



Island 'Tale' - Winds



Sept. 2002 —The Official Newsletter of EAA Chapter 679 – Vancouver Island, B.C.



EXECUTIVE & COMMITTEE

President

George Carpenter 245-5606
850 Colonia Drive chipselva@shaw.ca
Ladysmith, B.C. V9G 1N5

Vice President

Bill Williams 751-2081
5318 Sherbourne Drive
Nanaimo, B.C. V9K 1R8

Secretary

John Balogh 741-1452
650 Brechin Road nbalogh@shaw.ca
Nanaimo, B.C. V9S 2Y2

Treasurer & Web Master

John Owen 245-8594
3826 Shellbeach Road fznb@shaw.ca
Ladysmith, B.C. V9G 1K9

Newsletter Editor

John Veale 743-1832
834 Alget Rd. RR#1 jpveale@shaw.ca
Mill Bay, B.C. V0R 2P0

Young Eagle Co-Ordinators

Ray Carr 743-2384
1909 Renfrew Road, RR#1 racarr@islandnet.com
Shawnigan Lake, B.C.
V0R 2W0

Pete Rees 246-9575
Gen. Del.
119 Clam Bay Road
Thetis Island B.C. V0R 2Y0

Phone Committee South island

Vince Doyle 746-7702
1780 Koksilah Road, RR#1 vvdoyle@island.net
Cowichan Bay, B.C. V0R 1N0

* Vince is also Chapter Social Co-ordinator

Central Island

Randy Galusha 741-0906
243 Derby Place
Nanaimo, B.C.

Chapter Web Site

<http://www.angelfire.com/bc2/chapter679/index.html>

May I Please Introduce.....

John Owen

Editor's Note: John has been one of the most active members of EAA Chapter 679. Aside from the official positions he holds, he is always ready and willing to help out in all areas of the Chapters day to day operations.

Never one to bring attention to himself, John was hesitant when asked to write up his personal story, saying that everyone in the Chapter knew him well. Your editor was able to convince him however, and I happily present a little more of the "John Owen Story" as told by John himself. To those of your receiving a similar request from the Editor, may John's effort spur you into action. (It took three days from the time I asked John until it was on my desk ready for transfer to the newsletter!)



John Owen Photo

John & Lynn Owen with their RV-4

My grandfather and grandmother were of English decent. My grandfather arrived here in 1910 at the age of 5. He took an interest in soccer, which is natural for anyone of English heritage and played for Nanaimo City when they won the Championship of Canada in 1927. He coached soccer when older and had a successful team which won the Sun tournament in Vancouver four of the five times they competed. He was a coal miner, and lost an eye in an industrial accident. My grandfather and grandmother on my father's side came from Wales and he was a coal miner in Extension, a small community south of Chase River.

I worked as a Lineman with B.C. Hydro and am married to my second wife Lynn. Between us we have 5 children aged from 34 to 26

(Continued on page 2)

living between Nanaimo and Montreal.

I enjoyed sports when younger and still enjoy them, but am rather suspicious of anyone that enjoys cricket or golf.

I was born April 7, 1948. When able to ask the question, where did I come from, my mother told me the stork brought me and they found me in the cabbage patch. I don't believe that anymore even though no one ever gave me the "talk". Later when I became interested in girls, I lost my mind for a while, but was lucky enough to find it again before any damage was done. I don't believe in Santa, the Easter bunny (although I know where there are some) or the tooth fairy.

John Owen Photo



John...the Young Ball Player

I became interested in aviation from listening to my father. He had a great interest but never had the money to pursue it. He took the family to Cassidy Airport whenever they had a special event, and there were far more back then than now. He did take a ride with the first flight instructor there, who gave him a ride over Extension where they buzzed his mom and neighbor in their back yard. The aircraft was a Tiger Moth and his flight was always described graphically and with enthusiasm. We also did the annual Comox Military airshow. I remember the Lancasters, Sabres, and the Neptune patrol aircraft like it was yesterday. I was with him at Cassidy when I had the chance for my first ride in what would have been a DC 3. I was young and foolish and declined till it was too late, and missed that opportunity.

