



Skywriter



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

December 2004

From The Cockpit

by Dave Procushen

Well it is election time and I'm not talking about King Ralph and company. The position of Vice-President and Secretary are open now. I would first like to thank Mac Harrison for all his efforts as Secretary and all the time spent with getting the Skywriter out to the members after Bob Kirkby sends it to the printer. Mac, I have enjoyed working with you, Thanks. Now Stu has also put in many hours of work for the club and the executive. Without him I know that the Air Adventures would have never been as successful as the past ones have been, (last year was the first defeat and not Stu's doing). Thank you Stu for all your help.

I now look forward to seeing the next group of volunteers bring new ideas and fill the boots of the past executive. This group has always had a great wealth of pilots that have brought a lot of knowledge and talent to the club. I know people that want our club to continue to be the best little flying group around will help fill these positions.

I would have to say that the Sat. Nov 20th "Meet and Greet" with Adam Hunt and Ruth Merkis-Hunt was another well attended function. We had many members fly in (myself included) and enjoy a coffee and donut out at Bob Kirkby's strip again. The warm sun shining and very little wind did help in nudging the Beaver out of the



Dave Procushen's Beaver RX550. It's for sale - see page 2. Photo by Garrett Komm.

hanger. I am also very pleased to announce that Dan Mitchell has the EZ Harvard out flying now on it's new set of oleo's. Dan waited 'til we had everyone together at Bob's before he flew by to show off the new landing gear. Nice Job! Dan and Ted. Thanks to everyone that came out and made Adam and Ruth feel welcomed.

I would like to remind everyone that the membership dues are now \$25.00 for the year. We have had a slight increase in our meeting room rental and just like clockwork postage goes up in 2005 again.

We will do another raffle to help encourage the renewals to get in sooner. We will be offering an ICOM A5 radio as 1st prize and a Makita 9.6-volt cordless drill with a 3/8" keyless chuck and 2 batteries as the 2nd prize. The radio is \$375.00 and the drill is \$109.00. Tickets will be available at the next 3 meetings (Dec, Jan and Feb) and

the draw will be done at the February meeting. Tickets are \$10.00 each. Remember you must have paid your 2005 dues before you can enter the draw. Please see Ken Taylor for renewal of membership as well as raffle tickets.

A reminder, the COPA convention is upcoming in June 2005 at Westakiwin Alberta so we need to start a committee to work on making CUFC / COPA Flt 114 a part of this event, please let me know if you would like to help volunteer. I think this would be a great opportunity to showcase our club with a large ultralight contingent. Fly Safe. ✈

December 9th Meeting Speaker

Keith Thompson, a weather instructor, will discuss aviation weather in Southern Alberta

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Miscellaneous parts - McCauley Met-L-Prop 66 X 54, Front cowl quarters for Kitfox IV, 2 Fuel Shutoff valves AFS P/N FFVO1, Weatherhead fuel selector valve P/N 6749, 2 Fuel filters P/N 806, Main gear, axles and bungees for Kitfox IV, Airpath Lighted Panel Mount Compass P/N C2300-L4, 3 1/8 Vacuum Turn and bank P/N AN58201-1, 2 inch Venturi P/N 15045, Maule Tailwheel P/N 06-16710, PTT Switch, P/N 11-12100 Aluminum Brake fluid reservoir. Tim Vader, 620-3848, vadert@telusplanet.net (12/04)

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, \$400. One A22 navcom no accessories, \$200 each OBO. XL insulated flight suit, \$100, Bilson 727 headset \$70. 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 Lukasuk 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.

An Old Eagle Flies Again

by Stu Simpson

Two figures walked toward the biplane that sat gleaming in the sun. One was of medium height; a quiet, competent man in everything he did. The other was tall, moustachioed and tanned from a lifetime spent in sunny climes. The tall one spoke with an easy Texas drawl of his admiration for the other man's beautiful aircraft. Trailing them was the Texan's wife, more than a little concerned with the realization that her husband was about to take wing in the biplane. It didn't look much like what he used to fly.

The two men were soon strapped into the tandem cockpit, and just before the owner started the engine, the Texan's wife approached him.

"I want you to know", she said nervously, pointing toward the Texan in the front pit, "that this man is my whole world. My everything." Her words were heavily laced with both love for her husband, and menace for the owner should any ills befall her love during the biplane flight. It was a warning the man in the back took seriously.

