



THE LEADING EDGE

NEWSLETTER OF MUROC EAA CHAPTER 1000

Voted to Top Ten Newsletters, 1997, 1998 McKillop Award Competition

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<http://www.eaa1000.av.org>

December 2007

Chapter 1000 meets monthly on the third Tuesday of the month in the USAF Test Pilot School Scobee Auditorium, Edwards AFB, CA at 1700 or 5:00 PM, whichever you prefer. Any changes of meeting venue will be announced in the newsletter. Offer void where prohibited. Your mileage may vary. Open to military and civilian alike.

This Month's Meeting:



Project Police **Festivus**

Celebration

Tuesday, 18 December 2007
 1800 hrs (6:00 PM Civilian Time)
 Kommandant's Kwarters
 Quartz Hill, CA

Continuing the long-standing tradition, this month's gathering is being held in honor of the various winter holidays...Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanza, Festivus, etc, etc, etc. Though we will gather on the normal Tuesday (19 Dec), **the time and place are non-standard**...a challenge to your orienteering skills. We will all be gathering at the **Kommandant's Kwarters**. Waypoint coordinates are: N34 39.137, W118 14.273. For the GPS-challenged, the address is 42370 61st Street West in Quartz Hill. There's a map below, provided by **E^2 Zurg**. For an ASR or PAR, contact the **Kommandant** on 661.609.0942 Mhz.

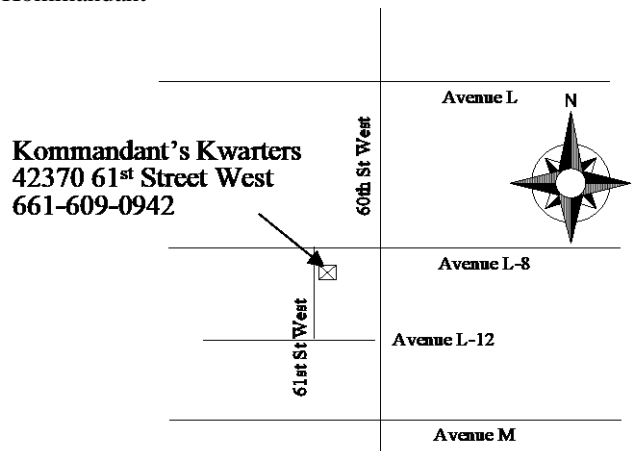
We will proceed separately in groups to the meeting location at/about 1800 hours on 18 December. You are expected to bring your spouse, co-pilot, life partner, or significant other to this event (no pets or miniature humans, please). Beer-swilling "**First Puppy**" Pixel is looking forward to the event, hoping to attain a "really cool buzz" for a third year in a row. She may be seen prancing around with a lampshade on her head and

begging people to "pull her paw"...just ignore her. Generous amounts of liquid refreshments will be provided as well as Mrs. **Kommandant's** legendary lasagna, and perhaps a high-fructose, "death-by-chocolate" dessert.



In addition to the customary re-telling of the **Festivus Joke** by Kent "**Cobra**" Troxel, we will be reprising the "**Kommandant's Krap**" traditional gift exchange. Remember, this is not your Daddy's gift exchange, but rather an opportunity to dump...er...re-gift that little item that a) wasn't on your wish list; b) didn't fit/wasn't your color; c) was dumped on you in some other fashion. IF you have such an item (with a value in the \$20-range), recently received or not, please wrap it back up and bring it along. You will have the opportunity to trade your trash for someone else's treasure according to a set of carefully constructed rules. REMEMBER, if you don't bring something, you can't take something. As always, participation in the gift/re-gift is not required, but **ridicule of the non-participants is**.

- Gary Aldrich
 Kommandant





At the 2006 Festivus Celebration, Frosty Wyatt and Cobra Troxel demonstrate the floor-mounted Festivus Pole and the smaller, highly convenient portable Festivus Pole. It's even wireless, too.

Last Month's Meeting

EAA Chapter 1000

Jim and Jackie's Payne's Estate
Rosamond CA
16 November 2007
Gary Aldrich, Presiding

The November meeting was an impromptu cookout for eight visiting **USAF Academy cadets** from the **Flight Test Techniques** course, and their leader, **Capt Rich Millard**. **Jim** and **Jackie Payne** graciously offered their estate at Rosamond Skypark to host the event. **Jackie** wisely managed to have "other plans" for the evening, but **Jim** soldiered on.

