

CHAPTER 690 NAVCOM

June 1996

Andy Anderson Remembered

Andy Anderson, member of Chapter 690, died on Wednesday, May 22, 1996 of cancer. One of his last outings was attending the May 10th chapter meeting, where he greeted friends and again demonstrated his keen interest in anything and everything that had to do with airplanes.

Andy was a member for ten years and supported all the efforts of the chapter to have a home of its own—first at Stone Mountain Airport, and then as it became a reality, at Briscoe Field. One of his significant contributions was to design an interior configuration of the chapter building and his drawings will guide the construction of the interior features. During his last months of failing health, when he could not actively participate in the project, he visited often and documented the construction with his video camera.

He was active in the first visit of the EAA B-17 in May 1995 and organized the "Bomber Tours." He was in charge of aircraft judging at the Fall Biplane Classics. One year, he even offered his van as a temporary billboard to advertise the event at the corner of Rte. 316 and Hurricane Shoals, where it became the victim of a confrontation between a truck and another car.

Andy grew up in Pennsylvania. After serving in the occupation forces in Europe following WWII, he attended parks College of St. Louis University, one of the foremost aviation schools in the country. He graduated with a degree in Aeronautical Engineering in 1952. His career was with North American Aviation, Inc. (later Rockwell International) where he worked for 32 years designing aircraft and small missiles in Columbus, OH. It was with the Rockwell Missile Systems Division that he came to the Atlanta area when it relocated to new facilities in Duluth, GA in 1983. He retired from Rockwell in 1984. He was the founder and

first president of the Rockwell Retirees of Atlanta.

Andy was a private pilot. He was proud that he soloed in a Stearman while a student at Parks College in 1952. In 1973, he started flying again and earned his private license in 1975. His two sons became pilots about the same time. One of his last flights was in the EAA B-17, which he piloted along with others, from Muscle Shoals to Briscoe Field in March of this year.

Andy was on the Chapter 690 members who formed the SMARTIs (Stone Mountain Aviation Restoration Team, Inc) and served as their only president. He was very faithful in contributing his time and expertise in the restoration of a 1947 Cessna 140. He joined other retired members each Thursday to work on this project. Andy was in charge of the firewall forward restoration, an assignment he chase because had a CAA (later FAA) Engine Mechanic's license which he earned while in high school.

Among his many other interests and hobbies was working with leaded glass, building dulcimers from wood, and gardening. He just recently completed a very large and beautiful Tiffany-inspired lamp that he was commissioned to build by a friend. He worked on it for six years.

Andy was member of All Saints Catholic Church and was generous in donating time and skills in church projects and programs. One such project was building homes for Habitat for Humanity.

He is survived by his wife Dona, three children (Cathy of Snellville, Chris of Acworth, and Tom of Woodstock), seven grandchildren, and two sisters.

Andy will be missed by all who knew him and especially by EAA Chapter 690.

Frank and Margaret Wilcox

Contents:

| | |
|--------------------------|----|
| Andy Remembered..... | 1 |
| Pres. Pitch..... | 2 |
| BOT Report..... | 2 |
| Calendar..... | 3 |
| HAM Radio Chili..... | 3 |
| Young Eagles..... | 4 |
| Quest for Fuel..... | 4 |
| FasterHigherFarther..... | 5 |
| Ariane Blows..... | 5 |
| Oshkosh Kibosh..... | 6 |
| Fiberglass Wrkshop..... | 7 |
| Trailer Trash..... | 8 |
| For Sale/Wanted..... | 10 |

Presidential Pitch

Congratulations to Theresa and Bill Coleman on the arrival of their new project. The project came at an odd time, 2:00 am on Monday, May 20th, but is just what the doctor (Lynn Zahner) ordered. The kit Lauren Ruth weighed in at 6 lbs 15 oz and was 19" long. It will be a while before we see Lauren Ruth flying, and this project will probably take a lifetime to complete.

Grading at the hangars is finished. Grass has been sown, fertilized, covered with straw, and watered (and is growing well since this was originally submitted—Ed.). John Connelly donated the seed and fertilizer. Thanks to John and all who helped complete the task. Two trees were also planted in the backyard. Frank gives more detail in his article. The next step is to get the final coat of paint on the floor (it's done and looks great!—Ed.).

Saturday, May 18th Chapter 690 had another successful Young Eagles Rally. Thanks to Bill Coleman for organizing and conducting this activity. I'll let him give the statistics. I would like to remind you of the challenge to Chapter 690 to fly enough Young Eagles to equal 500% of our membership. Since we are growing so rapidly, this may be difficult as this will require flying about 500 Young Eagles this year. We can do it—remember 635 Young Eagles in one day. Please, whenever you fly Young Eagles, give Bill Coleman a copy of the paperwork so that he can keep a record of the Young Eagles flown.

In all of my years working with volunteer groups in schools and churches, I have never worked with a group like Chapter 690. Our members give so freely of their time, effort, and talents. A good example of this was the big 1994 Young Eagles

President Duane Huff

Rally. I think this is great. Now we are going to call on you again. Steve Ashby asked David Posey and me to meet with him on 15 March to begin plans for the Fall Biplane Classic to be held on 12 October, 1996. We listed the many tasks for which volunteers will be needed. This is my point: I would like as many 690 members as possible to get involved in this event to make it the best ever. Also remember that as a volunteer, you have the responsibility to carry out your job to the best of your ability. Yes, it's an old cliché, but "a job worth doing is worth doing well."

