

# 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>

September 2013

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:



## The AirVenture Report

Tuesday, 17 September 2013  
1700 hrs (5:00 PM Civilian Time)  
USAF Test Pilot School Auditorium  
Edwards AFB, CA

Do you wish you could have gone to AirVenture this year, but that evil dragon you call "Boss" wouldn't let you? Perhaps you think it would cost a lot, or you haven't figured out the logistics of where to stay and how to get around. Or maybe you're just curious how **Erbman** embarrassed himself in front of thousands of airshow viewers. Well, you're in luck! It's the annual postmortem debrief technical report out brief of the Pilgrimage to Oshkosh. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll ask yourself, "How many more slides until we go to Burger King?" That's right, colleagues. It's **Death by PowerPoint®**. And, with another large contingent having made the expedition this year, there will be more than enough "there I was" stories (all containing at least 6% truth as required by Chapter OIs) to satisfy everyone. So, come join us. Listen with rapt attention as we mesmerize you with tall tales of aviation exploits.

If you made the journey yourself this year, come prepared to tell your side of the story. If you weren't there but think you are channeling someone who was, well, that could be fascinating too. We'll meet at the Test Pilot

School for **Tuki Kukis** and **Buffalo Chicken Dip**. Then we will proceed in an orderly fashion into the auditorium. See you there.

**But wait!** This is important. Somebody tell **Knife** and **Cobra** there in the back row to settle down and pay attention! **The TPS parking lot is currently torn up for a rebuild or overhaul.** Therefore, you will need to park at one of the other lots near TPS, such as the AFOTEC building or Base Ops. Walk from your car to TPS. Think of it as your **EAA Chapter 1000 Exercise Program.** **You will need to enter the building by the Front Door**—that's the one facing Wolfe Avenue that normally no one uses. If you don't follow these directions, we reserve the right to point at you and laugh.

- **Erbman**  
For the **Vice Kommandant**

## Last Month's Meeting

**EAA Chapter 1000**  
The Hangar (Clear Channel Stadium)  
Lancaster, CA  
13 August 2013  
**Kent Troxel**, Presiding

The August meeting was held at the Clear Channel Stadium in Lancaster, home of the Jethawks, the Class A affiliate of the Houston Astro's.

Nine chapter members plus a guest visit from **Bob Hoey** of Chapter 49 showed up to watch the home team give a thorough trouncing to the visiting Inland Empire Hooligans (good a name as any since I can't remember their real name). Although we were unable to secure our normal



“sky box” accommodations, we had excellent seats behind and slightly left of home plate none-the-less.



Here's a group picture courtesy of Carlie, one of the concession attendants.

The Jethawks were the first to score in the bottom of the 2<sup>nd</sup> inning with a Grand Slam by the designated “beer batter” which entitled everyone to a \$2 beer special. We were captivated by the bottom-fill cups employed. It is American technology like this that doomed the Soviet Union. While guzzling the cheap beer, we also opted for the expensive yet tasty BBQ tri-tip sandwiches (\$8 per) with Sweet Baby Ray sauce.



See <http://bottomsupbeer.com/howitworks>

The Hooligans finished a superlative top of the 5<sup>th</sup> with 4 runs to tie the game, but the ‘Hawks dug deep in the bottom half of the inning and came up with 5 runs themselves, recapturing the lead 9 to 4.

Between innings entertainment found JP Kury on the short-end of the stick attempting to snag a free t-shirt launched into the stands. While mildly amusing, it was a far cry from the early years of Jethawk baseball when first class entertainment consisted of frozen t-shirt contests, sumo wrestling and the Hawkette’s dancing on the top of the dug-outs. The old days WERE BETTER!

Following tradition, an assassination by foul-ball was attempted in the bottom of the 6<sup>th</sup>, but nothing like the last year’s massive damage inflicted on our skybox wall.



Bottom of the 7<sup>th</sup> saw the ‘Hawks add two runs to their tally, making it 11 to 4. Inland Empire answered with a homer in the top of the 9<sup>th</sup>, but it was too little, too late with the Jethawks winning 11-5.

