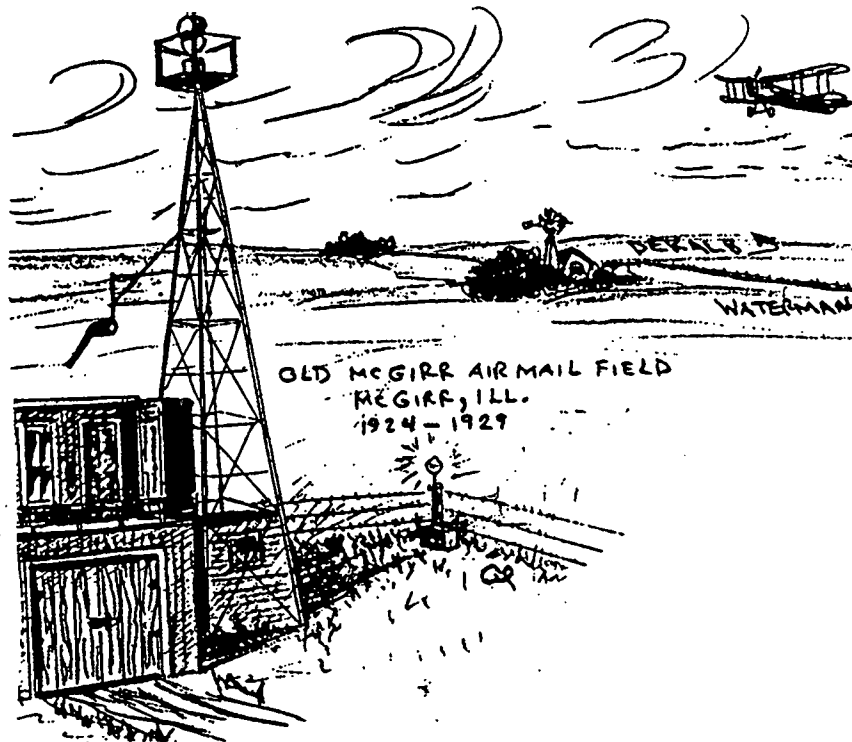


# THE SPORT FLYER



The official newsletter of the Georgia Sport  
Flyers Association, Inc.

October 94

# MEMBERS

Ken Adams, Jr. (404)443-8792  
Howard Banks (404)428-9825 Firestar II  
Herschel Barker (404)443-1310 Hurricane  
Jack Beebe (404)926-6699 MX II 503  
Bo Benedict (404)967-6942 Sport II  
George Boerner (706)216-3348 Phantom  
Doug Boyle (404)371-9179 Pteradactyl  
Mike Carpenter, Jr. (404)460-7566 Firestar  
Mike Carpenter, Sr. (404)997-0702 Firestar  
Ben Cole (404)476-1070 Talon SP  
Greag Creager (404)487-7955 Mini-Max  
Jack Day (706)234-3816 Tierra  
Pierce Day (404)591-7284 Mini-Max  
Frank Eck (404)953-2231  
Greg Elliott (404)928-1004 Firestar  
Randy Faulkenberg (404)604-9806  
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Elliot Fogle (404)957-4011 Phantom  
Stuart Fuller (404)941-4644  
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Trike 340  
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Clay Harbin (404)961-4638 Zephyr II  
Randall Harden (706)226-1807 Fisher FP101  
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Glen Horne (404)578-7231 CGS Hawk  
Andy Isburgh  
David Johnson  
J. D. Jones (404)969-7399  
Charles Kirtland (706)295-1974 Spitfire  
Chuck Koukol (706)896-1032  
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Cliff McDonald (404)995-0465 GT400  
Phil McKeon (404)977-8364  
Ken Miller (912)988-8245 Mini-Max  
Dave Morrison (404)251-6091 Mini-Max  
Marc Morrison  
Barney Mullins (404)787-2577  
Dan Munson (404)426-4594 Phantom  
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Fred Murphy (404)445-3784 Rans S-12  
Frank Nadolski (404)926-9752 Siemens  
Schuckert D1  
Ed Noble (404)457-9583 Fergie II  
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Scott Parker (404)477-5403 Weedhopper  
Scott Perkins (404)973-6789 Paraglider  
Norman Perry (404)253-4305 Mini-Max  
Pete Pettis (4706)647-6654 Mini-Max  
Harold Platt (404)536-2009 Phantom  
David Posey (404)442-0988 V-Max  
Mike Prosser (404)443-1544 Phantom  
Larry Ramsey (615)344-5954 Flt Dgn Trike  
K440  
Howard Ray (706)692-6500 Phantom  
Ron Reese (404)957-6883 Starflite  
Bob Richardson (404)287-9306 Paracender  
Bill Rouse (404)917-9228 Challenger  
David Shaw (404)974-0611  
Dana Simmons  
Rick Smith (404)968-0404 Phantom  
V. R. (Lucky) Smith (404)562-4338 Pteradactyl  
Stan Sullivan (404)422-1318 Firestar  
Ralph Sullivan (404)943-5986 Firestar  
Dennis Thisius (404)467-9211  
George Townsend (404)482-8118  
Chuck Warthen (404)339-6118 Mini-Max  
Ken White (404)463-2214  
Phil White (706)652-3115 Condor  
John Wicker (404)992-2609  
David Williams (404)987-4620 Weedhopper  
Steve Yothment (404)339-8394 Firestar II

