



The NAV-COM

Newsletter of EAA Chapter 690

November 1992



Happy Thanksgiving!

Chapter 690 Young Eagles Flight Rally

On Saturday, November 21st, Chapter 690 will hold its first Young Eagles Flight Rally. The Young Eagles Program gives a young person between the ages of 8 and 17 the opportunity to explore new horizons by experiencing a ride in an airplane. The goal is to fly one million young people by the year 2003, the 100th anniversary of powered flight and the 50th anniversary of the Experimental Aircraft Association.

Chapter 690 intends to lead the way in Georgia in this endeavor. EAA currently is comprised of about 700 active chapters. Each chapter must fly at least 1428.5 young folks to reach the million mark. Kidding aside, this is very possible for Chapter 690 as it breaks down to about 150 rides per year to the year 2003. We can easily do this!

To get us off with a bang, Theresa Coleman is organizing our chapter's first Rally. She is bringing several of her students and some other young people to Stone Mountain Airport at 10 AM on the 21st. From 10 till noon an informal ground school will be conducted followed by a box lunch (\$2.00) and the Young Eagle flight.

Theresa is bringing 96 young persons! This response is both heartening and overwhelming. She has frantically been calling upon Chapter 690 members to act as pilots, ground instructors, aviation activists, and liaisons. If you can contribute your time and experience, please call her at 498-3741 (H) or 378-4038 (O). All types of assistance is needed!

My Days As a "Young Eagle"

by Theresa Coleman

It's been years, but I remember the flight vividly. I was about six when I got to fly with my uncle Fred in his V-tail Bonanza. I didn't understand what made the plane fly, even though my uncle very patiently explained it to me. I suppose the preflight went well, because afterwards we climbed into the cockpit and Uncle Fred secured me into the seat with a sharp tug. I remember not being able to see over the instrument panel, but I didn't care. When Fred shouted "clear!" the loud cough of the engine took me by surprise. As we taxied out, the bumpy ride filled me with anticipation. I was so excited I couldn't talk. We taxied to the end of the runway and prepared to take-off. Fred pointed out the airspeed indicator and showed me the point at which the wheels would leave the ground. He pushed in the throttle and I watched the needle rise. When we reached the magic point, I looked down, and we were flying!

I still remember the thrill and awe of that flight because I feel it every time I taxi 4331U into position and take-off. That experience was pivotal. I can point to it and say, "this is when I decided to become a pilot." What if my uncle had not given me that 15 minute flight? I really can't say. I may have gone up later, I may not have.

I spent the summer of 1974 at a Girl Scout day camp in Stone Mountain Park. By July we had made all of the sit-upons and string art that any mother possible could dispose of legally and we were bored. Luckily, a crusty old CFI from Stone Mountain Britt Memorial airport volunteered his services.

For the next few weeks we went to the FBO for ground school. The airport looked much the same as it does now, except that the grungy old green carpet was a grungy new green carpet. Every morning our instructor blessed us with the arcane knowledge necessary to get an airplane to leave the ground. In the afternoon we perfected the fine art of airport bumming. We were a little young, so we considered ourselves bummettes. On the last day of our ground school, the CFI pushed out a 172 and gave us all rides. I could see over the instrument panel and I got to control the aircraft. What a sense of power and freedom! I wanted to be a flight instructor myself so that I could give others the same experience.

At Oshkosh this year, the EAA announced the Young Eagles Program. It is intended to give the next generation an aviation experience; hopefully, the same type of experience that caused us to become aircraft enthusiasts. And we'll keep track of them. I have thanked my uncle for the flight when I was six, but I don't know the name of the instructor that gave me his time and energy to help me along when I was fifteen. For me, this program is a way to thank him for an experience that has significantly affected my life.



The Great Biplane Fall Classic

Another Chapter 690 Success!

Saturday, October 10th 1992 dawned bright and early for many of the members of EAA Chapter 690. Today would see the culmination of many ideas, dreams, and months of hard work. As with any large project in its infancy, the question on our collective mind was, "Will it all come together or split at the seams?"

Well gang, we ran a pretty seamless operation! The Chapter 690 Annual Air Fair of 1992, a.k.a "The Great Biplane Fall Classic" was a resounding success. The big day started with our semi-patented Pancake Breakfast, ran by Duane Huff and many helpers, including (but not exclusively) Margaret Wilcox, Theresa Coleman, Sheryl and Ken Sharp, Janet Warner, Mike and Jennifer North, and June Barnes. We very fortunately decided to have a breakfast at the last minute as it really set the tone for the rest of the Classic. We served about 250 folks pancakes, sausage, and drinks. The Breakfast added to the excitement and anticipation, and of course, really hit the spot for our early arrivals.

And were they early! Ere we were sated with the morn's sup, the thunderous bellowing o' hairy-chested biplanes filled the skies and made our hearts tremble with trepidation (oh all right, the whine of a few Cessnas and Pipers coming over the mountain sent us scrambling to our pre-assigned positions...so much for poetic license...) Of course, the *earliest* arrivals were from the greatest distance - the Christen Eagle from Minnesota!

The day progressed with many more arrivals. All told, we had about 18 biplanes come in from five different states. These and less exotic planes were parked with expert care by Ben Jeffrey, Wayne Whitaker, Bill Coleman, Joel Levine, Frank Flessel, and their many helpers. Almost all ground handling of the planes went well. This required some planning and some last-minute help from the Boy Scouts. We almost ran out of show plane parking!

Ground arrivals were of course the second big story of the year. As noted elsewhere in this NavCom, Harold Stalcup and his stalwarts (Henry Warner, Ed Tamas, Ed Pancake, Bernie Jager, Ken Sharp, Dick Strand, and Richard Robison), buttressed again by the Scouts, parked an excess of 700 cars. Also, scores of cars parked along Bermuda Road. The traffic congestion was a real problem as we had not expected this volume and constancy. Again, plans are already in the works to ensure better flow next year. All-in-all, a good problem to have, though.