Most of this is true.

- **Kent Troxel**

Minister of Propaganda

Chapter 1000

*“We have more zero’s in our chapter than any other!”*

### The Month Before Last Month’s Meeting

USAF Test Pilot School

Scobee Auditorium

Edwards AFB, CA

16 July 2013

**Gary Aldrich**, Presiding

The July meeting was held at our home field, USAF Test Pilot School. A significant number (*okay, I forgot exactly how many*) of **Project Police Officers** assembled for a two-fer of a program, brought to us by our amazing **Vice Kommandant**.

First up was Stéphane Fymat, Founder and Chief Executive Officer of Smartplane Inc. Prior to founding Smartplane, Stéphane was an engineer for Aerojet-Electrosystems, and gained experience in software development at Wang Laboratories and as Vice President at Passlogix. He said “I founded this company to create a personal aircraft that is radically simple to fly and thereby make personal flight accessible and appealing to the general population. I see avionics and unmanned aircraft technologies as the fulcrum that makes this goal possible.”

He aims to do this in three ways. He showed us how our current instrument displays have evolved from the limitations of mechanical instruments to displays based on those mechanical instruments. Not so confusing if you too have evolved from using mechanical instruments, but still as difficult to teach to new pilots as it was for you to initially learn those mechanical instruments. Smartplane took the approach of designing an instrument representation from a “clean sheet of paper” using ideas

from other computer technologies. He showed us some of these displays and we were surprised at just how intuitive they were.

Second, Smartplane includes automatic flight planning features including considerations for weather. Think of it as the aviation version of what your car GPS does, but better than the way mine guides me through downtown Los Angeles.

Third, have you ever wished that your airplane had OnStar? The Smartplane will be equipped with Smartstar, a flight assistance center and concierge service. Not only will they be able to offer flight advice, but they can arrange for that rental car when you change destinations without bothering the FBO staff.

Some of the **PPOs** pointed out that perhaps **PPOs** aren't the target audience for Smartplane. Most of us are in aviation because we enjoy the challenge of operating an airplane. It seems that Smartplane is targeted more at the businessman or weekend traveler who sees the airplane more as transportation and less as an end in itself. Even so, we expressed our support and interest in seeing Smartplane succeed.

You can learn more about Smartplane at <http://www.smartplane.aero>.

The second half of our two-fer program was **PPO Murry Rozansky**. Murry gave us a sneak preview of his AirVenture forum presentation "Stairway to Heaven: Salvation At The End Of A Rope or Some Steps To Help Save Personal Flight." This presentation focused on Murry's ideas on ways to make initial flight training significantly cheaper. A central idea of his approach was using gliders for initial training. However, this is not flying gliders with expensive aerotow launches, but with relatively cheap winch launches. Winch launches allow a much cheaper way to quickly practice takeoffs and landings. The problem is that while glider winches are widely available in Europe, there are surprisingly few available in the United States. Personally, I would like to try winch launching, which brings the additional excitement of watching 1000 feet of steel cable falling straight down out of the sky!

- Russ Erb

Not the Minister of Propaganda

Chapter 1000

*"We have more zero's in our chapter than any other!"*

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## Kommandant's Korner

Summer is winding down and this year's big aviation adventures are mostly in the logbooks. After the 40-plus hour (literally) cross-country expedition in the VC-180, my flying wanderlust has, for the moment at least, subsided. For the few of you who



didn't hear the story, a mandatory family function and formation aligned this summer with our biennial **AirVenture** trip. The opportunity to fly the **Fightin' Skywagon** to the east coast presented itself and who was I to resist? The icing on the cake was the willingness of my perennial Oshkosh partner, **Jimmy Doolittle**, to fly back from AirVenture on his old airline AND the willingness of **Mrs. Kommandant** to rendezvous at the family gathering and accompany me back across this great land in seat 1b of **N2705K**.

