



Skywriter



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

November 2004

Oshkosh 2004 Part 2

by Dave Procyshen

Well I left you in the September issue waiting for the helicopter gang to arrive at Oshkosh. We started off the Sunday morning in St. Cloud MN. with another crowd around the choppers asking many questions about both units. We continued driving on the Interstate after our IHOP experience (Sunday is not a good day for a quick breakfast there) to start the last leg of our journey. We were only an hour into the drive when low and behold a van with Saskatchewan plates pulled up beside us honking and giving us the thumbs up sign. This family followed us all the way through Minneapolis (which has more construction than all of Calgary) right through until Eau Claire, which is where the interstate ended for us.

All the time we were driving we saw people pointing and looking, but the best was when a bright red Corvette passed and the driver did a double take at the bright red enclosed Mosquito of John's and I could almost read his lips..."WOW". That made me laugh because I could see he liked his toys. Now after 6 hours driving we were only 5 miles away from the big show when we had to stop at Farm Fleet. This is a Peavey Mart kind of place. There in the parking lot was another helicopter from Canada, the "Safari". It truly was old home week there in the parking lot. John and Ted camped out with all the helicopter guys the year before and they

were looking forward to see what John had to show this year. We went in and bought what was needed and then drove the last 5 miles to Air Adventure 2004 "Oshkosh".

It was just like the last time we drove in, airplanes coming in from all corners of the airfield. We were finally back at Oshkosh and boy were we tired of driving. It's 2400 kms from Calgary to Oshkosh one-way. We proceeded to our campsite, dropped off a few items and went to the display area to set up the helicopters. We had two 10x20 portable garage kits that we put together to cover them.

We spent the next week talking with customers and watching Ted and John fly the helicopters almost everyday. We did have two days of rain that gave us a chance to catch our breath. The attendance was down about 10% but it was still a great show. I also had the chance to listen to Harrison Ford speak about the Young Eagles program. This was his first time at Oshkosh and boy was he impressed. I did also attend the "Theatre in the Woods" and listened to Burt Rutan and Mike Melville talk about the Space Ship One's flight up to the 100-km mark. I got a chance the next day to meet Mike, get a photo with him and his autograph. He truly has made his mark in history with his friend Burt. This made the whole trip worthwhile for me. I could go on and on about all the new things at Oshkosh but it would fill this newsletter. I would like to say that if you ever get the chance to fly or drive down JUST DO IT! Air Adventure starts July 26th - Aug 1 2005. ➔

On-line Auction

Liz Tebbutt has donated Gord's flight helmet to the club to be auctioned off to our members. Proceeds go to the club.



Gentex SHP-4 with pull-down visor and built-in headset. Approx. new value \$800.

The auction will be run on-line at the club's web site from November 1 to November 30 at 2100 hrs.

Go to www.cufc.ca and look at the Events and Activities section. You can view the latest bid and submit your own bids by email to info@cufc.ca. If you do not have web access call Guy Christie to submit your bid (253-6498). There is a reserve bid of \$200.

Remember, the last bid in by 2100 hrs, November 30 gets it. ➔

For Sale

Spectrum Beaver - 1987 RX550 BULA, 2 seats, Rotax 503 DCSI, 35hrs since overhaul, \$9000. Dave Procyshen 403-257-8064 (10/04)

Challenger II - 1995, Rotax 503, electric start, 170TT, 2 helmets with built-in intercom, 6" wheels, hydraulic brakes, new skis, always hangared, extra parts, \$24,000 firm. Alan 403-742-5382 (10/04)

Miscellaneous - Two Ultracom helmets with intercom, red, \$500. Two A22 navcoms with accessories, \$200 each OBO. Two XL flight suits, \$50 each. One 2-metre wind sock, \$40. Brian Vasseur 512-9045 (09/04)

MiniMax - 90TT, enclosed engine, Rotax 503, always hangared, \$9,700. Graham, 403-601-6853 (08/04)

