



The Wrapper

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The November Speakers Will Be:

Chapter members Marlene Raseta and Debbie Dukeman, Marlene Raseta and Debbie Dukeman will describe their experiences flying in this year's Air Race Classic, aka Powder Puff Derby.



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New Members Welcome!

New members for September 2010 for EAA1114 are Richard Henry, Holly Spring / Steve Wetherington, Cary / Alan Phelps, Cary / Steele Scott, Apex / Jim Cronin, Raleigh. The usual initiation protocol will be executed during the Winter Feast, so please pay your dues promptly and have your blood type written on your forehead.

NL Staff Personals Editor. Mz Varoom, Resigns

As all of you know, the State Fair was held last week. What I regret to inform you is that Mz. Veronica Varoom, whom you have come to know and love, as has the entire aviation wing of the NC National Guard, has resigned. While manning the Chapter Booth at the Educational Building, one of the "Carnies" recognized her as his common law wife from the late 60's. She has resigned with great regret to pursue "other Charitable Acts" outside the jurisdiction of the NC Judiciary. We will all miss her.

The View From Above...Kent's Comments for November, 2010

Indian summer has blessed us with some great flying weather on recent weekends, and members have taken advantage of it by attending aviation events that fill our calendars this time of year. One good example is the annual **Open House at Sanford Airport** on October 9th, where our intrepid **Young Eagles Team** flew **nearly 300 youngsters** from 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon. **Vintage Aircraft Association Chapter 3** had good luck with the weather too this year, resulting in strong attendance at their fall fly-in in Camden, SC on October 1-3. Ulli and I traveled down there to see over 100 of those wonderful old planes and enjoy the evening banquet with fellow 1114 chapter members the **Normarks** and the **Winters**. We stopped along the way at the **JAARS** airfield near Waxhaw, NC for an open house, affording me a close look at one of the best **STOL** aircraft of all time, the **Helio Courier**. The kind people at JAARS invited our entire chapter down for a tour, something we'll be looking into in the coming weeks.

Our October 1st **Builder/Movie Night** was well attended, perhaps due to the action-packed movie "**Where Eagles Dare**", featuring Clint Eastwood and Richard Burton. Thanks **Sam Allen** for another loaner from your great movie collection. Our next such night is on Friday, November 5th. On the following Saturday morning, we'll be kicking off our new series of **monthly shop visits**, thanks to the efforts of **Bearhawk** builder **Hariharan "Hari" Gopalaran**. The first stop will be to see **J-P Bernoux's RV-12** project. JP reports good progress on this latest E-LSA compliant design from Van's Aircraft. Stay tuned for details on the visit from Hari.

Other good news for **builders** – new chapter member and 13-time RV builder **Ken Barto** is ready-for-action as our new **Flight Advisor**. Not only can Ken help builders prepare for their first flights, but his vast knowledge of homebuilding is a further addition to the assistance already offered by our two **Technical Counselors, Jack Phillips and Terry Gardner**. Our chapter is also fortunate to have two – not one – Flight Advisors, with chapter founder **Cecil Boyd** having recently been approved by headquarters for this important job. Builders: please do not be shy in calling on these gentlemen for assistance.

Since we're on the subject of chapter officers: We now have a slate of **candidates** for the next two

years: President – Kent Misegades; Vice President – Alison Martin; Secretary – Dilip Jumani; Treasurer – Ed Savage. **Elections** will take place at the **November 20th meeting** according to the rules of our Bylaws. We do need people to fill a few other positions that will become vacant in January, namely **Newsletter Editor** and 2-3 new people to help with the **breakfast cooking and cleanup crew**. Contact me if you are willing to spend a few hours a month in these important positions.

Our October 16th meeting saw a change in speakers at the last moment when Brandon NeSmith was called away for a charter flight. We'll try to schedule a **mountain flying seminar** of sorts at his facility in Hickory since it is proving difficult for him to travel to Apex. The silver lining in this cloud was that it allowed chapter member **Charles Stites** to report on recent **earthquake relief flights to Haiti** he made with another member, **Steve Merritt**. Stites also provided an update on his other effort, **Able Flight**. See a separate article on Charles' excellent talk in this newsletter.