Many years later, and in my early working life, I was given the opportunity to fly, for free. The aircraft was a Hiller helicopter. It was the first of many helicopter flights in that northern country where flight to job sites was the norm. The first fixed wing flight was a Beaver based in Lakelse Lake near the Terrace airport.

The flight was from Terrace to Stewart B.C. It was during this flight that I discovered that my fellow worker was an EAA member and told me about homebuilt aircraft. Later he gave me all his back issues of Sport Aviation which I still have.

I learned to fly in Qualicum. It came about after (and don't laugh) having a dream about being in control of an aircraft and landing on a short field. I woke up and considered that I had better get proper instruction. I met many interesting people during my training, some still flying, some not. They had C-150's, a Grumman Yankee, (which I was in once and only once), an Aerocommander Darter 100 which I enjoyed. Gordon Trites will be able to tell you about the Grumman flight far better than I. The instructor at one time or another would take one of his students to Vancouver in the Apache and let him or her fly (sort of) on the way back. It was on one of these excursions that he asked me. I told him would love to but my family was with me, young son, daughter, and wife. He told me to bring them as well. For some unknown reason I decided to bring along in my back pocket an empty bread bag. My young daughter put that to very good use on the return trip after awakening from a nap. Twenty two years later on the second flight her and I were to enjoy together, and while sitting in the back seat of my RV-4, I heard the words that put fear in all our hearts especially those with tandem seating "I think we better go back, I might be getting sick"! I am glad that I pointed out the three bags on the left side fuselage that are sort of self explanatory, during the pre-flight. I raised the collar on my shirt and buttoned the last button, but fortunately she never used the bag.

I have owned three aircraft. The first was a J3-cub with a military history, served on the Philippines in 1945.

The second was a Piel Emeraude CP 304 I believe. The

John Owen Photo



Traveling with best friend Lynn. (John's Wife)

last was my present aircraft an RV-4 which I built and

(Continued from page 2)

flight tested myself. There is no greater feeling of accomplishment. If I had to pick one of these as my favourite, it would be the Piel Emeraude. It was as fast as a Beaver, no electric start, extremely rugged, and very forgiving of any mistakes. The landing gear was wide, but not far to the



Picnic Time at Long Beach with the Trites and the Veales

tailwheel. You wanted to be in an attentive mood upon landing or you could find yourself going the wrong way.

My most interesting flight was in the RV-4 when we attended an EAA event in Valemont. It was interesting because we went with another couple who had been stranded in Valemont some time before because of bad weather. The next day after a wet night, there was an airshow etc. and this couple left for Alberta and my wife and I were to return to Nanaimo. Before I had completed my runup this couple returned with a blown cylinder, engine out for a short time but managed a restart, and made a perfect land-

ing with inches to spare upon his return to terra firma. Had the airport been a few feet south, a few stumps would have been removed. We stayed with them for a little moral support and then the rain came. As a result, I sent my wife home on the bus and I spent three days waiting for the weather to break. I pleaded with Kamloops FSS to do something about the rain and low ceilings. Two years later this fellow on a return visit to Alberta, spent another couple of nights weathered in at Valemont. If it looks like rain, don't stop in Valemont. It is a very interesting town though, and the people are very friendly. I am based at Cassidy airport, and am hangared in the highest building on the south end which I have a half interest in.

I have served as the secretary and treasurer of chapter 679 since one year after joining them. Neither job is a lot of work and have enjoyed them both. I have taken the responsibility of distribution of the monthly newsletter, purchasing refreshments for meetings, designing and maintaining our web page. I have been a director of the Nanaimo Flying Club, the newsletter editor, and am currently looking after their coffee fund. What I find discouraging is a lack of enthusiasm from our membership when it comes time to run for office or to even take on a small job. By the time you read this edition of our newsletter, we should be ready to hold our annual elections. I hope you are encouraged to step up and take on a more active roll within the club and bring fresh ideas forward.

.... John Owen

Editor's Note:

A big thank you to **Vince Doyle** for reacting to my plea for Newsletter material. Vince provided the following. Enjoy!

So who's building? . 'Chips' Carpenter is making an all wooden something-or-other and Bill Williams has caught the bug and is working on the same type in his garage along with an RV8 (or is it 9?) and of course Chips has the Baby Ace and a 'test bed for a VW engine' sitting in the hangar...it got away from him one day and actually took off ...and so I turned to these two stalwart gentlemen and arranged for some muscle to get a MOFOCO 1835cc VW engine mounted in my Nieuport 11.