After start-up the biplane taxied smartly to the button of runway 11, turned into the gentle summer wind and took off. For the man in the back, it'd been only about 31 minutes since he last had the controls of an airplane in his hands. But for the Texan, it had been 31 years.

A Flying Career

Major Virgil Ross Hughes, USMC (Ret.) was born in Texas and as a boy once saw a barnstormer in a biplane doing rolls and loops over his home. He knew then and there that he'd someday fly airplanes, too. So it was no surprise when he stood with his classmates in 1954 while a senior officer pinned a set of U.S. Naval Aviator's wings to him.

"I wanted jets", said Virg, "and the Navy

was going to put me in Avengers, World War II torpedo bombers. The Marines guaranteed me in writing that they'd give me jets. That's why I joined them."

From then on, Virg had the chance to pilot some of the most fabled aircraft of the 20th century, in both war and peace. The list of types he flew is staggering. There was the North American SNJ (naval version of the Harvard/Texan), the T-28 Trojan, T-34 Mentor, the F9F-5 Panther, and it's swept-wing stablemate, the Cougar; the Douglas Skyraider, O-1 Bird Dog, O-2 Skymaster, A-4 Skyhawk, Douglas R4D (naval version of the DC-3), R5D (DC-4), C-130 Hercules, Grumman Tracker, the Lockheed T-33, and the Beech King Air. And those are just the fixed-wings he flew. Virg also flew helicopters, including the Sikorsky S-55, H-34, and the Kaman Husky.

Virg was in on the infancy of carrier jet aviation. He spent some years flying Panthers and Cougars off small WWII-sized, straight-decked carriers equipped with hydraulic catapults. These mechanisms developed their greatest power at the start of their stroke, rather than at the end when it was needed most.

In the late 50's there was a crisis in Laos where the Americans and Soviets nearly came to blows. Virg was on a carrier off the coast of Vietnam, just east of Laos. He was assigned to fly O-1 Bird Dogs, with U.N. observers in the back seat, across Vietnam and into Laos. The plane was hurriedly painted white with prominent U.N. markings so it could be seen as neutral and not as a direct American military asset in the region.

Laos was, and is, a desolate and lightly populated nation that consists largely of dense jungle with very few roads and little infrastructure, or even recent technology. To go down in such a region would mean virtually no hope of rescue. Hughes made several of these flights before the crisis passed.

He soon learned to fly helicopters and once again found himself back at sea piloting the military versions of the Sikorsky S-55s and S-58s. The Marines were developing the concept of sea-launched helicopter assault and since Virg had recent carrier experience, albeit in jets, he was a natural choice to help his fellow Marine aviators transition to a seaborne environment.

He also spent time based at El Toro, south of Los Angeles, flying Panthers and Skyraiders over California. He still speaks mischievously about piloting Skyraiders at telephone pole height, going beak-to-beak with trains in the desert, and pulling up at just the last second. He tells of formation flying in Grumman Panthers where the perfection of the moment might be spoiled by a wingman who was a foot or two out of position.

"You'd glance over at his plane", Hughes said, "realize who was flying it and think disgustedly, 'Ya, that guy's married'."



...the biplane taxied smartly to the button of runway 11, turned into the gentle summer wind and took off.

On one occasion, he was right wing in a tight diamond of four Panthers inbound to El Toro on a ground controlled approach (GCA) into an undercast layer. The flight entered the soup, and a few hundred feet above ground Hughes suddenly got vertigo, an incredibly dangerous situation to the whole flight. He veered away from the formation and heard the GCA controller tell the flight leader one of his wingmen had broken off. Virg re-oriented himself, went around and landed safely on the next approach, but later received a (continued on page 4)

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monumental chewing out by the flight leader for breaking formation.

In 1965, Virg was once again in Southeast Asia, this time flying Sikorsky H-34s. The Marines were landing troops from helicopters to establish a base at Chu Lai and rout the enemy from the area. As was standard practice of the day, Virg was flying while his copilot pointed an M-16 rifle out the open cockpit window on the other side. The crew chief also had a mounted .50 calibre machine gun.

Suddenly, Virg took a round in the left leg while his chopper was only a few feet AGL. With one leg useless and limp, he uncontrollably jammed the other one hard forward, skewing the chopper sideways into the ground. Because the copilot was holding a rifle and not riding the controls, there was no chance of recovery at such a low altitude. The helicopter thundered in and rolled on its side. Luckily, everyone aboard escaped alive and lived to fly and fight another day.

