



THE LEADING EDGE

NEWSLETTER OF MUROC EAA CHAPTER 1000

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

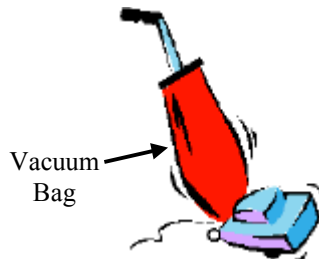
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<http://www.eaa1000.av.org>

April 2003

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:



Zen and the Art of Fiberglassing

Or

Hold the Wingtip, Grasshopper--Here Comes The Vacuum!

Tuesday, 15 April 2003
1700 hrs (5:00 PM Civilian Time)
Waldo's Workshop
Rosamond, CA

Oh, you think this is so easy, don't you? Coming up with something for the meeting, and then, sitting down here and coming up with a snazzy title to grab your attention so that you will actually read it and have some semblance of what the meeting is about. Well, let me tell you, this takes some high-faloottin brainpower and that doesn't come easy when you get to be my age.

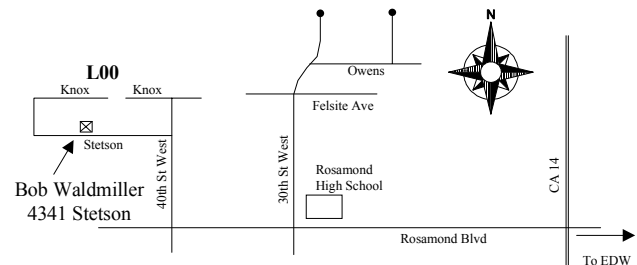
OK, remember back several years ago when **Russ** and I carved the left wingtip for the **Bearhawk** out of a big chunk of blue foam? Then we covered it with fiberglass cloth and epoxy resin until it actually looked like an airplane part? Well guess what... We just carved out the right one and it needs to be fiberglassed. Now, you guys know that I've done just about everything when it comes to composite stuff, but there is one aspect of the discipline that I have not yet had the pleasure of actually doing: the fascinating yet subtle nuances of the Vacuum Bag.

Entering to my right...The one and only, "**Waldo**"! Let's give him a big round of applause, ladies and gentlemen, come on--let's make him feel welcome. That's right, none other than **Bob Waldmiller** of Scaled Composites and high altitude record holding fame. Bob is going to be with us tonight to sing his rendition of that old romantic favorite, "We've Only Just Begun". NO, No, no,

I'm just pulling your leg...see what happens when you've had a couple of beers while you're writing these things for the newsletter?

No, **Bob** is going to show us all how to fiberglass Russ's wingtip using the vacuum bag technique to draw the fiberglass and epoxy to the blue foam wingtip form and bleed out the excess epoxy. In the process, Bob will talk about the additional material used to accomplish a nice bubble free lay up with a minimum amount of epoxy (read: lighter). He will also talk about the vacuum pump, fittings and sealing materials that are needed to do this in your own workshop.

I know this is getting long winded and your minds are starting to wander so, SNAP OUT OF IT for one more point. **DO NOT GO TO THE EDWARDS AFB TEST PILOT SCHOOL AUDITORIUM! WE ARE NOT MEETING AT THE EDWARDS AFB TEST PILOT SCHOOL AUDITORIUM THIS MONTH!** We are meeting at Bob Waldmiller's hangar in Rosamond, behind Bob Waldmiller's house at the Sky Park. See the map if you have never been there.



I'm looking forward to seeing all of you there. Come on out and enjoy some chips and dips and the all-important Chocolate Chip Cookies, and learn a little something about vacuum bagging your parts. You'll still have time to get started on your Income Tax return after the meeting.

- **George "Knife" Gennuso**
 Vice Kommandant

(If you're really a glutton for this sort of thing, we'll be starting the preliminary layups of the fiberglass around 1600 such that we'll be ready to show the vacuum bagging during the meeting time—come on out early!)

HEY DUES DELINQUENTS!!!

You're being cut off!