Now you must understand that as well as being the

Truth-Rumours and Who's Who ??

(The Hangar Scene according to "Sparks")

President of chapter 679 of the EAA, Chips AKA George Carpenter, has other activities which sometimes get him into difficulty. One such particular activity (chasing dog out of hangar) resulted in a broken wrist which is presently being held together with more hardware than he has put into his last three planes. As a consequence of this misfortune he is unable to lift anything heavier than a coffee cup.

And Bill 'The Stent' Williams is, to put it delicately, somewhat "altitude challenged" and in the light of his past difficulties along similar lines to those afflicting Dick Chaney, could be forgiven if he were to back off from

(Continued on page 5)

EAACC Chairman Rem Walker Reports

Arlo Spear and Maurice Simoneau, officials from Transport Canada, provided the following information during the EAACC Information Symposium on July 27, 2002 at Oshkosh:

The **DATA PLATE** required for your aircraft must be fireproof (Stainless Steel suggested) and attached to the structure of the aircraft, not to a fairing, cowling or other part that is easily removed or can be used on another aircraft. Locate it between the rear door post and the stabilizer, near the leading edge of the stabilizer. This can be on the left or right side of the fuselage. The **DATA PLATE** requires the following information to be engraved or permanently etched into the plate:

- *Name of Builder
- *Aircraft Model Designation
- *Serial Number.

(Other information can be added, if you wish, as long as the three items above are on the Data Plate.

During the Final Inspection of your aircraft the MD-RA will record the information from your Data Plate.

It was also noted in the report by Messers Spear and Simoneau that the RAA is no longer responsible for the inspections of Amateur-Built Aircraft. As of December 21, 2000, inspections have been delegated by Transport Canada to the MD-RA operating out of London, Ontario. The MD-RA is now a stand-alone, not-for-profit corporation separate from the RAA.

Professional assistance to complete your 51% of the aircraft is now okay as noted in CAR 507 Appendix C. The assistance in the construction or assembly of parts must be subject to the overall control of the builder.

A new warning placard is allowed as noted in CAR 507 Appendix C that may be less offensive than the one in AWM 549. With the CARS you have the option to use 3/8ths letters on the placard on the outside of the aircraft, or you may place the placard in front of each passenger seat and use smaller letters with no size specified. For a copy of the CARS and up-to-date information re homebuilts please as you're your free copy of the **HANDBOOK** At no cost to you by EAACC. Note the address in the Yellow bar at the end of this report.

One of the new workshops at Oshkosh 2002 was the engine sessions on Subaru, VW and Corvair engine conversions led by experts in the aviation community. It was standing-room only through the week, as were the SL360 engine sessions. This will be back for 2003. Also, expect workshops on aluminum forming, as they were very popular.

If you are thinking about putting your Type Certificated Aircraft into the O-M Category you should think twice about it because once it is there, you will find it next to impossible to return to Type Certificated status. COPA provides a guild booklet on this topic in case you are a member and interested in Owner-Maintained status.

Please note the new E-Mail address for MD-RA Inspection Services in London, Ontario. md-ra@md-ra.com

Rem Walker is Chairman of the EAA Canadian Council and can be reached at 2348 Garnet Street, Regina, Sask. S4T 3A2

Phone: 306-352-6442

Fax: 306-565-0694

Mike Wilkey Explains his Beaver Fever

Like any other fever it is a condition of the heart and head, perhaps even the soul, as much as anything physical. I have long since survived the fevers of youth (well almost) when the hormones made me sweat or rather the girls that stirred them up did, I survived malarial fevers once or twice in East Africa and recently I overcame the cold sweats caused by an expensive divorce.

As an immigrant to the wide, wild and wet west coast of this wonderful country and its islands I often looked up, as all pilots do, at the distinctive sound of a radial popping across the inlets of this rugged coastline. Nearly everyone who looks up into the sky will recognize two or three of the classics, even those who do not fly or do not look up

(Continued on page 7)

(Truth & Rumors continued from page 3)

strenuous activities. And therefore it was with some misgivings that I enlisted their aid.