Paul Franzon, RV formation flyer, NCSU professor of electronics and head of our **Down Under Division** (DUD), provided the Airplane of the Month, a gorgeous **RV-8** that is proving to be a better mount for formation work than Paul's previous bird, an RV-4. Paul, despite having gotten to bed at 1AM on Saturday after a long flight from California, showed his mastery of the ship in his smooth touchdown on the wet grass of Cox as the sun was just appearing on the horizon. Paul later loaded **Velocity owner Grover McNair** into the back seat for the short flight west to the lovely **Gold Hill Airpark**, the destination for our Fly-Out/Drive-Out after the meeting. **News Flash** – our DUD will grow by one early next year when **Ken Potts** moves to **Australia**, we're hoping only temporarily. Ken reports that he is already in touch with the only other **Corvaire conversion engine** user in Oz, which means the two will constitute the "**Corvaire Dud**", a metaphor that could only make Ralph Nader smile. Once Ken is settled into Mad Max Land, we'll be calling on him to organize a fly-out, or is that a fly-about? All kidding aside, we wish Ken well on his great adventure and hope to see him back at Cox soon.

I'd like to mention a request from someone deserving our assistance. **Margaret Riddle**, award-winning CFI and tireless advocate for aviation among young ladies, is once again organizing a special aviation day for **Girl Scouts** on Saturday, November 13 at the Johnston County Airport. She needs several more planes for the static display there, which will be held in a dry hangar. For reasons unknown to me, the GSA does not allow the girls to participate as a group in Young Eagle rallies, so the planes will not be flown. If you can help Margaret and her Girl Scouts, please contact her at mcriddle@nc.rr.com

Start collecting your aviation goods for sale! Our next **Fly Market** will take place in conjunction with our annual **Holiday Meeting on January 15th**. Your officers have also confirmed speakers for the coming months you'll not want to miss:

November 20th – Our own Marlene Raseta and Debbie Dukeman, on their experiences flying in this year's Air Race Classic, formerly known as the Powder Puff Derby.

December 18th – Record-setting cluster balloonist Jonathan Trappe will return to recap his many aerial achievements in the past year.

January 15th – Annual Holiday Meeting in Apex. Stand by for details!

February 19th – The FAA's Eric Minnis will discuss GA accident statistics.

Lastly, yours truly with others in our area are in the early stages of organizing an air race next spring as part of the **Sport Air Racing League** (www.SPORTAIRRACE.org). While not an official event of our chapter, I am sure that many of you will want to participate. With several dozen different classes of aircraft awarded points, just about any airplane can be competitive. If you'd like to serve with me on the organizing committee, please drop me a line.

Repeating from last month - Please remember to complete the **annual member survey** you'll find at www.AEROSOUTH.net/ea1114survey.html This simple survey has already generated some great

ideas for activities in the coming year and only takes a minute or so to complete. All participants this year will receive in November a **very special chapter window decal** that is sure to impress your friends and strike fear in your enemies. Well, maybe more of the former and less of the latter, but your input is appreciated.

Aim High, Fly Safe

Kent Misegades

Soaring Like It's Never Been Done Before

By Brett Pearce

(Editor's note: Length restrictions were waved because this is fascinating, and one of these days this fellow is going to be somebody and I may just need a real job again)



This summer down at Kennedy was one of fun, learning, and a lot of flying. Although the future of the space program was (and indeed still is in doubt), I took the opportunity to continue my flight training. My main goal for the summer was to complete the necessary requirements and earn my instructor certificate. The summer is the perfect time to focus on it when I'm down at KSC; I have no schoolwork, I'm back with my aviation club, and there are really only three things that do. I'm either at work, at the gym, or at the airport. The fact that I am working and have the disposal income to fund my ambitions is also a plus as well!

As soon as I arrived, quite literally the first weekend out at the flying field, I started the process of earning my ticket. In addition to the Eagle Sport Aviation Club, Citrus Soaring Club is also located at the field. Citrus is a small private operation run by the Burbank Family, and the two clubs coexist at the field. Bob Burbank is one of their instructors, and also serves as the DPE for glider pilots. His wife, Jeanine, and his son Franklin (Who is also a member and instructor for the Eagle Sport Aviation Club) assist him at the field. All three are extremely skilled and knowledgeable about soaring. I basically made a beeline for Franklin on my first day, and asked what I need to do to earn my CFI rating before I left for the semester. In short order, we started working on the rating and laying out the necessary steps to complete it.

I had heard the horror stories from my fellow pilots of initial CFI's going to the local FSDO, and how it was a grab bag of either a great examiner or a merciless tormentor. There was one particular examiner who believed that in order to be a CFI, you must have failed at least one check ride! In order to avoid such a potential pitfall and the associated scheduling issues with the FSDO (I was on a tight schedule to complete this during the summer), I decided to get my LSA-CFI-G first, then add on my CFI-G and my LSA-CFI. This was, I could fly with the local DPE (Bob Burbank) and avoid any hassles with the FSDO. Now that I knew the steps, it was time to get to work.