We are all saddened by the death of Andy Anderson on the morning of May 22, 1996. I learned about this as I wrote the preceding paragraph. Andy's life is a wonderful example of volunteerism. Chapter 690 will miss him greatly. Chapter 690 sent flowers. Frank has more to say about Andy elsewhere in this NavCom.

I probably will miss the next meeting. The National Aeronca Association convention is that weekend and I would like to take the Chief up to Middletown, OH. If I go, I will miss y'all on the 14th.

Remember:

1. The August meeting is after Oshkosh and will be at the Kuntz home again. Details to follow.
2. The Fall Biplane Classic is October 12, 1996.

Finally, please return all library materials to the hangar.

Board of Trustees Report

The latest major project of the Chapter 690 building program is the landscaping behind and at the ends of the hangar cluster. It is no complete. In mid-April the county rough graded this area and several hangar owners started to fine grade and plant grass. When erosion began after heavy rains, the need for better roof water disposal was evident.

A meeting of the hangar owners and the chapter Board of Trustees was held May 1st to establish a landscaping plan. It was agreed that buried roof downspout drainage lines should be installed from the rear of each building to the drainage ditch about 50 ft behind the buildings. Grady Fox of Grady's Bobcat Service had been invited by the chairman to describe how a landscape contractor could do the job. His recommendation was to install the drainage pipes with a small backhoe, then fine grade the area, paying particular attention to slopes to ensure drainage, and finally prepare the surface for seed and straw using a "Rockhound" machine. This machine pulverizes the top several inches of soil and sifts out stones 3/4 inch and larger. The application of seed, fertilizer, and straw was to be the responsibility of the building owners. Mr. Grady's proposal was accepted after consideration of the labor-intensive

work needed and the urgency to get it completed.

A major problem had surfaced during the rough grading by the county. The water main was broken in two places by the weight of the heavy equipment. During the repairs, it was discovered that the section from buildings 1 to 5 was not buried deep enough to avoid freezing. This is the area on which the large amount of surplus dirt had been placed, so it was difficult to establish the safe depth at the time of the initial installation. This was corrected with a new line on 5/18.

The fertilizer and seed (both costly items) were donated by John Connelly (Thank you, John) and 70 bales of straw were purchased. The work proceeded on schedule and has been completed. Frequent watering is now needed.

To further improve the long-term appearance of the landscaped area, owners of hangars 2 through 4 planted two Bradford pear trees behind their buildings and two others behind the chapter hangar.

The floor painting, though delayed for the above projects and weather, is complete (I think—Ed.). Other authorized interior work can now be started.

Frank Wilcox, Chm., Board of Trustees.

Chapter Calendar

June 14—Chapter 690 Monthly Meeting, 8 pm Chapter Hangar, Gwinnett Co. Airport. 7:30 Hangar Flying. Speaker: Jim Perry. Topic: FAA Airworthiness inspections. He knows homebuilts.

June 22—Chapter 690 Ham Radio Field Day and Chili picnic! See article on page 2.

June 29-30—28th Annual Cracker Fly-In, Gainesville (GVL), GA. Pancake B'fsat on Sat., 7:30-10. Airplane judging, rides, flea mkt, and more. Mic 770-531-0291; Bobbie Savage 770-718-1966.

June 30—EAA Chapter 611 Gainesville (GVL) hosts the GPBC catered with old fashioned cooking. Sue Adams 770-613-9501.

June 15—Visit Nieuport project

July 13—Visit Starduster project

August 1-7—Oshkosh, WI. EAA Oshkosh '96. 414-426-4800.

August ??—Post Oshkosh gathering at the Kuntz homestead—Replaces regular meeting!

October 12-13—5th Annual Fall Biplane Classic. Gwinnett County Airport (LZU Twr) 7:30-5:30. Biplanes, Homebuilts, Warbirds, rides, food. "Odd-winged" aircraft welcomed, too. ALSO, both days, GPBC: pancakes, sausage, juice, coffee, FUN.

Note: We are looking for someone to run a Weight & Balance Seminar. Also, we need ideas for new events. Please contact me (Greg Jannakos) at (404) 296-0937.

Wired Ham, Hot Chili, June 22!

How does one participate in a picnic heard round the World?

It's actually quite simple . . . you do it on Amateur Radio. Within Chapter 690 at least fifteen of our members share another common hobby, Amateur Radio, more commonly called Ham Radio. The weekend of June 22-23 Ham Radio operators throughout the US and Canada will compete in a contest to test their emergency preparedness. Using portable generators and makeshift antennas they will compete to see how effectively they can make contact with other stations in the US and Canada. They will exchange test messages that simulate emergency traffic.

EAA Chapter 690 Hams will operate from the chapter hangar using three of the most popular HF frequencies- 80, 40 and 20 meters. Each band exhibits unique characteristics with respect to day/night propagation and signal skip distance as well as noise level. Some of the communications will use CW (Morse Code) and some of it will use voice on SSB (single side-band). Chapter members will begin assembling the stations Saturday morning with operation to begin at 2:00 PM. The contest continues for 24 consecutive hours.

Whether you are a Ham or not, all are welcome to come out and participate in putting up antennas, logging contacts and if you feel comfortable, perhaps even making contacts with the support of a licensed operator. This is a great activity for kids to experience, with its opportunity for exposure to people all around the world and a practical application of geography. Rumor has it that we may do a Chili Cook-Off in conjunction with Field Day (Starts at 6 pm, bring your chili—Ed.).