All those folks were hungry! The Norths and their crew (Andrea Doneff, Lnor and Joel Levine, Angela Tamas, and many others) could not keep up with demand! To give you an idea, we had to make *three* trips to the store for supplies, and we *still* ran out! Lots of work was put forth here with many people being served. But, to paraphrase an old adage, what goes in must go out. At the other end of the line, our two port-o-lets were just barely adequate. But hey! - lines at an event are just another measure of success.

In between, visitors were treated to the sights, sounds, and smells of a great air fair. On the ground, we had lots of projects spanning construction techniques. Harold Stalcup and Charlie Sego had their Skylites out (tube and rag). Duane Huff exhibited his almost-restored and almost-perfect (OK Duane - perfect) Aeronca Chief (wood, tube and rag). Pete Winford also had his all-wood SE-5A replica project on display. The Barnes had a neat little poster display that June had made up - sold some, too! The Wilcoxs and Duane Huff ran the EAA Info Booth. According to Frank, about thirty people showed interest, with maybe a quarter of those seriously considering joining either EAA or the Chapter. Exhibitors included Alexander Aeroplane Store, The Greenland Expedition, Aviation Artists, and a T-shirt stall. Joel Levine, Charlie Sego, and Richard Robison helped organize and setup these folks. Even

with all this, though, just being at the airport and being allowed close access to all sorts of planes ("bi" and otherwise) seemed to be one of the bigger thrills to our visitors.

The highlight of any Air Fair is the air activity. A dozen or so biplanes buzzing around the mountain is exciting, of course, and may have done more to draw crowds than all of our publicity. We also had several types of rides hopping. John Popp had his C-210 filled to the gun'ls all day. The airport did a business with their normal tours. The sail-plane people were saturated, too. We even had tethered hot-air balloon rides! But, the big ride was the Stearman. This guy was hopping people until 7:00 PM!! The neatest part of the whole Fair was watching the Stearman taking off several times with an empty front cockpit. As he banked in his climb, a small head with big eyes would appear... Another bit of future for sport aviation. Having a biplane constantly buzzing the field also added an air of festivity and craziness (it was kind of a ratty looking Stearman...)

So we had hot-air balloons, biplanes, odd-winged planes, sail-planes, and motorgliders in the pattern. Ray Rocque even convinced Shamu the Blimp to buzz the field! Above and permeating all the hubbub was the constant patter of our fearless Air Fair leader, Steve Ashby. Steve did a great job of entertaining the crowd on the PA system provided by Richard Robison. And Steve is fearless, too. You could barely hear his voice crack as the barnstorming Stearman groundlooped directly at his announcer's stand. Cards and valium can be sent to... The funny thing about that non-injurious incident is that the line for Stearman rides actually *increased* afterwards. Go figure.

Andy Anderson, Jim Clarkson, John Henderson, and Frank Wilcox judged the biplane participants in several categories - the figurine awards they came up with for Grand Champion Awards must be seen. They are distinctive yet economical. To show our appreciation for making the effort to attend, all biplane pilots not awarded a specific category were given attendee plaques.

Awards:

Grand Champion Replica: Rose Parakeet. David Mauritsen; Tuscaloosa, AL.

Grand Champion Homebuilt: Christen Eagle II. Lynn and Denny O'Connell; Bloomington, MN.

Grand Champion Warbird: N3N. Benny and Elaine Britt; Tucker, GA.

Grand Champion Modified: 450 HP Stearman. John Reed; Chamblee, GA.

Champion Homebuilt: Skybolt. Gary Waugh; North Augusta, SC.

Champion Warbird: N2S-4 Stearman. Ken Stubbs, Hendersonville, NC.

Champion Modified: 450 HP Stearman. Steve Detch; Alpharetta, GA.

Attendees:

-N2S-5 Stearman. Joe Irvin; Gainesville, GA.

-450 HP Stearman. S.S. McDonald; Cumming, GA.

-PT-17 Stearman. John Laughter; Conyers, GA.

-PT-17 Stearman. Steve Sachs; Doraville, GA.

-PT-17 Stearman. Chris Manz; Norcross, GA.

-PT-17 Stearman. Jim Jathro; Augusta, GA.

-Starduster Too. Judi and Jim Cazel; Blackshear, GA.

-Starduster Too. Joseph Yon; Anderson, SC.

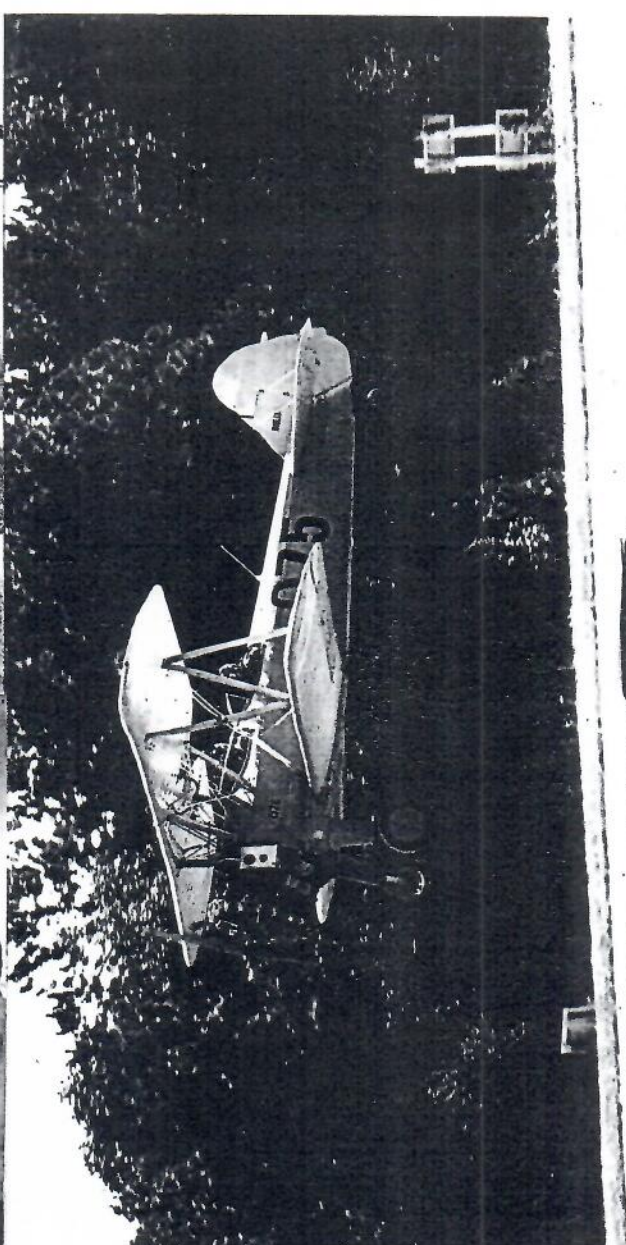
-AcroSport. Dudley Bowen; Augusta, GA.