Without a moments hesitation both of them said, "Yes !"

Wednesday morning September 25, 2002 is now a red letter day in my log book. The engine is mounted on the Nieuport firewall !

Chips lent a hand whenever he could, the good one! And "The Stent" and I muscled the VW into position with the aid of a hoist that came out of Bill's garage where it had lain since the Dark Ages. From then on Bill took over; and, with power and determination which must be seen to be believed, managed to get the bolts ("You've got too many washers in there; you guys were supposed to have them out. No wonder I couldn't get the nut on") in place. My task was to hover protectively over the scene to ensure that nothing untoward happened to this wonderful and delicate piece of machinery which had taken such a large

chunk of dough out of my pension check for the past four years!

Thursday morning September 26, 2002 I was in the garage admiring my little beauty when the 'Professor' Carr was and in a sense still is a teacher and has guided and encouraged me from the very outset of this project when I was abruptly and harshly cast away upon the tortuous and tumultuous seas of home-building. Ray has been interested, supportive, and above all kind in his always constructive observations concerning the Nieuport. And I had a problem.

I didn't know I had a problem until after the engine was mounted and I began looking through the engine assembly manual. But there it was in black and white.

"It is important when installing the pinion gear that you also install the ignition system. If you don't, the first time

(Continued on page 6)



Beneath My Wings

Photo's from the Mustang II C-G.AIF



John Veale Photo

Identify the spit of land shown above. It is well known as a camping spot. (Find the answer on page 8)

you rotate the engine through without the ignition system, you will pop the pinion gear up and it will damage the brass drive gear on the crankshaft. Remember, if the pinion gear is in, the ignition system (the distributor) needs to be in also."

Well, I pulled the plug out of the hole where the distributor would normally be and looked and sure enough there was the pinion gear staring back at me from the depths, its slotted end seeming to sneer at me. "So you're going to use a magneto and don't have any use for a distributor. So you don't have any use for me anymore. Well what are you gonna' do now sucker! Do you feel lucky! Well do ya?" I felt decidedly unlucky. It had to go. But how?

The Professor said, "It's too bad the engine's already mounted." "How so?" "Well you could have turned the motor over and just slid it out!"

I looked at him for minute and concluded that the suggestion had received all the attention it deserved and went back to the task of trying to hook the ugly little sucker out with a bent piece of piano wire. The gear that is.

"Let me try," the Professor says, "I have a way with these types of problems. You have to have patience!"

"Ah, hah!" thought I, "sucked 'im in again!"

Some rather intense activity ensued. I was dispatched for a flashlight (torch I think he called it) which caused me a bit of confusion. Another piece of wire, a file to shape the end, a pair of needle-nose pliers, ad infinitum...which translated means I did a hell of a lot of running around. But some progress was made. Ray was able to move the gear up about half way up the chamber where it abruptly stopped and nothing short of dynamite would budge it further.

"You know what you need to do, you need to grind the back sides of a pair of those needle nose pliers and flatten them to get a better grip."

I looked at him for a minute..."Let me have another look at that thing. Here hold the flash..er torch. No! Not there. Here!"

Finally I got a good look at the end of the gear for the first time and what I saw made me want to do the Dirty Harry thing right then and there with a trusty Magnum 45 which as anyone knows is the most powerful gun in the world and would blow its head clean off!

With tears in my eyes I enlightened Ray, "The sides of the little booger are tapered! No wonder we couldn't hook it solidly. It's a wonder that it moved at all."

We retreated back into the house for a cuppa and to re-group.

"Have you got any VW manuals kicking around. Maybe they'll tell us something."

"Yes and yes. Lots of manuals and they all say the same thing. 'Using the special tool remove the etc. etc.' No help whatever."

I threw a couple of manuals in his direction and went back to my habitual hand wringing routine while sipping remorsefully from my saucer. Nothing good could ever come from manuals. I knew. I had written a few myself and was a firm believer that they should be turned to when all else fails and only when all else fails. But the Professor from long force of habit hadn't yet given up on the written word.

"Eureka!" "I do not!"

"No, I've got it! One has to assume that if things go together one way then they must come apart in the diametrically opposed sequence."

"What in hell did you just say?"