The first two items to be completed were to get my commercial glider rating done and pass the fundamentals of instruction. Each weekend, I would show up at the field, and soon after arriving I would sit down with Mrs. Burbank, whip out my notebook and study materials, and get started on ground school with her. Throughout the day we would go over the different materials for the commercial, FOI, CFI-G, LSA-CFI-G, and LSA-CFI in what was basically a graduate level ground school! When my turn came up to fly, I would strap up with Franklin to go do the air work.

The days at the field, despite all the hard studying, were without a doubt the most fun way to spend a weekend that I know of. One person who really helped out, and was my unofficially soaring

coach, was Mr. Mark Shugg. He was the person who introduced me to club, and also offered a ride up with him to the field. Since Pierson was a little over an hour and a half away, this was quite a generous offer! He would never accept compensation, so in return I decided the best solution was to leverage one of my other skills: my ability to cook! It worked out beautifully, every Friday I would hit the grocery store and load up on food, snacks, drinks and beer. Saturday morning, we'd meet over at Mark's house around 8:30, and head up to Pierson. We'd fly all day, and after we put the gliders away and had everything put up, it was time to fire up the grill at the field and open up a few cold ones. I'd cook whatever I had prepared, be it steaks, ribs, hamburgers, shish-kebobs, barbecue, etc., and we'd kick back to have a fine meal while the sun set at the field.

After the time spent studying, ground with Mrs. Burbank and flying with Franklin, I passed the FOI without any trouble, and the commercial glider rating was perhaps one of the easiest check rides I have ever done. The maneuvers were simple, and after flying acro' in the ASK-21, it merely required some polishing up to be ready for the check ride. The check ride was also the first and only time I have flown in sandals-on my way out the morning of the check ride, while loading up my vehicle I broke my toe! I must admit, despite being a [relatively] easy check ride, this is the first one where I left some blood in the cockpit!

While I was progressing towards my CFI, I was also taking a shot at the Florida State Junior Soaring records. The previous year, I had traveled some 2200 miles to Pennsylvania to retrieve the Collegiate Soaring Association's Standard Cirrus-N411JR AKA "Juliet-Romeo" or "Junior". JR is a single-seat, high performance sailplane with a best glider ratio of 38:1. Although I had retrieved the glider a year before, I had yet to fly it, and desperately wanted to go cross country with Mark Shugg and his brother Gregg across central Florida. Even more ironic, I was crew chief on the aircraft and had yet to fly it!

My first checkout flight flying JR was quite interesting. Since it has an all-flying tail, the stick forces were very light, and in my first thermal I nearly spun the glider! Since it was my first flight, I limited myself to staying within a conservative glide of Pierson so I wouldn't have the issue of my first off-airport landing also being my first landing in the craft. After taking off, I tagged up with my soaring coach, Mr. Mark Shugg, in his LS-4 (Glider 6S) to practice up for a forthcoming cross-country. After linking up in a thermal, we spent the time aloft rambling around Pierson. At one point, we were working an energy line, and flew nearly a 30 mile straight run! A quick calculation based on our altitude loss revealed a glide ratio of 125:1! This was rather fortuitous, as I had climbed 360 feet to the top of the new Mobile Launch Tower (The elevators weren't installed yet) the previous day and my leg was cramping due to the muscle soreness and dehydration. I did not expect such a long flight, and made a serious error in not bringing food, water, or a relief system with me. On that long straight run, I wiggled and finally bent my leg to stretch my quad-I flew some 10 miles without any right rudder! I knew I had been up for a long time, and with the thermals dying down and my body both thirsty and starving (I nearly called the flight early due to biological factors), we decided it was time to head in. Instead of popping the dive brakes to eat up the altitude, we made some high-speed dashes and did some air to air photography of each other before landing. A quick check of my variometer (After chugging water, snagging a sandwich, and going behind the tree of many uses) revealed a staggering 3.5 hour flight!

The second time I flew JR a few weeks after that flight, I was prepared. I had food, water, Gatorade, and a relief system (An empty Gatorade bottle-although I like the lemon-lime Gatorade, I made the strategic decision to get grape instead. I didn't want to have to explain to the FAA that I landed in a high school football field and was chugging water from a ditch because I mixed up the two bottles!). This flight wasn't as long, only 2.5 hours, but this time it was me, Mark, his brother Greg, and Soaring VP Steve Osborn, all in high performance single seaters flying around Pierson. Alas, despite the fun of working thermals with 3 of my friends, looking into each other's cockpits while thermaling, and generally having a great time dancing from cloud to cloud, there was no going cross-country.