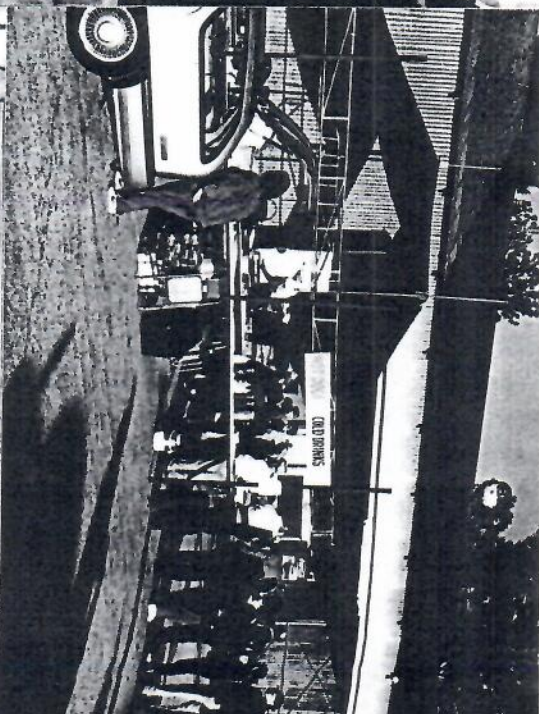
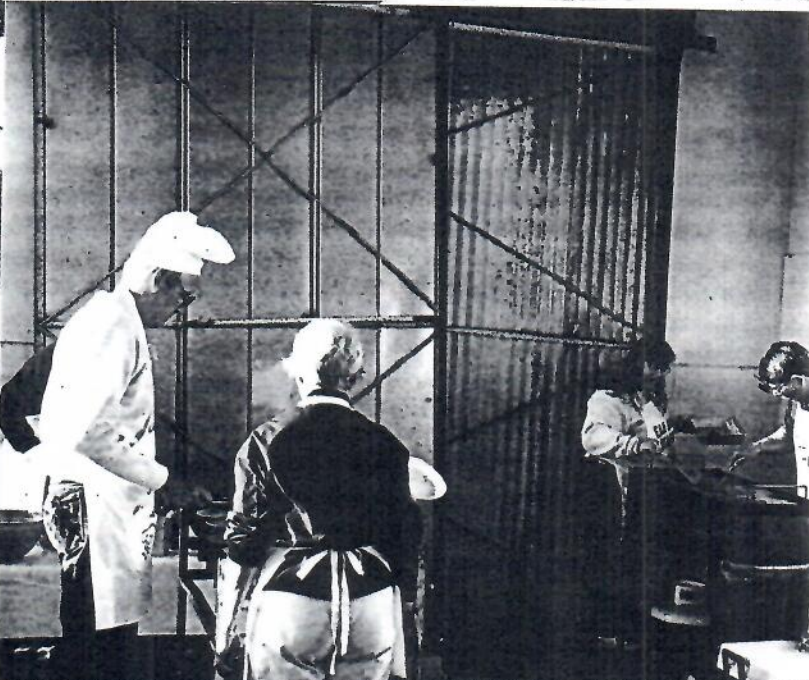
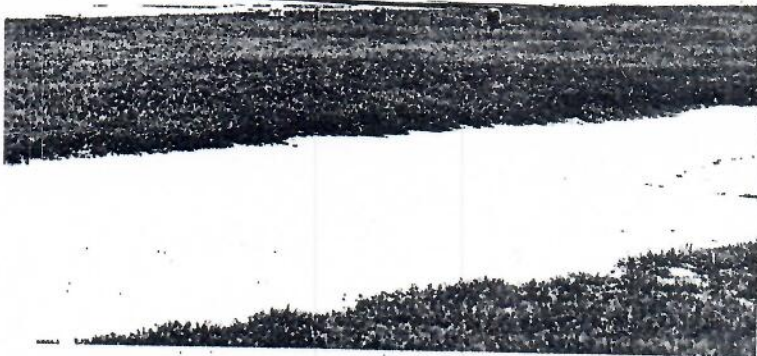
-Starduster Too. Dan Silliman; Augusta, GA.

-Der Cricket. Reinhart Kuntz; Buford, GA.

We had a lot of fun and made some money. In ball-park figures, the breakfast netted \$600, other concessions \$800, souvenirs (patches, posters, calendars, etc.) \$50. The big haul was parking - \$1400. After expenses (food, awards, port-o-lets, etc.), we put about \$2000 into the kitty. We'll soon spend that in making a superfantabulous club house out of the Barn!

In closing, Steve Ashby, the Classic Coordinator, wants to thank all those who made the first Great Biplane Fall Classic a classic. He has already debriefed us (see "Minutes" elsewhere) and is making plans to increase the quality of next year's Classic by involving everyone in the chapter and increasing the fun:work ratio. Congratulations, Steve. The Great Biplane Fall Classic is a winner.







