

EAA SMILIN JACK CHAPTER 866 NEWSLETTER



April 2010



March Meeting

The meeting got under way on schedule at 7:30 with the pledge to our flag. No new business was discussed. There was a short discussion about our involvement with the 2010 Valkaria Airfest held on Feb. 20. Several of our members helped the Valkaria chapter with the breakfast portion of that event and the reports were all favorable and maybe we bonded with that chapter a little more. As for old business, our new secretary, Gene McCoy asked that everyone look at the chapter roster that was e-mailed and make corrections so that we can have an accurate accounting for the chapter.

Pres. Alberto had pictures that he took of the Airfest and did a nice slide presentation on this. That Alberto is quite the photographer, you know!

The big news at the meeting was about Ben Charvet and his now flying Pietenpol Air Camper. Ben described the elation of the first flight with us.

There were some project reports and from my feeble memory, I think they went something like this: Harry Teal waiting for certification to fly his VW powered Sonerai. Kip Anderson is almost ready for certification on his Jabiru powered Sonex. He still has to paint the plane though.

That's all I remember. Should've taken notes.

Lg

March Breakfast

Finally, a day that was decent enough to set everything up outdoors. The breakfast was a success and we served a couple of thousand eaters. At least that's the way it seemed to the setter uppers, servers, cooks and cleaner uppers. Actually, I think bean counter Bierman said we served about 113. There quite a few planes flew in from around the world (our world) also.

How did I fall in love with the Piet?

I built my first Pietenpol 30 years ago. It only had a 36 in wingspan, 2 channel radio, and a Cox .049 engine. I flew the crap out of that thing in the field behind my house. My 2 year old son would walk back there and hang with me too. He is 32 now, and took some pictures of me flying my current Pietenpol overhead last friday. Its funny, but when I looked at his pictures I was reminded of this old model. I can still remember that the model included some scaled down prints of the original Pietenpol plans for reference when detailing the model. In the attached picture you can see the fake Model A engine. Its funny how seeds are sown. I even copied the color scheme on this model for my full-scale version.



It won't be long before the son that watched his dad fly the model will



be climbing into the front seat to share the new model with me.

A Sport Pilot Instructor ticket is sounding like a new goal.

Ben Charvet
Piet lover

From the new secretary:

The second attachment to the e mail that transmitted this newsletter is a draft roster for your review, correction and update. Please note that there is a column for your current interest, airplane, projects, ratings, etc. We would also be grateful for your EAA number. If you don't get some stuff by your name, people may suspect that you are a potted plant. We hope that a mature roster will be available by the May meeting. Please send your updates to me at hemccoy@earthlink.net or the phone number or address listed in the roster.

Gene McCoy

Flying Fancy

We had fun with the Citabria in March. A couple of guys from Norway came out and we flew one evening. One of them is a Helicopter instructor at TICO and the other is a friend of his

who is visiting. After talking with them for a while and discerning that it would be alright to put them in the front seat with me in the back we went flying. The helicopter pilot had a little more difficulty than his friend who is a glider pilot did. They both did very well and the Helo instructor offered me a nice deal on an hour of instruction in one of those machines.

Loretta and I flew down to Valkaria for their breakfast on the 20th.

Another flight memorable to me was one windy afternoon with gusts reported at 14kt out of 300. I landed on 22 on the right main and when the tail came down I ran out of left rudder trying to keep from turning into the wind, out of rudder I went for the heel brake and my big foot got momentarily hooked on something and I barely got to the brake before going completely out of control it was already turned about 15° across the runway until we stopped the turn. We headed for the barn after this. Tailwheel fun!

Larry



TAX DAY TFR MAYBE??

There may be a TFR on April 15 as he pres. Has plans to travel here. The AF1 plane will be landing somewhere near here. If you have plans to fly out of the TICO airports for Sun n Fun or any place on tax day, you should be sure to check on this. An encounter could ruin your whole day!



