

The NavCom

Newsletter of EAA Chapter 690, Gwinnett County, GA

All the News that Fits

October 1993

The Great Biplane Fall Classic—Part Deux

October 9th marks one of the big events of the year for Chapter 690. That's right, our Annual Fall Classic. This year's event will be different from last year's in that we are returning to more of a fly-in type of atmosphere. The morning will center around a pancake breakfast that may extend into very light foods around lunchtime. However, Steve Ashby has contacted more than fifty biplane owners in the area, so we hope to have a few double-wingers attend.

The biggest change to this year's format, and the one that I'm looking forward to the most, is inclusion of a Young Eagles Rally with the Classic. Theresa Coleman and her mad band of pilots and handlers are geared up and psyched for the event. The personnel requirements of the Young Eagle Flights will put a strain on our regular Classic functions, though, since many of the pilots and associated crew are traditionally the front-line volunteers for the Fly-In. So, if you have any time to spare, please contact Theresa Coleman (Young Eagles), Steve Ashby (overall coordinator), Ken Sharp or the Norths (food), or Ben Jeffrey (aircraft parking). **We really need you this year.**

Other things to look forward to include the adventure of hosting the event in a new environment—Gwinnett County Airport. This also entails new challenges. The site of the

Classic is the far side of the field (near Critical Care Transport), which is where we held the last Young Eagles Rally. This is a great site in that parking for both aircraft and cars is close, there is plenty of space for displays and kitchen/dining areas, and there is easy but controllable access to the flight-line for boarding of Young Eagles. However, all that space translates into a rather desolate look. Also, there is little shelter (no buildings or trees). If you have any outdoor picnic tarps or other open tent-like apparatus, please consider bringing them. If you know of a business or church that could loan us something like this, please let Steve Ashby know.

Another item on the "to-do" list is for every member to distribute the posters included with this month's NavCom. Wayne Whitaker will have extras (296-6883 if you need more), so don't feel you must to save these. As with last year, post them anywhere you think you can get away with it—bulletin boards at work, church, the Y, etc. Since we are so far behind in advertising, we are counting on you for this last-ditch effort.

As for other Classic needs, either Steve Ashby or one of his crew will be calling on you to help out in some area. The dreaded parking lot attendant position does not exist this year since we aren't charging for

parking. Thus, only fun jobs are left to be filled (right?). If someone does not contact you, please volunteer any special ideas or services you have. Again, we must have more chapter members involved in the Classic this year than in previous years. If you don't think it's "your" fly-in, volunteer for something and it will be! (the more you give, the more you get...)

The October meeting (Friday the 8th, 8:00 PM at Gwinnett County Airport Administration Building, as usual) will be taken up with last-minute preparations for the pancake breakfast, fly-in, and Young Eagles Rally. It's pretty important to make this meeting as we will be going over a lot of new ground the next morning, so we'll need as much preparation as possible.

In case you can't make the meeting and missed the last Rally, the site of the fly-in is most easily reached by going south on Hurricane Shoals Road (last light before airport as you approach on 316 heading east; also known as Hi Hope Road). Follow this around and take a left on Hosea Road, then another left onto Briscoe Blvd. Park in the lot next to Aero Charters/Critical Care Transport (third building down Briscoe). We will begin set-up about 7:00 AM. ☺