The Building Column

by Frank Wilcox

Serious planning for upgrading the "Barn" into a useful and pleasing "690 Chapter House" was started on Saturday, October 24th. The Building Committee met at the Barn and spent several hours inspecting the structure, discussing needed repairs, estimating basic material needs, and brainstorming the interior layout. It can/may include a large meeting area, smaller equipment storage room, video storage/viewing room, kitchen facilities, etc.

Two major structural deficiencies must be corrected before any interior renovation can be undertaken. The roof will require significant repair/replacement and the floor structure must be strengthened and leveled. Approximately 30 sections of 10 foot long metal roofing must be replaced. This is neither costly nor dangerous to do, but will require a coordinated effort to accomplish. The floor structure upgrading requires the installation of two additional beams the length of the building (48 ft.) and some improvement of the single existing beam in order to level the floor. It appears that none of the existing flooring can be reused and therefore new flooring for the entire building will be required. The floor project will be fairly costly and will require considerable manpower. The existing interior can be cleared with no expense, just manpower.

Agreement Due Nov. 1.

Preparation of a written agreement with the Stone Mountain Airport management for use of the Barn as a 690 Chapter House is to be completed by November 1st. As soon as this agreement is approved by the airport management, the renovation project will start. Not before! We expect an announcement at the monthly November meeting.

Retaining Wall Completed

The retaining wall that we have been working on for so long is FINISHED! Twelve members, four with mason's trowels, laid the remaining cement blocks and cleaned the ramp area on October 17th. While not exactly a thing of beauty, the wall is functional and thus meets the original goal. Thanks to all members who over the past year (yes, we started on October 4th, 1991) spent their time and energy on this project. Unfortunately, the remainder of the project, the construction of a hangar-type building at this location, could not be completed due to circumstances beyond our control. But you know "the rest of the story" on that one. **Note: Please contact Frank Wilcox (978-2403) if you have any fill dirt or rubble that can be used to fill some voids behind the wall.**

Fly Buys

Wanted: Garage space . RANS S-12 kit in the mail, but lost my work space. Can you help out a fellow 690er? Jim Estes 938-3515 (H); 885-8625(O).

Shared hangar space available for small A/C at Winder/Barrow Co. Airport. Reinhart Kuntz: (404) 932-5964.

1/2 share in '66 Beech Musketeer, N5997S. 2464 TT; 325 SMOH. King LC8001 Loran, Valcom 760 digital com (flip/flop freq.), Narco MK 12B Nav/Com, Narco 12A Nav/Com, trspdr. New tires, brakes and windsheild,. Ann. 10/91. Very airworthy!! Based St. Mt. on grass. \$7500 or trade ?? Selling due to relocation. Call Jim 979-7242 eve.

Tools Gone!



Chapter 690's Continental cylinder wrenches (1/2" & 7/16") are missing. Do you or someone you know have them? If so, please return them to or contact John Henderson, the chapter tool holder.

The following is a list of tools and materials that Chapter 690 owns. The use of tools is free to chapter members. The materials are not free, but are inexpensive. John Henderson (449-1946) is keeper of the tools.

Rivet squeezer
Nicopress tool
Spark plug cleaner and capping tool
Piston ring compressor pliers and bands
Set cylinder base wrenches
Timing indicator
Torque wrench
Instrument hole cutter, (2-1/2" & 3-1/8")
Tube bending tool, set plier type
Cable tension tester
Tachometer checker
Compression tester
Spark plug lead tester
Magnet timing light & lock, Bendix
Coaxial cable (antenna)
Wire--20 & 22 g. (light and radio)



Hangar Flying Can Be Dangerous

Copyright 1992 by John A. Ritchie, Jr

It was late afternoon on one of those cold, overcast winter days at the small rural airport where not even the birds would be flying. The frozen ground was peppered with patches of snow and ice, leftover from an unusual series of ice and snow storms that had descended on central North Carolina in the winter of 1976. The windssock whipped in the icy wind while several would-be flyers huddled inside the warm little FBO office, unable to resist the attraction of the airport even though flying was out of the question for the day.

Small talk about the icy weather was the typical conversation of the winter afternoon. A lone radial-engine transport warbled overhead in the gray murkiness, prompting comments like "this weather is the reason I'm glad I don't have to fly for a living" and "why don't you go knock the icicles off the Stinson and check out the ceiling for us?" Looking out the window at the deserted airfield, I heard the bombshell comment of the day.

"Charlie, I'll bet you ten dollars you won't drive your Volkswagen across the pond," said one of the ground-bound hangar flyers.

Now Charlie was the owner of the airport, a proud and industrious man that had built the little facility on family farmland in the space of a few short years. Charlie worked hard maintaining and improving the airport, and when he wasn't on his tractor mowing or scraping or building, he would putt around the grounds in his baby-blue Volkswagen Beetle. The picturesque little farm pond behind the shop hangar had frozen over from the repeated ice storms, an unusual occurrence for this area of North Carolina. From the comfort of the heated office building the pond appeared to be a smooth white disk.

Charlie, leaning over the counter, said "By gosh, I CAN drive my Volkswagen across the pond and I'm gonna show you."

Much laughter followed, as we all realized that Charlie

was bluffing, and he was probably trying to get a laugh or two from the crowd on such a dreary day.

He wasn't bluffing.

Stunned, I listened as the author of the ridiculous idea tried to retract his offer. Several other hangar flyers chimed in, attempting to de-fuse the dare. Despite numerous pleadings and apologies, Charlie was dead-set on crossing the pond by automobile, and he was not going to let anyone tell him he could not accomplish this deadly feat.

