold Lake Regional welcomes the Dragonflies. Photo by Adrian Anderson.*

manoeuvre as we needed. At Carl's first call we immediately invoked our pre-planned emergency procedures. Then the teamwork really kicked in: Andy stayed over Carl and kept us updated; Robin watched our NORDO plane and our position; I did the radio work and Mitchell looked after Hans when he became

disoriented.

Luck, be it good or bad, plays a role in any crisis. The ground crew, simply because they were delayed by road construction, was on-scene seconds after Carl touched down. They immediately leapt into action, looked after Carl and saved his airplane from total destruction. The squeal we heard on the radio had to be Carl's radio shorting out as it melted.

The bracket that secured the muffler to the side of the fuselage had deteriorated. The MiniMax design has the muffler extending back along the right side of the



*Carl refuels his MiniMax at Saskatoon. Photo by Adrian Anderson.*

fuselage aft of the engine compartment. The muffler is isolated by a wooden saddle block that is supposed to be lined with asbestos or metal. The block can char and deteriorate with the heat of the exhaust, often over a thousand degrees Fahrenheit. There have been numerous modifications and variations of this saddle.

Carl was disappointed he missed the problem during his annual maintenance and his pre-flight inspections. It eventually deteriorated to the point that the muffler was resting against the side of the fuselage, which is constructed of fabric-covered, 1/4 inch mahogany. It eventually burned through and ignited the wood. There was a fuel line on the inside of the plane at that location.

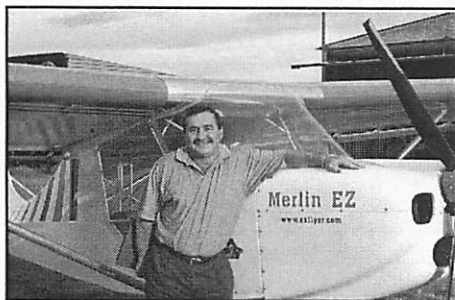
Despite Carl's trauma, I'm proud of him and the way he handled the emergency. And I'm proud of the rest of the guys. Their performance and team work is an excellent example of airmanship and professionalism. ➔

## New Pilots in Calgary Skies

by Wayne Winters

### Bill Nichols

A few weeks ago Bill decided to go ahead and do something that he has wanted for a long time. His brother Ron has been working on a license at Springbank thus putting pressure on Bill. (Ron has been out to some CUFC meetings).



Bill Nichols

For the last few weeks we have been flying almost every day in the Merlin with the end result of a solo on September 22. Since, Bill has been an every dayer, until recently when he left for New Orleans. His is an interesting life style. Bill is a independent rock doctor (geologist) and when not in the oil field he is either at his place on Sylvan Lake or at his other place in New Orleans. He lives at Sylvan most of the time and his wife lives in New Orleans most of the time. Both spend more time in summers here and more time in winters there. What a way to go.

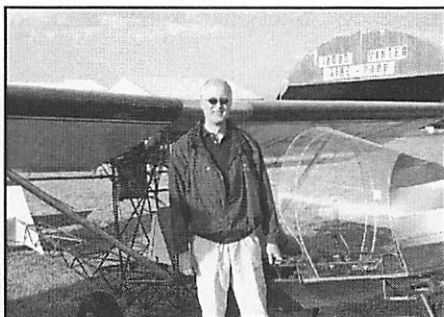
Every day flying was extremely interesting as I learned about life in the deep South. At one time he almost became a alligator rancher and the stories of how it is done are right out of a deep south "wearing my bib overalls and romping with my dawg" movie.

Bill should be back in time for our next meeting.

### Dr. Trey Petty

Trey caught a case of the flying bug many months ago, and even went to California to check out the builder assistance program with the Vari-eze people. While there he chatted up several builders that were involved and found that they were not thrilled with the fact that their building assistance which was supposed to turn out an airplane in a few weeks was turning into a few months, and was looking more like a few years.

Trey is a specialist at the Foothills Hospital and here is the scenario that could cause any of us to want to get to know him better. It is a windy day and the tin on the roof of one's hanger is flapping in the breeze, in need of a couple more sheet metal screws. Once installed and on the way back to the ladder end of the roof the drill gets dropped, bounces down and through the hood of a parked car. A few steps later your foot goes for a slip and next thing you're skateboarding down between the grooves in an upright position. Near the edge of the roof a toe hooks on a screw head and "upright" goes to "head first." Flapping of the arms, like



Trey Petty

a turkey, has no effect and you find that short grass does not break much of a fall. Upon arriving in Emergency with molars in one hand and a jaw that points West when you walk North, Trey will be the Dentist that puts everything back into place.

He trained and soloed July 30 in the EZ Flyer, bought Allan Botting's Challenger and because I am too tall and wide to get in and out of the Challenger he has been

up in Camrose getting "Challenger Checked."

His airplane now roosts at Chestermere-Kirkby Field.

### Tim Pushor

Tim has wanted to fly much of his life and in fact made a gallant attempt a couple of years ago when he purchased a new Trike from a dealer in Northern Alberta. The



Tim Pushor

dealer, who turned out not to be an instructor, took him up and they crashed. On the fortunate side he was not injured, but his new Trike had taken quite a hit. He said that luckily he got most of his money back, and decided that fixed wing and 3 axis control flying might be a better way to go.

He started with us last fall but his family and computer programming business took thier toll on his time postponing his flight training to this Spring. Tim did all his training in the Merlin and soloed June 8th. Since he has been out at least once and sometimes twice a week. He enjoys the 0600 dawn patrol (now the 0700) and after his flight gets a kick out of flashing people on the highway, as he changes from his flying duds to his "goen downtown" work attire.

Regarding the Trike dealer - Tim is pretty sure he is the one that we read about in COPA in the TC enforcement section. →