Yep, this is your last newsletter. You can, of course, still avert this disaster by forwarding your dues check (\$20) in according to the directions on the last page.

This is the last time we'll remind you. You're on your own now.

We'll publish the 2003 Chapter Roster in the May newsletter.



Twelfth Annual Scotty Horowitz Going Away Fly-In 17 May 2003 at Rosamond Skypark

Make your plans to attend now! Volunteer your services to help out before the board assigns duties to you! Details in next month's newsletter.

Last Month's Meeting

EAA Chapter 1000

Hojo/VanHooter Workshop, Rosamond CA
1700, 18 March 2003
Gary Aldrich, Presiding

The *Project Police* conducted a pre-announced surprise raid at the residence of **Howard "HOJO" Judd** in Rosamond to inspect progress on the beautiful **Giles G-202** owned by Howard and **Dave Vanhoy**. Everyone was surprised that *PPOs* managed to arrive at approximately the designated place, nearly on time, and reasonably sober.



The aircraft had just been recently painted by Mike Rosales and Mike Fowler of "Hot Lines", and the results were spectacular as can be seen in the accompanying photos. The **Kommandant** declared the aircraft to be the

winner of the "Snazzy Paint Job" award, a coveted chapter recognition that we haven't quite created yet. Trophy or plaque under consideration.



Vice Kommandant Knife lends a helping hand by pointing out the source of the starting problem—namely the inability of the starter pinion to engage the non-existent ring gear

Despite the "ooh's and ahh's", the mood turned ugly when it was realized the customary chocolate chip cookies were conspicuous by their absence, a serious breach of protocol, and will be reflected in the After Action Report

(uhh...this being the After Action Report, consider it so reflected...). Attention to this matter was diverted by the arrival of an unexpected but welcomed visitor, **Frank Haertlein**, a Yak-driver and potential new member. The **Vice-Kommandant** promptly offered Frank the free membership offer (by writing his name on a \$20 bill). Frank was suitably duped and inquired about a life membership.

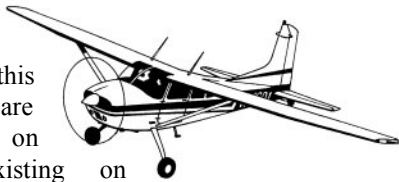
The raiding party then proceeded to **Bob "WALDO" Waldmiller's** hangar to inspect the G-202 wings, but were denied satisfaction (Where's Waldo!?).

Both old and new business were summarily disregarded, unquestionably a by-product of **Cookie Deficiency Syndrome (CDS)**. The Kommandant declared **Victory!** and all retired to Coach's for libation and sustenance.

- **Kent "Cobra" Troxel**
Secretary

Kommandant's Korner

At the hangar until 2230 last night...3rd night this week...shields are down, operating on impulse power...existing on caffeine and sugar...Sound familiar? I'm sure the homebuilders can relate; especially as that first flight date approaches. The "new" Golden Eagle Millennium showed up at hangar 703 just one week ago as I write this. **PPO Bill Irvine** and I swung her into the mount in about 20 minutes. Wow, I thought, this is going to be a cinch...be flying by this weekend. I should really know better. After a full weekend of connecting connections and installing stuff, there were still dozens of major and minor tasks to be accomplished. As of this writing, all the "big pieces" are installed, with the exception of the prop and spinner. What remains are a myriad of sensor hookups, followed by a liberal application of those darlings of aviation, the zip tie. With any luck...and I usually don't have any...the **Fightin' Skywagon** will be ready for engine runs sometime this coming weekend.



Fortunately, Aviation-Induced Divorce Syndrome (AIDS) is in remission as the lovely **Ms Kommandant** is

fully (well, maybe grudgingly) supportive of the long hours I'm spending with my "metal mistress". She has missed the convenience of our personal air chariot these past 8 weeks and is anxiously looking forward to our next aerial adventure. We'll be keying CYBW into the GNS430 in mid-June. Look forward to a detailed trip report on that one!