Hughes was removed from Vietnam due to his injury, and once recuperated, transferred back to jets. This time it was into the Douglas A-4 Skyhawk with the famed Black Sheep Squadron, VMA-214. The Black Sheep found themselves in Vietnam in 1966 and '67 flying ground attack missions supporting friendly troops.

From the base at Chu Lai, Virg and his squadron mates launched their A-4s from steel mat runways using rocket bottles attached to the rear of the plane, as well as an actual aircraft carrier catapult. Upon returning to base, they made arrested landings, just as though the runway was a carrier deck.

He survived his tour in Vietnam. But as time went on, Virg a warrior at heart, was becoming more and more disgusted with the Marines' bureaucracy and internal politics.

"I knew there was no place for me in the peace time Marine Corps", Virg said. So he decided to retire, but did so unforgettably.

Virg and his copilot were flying an R4D (DC-3) with a load of nurses across the southern U.S. enroute to Beaufort, South Carolina. At one point, an electrical inverter on one of the engines failed, requiring an in-flight shut-down. They landed safely at a field in Florida and had the engine repaired.

Then, on the final leg home, somewhere over Georgia, the other engine lost oil pressure and the CHTs went through the roof. It meant another engine shut-down.

"I figured that with two engine failures on one trip on the same airplane, somebody was trying to tell me something. I landed with no problem, because it's no big deal landing a DC-3 on one engine. But I stopped right at the intersection of the base's only two runways. I shut down and walked away from the plane. It closed the whole field."

That was in May of 1973 and Virg hadn't been at the controls of an airplane since.

"Every time someone offered to take me up," Virg said, "I was worried they'd try to show this old fighter pilot what they could do. I thought they'd end up killing us both."

I got to know Virg in the early 80's as my girlfriend's (now wife's) uncle. We visited their home in San Diego and Virg took a morning to show me around the air bases in the area. It was a pivotal and absolutely thrilling day for a nineteen year-old kid, and I hung breathlessly on every word of Virg's stories about airplanes and places I'd only seen in books or films. He'd actually been there making the history that I'd been devouring for years. I'll never forget standing at the



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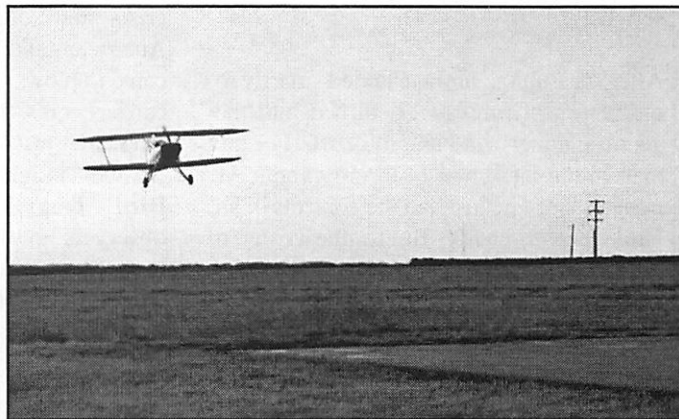
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end of the runway at Miramar while F-14s shot circuits right above our heads. And my guide to it all was a real, live former fighter pilot. For me, there was no turning back; I was going to fly, too.

From then on Virg and I have always had an easy and remarkable friendship; the kind we could set down for years at a time and then pick back up again as if we'd last seen each other only a week ago. It's a friendship I treasure.

So when Virg visited the Calgary area, where I live, I wanted to give him a gift that would mean something. Knowing he hadn't flown in so many years, the best thing I could think of was an airplane flight.



Returning home after one last mission.

COPA Director Bob Kirkby, who owns a Starduster Too homebuilt, was the natural choice to help Virg shake hands with the sky again. When I asked him, Kirkby eagerly agreed to help. I would've dearly
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An Old Eagle - continued from page 4

loved to fly Virg myself, but ultralight pilots aren't allowed passengers.

Virg and his wife Sharon were in Three Hills, my wife's hometown, about 50 miles northeast of Kirkby Field. I assembled a few other flyers to join me and we made our way there through a beautiful sky in early July.

