

EAA Chapter 866 Smilin 'Jack newsletter

May 2011



New Young Eagle Nico Gagliardi



Meeting notes from April 6 meeting

Meeting called to order by President Ben. The recent events with building 10 were discussed. Basically during the storm on the evening of March 30, the roof came off of the meeting room part of the building. Several chapter members showed up and moved the stuff in the meeting room, into the hangar area, where the roof was still intact. The Airport Authority has insurance on the building and had 2 contractors look at it on April 6, to work up bids for the repairs. Wayne Bullington spoke to one of the contractors and it sounds like they are going to rebuild the roof similar to the previous roof.

Ray and Donna Thomas graciously offered the use of their hangar for the meeting this month, so tables, chairs, and the coffee pot were moved and we had a pretty nice meeting. It actually was more comfortable than usual. The issue of the May pancake breakfast was mentioned, but at this point it is too soon to plan where we will have it, but hopefully we will find a place.

Pres Ben has found the chapter's Articles of Incorporation, and has established a new tax ID number with the IRS, in hopes of establishing the chapter as a 501 (c) 7 non profit, as recommended by EAA national.

There was a lot of discussion about the events at Sun-N-Fun with the bad weather seen there on March 31. Debbie Van Treuren was working in the avionics and fabric covering workshops and rode out the storm there. Ben was with Jim Garrison in the FAA hangar when the storm hit. Alberto was in the big open air restaurant and got to see the whole thing. Eddie Brennan was working ground ops and got to work through Thursday night cleaning up the mess.

We had 3 new folks come to the April meeting. Roger Hobart has a Teenie Two project he would like to sell. He has the plans, aluminum, etc and only wants \$500 for the whole thing. Eddie Brennan ordered a Kitfox Kit at Sun-N-Fun and hopes to take delivery soon. Mark Collard has been to our breakfasts before. He has a Cessna 140 at Dunn that he recently finished restoring, and a Cessna 195 in his hangar waiting to be restored.

Next month Gene McCoy will be sharing some stories of how NASA launched Alan Shepard into our first sub-orbital flight, on close to the 50th anniversary of that flight.

No Breakfast This Month!!!

There is no progress to report on the repairs of the roof of bldg. 10. The contract as of today has not been let yet and the Authority administration is trying to work out some of the details of the job concerning materials and methods of repair. As a result of this we are canceling our monthly breakfast once again. There has been much discussion about how we could possibly hold a breakfast and the consensus among most of our members who make it happen is to not have it in the month of May and resume in June if we can.

Another great tale from Mark Oriza

OK, so it wasn't on my bucket list anymore. I'd flown to the Lakeland air show before got the t-shirt etc. Why was this trip so much more important? It was because this time I was helping a friend and I was needed.

I was a wet behind the ears 40 year old pilot. I'd been flying "Sally" my SE-5A WW-I biplane (Some might call it the 'SNOOPY PLANE'.) for just over 2 1/2 years and had a little over 120 hours on her mighty airframe and ex-snowmobile motor. You could say that I'd just about ironed out most of the bugs in her system. I had come to the startling conclusion that she was reliable. As reliable as a aluminum tube and rag wing biplane can get.

Now my friend and hero of this here story - lets call him Jim Dickenson also had a ultralight airplane. Of course it was one of those modern looking sleek type monoplanes. With a fresh Rotax engine that started nearly every time he hit the button. Jim was quite good at handling that yellow kite around our local airport - like he knew what he was all about. Like the scarecrow in the wizard of oz, Jim doubted his courage to fly into one of the busiest air spaces in the U.S. of A. He was concerned that his old eyes would miss something and he'd cause a aircal traffic jam or other such thing. (How old were his eyes - well they were 73 at that time.) He decided that the Lakeland air show was too big for him. As his friend I advised him that he was wrong and if he wanted some slightly fresher eyes with him I'd go with him.

Now a ultralight has only one seat so when I volunteered to fly with him that meant I had to fly also. While I was in my plane just 50 feet away for most of the flight Jim was very much alone in his. Like I predicted he did great, but enough preamble here is my version of our trip.