On a more somber note, you may have heard of a particularly heinous act by Mayor Richard Daley of the city of Chicago. Chicago's midtown Meigs Field airport was virtually destroyed by city bulldozers a couple of nights (yes, in the middle of the night) ago. This was even done with Police protection. Hizzoner has wanted to close Meigs for a long while. His tactics are reminiscent of another Mayor Daley's handling of the crowds of demonstrators at the '68 Democratic National Convention. "What!", you say? "Doesn't the FAA prohibit the unilateral destruction of airports?" Well, yes, unless there are political shenanigans afoot...and apparently the Mayor knows very well how to use the laws (or lack thereof) to his advantage. I can't help wondering if this outrage was triggered by his apparent envy of the TFRs in New York City, Washington, and Anaheim and the FAA's reluctance to issue the same "protection" for Chicago. Bottom line: Stay active and aware of your political climate as it relates to the health and status of our airports. Join and support advocacy groups like AOPA that use the power of a large membership to fight anti-GA forces wherever they may be. Don't think 'it can't happen here.'

Check 6, fly safe, and support the troops!

- **Gary Aldrich**
Kommanding

Donna Drucker to Walk For Breast Cancer Research--Project Police Called To Help Raise Funds!

Hi!

As you know, thanks to your generous support, last year I was able to join 4500 women in the AVON 3 day walk for breast cancer.



This July, I am going to try again, by joining women in Portland. This time we will only be walking for 2 days, and just 13.5 miles each day. Once again, I need your help to raise my goal of \$1750. Please go on line to <http://www.avonwalk.org>, click on "Support a Walker/Crew Member", choose Portland, and enter First Name "Donna" and Last Name "Drucker". Click "Drucker, Donna" when it comes up. Click the button "Support Donna!" then follow the instructions on the screen.

On behalf of myself and all of the women you will be helping, I want to thank you in advance for your continued support.

- **Donna Drucker**



Donna Drucker with Bill Irvine at Bill's Birthday Party in July 2001

The Final News From Planet Pakistan

*(More exciting news from Tehachapi pilot and Air Force Major **Dave Sampson**, who was TDY in Afghanistan and Pakistan, courtesy of **Miles Bowen**. Major Dave has now returned home to Edwards and Tehachapi, and this month we print the last of his missives. Now we're hoping that Miles will invite him to come join the chapter!)*

Well, it's been a quiet week on Planet Pakistan, my adopted home world...

It's been a quiet week, indeed. In fact, it's been so quiet I can't remember what the heck happened! There's just enough flying going on to remind us we all live at the airport. Our C-130 squadron wanted everyone to remember that fact so badly that they decided to do full-power engine runs for maintenance at 2:30 in the morning. From the way everyone grumbled the next day, I'm sure nobody slept through it. But hey, after all, there's a war on!

Most of the excitement of the week happened tonight. Our group commander got it into his head that he wanted to have some big pagan bonfire. So we did. We had a base clean-up today and rounded-up every stray piece of wood on base and made a pile the size of my house. When it finally lit off, I'm sure it was easily visible from low earth orbit. The people in the town (on the other side of The Wall) got so excited, they decided to shoot off a bunch of fireworks. It would have been even more exciting if we'd had a C-130 show up in the pattern at about that time too, because their defensive systems would have reacted to the fireworks by launching flares because they would have thought they were being shot at by anti-aircraft rockets. Alas, no aerial demonstration to be had. We all had a wonderful time though. If we'd had beer, we could have gotten to the 'poking at the fire with sticks' stage, and if we had a whole lot of beer, we could have gotten to the 'trying to pee the fire out stage'. I guess that's why they don't give us beer when we have guns, grenade launchers, and bonfires. We'd have way too much fun over here and no one would want to come home.