There were, of course, demands to be satisfied before **Anne** agreed to the adventure. First, there could be no more than 3-hour legs and no more than two of them per day. That formed the primary driver for the duration of the trip and the RON locations. Another factor was the desire to RON in a location where we could hook up with old friends...some of whom we hadn't seen in 30 or more years. Thus, we hopped in a leisurely fashion from state to state, mostly in the southern half of the country in a more-or-less straight line. We left Wilmington, DE on the Monday morning after AirVenture had ended and finally closed the doors on hangar 703 at WJF the following Saturday morning. We realized our sortie length and RON location goals for the most part. Only one leg crept over the 3-hour limit by a couple of tenths. And, we renewed our old friendships in each location except Albuquerque where we made new acquaintances at the luxurious Hilton Tanaya Lodge resort just north of that southwestern city.

The mighty **Skywagon** performed flawlessly...as did the new ADS-B system I've been reporting on for the last couple of months. I only wish I could say the same about the cooperation of the weather gods. The good ol' US of A was liberally sprinkled with CB and TS and other nasty METAR/TAF abbreviations that caused an occasional deviation from the direct course. However, the weather never stopped us and I only had to file an IFR flight plan once to escape from an overly moist McGhee-Tyson airport in Knoxville, TN (KTYS). I hope you will find time to attend our meeting this month as I will be providing more details of the trip along with our other chapter **AirVenture** attendees. Yes, it's **Death by PowerPoint**®, but I hope to make it interesting.

Lest "**The Minerva**" feel too neglected after the long trip, **Doolittle** and I dragged her out to transport us to Yuma, AZ (KNYL) over the Labor Day holiday. Yuma is the site of our annual Dove hunt and once again the convenience and fun of flying your own plane was evident as we made the trip in under two hours (including a stop at French Valley (F70) to pick up **Jeff Doolittle**) when previous trips by interstate highway had taken the better part of a day. **Mrs. Doolittle**, who rode "Space-A" to and from French Valley to visit her grandkids was so impressed by the ease and speed of transport that **she has been bugging Jimmy to buy a plane!**

As we get into the fall flying season with its changing weather patterns, it's time to look forward to more adventures in the air. The next one firmly on the books is Thanksgiving in Eureka, CA (KEKA) with the family, but there may be other events that crop up as the weather and

work/home schedules allow. All will be dutifully reported in these pages.

See you at TPS in a few days!  
Fly Safe and Check Six,

- Gary Aldrich  
Kommanding

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### Surviving the Early Years

When old pilots thumb through early log books, some entries bring back vivid memories of flying adventures that the pilot was fortunate to have survived without injury or damage to the airplane or a citation for violating some CAA regulations. This is a never-before told story about one of those adventures.

On October 6, 1945, about an hour after a CAA representative handed me my pilot certificate, a person-to-person phone call came to the Marshall, MI, airport office asking for a mechanic known as "Slim." The call was from a mutual friend, Mr. Allen, a Battle Creek lumber yard owner. Allen asked Slim to recruit a pilot to fly to Frankfort the next day to meet him when the ferryboat arrived from Milwaukee.

Slim asked me if I was interested, and I said "Yes, and tell Allen I will charge the going rate of \$4 per hour airplane rental time plus fuel at 25¢ per gallon."

I owned a Piper J-3 Cub with a 65-horsepower Franklin engine, NC38845. It was equipped with the standard instruments—magnetic compass, airspeed indicator, single hand altimeter, oil pressure and temperature gauges, and a tachometer.

The procedure for starting a Piper J-3 Cub when alone was to stand on the right side with your toe under the tire, hold on to the windshield frame, and reach forward to engage the reliable "Armstrong Starter" with a fast pull down of the prop blade.

Navigation was by a magnetic compass and a \$2 wrist watch. A line was drawn on a map to the destination and landmarks checked along the line to correct for drift and mark off distance traveled.

The Piper Cub fuel capacity is 11 gallons, enough for two hours with a little reserve, with a cruise speed of about 60 miles per hour. My fuel stops were planned at a maximum of 120 miles if there was no head wind. I grew up in Arizona and was not familiar with Michigan geography. When planning the trip I was surprised that Frankfort was way up in the northern end of the state, so I planned a fuel stop at Big Rapids.

