

EAA Chapter 974 Newsletter

EAA Chapter 974

Hogan Field (KHAO)

Hamilton, OH

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The Prez Says

**Ron Forsythe, Chapter
President**

Either it was a bad idea to have an offsite meeting or we didn't publicize it enough. Or maybe there was just no interest in model aircraft technology. Those who did attend the meeting at the GCRCC field did, I believe, see some fascinating and unusual planes. I apologize for not getting the word out more effectively but in defense it was on the website, in an earlier email and was discussed in two previous meetings. However, if I could do it over I would have sent out an email just several days before the meeting. Sorry!! Live and learn.

THE TIME AND DATE OF THE NEXT MEETING IS CHANGED TO 5:00 PM ON JULY 10TH and will be our PICNIC IN THE HANGER. The date change is to avoid a conflict with your July 4th plans. This will be a great opportunity to exchange plans for the annual trip to Oshkosh. We will supply hamburgs, brats and buns so please bring a side dish or dessert. Also, as part of the picnic plans we will have an auction of some of that valuable stuff you have stored in the corner of your hanger that no longer serves your needs. Not having attended one of our auctions in the past I'm not sure what we have done. Will anyone with experience please come forward? As I understand the auctions in the past the proceeds have gone to the chapter. Someone with experience give me a call. Also, we will need an auctioneer. A volunteer please!!!

Brian Charlton and John Statt are organizing the Wings Weekend Food Booth that we will operate June 23, 24 and 25th. As always a lot of help is needed please contact Brian or John to commit to a shift or two, working in the booth or helping with the setup and teardown.

Thanks to Ron G. and John T. and others for a number of Young Eagle flights in May.

Look forward to seeing you at the picnic.

June 2005 Board Meeting Minutes

**Brian Schermerhorn,
Chapter Secretary**

Not reported

June 2005 Meeting Minutes

**Rolf Hetico for
Brian Schermerhorn,
Chapter Secretary**

Chapter President Ron Forsythe called the meeting to order at 2:10pm. The June meeting was at the Greater Cincinnati Radio Control Club field on June 5, 2005.

Minutes of the Meeting:

New Members/Visitors: none

Announcements:

A sign-up sheet for Wings weekend volunteers was circulated.

Mark Taylor provided details about the GRCC flying circus. The airfield will be closed at 11:00am for the RC airshow. Chapter 974 is to provide fly-bys during the intermission of the RC show. The chapter needs to confirm that our insurance will cover this event.

Secretary's Report (Brian Schermerhorn): May minutes were published by Rolf Hetico.

Treasurer's Report (Mark Taylor): No report.

Young Eagles Report: No report.

Technical Advisor Report: No report.

Hangar Master Report: No report.

New Business: none.

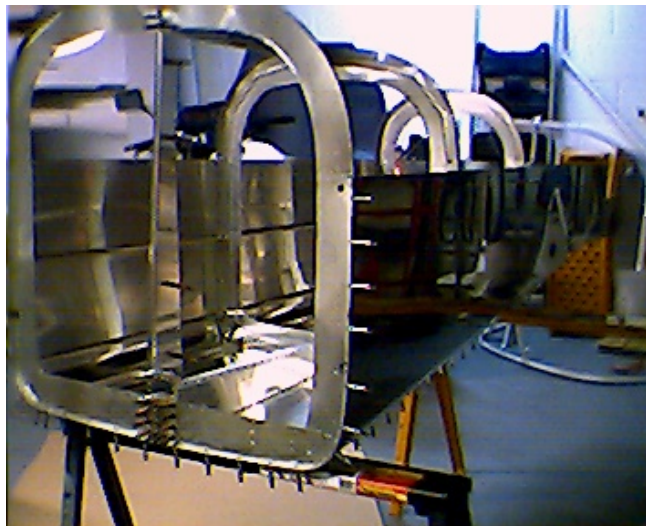
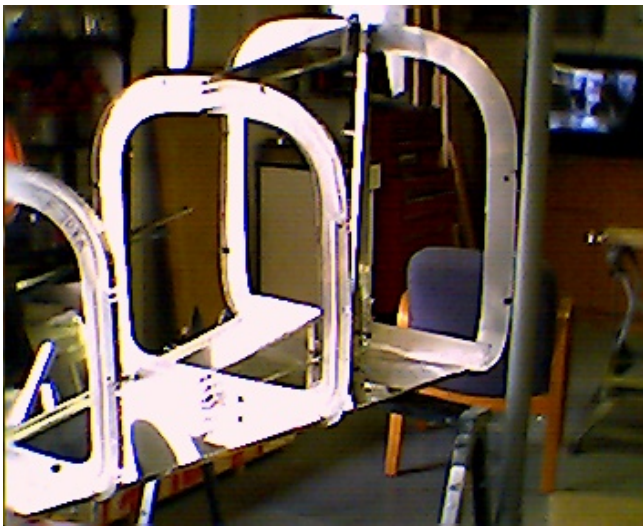
The meeting adjourned to the presentation by GCRCC members.