Hercules 084 Engine - 4-stroke, horizontally opposed, made by Teledyne, overhauled, price negotiable. Al, 403-271-0369 (07/04)

Murphy Renegade Spirit - S/N50, less than 100 hours on airframe, built under amateur built category and later changed to basic ultralight and modified to single seat. 18 imp gals fuel, full instruments, ELT, Icom A5. New Rotax 582 DCDI MOD 99, less than 10 hours, electric start, 2.58:1 "B" gearbox, 2-blade 74-34 Tennessee prop, \$26,500. Bernie Kespe 403-255-7419, office 403-259-5498 Ext 233, email bernie.raymac@shaw.ca (0504)

Cavalier - 2 place side by side, zero time O-290-D2, low wing, tip tanks, 80% complete, selling due to health, \$18,000. John Ehrmantraut 256-7530 (04/04)

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, \$19,500.00 OBO, Troy, (403) 936-8424 or email for pictures brancht@tsesteel.com (10/04)

Notice: Classified ads are free to CUFC members. Contact Bob Kirkby to place or renew your ad (see masthead). Ads will be dropped after 6 months unless renewed.

Ads reprinted from the St. Albert Flying Club Newsletter

Challenger II - loaded. Radio, intercom, cabin heat, brakes, tundra tires, electric start, skis, 446 hrs TT, 144 since motor overhaul, \$16,000. Dan Pandur 780-418-4159.

Chinook fuselage - assembled by Mal Jones, plus second fuselage kit for parts. Contact Ed Dumas 780-484-9977.

Volkswagen engine - 1800cc, rebuilt with Great Planes components. No accessories, \$2200. Dan Pandur 780-418-4159.

Rotax 503 - DCDI, zero time, with exhaust. Gearbox available, \$3200. L.E.S. 780-418-4164.

Skypup - reasonable offers. Dave 780-459-8535.

Skybolt - homebuilt biplane. Dave 780-459-8535.

Team MiniMax - blue & white, Rotax 447 with electric starter, drycell battery, three 5 US gal tanks, speed fairings on struts, wired for radio (power, PTT and antenna), skis, 185 TT, hangared at St. Albert, \$10,000 OBO. Ben Strafford 780-458-1606 or larandbe@telus.net

Modified Himax partially complete - fuselage 65% complete, empennage complete ready to cover, spars/ribs built, sufficient material to complete wings. Volkswagen engine with Colin Walker prop. Complete set of instruments. Excellent bargain for knowledgeable builder, \$3000. Viv Branson 780-460-8753 or email vbranson@interbaun.com.

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

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 - COPA Flight 114 and is published 12 times per year. Forward your articles and letters to:

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e-mail: bob@skywalker.ca

Calgary Ultralight Flying Club COPA Flight 114

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Visit the CUFC web site: www.cufc.ca

Election Time Again

Annual Executive elections will be held at the December meeting. This year the positions of Vice-President and Secretary are up for election.

The incumbents have both indicated they will not run again. Please give some thought to putting your name forward to help your club out.

The Kingdom on the Horizon - Part 2

by Stu Simpson

Last month the Dragonflies had landed at the Highwood-Adderson airstrip. Allan Botting and Glen Clarke were returning home due to a rough running engine in Allan's Vagabond while Stu Simpson and Andy Gustafsson were about to continue on their mountain trek.

Soon after takeoff, the mountains ahead loomed high and sharp in the near distance. It was difficult, as we drew closer, to think of the surrounding peaks as anything other than alive. Like ancient monarchs of the earth, they projected absolute authority and practically dared us to make a mistake. They'd be merciless if we did.

The mountains are the undisputed kings of the world here. They know it, and with complete arrogance, they don't care who else knows. Hell, they can even control the weather. Like all kings, they jealously guard their power, being wholly unwilling to share even a bit of it. One can visit their kingdom, and even stay a while. But in the end, the mountains will always endure, always rule. Understand that, they seemed to say, and we'll get along fine. My heart beat a little faster as we reached the first northward turn into the Highwood Valley.