## OFFICERS

Ben Cole - President  
Jeff Hatle - Vice President  
Chuck Goodrum - Secretary  
Ken Adams - Treasurer  
Dan Munson - Safety Officer  
Phil White - Editor

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## The Prez Sez

It all started on a dreary unflyable day last winter at South Fulton Airport. A few people got together and decided to form an ultralight club. Almost a year later, with many meetings, fly-ins, and our first championship competition under our belt, we are looking forward to our second year and planning to make it even better than our first. That handfull of guys that hammered out the original blueprints of our club, has grown to over eighty. Some say we have a problem we must solve. We have no meeting place that is close and convenient to everyone. We don't have a club house or a field where we can keep our planes and hangout. The Gators in Florida have their own facility that is the center of their activities. Flightworld has its own group that flies exclusively from their field. There are may other fields and groups that are linked exclusively by location, the most common and practical type of grouping. When we formed our club, we came together in a different fashion. Rather than gravitate to a single location, we used a different element to form our bond, people with the same interest. Ultralights were the mortar and the people were the bricks. When these two ingredients came together, a bond began to form. It would be grand if someone were to find a strip that was close enough for convenience, remote enough as to avoid neighbor problems, and hangars cheap enough for everyone to afford. However, as spread out as we are, it would almost be impossible to satisfy everyone. If not having a central flying location is our weakness, our strength is having people that are interested enough to fly or drive to our gatherings. Having our meetings at different places appeals to many members. Different airports, and new meeting locations add a touch of variety and makes each meeting more interesting, everyone needs to fly out of the homefield pattern occasionally. A clubhouse would be nice for meetings if you lived close by, but the further the distance to travel, the fewer the people would come on a regular basis. Everyone that can't make every meeting, will probably make the ones that are on their side of town. It was planned that way and its really works. There has been discussion of creating smaller groups or "squadrons" within our club. Smaller groups representing a geographic area or other similar interests could adopt their own individual character and still be part of the main organization. In conjunction with this, some have suggested having the main club meeting one month and the smaller squadrons the next. Alternately, the "squadrons" could host the meetings for the main club 'on their "turf". There seems to be a pattern emerging of likely groupings. The southside pilots have

expressed their interest in forming a squadron. North Atlanta, Marietta, and Woodstock could be a likely basis for other groups. We have the paraplane people that have a unique common interest and of course the possums were always there. Many of our members are at the planning or building stage. A building group or squadron might be a good idea. Their has even been talk of a club project aircraft. As in any aviation group, there are people with special expertise that would probably enjoy sharing it. Many of us are builders first and become flyers when our craft is complete. A program like this could be helpful in aiding this natural progression and ultimately help get more people in the air. This idea could possibly help us grow closer to the needs of some of our members or it could backfire and our club could melt into a collage of of do-nothing cliques. It would be better to use a go slow approach. If it is a good idea, time will do it no harm. Leadership is the key here. We need to think about this as we select our new officers and if necessary address it after the first of the year. It needs to be something that our club grows into, rather than something that pulls the rug out from under us. Remember, this time last year we had no club and look at us now! . Ben

## Our Lucky September Meeting

by Ben Cole

The September meeting at Lucky Smith's field on saturday the 10th started at 1:00 P.M. sharp under the shade of the trees that border Lucky's sodded strip near the fish pond. Ten aircraft flew in before the meeting and delighted local spectators in demonstrating their individual landing techniques on this short strip. Everyone eventually landed safely, despite some very wise go-arounds and a GPS drop-bounce exhibition from a new member. Ben called the meeting to order and proceeded to ask for any old business and new business which brought a discussion of a group going to the Flightworld Fly-In. No definite plans were made and the discussion was completed. Two late arriving officers joined the meeting just as two new members were completing their applications and being voted in. There was a motion to adjourn and it was seconded and approved by a voice vote. Many of the pilots then began to talk planes while others found their way to the chowline. The food was good and Lucky's hospitality was great. After lunch photos of the attending pilots standing next to their planes were made by Ben and Chuck to be used in the club scrapbook. In a few hours the planes departed. It had been a good fly-to meeting. (BC)

## October Meeting

By Ben Cole

The GSFA October meeting will be held Saturday, October 8, at Stone Mountain airport. This is a change in plans from having it at Cole field so everyone please take note. The meeting will be at 2:00 p.m. to allow those that are driving to eat before arriving. Those that are flying will need to make arrangements for food or have someone that is driving to bring something for them. The meeting will take place in the EAA meeting room.

### By Ground

From I-285 go east on Hwy 78 past the entrances to Stone Mountain Park to West Park Place and turn right. Go 200 yards and take another right onto Bermuda Road. Follow Bermuda Road approximately 1 mile and take the first paved road on the left and follow the signs to the airport.