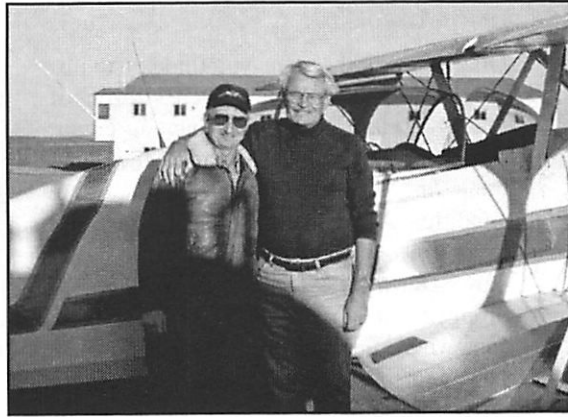
When Virg first saw the 'Duster he was shocked to learn it's a homebuilt. But it didn't dampen his enthusiasm for it one bit. Kirkby helped him strap in, and before long they'd jumped off the active at Three Hills. Their flight lasted about 20 minutes, and Virg was bubbling over with excitement when they landed. He did all the flying except for the takeoff and landing.

"You know", Virg said, smiling after his flight in the 'Duster, "it was exciting. But at the same time I felt like I'd been up there forever." He complained that at one point he'd allowed the 'Duster to fall 300 below the altitude he'd picked. Everyone agreed, though, that 300 feet after 31 years is still well within spec.

We stayed on the ramp for a while talking airplanes and swapping flying stories. It was a treat for us to hear Virg's tales of airplanes and circumstances we could only dream of. I couldn't help drifting back to that day at Miramar more than twenty years ago, and I was more than a little pleased that now I had some flying stories of my own to tell.

Winging our way home I wondered what feelings the biplane flight had rekindled in Virg, and suspected they might be similar to the ones he helped inspire in me so long ago.

I'm really lucky to have the heroes that I do; my dad, Bob Kirkby and Virg Hughes. And every now and then I thank God for old eagles, because without them the young eagles might not find their wings. →



Bob Kirkby (left) with ex-fighter pilot Major Virgil Hughes USMC (Ret.). Photos by Stu Simpson.

Aviation Florida Style

by Brian Vasseur

I recently had the opportunity to do business in Florida and found a few days with nothing to do. The only solution was to find an airport.

Since my conference was in Orlando the first place to check out was Kissimmee airport just down the street. There's an Air Museum there as well as a few commercial operators, including Stallion 51 who gives P51 check rides and another company giving Harvard Flights. There's also damaged airplanes everywhere since they took the full force of a hurricane a few weeks before.

Talking to the operators, the Harvard flights were \$500/hour but they had already booked their morning flight and since a TFR was going active there would be no more flying that day. They only had 2 airplanes left, the rest were damaged. The air museum next door didn't do as well, the building was torn apart with most everything inside suffering major damage. Tornado's and hurricanes are very selective. A few hundred feet away were a number of airplanes with no damage. One very nice airplane at this location was a privately owned B17 restored and almost ready for flight status. It survived almost unscathed except for the bottom where another

Skywriter

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Calgary Ultralight Flying Club COPA Flight 114

Meetings 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, Calgary.

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airplane impacted it causing only minor damage. I saw other airplanes that looked like balls of tinfoil.

I checked out Stallion 51 but they were closed that day. I found out later that flights were \$2700/hour US and you had to book quite a few months in advance. I think that's just a bit too much money for sightseeing.

I also checked out the flight school on the field to see if they knew where I could rent a plane. It turns out my pilots license wasn't of any use at all. Without a full background check the only checkride they could offer was 1/2 hour in the right seat within 25nm and I can't touch the controls. They suggested I drive to Lakeland to the Kermit Weeks Fantasy of Flight Air Museum instead. This turned out to be the best thing I saw all weekend.

If you decide to take your family to
(continued on page 6)

DisneyWorld then this is worth the half hour drive. My recommendation though is to take only diehard airplane fans and leave the casually interested at home, you can spend the whole day there.

Kermit Weeks is a financially secure individual who has been building his collection of airplanes for several years and now has a massive collection of planes and parts, many in flying condition. Different people have said the value of his collection exceeds \$50M. It's not surprising that you hear a constant rumble of radial engines almost all day long.

Entering the museum is an adventure on it's own. The long entrance takes you through the history of flight showing movies starting at early flight, moving to WW1 in a setting of front line trenches, then to WW2 set at night at an airfield. Everything is fully realistic including the sounds. As you walk through the WW2 airfield you enter a B17 from the rear. Immediately as you enter the engine sounds from outside change to the engine sounds you'd hear inside this plane. Every station is manned by mannequins, each speaking from a script. It doesn't get any more realistic. As you walk through the airplane you can follow each person talking through the bomb run, and actually stand in the bomb racks as the bay doors open and you see the bombs hit below (the bottom of the bomb bay is fit with a flat screen TV to show the bombs falling).

