

THE FLYER

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Chapter Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month at the Sport Aviation Center, 3600 Wildwood Ave, Jackson, Michigan 49202-1811 unless otherwise published....

This month's Meeting will be held on Wednesday, March 7th at 7:30PM.

Visit the Chapter Website at
eaa304.com

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CHAPTER NOTES

New Chapter Website

Back in December one of our new members', Jim "Bo" Buist by name asked the infamous question, "*How come the Chapter doesn't have a Website?*"

The Officers explained that a few years ago we were naïve enough to establish a website and it was like "*a City-slicker being invited to a neck-tie-party and then only to find out that he had been invited to a hanging.*" The member responsible for the website never maintained it and dropped out of the chapter leaving us with a mess. Therefore, we bailed out of the website and it's associated cost...

Well, "Bo" could feel our apprehension about walking down that same path again. And ask if we would mind if he investigated different website possibilities for the Chapter. Of course, we gave him the "green light" and figured he'd just get

lost in cyber space... searching for that elusive antidote, called a website...

But to our amazement, "Bo" didn't get lost in that endless array of "*bits and bites.*" He walked into the Sport Aviation Center the first part of January, laptop in hand and said he found that since Chapter 304 was a non-profit organization that there was an opportunity to set up a website free of charge other than the cost of establishing a domain name...

(Please note that the key word in the above paragraph is "Free"...)

Not only did "Bo" say the word "free" but he whipped open his laptop and began showing us, visually, his thoughts of how the web-site should be constructed and the ease in which the uninformed could access information about our chapter with a click of a button...

Our website apprehension dissipated and the go-a-head was given to establish a domain name. Based on "Bo" presentation we knew Chapter 304 was, again, only a "click" away from entering the twenty-first century....

We thought the easiest thing in the world would be to come up with a domain name. So we all agreed on "*www.eaa304.org.*" We figured no one in their-right-mind would have a name like that... But "Bo" called our treasurer late in the evening to tell him the name was taken...

It seems that the name was registered by, get this, *Wan-Fu China Ltd., in Nassau.* "Bo" said he went into the website just for curiosity sake and ended up viewing a bunch of gibberish... The first thing that came to the treasurer's mind was money laundering or drugs... Of course, it could be a Chinese lottery where you could win a thousand fortune cookies a year for life...

'Bo' finally has established a website, *WWW.EAA304.COM* (lower case when typing it in) we are home free with a site that will require little or no maintenance yet will project the accomplishments of the chapter...

Since "Bo" has agreed to maintain this website the least we could do is make him a Chapter Director, from this day forward James "Bo" Buist will carry the title of "*Website Director Geek*"...

Please visit the website and give us your thoughts and ideas.... Of course, our website will only be as successful as the contributions made to it by you, the chapter membership...

Pacer Project

Hi Guys this is *Kamikaze Joe* down on the Beach in sunny *Fort Lauderdale*, just a kick'n sand, and watch'n the bikinis...

But enough about my favorite subject me...

Lets get right down to business... Before I left *Gary Hess* was in a state of puzzlement... He couldn't decide which strobe manufacture he wanted to go with for his Pacer wing tips... Well, right out of the shoot we told him what manufacture not to go with...

Without naming names it seems that a set of strobes by this company shorted out on a aircraft, ignited the fuel tanks and blew the wings off... Now, if he wants to take the chance of blowing off his wings and end up controlling the Pacer, like one of those *laser guided bombs* with only rudder and elevator... We would suggest sending him to *Iraq* where he could do something praiseworthy...

I think Gary decided on the three-control unit *Whelen Strobe* (a very straight forward no problem assembly and function), one for each wing tip and a belly strobe... *Whelen* provides shield wiring which is a real plus. Once we have the wiring it can be threaded through the wing, along with new stainless steel control cables, etc. and

then it will ready to cover... Possibly you might even start covering before the March meeting if the wing envelope comes in soon...

Now that's one a tall order. But *John Eiler* was confident that the restoration shop would be cleaned out and organized, so you chapter members could focus on achieving this objective...

A Letter From Australia

Fellow Member George Race received a desperate letter from one of his, close, Australian Friend asking for some assistance in getting his pilot's license back. He thought since *George* knew some pretty well placed people in the Australian government, *George* could put in a good word for him...

George agreed to share the letter with us...

Editors Note: This letter is published as it was written and the editor is not familiar with the "Australian Slang nor the authorship" therefore, if you come across words that might be offensive to your ear please accept the editor's apology in advance...

"Hi Mate,

I am writing to you because I need your help to get me bloody pilot's license back. You keep telling me you got all the right contacts. Well now's your chance to make something happen for me because, mate, I'm bloody desperate.

But first, I'd better tell you what happened during my last flight review with the CAA Examiner on the phone, Ron seemed a reasonable sort of a bloke. He politely re-minded me of the need to do a flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, have a look over my property and let me operate from my own strip. Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. First up, he said he was a bit surprised to see the plane on a small strip outside my homestead, because the ALA (Authorized landing Area) is about a mile away. I ex-

plained that because this strip was so close to the homestead, it was more convenient than the ALA, and despite the power lines crossing about midway down the strip, it's really not a problem to land and take-off, because at the halfway point down the strip you're usually still on the ground.

For some reason Ron seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection only four days earlier, I decided to do it all over again. Because the prick was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times instead of my usual two.

My effort was rewarded because the color finally returned to Ron's cheeks. In fact, they went a bright red. In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine the test flight with some ranch work, as I had to deliver three poddy calves from the home paddock to the main herd. After a bit of a chase I finally caught the calves and threw them into the back of the ol' Cessna 172. We climbed aboard, but Ron started getting onto me about weight and balance calculations and all that crap. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because, calves like to move around a bit particularly when they see themselves 500 feet off the ground! So, it's bloody pointless trying to secure them as you know. However, I did tell Ron that he shouldn't worry as I always keep the trim wheel set on neutral to ensure we remain pretty stable at all stages throughout the flight.

Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 rpm. I then discovered that Ron has very acute hearing, even though he was wearing a bloody headset. Through all that noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it. Actually it began about a month ago and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in the fuel selector mechanism. The selector can't be moved now, but it doesn't matter because it's jammed on "All Tanks," so I suppose that's okay.

However, as Ron was obviously a nit-picker, I blamed the noise on vibration from a stainless steel thermos flask which I keep in a beaut little possie between the windshield and the magnetic compass. My explanation seemed to relax Ron, because he slumped back in the seat and kept looking up at the cockpit roof. I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, "not the starboard wheel chock again." The bump, jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked around just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop-wash disappear completely through the windscreen of his brand new Commodore. "Now I'm really in trouble," I thought.

While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that was taxi to the ALA, and instead took off under the power lines. Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine started coughing right at the lift off point, and then he bloody screamed his head off, "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"Now take it easy, Ron," I told him firmly. "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it." I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard MOGAS, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon or two of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene, I siphoned in a few gallons of super MOGAS and shook the wings up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then, the engine has been coughing a bit but in general it works just fine, if you know how to coax it properly.

Anyway, at this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in my test flight. He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and became lost in prayer. I meanwhile, climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 10,500 feet. I don't normally put in a flight plan or get the weather because, as you know getting FAX access out here is a friggin' joke and the weather is always blue anyway. But since I had that near miss with a Saab 340, I might have to change me thinking on that.

Anyhow, on leveling out, I noticed some wild camels heading into my improved pasture. I hate bloody camels, and always carry a loaded 303 clipped inside the door of the Cessna just in case I see any of the barstards.

We were too high to hit them, but as a matter of principle, I decided to have a go through the open window. Mate, when I pulled the bloody rifle out, the effect on Ron was friggin' electric. As I fired the first shot his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo. He really looked as if he had been jabbed with an electric cattle prod on full power. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration for a second and the next shot went straight through the port tyre (tire). Ron was a bit upset about the shooting (probably one of those pinko animal lovers, I guess) so I decided not to tell him about our little problem with the tyre (tire).

Shortly afterwards I located the main herd and decided to do my fighter pilot trick. Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power and started a sideslip from 10,500 feet down to 500 feet at 130 knots indicated (the last time I looked anyway) and the little needle rushed up to the red area on me ASI. What a buzz, mate! About half way through the de-scent I looked back in the cabin to see the calves gracefully suspended in mid air and mooing like crazy. I was going to comment on this unusual sight, but Ron looked a bit green and had rolled himself into the fetal position and was screamin' his freakin' head off. Mate, talk about being in a bloody zoo. You should've been there, it was so bloody funny!

At about 500 feet I leveled out, but for some reason we kept sinking. When we reached 50 feet I applied full power but nothin' happened; no noise no nothin'. Then, luckily, I heard me instructor's voice in me head saying "carby heat, carby heat." So I pulled carby heat on and that helped quite a lot, with the engine finally regaining full power. Whew, that was really close, let me tell you!

Then mate, you'll never guess what happened next! As luck would have it, at that height we flew into a massive dust cloud caused by the cattle and suddenly went I. F. bloody R. Mate, you would have been really proud of me as I didn't panic once, not once, but I did make a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as me gyro is repaired (something I've been meaning to do for a while now). Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened wide, very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him, "We'll be out of this in a minute." Sure enough, about a minute later we emerged, still straight and level and still at 50 feet.

Admittedly I was surprised to notice that we were upside down, and I kept thinking to myself, "I hope Ron didn't notice that I had forgotten to set the altimeter when we were taxiing." This minor tribulation forced me to fly to a nearby valley in which I had to do a half roll to get upright again.

By now the main herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!" I thought, "there's an omen. We'll land right there." Knowing that the tyre (tire) problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steep turns with full flap. Soon the stall warning horn was blaring so loud in me ear that I cut it's circuit breaker to shut it up, but by then I knew we were slow enough anyway. I turned steeply onto a 75 foot final and put her down with a real thud. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger but, as usual, I was proved wrong again!

Halfway through our third loop, Ron at last recovered his sense of humor. Talk about laugh. I've never seen the likes of it. He couldn't stop. We finally rolled to a halt and I released the calves, who bolted out of the aircraft like there was no tomorrow.

I then began picking clumps of dry grass. Between gut wrenching fits of laughter, Ron asked what I was doing. I explained

that we had to stuff the port tyre (tire) with grass so we could fly back to the homestead. It was then that Ron really lost the plot and started running away from the aircraft. Can you believe it? The last time I saw him he was off into the distance, arms flailing in the air and still shrieking with laughter. I later heard that he had been confined to some kind of institution – poor bugger!

Anyhow Mate, that's enough about Ron. The problem is I got this letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privileges to fly: until I have undergone a complete pilot training course again and undertaken another flight proficiency test.

Now I admit that I made a mistake in taxiing over the wheel chock and not setting the altimeter using strip elevation. But I can't see what else I did that was so bloody bad that they have to withdraw me flamin' license. Can you?"

Your Friend,

Ralph H. Bell
Mud Creek Plantation

News Flash! News Flash!

Earl Scott, Chapter President, has finished the right wing of his massive homebuilt...

He is in the process of reversing the wing jig so he can start fabricating the left wing... This left wing should take less than half the time to construct because there aren't anymore mistakes to be made, he made them all in constructing the right wing...

Hopefully, he won't screw-up in reversing the wing jig... If he does, he'll end up with two right wings...

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Never let the truth get in the way of fiction" – Kamikaze Joe's mission statement -