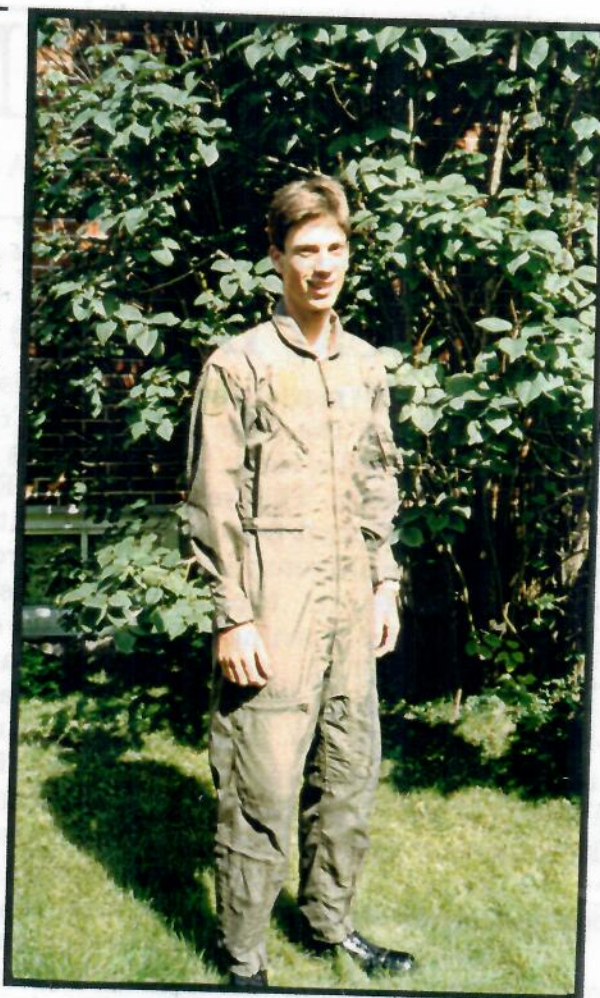
I was a Young Eagle at Oshkosh!

Jan Radtke

This year was my first in Oshkosh, and it was without parents. I flew in commercially on the twenty-third of July, Young Eagles papers signed and ready to go. My only problem was I had no pilot. One of my dad's colleagues, Reinhardt Kuntz, and his wife, Linda, were there to help me through my first visit. Reinhardt, a member of 690 chapter, had me up and running very soon. I brought my own tent and camped close to the planes, and I mean real close. Time flew by and Reinhardt was trying hard to get me into the air on a Young Eagles flight. He organized a Breezy flight, which lasted a short period of time, about fifteen minutes. Though very exciting and fun, it didn't qualify. Reinhardt heard about a Breakfast-fly-out to Shawano. Now if only he could find a willing pilot!

It didn't take him long to think of the perfect person, Frank Flessel, from East Point, Georgia, also from 690 chapter. He was in Oshkosh with his PA 22 Tripacer. He gladly accepted to fly me up to the free breakfast and back. First he told me all about the aircraft, built in the early fifties. In a first meeting

at the aircraft my pilot told me what every instrument was good for and how it works. We agreed that the wake up time was to be at 0630 hours. After a short briefing we taxied towards runway 18 for takeoff. My pilot was pretending he didn't know a thing about flying, not to mention taking off, asked me if I could help him out, of course I couldn't, it was my first takeoff from any seat in front of row 3 seat B. But somehow he got the three wheels off the ground, and up we went. Five miles out we turned to a westerly heading and started playing in the clouds. The g-forces first pushed me into the seat, then lightened my weight again. Soon it was time to turn north. He flew a few more minutes, then, to my surprise, gave me the controls of the plane. He told me to keep it level and to head north. I glanced at the instruments, checking them, just to make sure none of them moved. The



The author in appropriate Eagle attire.

glance turned into a stare at the altimeter and compass and Frank gave me constant reminders to look where I was flying. Finally he had enough, he figured out a way of keeping me from looking at the instruments: he put a towel over them, so I only had the compass mounted on the dash. We wobbled our way towards our destination.

Shortly before landing he took over, to my relief. The landing couldn't have been better. When we arrived, we got our coupons for breakfast and other small delicious things. After breakfast, we talked a short while with the locals. He was telling the people I was his navigator/co-pilot, I wish it were true!