MISSION : X COUNTRY TO LAL FROM X-21

DATE : 2 APRIL 2003

FLIGHT : THE DAWN PATROL

Like most pilots I can come off as a bit cocky. Jim is not that way at all. He is in fact a most charming individual. If you look up NICE GUY in the dictionary it would say - see Jim. From what I've heard tell he is a Tennessee boy. He grew up in a land that didn't just talk about doin onto others as you would have done onto you they lived it. If he has a fault - and it is more of a self imposed restriction - then it is a over sensitivity to federal intervention. In short he is agin revanuers of all types. While flying this would mean the FAA. I'm just guessing, but I don't think he has met someone from the government who was truly there to help him.

The dawn patrol consisted of two aircraft. One SE-5A and one KOLB FIREFLY. The FIREFLY (Jim's mount) is a bright canary yellow kite of fabric and aluminum tubes. He sits up front with his toes less than a foot from the nose of his machine. Reclined most comfortably under a large piece of curved plexiglass Jim's body weight performs the function of balancing his plane in flight. Perched atop his mass a bony head nestles between the leading edge of his wing. Giving him a unrestricted forward and upward view. Which may account for his positive out look in flight. Looking back the view is not so great so I'd cover his six (tail) and he'd keep an eye out for mine. Just a few feet behind his head mounted over his wing sits his motor. This drives a wooden pusher propeller that would look absolutely state of the art - around the 1920's or so I'm told. A single large aluminum tube holds the tail feathers about a dozen feet aft of the prop.

When you first glance at the firefly as a non-flying person you might think.. oh ...well...maybe death machine, but you'd be wrong. It is in fact a very well thought out - stout where it needs to be - and not a ounce more any where else. A micro-aeroplane that due to its yellow color and size brings to mind "woodstock" of the peanut comic strip. A small whirly bird that spins and flips about, and yet somehow always manages to get where it wants. As Jim says "It has not been told it can't so it does. "

A quick preflight on a dark ramp and our birds are ready to go. Both of us are a bit nervous, but in a good way - heightened alertness - might be a better term for it. We shake hands and proceed to our machines. Taking a deep breath I grip my starter cord and with a strong heave awaken my 35 or so horses. By the time I've climbed aboard my plane get my gear stowed and snug my belt Jim is already taxiing out to runway 22. I'm hustling to keep up with my older partner trying to adjust my radio and set my goggles and not run into a ditch at the same time. Somehow I manage a thumbs up as I taxi by his wing to line up on the runway. Even in the palest of morning light I can see Jim grinning. Cycling my flight controls I watch my wing tip and tail for smooth aerosurface deflections. With a pumped fist above my head I signal that I'm ready to go. So is Jim and we move our throttles forward. With a loud roar my engine responds and Sally (My SE-5A's name) and I charge down our grass runway. The bumps of the grass are quickly exchanged for a silky smooth cool air rushing past my wings. Tail back we climb into a perfect morning.

After a couple of circuits of X-21 or Dunn airport we are 2000 feet up and throttles at cruise. Jim is just off my right and a bit behind. Using our prearranged hand signals I tap my head and point to the southwest. I get a clear thumbs up and execute a easy turn putting the sunrise on our left tails and buzz on toward the St. Johns river or check point one. By timing our arrival at predetermined positions we can determine our ground speed. We know our airplanes fuel usage at cruise setting and thus it is simple math to figure our range. That is as long as the wind doesn't change too much. Of course this isn't a math test in a warm quiet classroom - with a bad grade as your worst result. No this is a get your gazintas right or run out of gas short of your goal. The FAA doesn't look kindly on non glider rated pilots gliding on down.

Between the the math and the time checks you get the whole magic of flying to enjoy. The view is spectacular. A fresh sun pale smooth

a [Create PDF](http://www.novapdf.com) files without this message by purchasing novaPDF printer (<http://www.novapdf.com>) the biggest draw back to flying a

single seat machine is seeing something truly rare and being unable to share it. Today is different. We float over a flight of wood storks - huge - magnificent birds all strung together in a great wheeling arc. I wiggle my wings - look at Jim - and point toward them. His smiling thumbs up and positive head nod means we've both enjoyed this moment.