DATE : 24 JANUARY 2004

PLACE : SOMEWHERE S.E. OF X-21

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 Cayuna 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 down town, 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 wagged my wings, pointed out the balloon and increased my throttle. 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, but I know he's 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 climb non-challantly. 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 foot or more 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 my warning – uselessly as we were both radio less that day, and hauled Sally, my SE-5A to the right. Fortunately Mark had also noticed the deadly tale, and had nose dived at the last moment. Just barely escaping the long reach of its tenacious grasp. Spinning about like a cocksure scorpion 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, but we were not. 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 enemy engineered rubber gas bags.

Whoa ! Surely you can not 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 dear brother (sister).

PART II

As we all know the problem with helium balloons is that as they ascend they expand and thus climb faster. In direct contrast our lightly powered ultralights continuously lose reserve power as the air thins with every foot gained. Besides our two – stroke motors can not be simply shoved into full power and left there in a climbing attitude. Temps will rise – particularly our cylinder heads. When the C.H.T.'s go into the red we are on a treacherous path toward unpowered flight. Time was on the balloons side.

We spread out in a small Luffberry circle to contain our prey. Watchful eyes on our gages, and ears tuned to pick up the first hints of ailing motors we climbed. I made a flat turn maximizing my wings lift and settled on a conflicting course. Sally's modified Clark –y airfoil were in there element. As I moved the stick forward to increase my ramming speed. Successfully anticipating the balloons path I thumped it heartedly with my lower right wing leading edge. Craning my neck around I saw the balloon emerge stunned, but defiantly intact. Racing away from me – RATS!!!

I returned to the circle and Mark's Phantom charged into the fray. With a skill that made it look easy – he too gave the balloon a direct hit.

Somehow it survived. I wasn't at full power, but I could tell the Phantom was. As he returned to the circuit I knew 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 left upper wing tagged our foe, but not as fast as my first hit. The balloon lashed out with its tail – which Sally deftly slipped by. No skill on my part. Bucking a bit we staggered through air that was rapidly becoming quite turbulent.

Mark tried one more gallant pass, but that symmetrical wing of his which was so nice upside down was now clearly letting him down. His up stretched hands told me the soul crushing news. He could climb no more. Nose down and throttle back he fell to thicker 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 “It's not nice. “.

Narrowing my eyes I studied the wavering needle that was so close to my own C.H.T. redline and pushed my throttle to Max power. With a loud Yee-haw I spurred Sally to climb 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 ane I have four sharpened wooden dowels tied securely between the inter plane struts to dampen wire vibrations. They could easily pierce the toughest of enemy engineered rubber gas bags.

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Narrowing my eyes I studied the wavering needle that was so close to my own C.H.T. 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 didn’t show it. As one all 35 horses pulled together, and we soared ! WE SOARED !!

Flying with extreme care Sally and I, assumed a fast climbing race track. This last lap would bring this epic dogfight to its preordained conclusion. The balloon scabbled upward keeping a wary unblinking eye upon me. I returned the stare while remembering one 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 screamed out a tune much like the weight challenged ladies singing ,, the march of the Valkarie’s ,, While we rushed together – kind of like an ultralight and a 14” bright yellow balloon. I was never as surprised as when the the outer green pointed stick didn’t just hit the target, no; it pierced it to its core. The pompous bladder of rubber flew apart, and the tail fell harmlessly to earth. Never would it pose a threat to good airmen (airwomen) again.

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

Mark Oriza

Still hunting 17 FEB 2010

219 Balloons with Prop.

169 Balloons with Wings.

1 Balloon with interplane stick.

389 total to date

(Note * may not be verbatim)

Another great flying story by Mark!! This make the newsletter something to read! Doesn’t it?



1955 Baby Ace For Sale

Light Sport eligible, Continental A-75 with 320 SMOH, recent annual flown regularly. \$7900 OBO, trades? Ben Charvet 961-5117

MOSTLY COMPLETE PIETENPOL PROJECT FOR SALE

PRICE REDUCED!!!

We have decided to sell our chapter project and this could be your lucky find! Stop in and see this beautifully crafted plane at our chapter building. May be seen by contacting Wayne Bullington (321 268 0382) or Ben Charvet (321 961 5117)

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Chapter Breakfast
Sat. April 3
Dunn Airpark (X21)
Titusville, Fl

Chapter Meeting
Weds. April 8, 7 :30
Bldg. 10 Dunn Airpark, Titusville, Fl