Soon it was time to leave, so we could return before the afternoon airshow. We both got back into the plane, started the engine and taxied to give the aircraft some more fuel. After takeoff and a short maneuver of what felt like minuscule high-g turns, he gave me the controls, this time there was no



The faithful steed. If only Zero Bravo Tango could talk, what stories we'd hear. Note that this is before the mysterious growth...

need for the towel, as I looked out at the scenery, never letting my eye stick to some spot for too long. As we approached Lake Winnebago, he told me to keep close to the shore in case the plane fell out of the sky. How reassuring! After a short flight over the lake, we turned towards the airport and the landing pattern.

After landing, we were immediately greeted by Reinhardt. While I was tying the plane down, my pilot filled out the other half of the papers. I couldn't believe my first flight was over.

I live up in Montreal, Canada, so I won't see Reinhardt, a great guy to work with and a good friend,

Linda, an excellent mom, or Frank, the greatest pilot I know, again for a long time, but I would like to thank them in this way for a memorable first stay in Oshkosh. Thanks, see you next year! Ω

The Screwed-Up Navy

Jim MacGregor

Now that I re-read this [Jimmy served over 2 years in the Army and is now a student at Georgia State], it doesn't seem as good as I remember...plus it's really not that related.....and o/course its doubtless too long (I think it's a great story—Ed.) Still, I kinda like it, and its a true story circa 1961.

I was a photographer mate (and later a yeoman) on the Intrepid from April 1961 to January 1963, and this was during a 7 month Med Cruise. The Intrepid (CVA11) was commissioned in '43, saw lots of action in WWII, then was brought out of mothballs in '57 and modified. She served several tours in Nam and was decommissioned in '74. Now she is an aviation museum on the Hudson River in New York.

The other night we took my son to report for induction into the Army. It brought back a lot of memories about when I was his age and starting off on my first great adventure. Mine was the U.S. Navy and I remember it like it was yesterday. I was envious of his going. If only I were 19 years old again and going with him. Still though, I have my memories.

Since as early as I could remember, my boyhood passions contained images of airplanes and ships. I guess it was only natural that I would wind up somewhere out at sea on an aircraft carrier. In 1961, The Intrepid was the oldest and smallest attack carrier in the fleet, sister ship in Carrier Division Two to the Super Carrier Independence. Our call sign was Atlas and theirs was Guntrain; but at half their size and with half as many catapults, we managed to outlaunch them so often during exercises, that we came to refer to them as The Brand X (that inferior detergent that was always outshone by Cheer those days on TV ads).

It's funny how you develop such fierce pride in being a part of something bigger than yourself. I don't know if things were different then, or if it was just my youth, but Lord, was I proud. Martial music,

or the sight of the Colors always made me stand a little taller or salute a little sharper; and that's what I envied in Jimmy the other night. But real pride comes from accomplishment... from being tested individually and as a group and finding that you are equal to the task.... I know... But I could have missed all that if it'd not been for one particular instance at sea.

I'd been in the Navy just long enough to be able to complain with the best of them about this life of endless drill and senseless mindless, purposeless repetition. I'd seen my share of ridiculous orders and petty officers who we doubted were smart enough to pour water from a boot (even if the instructions were printed on the heel). There was sure nothing in this mess to be proud of....and then it happened! We had a REAL emergency.

It was Holiday Routine, a lazy Sunday, somewhere in the Adriatic Sea. We'd launched a single Photo-Recon Aircraft a couple of hours earlier and were alongside a tanker taking on fuel. Refueling at sea is a meticulous operation. When finally the two ships are making the same heading and speed, about 100 feet apart, at five or six stations along the tanker, a Bosun in each crew holds up a red

or green "ping pong" paddle signaling where he wants his crew's line. The whistles begin to blow at each corresponding station on our side. Their side ducks or takes cover. Then we give them a broadside of shotgun blasts. Boom, Boom, Boom in rapid succession...but instead of cannonballs, each gun lets fly a little styrene bottle trailing an orange string that arcs over the other ship. (At night, the styrene bottles contain little one-cell lights that make them look like eerie fireworks).