Tim Greene's RV7a

Tim Green

Tim reports that he took delivery of his RV7a with slide canopy on May 18th, and as you can see from the pictures below, it's progressing nicely from a pile of pricey parts to something resembling a

plane.





Kit Trip or A Journey Thru Missery (Part 2 of 2)

John Statt

Well in the last episode we were finally back on the road "east bound and down....loaded up an truck'n" as the song goes. Finally smooth roads, light traffic, no Smokey's but what's with that burning smell? For miles we've been smelling something burning. Not in the truck but outside. We came over what amounts to a hill in Kansas and a strange glow was all around us. Ribbons of orange streaks everywhere. Turns out this is the time of year they burn off the fields. The light from all of those fires for miles around was surreal to say the least. No matter where you looked there was an orange glow and molten lava looking streaks in the fields.

We stopped at a rest area to pit stop and stretch the legs and while my son Nick went in to use the facilities I walked around near the trailer. We had pulled up next to a truck with about \$30,000 invested in a bass boat and I was admiring the extensive array of booms, anchors, depth finders, under water color video equipment, and more antennas than what Tim has on his Bonanza. As I was looking at this one boat fishing fleet I overheard two gentlemen talking. One was wearing a Panama fishing hat and waxing poetic about knowing about all sorts of aircraft types. This thing must be something different. He flew in a friends "Eronica" several times and this thing with no wings must not be an aircraft after all but some sort of amusement ride. The other gentleman, wearing a Harley bandana, chirped in speculating that it could be some sort of ultralight plane. "Like those that have them triangular wings that are steered by grabbing a suicide bar looking thing". "Naw!" stated Panama "There aint no propellers, an' there's only one seat in it." "Amusement rides have two or more seats." I decided that this conversation was about to get really interesting so I moseyed up (That's what they do in Kansas, mosey. It's sort of a cross between meandering and wondering but with a purpose.) As I approached Panama had a revelation. "It's like those displays we saw up at that Gander Mountain store last year". You mean like them giant tied flies and stuffed Geese hanging from the ceiling?" stated Bandana. "Hell yea!" I see it now. It's a bass lure!" Panama was on a roll now. "Them wheels are just temporary, an' that mast thing is to suspend it from the roof. See? Its got a motor to turn it around". He said. "Hellatious big' Said Bandana but I think you're right. I could no longer refuse to stand by and have my new flying machine slandered so I introduced myself and told them it was really an aircraft. "It's a Fixed Auto Rotation Tractor." "A fixed auto rotation what?" Bandana asked. "Tractor" I stated. "Since the main engine is up front it's referred to as a tractor" I was on a roll. You've heard of ATV's, and remote piloted vehicles called RPV's right? Well this is a F.A.R.T Fixed Auto Rotation Tractor" That tiny motor looking on top of the mast drives helicopter type blades and then is shut off and the plane glides back to earth." " Oh it's a chopper then?" asked Bandana. "Not exactly but similar " I said. "still looks like a giant bass lure" says Panama. "An' this seat here what's that thing sticking up in the center?" Panama fell right into the trap. Well that's the F.A.R.T. stick. I must have gone over their heads or the joke was too lame. They just shrugged their shoulders and walked over to their truck. "Hey I get it" states Bandana. fart stick! get it...He was sh.t'n us" I'd be embarrassed to pull a big yellow bass lure down the road like that" stated Panama and they went on.

