

It's been a while since I've been up in a small airplane, but I can still recall the thrill of looking up at the sky and then watching the ground roll by below. I have flown in everything from helicopters to bush planes to Canso water bombers and passenger planes in Canada and the USA and elsewhere. This story is poignant in that it brings back memories of the excitement and sometimes the perils of flying. The following story is such an occasion and called:

One Hundred Dollars . . .

Clive and his wife Martha live in Calgary and every year they go to the Springbank Air Show. Every year Clive says, "You know Martha, I'd like to take a ride in an airplane." And every year Martha replies, "I know, Clive, but that airplane ride costs a hundred dollars - and one hundred dollars is one hundred dollars."

Clive says, "By jeeppers Martha, I'm 79 years old, if I don't go this time I may never go." Martha replies, "Clive, that airplane ride is one hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars is one hundred dollars."

A pilot overhears their conversation and says, "Folks, I'll make you a deal, I'll take you both up for a ride, and if you can stay quiet for the entire ride and not say ONE word, I won't charge you, but just one word and it's one hundred dollars." They both agree to the offer and up they go. The pilot does all kinds of twists and turns, rolls and dives, but not a word is heard; he does it one more time, still nothing, so he lands.

He turns to Clive as they come to a stop and says, "By golly, I did everything I could think of to make you holler out, but you didn't!" And Clive replies, "Well, I was gonna say something when Martha fell out - but one hundred dollars is one hundred dollars!"