### By Air

For those that are flying in there are two runways, 35 and 17 [that's one runway with two directions - phil]. Use a standard left hand pattern and maintain a pattern altitude of 2000 MSL. Field altitude is 986 MSL. For those that have radios the frequency is 122.8 (UNICOM 2).

## On the Horizon

October 1-2

Marble Festival at Jasper, GA. An easy one to fly to. Try to plan to attend as a club group.

October 8

Regular club meeting at Stone Mountain Airport. NOTE that this is a change from Cole Field as was originally planned. Meeting time is at 2:00 p.m. and everyone there is excited about having ultralighters fly in and visit. We will meet in the EAA meeting room.

October 22

EAA meeting to be held at Cole Field (highlighted in Strip Search this month). Those that are interested in visiting Ron Reese and the Southside group are cordially invited to fly/drive down and attend.

October 29-30

The Wingnuts first annual Halloween costume fly-in/party has been cancelled due to an unfortunate conflict of schedules. My sincere apologies to all those that had planned on attending.

November 12

Regular club meeting date.

December 10

Possibly the first GSFA Christmas party. Elections will be held for the new officers. How about a Pot Luck/bring-a-dish dinner?

## The Possum Airgroupe SNF 94

By Ben Cole

### Part II: The last leg home.

Staying high and away from the sand swept island a half mile below wasn't as much fun as beach flying, but it was safer. Safer for engine malfunctions, and the ranger danger. Cumberland Island Wildlife Refuge park officials frown on low flying near their beaches and are quite good Possum hunters, I understand, so I stayed up and out to sea and away from their island. As our aerial procession moved northward on late on that Tuesday afternoon, Jekyll Island became just a leisurely glide across the channel that separates it from Cumberland.

Turning northward and away from the beaches and the luring shorelines that had entranced us for a few exciting hours, I sensed that the party was almost over. Ahead lay the flat lands of south Georgia, with pine forests, farms, and wonderful open fields.

As I stole one last glance of the waves of the sea rolling ashore, I could feel some primordial force trying to keep me from leaving it. Like a magnet whose grip is weakening, I knew I had to go and I forced my haze and thoughts inland and away from this strange and seductive attraction.

It was a little past five in the afternoon when the last ultralight of our group landed at Jekyll Island. On final, everyone had to watch for the Georgia State Patrol helicopter practicing hovering in the middle of the runway. There was over three hours before dark and I had hoped to get to at least Vidalia before tying down. It seemed that the weather along this latitude had a way of slipping in and blocking all VFR flying for days at a time. I remembered being trapped in Dublin a few years before.

The weather channel in the airport office showed the situation and confirmed my suspicions. A system of rain was moving in from the west and by midnight would block our path. Currently it was clear all the way home and I would have a strong tailwind. The rest of the guys decided to stay overnight at Jekyll but I decided to press on. I thought that in an hour I would be in Vidalia and in two hours Dublin, with any luck.

I applied the throttle and put back pressure on the stick to get as much air under me before crossing the bay as possible. She climbed smartly and I could immediately tell I had a good tailwind from the way the seascape moved under me.

Boat channels meandered through thick

beds of brown sea grass and formed a giant abstract pattern of green and brown in the water below. The bow wave of a shrimpboat made a perfect V as it coursed through this maze, probably heading back to port for the day. I wondered if he caught anything.

As I instinctively steered in his direction I tried to calculate if it were in gliding distance of it. My airspeed dropped slowly as I, subconsciously, increased my climb rate at the thought. At four thousand feet above mid-channel, the altitude that I could probably make the shore near Brunswick on the far side of the bay, my engine seemed to run better.

Minutes later, having passed over the city, I matched a road on the sectional to one below and lined up on a compass heading going northwest. In thirty-five minutes the tailwind had pushed me over Jesup. Within the hour, when I had my objective, Vidalia, in sight, the first raindrop splattered on my face shield. In a matter of minutes the grayish haze on the western horizon had turned into a vertical wall of white water.

The heavy stuff was a half-mile away but, rather than try to go through it, I punched my right rudder and flew to the sunshine in the east. Soon buildings and water towers appeared on the horizon, and my sectional confirmed that it was Reidsville State Prison. There had an airport, but I wasn't sure of the reception on the accommodations I would receive, so I continued distancing myself from the rain.

Minutes later Claxton, Georgia, appeared on the horizon but as I came closer, in its background was a familiar sight, a wall of rain. I now had rain coming in two directions, north and west. My new course became southeast.

My options were becoming limited but I still had over an hour's fuel and daylight. It would be best to get on the ground soon, well before dark. A small town with an airport and motel would be my first choice, and a small town with a motel and a large field would be second. I still had time before I had to look behind door number three.

A large state highway led easterly and I followed it. My sectional was wet and dissolving, and there was a smear on it where a town had been before. In the distance a highway intersection and a small town gradually came into view. And, yes, a low pass proved that there was a motel on the main road.

A wide circuit showed the town had no airport or identifying water tower, but there were several farms with large fields on the outskirts. East of the main highway a small group of people standing near a barn waved

as I made a pass over a nearby field. I had found a place.