Back on the road and feeling better after checking out the repairs to the fenders. All tight and snug. My turn to drive and let Nick rest. Finally Missouri and one state closer to home! It's midnight and the

roads change rotten as soon as we cross the state line. Crossing over the river there's suddenly a whole mess of truck eating potholes and a look in the mirror confirms that the trailer and Pitbul are still attached and bouncing happily along.

Ka bam! and the whole shootin' match is all over the road! Looking back I see sparks everywhere! Now what happened!!? What the H#** did I hit? A street light confirms that the right fender has gone A.W.O.L again and it's sliding across the road! Geeze! I hope no one hits that thing and causes an accident! In the excitement I notice that the fuel gauge is registering GET GASS NOW OR I QUIT! level.

Just over the Kansas River side of Kansas City there isn't much in the way of off ramps with hopes of fuel or even places to pull off that are lighted. There is an ominous nasty sound emanating from the trailer and it's bouncing funny. The next ramp has gas according to the sign so we pull off only to find a single lighted store on the corner. Looks busy enough but no pumps. As we pull in the lot I notice that the right tire is shredded. We got out and inspected the damage. Sure enough the fender broke away and evidently ate the tire leaving only a hint of tire on the rim. I entered the store only to be looking at two big guys wearing more armament than a swat team. It's a liquor store and it's in a bad part of town. A third guy appears from the back carrying a shot gun slung in a combat rig. A very very bad part of town and Nick is all by himself at the trailer. I ask if there are any gas stations around and explain my problem. "There's a Wall-Mart about 10 miles down the road", I'm told by the big gun tote'n fellow. I asked if it would be possible to leave the trailer there under the outside camera while we go see if good ol' Wal-Mart can bail us out again. "Hey isn't that a gyrocopter" asks the guy behind the counter. Already I like these guys. There a lot smarter than Panama and Bandana and friendly too!. "Yep" I said "and we're reroute from Colorado to Cincinnati" "Kool... Yea we'll watch it for ya" and the thought of buying some adult beverage with a strong kick enters the mind. I could use a shot of Beam right about now to soak my misery up with but we're on a mission! Back at the trailer I notice Nick is surrounded by some unsavory looking characters and the location sends a chill down my back. Just then I spot a police car and flag him down. Saved by the Calvary. as he pulls up the first thing he asks is " Any body hurt...who's hurt?" After a quick explanation of our predicament he states "You guys are in THE worst part of town! We run two to a patrol car here and I'm going to pick up my partner. Don't stray from the light". A comforting thought. Not only is it central Baghdad but we're in hostile territory in the middle of the night!

We converse for a short while and I tell him I need to get gas and drop the trailer. " Not here" he states. "They'll have it gone before you hit the on ramp and ghetto gas is running about \$2.90 a gallon down the road". It's in a worse part of town." How much worse I think? Combat central...the vultures are already eyeing the trailer and Nick is surrounded! The officer stated that if it were him he'd drive it down a couple of exits to where the stadiums are and parked there. The station house is just down the street, the gas is cheaper, and the neighbor hood safer. Riding on the rim down the expressway is not my first idea of travel but the officer is using terms like "escaping", " evacuation", and "dangerous predators". It puts us closer to Wal-Mart so it's back onto I-70 at a snail pace to four exits down and the BP station across from the stadiums. We pull in and after I fill up, I flip the attendant a twenty to watch the trailer so we can get to Wal-Mart. I explained that Kansas City Police recommended I drop it here. The attendant says it's ok and gives directions to Wally's World. We wander off several exits and find no Wal-Mart but spot several tire stores and make plans to overnight in the Holiday Inn behind the Gas station.