The third time I flew JR was an epic flight, and the first shot at the soaring records with Greg's data logger. The day was perfect, with nice Cu's popping, fair winds, and great soaring conditions. After takeoff, Mark, Greg, and I tagged up in the first thermal. I got up first, and called mark over the radio: "Glider 6S, Glider JR, is the bottom of my glider clean?" Less than 10 minutes later I'm looking at 6S's gear doors. "Glider JR, Glider 6S, didn't see your bottom but your top is pretty clean!" "Glider 6S, Glider JR, I'm going to take a big bite out of this crow thermally here with us". After "tanking up" (Glider slang for climbing to cloud base or gaining altitude), we set off to the southwest. We passed Deland and squeezed between the restricted area and Orlando's Bravo airspace, and went all the way down to the nearest glider port, Seminole Lakes. We talked over the radio to several gliders out of Seminole lakes, and even thermaled with a few of them. As we reached our turn back time, we were 60.8 miles away from Pierson! Although JR is fun to fly, there is no doubt JR is one of the worst tail numbers, and I'm sure half of central Florida was laughing at our radio calls: "Glider Juliet, where are you" "Looking for Romeo-O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou?"

We turned back heading northeast, and started making our way back. One thermal we were working was at the edge of a blue hole, and Mark and Greg were approximately 1,000 feet above me. Conditions looked better to the west for going around the blue hole; they were up at cloud base and took off towards the west. I radioed I was going to tank up, and follow along once I had enough altitude. I reached cloud base, and shot out to the west along their heading. After going about 8 miles, I realized then I didn't see them. I was getting low, and I didn't see my coaches! I radioed back to try and find them-they had lost sight of me, and with the day starting to die down and thunderstorms trying to form, it was imperative we head back to Pierson.

Greg had already shot off towards Pierson, while Mark was hanging around looking for me, possibly jeopardizing his own chances of making it back. Suddenly the adrenalin kicked in-I was 50 miles from home, I was low, there were thunderstorms starting to form, and possibly about to land out on my first cross-country! As I used up my precious altitude looking for both Mark and thermals (Which was made all the more confusing by the gliders from Seminole lakes racing back home-I thought I had found him several times, only to request a wing-wag and be treated to a glider high-tailing it back to Seminole lakes), the tension began to mount. I looked up ahead, and saw a ton of birds circling in tight formation. From experience, I knew there had to be something there. I was getting close to my decision height, I had a field picked out to land in, and knew that I would soon be out of altitude and ideas. Luckily, I hit the "boomer" of the day-a thermal so strong both vario's in the glider were screaming, and even my personal electronic unit was pegged! I quickly tanked up to 4000 feet, now with my first "low" [by my standards] save over, I set off towards Pierson to try and meet up with Mark along the way. After being lost for about 30 minutes, and listening to Greg just barely squeaking in as thunderstorms formed over Pierson, I flew towards a common landmark and saw a white flash about a mile ahead and 1500 feet above me. As I came closer, I saw the distinctive competition markings and radioed out: "Tally ho glider 6S. And the bottom of that glider never looked so good!" I had finally found Mark!

We were now in survival mode, about 40 miles from Pierson, the thermals dying out, and thunderstorms popping up around us. Mark was urging me to tank up as quickly as I could. While he was floating around in neutrally buoyant air at cloud base, I was furiously working the thermal, trying to climb as quickly and efficiently as possible. When I got within 2 turns of cloud base, he shot off towards Pierson and called for me to follow as fast as I could. As soon as I lined up, I too turned my nose towards home. I did some mental calculations and I quickly set for my best speed to fly. We had a tailwind helping us along, but it was still a long ways to go, and we had to shoot the gap between Orlando and the restricted airspace. Mark was calling out the return altitude to Pierson, and it didn't bode well. Using his flight computer, he was calculating -600 feet return altitude, and I'm 200 feet below him in a glider with a lower glide ratio. I started rechecking my mental calculations from my glider polar, tweaking the trim, and focusing even harder on my yaw string; I even looked at my vents on the side, a small "cup" that sticks out into the relative wind like a hand, and quickly slapped it shut to reduce my drag and increase my glide ratio! After going about 15 miles, right in the middle of the gap between the bravo and restricted

airspace, we found one last thermal. Both of us tanked up as much as we could. By now, we can see the landmarks around Pierson, and the ominous cumulonimbus clouds hanging over it. Fortunately, we had a number of different airports along the way we could land out at, and were relatively close to Pierson. After this last tank up, we were now close to making it, but we still had to push hard. We set off on our last final glide.