At each station, the other side rushes to retrieve the strings and pull across the messenger line while the ships continue to heave into the waves. The messenger line brings a larger messenger, then a larger one, then a 2-inch, and finally a steel cable with a pelican hook that is quickly made fast to its mate on the tanker (just above the intake ports). Now the booms swing out, Supporting the six and eight inch fuel lines that go snaking across, suspended on pulleys from the steel cable. The fuel lines are capped to the intake ports and immediately balloon to rigidity as pumping begins. The whole process takes 20 to 30 minutes, and is reversed just as meticulously.... Except when there is an emergency.

A refueling... well any close encounter between ships at sea is a break in the monotony of the sea life, so it draws a crowd, and takes on a festive air. The part of the flight deck not covered by aircraft, is full of sunbathers on blankets. The ship's band has turned out and is in a sort of dueling banjo contest with the six piece combo on the other ship. Everywhere are bystanders watching the events, or trying to decipher the messages being thrown from ship to ship by the several pairs of Skivvy Wavers signaling each other. Even off duty Snipes from the Black Gang have come up from the engine room to watch. And then it happened!

An loud audible click, as the 5MC announcing system comes to life, two shrill notes from a bosun's pipe and a loud crisp voice "NOW HEAR THIS!... BREAKAWAY, BREAKAWAY, EMERGENCY BREAKAWAY... THIS IS NOT A DRILL... BREAKAWAY!"

Suddenly, this old rust bucket springs to life... I don't mean confusion and chaos, but purposeful movement. All at once, band instruments and musicians start disappearing below. Sailors trailing blankets hit the deck on the run. Fuel lines go limp, pelican hooks are released, lines are parted with wrecking axes and the booms swing back trailing lines in the water. Both ships start to throb and heave and begin turning away from each other. The 5MC is saying we have an aircraft in trouble, all aircraft must be respotted out of the landing area. Tug motors for moving the planes start whining all around the deck and plane-pushing blueshirts appear from everywhere. Not having the duty or a Flight Quarter Station, I rush 5 decks up the island superstructure to "Vulture's row" to secure a place at the rail where I can see.

Now the 5MC is giving the Arrestor Crew the vitals for setting the tension on the cables ... "An F8 Crusader jet with 8500 pounds of

fuel...." There is a cacophony of sound, a scramble of activity all over the deck as twenty or more aircraft are repositioned, the 3MC available to Ship's maneuvering announces "Heel to Port"... a warning as the ship turns to starboard and the deck tilts drastically in a high speed turn. Now the smell of stack gas, warm and pungent. First on the beam, then the forward quarter, and then right off the bow. The ship starts to throb heavily. It's picking up speed, getting the minimum 35 knots of wind across the deck. And then silence. A deafening silence. As quickly as it started, it ended. No movement. No speculation, Nothing.

Somehow, this group of misfits, and their screwed up organization, had suddenly fallen in place. Through all of the frantic activity taking place, there was not a hint of the usual confusion and chaos...just hundreds of men doing their jobs, quickly, efficiently and with dispatch... and now it was done. We were ready. 500 pairs of eyeballs strained at the empty sky behind the ship.

Just as the quiet seemed ready to shatter, the 5MC says "The aircraft is 8 miles aft, on a long straight in final approach..." More straining. Finally, far off, a tiny little smudge in the sky.... becomes a little whiff of smoke. At the head of the smoke, a small black dot like the head of a pin. Still silence. The dot grows slowly, finally becoming recognizable... silent, but recognizable.

Now we hear the Wheel Watch with his binoculars and the Deck Watch both stationed aft with the Landing Signal Officer (LSO) they're being piped over the 5MC. "They're All Down!" (The planes wheels and hook are in position). The Deck Watch scans forward, taking in the Safe Park Line that runs diagonally across the deck. "Clear Deck!" he calls. A pause, then the command "Land Aircraft!" and silence again.

