

# The WingNut

EAA Chapter One Flabob Airport (RIR) Riverside, CA



Volume 54, Issue 8

August 2007

## Ed Marquart passes away July 4th



Flabob Airport announces with sorrow the passing of one of its pioneers, Edwin E. "Ed" Marquart, who died peacefully of natural causes in the early morning of July 4, 2007. Ed worked at historic Flabob Airport from 1955 until a few weeks ago, and was one of the most famous designer-builders of the homebuilt movement.

*Memorial services will be held at Acheson & Graham Garden of Prayer Mortuary, 7944 Magnolia Ave., Riverside, at 10:00 a.m. Friday, August 10, 2007. Immediately following will be a reception at the EAA Chapter One Hangar.*

Ed was born in Ohio in June, 1922. During World War II he joined the Navy, and was a "plank holder" (original crew) of the U.S.S. Shangri-La, CV-38, the Essex-class carrier built to replace the Hornet when she was lost in action. Ed served aboard the Shangri-La as an aviation machinist mate through action off Japan

until war's end. After the war, he returned to the Philadelphia area where he used his skills at various aircraft manufacturers including Piasecki Helicopter and Lanier Aircraft Corporation, makers of the innovative *Paraplane*.

Ed was an early member (number 198) of the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA), and when he moved to Southern California in 1955 one of his first stops was at Flabob Airport, home of Chapter One of EAA. He was soon hired by Ray Stits, then the leading supplier of airplane kits for homebuilders, and worked with Ray for two years building kits. Stits remembers that he and Ed, working seven days a week and many nights, built the first SA-5 *Flut-R-Bug* in 30 days. When Ray stopped producing kits to devote himself to the Poly-Fiber covering process, Ed went into business for himself at Flabob, opening his shop on August 1, 1958.

His first airplane was the MA-3 *Maverick*, a single-place built as a proof of concept. In 2006, Ed had a chance to purchase the original MA-3, an attractive little biplane which now rests in Ed's Flabob Hangar. Ed then designed the

*(Continued on Page 4)*

## Gearing up for August meeting, Open House

Chapter One directors and volunteers are busy finalizing plans for next month's Open House, and it's looking like the event is going to be a great one!

The day will begin with a Pancake Breakfast, put on by the Flabob Express DC-3 group. Then there will be a day filled with aircraft displays, exhibits, educational forums, vendors, a "Fly Market," silent auctions, possibly airplane and balloon rides, and, of course, the camaraderie of your fellow aviation enthusiasts.

President Jerry Cortez and the Open House committee are still working at making sure the day is one full of avia-

tion fun. We urge you to bring your aircraft to the Open House, as well as your family and friends. If you have aviation items you'd like to sell, bring them for display at our Fly Market. If you're looking for that hard-to-find airplane part, try the Fly Market.

Our August Chapter Meeting will be rather informal, as members and guests relate their experiences at this year's AirVenture. Our featured aircraft will be Martin Benson's BT-13. Come early for lunch, as Martin has to depart the premises by 12:30. That's Sunday, August 12th. Lunch starts at noon, the Chapter Meeting at 1. See you there!

# EAA Chapter One

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**Featured airplane:  
Martin Benson's  
BT-13**

# Calendar



### August

#### **3rd -- First Friday Flicks**

Chapter One Hangar - 5 p.m.

#### **11th -- Young Eagles Rally**

Chapter One Hangar - 8 a.m.

#### **12th -- Chapter Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - noon

#### **12th -- Board Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 3 p.m.

#### **18th -- Aircraft Display Day & Car Show**

Flabob Airport

#### **25th -- Design Group Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 10 a.m.

### September

#### **7th -- First Friday Flicks**

Chapter One Hangar - 5 p.m.

#### **8th -- Young Eagles**

Chapter One Hangar - 8 a.m.

#### **9th -- Chapter Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - noon

#### **9th -- Board Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 3 p.m.

#### **15th -- Design Group Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 10 a.m.

#### **22nd--Chapter One Open House**

#### **28th-30th--SportAir Workshop**

LSA Repairman--Chapter One Hangar

### October

#### **5th -- First Friday Flicks**

Chapter One Hangar - 5 p.m.