(Yes, at 6:00 pm at the hangar Saturday night. You'll probably catch me gulping Chili while running 20 meter phone.)

If you are a Chapter 690 Ham and haven't been contacted, its because we don't know about you . . . yet. Please let either Bill Coleman, AA4LR or Joel Levine, WA4HNL know your call so that we can add you to "the list." Either way, come on out and have some fun heard round the world.

Bill Coleman, AA4LR, AA96LR Mail:
aa4lr@radio.org

Young Eagle Report

by Bill Coleman

After several months of planning, EAA 690 hosted a Young Eagle rally for regional Explorer Scouts on May 18. Weather dawned a bit hazy, but what did we expect for a month of May that acts like July?

Pilots reported the weather was a bit bumpy, and for the first few flights, several "sick" sacks were distributed, but none used. The first group consisted of seven cub scouts brought in by Melissa Harrelson. (The cub scouts must have had nervous stomachs). The rest consisted of explorer scouts organized by Susan Ryan and Sue Adams. A total of 30 kids were flown at a leisurely pace. Although this was somewhat smaller than we expected, a good time was enjoyed by both

pilots and kids. The scouts grilled some hot dogs, and while they lacked condiments, they proved quite tasty after a busy morning.

Many thanks to our pilots, without whom the Young Eagle program would not be possible: Steve Ashby, Larry Bishop, Duane Huff, Joel Levine, Jean Toxen (a local 99 chapter member recruited by Sue Adams), and Lynn Zahner. You all did a great job.

In related news, the Coleman's have increased their number with an additional Young Eagle project. Lauren Ruth Coleman was born on May 20, 1996 at 1:58 am. Baby and mother are doing fine (although mom can't seem to find time to sleep).

QUEST FOR FUEL

by Wayne Whitaker

With the demise of good ol' Stone Mountain Airport, aircraft owners with auto fuel STCs are looking for someplace to buy cheap gas. I recently perused the AOPA airport directory and found a few airports in the northern half of Georgia that were listed as still selling the car stuff to us airplane drivers. I figured it would make an interesting tidbit for the Nav-Com. I even found an FBO at Hartsfield that allegedly offered auto fuel, along with Jet A and 100LL. Wouldn't that make an interesting addition to the list? When I told Jeff of my intention to write about fuel sources in the Nav-Com he suggested, being the good editor that he is, that I call the airports first to be sure they're still in the auto fuel business. I agreed, but hey, if they're listed in the directory, it's gotta be so, right? Unfortunately, after calling, my short list of six more-or-less north Georgia airports was whittled down to two. And the FBO at Hartsfield that sold auto has gone out of business.

So here they are: Habersham County (AJR) and Peach State (3GA7). Basically they're a little too far away for aircraft based at Gwinnett. By the time you returned to LZU, half of your purchase would be burned away. But they're handy to know about anyway.

Peach State is the home of a restoration outfit known as the Barnstormers Workshop. These guys have lots of neat aircraft in various stages of completion, and from what I've seen their work is first class. A self-service pump is right in front of the FBO. It's way down south, but a great place to visit even if you don't need fuel. Peach State is a grass strip and can be tough to find. Not many landmarks, unless you look for a lot of cows just to the south of the field. Keep your pattern to the south regardless of which direction you land, to avoid a private strip to the north.

In my opinion any airport that sells auto gas should be rewarded with business. Too many FBOs have the attitude that it's just not worth offering at the low volumes sold. But which comes first, the demand or the availability? How many aircraft with STCs, or the potential to get STCs, are flying around on expensive, plug-fouling 100LL because auto fuel is so hard to come by? Surely somebody in the metro area could sell enough auto fuel to at least break even on the investment and maintenance of tanks, pumps, etc. There are what, five or six FBOs at Peachtree DeKalb, and not a single one of them sells auto.

If any of our members know of other fields that boldly sell auto gas, just let me or Jeff know and we'll alert the troops.

Faster, Higher, Farther with Dale Schonmeyer

Chapter 690 never ceases to amaze. Just when you think that you know everything about everyone, you find you know nothing about anyone. Case in point: Little did I know that hidden amongst the C-172 drivers (like me), Milkstool squatters, and Chief protagonists, hides a fire-breathing AIR RACE PILOT! That's right, Chapter 690 has a bona fide pylon polisher. His name is Dale Schonmeyer, and he's one hot stick. Dale recently took third place in "The Race to Sun 'n' Fun" in his slick red, white, and blue Pulsar.

Sponsored annually by Aircraft Spruce, the race originates in Troy, AL and finishes at Bartow Field, FL, a distance of 380 miles. There are three categories: 70 hp and below (the "Sandpiper" class, which is the one Dale entered), up to 120 hp, and finally 120+ hp. There is a \$50 entry fee. Aircraft Spruce made all arrangements for accommodations, but of course pilots paid for their own room and board.