No powerlines, no hidden ditches, no barbed wire fences, no crops, room to take off, wind in the right direction, and potential transportation nearby, I thought as I completed my mental checklist.

After one last pass for a final look, I lined up on the longest stretch of the field that was into the wind. A notch of flaps, a slip, a little float and I touched down. The soil was sandy but not too soft, just enough to slow you down without bogging your wheels.

With my engine turned off, the quiet of the country was refreshing to my ears and soothing to my thoughts, but the sounds of trucks bouncing across the sandy loam brought me back to reality. Most people are fascinated by ultralights and are usually friendly and helpful. Two pickups full of men speeding in your direction makes you tell yourself that anyway. Actually, I was a trespasser, an aerial trespasser never the less. But when the first truck stopped and a young fellow jumps out and asks "Are you alright?" I knew I was.

As the other truck pulled up, big smiles and curious looks were followed by rapid fire questions. Where did you come from? Where are you going? and everything in between were what they wanted to know. After politely asking if it would be alright to tie my plane down in the field for the night, they would not here of it. "It is too pretty to get wet, we'll put it in the barn, just follow me" were my instructions. I would have to taxi down the state highway to get there, I explained, but that was no problem, they would just block off the road.

Southern Hospitality, I had landed in a big patch of it. Half a mile down the road I followed my escort into a paved parking lot of a large open metal building filled with what turned out to be onion packing machines. I was lucky, it was a few days before harvest and there was plenty of room for my airplane inside.

As we wrestled my plane inside more pickups arrived with more curious local folks. Little kids, moms, grandmas, migrant workers, and everyone else within the sight of my downwind leg seemed to be arriving. "The wings were made of cloth, he flew it from Florida, he is going all the way to Atlanta, you could never get me in that thing," became the general theme of conversations.

A boy of three looked up and asked me where I was going to sleep tonight, "can I sleep at your house?" I replied. He promptly said "No". Everyone chuckled and one offered to take me to a motel. I accepted.

The Weather Channel at the motel showed

that I was socked in for a few days. The next morning, after renting a van, I drove to Atlanta, three hours away. I had a job scheduled that couldn't be postponed. Friday morning, I returned. After saying my thanks and goodbyes and trying to explain why I could not carry a fifty pound bag of onions back with me, I took off. One sweeping pass and a wave to everyone that came to see me takeoff and I was on course to Milledgeville. In little over an hour I was on the ground there. The Weather Channel showed nothing serious between me and home except a few broken clouds at the airport. I took off and climbed to 4500 feet to get clear of the scud and ground fog. As I climbed past the massive smoke stack at the power plant on Lake Sinclair, something happened.

Flying ultralight airplanes requires certain risks and provides some rewards. The chances of either of these are always there, like a hazard waiting for an unwary traveler of the scent of a moist rose with unexpected sweetness waiting only for someone to happen by and appreciate it.

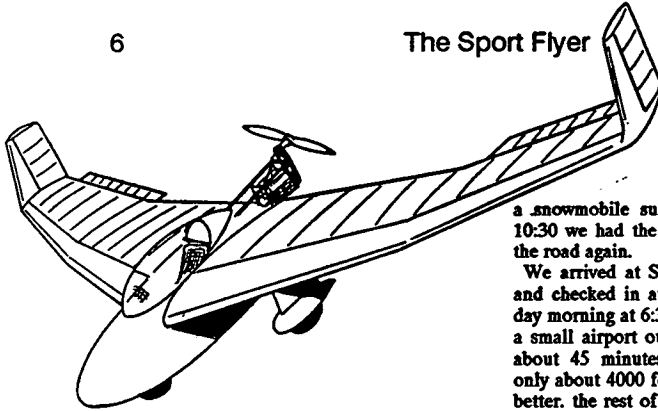
As I climbed up through the swirling mists slightly tugging me with turbulence, I routinely searched for an open field to protect myself from the son of those unpleasant things that could happen upon me. All at once, the air became smooth and perfectly calm as I emerged from the scud and clouds. From one mile up, I could see the skyline of Atlanta and Stone Mountain so clearly, I could almost reach out and touch them. The hills, trees, and fields were luminous in the early sun, in a hundred shades of green. The breaking clouds framed this picture with stark white tops and bases of deep gray. It was one of those moments that makes it all worthwhile, it was as if God had let me sneak a peak at a little bit of heaven. I had found my scented rose that morning and my eyes and senses absorbed it deeply.

In an hour I would be home and my voyage complete, but this glorious moment was the crowning moment of a trip full of rich experiences.

## Why Ask Why

If the stuff they make black boxes from is indestructible then why don't they make the entire plane out of it?

Why do they put flotation devices under the seats in an airplane instead of parachutes?



## Member Outing

by Larry Ramsey

On a cold winter evening in January I was reading my latest copy of "Kitplanes" when I saw an add for the 25th Arlington Fly-in, July 6-10. Billed as the third largest EAA fly-in after Oshkosh (been there) and Sun-n-Fun (done that) I began to think how I could talk my wife into this fly-in as our summer vacation. "Betty, how would you like to go to Vancouver this summer?" She bought it.