Lo and behold....like a beacon of hope there it is....Wal-Mart! It's open and there is a motorcycle officer out side! Much safer area, after all this guy is not riding in an armored vehicle so it's got to be safer. We're eyed with suspicion as we cart the blown tire through the door in hopes that back at the sports/automotive section they sell boat trailer tires. Nothing...nada...it's a bust . The tire store part is closed till morning and no replacement is to be found except the display tire. Hmmmmm! maybe we can convince the clerk it was on sale and.....CRAP it's got only four lugs and ours is a five lug wheel but the tire and tube is the same size. The thought of wrasseln' a tire off of a rim at this time of night is un appealing and I wish I had gotten some 'Beam back at the liquor store. As we leave the officer strikes up a conversation and our predicament is explained. Since it was late (01:30) and my adrenalin was still pumping from evacuation the war zone on a damaged tire we talked about police days and stuff in general. I have to say all of the officers I met were friendly and helpful. I stated that I bought the trailer at a Tractor Supply Store and plan on getting my money back as soon as I return. "TSC huh! he states. "There's one just down the road." "They open early, but I know there won't be any officers around for the next couple of hours if you care to check it out" Did I hear that right? Was this a comment that I should midnight trade my tire? I could see me now ...on the road...with a big yellow bass lure and a stolen tire. The offer is tempting but we'll check the location and get there first thing in the am. We locate the business and looky here a full semi of trailers just like mine waiting for morning delivery. Things are looking up. We return to the trailer to find it ok and check into the Holiday Inn. I tell the station

attendant to call me immediately on my cell phone if any one comes near the trailer.

Morning dawns and before we go to Tractor Supply I check in with the attendant. He states all is well and the night officers wish to thank me for the coffee. Coffee? What coffee? What a great guy! he used the money to buy coffee for any officer that showed up to look at the gyro. He got free security, I got safe storage, officers got free caffeine fixes a win-win for everyone. Tractor supply gives me a new tire and I buy a spare. (It would seem obvious that a prudent man would have purchased a spare tire along with the trailer but what the heck it's a new trailer what could go wrong!) Omens...don't ignore them. Murphy was an optimist.

Refreshed, retreaded, and refueled in spirit and gas it's back on the road by noon. I stop at every opportunity to double check the trailer tires, and the remaining fender. The road is horrible, and a check of the remaining fender discovers that the damn thing is about to break off so I remove it and hope all of the road grunge doesn't destroy too much of the fiberglass on the Pit-bull.

Man what a headache! the tension and road weariness is taking it's toll. St Louis is only 10 miles away and hopefully road construction and traffic will be better in Illinois. A look in the mirror reveals that the license plate is contemplating going A.W.O.L. What is it about this trailer? Is it because the roads remind me of endless miles of Cincinnati expressways or the constant bone jarring pot holes? We re attach the plate and notice that the lights don't work. No brake lights, running lights, nada. The fuse must have blown. Another check locates the culprit. When the fender left, it crushed the wires and caused a short that makes contact at every bump. Electrical tape fixes it and finally we're off.

St. Louis and one more state gone! Dinner and walk around checks look ok. At this pace we'll be back in town by midnight. Road side inspections are down to a science. Illinois, although rough riding, are smooth compared to Missery. Indiana state line! Woo Hoo! and no problems and little traffic.

Thank God the weather has held out. Ohio is just down the hill and familiar terrain looms ahead. Thoughts of ..If something happens now I can at least get help...Hell, even walk if I have to. Flash! Now what!! Trailer lights are out. Hells Bells I ain't stopping! Why is that goofy car hovering just off the back of the trailer? If something falls off he'll get fraged for sure! The second Harrison exit looms ahead and I contemplate exiting and trying to fix the lights. Lights Oh Hell that vehicle has lights on top of it! No lights...middle of the night...license plate held on by bailing wire...this is going to get nasty! Luck me he speeds up and pulls over a speeder. I could only imagine the thoughts going through that officers mind. "8Henry 11, I have an oversized bass lure on I-74 east bound, no lights and possible stolen tags". I turn on the flashers and they work so I continue on like a lost lightening bug till I get home.