After about another 15 miles, we saw we weren't going to make it to Pierson. The day was done, and there was a thunderstorm parked right over the airport. After radioing back to our ground crews, we made the decision to land at Bob Lee Field, about 12 miles to the south of Pierson. After we landed, we pushed our gliders off to the side, and discussed the flight, although it took some time before we figured out how I got lost (They only went about 3 miles, I went some 5 miles past them and never saw them). After a short while, the cavalry showed up with our trail-

ers-we disassembled our gliders, put them away, and shared round at the field for an exhilarating first cross country flight!

With the excitement of cross-country flying behind me, it was now back to business to complete my ratings. In between all the studying and flying, I managed to set up a Co-op Pitts Day and a "Party at Pierson", compete with grilling, a bomb drop, glider acro', soaring, and regular Cub flying. The culmination of all my effort was a push in the last week I was in Florida. After I completed my work term, I took an extra week that I devoted specifically to completing my instructor ratings. During the week I took my



LSA-CFI, CFI-G, and LSA-CFI-G written tests. I also completed my tailwheel endorsement, finished my J-3 Cub checkout, and prepared for all the check rides. There was a heart-stopper as the radio on the Cub went down, and for a brief while I thought my hopes were dashed. Elli Hagoel (my Cub Instructor, and another great individual who took a great deal of his time to train and fly with me) flew the Cub to his house at Spruce Creek, and spent many hours rewiring the intercom, trying different handhelds, and troubleshooting the system.

We finally got it working with a loaner handheld; I wrote up my recommendation for permanently fixing the situation since I was strapped for time. I also completed both my LSA-CFI and CFI Spin Endorsements in a pretty intense Pitts S-2B secession. While working on my backseat checkout in our Pitts Special, we went up and did a plethora of spins-upright, accelerated, flat, power on, power off, hands off recovery in the incipient phase, hands off recovery in the developed stage, and inverted spins! Although I tried to complete everything before the last second, it all came down to my last two days. If I messed up, I'd have to leave without my ticket.. I woke up on that last Saturday, drove up to New Smyrna and preflighted the Cub. During my preflight, I looked to the south and saw our Atlas V that was scheduled to launch that morning arcing into the sky trailing its exhaust plume. After strapping my book bag with my lesson plans, variometer, notes, and supplies for the check rides into the front seat, I got a hand prop from Elli. The radio thankfully worked when I made my initial call, the tower cleared me for takeoff, and I headed up towards Pierson. Even this little transport flight was a big step-my first solo in the Cub!

When I landed I literally tore out of the plane and ran over to start the paperwork on my check ride. Our ground secession was approximately 4.5 hours, after which Bob and I got into the Schweizer 2-33 and did the air work. After landing, he shook my hand, and congratulated me on being a new initial CFI. I was beat for the day, but this was just the start. I bummed a ride back to New Smyrna, and headed back to the 'cape to pack up. That evening, I studied my other materials in between packing up my Xterra and cleaning my little bachelor pad.

Sunday morning, my landlord and his wife showed up, and I turned over my keys. I was hoping they would come along; I spent the first week at their house in their guest room until the apartment was open, and each night when I was studying we would talk about flying for hours on end. My landlord was very interested in getting his pilot's license, but wouldn't come as his wife was a little scared of flying. I



have told them they always have a standing offer to go flying anytime, and I even pulled out the parachutes I had in the Xterra and strapped her in, remarking that she would be good to go with these! Alas, it would have to wait until another time; I sincerely hope they will be flying with me when I return.

I drove up to Pierson with my whole operation packed up in my vehicle. As soon as I arrived, I started on the CFI-G check ride, which was basically a carbon-copy of the previous day's check ride. When I landed, I was told I passed, and then immediately jumped over into the Cub with the examiner. This would be a simple proficiency check, so a quick flight with the examiner and with Elli, and I had completed my LSA-CFI. By the time I completed the final check ride, the day was almost done. I now had the long drive back to North Carolina ahead of me. We filled out the paperwork, I thanked everyone for all their help in finishing my ratings, and said my goodbyes. After hand propping the Cub so Elli could fly it back to New Smyrna ahead of the building thunderstorms, I fired up my Xterra and turned my nose north.