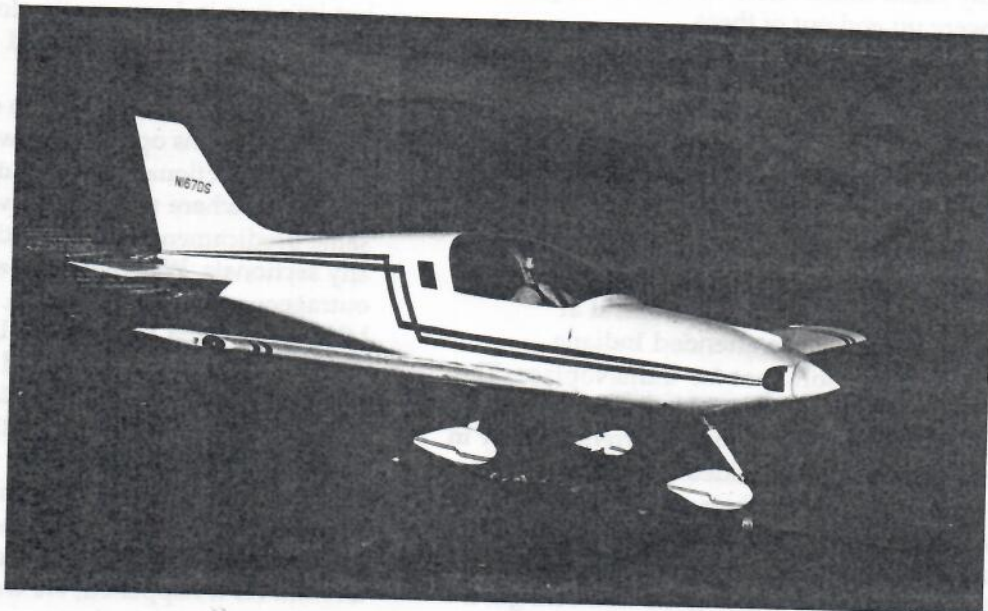
Race day begins at 6:30 AM. Hot Pilot Dale had fueled the previous night, so was able to blast off into the blue immediately. The weather was great and he was able to zip along at a GPS-indicated 143-145 mph. The Rotax was screaming great and Dale had an easy second racking up. Unfortunately, his 17.75 gallons of fuel couldn't quite get him there, so he had to put in to Crystal River to tank up. The guy

who had been third place, and flying another Pulsar, pushed on.

Dale lost 25 minutes on the ground, but through superior piloting and steely determination, was able to catch up to the point that he and the Pulsar who had overflowed the fuel stop landed plunk-plunk almost together at Bartow. At the fuel tanks, the second place Pulsar took on 17 gallons—it only holds 17.75!!

So, Dale wins for judgment. The fuel stop dropped his race speed to 112 mph, but he knows that it was the right decision. Besides, he's already got some ideas about next year's race!

On a final note, Dale said that everyone involved was just super—both competitors and race organizers. This includes the overall winner, Klaus Savier. The night before the race, a VariEze landed without a nose tire—ground the fork right down. Klaus knew of a VariEze that happened to be at the Troy airport for long-term maintenance, and arranged for a parts swap. It took a lot of time on the night before the race, but by pulling together, Klaus and some others were able to get the fellow competitor's plane ready in time for the start. Of course, Klaus waxed them all, but hey, he's still a great guy!



ARIANE 5 EXPLODES BUT REASONS UNKNOWN

The first flight of the Ariane 5 rocket from Korou, French Guiana ended in an explosion shortly after liftoff this morning. The rocket exploded at an altitude of 4,000 meters, launch officials said. No immediate reason was given for the explosion. Launch officials said no injuries were expected on the ground since the debris fell into a protected area. The Ariane 5, the successor to the Ariane 4, was carrying a payload of four Cluster satellites meant to study Earth's relationship with the Sun. The Ariane 5 package is 10 times more powerful than the Ariane 4, launch officials said. The explosion sent flaming debris toward the jungle floor and was greeted by stunned silence and sobbing in the launch control center. Launch officials said a board of inquiry would be formed—Joel Levine

Oshkosh Kibosh

by Lynn Zahner

Bob and I took four years to get married. Not exactly the best rate of climb. We've been maintaining altitude fairly well for the last seventeen years. But not long ago, in a place not far away, we faced the marital equivalent of catastrophic engine failure, loss of communication and navigation, in solid clouds. Time and fading memories have only added luster to the story. So, for those of you who haven't read *The Enquirer* this week, here is the tale of Oshkosh '95:

We had been looking forward to Oshkosh all year. Then, at the last minute, the doctor who shares call with me gave me some bad news. This man, who hadn't stopped working all year, was planning a big reunion for -- you guessed it -- the week of Oshkosh. I would have only 3 days of summer vacation.

Well, we would just have to make the best of it. Tuesday evening, after a full day at the office, I called my covering physician, and Air Zahner took off into a clear, calm, sky. All was well until I remembered that I had failed to notify my service, labor and delivery, and the emergency department. We landed at a little airport in Athens, Tennessee. With Bob sitting in the right seat, the obvious assumption was made. The FBO guys complimented my "instructor" on my radio skills. After I made the requisite phone calls, we were up and out of there.

Into the darkening night came the clarion call: "Thee-us is Bay-run 4432 Gu'ff. Could y'all gimme a lower ale-titude? Mah plane's not pray-shur-ahzed." From the sound of it, he was rapidly succumbing to hypoxia. But I was wrong. Even pure oxygen couldn't pick up his pace. How could someone who talked so slow fly such a fast plane? Curiously, whenever we changed frequencies, 32 Gump, er, Gulf, was right behind us. Maybe he was into slow flight, too.