I've got to tell you what kind of guy our group commander is. He's a Herk pilot, and he's got a great sense of humor. He told me a story about his unit going to participate in Red Flag, and at some point they're supposed to try to evade fighters, which to the C-130 crews is a big joke - they're targets and they know it. So, they spelled-out 'EAT ME' on the top of their wing with 100-mile-per-hour tape. This stuff is silver and shows up well on the fighter pilots' HUD tapes and everybody gets a big laugh out of it. So they leave Red Flag and they take the tape off their airplane. Shortly thereafter their unit gets highlighted for some photo spread in Airman Magazine and a bunch of beautiful aerial photos are taken of their airplanes dropping food to Eskimos or something. When the photos are developed, they get a stern call from headquarters asking them what the hell they think they're up to. Well, when they took the 100-mile-per-hour tape off the airplanes, it left sticky stuff on the wing from the tape. Dust adhered to the sticky stuff. So, Airman Magazine had beautiful aerial photos of their C-130s with an easily read 'EAT ME' spelled out in tan letters on the tops of their dark gray airplanes. Let's hear it for the Alaska Air Guard! Sounds like they're a bunch of righteous dudes!

Everybody here is griping about what lame 'allies' the French and Germans are. We all know the French suck anyway and are just looking for an excuse to surrender. Speaking of the French, do you know they've lost two wars to Italy? I just learned that this week...they suck even more than I thought they did! As to the Germans, I think their excuse is that they decline to participate in any war that is not prefaced by the word 'World'. With friends like these, who needs enemies?

Still having a wonderful time...everything's going remarkably well...

Till next Saturday,

Dave

It's been QUITE a week on Planet Pakistan, my adopted home world...

We had a B.A.S. this week...a Big Ass Storm! For a place where it's never supposed to rain, we got quite creamed! A big cloud was seen to rocket skyward to the northwest, and as the cloud went up, it also came straight at us and turned green as it went higher. The wind began to blow and we all scurried inside. The wind REALLY began to blow, ultimately 60 kts with golf ball sized rain drops. The temperature went from the 70s to 40s in minutes!

Then the hail began - up to half an inch in diameter. It went on for half an hour and we got an inch of rain in that time. The altimeter went from 30.10 to 29.50. And then it was done. I was afraid to look at Tent City - I thought it would be gone! But there was little damage. Many porches added to the fronts of tents were blown off, part of the Rec Center blew away and some roof covering the new BX blew off. And then there was the water and mud. Much of the base was covered in new lakes and the rest in mud. I had to use my chemical boots as galoshes because desert boots tend to soak-up more water than they repel. Amazingly, no aircraft damaged and no damage to the airfield. Wow!

A CHOW HALL story. The people who run the Chow Hall think it's called The Dining Facility. The rest of us know better. The rest of us know a place where you go to a tent to eat canned food off paper plates with plastic utensils is not a Dining Facility, it's a CHOW HALL. Anyway, now that I've gotten that off my chest. They were serving chicken fried steak one day, among other things, and when I got to the head of the line, I said, "Chicken fried steak please." The airman (a member of our Air Force) was an oriental gal with an accent and she said, "Not chicken...beef!" I said, "Yes, I know, chicken fried steak, please." To which she responded, "Not chicken! BEEF!" I said, "I know, give me one." Then she went away into the back of the tent. All I wanted is food at this point and she leaves. She comes back a couple of minutes later now that a line has formed behind me, and says "Not chicken fried steak...country fried beef." I'm now muttering obscenities to myself. Whatever, give me Paki food or Spam!

Tonight we had the best Saturday night cigar smoking session ever. I take pride in saying that I started this Jacobabad tradition, and after all, military tradition is anything you do for at least two weeks in a row, right? Anyway. We usually have me and my Hawaiian shirt, the group commander, the CE commander, the support group commander, the air evac commander, the group exec, and a bunch of other hangers-on.

Tonight we had the very first fake beer on base in quite some time. It wasn't just O'Douls or Sharps, it was German Bitburger fake beer and it really does taste like beer! Or as much as I remember what beer tasted like five months ago. We convened on the tower roof as usual, but this time we had music and a 'camp fire'. The camp fire consisted of six tea candles in a metal cookie tin and the music was a bunch of guitar and mandolin blue-grass type stuff minus the yodeling. It was really nice. I'll actually miss that kind of stuff when I leave.