The next morning the weather was clear and no wind, and I got an early start. When I was about 15 miles from Frankfort, I noticed a big fog bank which appeared to be way out on the lake. As I approached the vicinity of the airport, I was concentrating on spotting the grass runway, which blended in with all the farm fields.

While I was looking down, I flew into a thick fog bank with zero visibility. I realized that the fog came in fast off the lake to my left, so I made what felt like a 90-

degree turn to the right and neutralized the controls to what felt like level flight. After about 45 seconds in the fog, I flew out straight and level into a clear sky with a fast ground speed.

I flew about 10 minutes ahead of the storm at full throttle, looking for a suitable field in which to land. I picked a field with no tall brush and a clear approach, and made a tight 180-degree turn to face the fast approaching storm. As I got close to the field, the first of the storm hit, and my ground speed dropped to a slow walk.

Running at full throttle, I flew about two airplane lengths past the fence and pushed the stick forward to plant the wheels on the ground and raised the tail higher to increase the weight on the tires to get more traction. I sat there at full throttle and pushing the brakes. Then, about three minutes after I landed, the full storm hit with heavy rain and thick fog. I could see only straight down at the wheels to watch the tires skid back one at a time as the airplane weather-cocked with each slight shift in wind direction. With what appeared to be a solid wall of water, I expected the unprotected spark plugs to short out, but the engine kept running full throttle.

About 20 minutes after I landed, the worst of the storm was over. I gradually backed off on the throttle to idle, and I let the tail down and sat there, in case the lull was temporary.

The full-throttle engine running had used a lot of fuel, and the wire-and-cork fuel gauge showed the fuel was very low. I didn't know how far inland I had flown, and thought I might not have enough fuel to get back to Frankfort. In a few minutes, the sky was clear with no wind, so I killed the engine and checked the fuel with my calibrated dip stick. It showed three gallons.

I needed to know the distance to Frankfort. There was a house and car about 600 feet straight ahead in the same field where I had landed, and I started walking toward them. A crop of turnips had recently been harvested from the field, and a few small turnips were left. I landed parallel to the plow ridges, so taking off would be no problem, except for the tall trees around the house straight ahead.

When I got about 150 feet from the house and car, I noticed the silence. I thought about the possibility of a big guard dog protecting the property, so I stopped and hollered as loud as I could, "Hello! Anybody home?" Then I saw through the windshield two heads pop up from the back seat of the car. Apparently, I had interrupted a couple of young people.

I could see a lot of thrashing around, people putting on clothes in the car, so I didn't walk any closer. Soon, the couple got out and walked to where I was waiting. I pointed to my airplane and told them I had landed in the field during the storm, and wanted to know the distance to Frankfort. He said about 20 miles. I thanked them and walked back to the airplane.

I decided that I could safely fly 20 miles if I throttled back and used just enough power to maintain level flight. After takeoff, I leveled off when the wheels were a few

feet off the ground to get more speed and then made a shallow left turn to go around the trees.

The wire-and-cork fuel gauge had stopped bobbing by the time I found the airport and landed. I refueled, tied down, and walked to the nearby ferryboat dock. I was told the ferryboat was delayed by the storm and was expected in another hour. So I walked to a café for lunch.

I had been watching another storm out on the lake, and when Allen walked off the boat I told him the storm was coming and we should head back to Marshall with no delay. I got a big surprise when Allen said he wanted to go not to Marshall, but to Detroit, which is on the opposite side and south end of the state. I said, "Okay, let's get going before the storm hits."

I planned a fuel stop at Midland, and while we were there refueling, Allen said his final destination was Howell, and he thought Detroit was the closest airport. I looked at the map and saw that Ann Arbor was a better choice, and Allen agreed.