The cadets are seniors enrolled in **Aeronautical Engineering 456** at the **USAF Academy**. During the course they learn flight test techniques and apply them as flight test engineers in 4 flights each of the mighty **T-41D Mescalero**. The capstone event is to come to **Test Pilot School** and fly one flight each in the **T-38** to collect flight test data. Former academy instructor **Russ "Erbdude" Erb** alleges that they take the collected data back to USAFA with them to write a report and give a briefing in which they make the same conclusions that every group of cadets that has been through this class has made for the last

20 years, demonstrating that tradition is highly valued at the Academy.

A dozen or so guests and chapter members attended the gala and welcomed the cadets to southern California cuisine of burgers, polish dogs, potato salad, chips, soda and BEER. **Senior Grillmeister George "Knife" Gennuso** was otherwise occupied and unable to attend, but recently endorsed apprentices **Kent Troxel** and **Bill Irvine** (the Pros from Dover) served as **presiding grillmeisters** and were able to arrive, cook, clean and depart **Casa Payne** leaving it no worse for wear.

The cadets were further tutored on all thing aviation, including **Bill Irvine's** lecture which debunked Bernoulli's principles and replaced it with the **Positive/Negative Ion** theory of flight. This makes more sense when both student and lecturer have had at least two beers.

Having consumed all the beer, the cadets decided that there must be better things to do than to listen to a bunch of elder aviation statesmen pontificate on how things were "back in the day". "**Victory!**" was hastily declared and festivities concluded. The chapter bid farewell to the cadets, secure in the belief that despite looking younger every year, the future of America and our Air Force is in good hands.

Blah, blah, blah.

- **Kent "Cobra" Troxel**
Minister of Propaganda

Kommandant's Korner

Ahhh, holidays!
Hanukkah, Christmas, Kwanza, Eid...pick one, they're all pretty much about the same thing. An opportunity to relax, reflect, be with family and friends, and prepare for a new annual beginning of the cycle of life.



Things are quiet and comfortable in the **Kommandant's Kwarters** today as I peck this into the laptop. **Mrs. Kommandant** is scanning the ads for the elusive "Festivus gift of a lifetime". **First Puppy Pixel** is sprawled out on the footstool with a ray of Winter sunshine warming her face. There are holiday tunes playing on the entertainment system and a low fire crackles in the fireplace. It's a trite phrase, but "it just don't get no better than this!"

I'm trying to get up the gumption to drive over to the hangar and check on the **Fightin' Skywagon**. She's enjoying her own brand of holiday respite.

Snuggled in number 703 with a belly full of fresh 15W50 and a trickle charge of electrons warming the cockles of her battery; she'll likely remain there throughout most of the holiday season. She deserves the rest after a flawless Thanksgiving-week mission that saw a couple of new airport destinations, a maximum gross weight takeoff, a sumptuous family feast, joyous reunion with some old friends...and, sadly, a moving goodbye to an old friend and colleague.

Edwin "Ed" Lewis was a unique individual and a consummate aviator. At Ed's age most folks are spending the much of their time sitting in doctors' offices and scanning the obituaries for their friends. Ed never slowed down...never. At his funeral, and subsequent memorial service much was written and said of his accomplishments and incredible pace of life. CAP, AFA, NASA, QB, EAA, PAA - his life was littered with the initials of organizations. But unlike most of us with similar affiliations, Ed was a senior leader in all of the clubs/companies/etc to which he belonged. I shared a hotel room with Ed in Moline, IL in October. I marveled at his apparent lack of need to sleep. I drifted off as he conducted business by email and woke when he returned to the room after a long run in the pre-dawn hours. During the 20 hours or so of **Skywagon** time to and from Moline he sat in the back seat so he could maximize the available work time on one of his two ever-present computers. He would look up only occasionally to wryly critique some aspect of my piloting or navigation skills, or to pick my brain on some aspect of the GNS530W that had just been installed in the NASA King Airc. I enjoyed his droll sense of humor and incredibly sharp mind both personally and professionally as we often flew together in our C-12 TPS curriculum missions. One of Ed's favorite expressions was, "And your point would be...?" Ed's point was to wring every last drop out of life...and he was successful.

