

EAA CHAPTER 866



SMILIN JACK NEWSLETTER JUNE 2015

Thank you John and Pat Porter for taking pictures at our monthly bkfst. This pic. is of Joe Pires arriving in his gyrocopter

President's Message

We are just about the half-way point in the year with many exciting things happening. This past month, we have been gathering estimates for the roof on the building and have gotten some pleasant surprises as well as working with some very nice people. The upshot is that the work will not be nearly as expensive as first expected and is doable within our means. We had a very good showing for breakfast on May the 2nd, with excellent weather and some new faces.

Thank you to everyone who helped out. Our visitors from the UK got right in there and helped stow chairs and tables as well. Our friend, Andy, later went up with Neil in the Kingair for a jump. He said it was "Awesome!"

At the meeting I spoke to Keith Phillips from Chapter 288, Spruce Creek Chapter with a promise of a Tech Counselor visit. I was very encouraged when the Tech Team came down and looked over our work for their 2nd visit. The paint we thought was a lost cause turned out to be a little more work to be done but a totally correctable situation! I saw some of the work that their members had done after a similar experience with paint and the nearly finished correction. We'll talk more about that at the meeting. Which leads us into our speaker for June. Charlie St. Germain from Watkins Paint in Titusville has offered to speak to us about paint. This might seem like an esoteric subject, but anyone building who is having issues with their aircraft paint will find it interesting and hopefully helpful to finishing their project. I am looking forward to it.

The Spruce Creek Chapter extended an invitation to our Chapter to join them for their meeting. Sonex' John Monet and his wife were guests in The Creek. Several of our members made it to the meeting to learn about the

one man jet powered craft that is being offered. The fly-away price is very reasonable for a jet...

On May 26th, Daytona's FAASteam hosted a program on accidents pertaining to CRM- Crew Resource Management. Several examples were cited regarding procedures for overcoming a tendency to distraction on minor problems and losing focus and not flying the airplane. The rules of safety are unfortunately written in blood. The remedy in simple terms dictates correcting a potentially hazardous situation, by any crew member, to avoid a deadly situation. We can discuss this a little more and I can pass on a little of what I learned. We also celebrated Ray's Birthday with homemade ice cream and cake courtesy of Loretta and Donna. It was a very nice finish to our meeting.

Thank you!

The meeting will be on June 3rd. Breakfast on the 6th. See you then!

Blue Skies, Deborah

May Breakfast

We seemed to be very busy at our last breakfast but we had about 30 fewer eaters this time. One of the pilots from Spruce Creek absolutely raved about our breakfast and told me that the group which meets every Sat. am to decide where to fly to, all want to come to Titusville on the first Sat. of the month! Must be pretty good, right?



Two people brought cameras to the breakfast to take pictures and I appreciate this. The newsletter needs stuff like this to make the nsltr a little more interesting.

Hey, how about C866 members submitting a story about a flight that you made in a small plane that was exciting or interesting? Did you have a memorable first solo? I did but, I've already written about this in our newsletter and for some it would be like old news. Tell me about your scud running in the mtns where you survived by dumb luck. At our hangar we hear stories all of the time and some need to be in print. In addition to being interesting, you might point something out that can help someone out of that spot some day. Kind of like the "Never Again stories which appear in the AOPA Pilot magazine only on a more personal level. Ever had your engine quit? Ever had one quit on takeoff? If you have tell us about how you handled it, it's gotta be an exciting story! Ray Thomas told me a very interesting story of when he ground looped an Aeronca C3 in both directions on the same landing. It was at a fuel stop in Indiana and the FBO guy said the only reason he didn't call the cops was because he knew Ray. If he hadn't known the pilot of that plane he'd have called the cops maybe to report an airplane stolen by a non pilot. It's a funny and interesting story that happened in the old days probably in the 40s or 50s. Tell us your funny story. Please. This month, read about the first balloon busting of Mark Orizo's balloon battles. It's a good thing that we have pilots like Mark at Dunn to patrol the skies between the Indian and St. John rivers and keep us safe from those evil gas bags!

Note from Dave Rich who operates the NBBB website

In last month's newsletter, the "Sun 'N Fun" article sparked fond memories of my parent's (Bud & Alberta Rich) participation in the '80s & 90's. They particularly liked participating with the "Quiet Birdmen" and the "OX5 Aviation Pioneers."

