

EAA Mount Rainier Chapter 326 Newsletter

Thun Field – December 2009

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Christmas Party

Tuesday, December 8th, 6PM
Kevin Behrent's Hangar, Thun Field

No gift exchange.
Bring the family.

This being a potluck and volunteer affair, there is no charge to attend. Kevin's hangar is #6, at the north end of the row of blue hangars on the left of the entrance drive.

Food: The Chapter will provide ham and turkey and soft drinks. As for the potluck part, please bring:

Last name beginning with:

A-E bring a salad. No macaroni please!

F-L bring a favorite dish.

M-Z bring a dessert.

Decorating and set up will be Sunday afternoon, Dec 6th, 3PM. Cleanup will be immediately afterward to include returning tables and chairs. That means a few trucks would be nice.

From the Secretary

EAA Chapter 326 November 10th 2009 - Monthly meeting. Kevin Behrent called the meeting to order for the evening. The program was Howard Olsen showing AveoEngineering LED aircraft lights. <http://www.kestrel-air.com/index.html>

Treasurer report - \$4899

Visitors: Jack Barton – retired 727 pilot
Steve Parsons – Cozy Mark 4 under construction
Howard Olsen – evening's presenter

Secretary report: Please go to the chapter website and update your personal information / addresses / phone number / project data to keep it up and current.

Louis Gallego is looking for Hanger space to work on his airplane. If anyone has extra space to rent please contact him.

Board Meeting was this last month. The group had a good discussion about upcoming events and activities. We are always looking for more people to come out and get involved. Topics included the Christmas party, Trade Show, and Young Eagles.

A Chapter Tool Crib is being setup. Look for more details in the days ahead.

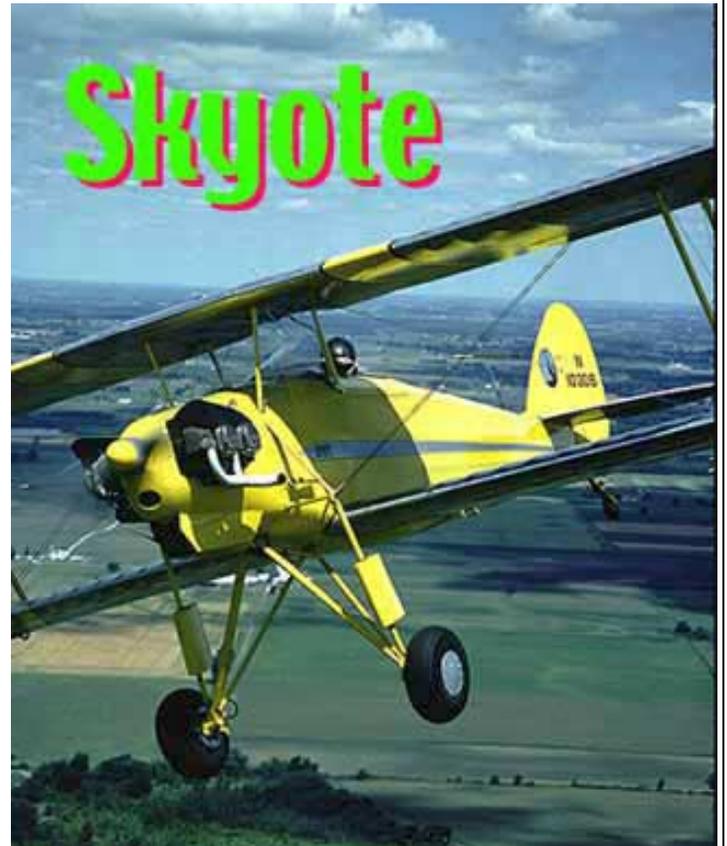
A rousing song of the new Fredrickson Flyer's school song was played to a captive audience. If you didn't come, you missed it!

Andy

Next Airplane

John Brick

My RV-4 will be four years old this Christmas... that's flying years. I love the airplane and, to the dismay of all my friends, won't stop bragging about it. I am proud of the achievement; countless decisions and technical challenges overcome, one at a time. During the 10+ building years, I never had a second thought about choosing the RV-4. That's why I'm so reluctant to begin a new project. I know from experience that any project is a major commitment. What if, in the midst building after investing gobs of time and money, I would rather be building something else?



Air Progress, May, 1979

Story and photography by Budd Davisson

The best of the Jungmeister with the size of a Rose Parakeet and the looks of a 1930s something or other.

Another factor I've never considered before... I'm 69, I'm slow as molasses; any project could easily outlive me.