The plane is growing larger and larger in the camera viewfinder, filling it. You can feel the tension in the whole ship. This huge awkward bird, no longer sleek and streamlined, but nose high attitude... rushing at us.... trailing appendages from everywhere... it wavers and rotates, mimicking the LSO... hanging in the air... suddenly HUGE. The LSO gives the Cut, the Craft drops heavy like a rock to the deck..... Suddenly an explosion of noise as the roaring jet engine noise catches up... the aircraft screams across the landing area... Just a flash and he's airborne again, heading away, the jet noise following.

Slowly he banks left, back into the pattern, coming around again. The ship eases a bit, takes another grip. Now he's aft again, coming down the groove.... quiet... More wavering, awkward clumsy... Huge Aircraft... Cut... Drop... Noise... Scream... Airborne again.

Less easing of tension, another grip.... 5MC "Standby to rig the Barrier after the next pass". (A giant volleyball net, laced through with steel cables... hell on an aircraft!). Circling again, now behind the ship... quiet again... quiet... down the chute... growing... growing... Another Cut... Drop to the Deck with a Bang... Nose wheel collapses... Hook catches Number 5 wire (the last)... skidding... sparks flying... cable screeching paying out... slowing... nose heading to end of deck, 20 feet, 10 feet, 6 feet, 3 feet.... Stop... roll back slightly.... stop.. jet noise dies away. Crash Crews run forward at the ready.

The pilot, hands on dash, head down, covered with glass from the imploded windscreen that had caused the emergency at 60,000 feet...looks up slowly..... The ship exhales in relief.

Thank God for that fouled-up Navy and all of its stupid, monotonous, repetitive, brainless drills... Ω

Pond Racer Crashes!

Flash from the Internet!
(courtesy of the Colemans)

From:
hill@madrone.ece.ucdavis.edu
Date: Wed, 15 Sep 1993
21:31:37 GMT

I heard a blurb on the news this morning that the Pond Racer had crashed and burned at the Stead airport outside Reno. I didn't hear if the pilot was okay or what caused the crash. I was wondering if anybody else had any more info. They also mentioned that a biplane had crashed and that pilot was hurt but they had taken him to the hospital. Scott

Pond Racer crashed into a dry lakebed about 1 1/2 miles southeast of the Reno/Stead Airport. The plane was destroyed and Rick Brickert was killed. The pieces on the news and in the paper that I saw went on a little about flying 400 mph, etc. etc. but didn't give any more details - anyone know any? The other plane was in the biplane class and piloted by ??? Hugo (I forget the first name) from Washington. He survived with a broken collar bone and some cuts and bruises. Hope someone else can fill in some of the details. It was neat to see a new design like Pond Racer go up against the more traditional P-51s, etc.

Brickert and the plane will be missed this year.

From:
rjg@umnstat.stat.umn.edu
Date: Thu, 16 Sep 1993
15:43:43 GMT

Wanting to find out current "known" information, I called one of my contacts at Bob Pond's museum (not wanting to call Bob Pond directly for obvious reasons). This is what they currently know as speculation, fact or rumor: The Pond Racer was flying qualifications and testing on Tuesday morning. Steve Hinton was flying above it as safety pilot. During the flight, the left engine failed -- apparently it siezed up. It didn't break apart or anything of the nature. Rick Brickert was piloting. He pulled away from the flight area still powered by the right engine and headed off over the desert to find a safe landing area. Soon after, Steve Hinton called out something about "there goes the other one." The meaning of this is unknown, because it is unlikely from his position he could have seen the condition of the right engine -- this is speculation, however, and it's unknown for certain whether he was or was not in a good observation position. The observation, however, noted that the left prop

wouldn't feather. Low and slow with that thing sticking out there creates a hell of a drag and makes a landing in that type of aircraft very tricky (it'll pull you to the ground). The Pond Racer has had a history of prop, gear and engine heat problems, too... In any case, the Rick continued and made a fair, but very rough landing. He bounced off the desert floor three times, but broke up on the third landing -- either the bounce was very hard or the aircraft hit something. When it broke up, it immediately burst into flames. Speculation also is that the crash WAS survivable, but Rick was likely knocked unconscious by the landing and/or breakup. The unofficial word is that he was killed by the fire and not necessarily the crash. This is also speculation at this point. There is apparently a gathering at Reno tomorrow (Friday) to remember Rick and rumor says that there will be a funeral at his home in California on the 23rd. One of the crew chiefs, not surprisingly, is finding this difficult to handle. The "what else could I have done?" syndrome is guaranteed and bound to be with him for quite a while regardless of what happened.