Okay, one more story and I'll shut-up. This is a flying story. It was told to me by an RAF Chinook pilot, so you have to imagine this story told in a British accent. The Chinook (known by other names as well) is a B.A.H...the H stands for helicopter. It has twin rotors and is used for heavy lifting - it's very powerful. So, our hero is in Germany, airlifting equipment out of a soon-to-closed RAF base. The helicopter is needed to move heavy items out of a congested area right on the edge of a German civilian neighborhood. As the pilot gets close to a German house that appears to have an addition to it, the heavy rotor wash tears the roof off the addition. He looks down into the house and sees orange shag carpet and big hippy posies on the walls. He thought while looking down into this damaged German house and controlling the giant whirling beast he was flying, "How revolting!" Instead of feeling bad he'd just ripped the roof off the house, he was offended by their sense of fashion and decor!

The old Donut of Misery indicates only eight more days to go. Next Saturday will be the last installment (I hope!) of The News from Planet Pakistan. I know you can't wait! I just can't wait to get the hell out of here!

Dave

Well, it's been a quiet week on Planet Pakistan...my adopted home world...

This is it. It's the end. The replacement is here, he's been briefed-up, I'm packed, and the luggage is already on the airplane. Tomorrow will be a day of tying-up loose ends, laundry, hair cut, some last minute paperwork, and one last dinner in the chow hall and one last shower in the Cadillacs. On Monday the freedom bird flies.

The people here have made it a wonderful place, so much so that I feel a tug at my heart leaving them. The squadron threw a little going away party for me tonight. The controllers gave me a beautiful signed book about Pakistan and the weather dudes made me an honorary weather dude. The metnav guys, even though I'm not their commander, thanked me for including them in everything and said they felt like members of the unit. My friends from air evac (Evacistan!) gave me a huge Cuban Churchill cigar to smoke that gave me a tremendous buzz...what the heck was in that thing, anyway?!!!

Without going on and on, they made me feel like I've done a good job here because they don't want me to go. I wish I could bring them all back to Edwards with me!

When you're one puny little person in a big world, it's incredible to think that so many people are there to support you. There's been the people here, my parents (both sets!), all my friends, the folks in my squadron at Edwards, and of course, my sweet wife of nearly 10 years. I never felt alone here or the least bit forgotten. Thank you all for remembering me in your thoughts, prayers, cards, letters, and e-mails. All of you have made this easy.

Despite living conditions that really sucked at times this has really been fun. I couldn't be more pleased that I came here to help-out in the war on terrorism. I could have gone to some cushy staff job or embassy billet, but being here on the pointy end in tents, sharing bathrooms with 700 other people is what it's really all about. To paraphrase General George Patton, in the coming years when people ask what I did in the military during the war against Al Qaida and the Taliban, I won't have to say "I shoveled shit in Louisiana"!

On this trip I set feet on the ground in Germany, Bahrain, Oman, Qatar, Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Uzbekistan. On the way home I'll go through some other 'stans and add Turkey to the list. Who'd have ever thought?!

What I've learned from that is that most of the people in the world are not fanatics who want to kill us, but just regular joes who are trying to make a life for themselves. We have to go through a lot of effort to defend ourselves against a very small number of people.

It's tough to sum up everything from 152 days deployed in the field. There are lots of lessons - perspectives I hope I can keep when I get home. Mostly the lesson is how good it is to be an American and have the wonderful life we live, and how important wife, family, and friends are, and how wonderful it is to be close to them. It's seems crazy you have to go to the other side of the world to see that so clearly when it's right in front of you every day in normal life.

Thanks for reading all my crazy ramblings from week to week. It's been fun and somewhat of a release to write

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them. Let's have a beer when I get home! Good night from Planet Pakistan.

"Cowboy One, out."

Major David M. Sampson
Tehachapi, CA

New Homebuilt At The Piavis Household

BTW, got a new CH 1000 member! **Alexander Grant Piavis** was born Thursday evening and weighed in at 7 lbs, 15 oz, and 21" long. So far, so good but it's going to be a while before helping out on the RV project...