Speaking of friends, I hope to see as many of you as possible at the "something-th" annual **Festivus** celebration. I won't use up any of my space to give you the particulars as you can find them on the front page, but please do come out for the fun...especially the newly popular **Kommandant's Krap** exchange (ROE in the meeting notice). There might even be a surprise announcement.

Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, Happy Kwanza, Eid mubarek, and Fun Festivus!

- Gary Aldrich
Kommanding

“Hanging Of The Wings”

At a time when many groups were celebrating the “Hanging of the Greens,” EAA Chapter 1000 celebrated the “Hanging of the Wings”. At 0800 on 1 December 2007 thirteen **Project Police** Officers and friends gathered together in Rosamond for the historical event. The task was to transport **Erbman's Bearhawk** wings from his workshop to **Jeff Pontius'** hangar and assemble them on to the fuselage. How complicated could it be? All that needed to be done was insert eight bolts in their holes. Of course, the fact that two of the parts weighed in at over 150 pounds may have something to do with it. There weren't any alignment issues to worry about, since that was taken care of years ago when the wings were first fitted to the fuselage. Both wings had previously been attached to the fuselage, just never before at the same time.

During the previous week's preparation, **Erbman** had made sure that all of the bolts would fit in their respective holes, which required reaming out the paint and primer

film in many cases. The best time to do this was before a 150 pound wing was supported precariously in the air.

We join our story previously in progress...



After an exhaustive search, **PPO Randy “Raven” Kelly** located the first wing to be moved. As you might gather from his attire, temperatures were a bit on the nippy side for the start of the operation



The operation started simply enough—roll the wing on the wing rack down to the trailer. After all, isn't that why the rack is on casters?



You will note that the rack didn't make it all of the way to the trailer. That's because at this point one of the de-plasticizer-ized plastic REI “tri-glide” clips holding the strap together decided it had had enough of this vibration under load and fractured (in short, the strap holder broke), dropping the wing a couple of inches onto the rack. Since **Knife** was holding it at the time, we don't think there was any damage. I never checked to make sure. Rather than fix the strap, we just lifted the wing and carried it the rest of the way. (The **Kommandant** reports having similar problems with old tri-glide clips)

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Randy and Dave Vanhoy jumped into position on the trailer to assist in positioning the wing over the tie-down straps that would suspend the wing over the trailer.



The wing in position prior to being secured in place. If you can't find the wing, it's the thing that the PPOs are pointing at.



The Kommandant finally arrived to take kommand, koffee in hand, and takes a moment to point out something. We're not quite sure what he's pointing at, but we're pretty sure it falls under the "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy.



Four PPOs wrestle the slightly damaged wing rack into Stormy's BWT (Big White Truck). After this operation, the wing rack would leave with Stormy for his hangar in Mojave to stand by for future duty with RV-8A wings. Of course, it will need a little repair work before then....



Bill "Mr. 310" Irvine schleps the wing struts, cleverly protected in a couple of moving pads, in from Knife's truck.



And the Bearhawk is complete and ready to fly! Oh, wait...that's Pat Fagan's "Smokey Bearhawk". Pat arrived with Bearhawk builder Jack Creviston to observe and assist as required.



The convoy of trucks. The *Project Police Paddywagon* carried many of the required tools and equipment, as well as pulling the trailer (supplied by 49er Dave McAllister) with the wing. Dave Vanhoy's truck brought in the rotisserie stand, used later for supporting the wing. Stormy Weather's truck carried the wing rack, currently being unloaded.



In this rather disturbing photo, official operation photographer Kent "Cobra" Troxel answers the question "Where's Knife?". Not that anybody necessarily asked.