As midnight approached, we decided to land at Indianapolis International. I once attended Indiana University and still have a soft spot for IndiaNoplace. The controller asked us which FBO we would be using, so we picked one that was close to the end of the current runway in use. Then for some reason Tower decided to switch runways (it's not just here, Boatright!). To their credit, they obligingly flicked the lights up and down to help me find the runway. Hoosiers are wonderful. After an interminable circuit around the airport, we parked at the FBO and got a ride to the nearest hotel for what I thought would be four hours of sleep before Bob's favorite flying hour. However, my intrepid co-pilot set the alarm for 4:30 AM, which was 0330 local. Then, somewhere in the middle of that all-too-short night, he woke me up to demonstrate that avgas is indeed the best aphrodisiac. And you guys think female hormones are mysterious!

I need to take a break here to explain why I am allergic to mornings. Alert readers of this publication are aware of my occupation. I frequently work a full day, stay up all night with a laboring woman, then go back to the office for another full day. By that time I feel like a 152 that's been bounced down an entire 6500 foot runway by a student on her

second solo. Any resemblances to actual students or actual Cessnas whose nosegear never did work right again, are purely coincidental. I hate that feeling. Hate it! Hate it! Hate it! As Bill Cosby said, all an obstetrician really wants is a good nap.

Wednesday morning. Oh (yawn) boy, more flying! You can get an idea of my mental status by the following exchange:

Tower: Climb runway heading to 3000 feet. What will your altitude be?

Me: 3000 feet.

Tower: I know that! I just gave you that! What's your cruising altitude?

Me: Oh, THAT altitude.

Dawn crept slowly across the sky at that latitude, revealing weather no better than forecast. We had already shifted our heading to a northerly direction because of weather. Now I made an executive decision to land at South Bend, home of the infamous Giper Intersection, to wait until we could fly west. As I dialed 1-800-VFR-NOT-RECOMMENDED, Bob looked at the radar and pronounced the weather "fine." Normally, I wouldn't give up the plane until he pried my cold, dead fingers from around the yoke, but let's face it, I was pretty close to rigor mortis. "All right, YOU fly!" I maintained technical control by staying awake.

Bob flew north until we ran out of sectional. To keep our options open in this weather, we needed a Green Bay sectional, so we landed at Ludington, Michigan, where we found several other pilots in the same predicament. However, the FBO did not stock any sectionals. We were compelled to purchase, at an outrageous price, a crude map, hand-scrawled by the Michigan Militia (Motto: We Don't Need No Stinkin' Sectionals). I carefully scanned the document, and nowhere did it say "Not for Navigation." So, we commenced to navigate. In a flight of two behind a Citabria, we boldly thrust our way westward across Lake Michigan, where Oshkosh tantalized us a mere 50 miles away. Some would question the wisdom of scud-running over a Great Lake in a single engine aircraft. As it happened, we were about ten miles from the Wisconsin coast when we saw lightning. Even we were smart enough to turn back. By this time the crowd at Ludington had swelled to about a hundred disgruntled aviators, milling around, calling for briefings, running off DUATs, and generally trying to fly themselves out of a meteorological paper bag. But wait! There's a hole in the bag! We were finally able to reach Oshkosh by flying north along the east coast of Lake Michigan to Traverse City, then flying across the lake and approaching Oshkosh from the north. It took us 2 1/2 hours to make the fifty mile trip.

Alert readers of this publication are aware that my spot landing technique is, well, spotty. Just this

once, I was glad to have Bob at the controls for the OSH landing. After an interminable circuit around the airport we were able to tie down. After an interminable wait, under the blazing Wisconsin sun, we boarded a bus, which would finally take us to -- the end of the line. Now began the infamous Oshkosh Death March. Under the blazing Wisconsin sun I trudged for hours, carrying my bags, until we reached the campground. I collapsed under a tree while Bob pressed on to find our actual campsite. Too soon, it was time to get back up on the bleeding stumps of what were once my feet. By the time we reached the camper, I was madder than a Miami controller on the day before Thanksgiving, when asked permission to enter her Class Bravo airspace in a Warrior. Any resemblances to actual controllers or actual Warriors is purely coincidental. Bob could not relate to this mood of mine, so I decided to get some sleep. In a camper, under the blazing Wisconsin sun, amidst the din of helicopters, ultralights, and blaring announcements, I realized resistance was useless. I was in Oshkosh!

It was time to give an enthusiastic hello to my fellow campers. An astute observer of human personality types, Theresa Coleman pronounced me an introvert. After Theresa's delicious dinner, it was time for -- Laundry. What else do you do at Oshkosh? We formation-drove to the Laundromat and stayed until well after closing. Sleep

deprivation is a notoriously effective brainwashing technique. By that time my brain resembled Dave Barry's veteran underwear, which he never throws away, even when they are reduced to a collection of holes strung together by a few underwear molecules. I vaguely remember my painful attempts to crawl on top of the laundry counter. Back at the camper, the Colemans got the double bed. The Zahners got the bunk beds. No argument here! Even Lightning Rod Bob was tired.

Thursday Theresa and I finally got to do what our chromosomes have best equipped us for: Shopping. We also attended Rod Machado's extremely amusing presentation. A large portion of the entertainment was provided by Kate Coleman, who enthralled the gentleman in front of us by filling his cap with Cheerios. Later, we stopped at a lecture on the difference between men and women. However, we did not stay. We know the difference: Women are from Earth. Men are from Heck (Boatright told me, no profanity in the Nav-Com).

All too soon, it was time for Theresa to drive me to Chicago so I could catch a flight home. Put down the phone, Ashby. Bob and I are staying married. Maybe it's because we took separate flights home. Needless to say, we will not be flying to Oshkosh '96.