In order to arrive opening day, July 6, we left Chattanooga Friday, June 24, with the trike in tow. We arrived in Oklahoma City Saturday at noon. After a night in the "Bates" motel outside of Little Rock. We met Larry Green, another trike pilot, at his house/hangar. Boy, has this guy got it made. A Pitts, a Belanaca, a trike and a house in one hangar. Larry did his aerobatic routine in the Pitts and then flew his trike backwards in a 28 knot wind. Not to be outdone I flew my trike around the pattern, landed, kissed the ground and then watched Larry fly.

Sunday found us on the road from Oklahoma to Texas to New Mexico to Trinidad, CO. Monday we passed the U. S. Air Force Academy. Lots of little yellow/blue 150's in the sky, then on to Granby, CO, elevation 8800 feet. I assembled the trike just before sunset.

High elevation flying is really different. Three times the ground roll and shallow climb-outs. Tuesday morning it flew some better. It should, at 42 degrees I like to froze. I landed and borrowed some gloves and

a snowmobile suit before flying again. By 10:30 we had the trike on the trailer and on the road again.

We arrived at Salt Lake City at 6:30 p.m. and checked in at the "sleep" Inn. Wednesday morning at 6:30 we assembled the trike at a small airport outside the city and flew for about 45 minutes. The elevation here was only about 4000 feet and the trike flew much better. The rest of the day we toured the Salt Lake, The Mormon Tabernacle Temple and other local sights. Thursday morning, after a cup of coffee, we set out for Idaho. At about 2:15 we arrived at Coldwall, ID, home of the Avid Flyer. So, naturally we were invited to tour the plant, which we did. If you're ever in Idaho, tour the "Avid Flyer" plant: these people really make you feel welcome.

The next day we stayed in LaGrenda, OR. I went to the local airport to fly the trike and the FBO told me to assemble it on the super green grass in the front yard. Really nice! I flew over to the local truck stop, just sowing off. My arm got tired from waving. Everybody waves out west.

Friday morning we headed for Washington [state] and arrived in Arlington about 4:00 p.m. It was raining. We went to the airport to check with the EAA people running the airshow. After volunteering to help Saturday we returned to the Smokey Point Motel.

Saturday morning was cool and damp as about 20 volunteers showed to help prepare for the fly-in. We worked on the glider landing area, put out bunches of trash cans, and ran phone lines. At about 4:30 I assembled the trike and flew for about 30 minutes. The area around the Arlington Airport is rolling farm land.

Sunday, no flying. I had to go to Vancouver. The wife remembered! Actually, we had a great time sightseeing in Vancouver. We overlooked the entire area from a 40 story observation tower and then rode the "Seabus" to North Vancouver.

Monday and Tuesday we worked at Arlington getting ready for the fly-in, flying in the afternoons.

Wednesday was opening day. Betty and I worked most of the day, Betty at aircraft registration, I at communications. We did have time to look at all the planes and watch the airshow and get to the ultralight area. Lots of ultralights. I flew the trike in the pattern with the powered parachutes. I like them 'cause they are slower than my trike. Wanna race?

Around sundown we packed up the camping gear, loaded the trike on the trailer and headed for Tennessee. After an overnight stop in South Dakota to see Mount Rushmore, we returned to Chattanooga, July 10.



### Strip Found

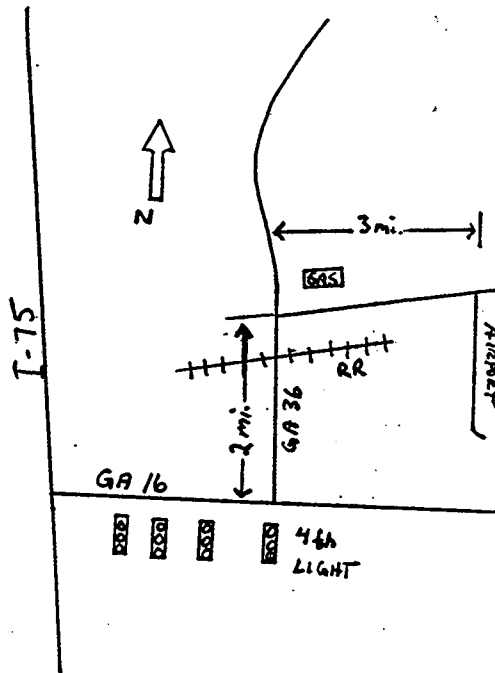
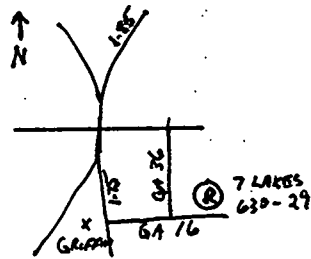
by Dennis Thisius

This article should be titled Strip Found instead of Strip Search. I answered an ad in 25 Sept 94 issue of Atlanta Constitution for a 1/2 acre lot off the runway at a grass strip at Seven Lakes Airport, a private 2900' grass strip running north/south with an elevation of 650'. The runway is also lighted and it is three miles outside of the Atlanta class B airspace. This strip is in Butts county halfway between the town of Jackson and Jackson Lake. It's three miles NE of Jackson on GA-36. Jackson is 9 miles east of I-75, taking GA-16 east at exit 67.