It really didn't hit me until a few days later of the gravity of what I had pulled off. In less than 36 hours, I had earned 3 new ratings. I was lucky to have great people around me who were willing to help out, and make this possible. Bob Burbank, Mrs. Burbank, Franklin, Mark Shugg, Gregg Shugg, Elli Hagoel, Steve Osborn, all of them helped me out. With Kennedy dying and what might be one of my last semesters living down on the Space Coast, this proved to be one of the most amazing summers I've had yet. I had finally achieved my goal. As I drove back from Cape Canaveral, I couldn't stop thinking about it. All the hard work had paid off. I was finally a flight instructor.

Eric Sandifer Brings Home the Gold

By Eric Sandifer and Staff



I moved up to Intermediate last month for the Warrenton, VA aerobatic contest and ended up in the lower middle of the pack - not too terrible for first time in the Category. But a couple weeks ago at IAC 19's Farmville, VA contest I put up three pretty good flights in my Pitts S-1S and managed a first place. I sure didn't expect that coming into the contest, considering we had a couple contestants who have pretty much owned the Intermediate Category in the Northeast for the past few years. Nice of them to finally give someone else a chance! I felt lucky to have placed how I did and it's encouraging to see the results of having worked out some little issues with my flying here and there.

Competition acro' is definitely a never-ending challenge. We had unusually nice weather for the contest and had a great time. You're all invited to the Lumberton contest in the Spring...and we can always use volunteers!

Wings Over Edenton

(from the List Serve Courtesy of Tom Sisk)

The Wings Over Edenton fly-in was a lot of fun! They had a fair number of planes on display that either came out of hangars or flew in. There was a banner plane that did a pick up of a banner that they made up for the fly in (I'd never seen a banner pick up before, so I enjoyed that). There was also an AG plane demo where he made two passes "two feet off the ground" spraying water over the grassy areas (I didn't see it, but that's what my friend Mimi Reiheld - who organized it - told me later).

They also had a C-130 fly-over and a Casa (she thinks) fly-over. There were YE rides being given (almost 50, which ain't bad considering all they had going on) and local craftspeople had tables set up in one of the hangars. Food was available, as well. The local car clubs had a variety of old and new cars (with a ferrari doing a speed run or two) and the police and fire folks had trucks and whatnot to look at, as well. On the whole it was a really good time! We didn't stay all that long as we'd been up since 3:30 and it was a bit hot - Maria was willing to go and I didn't want to stay so long as to make her regret that decision, if you know what I mean. It was great!

For Sale – 1969 Piper Cherokee 180 D - JNX

Excellent Condition inside and outside – Hangered at JNX4135 Total Time with 235 SFRM (Zero time Lycoming factory reman') Engine

- May 2010 annual. IFR current through Dec 2011.
- Always kept in perfect mechanical and flying condition. Its been stored in a hanger (JNX) since I bought it in 1997 and was hangered by previous owner as well.
- Dual KX155 flip-flop NavComs, KI209 - VOR/LOC/ILS, KI208 VOR/LOC. King KR-86 ADF, King KMA24 Audio Panel and 3 LMB, 4-place portable intercom. Heated Pitot, Electric Trim, TAS, OAT, Manifold pressure gauge, Precise Flight standby Vacuum, Wing tip and tail strobes.

•Asking \$52,500 - Contact Bill Goldberg

Zodiac 601 XL For Sale in Texas

My airplane, N2630J, "Lil Bruiser", a Zodiac 601XL with a William Wynne Corvair engine, was a certified (E-AB), well mannered, flying airplane. In an off-airport landing, it struck a berm, bending the nose gear strut, firewall, cabin floor and cowling. The prop was stopped in the horizontal position, so the prop nor engine suffered damage. It is now hangered at Hicks Airfield near Fort Worth, Texas.

Because of my physical condition, I am no longer able to fly, so I know that I will never fly this airplane. Consequently, as you might guess, I have no motivation to repair it myself; and would like to sell it to some one who will fly it..

I have invested around \$50,000 in the airplane and I am willing to sell it for \$20,000. It will require about \$3,000 in parts to repair. So for around \$23,000 (less than the cost of a 650 kit and an engine) and around 300 hours of work, a person could have one sweet \$50,000 airplane in a relatively short period of time. I have the XLB upgrade kit, still in the shipping containers that will be furnished to a buyer.

Jay Bannister Dallas, TX 214-351-4757