Fly Buys

WANTED: Hangar partners at Winder. \$131 per month. Call 706/543-5776.

WANTED: Four cylinder McCulloch (O-100-1 and O-100-3) drone engines and/or parts; the kind seen on gyrocopters, any condition. Call between 7 and 8 PM EST, (615) 246-2719 or write LeRoy Hardee, 3832 Alderwood Drive, Kingsport, TN 37664.

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Calendar of Events

Oct. 1 - Bartlesville, OK - Tulsa
Fly-In. 918-742-7311.

Oct. 1-3 - Courtland, AL - Wings of
Autumn Airshow. Canadian
Snowbirds, WWII A/C, etc.
205/637-2215.

Oct. 2 - Winchester TN - EAA
Chapter 699 Breakfast Fly-In.
615/967-3148.

Oct. 8 - Chapter 690 Monthly
Meeting. Gwinnett County
Airport Admin. Bldg. 8 pm.

Oct. 9 - Chapter 690 Biplane
Fall Classic. Gwinnett County
Airport, south side of runway.
404/413-7112.

Oct. 8-10 - Thomasville, GA -
Municipal Airport Fly-In. 912/226-
7956.

Oct. 2-3 - Mountain City, TN -
Gyrocopter Fly-In. Ultralights and
experimental aircraft welcomed.
Flying, food, fly market. Hardee Fly-
In, 3832 Alderwood Drive,
Kingsport, TN 37664.

Oct. 8-10 - Evergreen, AL -
Middleton Field, EAA Southeast
Regional Chapter Fly-In. Bubba
Hamiter, 205/743-3916 (eve).

Monthly Fly-Ins

(With thanks to Tom Crowder of EAA 268 - Marietta)

Winchester, Tn	Breakfast	1 st Saturday	(615) 967-0143
Rome, Ga	Breakfast	2 nd Saturday	(404) 234-7419
McMinnville Tn	Breakfast	2 nd Saturday	(615) 668-4806
Collegedale, Tn	Breakfast	3 rd Saturday	(615) 236-4340
Peach St. Arpt.	HangarHuddle	3 rd Saturday	(404) 227-8282
Guntersville, Al	EAA Fly-In	4 th Sunday	(205) 586-1580
South Carolina Breakfast Club every other week.			
Gerald Bullard (404) 724-2651 or (803) 663-9900			

Oct. 9 - Tullahoma, TN -
Staggerwing Museum Air Show
and Open House. 615/455-1974.

Oct. 12-16 - Beijing, China -
Aviation Expo/China. The post-
docks in our lab say this is not to
be missed! 202/659-4557.

Oct. 15-17 - Anniston, AL, Anniston
Metro Airport - Air Show. Michele
Champagne, 205-782-5226.

Oct. 22-24 - Augusta, GA, Daniel
Field - Boshears Memorial Fly-In.
Aerobatics, warbirds, experimetnal
aircraft, biplanes, ultralights,
military aircraft, hot air balloons,
claddic aircraft, skydivers, RC
models. 706/733-8970.

October 30-31 - Jekyll Island (09J)
GA - Georgia Pilots Breakfast Club.
Weekend outing. Chick Ruddy,
706/561-5413.

Nov. 6 - Griffin GA - Georgia Pilots
Breakfast Club. Tour Alexander
Aeroplane Co. Griffin-Spaulling Co.
Airport (6A2). Chuck Ruddy,
706/561-5413.