"The book says, 'Apply oil to the distributor driveshaft, that's the thing we've been calling a pinion gear, and install it with the slot perpendicular to the crankcase centerline seam and the smaller segment near the crankshaft pulley..'"

"Okay let's try it out."

"See it engages another gear, probably helical gear and that's where it hangs up.."

"Yeah, yeah. Let's try it!" I was hot to trot now and like a hound with the scent of the fox up its nostrils couldn't wait to corner the little rascal in its den.

"You do it," says Ray, "It's your engine." I picked up the threaded rod, which was the last implement we'd tried and seemed to offer the best chance of success when jammed like a spear into the beasts sides. And as usual it successful up to a point but no further. "Rock it. Rock the crankshaft back and forth. Get the slot perpendicular to the crankcase centre line and rock it back and forth while gently urging it upward." He's beginning to sound like one of those inspirational speakers, I thought.

(Continued on page 7)

(Truth & Rumors...Continued from page 6)

"Rock and urge, rock and urge. Rock of urges stand by me..." The strain was beginning to take its toll. When suddenly all resistance ceased and the son-of-a-gun yielded at last. And Ray, ever at the ready snagged it with the needle-nose pliers just as it was about to slide back into the depths.

"It is not enough to read the written word. One must do so calmly, calmly." Ray seemed to like to word 'calmly' and I began to wonder if he were trying to tell me something. Nah, that wouldn't apply to me anyway. I have always sweated this way, Doesn't mean a thing.

The moral of this tale is never underestimate the power of prayer even if it's blasphemous and surround yourself with good friends who take the time to help you in your hour of need.

Thanks to Chips, The Stent and The Prof. I salute you gentlemen, Thanks a lot!

Sincerely, "Sparks."

(Mike Wilkey Explains..Continued from Page 4)

when a plane passes overhead will be able to identify maybe a Piper Cub, a Tiger Moth and a Beaver. It is rather like motorcycles, most men (oh, oh that is not politically correct is it) people, are able to recognize the sound of a Harley Davidson and so with the radial of a Beaver, pilot or not. At the sight of my first Beaver I was immediately stricken with an affliction that my ex-wife called AIDS, Aviation Induced Divorce Syndrome, I call it Beaver Fever. It is the call of the wild, the bush pilot romanticism of freedom that drew me to the Beaver and I determined I would have one, even if I had to build it myself.

"But building an aeroplane is rocket scientist stuff," I was told. "You know nothing about building a plane." At first I believed this nonsense so I read and read all kinds of magazine articles on "How I built an Aeroplane", how to do this and how to make that until I was at a point where I thought, if they can do it so can I, at least that's what EAA said. So I set about looking for plans or a kit to build a Beaver. Nothing! I looked through so many catalogues, so many magazines I nearly went broke buying the damn publications.

Then I thought I would design my own. "Oh yeah! There he goes again, Mad Mike going to be a rocket scientist." I read more and more, this time I raided UVic's library, much cheaper and where else do you find information that has been around since the Brothers Wright other than a university's dusty library? And still I read until I got bogged down in aerodynamics' higher mathematics and applied physics, both subjects I failed at school. So I looked around for plans or a kit that I could modify to look like my bush plane dream. Nothing! That is until I 'found' a set of terrible plans for a PT2S by Roger Mann. This I thought I could use, a bit of a change here, a bit of modification there and bingo a Beaver.

I also accumulated some practical experience repairing and rebuilding antiques and classics at the BC Aviation Museum in Sidney. I even went as far as getting a job! I worked for an entrepreneur, well a bit of a crook actually, who was building Tiger Moths and Stearman (or is that Stearmen?) Nevertheless and notwithstanding the times I did not get paid I learned a great deal about building wooden aircraft without drawings. We used a Boeing Stearman parts catalogue and a downsized full size wing rib drawing for the 7/8 scale biplane which was completed without its metalwork in less than five months. I quit still being owed a couple of months wages but with a couple of sets of drawing for a Volks Plane, Tiger Moth and the PT2S (fair payment I thought).