In the 1980's we salvaged the fuselage frame and some of the yellow shaped aluminum parts (nosecone, wheel covers, etc.) of [the Rich-Twin](#) from our farm dump and brought them to the Lakeland Sun 'N Fun Museum (I don't know what has become of them). I still have the original plans & blueprints.

In 1990 they hung a fairly large framed collage about the Rich-Twin above the cooler next to the office. I don't know if it is still there.

Family memories.

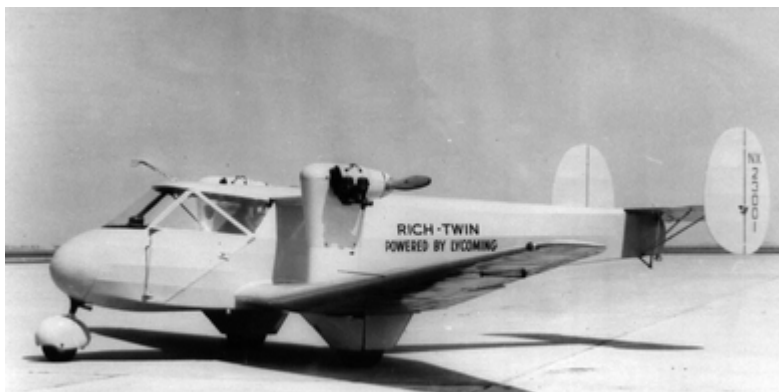
Best wishes, Dave Rich



Alberta Rich (Dave's mother) on her Indian Motorcycle in 1939. She was a

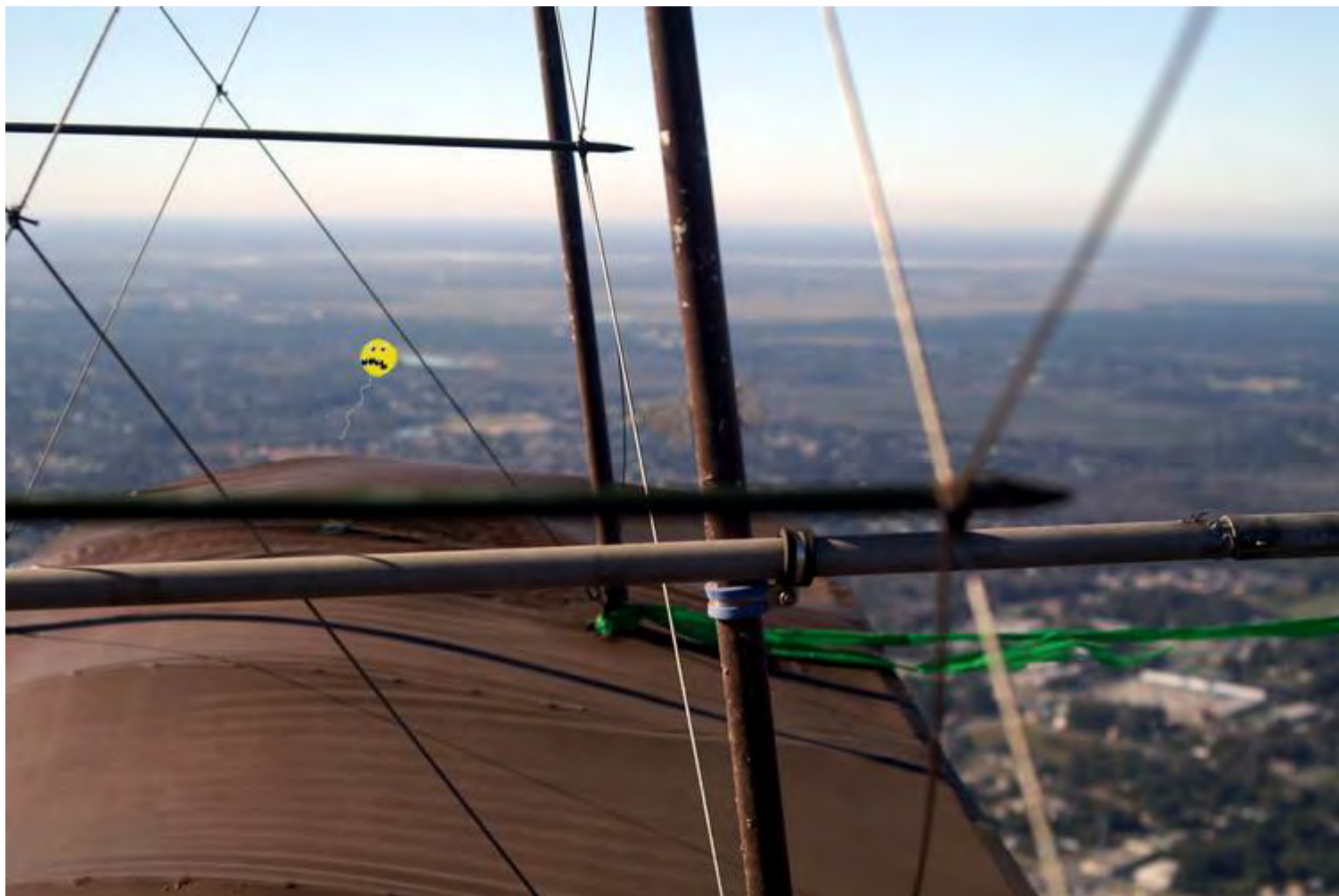
member of our chapter from the early 2000s until she died a few years ago at age 94, I believe. She wanted to take an airplane ride a few years ago but, she couldn't climb aboard our Citabria so, we arranged for a ride with Alberto in his C172. She was so pleased! What a woman she was! Larry