We had flown about two-thirds of the distance to Ann Arbor, when Allen saw a large three-story brick building way out of town with no other buildings near it. He said that was his final destination, and asked me to land in a grass field across the road. I made a 270-degree turn to land facing the approaching storm. Allen got out, and I taxied back in my landing tracks and took off with light sprinkles falling, and picked up my compass heading to Ann Arbor.

The storm had followed me across Michigan, and visibility soon decreased to about one-quarter mile. I dropped down to about 500 feet above the ground to try to find the airport. Visibility was decreasing when I crossed over Michigan Avenue, a major east-west highway across the bottom of Michigan from Detroit to Benton Harbor, connecting many cities, including Marshall.

I decided to follow the road instead of trying to find the airport in the storm. As the rain increased and visibility decreased, I dropped down to about 300 feet--just high enough to clear any power lines that crossed the road. Soon, the heavy rain and wind arrived as expected. I opened the top half of the door to look straight down through the rain for level and navigation reference. My ground speed was reduced to about half. In about 20 minutes, the rain and high wind stopped and was replaced with a high solid overcast and good visibility, but I still had a light head wind.

Missing the refueling stop at Ann Arbor caused a fuel problem. I had enough fuel get to Jackson, which had a control tower. But, with the headwind, I would arrive after dark and get a violation.

I was flying along contemplating all my options when I saw a crossroads with a gas station and grocery store in the southwest corner. I decided to land in a grass field behind the gas station to refuel. I made a 270-degree turn and landed crosswind toward the road and power lines. I taxied up to the fence, climbed over, went in and told the attendant that I had landed in the field and needed fuel. He walked to the front of the store, picked up a five-gallon can and large funnel. He said that a lot of airplanes landed in

that field to buy fuel. He filled the can and carried it out to the fence. I climbed over and he handed me the can and funnel. He said when I was through just drop the can and funnel over the fence and he would get it later. After refueling my Cub, I picked up the airplane tail and turned it around and took off in my landing tracks instead of chopping another track through the tall grass.

I had enough fuel to get to Marshall, and with the high overcast blocking any sky light, it was soon very dark. The headwind tapered off and the city lights could be seen for miles. I followed Michigan Avenue, which was well defined by the headlights. I could soon see the Marshall Airport's blue boundary lights, which were mounted on eight-foot posts, about three miles away. Marshall was a big grass field, and I decided to land straight in, heading west, and I started to let down about a mile away.

I reduced power by sound and speed by feel. I crossed over the eastern fence at about 30 feet. I backed off on the power and let it slowly settle in to what seemed like a big, black hole until I felt the wheels touch, then chopped the power. I watched the flood light on the top of the hangar as a directional reference to keep it straight during roll-out.

When I taxied in and tied down, the airport was deserted. So, fortunately, no one witnessed my flying at night with no lights!

I went home and my wife, Edith, asked me why I was so late coming home. I said I had been busy—which was true! I never saw Allen again to collect the rental and gas for the door-to-door airplane ride, and I marked it off as an experience never to be repeated.

- Ray Stits

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### *Project Police At Johnson Creek*

**PPOs Gary Aldrich, Jimmy Doolittle III, Doug Dodson, and John Bush** travelled to Johnson Creek Idaho (3U2) as part of an annual Quiet Birdmen fly-in in July 2013. Johnson Creek is a back-country airstrip, but only requires normal piloting skills to get in and out of. You can see a video of an approach into Johnson Creek at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PtJVJFAt-rk> . The approach starts at 4:11 into the video.

Just before flying into Johnson Creek, the **Kommandant** and **Bushman** both overnighted at McCall ID. Apparently this was a fortunate move, as the evil maintenance god descended upon both of them. The **Kommandant** failed to get a picture of his face when he hit the starter...and nothing happened. Some troubleshooting determined that the **Fightin' Skywagon** battery had chosen this moment to cease its earthly toil. Fortunately for the **Kommandant** the local FBO used the same battery in some of their aircraft and were willing to sell him one. Unfortunately for him they wanted to trade \$713 for the battery. At least he wasn't at Johnson Creek when this happened.