I set about sketch drawings for my half scale, 2 seat side by



Mike Wilkey Photo

From sketches to hardware.....Mike with the evolving 1/2 scale Beaver

side Beaver with a lot of help from an engineer friend and the enthusiasm of another disgruntled Replica Aircraft Works former employee. In Sidney, Viking Air's Dave Curtiss was really helpful and gave me three views, ex-

(Continued from page 7)

panded drawings and the run of the shop up at Sidney to take all the photographs I needed (wanted) and the Baby Beaver was hatched on Salt Spring Island in the summer of 2002.

We used the basic fuselage drawings from the PT2S and a lot of guts. Then set about building on a 16 foot table (that cost \$120 in materials) in a shamble of a shop with a very uneven gravel floor that even the saw table was shimmed up with cedar shingles. A good supply of excellent old growth Sitka spruce, aircraft birch a lot of time spent sawing and planing it, a lot of sweat (it was July in an un-ventilated shop) we persevered and soon the fuselage was assembled and a Beaver turtle back constructed.



Mike Wilkey Photo

All it takes is "Beaver Fever" and "Perseverance"

Wings, well there was no way a half scale DHC 2 Beaver wing would do the job. I had at least learned something about scale versus performance during my marathon reading sessions. I decided on the tried and true Clark Y airfoil and a 29 foot span to give me the slow speed and high lift characteristics I was looking for and with a little help from the Viking drawings I designed a wing tip bow that is very Beaver like. The tail feathers were another problem. How do I make the ugly square PT2S tail look like a Beaver? I don't. So I set about eyeballing a Beaver tail about the size of the PT2S on a piece of cardboard from a Sears washing machine carton and attached it to the fuselage. Great! It looked right but will it work? I remembered radio engineer, Bill Lear, saying to the critics of his lack of knowledge of aerodynamics when he designed his Learjet, "If it looks beautiful it will fly beautifully." But I got back to my engineer friend who said that if the area of the tail is the same no matter what the shape (within reason) it will work. Oh yeah! How the heck do I calculate that? "Easy," said an artist friend, "square it off in inches and count them." Right! Well it worked out that between me, my artist lady friend Shelaigh, Roger Mann and Geoffrey deHavilland I was over by only 10 and a bit inches (more is better than less) of the area on the plans. So I have a Beaver tail even if it is a little less pointy at the top.

Domestic squabbles often intrude on the fine art of aircraft building as some you well know and they came into my shop deep enough so that my co-worker, the disgruntled former Stearman builder, had to leave the island and go with his wife and family to the Kootenays. I later moved from that small island to this bigger island and had to leave the Beaver behind but not the Beaver Fever. I go over regularly and do a bit of work on it but it is a bit of an inconvenience so the work is slow. However I do have a new and enthusiastic Beaver Fever stricken but experienced wooden aero craftsman co-worker in Leonard Bennett.

To power this little baby we are using a type 4 VW 1600 engine. There also seems to be a fibre glass round cowling form kicking around somewhere from a couple of Nieuports that will Beaver cowl the engine perfectly. Where is it guys? Eventually after all the tiresome flight testing on wheels we have complete drawings for a set of floats then it's a new world, or is that an old world, waiting to be re-discovered up and down the island's coastline.

Drawings for the 50% Beaver are still not complete but we are working on it and they may be available sometime soon. In the meantime I can always help out George Carpenter to alleviate his Starlet Fever. As soon as Len and I find a (cheap) shop we will be at it again full bore trying to assuage the disease that afflicts so many of us - in my case a bad, bad condition of Beaver Fever.

You can contact Mike at mike_wilkey@hotmail.com

Pen Scratching From the Editor

Considering our bylaws call for the annual meeting and elections of officers for the Chapter to take place in Oc-

tober it was very disappointing to see this go by the boards. I've heard nothing of a nominating committee and nothing to date about the content of the November meeting.

Much was said in the last newsletter about the memberships responsibility in choosing candidates willing to work for the Chapter.....even yourself perhaps. Let's not let this Chapter die because of our own lack of interest. If it is worth having a Chapter, then we must ALL be willing to work for the good of that Chapter. Sorry. It does take work and a lot of it. Let's not be static...let's make it prosper and grow.

Want to nominate someone you think will do a good job? Ask them in advance, and then come to the meeting prepared to nominate that individual.

.....John Veale

Beneath My Wings Answer: Rebecca Spit on Quadra Isl..