Discovery of what could be a dangerous trend



The Adventures of Mark Oriza

Like most pilots that day, I was flying along minding my own business. I'd done some formation work with my aviating buddy, Mark Shimei. He in his Kawasaki powered Phantom and me in my Cayunna powered SE-5A, when suddenly, out of the blue, I spotted a yellow balloon climbing through flight level two point zero. It could have come from some kid's birthday party or a used car promotion downtown, but that wasn't important. What was important was stopping that balloon before it could cause more trouble. Some pilots might have turned the other wing or a blind eye. I guess I was raised with a bit more civic duty. One balloon might not seem like such a threat to our freedom loving uncontrolled airspace, but the real problem is the dangerous trend it starts.



One balloon becomes two, then there are four. Soon you find yourself facing a whole gang of uncouth leather jacket wearing, unemployed, smoking, foul mouthed balloons of all colors doing whatever they darn well please. These types of balloons can't be rehabilitated. No, they only understand one language. You've got to go toe to toe and exterminate them like the vermin they are. I waggled my wings for attention, then pointed out the balloon to Mark. I increased my throttle and the chase was on! Mark's monoplane surged to the fore as he took a direct path toward our foe. Say what you will about Mark Shimei, but I know he is a good pilot to have on your side when the balloons are thick. I eased off to one side and covered his six. The crafty yellow baron continued its nonchalant climb, as if daring us to come on. Well, it would regret that for the rest of its gaseous life!

Then I spied the reason for its arrogance. Trailing down like the poisonous tentacles of a jellyfish, this balloon had a tail. A long 5 feet or more of string or ribbon of unknown tensile strength. That tail wrapped around the wrong motor part could easily snuff out our engines, As sure as a lucky burst from a maxim machine gun. I shouted warning, uselessly, as we were both flying without radios that day, and hauled Sally, my SE-5A to the right. Fortunately Mark had also noticed the deadly tail and had nose dived at the last moment, just barely escaping the long reach of its tenacious grasp. Spinning about like a cocksure scorpion with its toxic tail ready to strike the yellow balloon kept a watchful eye on us. Now it was climbing like its life hung in the balance. It did!

Denied of our main weapons, our propellers, most people would have assumed we were out of luck. We were not, as we still had wings and wires. That with some careful pilotage could bludgeon our rubbery enemy to death.

Crude and unusual, yes, but “cest le garre” such is war. In addition, because I fly a biplane, I have four sharpened wooden dowels tied securely between the inter-plane struts to dampen wire vibrations. They could easily pierce the toughest of hostile engineered rubber gas bags. Whoa, surely you cannot be proposing to hit a round balloon with a sharp stick like some giant game of billiards played on a slippery blue three dimensional sky, can you?? Read on!

As you may know, the problem with helium balloons is as they ascend they expand and thus climb faster. In direct contrast to our lightly powered ultra-light aircraft lose reserve power as the air thins. In addition the temperamental two stroke motors cannot be simply shoved into full power and left there. In a climbing attitude engine temperatures will rise, especially our cylinder heads. When the cylinder head temperatures go into the red we are on a slippery slope toward unpowered flight.