Nov. 6 - Stockbridge, GA - Chapter
468 Fall Breakfast. 706/474-7678.

Nov. 13 - Kennesaw, GA -
McCollum Airport. Southeast
Regional Young Eagles Day. 404-
429-0092.

September Meeting Minutes

Due to gross negligence on the editor's part, this issue of the NavCom is coming out on time. This rare occurrence so caught our efficient Secretary off guard (his modem-ing the minutes to our well-oiled crew usually signals the start of NavCom production) that the minutes did not make it in this month. They'll be in NEXT month's issue. Ω

Southeastern Regional Young Eagles Rally

The newly-formed Southeastern
Region Young Eagles Office will hold its
first Young Eagles Rally on November
13 at McCollum Airport. The Regional
Office is still looking for volunteers,
both pilots and ground crew. If you are
interested, please contact Theresa
Coleman, our Young Eagles coordinator
and liaison with the Regional Office.
There are several incentive perks
(breakfast, gift certificates, etc.) being
offered to pilots (hey, how about
loaders!?)

The Regional Office has reached
an agreement with an operation at PDK

(Epps?) for the lease of office space. The
Office will be staffed with a coordinator
(Chuck Nyren), a secretary, and David
Carroll of Chapter 268 (Marietta). If you
are interested in the Office, contact is
404/971-8397.

The goal of the Office is to fly
11,000 kids in 1994. As I noted in an
earlier NavCom, each chapter needs to fly
about 100 kids per year for ten years to
reach the goal of a million Young Eagle
Flights by 2003. To my knowledge,
Chapter 690 is the only Georgia chapter
that is meeting this goal. Hopefully with

the establishment of this Regional Office,
other nearby chapters start producing.

We need to get involved in the
Office because at this point we have lots
of experience that may help other
chapters. Theresa Coleman and Steve
Ashby have already jumped in with both
feet, and I think it's great. We all need to
say 'yes' the next time they call for Rally
volunteers, and we all need to think
seriously about helping at McCollum.
Our turn will come soon as they are
planning a Rally on the east side (i.e.,
Gwinnett County—Chapter 690!)

The Search For An Affordable (Cheap) Project

By Ben Jeffrey

Those of you who have been around the Chapter know that I have been working on a FLYBABY for a couple of years. There has been significant progress on the basic wood structure of the fuselage and tailfeathers. However, the FLYBABY has a significant amount of welded components - I have yet to learn welding or acquire welding equipment - and the solid spruce wingspans are significant figures to my monthly budget that supports a household with teenagers and is less than a year past a four month layoff. This is before looking for a certified engine and other "real" aircraft components. Since I want to fly sooner than the year 2000, it was time to reevaluate.

The Frick and Frack team built SKYLITE projects looked like a good source of inspiration (or perspiration), but they were magnet traps that required welding. I needed something that was wooden, no



The Ultra-Piet by Roger Mann.

are parasol designs scratch built from wood with simple fittings and conform to FAR 103.

The decision of which one to pursue only after being able to

fairly quick way into a flying machine. Upon close study of both designs plans I have decided to go with the ULTRA-PIET. It has a much simpler wing construction than the BANTY and should build faster. The structure of the PIET also requires only 12 foot longerons in the fuselage and in the wing spar structure. The BANTY requires 16 foot pieces. My experience with the FLYBABY has shown me that 12 foot wood in aircraft grade is much simpler to find and significantly less expensive. The PIET gets the same low speed performance with a shorter wing by using an undercurved airfoil section versus the BANTY's flat bottom design.

It is my intention to get started on the ULTRA-PIET maybe by the time this newsletter is printed. I plan to use as much material from non-aircraft supply sources as possible. There will be future chapters to this story as I make progress. The FLYBABY will remain in the shop but unless I hit on the Lotto it will remain on hold until the ULTRA-PIET is airborne.