FIBERGLASS AS IT SHOULD BE DONE

by Wayne Whitaker

On Saturday May 11 Larry Seesholtz conducted a hands-on fiberglass workshop in the Chapter 690 hangar. This was the first such educational session held in our new headquarters, and it set some serious standards for other such courses to follow. I guess I expected we would just sit around and talk fiberglass, with Larry sharing the wisdom he's gained from working on his Lancair project. Maybe he would share some photos of finished parts.

Well, Larry had photos all right, plus various parts of his project, some made by him and others pre-formed by the kit manufacturer. And he had plenty of wisdom to share, but he also had a carefully planned personal epoxy experience that was more informative than any lecture. He had prepared fiberglass working kits for each participant, complete with gloves, various kinds of fiberglass cloth, pre-preg fiberglass, peel ply, sandpaper, mixing sticks, foam, epoxy of course, and any other goodies we would need to learn the art for ourselves.

I had a rudimentary knowledge of 'glass from my R/C model days, but there was still plenty for me to learn. I was quite impressed with the time and effort Larry took, both in preparation for the workshop, and in helping each of his students grasp the concepts and methods used in epoxy layouts. Anyone who took Larry's "course" would emerge from the experience much better equipped to handle their first encounter with epoxy and fiberglass.

Perhaps the most important example he set was the careful methodology he used, even when using scraps to teach with. I remember thinking, "I wouldn't have a problem flying with this guy in any airplane he built."

Thanks, Larry, for a job very well done. And pay attention, EAAers, if you want to conduct a seminar of your own, this is how it's done.

TRUE TALES OF THE TRAILER-TRASH TOWER

by Wayne Whitaker and Jeff "Bah, Humbug!" Boatright

On May 3rd, when Chapter 690 held its garage/hangar sale, I was attempting to sell various treasures I have accumulated over the years when Steve tempted me with the offer of a ride in his trusty Skyhawk. Not only would this ride be a break from the midday heat, it would also give me an opportunity to experience the new tower from the safety of the right seat.

I suggested to Steve that we just do a few circuits of the pattern, maybe practice some flapless landings, so I could quickly return to my little temporary "store." I didn't want to miss too many prospective customers, or else I'd have to take all that junk back home.

Steve got on the radio and requested some pattern work; the tower told him to follow a Cherokee ahead of us. To my surprise the controller insisted on a right-hand pattern for runway 25. After we had flown one circuit, another aircraft called in, announcing he was over Lake Lanier and inbound for landing. The controller then switched all of us (now three aircraft since a Super Cub had joined us) to left hand traffic. This was to allow a single aircraft to enter on a right downwind. I heard the incoming aircraft announce but somehow I missed the controller's call for the change. All I knew was that suddenly Steve was turning the other way after takeoff!

Now with three aircraft on downwind, another pilot called in, approaching from the east. He was one of a flight of three Civil Air Patrol Cessnas. The controller opted to have the three of us 'extend downwind and do a racetrack back to re-enter downwind' Huh? I'd never heard the term 'racetrack' used in a controlled environment before. Thank goodness Steve wasn't as confused as I was about this command (must be that instrument training). I watched as the aircraft ahead of us turned right and headed back in a broad oval to re-join the downwind. Steve did the same, and so did the Cub behind us. The three CAP aircraft were granted a straight-in approach. In the meantime, the poor guy over Lanier had been told to continue doing 360s until the controller could get back to him.

We're dealing with a total of seven aircraft here. When I was training at PDK, that would've been light traffic. I think switching the direction of the pattern to fit in one aircraft is a bit of over-reaction. In the good old days at Gwinnett (before the tower), that incoming pilot would have announced his intentions, heard other aircraft in the pattern, and simply fitted himself in, probably behind the Cub who was bringing up the tail-end of our impromptu trailing formation.

The flight of three might be more difficult to integrate, especially as a flight, but they could have swung southward and teardropped in, either together or individually as traffic allowed. Putting everyone on hold to give them a straight-in approach just doesn't make sense to me. As with Jeff's experience, the tower

(or a particular controller) seems to actually favor straight-in approaches. I can see the logic if the aircraft is a jet or something similarly large and heavy, but why stop the whole show to let a 152 or a flight of Skyhawks come putt-putting in?

ANOTHER Tower Story

Just remember, you guys *begged* me to write this...

Wayne and I were out tooting around some time before the above incident. We decided to try out the new tower at LZU. Flying in the face of all previous experience, we were actually prepared in that Wayne had the circular detailing all of the new frequencies. About 10 miles south, we announced but got no reply. We kept fiddling around with frequencies and finally tried the old UNICOM. The attendant at Hawthorne came on and told us that the new tower had an EVEN newer frequency. We switched over and announced that we were (now) 3 miles south. The wind was strong (>10 kts) and out of the east. Tower told us to enter a right downwind for 08, that he was "working a Seneca on short final" (who cares?), and to continue on downwind until we saw a Cessna 152 on long final. We then were to turn base and report.

Now, I'm thinking, Gee, I could do all this for myself. Do I really need someone far removed from the situation to be coaching? After all, these instructions amounted to "Watch out fer them other airy-planes!" But, we dutifully got onto a right downwind, looking for the 152 and guessing (incorrectly) that there was a reason for all of this non-standard malarkey (right-hand pattern, long, straight-in approaches, etc).

So we fly and we fly and we fly.