We banked our planes to follow the highway below and I'm not ashamed to say I stared open-mouthed at the spectacle before us. Here, the Highwood is broad and inviting, stunning and daunting. The lush green slopes give way to sparse grass further up the mountain sides, and then become bare rock for the last couple thousand feet to the summits.

And the height of the peaks! Gustafsson and I were in a continuous, shallow climb from the point we left Adderson's. But no



Andy Gustafsson in his Merlin begins a long slow climb through the Highwood Pass. Photo by Stu Simpson

matter how high our brave chariots took us, there was never any shortage of jagged spires ascending even higher. At one point, we were at 9200 feet and still craning our necks to look up and see the mountain tops. Ultralight pilots rarely see such dizzying numbers on the altimeter. We're unused to looking up at the earth as we fly. It was a startling refresher in humility.



"...at 9200 feet and still craning our necks to look up at the mountains tops." Photo by Stu Simpson.

As we continued north, the valley walls featured cuts and gaps between the peaks. These openings led to who knows where. Each portal was a tantalizing temptress, promising adventure and wanton pleasure for the senses, if we'd only give in to our lust and explore them. And we were tempted! We'd have dearly loved to be seduced by those secret chambers in the sky. But we also knew that succumbing to

the wiles of such harlots could easily lead to our deaths. Instead, we stayed our course and clung to the fragile illusion of safety with the road below. In our fidelity, though, we selfishly felt cheated.

The valley once again turned west for a few miles, and then back north. The terrain here, approaching the Highwood Pass, was much narrower than the area we'd just left. The slopes were steeper, too. Thus, a good deal of vegetation had been

torn away by avalanches and rock slides. One broad cut in the eastern wall opened to another valley that sheltered a small, and incredibly beautiful lake. The water covered only a few acres of the valley floor and was reached via a small trail from the highway. Many hikers would visit this little Shangri-la, and some would even scale the surrounding mountains for a look at it. But only a very few men would ever see it as Gustafsson and I did then.

The Highwood Pass was nowhere near as high as I thought it'd be. In fact, at only 7200 feet, it was about a thousand feet lower than anticipated. But it was tight and thus made a wonderful backdrop for the photos and videos we shot.

There was one, last summit on the left as we exited the Highwood. Craggy and endlessly fissured, it possessed remarkable character and seemed to watch us very carefully as we flew past. Perhaps it worried that we'd made off with some of the palace treasure.

Kananaskis Country was next. One glance in the space of a heartbeat, and we were left breathless. To the west, the Kananaskis Lakes held us spellbound, while the glacier-topped mountains beyond forbade any but the most foolish aerial venture in that direction. The forests of the (continued on page 4)

Kingdom - continued from page 3

lower elevations covered the valley floor like a thick carpet, which, from our height, looked positively luxurious.



"To the west, the Kananaskis Lakes held us spellbound." Photo by Andy Gustafsson.

In turn, K-Country's various recreation areas passed beneath us. There were campgrounds, ski hills and vacation resorts. All the while, K-Country's summits passed beside and above us. One unusually shaped mountain looked like it had oozed, barely molten, from God's granite-pouring ladle and simply been left to harden like a nine thousand foot tall slag heap. Others nearby seemed to have their tops snapped off like pieces of hard candy. They were then abandoned, rough and broken and ugly. And in that ugliness lay their beauty, unblemished by the incessant human pursuit of symmetry, efficiency and

straightness.

By unwelcome contrast, the TransCanada Highway, with its carefully surveyed boundaries and arrow straight lanes, soon

came into sight. It conveyed thousands of hurrying people who cared nothing for little airplanes or broken mountain tops.