Right now I feel like I'm treading water, not getting anywhere, drifting aimlessly, nothing to look forward to, and I don't like that. On the other hand, I want to be as excited and motivated about the next airplane as I was about the RV-4. I'm not there yet... but I'm working on it. My RV-4 is loaded with everything... full IFR, autopilot, oxygen, etc., exactly what I wanted. Now, I want to go toward the other end of the scale. Day, VFR, minimal instrumentation, light sport qualified, aerobatic, tube and fabric maybe. I have looked at dozens of candidates over the past few years, Fly Baby, Sonex, RV-12, WWI Replicas, Hatz, etc. Nothing really stuck for long. My latest interest is the Skyote.

Here are some excerpts and photo's taken from a 1979 Air Progress article by Budd Davisson. Take a look and see if you can talk me out of it... quick.

"Aero engineer Pete Bartoe, of Boulder, Colorado, decided to put together a performance package that had good manners at both ends of its speed envelope and would perform on low relatively inexpensive horsepower. This may not be an entirely new concept but it is certainly not one that has been seen recently. Most of the low horsepower biplanes available either can't get out of their own way or have the ground handling characteristics of a bongo board. Bartoe wanted something that would land like a Cub but do credible aerobatics, as well. The secret to performance on low horsepower, if pure speed is ignored, is low wing loading. The less weight you ask each square foot of wing to carry, the fewer ponies you need to make it go. The only penalty you pay, in traditional airframes anyway, is speed. However, that's not to say you're going to have Volkswagens passing you. In the case of the Skyote, you get a happy little machine that will bounce along all day at 100-110 mph and slurp only four or five gallons of gas per hour. The Skyote tips the scales at less than 600 pounds empty and grosses at about 900 pounds. With a C-90 Continental, that gives it a power loading of 10 pounds per horse and a wing loading of only 7.2 pounds/square foot, which, if you aren't into numbers, is pretty damned good. *(Editors Note: speaking in new millenium terms, don't ignore the fact that we have a wildy aerobatic airplane here that qualifies for LSA rules, something we didn't think about back then but, is sure as hell worth thinking about now.)*

"The fuselage is old-fashioned rag and tube, and Bartoe's computer whittled it down everywhere he could, without sacrificing strength. Part of the Bartoe Equation for excellent aerobatics and even better low speed performance included sweeping both upper and lower wings. This gives the snap rolls that little added push that only double swept wings can give. And, as if the sweep isn't enough, he added four ailerons to boot. Of course, the lightweight does wonders for the aerobatics, but does even more for the slow speed handling and helps deliver a 38 knot (44 mph) stall.

"I suppose it gets boring to read how somebody else got their jollies by pulling up into a four-point roll at every opportunity, but I can't help it. That's what this airplane does for you. I didn't even bother leveling off . . . I just pushed the nose

over slightly to get 125 mph, pulled it back up and felt those delicious ailerons flick me up and over. It is oh-so Bucker-like in so many of its movements. It has that same subtle lightness that tells you your maneuvers are graceful and tiny because the wings are alive and you are being lifted around rather than being dragged around by a humungous motor.

"Its snaprolls are very much like the Bucker's, only slightly slower. You can almost ignore the technique you use—just a gentle yank-and-stomp procedure works nicely. Bam! It breaks, whizzes around and squeaks to a halt the second you smack the stick, asking it to stop.



With its double swept wings, the Skyote is born to snap

"The spins are also mucho fun, but happen faster than I had expected. With a slightly forced entry, it snaps into an immediately stabilized spin and shows no indication of wrapping up, at least not in the three-turn series I was doing. It gives the impression of being fairly steep but stops in less than a half turn once you initiate recovery.

"To say that I personally like the Skyote, is putting it mildly. It combines the best of the Jungmeister with the size of a Rose Parakeet and the looks of a 1930s something or other. It does its entire number on 100 horses or less (the C-85/C-90 series are preferable, but the 0-200/235 will work), and handles like a feather."

Not convinced? Read what Bob Hoover reported in 1976. "Snap maneuvers were performed from straight and level flight both to the left and right at air speeds ranging from 55 up to 95

mph. Obviously, the roll rate or snap rate was much more rapid at the higher speeds than at the lower speeds. The recovery characteristics were excellent and snap rolls from vertical reverses were accomplished without difficulty from left to right and right to left. Loops were performed from 100 mph up to 160 mph with a total diameter for the average loop approximately 500 ft. which is a very tight circle. A series of loops were performed starting with a conventional loop, a square loop and an eight-sided loop. Depending upon the air speed entry, these loops could be accomplished with relative ease and without a loss of altitude. Even though at this altitude of entry at 9,000 ft., I could well appreciate the decrease in power available and could only imagine what a delightful performance this airplane would have at sea level conditions. Four, eight and sixteen point rolls were easy to accomplish, because of the delightful handling qualities and lateral control available, thanks to four ailerons. Knife edges were held on both the left and right side without difficulty.”