#### **6th-7th -- Sport Pilot RV Workshop**

Chapter One Hangar

#### **13th -- Young Eagles**

Chapter One Hangar - 8 a.m.

#### **14th -- Chapter Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - noon

#### **14th -- Board Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 3 p.m.

#### **27th -- Design Group Meeting**

Chapter One Hangar - 10 a.m.

# Len Buckel and the Case of the Missing J-3 Cub

*In June, Chapter One member Len Buckel took his trusty modified J-3 Cub from Gillespie Field near San Diego to Lock Haven, PA, for the annual Sentimental Journey Fly-In. On the trip home, he had an unusual and somewhat frightening incident occur.*

**By Len J. Buckel**

After landing in Pecos, TX, I borrowed a car and went to a motel.

I later on saw a severe thunderstorm warning on TV for a large number of counties in Texas and New Mexico. I looked at the information in the room and found Pecos was in one of the counties named in the warning. The warning was in effect until 9:00 p.m. At about 9:30 p.m., I looked at the sky and it seemed to be clear and I could see the moon and did not see any clouds. I went to bed and didn't hear any wind during the night. When I got up the next morning, there were many tree leaves on the ground around the motel. I didn't think too much of that and left for the airport hoping to get an early start.

Wednesday, June 27th. When I got to the airport, my Cub wasn't where I had tied it down. Pecos is staffed 24 hours and the people present stated that the crew on the night before had probably put it in a hangar when the thunderstorm was forecast. We looked in all of the hangars that were not rented and it wasn't in any of them. Being from California, it never crossed my mind that there might be a vacant hangar on an airport (Hangars are \$100.00 a month or \$650.00 a year at Pecos).

After not finding it in a hangar, we decided that it must have blown away. When I arrived, the 1800-pound-rated nylon strap that I had used to secure the tail was still tied to the ground anchor, but it looked like it had been cut. I thought, before we checked all of the hangars, that the night crew had a problem getting the tail loose so that they had just cut the strap. We got into one of the airport cars and drove down the runways and taxiways looking for the Cub. I was thinking that I would have to rent a truck somewhere, dismantle the Cub and haul the wreckage home.

Finally, on the south part of the airport we saw the Cub. It appeared to be upright. We walked into the high brush where it was and were amazed by the condition of the plane. It must have been at least a half mile from where it had been tied down. Both wing tips and elevators were damaged but there didn't appear to be any other damages. There were about four people there by this time and we picked up the tail and pushed the Cub to the nearest runway. I was truly amazed by the slight amount of damage, since I had expected to find it rolled up in a ball. The left wing tip was bent, but there was no damage to the aileron. The fabric is wrinkled up to the aileron bay but I think that the metal EMT tubing that I used for the wing tip bow saved the damage from going very far inboard. The right wing tip, although it has been into the dirt doesn't seem to be damaged very much. After that I flew it around the patch to see how it flew. The stick was way back, and I didn't have full power on and had all of the nose down trim that I could get. After getting back to the tie down area, the right tire went flat. It was full of thorns. I dug a lot out with my knife. One of the fellows told me of a tire shop (Alfredo's) and I took the wheel and tire to him.. Alfredo got the wheel out, removed the tube and installed **TEN** patches on it. Some of the spikes had penetrated (Continued on Page 9)





## The Prez Sez...

Welcome Back!

For those of you, who made it out to Oshkosh this year, welcome back! Had a good time again this year and again saw old friends and made new friends. The best part is I met members I haven't seen before. With our chapter spread out though Southern California and the rest of the country, it's one of the few times I get to put a face with a name.

VP Gino Barabani and I attended the Ford Motor Company Chapter President Reception and, as usual, they put on a great reception and good food. We even made it over to Robins Restaurant in time to see all our other members and Flabobians who made it to Oshkosh.

The F-22 put on a demonstration of its capabilities and the B-2 came in right before the F-22 and did a few fly-bys (the B-2 is one of my favorite airplanes). Trish Russell, a Chapter One member, flew in a 35 Van's RV formation (she was the only female). They flew two different formations and they did an outstanding job.