Once you exit the plane you find you're just now entering the museum. There's dozens of planes in each hanger, too many to count. Strangely many have oil pans underneath them and I realize these are in flying condition. All of them are also fully restored to look like they did when they were brand new. During the day a few Harvards dropped in for lunch on their way somewhere north, Kermit showed up in a 1931 Stinson Trimotor which they parked on the museum floor, and a private operator on the airport was selling biplane rides on a never ending schedule. I tried to spend time seeing all the planes but they also have organized tours to join.

The first tour was to the restoration shop. There they stopped work and one of their mechanics spent about an hour explaining each of the airplanes under restoration and how they repaired each type of material. With a tour group of about 15 people they showed how to build a wing rib, how to use the stretcher, shrinker, english wheel, planishing hammer, beading machine and riveting machine. This was a very thorough demonstration, I was very impressed.

The next tour was the 'backlot' where they had items in storage. First on the list was the engine hanger. There were about 300 engines in various states from factory built (but very old) engines in original crates to radials as they were pulled off of planes. Quite an amazing collection by itself. As we moved down the warehouse bays there were more airplanes in various states of assembly, and an endless collection of parts

for various planes. This tour ended with the machine shop where they were doing an engine overhaul. This is not just an engine shop though, they can machine pretty much any piece they could need on an airplane.



The Storch goes for a demo flight.

I could describe the airplanes on the museum floor but the website describes each of them much better. They also have this area setup for kids and there's quite a few places that they have cockpits mounted for kids to climb into. If you're into flight simulators they have a bank of Corsair sims that were kept pretty busy. This was made more impressive by having a full size corsair in the simulator room.

The day ended with one of their pilots pushing a Storch off of the museum floor and giving a half hour demo flight. Apparently it's a daily event to exercise one of the displays. There was a good 15k wind and the pilot showed the short takeoff and landings a few times, and was almost able to hover over the field. I asked if they could take a P51 out but both were getting serviced since they were leaving for another airshow.

I was able to get a bit of information about the airfield since it's just a long grass strip and there was some very big airplanes, including a Constellation, at the airfield. All of these airplanes were flown in so apparently this isn't your average grass runway. It turns out this is a grass runway built on a cement foundation so it handles the vintage taildraggers as well as the heavy stuff equally well.

The next day I found a few more museums, checked out the spacecraft at NASA and ended up with about 100,000 Harley Davidsons in Dayton at Biketoberfest. All of this was pretty good and worth seeing but if you have time to see only one then Fantasy of Flight should be the top of your list. →

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A Perfect Day In November

by Ken Beanlands

The morning of Saturday, November 20 was a cool, crisp typical fall morning. I missed my alarm and was already late. However, it was still dark when my wife, Renee and I fired up the Subaru and headed out for the 35 minute drive to our hanger at Carstairs/Bishell airfield. By the time we got there, there were four planes out on the ramp waiting for us: Glen Bishell's BushCaddy, Mike's Aeronca Chief, Richard's Merlin UL and Jorn's Cessna 120.

I scrambled around the plane doing the pre-flight and got Chrissy, our Christavia MK 1, out of the hanger and on the ramp with the rest. I still needed to do a test run to ensure nothing had gone afoul with the recently completed oil and plug change. At -6 C. This was the coldest I had ever run the Franklin 4A-235, and I could see that it was no happier about the cold, early morning wake-up call than my wife was. The engine struggled to kick that first blade over, fired but refused to catch. About the fifth time, it finally caught and stumbled to life. Less than five minutes later, it decided to quit. Looking at the cloud my breath was forming, it struck me...carb ice. I started her again with the heat on and the engine quickly settled down and warmed up nicely. By the time I was fueled up and all strapped in, we were already at 8:30, not much time left to make an entrance at the start of the impromptu 9

AM fly-in at Chestemere- Kirkby Field.

Adam Hunt was out visiting from COPA National and Bob, our local director, decided that this fly-in would be a good occasion for our COPA flight members to meet Adam and his wife, Ruth. As luck would have it, the day Bob picked was perfect.

The flight order was Glen, Mike, Richard and I with Jorn pulling up the rear. Renee and I took off and quickly caught up with and passed Richard. With the earlier engine problems, I decided to play it safe and keep the power up making it impossible to slow down with the 65 hp Merlin.