Seven *PPOs* gather to move a wing that could be lifted by two. Due to poor planning in Erbman's parking, the wing rack could not be positioned for immediate loading, but required carrying the wing about 15 feet

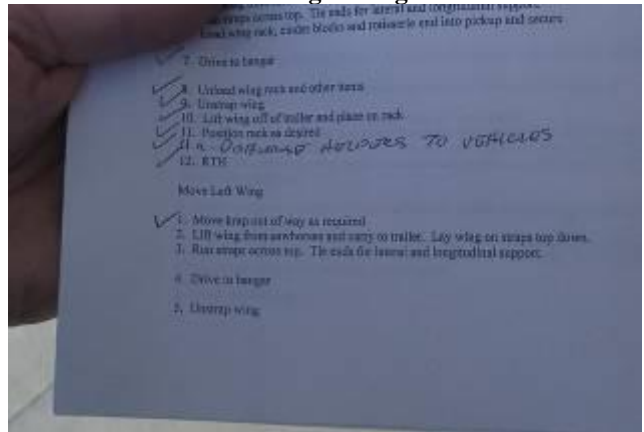


Here the *PPOs* position the wing on the other (undamaged) side of the wing rack. That lasted for about 20 feet until another one of the clips let go.

Those *PPOs* certainly learn from their mistakes—it only took half the time to identify what went wrong the second time. Once again, no damage. Dave quickly pulled a towel out of his truck to form a pad under the leading edge to allow continued movement.



The wing rack coming into the hangar to meet the awaiting fuselage.



In any large operation with order-dependant steps, it is important to have a written checklist. Erbman provided this detailed checklist to the Kommandant, who is highly skilled in directing operations after hundreds (?) of years teaching flight test engineers to conduct flight tests. The Kommandant ruled with an iron flight glove, not allowing any operations that weren't on the "flight card". Checking off the steps as completed, the last completed item shown here reads "1. Move krap out of way as required." Those *PPOs* sure are thorough.



Knife laments “What is it with the incessant briefings? Will they ever stop?” Mr. 310 looks on in amused disbelief, Stormy hangs his head in shame, and Dave rolls his eyes heavenward. Meanwhile, Erbman just patiently waits for Knife to “shut up”.



Knife stops to take a breath, and Erbman continues with the briefing. Knife proceeds to sob uncontrollably into his flight glove.



The left wing marches out of the paint booth to a rousing chorus of “C-130 rollin’ down the strip...”.



Strapping down the left wing on the transport trailer.



While most of the team was retrieving the second wing (and Houdu was brewing coffee for the PPOs), Chris Haley arrived from Adelanto in his vintage 1956 Cessna 172.



As the drywall lift arrived sans instructions, Knife used his expert engineering judgment to figure out how to operate it.



Since the drywall lift would hold the wing in a horizontal position, the fuselage needed to be leveled as well, which required the tail to be raised a not so trivial distance. While the tail is heavy enough to be challenging to lift by one person, with six PPOs lifting it was a non-event.



Two sawhorses were used to give a wide surface for the cinder blocks. Cinder blocks were used because they were about the right dimension and didn't involve stacking many layers of wood that might fall over. A wood 1x4 was used between the cinder blocks and the fuselage handles. Dave Vanhoy straightens the tail wheel, for whatever that accomplished.



A sheet of MDF was placed on the drywall lift and covered with one of the moving pads, now removed from the struts. The wing was then balanced on the drywall lift, taking care not to block the wing strut attach fittings or damage the fuel tank vent tubes. The Kommandant looks on with checklist and coffee still in hand.



"It says here the next step is for everyone to take a 15 minute break at Opie's for coffee and doughnuts."



In the same vein as not building two left ailerons, one wing gets the 24 inch N-number on the top and one wing gets it on the bottom. To avoid gross buffoonery, Erbman points at the marking "N6786E↓" placed to make sure it was painted on the correct side.



With a maniacal grin on his face, Knife turns the wheel to lift the wing into position.

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Chris Haley does his human pillar impression while Erbman rushes to get the wing root bolts in place.



Bill holds the wing strut as Erbman lines up the top fittings.



Miles points out that it's easier to put the bolts in from the top



Erbman uses a tapered steel rod to line up the strut with the fuselage fitting.



Knife and the Kommandant observe Erbman levering the bolt into position, ready to offer unsolicited advice as required. Miles Bowen (who flew in with his Cessna 170) observes Knife observing Erbman.



With the left wing bolts in place, a 2x4 was clamped to the rotisserie stand to hold up the wing while the other wing was being installed. Something about lateral asymmetry out of limits. The top of the 2x4 was padded with foam liberated from the packing boxes of new computers at TPS.



Lather, Rinse, Repeat. Moving the right wing into position. The crew is now highly trained and experienced.



Erbman uses another tapered steel rod wiggled in the bolt holes to align the pieces prior to installing the bolt.