Gustafsson and I weren't yet ready to leave the Rocks and join that mob. So, we followed the cut-off road through the

Stoney Creek region, just to stay in the wilderness a little longer. All too soon, the mountains gave way to the foothills. And they quickly descended to become the prairies, from where we'd always wondered about the far off kingdom. We radioed to one another our sadness at having to leave. We wanted more excitement and unease, not comfort and familiarity. We wanted more mountains. Our spirits paralleled the diminishing numbers on our altimeters.

Yet, for all our sadness, we had no regrets. For we'd been to see the kings and the grand palace they all shared. True, we'd only strolled through a single, beautifully appointed corridor. But we'd glimpsed a few of the dazzling and magnificent chambers adjoining it. And even if we had to leave then, I know a couple of airborne voyagers who'll someday be back. →

Aviation Tutorials Provides Free Online Course On METAR'S And TAF'S

The Price Is Right

Aviation Tutorials Company has created a free online course on METAR's and TAF's. Nearly 2 hours of online, interactive training is provided, and is available to anyone who visits Aviation Tutorial's website.

This tutorial on METAR's and TAF's is unlike any other such training. It not only teaches the most basic aspects of METAR's and TAF's, but also provides training on components that most pilots are unaware of. Still, learning is made easy and fun, through full voice narration and easy-to-use controls.

Where this tutorial truly shines is the way it promotes learning through human interaction-not just rote memorization. A remarkable feature is the interactive weather controls, which enable the user to "control the weather." For example, the user can specify wind speed, gust factor, direction, and other variables, and can then view how the weather statement displays this information. Since weather codes are confusing to interpret, the user can click the "Speak-It" button to hear a verbal translation. This allows the user to correlate codes with a true, visual picture and understanding of the weather.

This online course on METAR's and TAF's is made available for FREE, with no obligation, and is perfect for all pilots, from students to rated pilots who wish to remain sharp and proficient. It's also ideal for airport personnel, dispatchers, and anyone else who needs to view aviation weather information.

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Learning From Others' Experiences

A great Part of CUFC meetings is the "confession session". The first meeting I ever attended a group of Calgary Ultralighters reviewed their flight under low ceilings from Red Deer to Calgary. Hearing the pilots experiences first hand left an indelible lesson in my mind. From that day on I have always had an "if all else fails" route home for my cross-country trips. These alternate IFR/P (I follow roads, rivers, railroads, and powerlines) routes are there just in case I get into turbulence too rough for map reading, or I encounter limited visibility. Before this day, I'd never had to resort to one of my backup plans.

Earlier this summer Barry Halliwell and I planned on taking in the Sunday, September 12th Rocky Mountain House Airshow.

During the preceding week, weather reports didn't look promising. Late Saturday night, I took a look at Nav Canada's aviation weather page. It indicated the weather to Rocky would be VFR with an en route tail wind, but with the likelihood of strong headwinds on the way home. We decided to check the weather early in the morning, then again just before take-off.

A seven o'clock weather briefing the next morning indicated clouds south of Calgary but clear skies to the north. The sky north of Ben's (1 mile north of Chestemere- Kirkby) was dark, with what looked to be a 500 foot ceiling.

Another check with flight service just before take-off assured us of a clear sky just to the north, so off we went.

En route, we were showing an air speed of

75 mph and a ground speed of over 90. The aircraft compass heading was due north and our track was about 300 magnetic. I used my rusty but trusty whiz wheel to back calculate the wind direction and came up with a due west wind at speeds somewhere between 30 and 40 mph.

Nonetheless, the flight went well and smoothly.

There was a lot of traffic at Rocky. I liked the way everyone was announcing their arrivals and positions. A Stearman pilot in the circuit called himself a "grey bi-plane", and a Piper cub, of course, was the "yellow Piper Cub". But the yellow PA-12 behind him also announced himself as a "yellow Piper". The biplane behind our Rans called us "the red and yellow ultralight". So Barry and I became the red and yellow ultralight. Who would have known what a Rans S-12 was anyhow? Either way, such descriptions sure made aircraft identification easy.

