



## News @ Six

Georgia Sport Aviation  
EAA Chapter 6

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### INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

President's Corner	1
Meeting Notices	2
Donuts List	2
Baby Loves To Fly	3
Events Calendar (under construction)	6

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## President's Corner

After several months without a face-to-face meeting, EAA Chapter 6 will start up again this Saturday, May 15. COVID19 is not over yet but we are starting to see the light at the end. During the hiatus, the chapter did hold a few Zoom meetings with attendance mostly by the leadership.

There is also news that the FBO at Newnan will be relocating and with this uncertainty we have found a new location for the meetings. The new location is near the airport on US-16 at:

Kodaris Marketplace Warehouse  
1131 Hwy 16 Suite 200  
Newnan, GA 30263

There is a trailer sales company at the entrance.

Since it is uncertain who is vaccinated and who chooses not to be vaccinated facemasks will be required at the meeting. I hope to see everyone there.

AirVenture 2021 preparation is well underway, and indications are that it will be busy.

Hope to see you at the meeting this Saturday at 10 AM,

Dan

## Meeting Notices

The next EAA Chapter 6 monthly meeting will be held on Saturday, June 19 starting at 10am, at:

Kodaris Marketplace Warehouse  
1131 Hwy 16 Suite 200  
Newnan, GA 30263.

Note that until further notice, facemasks will be required for all attendees.

## Donuts List

### 2021 Signups:

May - Brian  
June -  
*July - no meeting due to Oshkosh*  
August -  
September -  
October -  
November -  
*December - no meeting*

### 2022 Signups:

January -  
February -  
March -  
April -

# Baby Loves To Fly

“In Search of a T-Shirt” - Brian Olson, Newsletter Editor

*Editor's Note: “Baby” is the author’s 1950 Cessna 170a, and she loves to fly. The author and his wife fly Baby all around the southeast.*

"You don't need another t-shirt."

My wife whispered this to me as she whistled past me early this morning, heading out the door as she raced the clock on her eight-minute drive to work.

To be fair, I don't actually "need" another t-shirt.

But I really, really, really really really reallyreallyREALLY want one. And what better t-shirt than a shirt from the one, the only: Ron Jon Surf Shop. I have a red one already, which I love. I used to have a light blue one, too, but I discarded that one in the Marie Kondo pile when I downsized my wardrobe a year, maybe two years ago. I'd really like another blue one. Blue to match my eyes.

Baby, of course, was jumping for joy at the idea of launching into the air this morning. A two-hour hop in Baby from our home airport in the Atlanta area to Panama City Beach, FL beats a five-hour drive in the car any day (and remember: you still need to come back again - so that's really a ten-hour trip). And with the exception of our trip back to Minnesota last September we haven't taken ANY trips in Baby outside of our normal flying area in the last twelve months. To say that Baby was anxious to go somewhere - anywhere - would be an understatement.

- Sunscreen on the face: *check*
- Water bottle: *check*
- Facemask: *check (my wife’s custom creations are amazing and fit like a glove)*
- Clorox wipes: *check*
- Hand sanitizer: *check*
- Spotify playlist: *check*



The line staff at the airport topped off Baby's fuel tanks, I completed my preflight activities, and shortly after 9:00am we picked up our clearance from air traffic control and pedaled into the sky, climbing into the cold clear air and arcing south to the Gulf of Mexico two hours away. “To the Gulf of Mexico” ... this makes me excited.

We are going to buy a new t-shirt.

And a lovely morning to fly it was, indeed. We cruised in perfectly smooth air at 6,000' where the outside temperature was chilly, but it was warm in Baby's cockpit and the Spotify playlist was a delight to listen to. There weren't many aircraft in the air (unless you were flying to Auburn, where apparently everybody was headed to do flight training). My respect and adoration of the flight controllers continued, as they deftly passed me to and fro, getting closer and closer to our destination.

You should know this: though we are going to a surf shop, I have never surfed.



The enroute portion of our flight was quickly behind us and it wasn't long before the coast came into view, some forty miles away. We began our descent, under the direction of approach control, towards the Northwest Florida Beaches International Airport, located on the outskirts of Panama City. We followed a Delta regional jet as we joined the final approach course and finally touched down on the ten-thousand-foot runway, of which we used approximately eight hundred feet. The FBO on the field is top-notch and always a welcomed stop for us, and it was positively bustling with activity when we landed: business jets, prop jets and general aviation planes were all over the place. The professional staff greeted us with the same welcome afforded to the big guys, and we gently rolled to a stop in our parking spot. I completed my shutdown-checklist and Baby's engine came to a reluctant stop. I opened the door, took a deep breath of the wonderful Florida air. Once, twice. And then reached for my facemask.

After a quick restroom break, we (well, actually it was just me - Baby stayed at the airport) borrowed a crew car from the FBO, a Nissan Altima, and after a thorough wipe-down with the Clorox wipes we (me) set off on a fifteen-minute drive to the beach and our destination: Ron Jon Surf Shop. Windows down and the lovely Florida morning air blowing through my hair the entire way.

I'm off to get a new t-shirt today.



I always get a smile on my face when I walk up to Ron Jon's. Just love that place. It's the smell of cotton t-shirts with fresh ink and shorts and hats galore on the rack, of the cheap flip-flops that grace the walls, of the surfboard wax, of the

salt air that wafts in every time the door opens (the ocean is right across the street). Of the various types of sunscreen everyone is wearing. Of the air-conditioning system's cool air contrasting with the (typical, but not on this trip) hot air outside. It's the sight of a million things that I don't need to buy, but want to. I picked up a grey-blue t-shirt and a keychain, and out the door I went.

Second stop was at the hot sauce store. My wife and I and I went there two years ago and loaded up on hot sauces (the store is AMAZING) and our inventory was quickly depleted. We've recently found ourselves on the dark road of spicy food, and this shop has everything from the simple to the life-threatening.

Third stop was at a Chipotle on the way back to the airport, where I was the lone patron on the patio eating a much-needed delicious chicken burrito with white rice, veggies, both mild and green salsa, and. And a root beer because I have recently decided to give up caffeine. As my wife later opined, there were more iconic places to eat at the beach but sometimes a Chipotle burrito just hits the spot.

We (ummm, just me) were back at the airport terminal ninety minutes after we left. I paid for our fuel and then Baby and I joined the line of planes patiently waiting for departure from this busy airport, launched into the sky, and headed north, back home to our airport and Baby's sleeping spot and our lovely house and home.

Here's the secret that I'm going to share with you: this is why I love to travel. I love spending an entire week watching the weather and giggling to myself about going to buy a stinking t-shirt. I love the planning. I love the anticipation. I love the "going". I love the mechanics, and how the pieces fit together. I love the little details that make me smile. I love meeting people. But it's not really about the t-shirt, as I am sure you know. The destination sometimes isn't all that important; in fact sometimes the strangest and most ridiculous destinations and arcane reasons for going can be the most fun. Sometimes it's simply making the unimportant ... important.



It was a good day today: I got a new t-shirt.

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## Events Calendar (under construction)

The Events Calendar is in need of a refresh. Future newsletters will contain a more current copy of other Chapter meetings and events.

<b>First Saturday of the Month</b>			
Lawrenceville, GA	LZU	Chapter 690	Fly-in breakfast
<b>Second Saturday of the Month</b>			
(TBD)			
<b>Third Saturday of the Month</b>			
Newnan, GA	CCO	Chapter 6	Monthly Meeting
<b>Fourth Saturday of the Month</b>			
(TBD)			
<b>Fifth Saturday of the Month</b>			
(TBD)			