There are seven hangars along the west side of the runway. This lot is between two existing hangars on a 1/2 acre lot with electricity and is level, ready to build on. I want two partners to buy this lot at \$6000. It won't last long. Within 6 months we would pool again to build a hangar. A 30 X 60 would easily hold three ultralights. With a door at each end one would never have to move more than one machine to fly.

I think this is better solution than renting a hangar or even buying a trailer to haul a folding wing.

Two lots away is a 48 X 48 completed hangar on a concrete slab For Sale for \$28,000 on 1/3 acre. So, think of this as an investment that you can use while it appreciates. Any members on the south side that would like to discuss this please call Denny Thisius at (404)467-9211. I am a retired Air Force Lt. Col. with 4800 hours and an ATP rating, but, I am ready to purchase an ultralight as soon as I can find a place to hangar and fly it. I think I found it.



## Strip Search

input from Ron Reese

This month's Strip Search takes us to the southeast side of Atlanta to Cole Field, a private field that is sort of near Stone Mountain. This is also where this month's club meeting was to take place but has been changed due to some confusion. However, on the 22nd of October the EAA will have a meeting there and all club members are cordially invited to participate.

### By Ground

Take I-20 east from Atlanta and turn south onto Panola Road. Follow Panola Road until it dead ends into Highway 155 and turn south. Go across the river and turn right onto Panola Road again (it's the second right - not the first one). Continue to follow Panola Road to 857 (on the left, it is marked). Go 1.7 miles to the driveway.

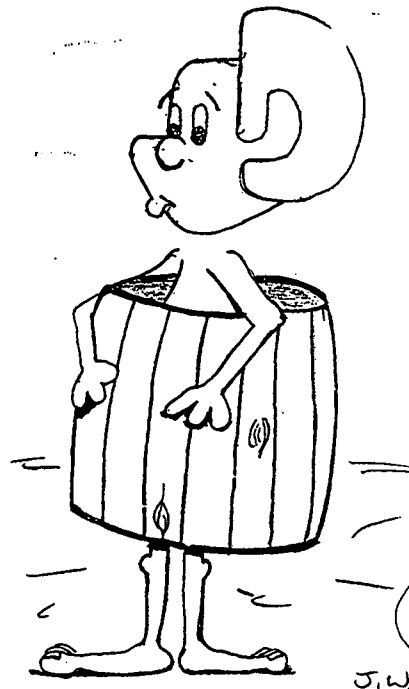
### By Air

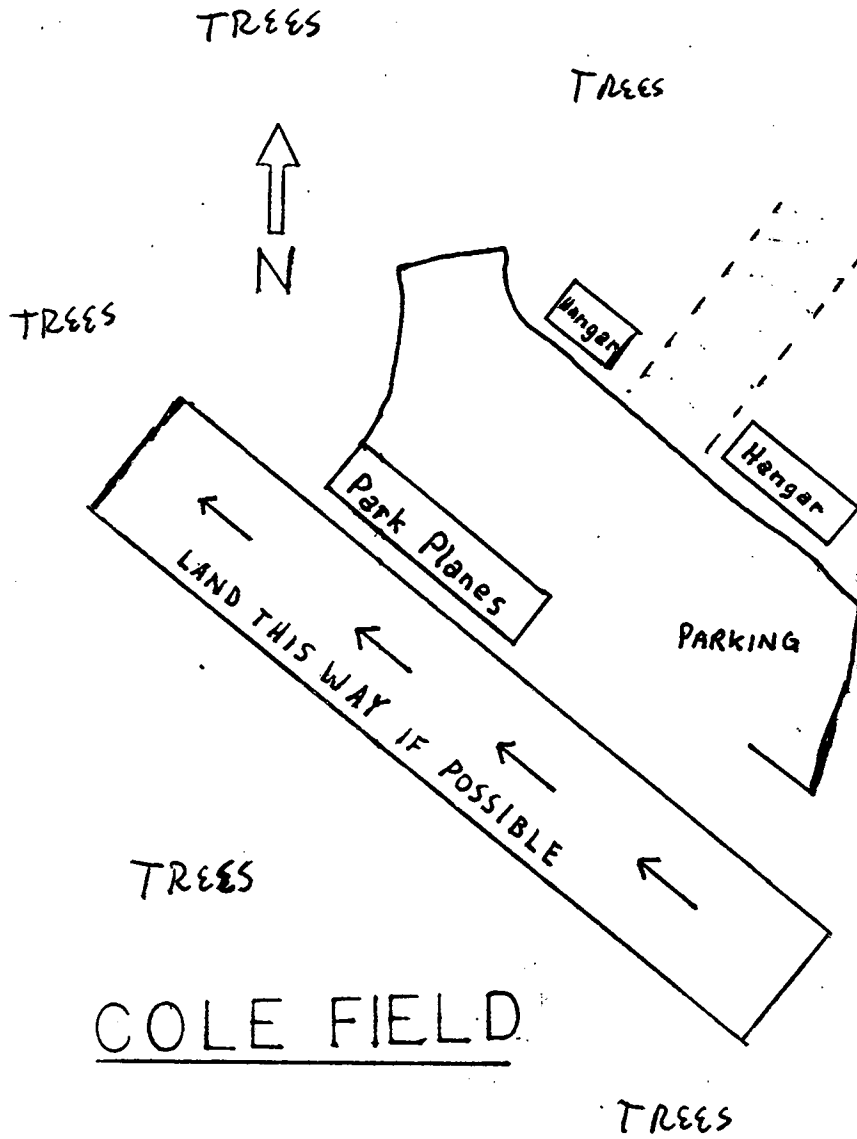
The runway runs SW to NE. If at all possible please land towards the southwest to avoid flying over the subdivision