I hope that by more of us in the chapter getting started and hopefully flying fairly soon we can demonstrate to some of you who keep finding reasons not to build that not all projects involve major bucks, years of time and involved skills. If you have the ability to use a drill and a jigsaw you can build an airplane. So... get off your duff!

AIRCRAFT	BANTY	ULTRA-PIET
SPAN	32'	25.5'
CHORD	50"	54"
LENGTH	19'	15'
EMPTY WT	237lbs	278LBS*
ENGINE	28 to 40 hp	28 to 48 hp
STALL SPEED	25mph	25mph
MAX SPEED	60mph	63mph
CRUISE	45mph	55mph
TAKE OFF RUN	200ft	100ft
BUILD TIME	500 hours	500 hours
EST. COST	\$2000	\$2200*

welded components, simple structure, conformed to FAR 103 and was plans built from scratch. I also wanted an open cockpit design. The Loehle SPORT PARASOL looked great, but it was available only as a kit. After much talking and searching I finally came up with two candidates, the BANTY and the ULTRA-PIET. Both

examine a set of plans for each design. Both have features and details that appeal to me, but the bottom line was determining which design would be fastest and most economical to build. Before I go into that discussion, here is a comparative specification table.

Both designs offer an affordable



The Banty by Mike Kimbrell.

* includes ballistic chute

About the EAA...

The **Experimental Aircraft Association** was founded in 1953, with early meetings of a few stalwarts in the home of the founder, past President, and present Chairman, Paul Poberezny. From modest beginnings the movement has expanded to hundreds of thousands of members. The annual EAA convention in Oshkosh, WI hosts more than 800,000 people per year and is the premier aviation event in the world. Today, the EAA is headed by Tom Poberezny and exists to promote the world of amateur-built aircraft and sport aviation in general. EAA provides many services to its membership, from technical know-how to representation of membership concerns to federal entities. Membership is open to anyone who shares the interests of the association. Annual dues are \$35.00 per twelve month period of which \$20.00 is for a subscription to Sport Aviation. To join, see our Treasurer, Sheryl Black (979-4233) or write EAA Aviation Center, POB 3086, Oshkosh, WI 54903.

About the NAV-COM...

The **NAV-COM** is the monthly newsletter of EAA Chapter 690. It comes free with the dues, and you get what you pay for. (Like sentences ending in prepositions). NAV-COM is for EAA members only. It is a compilation of ideas, opinions, and data from several sources. In presenting it, the Chapter and EAA HQ by no means recommend or sanction the stuff. In other words and for example, we are not responsible if you bust your keester at an event we list in the calendar. **Contributions are always welcomed**, whether they are facts, opinions, or exaggerations. I will gently edit for grammar and curse words, but what you send in is generally what I send out. Magnetic media is appreciated. Send your pearls of wisdom to: Jeff Boatright, 2293 Sanford Road, Decatur, GA 30033. Special Thanks to Wayne Whitaker, Joel Levine, and Alan Langford.

About Chapter 690...

The EAA is made up of hundreds of chapters world-wide. The local chapter for Dekalb and Gwinnett counties and vicinity (i.e., anyone else who wants IN) is **Chapter 690**. We're a raucous group with several projects, both restoration and amateur-built, in progress. Annual dues are \$48.00. See Sheryl Black, the Treasurer (979-4233) to sign up. You'll also need to join EAA National (see above). Membership is open to anyone, and there's just nothing funny about that. **Our meetings are every second Friday of the month, 8:00 pm, at Gwinnett Co. Airport Administration Building.** In addition to the meetings, which often consist of excellent guest speakers from across the aviation world, the Chapter holds many functions, including workshops, fly-ins and -outs, and social gatherings.

Our officers and other luckless people are:

President: Charlie Sego - 923-9549

Vice-President: John Goodman - 972-2405

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Newsletter of EAA Chapter 690

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Chapter Notes:

October 8, 8 PM, CHAPTER MEETING
(AT GWINNET CO. AIRPORT)

OCTOBER 9 GREAT BIPLANE FALL
CLASSIC

SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS.



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