Bill and Erbman work to get the lower strut bolt in while Dave steadies the wing tip.



Because of very tight clearances, the nut must be screwed onto the bolt as the bolt comes up through the hole. Bill slowly turns the nut as Erbman taps the bolt farther and farther into the hole. In the background, Houdu talks to the hangar owner Jeff Pontius.



Last step is to lower the tail back to the ground. Hmmm, it's a little heavier now...



Victory! Both wings are installed with virtually no unanticipated problems.



The assembled band of PPOs and friends. From left to right are Miles Bowen, Chris Haley, Kent Troxel, Stormy Weathers, Bill Irvine, Erbman, Doug Dodson, Randy Kelly, Jack Creviston, Gary Aldrich, Pat Fagan, and Dave Vanhoy. Not shown is George Gennuso, who had to leave before we were complete.

Time started: 0800. Victory declared: 1010. After cleaning up and watching Pat and Jack give a demonstration of a *Bearhawk* maximum performance climb, the remaining PPOs retired to High Cay to feast on some delicious burgers left over from the cadet feed, masterfully prepared by Presiding Grillmeister Cobra.

- Erbman

In Memoriam: The Project Police Paddywagon

Sadly, the "Hanging of the Wings" would be the last major event that the *Project Police Paddywagon* would participate in. Two days later, while driving home from wrapping presents at the Edwards BX, Penny "Mrs. Erbman" Erb would pick an inopportune time to take a little snooze and dropped off the side of the road. While attempting to recover from this mistake, she side-swacked a utility pole, resulting in a little sheet-metal modification and window removal. She managed to bring the *Paddywagon* to a stop straight ahead before making any further structural modifications courtesy of the next utility pole.



As the sole occupant of the vehicle, **she was uninjured**. The utility pole had its diameter reduced slightly through abrasion but was still fully mission capable. The *Paddywagon* was a mort after 16 years of serving the *Project Police*.

By Friday the daily duties of the *Project Police Paddywagon* were assumed by a used 2006 Nissan Sentra, purchased from Enterprise Car Sales after consultation with Debra Charest, daughter of Kommandant and Mrs. Kommandant and soon-to-be Enterprise Rent-A-Car executive. The difference in gas mileage alone will cover a majority of the car payment, although there is an obvious reduction in surge capacity to carry outsized loads.

The Night Before Christmas - Aviation Style

'Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp,
Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ.
The aircraft were fastened to tiedowns with care,
In hopes that come morning, they all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots,
With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots.
I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up,
And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.

When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter,
I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter.
A voice clearly heard over static and snow,
Called for clearance to land at the airport below.

He barked his transmission so lively and quick,
I'd have sworn that the call sign he used was "St. Nick".
I ran to the panel to turn up the lights,
The better to welcome this magical flight.

He called his position, no room for denial,
"St. Nicholas One, turnin' left onto final."
And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer!

With vectors to final, down the glideslope he came,
As he passed all fixes, he called them by name:
"Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun!
On Comet! On Cupid!" What pills was he takin'?

While controllers were sittin', and scratchin' their head,
They phoned to my office, and I heard it with dread,
The message they left was both urgent and dour:
"When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower."

He landed like silk, with the sled runners sparking,
Then I heard "Left at Charlie," and "Taxi to parking."
He slowed to a taxi, turned off of three-oh
And stopped on the ramp with a "Ho, ho-ho-ho..."

He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk,
I ran out to meet him with my best set of chocks.
His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost
And his beard was all blackened from Reindeer exhaust.

His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale,
And he puffed on a pipe, but he didn't inhale.
His cheeks were all rosy and jiggled like jelly,
His boots were as black as a cropduster's belly.

He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red,
And he asked me to "fill it, with hundred low-lead."
He came dashing in from the snow-covered pump,
I knew he was anxious for drainin' the sump.

I spoke not a word, but went straight to my work,
And I filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk.
He came out of the restroom, and sighed in relief,
Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.

And I thought as he silently scribed in his log,
These reindeer could land in an eighth-mile fog.
He completed his pre-flight, from the front to the rear,
Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, "Clear!"