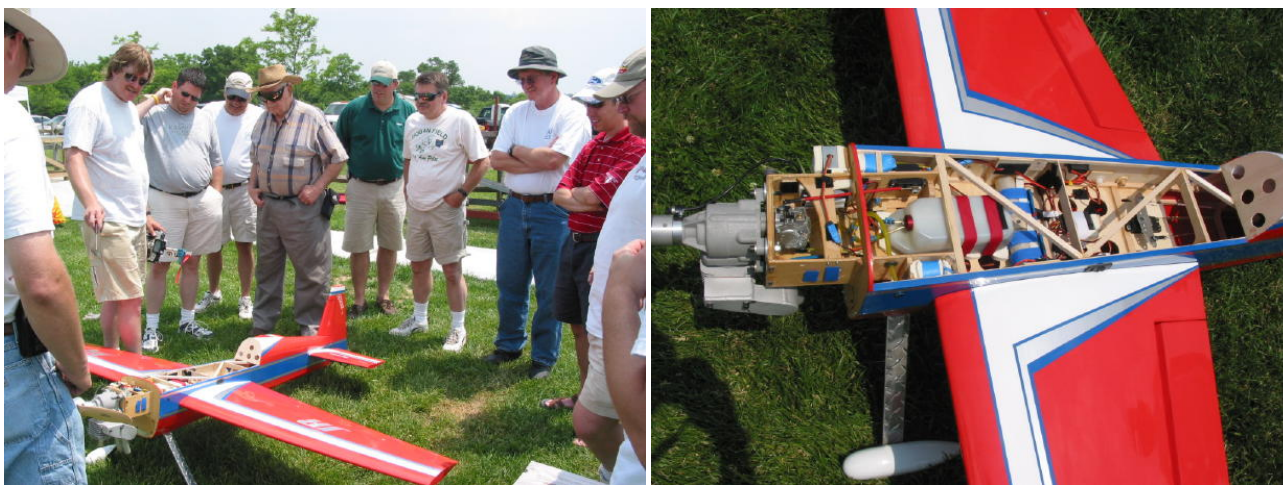
HOME at last!! Safe, sore, tired, with my new pride and joy parked safely in the drive way. Springfield TWP Police pass by and spot light the trailer and gyro. "Glad to see you got back safe John" he yells. Heck fire It's an old police buddy! I chat for a short time and he states that Harrison Police mentioned a possible dangerous trailer east bound. A check of the license plate confirmed the address. I'm too tired to think any more. Another adventure logged to posterity.

Chapter Meeting at Greater Cincinnati Radio Control Club - June 5th

A great time was had by all that attended. If you happened to miss the meeting, you should try to get out the GCRCC sometime, they are very welcoming of new folks, and it really is interesting to see what's available in the RC aircraft world.

We saw a twin warbird with retractable gear, spoilers, and flaps! The engine's are synchronized on the ground with a tachometer, and the gear are run from compressed air tanks. There were also many different sizes/scales of aircraft, and everything from almost-ready-to-fly (ARF) to scratch-built aircraft, gasoline powered and the new electric power than run on the new lithium-polymer batteries. Sadly, there was also a stall/spin accident on the field while we were there, but everyone walked away unhurt. ☺





Wings Weekend - June 23-25th

Don't forget to sign up for Wings Weekend, especially if you can help out during the week (particularly on Friday)! You can see the current schedule at the chapter website. There's a link on the opening page, or you can go directly there with www.eaa974.com/Wings_Weekend.htm, where you can send an email directly to John or Brian, or you can email the webmaster at webmaster@eaa974.com

Chapter Picnic and Auction - July 10th

We are planning for the July meeting to be the Chapter Picnic, and will include our annual auction, so clean up your hangars and workshops and bring those items to buy/sell/trade. The picnic will be at 5 PM. Also remember that there is now a classified section on the website where you can list or look for items year round.

EAA Airventure Cup Race - July 23-24th

The [2005 Airventure Cup](#) starts from Dayton Wright-Brothers (MGY) again this year, so those of you that want to participate or check out the airplanes take note. I plan to get up there for the race start this year myself as [Rich Guerra](#) will flying the race in his Velocity again. If you want to race, you must send in the \$200 fee with application by June 1st.

Upcoming Fly-ins

None Reported.