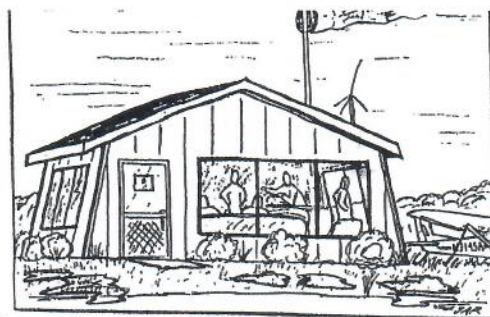
The winter weather in central North Carolina is moderate to mild by national standards, although ice storms can do considerable damage and make driving hazardous. Typically, brief snow storms will occur two to four times per winter, dropping a few inches of snow, but the ice and snow almost always melts completely within a day or two. In my first seventeen years there, NEVER had I seen ice on a pond that was thick enough to support a human being, much less a Volkswagen. However, three or four ice storms had hit the area in the past several days, and the ground was frozen over.

We filed out of the office in disbelief as Charlie went to get his Volkswagen. Some comments were made about sabotaging the VW or doing anything to stop this suicidal attempt at seamanship. No one could stop Charlie and no one wanted to see him get hurt. The group slowly realized that Charlie's intentions were irreversible and no one was going to change his mind.

I ran down to the pond to check the ice. Unbelievably, I couldn't crack the surface even after throwing a 20 pound boulder down with a crash. However, I knew that the ice must be thinner further out into the pond. Near the pond's edge, the ice seemed quite solid, and I remember thinking that maybe Charlie's got half a chance of finishing this stunt alive.

As the group rambled down to the pond shaking their heads and mumbling in disbelief, the little blue VW putted down the hill. I remember thinking that the VW Beetle design was generally airtight and might float (your ears would pop when the doors were shut), but I watched in horror as Charlie rolled down both windows as a "safety" measure. The crowd stood and shivered in the wind.

The front wheels of the car eased onto



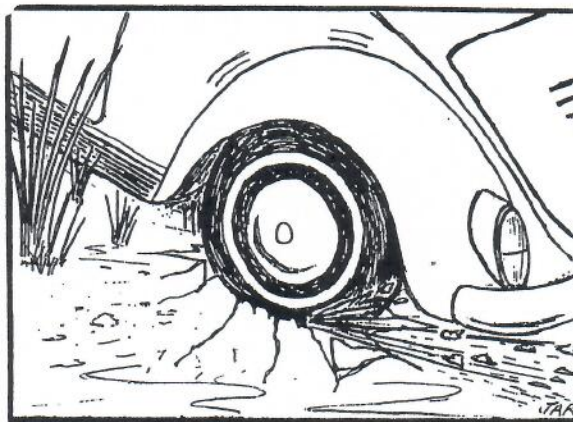
the pond's frozen surface as the spectators grimaced. Slowly, Charlie drove the car across the ice until he was near the middle of the pond, about 100 feet from shore. All of a sudden, the ice began to moan and creak like some ancient behemoth and I saw cracks beginning to form in the surface. Charlie heard the noise and gunned the engine, but the tires began to slip on the slick surface. With the engine roaring, the tires regained traction in the nick of time as the cracks raced across the ice. As the front wheels crunched onto the weeds of the far shore, one of the rear wheels broke through the ice. Charlie began to rapidly shift gears and work the throttle, and he finally succeeded in driving out of his predicament.

The little Volkswagen sped up the hill, crossed the narrow runway, and came to a stop at the office. It was cold and dusk was approaching. We all ran back to the heated office to congratulate Charlie, although we did not want to encourage an encore performance of this deadly stunt. Defiant, he would not accept any payment for the "bet," even though much more than the original \$10 was offered.

"Just wanted to show you fellas what I could do with my Volkswagen if I wanted to," said Charlie.

The stunned crowd slowly disbursed as the night fell, never again to propose such a risky maneuver even in jest.

After all, the most dangerous part about hangar flying is driving at the airport.



Classic Debriefing

by Joel Levine, Chapter 690 Secretary

A special meeting to re-cap the 1992 Biplane Fall Classic was called by Steve Ashby, Chairman. Hopefully all those who wished to participate were notified and present. In capsule form the following comments were made to help improve next year's fly-in:

Biplanes: Although almost twenty biplanes flew in, the consensus was that there were too few. It was suggested that for next year we purchase a data base of bi-plane owners from the National Biplane Association and the Christen Eagle Association. It also was suggested that we explicitly welcome all types of aircraft and their owners, but maintain an emphasis on Biplanes.

Pancake Breakfast:

- 1) People started coming at 7:00 AM.
- 2) We underestimated the number of breakfasts to be sold.
- 3) We will need more help next year, especially to relieve the members working.
- 4) Next year everything should be set up the night before.
- 5) At the current size a commissary person will be needed next year, as at least three supply trips were made.
- 6) No one should have to work more than two hours at a shift.
- 7) A separate line is needed for coffee and juice with separate pricing and cashier.
- 8) A more formalized procedure is needed for feeding the volunteers.
- 9) A garbage crew needed.

Auto Parking:

- 1) Congestion caused some to turn away or park on the side of the road.
- 2) Parking was the largest profit center but needs to be streamlined.
- 3) An EAA Chapter 690 handout explaining what will be taking place should be presented as the driver pays his parking fee.
- 4) More help is needed parking autos and taking the parking fees.
- 5) If many more aircraft are on the field we will need alternative auto parking.
- 6) The condition of the field must be addressed prior to the fly-in. The site

should be Bush Hogged a week prior to the event and the membership should have the site properly prepared for the crowd expected.

7) A Handicapped parking area should be set aside.

8) A separate exit should be considered to aid in the flow of traffic.

Aircraft Parking:

- 1) For the number of aircraft on the field this year, parking was acceptable, however, better crowd control is a must for next year.
- 2) The Boy Scouts did a fantastic job "walking wings." Next year additional manpower, properly trained should be considered.
- 3) The age of the volunteers should be considered.
- 4) Someone should be assigned to register the arriving aircraft in the parking area (with full address and N# included).
- 5) More aircraft parking spaces must be available for greater participation next year.
- 6) More positive parking control after the plane has landed.

Exhibitors:

- 1) Someone must assume the responsibility for vendor relations.
- 2) Have a set number of booth spaces set aside on a donation basis.
- 3) Consider the addition of a fly-market.
- 4) Add additional aircraft parts vendors.
- 5) Consider an event "T-shirt."
- 6) Have the picture/poster booth closer to the chapter information booth.