The 104 mile trip to Rocky Mountain House took 1 hour and 15 minutes from engine



Ed D'Antoni's recently completed Rans S-12. (Hmmm... according to that sign on the tail it's an I-12.) Photo by Ed.

start to shut down. Our 10:15 a.m. arrival to the cold, windy and overcast airshow site left us too late for breakfast and too early for lunch. The best we could find was stale coffee.



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The show organizers made it clear that no aircraft would be allowed to land or depart between noon and 5 PM. With the lousy weather and the number of aircraft on the ground it looked like it might take an hour to depart Rocky after the airshow ended. Sunset was 8PM and the headwind made getting back to Calgary before sunset look questionable, so we opted to leave before the airshow started. Flight Services assured us of clear skies to Calgary, but there was the possibility of isolated showers with ceilings sometimes as low as 800 feet. My alternate plans, in case of limited visibility were easy. Should the need arise, head due south until I reached any of a number of paved east west highways. Follow the highway east, cross Highway 2 (the main Edmonton-Calgary freeway) until I reach a large powerline and follow it home. I chose the powerline as it would keep me away from Olds/Didsbury, Bishell and Airdrie airports, and out of the Calgary control zone.

About 15 minutes out of Rocky, we entered our first rain shower. Fifteen minutes later we were still in the shower, if you can call pouring rain and three mile visibility a shower. Because of the limited visibility, I decided to switch to my emergency plan. Reaching Highway 572 I headed east to Bowden, I would cross Highway 2, intercept the power line then go directly to Chestemere.

Heading through the slanting rain towards Bowden, I found I had to keep adding more and more throttle. Might it be *(continued on page 6)*

Learning - continued from page 5

carburetor icing? Nah, it couldn't be. Rotax's don't require carb heat. Well, maybe 912's do, sometimes. Suddenly, the engine shuddered, and then returned to running just fine. I knew it was the ice breaking from the carb venturi and going through the engine.

Visibility was still 3 miles and I was within 2 miles of the Edmonton-Calgary highway. The lowering ceilings reminded me of my thoughts 12 years ago when the group of CUFC fliers became lost in low cloud while on the way from Red Deer to Calgary. They eventually ended up landing in Beiseker. I often think of how lucky those guys were to all have made it back alive.

When the next burble of ice went through the engine I looked over at Barry, who had turned stone white. I told him I was going to look for a suitable place for a precautionary landing. I wasn't worried about an engine failure; I just wasn't going to end up flying low in cloud and rain. I wasn't sure I'd be as fortunate as the CUFC group was 12 years ago.

We spotted a recently cut hayfield just south of the highway. The first inspection run indicated a downhill landing with high trees at the approach end. Considering the downhill landing and high trees, runway length was important. It took just under 30 seconds to fly the length of the field so we knew it was at least half a mile long.

We soon landed without incident, taxied along the roadway and stopped adjacent to a farmhouse that was on the opposite side of the road. We sat in the aircraft for at least 30 minutes waiting for the rain to let up so we could cross the road without getting too soaked.

When the rain did let up, we wandered over to the farmhouse to discover no one was home. We sat on a bench on the front porch hoping someone would show up. My flight plan time was about to expire so I tried a cell phone call to flight service. We were only two miles from Bowden, but there was no cell phone service in the downpour.



Dave Conquergood (centre) and friends relaxing in a field with his beautiful Pietenol elicit images of the golden age of aviation. Photographer unknown.

The homeowners, Cathy and Dwayne Molineau finally arrived. They made us hot coffee as I used their phone to close my flight plan. The briefer told me once again of all the good weather near Calgary, so I filed a PIREP about the actual conditions where we were. I then called my wife, Bonnie, and asked her to come to the rescue.