Jim

Congratulations! Please to forward a picture of said new member for publication in the newsletter.

Have you found new employment yet?

Erbman

Here ya go. And yes to the second. I'm now gainfully employed by Sybase up here in the Bay Area. Starting a Project Management Office.

Jim



Project Police Tool Continuation Training: Duct Tape

You probably thought that the Department of Homeland Security was the first to notice the universal

usefulness of Duct Tape. Either that or you're a subscriber to the Duct Tape Guys newsletter. But no! It's much older than that.

One day while eating lunch I was surfing Budd Davisson's airbum.com (<http://www.airbum.com>). Your probably familiar with Budd Davisson—he heads AviPro, the company that is kitting the Bearhawk, and you may have read a few (thousand) of his articles published in *Sport Aviation* and our other favorite aviation rags. I came across the following column, written way back in 1971. In response to my request to republish it, Budd responded:

"Re: request to use Grassroots in newsletter.

Oh, hell yes. I'm way past being embarrassed by things I've said, done, or written."

Duct Tape

It's a damn shame how those who truly affected our lives in so many ways get over-shadowed by guys like Edison, Marconi, Orville and Wilbur. I resent the attention all those big guys get because I know there are so many others who contributed things much more important and on which the progress of our daily lives and the ultimate fate of the civilized world still depends.

Take speed tape for instance: Also known as duct-tape, gaffers tape and "that silver stuff that's sticky on one side." Where would, aviation and civilization in general be without it? Yes, I agree, the Wright boys, Henry Ford and their ilk did make strong contributions to progress but, if it weren't for duct/speed tape, none of their inventions would have gotten off the ground. Look closely at that wrinkled photograph of the first Wright Flyer cruising along with one of the guys running at the wing tip. Is that, or is that not, speed tape holding some of the broken struts together? And down there at the far end of the takeoff rail? Isn't that a roll of tape (it could also be a turtle or a cow pie)?

Of course, in the years since the Wright boys did their big number, it was speed tape that kept the notion of flying alive. Only a few days before the Red Baron was shot from the skies he was heard to say, "Em tapen duckten versehimled tri-plane togiether holdien." If you read the fine print in the Treaty of Versailles you'll find that named, as those trophies of war which had to be forwarded to the Allies intact, were a number of D-VII Fokkers and fourteen unopened cases of German duct tape.

And barnstormers; can you even imagine Waldo Pepper taking off across Kansas (which always looked strangely like Southern California in the movies) without a couple of rolls of duct tape to hold his fluttering fabric flivver in one piece? Or at least to keep those pieces in close proximity to one another?

If you are able to lay your hands on an unabridged version of "We," Lindbergh's telling of the trans-atlantic tale, you will find what made Lindy lucky was that he remembered to bring duct tape along with him. When he found he couldn't possibly keep his eyes open, a couple strips of speed tape very handily stuck his eye lids to his eye-brows, which kept him wide awake through the entire flight. Unfortunately the bug-eyed result made early news photos of him appear as if Marty Feldman had just made the flight.

At 10 Downing Street, late in 1939, Churchill drew his cabinet around him and said, "The time has come for us to commit ourselves...Hitler's Wehrmacht wimps are stomping the living hell out of Poland and we're going to be next. We must tell the British people and British industry that we need two vital components to win this war, if you don't count tea that is. Those two ingredients are Spitfires and duct tape."

On the other side of the Channel, of course, Hitler, the supreme egotist, refused to listen to his subordinates who pointed out that the Versailles treaty had given Britain and America duct tape and had forbidden its production in Germany. It is rumored Hitler became so enraged at these subordinates that he chewed off both ends of his mustache, thus giving him the characteristic black blob under his nose. And so, England and America, armed with the might of God and a ten-year supply of tape, took on the sauerkraut crowd. The Nazis were, in effect, beaten by a nation of Rosie-the-Riveters and Tammy-the-Tapers.