Airport/Owners: In general the airport management was very pleased, the plane rides and fuel sales were as expected with soft drinks and ice cream sales surprisingly strong.

- 1) The coordination between the chapter and the airport was good and went together well.
- 2) The airport management and owners don't want the fly-in to move.
- 3) They (the airport management and owners) would like to see the chapter do more to prepare for the fly-in next year.
- 4) They felt that the handicapped parking

and facilities could be better.

5) The dumpster needs to be emptied prior to the event.

6) Next year we need four porta-potties.

A spokesmen for the owners indicated that each year the owners have to put into the airport a large amount of money. They are appreciative of the chapter's activities and welcome anything that the chapter wants to do to improve the facility and make it a better home for both groups. The Georgia Airshow Group is going out of business. A representative from the Chapter will establish contact with the group and determine their actual status.

Steve Ashby committed to send a thank you letter to all of the Biplane owners with an invitation to return next year. Steve requested that consideration be given to the creation of an official logo for the event. All agreed that it was a great idea and a very successful activity.

Air Fair Parking Important to Classic Success

by Harold Stalcup

The 690 Parking Crew Had a Very Successful Day on October 10th!!! We guided over 700 autos (containing aviation enthusiasts) onto the field parking areas and collected over \$1400 in doing so!! By the end of the day, we were sunburned, footsore, weary, and didn't want to see any more cars!!

Ed Tamas, Richard Robison, Ed Pancake, Ken Sharp, Bernie Jager, Henry Warner, and Dick Strand. A JOB WELL DONE, AND THANKS!!

Some few people parked in restricted areas and caused problems. Next year we will use ribbons and stakes more extensively. New entrance and exit paths will also be designed.

All in all, a very successful day!

The Veep, Boshears, and Shamu the Killer Blimp

One week after our Air Fair, the Georgia DOT/Aeronautical Office, in conjunction with EAA Chapter 172 (Augusta), put on a lapaloosa Fly-In at Daniel Field in Augusta. Since three or four of the biplanes at our Classic came over from Chapter 172, a bunch of us thought it would be nice to return the favor. So, **Wayne Whitaker, Patrick Ashby, and I** piled into **Steve Ashby's** Cherokee Six and headed off. On the way we buzzed Lenora Field to let **Frank Wilcox and Richard Robison** that we were on our way. They were to follow in Frank's C-150. We all thought that those guys should've left an hour ago if we were to reach the fly-in at the same time.

We cruised on down east (as they say up North), only to be told that Daniel Field was closed to arrivals due to the Air Fair. Hmmm..., was there a NOTAM? . We diverted to Bush Field, planning to take a cab over to Daniel, which is only about seven miles away. Now, Bush is one of those new-fangled places with a very serious control tower containing very serious controllers. As soon as we called them up, they started vectoring us all over the skies. At first we just thought this was S.O.P., but when it continued, Steve called in to query. They kept putting him off, but finally said that we'd be number two following a Boeing 707. That got our attention as it was pretty hazy outside.

We finally saw him miles and miles away. Shoot, we figured we could've done five or six touch-and-goes by the time he got into the same county. When Steve appraised the tower of this estimate, they told us in no uncertain terms that we were to remain number two in the inter-county pattern and added that even after the 707 landed we'd have to wait another thirty minutes so they could sweep the field! Now fun is fun, but we figured we didn't need to go landing on any runway that had 707 parts strewn across it. So, Steve calls in and says that if the 707 was losing parts, spare or otherwise, we'd just as soon land on their *other* runway. The controller, no doubt a man of great patience but little humor, told us that he had the "second-in-command" onboard the 707 and that the sweep was a *security* sweep.

Second-in-command,...707, ...security sweep... Ah so! The VP was going into Augusta for the links!

Well now, we didn't mind one bit wasting that 40 minutes of av-gas, and who cares about busted schedules - I mean - this was the vice-president of the US of A! We figured it was practically our patriotic duty to fly circles while ATC cleared the southeastern quadrant of the country so that the Veep make tee time. I guess at Augusta National they don't hold those no matter who you are. Besides, by the time we were cleared, Daniel Field was open.

Actually, it opened and closed about ten times in the five minutes it took to get there from Bush. Seems that some guy on the ground on UNICOM felt that any time a "high-speed" WarBird was in the pattern, all other traffic must come to a halt. Nice sentiment, but tough on visitors, especially those who've just been dodging 707's and Gulfstreams. You know, really fast traffic. Upon hearing for the fifth time "Daniel Field is closed due to a P-51 in the pattern," Steve broke in and announced, "I understand that, **and I'd like to join him!**" We finally crashed the party. And to top it all off, Frank and Richard beat us by a long shot. They arrived when the field was supposedly "officially" closed, but simply snuck in behind a landing B-25 Mitchell.

The Fly-In was a two day affair. Saturday they had over 30,000 attendees! Even when we were there, late Sunday when it should've been winding down, the crowds were enormous. Hats off to an incredible organization. Lots of WarBirds. Lots of WarBirds flying. They really put on a show. Only a few homebuilts and sport planes. They weren't flying. The "big iron" mentality permeated the field, which is great for drawing a non-aviation crowd. The CAF was out in force. They were selling .50 caliber shells advertised as Bill Clinton Ammo - never been to war. I asked the Colonel behind the counter if they weren't actually Indiana National Guard bullets as I had heard the two ordinance types were very similar. He must've been kin to that Bush Field tower controller, because he commenced looking like a toad that'd just been stepped on. You know, spitting mad. To loosen him up, I told him a joke I stole from **Mike North**.

Q: "What's the difference between Dan Quayle or Bill Clinton and Jane Fonda?"

A: "Jane Fonda's been to Vietnam..."

He seemed to like that, and I

shuffled off before he decided to test whether those shells really were 4-F.