houses. The runway is 2160 feet long and the coordinates are 33N38.17 and 084W12.62. You must maintain 1000 feet altitude to see the runway nestled in the trees. We are due west of Panola Mountain, a granite rock like Stone Mountain sticking out of the ground.

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## Editorial

By Phil White

Well, for those that missed the Flight World fly-in, you missed a treat. John Balantyne was there and I spent HOURS talking to him about the USUA and the future of ultralight aviation, etc. The introduction was hilarious, also. Even though it was messy and rainy in the morning about 36 airplanes eventually showed up and put on a great show. I also would like to address the direction and future of this club, where part 103 stands, things that I DIDN'T do and am not responsible for, and whatever else I can think of at the last minute.

First, the Fly-in. The ceilings were impossibly low and it was rainy and windy and just generally miserable. Roger Mann drove up with his Ragwing Special in tow with a new Nice looking paint job. Hipp's Superbirds was there but didn't bring their aircraft. These are real nice folks, by the way. They are able to stay in business by being inovative and not living exotically. I like that in a manufacturer. TEAM showed up with both their Airbikes and flew them in some tremendous crosswinds. The rate of climb was suprisingly slow, though. Pierce Day brought his Max-103 and flew for us. I really didn't have any idea how well it handled until I saw it in the air with the other planes. There were the usual Phantoms and Quick-silvers doing the usual (and unusual) stunts and aerobatics. Flightstar brought their 2 seater for demonstration. Even though the Flightstars are a little pricey, I was impressed. Andy Allen of AMW was there with some Cuyuna and AMW engines. It looks like the 30 and 35 horsepower Cuyunas (priced at \$1750 and \$1900 with reduction drives, carbs, mufflers, etc.) are really going to give Rotax a run for its money. And the Cuyunas

are Made In The USA.

After John B. talked to us about the future of ultralights I got to sit down and talk with him for about 3 hours (yes, John, it was that long). Seems like the USUA has changed their perceived direction just a tad and really are following the crowd a little more. John really doesn't want to become the regulator of the industry and the FAA is really giving everyone a hard time about changing (or acting on) the rules. I believe the FAA really wants to try to make what is in place (Private pilot, Recreational pilot, etc.) work better instead of recognizing that the public has changed how they want to fly. A lot of people just want to fly for recreation now and not just for point to point travel. John B. also will assist anyone (his words) in helping them to obtain an FAA exemption for whatever it is you would like to be exempted for, two place, instruction, weight allowance, etc. At least that's what I understood him to say. Correct me if I wrong, John. For those of us that used to fly at night (before it was illegal to do so) John asked the question if we would like that privilege in a properly lighted ultralight. I also learned that the FAA gave those registration numbers to USUA to use (and I'm still trying to figure out what that really means), so, there really isn't any flexabilty available to the USUA to change them. The USUA DOES NOT require that every member in a USUA club join the USUA. This is from John B. himself which is a change from what we were originally told.

Where is Part 103 going? Nowhere, at least not for a while. All of the rumors that were going around that said there would be changes by the first of the year were started by the FAA who, incidentely, don't discuss things amongst themselves. IF there were any sound and valid proposals

for rule changes, and IF the FAA accepted them, there would have to be a Notice of Proposed Rule Making (NRPM). After the NRPM was published and distributed then comments from the general public would have to be accepted and evaluated over a long period of time and THEN possible rule changes would take place. This will take a couple of years from the time that the NRPM was published. So, 103 is here to stay for a while (that exemption for weight is starting to sound real attractive by now). Someone (not me) even suggested that we as ultralighters tell the FAA that we are going to fly heavier birds and make them take enforcement action. The workload would be so heavy that the FAA would likely collapse under it. I, however, would not like to be one of the trial cases.

Where does the FAA stand on "fat" ultralights? Seems like there is a low, but very steady, enforcement action taking place. The FAA will spot check you, they're just not being real active about it. According to John B. there is a steady flow of tickets being written. It's just a real low number at this time.

How's the club doing? Seems like no one wants to run for office, at least not by themselves. What might work is a bunch of guys that work well together run for office as a coalition. It might work. What do you all think? The platforms will run in the November issue, assuming that we get some. Elections are in December. Ben is right when he says look how far we've come. We still have a long way to go, though, and we need some strong leadership to do it. We really need to be taking the novice flyers under our wings (builders, buyers, dreamers, etc.) to make this a safe sport for all. No matter who leads us through the year it is the responsibility of all to make the club work. Write with your comments.