**Bushman** walked out to his Cessna 170 to find the tail dragging a couple inches lower after the pressurized air

molecules inside the tailwheel tire had managed to escape back to the atmosphere.



Check out that cool maintenance stand used to hold up the tailwheel. The tailwheel was ready to go 30 minutes and \$94 later.



The **Fightin' Skywagon** in its campsite with its new battery and **JDIII** taking in the morning newspaper.



Johnson Creek is not billed as a taildragger fly-in, but the back country sure seems to attract them. In this picture you can see three Cessna 180s, a Howard, and a couple non-"A" RVs. Somehow a Bonanza managed to squeeze in.



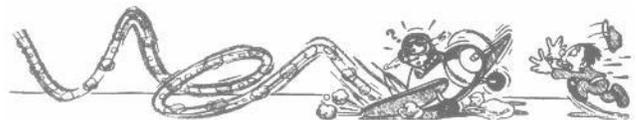
The **Glamorous Glasair** stands guard by the wind sock. We don't know if it flew non-stop L00-3U2, but we know it has the range to.



**Bushman's** Cessna 170 with its repaired tail wheel. He even brought the maintenance stand with him. Take note that this is a Cessna 170, not a 170A or 170B. The main giveaway is the fabric covered wing and the V-struts.



Every airplane comes equipped with its own towel-drying rack.





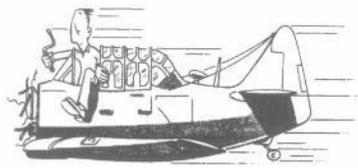
A Cessna 180 breaks ground on takeoff from the manicured grass runway.



Climbing out between the ridges and pine trees.



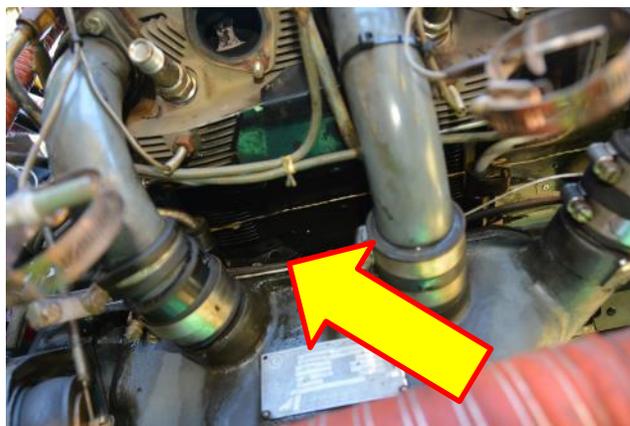
This RV pilot discovered that if you land hard enough the landing gear will flex sufficiently for you to destroy the propeller. This airplane will be there for a while, but it has another friend that will be there for a while too...



Do not attempt restart if engine stopped because of obvious mechanical failure.



This is the kind of attention you don't want around the engine compartment of your Rocket. He thought it was an exhaust issue because the exhaust was cracked...



...but your exhaust may crack because the cylinder is trying to escape the crankcase after three cylinder studs have broken.



There never seems to be a shortage of "experts" around wanting to help...

### Web Site Update



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**

Sep 10: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Sep 17: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting**, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

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

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

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

**Nov 19: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting**, 6:30 p.m., Flying Dog Ranch, 4400 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Dec 10: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Dec 17: EAA Chapter 1000 Festivus Etc Celebration**, 6:00 p.m., Kommandant's Kwarters, 42370 61st Street West, Quartz Hill CA. (661) 609-0942

Jan 14: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Jan 21: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting**, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

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

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

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

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](mailto: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!

**THE LEADING EDGE****MUROC EAA CHAPTER 1000 NEWSLETTER**

**C/O Russ Erb**

**3435 Desert Cloud Ave**

**Rosamond CA 93560-7692**

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

**ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED**

**THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS:**

**REGULAR MEETING 17 SEP AT TPS**

**RAY STITS SURVIVES THE EARLY YEARS**

**JOHNSON CREEK FLY-IN**

**PROJECT POLICE SURVIVE BASEBALL**