I had a great time talking to the Chapter 172 members. They have a ton of projects. Most of them are based at a little private strip called "The Pea Patch". They invited us down any time, and sincerely. It's on the sectional, so maybe a trip would be fun. I get their newsletter. It's edited by Baldo (Al) Patton. I've always envied this newsletter because Baldo seems to know everything about everyone in aviation in South Carolina and east Georgia all the way back to Bevo Howard right up to this morning at the Patch. Makes for an anecdote-filled newsletter.

The Boshears (two brothers that were pioneer aviators in the area) Fly-In was big with lots to see if you're a WWII aviation fan, which means it was lots of fun for just about everyone. We really regretted that our patriotic sacrifice had eaten so much time as we all had to get back to Atlanta that night, but I'm sure it helped Dan work on that handicap. If they hold one next year, we'll go early.

On the way back the haze was incredible. Loran is a beautiful thing. Actually, we found out later that Frank's kept cutting out, so he and Wayne got back the old-fashioned way - they sweated. Even with I-20 under them most of the way, visibility flying into the sun was so poor that Frank had to use modified dead reckoning. But, he handled it with aplomb and in fact brought them exactly over Lenora with no wandering.

We in Steve's plane had it easier until we got back to the Mountain. **Shamu the Blimp** was in town for the Series, and he was on the prowl. As we were overflying to enter downwind for three-five, he rounded the mountain. It's odd how one never thinks of a blimp as being able to move fast until a blimp painted like a killer whale suddenly turns hard off a non-threatening course to point straight at one and then fully excises his right-of-way. The possibilities are definitely 6 o'clock news material. We actually had to break left to avoid a blimp! I wonder if they do that to all the flotsam. Evasive action to miss a flyin' whale... Must've given the Cap'n a chuckle. Probably was giving the Veep an aerial tour of the course at Stone Mountain Park, to boot.

Moral of the story: Getting there (and back) is more than half the fun in a small plane. Just watch out for the bigger fish in the sea.

Hardware Sorting, Flight Currency, and How They Relate

by Ken Sharp

Very recently, I was examined by four members of the medical profession, and found to be deficient. It seems a portion of my innards were collecting minerals at a location not conducive to good health and well being. Don't worry, I'm not about to pull a Lyndon Johnson and show you my scars. Suffice to say, the offending part was removed (they assured me I didn't really need it, anyway), and I was relegated to sitting home to recuperate.

There is a problem with such an assignment: the mind heals a lot faster than the body. After a couple of weeks, I had completely caught up on my reading, and was beginning to dread the days remaining before I could return to normal activities. This background is so you know how the following discussion came to be.

Some weeks prior to this introduction to that particular branch of medical science, I had accidentally dropped a cabinet of small hardware. The cabinet had about 30 small drawers which contained screws, nuts, bolts, washers, and the like. Pieces went everywhere! Having no time to mess with the mess, I merely swept it into a pile and shoveled it into a coffee can. Then, like a bad conscience, each time the coffee can was sighted, I was reminded of my clumsiness, and the required retribution. That is, sort them all back into the proper drawers again. If you've ever sorted floor sweepings, you know it is very tempting to defer execution of such a task. To avoid it, you might even volunteer for oral surgery. But eventually, you get very tired of digging into the coffee can for a particular part, and the self-imposed pressure builds up.

Such was my mental state after a couple of weeks of enforced idleness, I began the task of creating order out of hardware chaos. You know the drill, "Is this a 6X32-5/8" screw, or is it a 6X32-3/4"?" After consulting a thread gauge card for 30 or 40 items, maybe 10 minutes practice, you begin to develop an eye for the minute differences between #6, #8, and #10 screws, and you can begin to identify the lengths without measuring each item. Even non-standard items added to the collection begin to stand out after some practice.

The bottom line of this exciting narrative is this: with practice, things become easier, more automatic, and require less concentration and effort. As the task became more comfortable, I remembered I had sorted some screws a years back, and had developed the same ability to select a particular size screw out of a pile without reference to the thread gauge. The skill hadn't been used since, and it withered away. When I needed the ability to sort screws again, I had to redevelop it.

One of the pieces of pasteboard I carry in an otherwise empty wallet is one issued by the FAA to indicate I had met the minimum standards of a Commercial Pilot. A parallel between sorting screws and flying began growing in my thoughts. That is, I was thinking if I didn't heal from the damage the medics produced that was intended to repair the damage Nature, wear and tear, and old age caused, I would probably forget how to fly.

I'm sure we've all had thought at one time or another, that we would forget how to perform some skill or another if we didn't get out and practice it. When you thought it, or said it to someone, I suspect you really didn't understand how true it is!

Then my mind wandered around to the experiences I've had as a CFI, and I began reflecting on the number of light plane accidents, and how, as a CFI, I've seen some pilots who had rusting, or rusty, skills. The parallel with sorting hardware, and performing some (any) pilot skill was very apparent to me.

Take landings, for instance. It is amazing to me how many accidents occur in the landing phase of flight. Ignore for a moment that running out of gas is often followed by a "landing accident". Just think of the number which occur without any other influencing factor. A nice day, a good airplane, a safe airport, and people are having landing accidents. What is causing these (and other) accidents is often rusty skills. The answer is, pure and simple, rusty skills.

There is a way to prevent this rust. Inoculate yourself (to use a well-understood medical term) against rusty skills by using them. Use them often

enough to keep them bright, shiny, and sharp. How do you do that? The same way you get to Carnegie Hall - practice, practice, practice. The FAA has a rule giving the minimum practice for you to stay legal: 3 take-offs and landings in the previous 90 days will allow you to carry passengers. Please don't be deluded into thinking the FAR minimum will keep your landing skills honed up. If you do, you will eventually be a passenger in an airplane (even when you're the sole occupant!) which is involved in a landing accident. And, if you feel the FAA minimum is adequate, I suggest you could print the 3-90 rule on a placard, and tape it on the instrument panel. That way, when (not if) it happens, it will be available for instant review.