And some of you have noticed that the meeting for October has changed to the Stone Mountain Airport. This is due to an unfortunate mis-communication. I have been blamed for it but I am not responsible for the misunderstanding, regardless of the story told. Stone Mountain is a nice airport and will be an excellent location to meet.

I do apologize for the late newsletter. Remember the chemical spill in Jackson county that closed I-85? Well, I work volunteer rescue and that took an awful lot of my time as well as the high number of heart attacks and medical calls that occurred in September. It didn't help that I got some drastic changes to the newsletter after most of it had been typeset. Anyway, I apologize. From now on the deadline (the absolute latest - so don't ask for a different date) for articles, minutes, letters, dates, schedules, etc. is 10 (that's ten) days after the monthly meeting on the second Saturday of the month. That'll be October 18 for this month, November 22 for next month, etc. No ifs, ands, or buts, that's it.

The Halloween party at Jackson county airport has been cancelled due to a family scheduling conflict that I could not control (remember, I have four teenage daughters). Seems like every family function that we ever have is falling within a two week period this year. We'll do something later on for a fly-in/party. Somebody suggest something for a theme. The Wingnuts apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

That's pretty much it. Fly safe and remember it's your \* (asterisk).

Phil

#### Chaplain's Corner

Knowledge can be bought. Wisdom is a gift from God. Knowing how to fly must be tempered with the wisdom of knowing when it is safe to fly. Please don't take undue risks.

Classified ads are available to members at no cost for their personal ads. Commercial ads are a nominal charge depending on the size (usually \$5-10). Send ads to the address on the cover or directly to me, your publisher. Ads will run for 3 months unless a notice of renewal is received before publication deadlines.

**FOR SALE** - 2 Kawasaki 440 engines, complete. One model A with cog belt drive, low hours, includes prop, carb, muffler, starter, etc. \$500. One model B with gear reduction, prop, carb, muffler, elec. starter, etc., \$1000. Call Mike Carpenter, Sr. @ (404)997-0702 [99409]

**FLOATS** - One pair O'Briencraft fiberglass floats, 12 ft, good condition, suitable for single-place ultralight, \$500. C. Kirtland (706)295-1974 Rome

**INTERCOM** - Comptronics Ultra-Pro intercom complete with two headsets, intercom box with volume controls, and interconnecting cables. Excellent condition. Cost new \$420+, sell at \$250. C. Kirtland (706)295-1974 Rome

**Rotax 503** - Brand new still in the box. Complete with carb and muffler. No reduction drive. \$2000. Call Lucky Smith at (404)562-4338. Temple, GA [99410]

**BRS Chute**, 750 lb., new April 91, \$750. **Rotax "C"** gearbox, 4:1 ratio, \$150. Call Bill Ferguson at (404)443-2747 Cartersville.

**FOR SALE** - Kohler 340 engine, 30 hp, reliable and in excellent running condition, complete with prop and redrive. removed from my trike and replaced with a larger hp engine. \$500. Chuck Goodrum (404)426-7294.

**FOR SALE** - Eipper MX, low time, many extras, A&P maintained, \$2700 obo. Scott McGowan (404)974-5130.

**Wanted** - Kolb Firestar II or someone to build the kit for me. Chuck Koukol (706)896-1032 [99409]

**Wanted** - Challenger. Call Jason Garrard (706)790-5641. [99408]

**For Sale** - Ray Jefferson PL-99 LORAN. Complete with mounting bracket and antenna coupler/amplifier. Over \$270 invested. Yours for \$179. Call Pierce Day (404)591-7284 Woodstock [99408]

**Starflite** - Beautifully restored. Rotax 447, new sails, new paint, tires and BRS. No corners cut. Rare Machine. 55 cruise? \$6000. Call Ron Reese day(404)957-0138 or nite (404)957-6883 Atlanta [99408]

**Quicksilver**, Weight shift, 100cc Honda. \$500. Ron Reese day (404)957-0138 or nite (404)957-6883 [99408]

The Georgia Sport Flyers Association is a non-profit organization devoted to the promotion, education and safety of ultralight flight but encourages and accepts members from all walks of aviation. Membership, at this time, is \$40 per year for a voting member and \$20 per year for associate membership, prorated, and includes the newsletter.

Meetings are normally on the second Saturday of the month at various locations around the metro Atlanta area.

The Sport Flyer is the official newsletter of the GSPA and is published on a monthly basis. THE ARTICLES AND OPINIONS STATED IN THIS NEWSLETTER ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE OPINIONS OF ALL MEMBERS. It is the responsibility of each individual to make sure that the articles meet his or her needs and applications.

Articles from the membership and general public are encouraged and solicited. No material can be returned unless accompanied by sufficient return postage. To submit articles to the newsletter send to:

Phil White, Editor  
c/o The Flying W Air Ranch  
760 Freeman Street  
Maysville, GA 30558

All other correspondence should be mailed to:

Georgia Sport Flyers Assoc.  
P. O. Box 1034  
Dallas, GA 30132  
or contact any club officer.