We spread out in a Lufbery circle to contain our prey. Watchful eyes on our gauges and ears tuned to pick up the first hint of an ailing motor, we climbed. I made a flat turn maximizing my wing’s lift and settled on a conflicting course. Sally’s modified Clark-Y airfoil was in its element as I moved the stick forward to increase my ramming speed. Anticipating the balloon’s path, I thumped it heartedly with my right lower wing. Straining my neck around I was the balloon emerge, stunned but defiantly intact. “Rats” I grunted while it raced away.

I returned to the circle and Shimei’s phantom charged into the fray. With a skill that made it look easy he also gave the balloon a direct hit. Somehow it survived! I wasn’t at full power, but could tell his phantom was. As he returned to the circuit I know this fight was soon going to be man-o vs. balloon-o, or one on one. I swung in for another strike and this time my upper wing tagged our foe, although not as fast as the first pass. The balloon lashed out with its tail, which Sally nimbly slipped by. Bucking a bit we staggered a bit through air that was becoming quite turbulent.

Shimei tried one more gallant effort, but that symmetrical wing of his, which was so nice upside down, was clearly letting him down. His up stretched arms told me the soul crushing news. He could climb no more. Throttle back and nose down he fell to the engine saving air. The balloon chuckled in an evil way, and for those of you who have never been mocked by a thin bag of rarefied gas let me just say this. “It’s not nice.”

Squinting my eyes I studied the wavering needle that was so close to my own cylinder head temperature redline and pushed my throttle to max power. With a loud “yee-haw” I spurred Sally to climb like she’d never climbed before. Patting her hot cowl, I promised her the air was cooler higher up. If she didn’t believe me she certainly didn’t show it. As one, all 35 horses pulled together as we soared! We soared!! Flying with extreme care Sally and I entered a fast climbing g-tace-track. This last lap would bring this epic dogfight to its preordained conclusion. The balloon scrabbled upward keeping a wary unblinking eye upon me. I returned the stare remembering on of General Patton’s famous lines. “It is not your job to die for your country, but to make the other dumb son of a balloon die for his!”

The engine roared out a tune much like the weight challenged ladies singing the March of the Valkaries, while we rushed together king of like an ultra-light and a bright yellow balloon. I was never so surprised as when the outer green pointed stick didn’t just hit its target. No, it pierced it to its core. The pompous bladder of rubber flew apart and the tail fell harmlessly to earth. Nevermore would it pose a threat to good airmen or airwomen again.

This is how balloon busting became a regular part of my flying experience.

Mark Orizo

Note: Wasn't it fun to read Mark's 1st edition of his balloon story? We can't all write stories like Mark can but, any 1st solo or when you got lost story will be interesting to our membership. Send me your story for your newsletter. *Larry*

Dunn Airpark News

Patti Patch is giving her hangar up and moving into a smaller hangar. She says that is just not practical to keep the hangar she built 26 or so years ago due to the large rent increase. Mike, from Skydive told us that they will be renting that hangar and they are willing to pay that rate because they will move out of the several hangars they are currently renting from the authority and keep all of their stuff in bldg.



13 (Patti's hangar) which is about 65' square. More empty hangars? I hope that we can find tenants for those hangars or the Authority will be losing rather than gaining revenue from these moves, in my opinion.

I saw this poster on the bulletin board of the restroom at Dunn this week. The line near the bottom reads getting out of aviation!

What are we going to do to keep recreational aviation going? One thing that would help is the elimination of the 3rd class medical. It might even be too late for that to have enough of an effect to keep our hobby alive. Just my opinion! Larry

Our chapter may be getting a new flight advisor

Ben Charvet has applied for and will probably be our new flight advisor soon. Be sure and thank Ben for volunteering for this important chapter position.



Ben sportin his new Pietenpol flying glasses

Ray Thomas Birthday

Last month, at our regular chapter meeting we celebrated Ray's 88 birthday. Ray's wife Donna had a birthday cake made with a picture on it that holds a lot of meaning to Ray.



The story of the poster that was on Ray's birthday cake goes like this. At a very young age Ray was living on the farm in Michigan and like many places in those days there was no indoor plumbing and hence no inside toilets. Instead, there were what they called up there "back houses" more commonly known to the rest of the country as out houses, or the privy. Anyway, this poster was fastened to the inside of the door of the backhouse and when in there, with the door closed this was the view, the poster! A few years back Ray revisited the old farm and found that the poster was still there so he removed it. Ray said that at a very young age he knew what he was destined to be.... A pilot! He said that was about all he thought about! His determination to become a pilot paid off and after paying his dues by learning to fly, getting his ratings, and doing flight instructing and working on airplanes as an A&P, some times living out of his car, he started flying for companies and then airlines. He took mandatory retirement in 1989.