If the Federal mandate is insufficient, how many landings are enough to keep you sharp? Well, how many different runway and weather combinations are there? Certainly more than 3 per 90 days. Actually, of course, there are an infinite number of runway and weather combinations. And we haven't even begun to calculate the aircraft loading variations, or any of the factors which can influence your performance. Work and/or family stress, proper rest, medical condition, all of these can affect your performance. So you should understand the 3-90 rule is just a bare minimum, and can't possibly begin to put a fine edge on your skills.

Let's take some for instances. You are descending on final, and you fly into a very mild wind shear, the kind where the wind aloft is 10 knots different from the wind near the surface. Do you handle flight changes without over or undershooting when you make corrections? Do you do it so well a passenger is unaware it happened? Or does it become a roller coaster ride of too much correction, followed by too little, and then you begin to excite yourself, not to mention the passenger.

Another example. Say it's a cross wind, and part way down final, you find you need, say, another 5 degrees of bank to maintain runway alignment. We all know if you need more aileron to increase the bank, you will also need additional rudder to keep the aircraft heading parallel to the runway centerline. So, for a given change in bank, how many extra foot-pounds of pressure (no pun intended) will you need to apply to the rudder pedal to do the job? Can you perform the task so well the passenger only

sees the increase in bank, and never notices any change in heading?

Have you ever analyzed all the elements included in the activity known as landing an aircraft? From (and even before) power reduction at the key position through to exiting the active runway safely and competently. I touched on a few in the preceding paragraphs, but by no means did you see a complete list. If you don't practice, frequently, at different airports, with different weather conditions, with different aircraft loadings, then you will soon enough not know how to perform a safe landing. If you let your skills atrophy enough, you will eventually make an unsafe, even dangerous landing, and many of those are called "crashes".

Friends, the ability to mechanically operate an aircraft has to be nearly instinctive. Hence, you need to practice, practice, practice. It needs to be instinctive so you can handle the other things which may come up during the landing. Like the jerk who pulls out onto the runway in front of you. Like the possibility of increased turbulence caused by the tree line upwind of the runway. The list is endless, and you can't spend all your conscious effort just flying the airplane down final.

If, after all this discussion, you feel maybe you aren't performing up to the level corresponding to your ratings, then get out there and do some flying. I leaned heavily on landings in this article, but the same reasoning applies to all phases of flight. If you don't feel real good about it, call your instructor, or someone you feel is very competent, and is able to critique your performance properly, and ask for some training. Do it several times. An hour in calm or nearly calm air, another during cross winds (make it a day you might not otherwise fly), still another at night, and so forth. It can only help.

My experiences with sorting screws has reminded me that if you don't use a skill, you lose it. You can only get it back by re-training yourself. Several years back I could sort screws without reference to a job aid, and when I needed the skill again, it was gone. I had to start all over again. I do think it returned quickly, but it was gone, gone, gone, when I needed it.

You should try a few hours of "sorting the screws". Who knows, you might enjoy yourself. You may wonder how you could have ever let the skill rust away.

Chapter 690 Christmas Party

The Chapter 690 Annual Christmas Gala will be held at the Decatur Elks Club at 5809 Memorial Drive on Friday night, December 11th at 6:30 PM. This, our only dress occasion, is a special time when we treat ourselves to a pleasant evening of fellowship and entertainment. It is a good time to invite your aviation friends to come, get acquainted, and share a holiday celebration.

The festivities will start with a social almost-hour from 6:30 to 7:15 (cash bar). A scrumptious banquet will be served by the enthusiastic new Elks Club Chef. The entree selection is prime rib of beef or broiled breast of chicken Hawaiian. A fish entree will be available if requested. Following dinner, there will be a short business meeting, mainly a recognition of those who have guided the chapter in the past year. The program committee has secured a speaker who will bring to life a chapter of Aviation History that is little known and seldom recognized. Charles J. Giallanza was a World War II glider pilot, and he plans to regale us with stories of his and his cohorts exploits during the Big One. Anyone who visited the WWII combat glider display at Oshkosh '92 knows the courage these men possessed. Our sound man, **Richard Robison**, will provide a speaker system promised to overcome extraneous noises that have been a problem in years past. The evening will conclude with dancing under the leadership of Ray Taylor. Ed Tamas, a regular at the Elks Club dances, promises we can request music for all ages and styles of dancing. So, be sure to wear your dancing slippers and be prepared for a lively conclusion to a fun-filled evening.

The cost is \$16⁰⁰ per person. Select your entree on the reservation form to the side and send it WITH your check to Sheryl Black, treasurer, by Friday **December 4th** 1992. Plane now to celebrate the holidays with Chapter 690 friends.

We would like the following entrees reserved (enter quantity):

_____ Prime Rib + _____ Chicken Hawaiian + _____ Fish = _____ Total number of entrees reserved.

Total @ \$16.00 per = \$ _____ enclosed.

Make payment to EAA Chapter 690. Send payment and reservation BY 4 DECEMBER to Sheryl Black, 3762 Holland Drive, Lithonia, GA 30058.

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.

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, though we especially want dry-wallers and floor-layers. Our meetings are every second Friday of the month, 8:00 pm, at Stone Mountain Airport operations 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
Secretary: Joel Levine - 394-5466
Treasurer: Sheryl Black - 979-4233

Videos and Books: Barney Barnes - 923-7896
Tools and Materials: John Henderson - 449-1946
Chapter Historian: LeRoy Stoutenburg - 981-6041

Technical Counselor:
Frank Wilcox - 978-2403

Building Committee:
Chairman: Frank Wilcox - 978-2403
Treasurer: John Connelly - 294-4050

The NAV-COM

Newsletter of EAA Chapter 690
Editor: Jeff Boatright
2293 Sanford Road
Decatur, GA 30033

Chapter Calendar:

13 November - Meeting: Two tower controllers discuss new airspace configurations.

21 November - Young Eagles Rally!

11 December - Christmas Gala