We call tower: Hey! we're still going west! Can we turn yet?!

Tower says: No. Turn when you see the Cessna 152.

So we fly and we fly and we fly.

We call tower: Hey! what if we don't *ever* see him?

Tower says: Just keep flying downwind.

I'm not sure which we saw first, that Cessna 152 or PDK. But, in any event, we finally saw him and turned base. Now, mind you, all this time, there's about 4 planes holding for take-off. It's a hot day. They're not happy.

Tower clears the 152 to land and tells us to turn final. When the 152 is on short final, he *clears us to land*. We finish turning to final and announce that we're on loooong final, over 3 miles out (as in, hey, we're pretty far from the runway, maybe one or so of those guys baking on the ground just might be able to take-off this year...)

Immediately tower comes back with "Well I find THAT hard to believe!"

I guess he put his mouth in gear before he figured out that I was doing him a favor. But, not being one to brook babble from a mere servant, I immediately shot back:

Continues on next page —>

"Well, my GPS says I'm now 2.87 miles from you. But you tell me where I am—you're running the show (—and you're the one who put me here!)

In a shaky voice, tower clears the guy on deck for take-off. Now the guy in that plane has heard all this. In fact, he'd been listening to his morning fall apart for about the last 15 minutes, all courtesy of the bozo who'd just cleared me to land, then cleared *him* to take off. He HAD to be thinking "Do I trust this guy in the tower? Is there enough room to beat that 172?" he even lurched forward, then stopped.

So, I announce "There's plenty of room for the Bonanza to take-off." You know, to put the Bonanza jockey at ease.

Immediately, tower comes back with "Well, I'm SO glad you concur."

Now that's childish.

But hey, I'm a forgiving guy. Maybe his dog peed on his favorite loafers before he came on duty this morning. Maybe he's still miffed that he's stuck in a little trailer with a walkie-talkie, sitting on a three-leg milk stool and the air-conditioner just broke for the third time that week. Maybe he's some second-rate loser that couldn't hack it in a federal tower and his career is on a fast slide down the tubes and he's trying to take us all with him.

HEY! MAYBE I DON'T GIVE A RODENT'S RUMP! Is he getting paid for all this entertainment or is he a tower operator?!

I'm pretty mad now and Wayne's pretty nervous. After all, we're not on the ground yet and he senses that maybe now is not the time to try to wrestle the controls from me. But, figuring SOMEBODY had to be professional that day, I make a normal landing (very few parts fell off, Steve) and put in at Hawthorne for fuel. Of course, those guys all had smirks on their faces. "Yeah, that idiot's been like this all week. Right-hand traffic, long-straight-ins with slooow planes. It's been real fun!"

Just then we hear over the horn that tower is changing the runway. The wind is still whistling straight out of the east at over 10 kts. Apparently he'd cleared some victim in a 152 for a straight-in from the east! Have you ever seen a 152 take 4,000 feet to land? It's pretty fun from the bleachers. At one point it looked like he was actually riding on the nose gear alone! Whee!

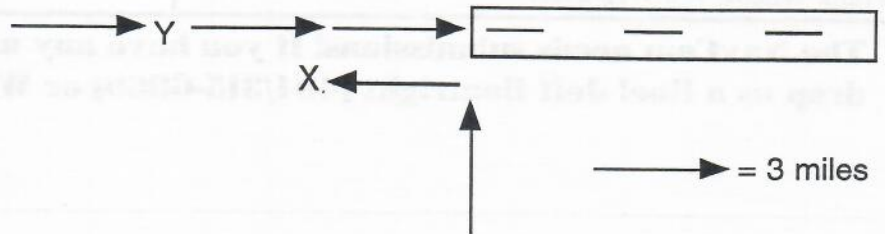
Think about this: *There were other planes in the pattern when the idiot changed runways.*

I guess tower figured that most 152's, and possibly some other airplanes, present their pilots with unusual landing characteristics when landed with a 10+ knot tailwind. So, he changed runways again. At least he learned from that mistake. Actually, I'm probably cutting him too much slack. I'll bet you that he switched runways for the very next guy who called in ten miles east of the field. As Bob Zahner says, "We're not dealing with average stupidity here." You decide: Am I safer with a tower at LZU, or is the airport commission using me for a guinea pig?

Here's a more subtle point: When we entered the scene, tower had 2 planes that he was thinking about. Notice that

I did NOT say that he had 2 planes in his airspace. We know that the 152 on the long straight-in was *at least* 9 (that's NINE) miles out when we made initial contact. We all know that I'm bad with figures, so I'll give you my reasoning. First, assume that our pattern speed approximates that of the 152 (ok, we're a little faster, but probably not in the pattern). The key is to remember that we passed each other when we were 3 miles out. For us to meet at X, the 152 had to be at Y when we reached the end of runway 08. The tower had *already* cleared the 152 to final when we called in 3 miles south, so another 3 miles (actually, more) is added to the 152's flight path because as we approached the end of 08, the 152 was spending that time getting to Y. That puts the 152 9-10 miles from the airport when we called in from 3 miles south. Why was this plane that's not even in the control zone cleared to final on a Saturday at a general aviation airport that's SO busy that it needs a tower? Because this guy is clearing *everybody* for straight-in approaches. He seems to prefer it! Heck, next time I'm holding for departure at PDK, I'm going to call LZU tower, get cleared to final, then I'll *own* a big chunk of Georgia sky.