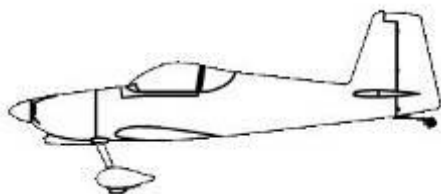
And laying a finger on his push-to-talk,
He called up the tower for clearance and squawk.
"Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound direction,
Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's discretion"

He sped down the runway, the best of the best,
"Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound from the west."
Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed thru the night,
"Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."

Original by anonymous

An Extra Set of Hands

Jim Piavis reports that "The training is starting to pay off..."



Project Police Aircraft Spotters Quiz



After the underwhelming response to last month's spotter photo (provided by your **Kommandant**), it becomes apparent that the **PPOs** are not up on their obscure lightplane history!

As least **PPO Russ Munson** took us up on our offer to "Just because you draw a blank doesn't mean you have to leave a blank."



"That's an easy one. The mystery ship this month is the PT-6 powered Cessna 196 prototype. A little know fact is that the then still secret PT-6 originally ran on orange juice (without pulp) until the killer frost in Florida of 1952 forced the P&W engineers to consider a more reliable source of fuel. The 196 was quite a performer. She stalled at 35 KIAS, cruised at 255 KIAS, carried 13 in pressurized comfort, and would have sold for \$4995 had it gone into production. Cessna killed the project at the last minute in 1955 in favor of the 172 which was less prone to ground loops and had bigger windows. I took this picture on Nov 31st, 1955, with a 4x5 Speed Graphic using Kodak Super XX film developed in D-76.

Sincerely, **Russ Munson**, 1st Lt, USA Ret
Commanding, EAA Chap 1000 Det 14, New York City"

That's a good story, and we might have gone with that, except that the **Kommandant** provided the real answer:

"It's a Cessna X-210...no relation to the later 210. Designed in 1949, it flew in 1950. It was an attempt to reduce the frontal area of the 190/195 series for more speed on less horsepower (had an O-470 in lieu of the Jacobs radial). Unfortunately, it didn't work and was slower than the Jake version. It only flew 37 hours and was retired. Another factor was the Korean War production of the L-19 series that took a lot of Cessna's resources at the time."

Web Site Update

As of 8 December 2007, the hit counter stood at **118709**, for a hit rate of about 17 hits/day for the last month.



Just a reminder that the EAA Chapter 1000 Web Site is hosted courtesy of Quantum Networking Solutions, Inc. You can find out more about Qnet at

<http://www.qnet.com> or at 661-538-2028.

Chapter 1000 Calendar

Dec 18: EAA Chapter 1000 Festivus Etc Celebration, 6:00 p.m., Kommandant's Kwarters. Quartz Hill CA. (661) 609-0942

Jan 1(?): EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:00 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

Jan 8: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Jan 15: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

Feb 5: EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:00 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

Feb 12: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Feb 19: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

Mar 4: EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:00 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

Mar 11: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Mar 18: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

Apr 1: EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:00 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

Apr 8: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Apr 15: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting and Income Tax Preparation, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

May 17: Seventeenth Annual Scotty Horowitz Going Away Fly-In, Rosamond Skypark (L00), Rosamond CA. (661) 256-3806

To join Chapter 1000, send your name, address, EAA number, and \$20 dues to: EAA Chapter 1000, Doug Dodson, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA 93560-6428. Membership in National EAA (\$40, 1-800-843-3612) is required.

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Inputs for the newsletter or any comments can be sent to Russ Erb, 661-256-3806, by e-mail to erbman@pobox.com

From the Project Police legal section: As you probably suspected, contents of The Leading Edge are the viewpoints of the authors. No claim is made and no liability is assumed, expressed or implied as to the technical accuracy or safety of the material presented. The viewpoints expressed are not necessarily those of Chapter 1000 or the Experimental Aircraft Association. Project Police reports are printed as they are received, with no attempt made to determine if they contain the minimum daily allowance of truth. So there!

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MUROC EAA CHAPTER 1000 NEWSLETTER

C/O Russ Erb

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Rosamond CA 93560-7692

<http://www.eaa1000.av.org>

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS:

**FESTIVUS 18 DEC @ KOMMANDANT'S
IRVINE PRESENTS NEW THEORY OF FLIGHT
BEARHAWK HANGING OF THE WINGS
PADDYWAGON GIVES UP THE GHOST**



The Leader In Recreational Aviation