Okay then... how come so few have been built? Possibly because the plans were removed from the market after a very short time. This is normally a red flag for me. Another factor might be ease of building... it ain't. Single place, no way to get a demo ride. But a few are under construction today. More to investigate. jb

Flying - or rather building – or rather inspiration–

Todd Cameron

This is not about flying, but about inspiration to build an RV-7A. If you want to hear any more stories of building, sailing, flying and such, you will have to buy me a beer because none can fit in these short paragraphs. You may not understand why I would build an airplane, but then we would be even. I am not sure I can understand those who would not. The best I can do is to look to see what fills your life with joy and pride. I will not waste my time trying to convince anyone that building a plane is anything other than a waste of time. Myself, I have no choice but to build, and fly, and sail. They give me life. It is not that I do not admire accomplishments of other people. I do, but they are not mine and they do not make me smile for no apparent reason as they flicker through my mind. I cannot look at a garden and feel great self-accomplishment. I have not planted seeds, grafted buds on healthy rootstalk, or mulched a perfect blend of soil for next year's flowerbeds. No, for me I have not been a gardener. How could I understand them? How could they understand me?

“Airplanes are dangerous and building one takes more time and money than just buying a safe certified aircraft.” I can only nod my head in agreement and let these people walk away. Water down their liquor and do not give them a reason to go deeper into the subject. It makes me sad to hear that they do not like experimental aircraft, just as they probably feel when they look at my garden. For them I can only approve that they continue to work in their beautiful gardens and build magnificent homes on ¼ acre green grass lots with cul-de-sac lanes. I remark “Those are indeed the best looking tomatoes I have ever seen; and so fresh!” For myself I look up in the sky or out to sea, if only in my mind. I

can almost hear someone say “These tomatoes must be the greatest ever grown. You should have seen him smile.”

I find that the sea and sky take little notice of me. The two have allowed me to live perhaps because they were unaware of my existence. From time to time I have been caught in some argument between sea and sky. I am of no consequence and not a factor in their games. Satellite shots reveal details of hurricanes, circling white clouds with a funnel in the center, driven along the equator and circling north in the northern hemisphere south in the southern hemisphere as they encounter land and loose power. In the ocean and in the rough play beneath I have witnessed the sky and sea whip each other up into nasty spats. I know they have not shown me their worst side. I am still alive. This is just the little territorial game they play with each other in the late summer. Waves are knocked flat with the tops and spume blown into blue white streaks in the darkness. Lightning hits and lights up the water in the short radius circle of visibility surrounding the boat. You are afraid to touch the rigging, afraid that the boat under storm rig might appear to be a lightning rod of some ancient god. I cannot describe the beauty in the eye of a hurricane as you break into the sun. Let me stop there and breathe for a while to see if I can come up with some way to share with you the picture of power and glory that comes to mind. My soul was open for anyone to see but no one could come to the place where it was held, exposed in the open sunlight. It is just a sense of self and worth, all that you are, out in the open. My shipmates and I spoke only a few words. The seas are still running high and are backlit with the sun piercing through them, turning waves into translucent moving massive green and white studies of art, light, and power. The heat and light focus like a light house beam on a small stage lighting up an insignificant pea of a sailboat like a mistake in a masters painting of the apocalypse. The backdrop circling around is made up of crackling fragmented lightning presenting themselves from inside the dark the clouds. There is no way out; no question. The storm will be back upon us soon. We are the only boat visible from the fleet of 80 starters. Winds are dropping to nothing as they abate and start to reverse direction. This is where my inspiration lives. Yes we do not see the sun for the next couple of days but I am still in the 20 minutes of light in the eye of the storm.

It is my soul and need for self-worth, striving to have a craft that can journey with me into the sky or the ocean that causes me to build. I do not need to convince anyone of the need for him or her to do it. I will recommend that no one fly or sail against their nature. Do not build if you are not prepared to do it right and to the best of your ability. That I come back says that I have built well enough this time to live in the elements of wind fire and water of old Greeks. I do know better of course but there is a certain charm I find in building to this standard. To me applying what you learn is the definition of living. I enjoy life. TC

end

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