If you look at that poster of the boy daydreaming there are two airplanes on it, one above his head and the other in front of him. He had to see this every day in those years in the 1930s. I've ask him if this poster inspired him to become a pilot and he just shrugged his shoulders. I'll bet that did have some influence on him!

Larry

Lidar Presentation

Member Lenny Duncil is involved with high school students in designing and building robots for competition and from that experience he came up with an idea about using a sensor that uses radar to measure distances. They use that in the robot designs so that the robot doesn't run into things and can navigate around using that technology as an aid in the competitions. It's called Lidar. Lenny got an idea about using that type of sensor as a landing aid in his C140! He built a device to count down audibly the distance in feet from the ground from about 40' in his descent. He intends to mount the Lidar device on the landing gear of his plane and through an off the shelf programmable microchip to interpret the distance to the ground in feet. Could be especially helpful when doing wheel landings..... maybe! If it works on water then it could be handy for landing on floats on glassy water when you don't have visual references to estimate your height above the water. All of this he built for about \$30.00! Very clever!

Hangar Sale at Dunn

Bldg. 13, also known as Patti's hangar on Authur Dunn airpark will be hosting a BIG mostly tools sale this coming Saturday, June 6, 2015. Jim Garrison who has built a few and maintained airplanes has been storing his tools in this hangar for 26 yrs. Patti is moving out of the hangar and Jim has to get rid of a couple of tons of his stuff. So, Saturday morning, same day as our breakfast Jim said he'd be down at the hangar selling his stuff, from about 8:00 am till ??

Another Airplane Repo Story?

One morning during the last week at about 5:45 am a knock came to our door at our house. This character, we'll call him Buggy, was waiting outside with a big pickup truck. When I went out he said "are you ready for this?" I told him I'd been waiting for this and I'm ready! We got in the truck and headed into one of the Titusville neighborhoods and pulled up to the place where we met our other contact, "Slugger". He said, "are you guys ready for this?" They slowly opened the big garage door as I acted as lookout while they connected a home made trailer hitch to the tail wheel assembly of this airplane. Then they pulled the plane out of the garage and connected the home made rig to the trailer hitch on Slugger's truck. By now it's raining real hard and it's still dark. Once everything was connected, I hopped into the bed of the truck to watch everything associated with the hitch and the plane as we towed it out of there. Buggy was in his truck is following us. By 6:21 we had pushed the plane into a secret hangar and we're on our way out of there. At 6:45 it is daylight and Buggy with the big pickup drops me in front of my house and it's all over! I walk into the bedroom and my wife asked me what I'd been doing. It's a secret!



Slugger and Buggy with Repo'd plane at secret hangar

C175 Available

Les was contacted by a gentleman named Ross Harper, who is looking for some help with a plane. He has a C-175 hangared in Row 2 (second unit from East end of row) at Dunn. He seems to be looking to part with it & indicated there were some health issues.

The trouble is that it hasn't flown in years according to Mr. Harper, and so it's way past being in annual. It has a Continental GO-300 engine and he also has a "spare" engine at his house just north of the airpark, that's in parts he said.
Tail number: N7054M.

He's willing to come out and get the hangar open and let someone look at it if they are interested. He has not settled on a price yet, and I don't know how many hours it has, but it generally sounds like a "barn find" sort of a thing that needs a complete going through before it would be safe. I told him about our upcoming meeting and breakfast.

Cessna 175 Restoration Project. Hangared in Row 2 at Arthur Dunn. Continental GO-300 engine. (+ spare engine parts)

Out of annual; has not been flown in several years. Owner Ross Harper (Ph. 267-9347) available to show plane to prospective buyers.

E-mail: RosHarper@yahoo.com

Check out our facebook page EAA Smilin jack Chapter 866 to see more pictures from our last breakfast.
<http://www.866.eaachapter.org/apps/photos/> Our website

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Chapter Meeting
Weds. June 3, 7:00 pm
Bldg. 10 Dunn Airpark (X21)
Titusville, Fl

Chapter Monthly Breakfast
Sat. June 6, 8:00 am – 10:00
Bldg. 10 Dunn Airpark
Titusville, Fl