After a hot meal, the sun appeared again, so Cathy and I took a short flight to check the weather conditions between Bowden and Calgary. As we took off we saw Bonnie turning into the Molineau's yard. From the



The S-12 heading home on a better day.

air, heavy rain was visible to the south. We landed the Rans and maneuvered it by hand into the Molineau's yard. There, we tied it down in the shelter of some large trees and headed for home via ground transport. We let the Molineau's know the aircraft would be there for at least 2 weeks as I was heading for Quebec City in a few days.

The trip wasn't a complete bust; I learned that having a plan and sticking to it works. We made new friends, possibly future pilots and learned a little about the Molineau's family history. One interesting tidbit was that Dwayne's grandfather emigrated to Canada just after the turn of the Century and worked at the Star Mine in Rosedale, Alberta until he saved enough money to start farming near Bowden. At about the same time my grandfather was farming in what's now Edmonton. He decided to get out of agriculture and moved to Rosedale. He worked in the same mine. Both Dwayne's and my grandfathers would have worked together at the Star Mine. →

The Year So Far

by Andy Gustafsson

The summer season with its early morning and late evening flights is just a memory. The post flight cleaning of bug juice on the propeller, and wing leading edges is behind us once again. Stu Simpson's Internet calls in midweek to entice pilots to take to the air on the following weekend works fine. We had many group flights to many points on the compass.

The big disappointment of the summer was, of course, our greatly anticipated Air Adventure Tour that never got off the ground. It sure wasn't because of lack of trying. We hung out at Kirkby's airfield for days on end with suitcases packed waiting to go flying, just to be rained out. A very disappointed group of aviators and ground crew left for home after 3 days. Thanks to all the members who worked for months to get the tour organized and off the ground.

The summer had its highlights though. I flew in and saw one of British Antarctic Survey's Twin Otters drop in at Kirkby field to show us that even a big aircraft could land and stop way before the intersection. It come in and turned around in front of Bob's hangar. There were the Young Eagle flights at Kirkby's with many happy and exited kids. We attended fly-in breakfasts at several of our member's airfields. Our "pie-flights" to Linden for lunch. And let's not forget breakfast in Vulcan where we met with the Lethbridge ultralighters.

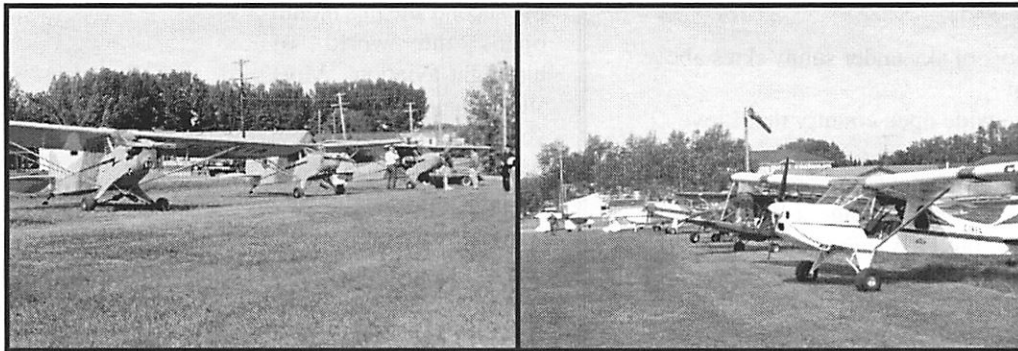
The flight that most sticks in my mind was the "Missing man" formation flight. I had the honour to fly as group leader in memory of Gordon Tebbutt's life as a fellow pilot. Stu Simpson, Allan Botting,

Glen Clark and I flew the formation.

The biggest number of airplanes we had in one flight was on April 10th. CUFC had 10 aircraft lined up on the airfield at Linden that day, and we all enjoyed the lunch at Country Cousins restaurant. We stirred the interest of many "wannabe's" from the town and traffic was slowing down on the highway to take in the sight of the "barnstormers."