I don't consider myself a overly religious person, but I can't help tilting my head back and staring straight up and thanking god for another day - and hope he will see fit to grant me a few more days yet. I also thank my dad who passed away over 30 years ago for teaching me how to fly and how to live. Head forward and its back to flying. Somewhere east of lake Mary Jane my mental math gymnastics are forecasting a nice tailwind. I don't know if my prayers has anything to do with it or not, but it is always nice to have friends in high places. Lowering Sally's nose we begin to descend to clear Orlando's air space. Which means like a sled on a snowy hillside we go faster and use less gas. We level out and skirt the city of St. Cloud aiming for the southern tip of lake Tohopekaliga. There is a ultralight field at the corner, but no one is there when we drone by. It seems like we've got the whole sky to ourselves. Less than 20 miles to go and we've only been up for 40 minutes. We pass lake Hatchineha to the south and lake Marion to the northwest and continue to the west side of lake Pierce. The Bok tower stands out like a thumb which means we are close to our first stop Chalet Suzanne.

X-25 is the designator for a great little north/south grass runway of some 2300 feet. Despite the fact that we are only 25 miles from our ultimate goal and could probably make it without stopping this would mean arriving there with almost no fuel reserve. Did I mention unlicensed glider pilots and the FAA? Thus we wheel about into a left pattern and make a nice landing at X-25. Leg one is a success.

Chalet Suzanne is a rare piece of grande old Florida. Nice unique accommodations, a first class restaurant, cool pool, and homemade soup and wine - what more could a guy ask for? Oh yeah a gal to share it with, since Jim and I are stag we simply refill our gas tanks, wave at Eric's hospitality and climb off to the north. (I do bring my wife to the Chalet at a later time and it really is a great place to stay!!!).

A chandelle (climbing turn) to the west and some more hard climbing puts us above Bartow's towered airtraffic. From there you can just about make out Lakeland's Linder Regional airport off our noses to the W.N.W. Since we are bound for Paradise city - the south side of the airport we carry on due west. Descending to 700 feet we are conscious of the air suddenly chock full of aircraft. My head is on a swivel like I expect the red baron himself to jump out of every cloud in the sky. There is fast P-51 types to our north, helicopters on our left and right, and then a multitude of ultralights like wasps around a kicked hive. Every thing from triangle shaped trikes to powered parachutes that seem to hang nearly motionless in the sky.

I set up a circuit to the southwest and try and make sense of the landing pattern. Having a nearly full tank of gas is like money in the bank. Then I see a gap and with my fist tapping my head I point to Jim and say 'follow me'. He nods serious for a change and together we roll in to the circus of planes heading for the same piece of grass. While it looks a bit chaotic - there is actually a choreographed order to the scene. The trick is to land and then get the heck out of the way for the next guy. Together we manage to do just that.

We push our planes off the ready line and help each other tie our birds down. Then we drop under a shaded wing and clasp hands and shake happily - Jim and I have made it! The dream of flying to the greatest collection of EAA aircraft this side of Oshgosh Wisconsin is not a dream it is a bucket list check off.

Jim Dickenson lives in Titusville Fl and is now 81 years old and took his firefly flying 2 days ago.

How's that Mary? Mark Oriza



President's Note

I sure didn't get much flying done this month. I was able to install a nice I-Fly 700 GPS in the Pietenpol to keep me from getting lost. I've only used It once. But it did a good job of getting me home. Lots of my free time has been spent playing with my new (old) toy, a 1928 Model A Pickup truck. It makes a nice accessory for the Pietenpol, which was designed in 1929 to use the Model A engine. Unfortunately we haven't had any progress on repairs to Building #10. We polled all the folks that make the pancake breakfast happen, and we've decided not to hold breakfast this month either. I know this is a big disappointment, but we just couldn't figure a reasonable way to make it happen. Thankfully we have Ray and Donna's hangar to hold our meeting this month, and we have Gene McCoy's talk on the early days of the space program to look forward to. Thanks for your patience as we work through this difficult time.