As important as it is, it would be foolhardy and narrow-minded to say that aviation owes its all to speed tape. We all know there have been many other important inventions. Those which leap to mind immediately are milk cases, coffee cans and safety wire.

Take milk cases: Are they not the most indispensable part of any work-shop? Designed originally to hold six gallon jugs (back when they were glass) of milk, they have served yeoman duty in so many different arenas of technical endeavor. Who among us has not jacked up a landing gear or tail using milk cases as stanchions? And welding? With the jungle-gym variety of wires running every direction, a milk case lets you lay your piece to be welded in any angle while you tack it together. Beautiful! It's like having a third or fourth hand!

The tremendous usefulness of the milk case has given rise to a rather determined black market: At least two clandestine companies specialize in grinding off serial numbers and obliterating the "Owned by Buried Bovine Diary" tags riveted onto them.

There has even arisen a heated controversy as to which is better, the wood and wire variety of case or the pure wire versions. The smart money opts to inventory several of each. Acquiring the right milk case is serious business! We could go on and on but time and space work against us. However, at this time, we at Grassroots would like to throw a misty-eyed salute to J. Fred Duct, known to his friends as "Speedy" or simply, "The Gaffer." His shining example of Stick-toitness has left its mark upon the world.

- **Budd Davisson**

(According to The History Channel, Duct Tape was developed during World War II as a waterproof tape for sealing ammunition cases. It is cloth based because it was a modification of medical tapes in use at the time. I'm sure with a quick Google™ search you could find lots more history on duct tape, but what fun is history when you can have a good legend?)

I have another great Budd Davisson duct tape story that I'll share with you in a future issue.)

Erbman Retires From Air Force

After 20 years, I've had enough. Retirement ceremony is at TPS at 1600 on 18 April 2003. You're welcome to come. Of course, I must not be too tired of it, since I'll start as a government civilian at TPS on 19 May 2003....

Project Police Aircraft Spotters Quiz

PPOs! Ah...Tench...HUT! It's time to shape up and identify the aircraft shown in the pictures below, then tell **Evil Editor Zurg** everything you know about it. References to web sites with further information are welcome. Contact Zurg through his whipping boy (Call Sign **Erbman**) at erbman@pobox.com or any other traditional methods of contacting him (see last page of newsletter for more information).



This month Zurg has decided not to be so tough on you—to wit:

1. He didn't even erase the registration number from the picture (but he's not so nice as to retype it here—you'll have to squint at the picture for yourself).
2. He gave you two pictures instead of one.
3. He's even giving you a hint: You are very familiar with this aircraft's many sisters, but probably not this model. In fact, you may have not even noticed the gap in the family line.

If your name is **Jim Piavis**, you have 10 minutes from reading this sentence to submit your answer. If not, you have until the meeting, or at least before I publish the next newsletter.

Web Site Update

As of 5 Apr 03, the hit counter stood at **81901**, bringing the hit rate down slightly to 25 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

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, 5:00 p.m., Waldo's Workshop, 4341 Stetson, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

May 6: EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:30 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

May 13: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

May 17: Twelfth Annual Scotty Horowitz Going Away Fly-In, Rosamond Skypark (L00), Rosamond CA. (661) 258-6335

Jun 3: EAA Chapter 49 Monthly Meeting, 7:30 p.m., General William J. Fox Field, Lancaster, CA. (661) 948-0646

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

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

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

For Sale

Subaru engine, 4 cylinder, EJ-2.2 with 13,000 miles on it. Seller bought bigger engine, so will sell this one for what he paid for it--\$1000. Contact Paul at Minnicksaviation@cs.com

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.

Contact our officers by e-mail:

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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

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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 CORRECTION REQUESTED

THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS:
VACUUM BAG DEMO @ WALDO'S 15 APR
FINAL TALES FROM PAKISTAN
FIGHT BREAST CANCER WITH DONNA
AVIATION'S DEBT TO DUCT TAPE



The Leader In Recreational Aviation