On July 31st Stu Simpson and I flew to Claresholm and then west over the Porcupine Hills. The hills are more like "mountains" as some of them reach close to 7000 feet. I logged 4.1 hrs that day. Then on September 6th, Stu and I flew the Kananaskis Valley. (See article elsewhere in this issue.) The scenery was breathtaking and the flight a true adventure.

The name "Ultralight" class of today's aircraft is very misleading. Gone are the wire braced flying lawn chairs of yesteryear. Older models of UL aircraft in the club are being upgraded with today's technology and are safe and airworthy.



The normally empty ramp at Linden during a pie-flight. Photo by Andy Gustafsson.

Despite the cancellation of this year's Air Adventure Tour, I had a great many hours in the cockpit by just bumming around. Some days I landed at as many as 6 different airfields

I ended the "warm weather" flying with a



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visit to Linden-Armstrong field for their annual fly-in, which is just north of Linden. We had 6 "dragonfly" aircraft in 2 groups flying north when we heard a C-172 pilot announce that he was turning final for 34 at the Armstrong strip. We decided to see what was "cooking" and sure enough, we had stumbled upon a fly-in breakfast. I think we made a good impression for the club with our professionalism and the ease with which we executed the circuit procedures.

Now I'm getting ready for the winter season and with it comes a different kind of flying. I am doing some modification to my skis by first making them longer and a little narrower. The strap-down system to the wheels will also be modified. Then if the white fluffy snow falls, I will be ready

for some great winter flying with smooth air and white sparkling vistas. We have a great environment at our disposal here in southern Alberta. Some of the best flying in the world it seems. Endless prairies and challenging

foothills and with caution and planning, we have the grandeur of the "Blue Canadian Rockies" to visit. We are a lucky bunch.

See you on the flight line. ➔

Cyberpilot

by Bob Kooyman

The weather has turned cold and snowy and real flying has become a challenge. While you are stuck on the ground, why not take a flight with the cyberpilot. I've got two sites of interest for this month.

The first one was featured on the Discovery Channel. All modern aircraft feature wings with an airfoil shape and are propelled with conventional propellers or jet engines, right? Okay, leave aside the ornithopter from last month.

FANWING



An inventor, Pat Peebles, has come up with a totally new concept, the FanWing. In place of a leading edge, a large fan is installed span-wise with a teardrop shaped afterbody. The rotating fan generates both thrust and lift as the air from the fan flows over the afterbody. Although a full size aircraft hasn't been built, the models show amazing performance. Look through the site at www.fanwing.com and if you have broadband, take a look through the video clips.

is different. The Danish Ultralight Flying Association maintains a wonderful web site with over 1100 links to ultralight flying sites all over the world. It lists approximately 500 aviation manufacturers including a slew of Eastern European manufacturers that are producing the new fiberglass sports planes like the one reviewed in COPA Flight last month.

Plan on spending several hours jumping out on the fascinating links from

www.dulfu.dk/linkdir/results.asp?view-Gruppe&Gruppe=2 →

My second site this month opens the world of ultralight aviation. Most sites I have been to link you into the usual few American aircraft manufacturers. This site

Our resident Swedish lyricist offers his rendition of the classic cowboy song, "Don't Fence Me In".



Don't Tie Me Down

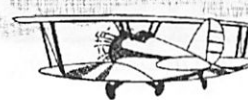
by Andy Gustafsson.

Oh, give me sky lots of sky under sunny skies above
Don't tie me down
Let me fly ov'r the wide open country that I love
Don't tie me down
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze
And listen to my Rotax as she sings so sweet
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don't tie me down.

Just turn me loose, let me soar on my wings
Underneath the western skies
On my wings, let me wander over yonder
'Til I see the mountains rise.

I want to fly to the ridge where the west commences
And gaze at the mountains till I loose my senses
Cause I have a lot of fuel and I don't take chances
Don't tie me down.

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