Ben Charvet

Gil Jones Nieuport project

Last week I visited Gil Jones at his house where he is diligently working on his Nieuport 11 project. The plane is really looking good! Gil managed to roll such nice pieces out

of aluminum to do this and he told me that he rolled them with a piece of pvc heavy wall pipe. What a neat idea I thought and asked him about how he happened to come up with this method and he told me that he remembered when he was in High School how he found that you could roll curves in foil with a pencil so he just applied that discovery to aluminum on a little larger scale. Interesting!

Young Eagle Flight

Larry Gilbert

The picture on the cover of this newsletter is of Young Eagle Nico Gagliardi and the lucky pilot (me). Greg German, the skydive pilot called me one day and said that this young man and his father had been at the airport trying to buy an airplane ride for him. So, I contacted him and made arrangements to meet at Dunn Airpark for a Young Eagle flight. His father told me that the 14 yr old Nico, has been enthused about aviation for quite a while and loves to fly the MS flight simulator and is very good at this. During the preflight we sat Nico in the front seat of Fancy, our Citabria. He seemed quite familiar with the flight instruments (all three) and the controls, stick, rudder, throttle and elevator trim. Because he was so interested, we had quite an extensive pre flight session. We pulled the plane outside and strapped ourselves in and taxied out to rwy 22. Nico was on the controls with me from the start, through the takeoff, level and cruise flight. So, I started with simple turns with him and we rolled into a 15 or 20 degree bank for a 360 deg. Turn starting with the nose pointed at one of the Bithlo towers. We were both on the controls the first time around. After only one of these, I asked him if he wanted to try one by himself and he said he would. Other than missing the roll out by a few degrees he did a super job. Altitude within 100' and a coordinated turn. A little lesson on the roll out using stick AND rudder, he did a 360 in both directions and rolled out precisely on the tower! He had the controls all to himself and we did a climb and descent and I demonstrated the use of the elevator trim for him. After about ½ hr it was time to head back to Dunn and Nico was on the controls into the downwind turn and then on the controls with me through the landing. It was amazing to me that he was so natural flying the plane. The simulator helped a lot. I never thought the simulator was much good for VFR flying because I never was able to fly it smoothly. Has to be a good thing cause it sure worked for Nico. He did great and made that so interesting for me. lg

Look what we found in the weeds at Dunn



Chapter pres. Ben Charvet parked his 1928 model A Ford and his 1929 design Pietenpol Aircamper in the weeds at Dunn a couple of weeks ago and I had to take a picture of this. lg

For Sale

Set of lower wing ribs for Sky Bolt – Biplane

T
ny chapter officer.

Chapter officers

Pres.	Charvet, Ben	3825 Cottonwood Drive Titusville 32780	321-961-5117	bencharvet@gmail.com
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Nws		2002 Malinda Lane Titusville 32796		
Lttr	Gilbert, Larry		591-8783	gillcfi@aol.com
		321-385-1908		

NO Breakfast this month!
Our Facility is down due to wind damage



EAA Chapter 866 Meeting
7:00 PM Weds. May 4
at Ray Thomas Hangar Row T3 Unit H

Smilin' Jack Shirts

Due to the general calamity of club events last month, the shirt order has been delayed until after the next chapter meeting. Members and friends may bring shirt order form (attached) and check or cash to the May chapter meeting.

Thanks, Gil

SHIRT ORDER. EAA 866 on front SMILLIN JACK LOGO on back.

Name

Address

Phone

Email

T-shirt	\$10.00	Circle	Size and	Color	# of shirts	\$ Amount
			Sm	Red	_____	_____
			M	White		
			L	Blue		
			XL	Grey		
			XXL			
		Add \$3	XXXL			

Polo Shirt	\$15.00	Circle	Size and	Color	# of Shirts	\$ Amount
			Sm	Red	_____	_____
			M	White		
			L	Blue		
			XL	Grey		
			XXL			
		Add \$3	XXXL			

Sweat Shirt zip front hood pockets	\$25.00	Circle	Size and	Color	# of Shirts	\$ Amount
			Sm	Red	_____	_____
			M	White		
			L	Blue		
			XL	Grey		
			XXL			
		Add \$5	XXXL			

EAA 866 Base-ball cap cotton twill	\$10.00		One size		# of Caps	\$ Amount
					_____	_____
					\$ Total	_____

Return shirt order to Gil at or before next chapter meeting.

407 349 9383