It couldn't have been a better morning for flying. The crisp air made for good aircraft performance. The mountains were perfectly clear and magnified in the cooler air. The only turbulence we hit was when I crossed behind Mike to set up for a "line astern" formation before entering the circuit. The burble turned out to be Mike's wake. Renee and I had dressed appropriately for the cooler temperature we knew we would experience in the plane. The engine ran flawlessly the rest of the day and my frequent application of carb heat did not turn up any more ice.

We were enjoying a 10-15 mph tailwind and made good time to Chestemere. Jorn, having a 20 mph advantage on us in his very clean Cessna 120, actually made a couple of laps to join forth in order to land. Glen, Mike and I spaced our circuit to allow room to backtrack and I was happy to see Jorn, who was flying NORDO had done the same behind me. Surprisingly, Richard and the Merlin were



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already on downwind making our arrival perfectly staggered. By 9:15, we were all lined up on the ramp at Chestemere.

The Fly-In was a great success, especially given the late fall date. I counted 14 aircraft in total that flew in, not including those that were based there. Adam gave a short greeting to the crowd, which numbered about 30-40, and then had a group photo taken. One of our local club members, Andy Gustafsson, took Adam up for a flight in his Rotax 912 powered Merlin. There was some question as to whether or not Adam had drawn the crowd, or if it was the promise of free coffee and donuts. I saw one local Ultralight instructor (and COPA columnist), who shall remain nameless, show up at least 3 times with different students for coffee and donuts.

However, I had made a promise to my wife, one I was sure would entice her to join me this morning: pie at Linden! Linden is a small town about 50 miles north of Chestemere and 30 miles east of Carstairs. The airstrip which borders the town of 800 is not on any map or in the CFS. However, it is a well manicured north-south airstrip about 4000' x 120' with a parking area next to the main road at the south end of the strip. About 400' to the west of the parking area is one of the best little diners in Alberta and it's speciality is PIE!

It wasn't too long before there were six planes lined up to go to Linden. Due to a dead battery, Richard opted out and decided to head back to Carstairs after (continued on page 8)



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Perfect Day - continued from page 7

getting a boost. Glen Clark took his place and lead the way, followed by Jorn and his wife, Krista, Glen, Mike and myself. Ralph Inkster planned to follow along a little later in his much faster Cavalier. By this time, the temperature had warmed up to 2-3C and with the sun beaming down, it was far more comfortable flight to Linden. Jorn barreled on ahead. Glen Bissell, Mike and

folks wondered what the cause of this aerial invasion was. If only they knew the secret objective of our mission was PIE!

We wandered over to the diner and they decided to hide us away from their regulars in the "back room". No wonder, with the way us pilots talk with our secret hand signing used to depict the our aircraft and their attitudes.



*Mike's Chief and Bjorn's C120 ready to start at Bishell's Field. Note the clear skies.
Photo by Renee Beanlands.*

I formed up and slowly closed in on Glen Clark in the J-3. With the engine now running quite well, I didn't have any reservations about pulling the power to slow down with the J-3. However, when it came time to set up for line astern to enter the pattern, there was no way I could slow down enough to get any separation and I had to resort to a 360 to open the gap.

By the time I was on downwind, there was a lot of chatter on the radio. I heard Ralph call in to the south of Linden and thought I heard two more aircraft (both club members) entering downwind for Linden. Things started to get interesting when I heard one of the aircraft call base while I was on base. However, the transmissions were being stepped on making it difficult to get an exact picture on what was happening. I did a little S-turn on final to insure that there was no one below me or behind me and was satisfied to proceed with the landing. Later, I found out that the two aircraft were in the circuit for Indus, 60 miles south!

With all six aircraft on the ground, we caused quite a stir in the little town. The traffic on the main road was quite slow as

With full stomachs, we finally left the diner and made our way back to the aircraft. We said our "good byes" to Glen Clark and Ralph Inkster and saddled up for our trip back to Carstairs, with a quick stop for gas at Olds/Didsbury. The day was a total success with excellent flying, food and company. To top it all off, I got to spend it with my best friend and wife, Renee. Acing three of the four landings (including both of the ones with an audience) was just icing on the cake. This is one day that will be with me for a long time to come, and one that will keep the aviation fires burning through the long winter months ahead. →



CUFC Annual Raffle

1st prize
I-COM A5 radio
valued at \$375.

2nd prize
Makita 9.6v
cordless drill with
3/8" keyless chuck
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Tickets \$10.00 each. Draw will be made at the February meeting.

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