The point is, the tower is a hindrance and hazard to



aerial navigation. When we called in, there was ONE other plane in the pattern. If there had been no tower, we would have overflowed the airport (announcing, of course) and tear-dropped into a LEFT downwind. In the mean time, the Seneca would have landed, at least two planes holding short would've departed, and we would have been fueling at Hawthorne by the time the 152 landed. (Without a tower, the 152 probably would have tear-dropped in from a course slightly more to the north than what the tower had given him). No muss, no fuss, and no sticky residue.

Instead, we all got some less-than-cheap thrills and more than a little aggravation.

And guess what—all you guys living in Gwinnett County are paying for this entertainment!

ANOTHER tower story

Lynn Zahner told me the other day that she had a serious run-in with the LZU tower during our last Young Eagles Rally. There were several planes waiting to depart. Tower told her and the plane ahead of her to line up staggered and together on the runway *and take off as a flight of two!!* This is with plane loads of unsuspecting kids. Lynn turned down this generous offer and the tower got indignant! He had to get all these people off his taxiway and he didn't care about wake turbulence or the

Ends on next page —>

fact that the two planes were mismatched and that at least one of the pilots had no formation training. Lynn says that he even gave her grief when she returned to the pattern after the flight. Is this guy a prince or what?

MORAL OF THE STORY, GRASSHOPPER

Enough of you guys have given me war stories about this idiot. Quit telling me. I believe you. Go tell Scott Fuller. After all, in light of recent accidents, I'm sure the last thing Mr. Fuller wants is to be explaining to the press how the upcoming accident was caused by his idiot employee clearing two planes to land on opposite runways at the same time.

For Sale: Tri-Q Project (160 MPH on 65 HP) All major construction completed—wing, canard, fuselage, and control surfaces. To be finished—assembly, systems, engine installation, and finishing. All materials, fittings, and hardware to complete including instruments, prop and new Revmaster 2100-D engine (65 HP). This is an original factory kit. All factory newsletters and Quicke Builders Assoc. newsletters, drawings, and instructions. \$13,000 invested. Make offer. Frank Wilcox: 770-9778-2403.

FOR SALE

For Sale: Van's RV-6A Empennage & Wing Kit:Wing inc. factory-assembled main spar. All plans and assmby video tapes incld. \$4200; Garmin 55 AVD GPS Receiver: Yoke mount with est. power plug, remote antenna cable. \$500; HobbyAir Power Fresh Air Respirator: Single mask system. Never used. 50' airline. \$275; All For Sale by Alan Langford, 339-3674

For Sale: 1968 Cessna 150, 230 hrsSMOH Approx. 5700TT, AT-50A XPDR + ACK Mode C; Intercom, ADF, MK-12B (360) King KX-145 (720), Audio panel/MKR BCN REC, Wheel pants - red & white, has lots of TLC; 7/95 annual - \$15,500 Firm, N50132 - based at Lenora, Reason: Need full 4 place; Ken Sharp (770) 979-4233 (H); (770)750-6025

VARIEZE, 90% complete rebuild, O-200 300 SMOH. Warnke prop, IFR instrumentation and radios. In law school, no time to finish. \$7950 firm. Terry @ 404-257-8794.

Wanted: Challenger II or Rans S-12. Bobby Hester <hester@hop-uky.campus.mci.net>

The NavCom needs submissions! If you have any news, a story to tell, etc., please drop us a line! Jeff Boatright (404/315-6869) or Wayne Whitaker (404/296-6883)

Chapter Calendar

June 14 — Chapter 690 monthly meeting at the Chapter 690 Hangar, 8 pm. Hangar flying at 7:30. G-man Jim Perry on airworthiness certification

June 22 — HAM radio field day and chili picnic at the Chapter 690 Hangar, 10 am radio set up, 2 pm transmissions start, 6 pm eat chili

Newsletter of FAA Chapter 690
Editor: Jeff Boatright 2293 Sanford Road
Decatur, GA 30033; jboatr@emory.edu
http://www.emory.edu/MOLECULAR_VISION/

The NavCom

IN MEMORY OF

ANDY ANDERSON

EAA CHAPTER 690 MEMORIAL SERVICE



Friday, June 7, 1996

7:30 p.m.

EAA Hangar, Gwinnett County Airport

The friends, flying buddies and admirers of Andy Anderson will conduct a memorial service for him this Friday, June 7, 1996 at 7:30 p.m. at the EAA hangar, LZU. This will be a short, "come as you are" gathering to remember our dear friend. Frank Wilcox, Dwayne Huff and Steve Ashby will offer brief remarks, but all are encouraged to participate with their favorite Andy stories (the best embellishment of the dump truck story will win a prize).

To cap off the ceremony, Steve Collins and his Stearman biplane will lead a missing man formation and fly-by to honor Andy. Before he died, we told Andy that we were planning a fly-by in his honor. Through his pain, he smiled and said that he would be watching. Andy also requested a Stearman, the first plane in which he soloed. This one's for you buddy.

Andy's only other request was that people not be somber at his passing. In that spirit, the memorial service will be followed by a pot-luck supper, where the hangar flying and the Andy stories will continue into the night. Please bring a dish for everyone to enjoy (bachelors like Wayne Whittaker can stop by the KFC) and we will supply the drinks, plates, cups, etc.

Again, don't bring any long faces. This will be an uplifting experience. Andy has promised to be there in spirit.

Any questions? Call Steve Ashby at 770/413-7112(w) or 770/414-5767(h).