Our Open House is just around the corner (September 22<sup>nd</sup>) and the Open House Committee is working hard preparing for it. We have vendors, forums, working on airplane and balloon rides, fly mart and more fun events. The DC-3 group (Flabob Express) will put on a pancake breakfast. Make sure you set September 22<sup>nd</sup> aside and tell your friends. We are always looking for volunteers.

Talking about help, we will be putting together a working party in the near future. The new chairs need to be marked with the Chapter One stencil and a few other small maintenance projects need to be performed before our Open House.

Next Membership meeting is on August 12<sup>th</sup> and we have our Young Eagles Rally August 11<sup>th</sup>. See you then!

*Jerry W. Cortez*

## Ed Marquart leaves a large legacy

*Continued from Page 1*

single-place MA-4 *Lancer* and the two-place MA-5 *Charger*, his most successful design, with more than one hundred completed examples. A handsome swept-wing biplane, with graceful lines and excellent performance, the *Charger* continues to be built. Ed flew the prototype to Oshkosh '71, where it was an immediate hit, and ultimately sold almost 500 plan sets. One *Charger*, N31DD, built by Dave Davidson of Texas, was the first biplane to solo both ways across the Atlantic.

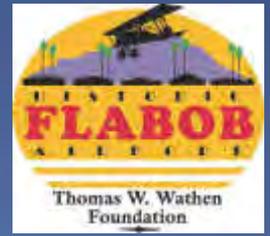
In addition to providing plans and parts for his own designs, Ed built custom parts for countless homebuilders. In the 1970s, he teamed up with Bill Turner, for whom he built the replica Brown racer *Miss Los Angeles*, followed by a long line of replica golden age air racers, including a Gee Bee model Z, the Miles and Atwood Special, and major parts of the de Havilland Comet and Laird-Turner Meteor projects built at Flabob. He rebuilt the front section of Benny Howard's racer *Pete*, when *Pete's* fuselage was extracted from Paul Poberezny's *Li'l Audrey*, and helped with the restoration of *Li'l Audrey*, now in the EAA Museum in Oshkosh.

Until a few short weeks ago Ed worked daily on his restoration of a Buhl CA-3C *Sport Airsedan*, which is only one of two known to exist, and which was nearing completion in 2007. He had numerous other projects, including a Fairchild 22.

Ed was never too busy to lend a hand or give sound advice to homebuilders and restorers. He served as the second President of EAA Chapter One, and was awarded the Cliff Henderson Award in 1996. Almost any day he could be found at lunch at the long pilots' table of the Flabob Airport Café, where his inexhaustible store of flying stories and aircraft lore were at the service of all who were interested. His departure will sadden all who love sport aviation.



# EAA Chapter One **OPEN HOUSE** **Flabob Airport**



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**Saturday, September 22, 2007**

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**Celebrating 60 years of the US Air Force**  
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***Dinner tickets on sale...Call 951-683-2309 ext. 104***



# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

## On flying kiwis

I want to reveal to you a deep, dark, secret about the membership of EAA Chapter One. It's never discussed, never mentioned, not even whispered in the halls, but it exists. To bring it up in polite company is considered improper, as with subjects such as murder, incest, and political pay-offs. It's not politically correct to discuss in aviation circles. (Okay, I'm mostly kidding, here). But since political correctness is not my forte, here goes:

Chapter One's membership includes a large number of "kiwis."

Yes, it's true. There's a sizeable portion of our membership who can't/won't/don't fly. They are the "flightless birds." The ones who live and love aviation and airplanes, but rarely, if ever, become airborne. And all too often—and wrongly—they feel somewhat inferior to those who are blessed with the gift of flight.

There are many reasons for kiwis. Money—or the lack thereof—is probably the primary reason. No matter how much you yearn to fly, if you can't cough up the \$100-plus per hour it takes to do so, you're grounded. Into this category fall many more people than not. Retirees on a fixed income, parents with young children, lower income employees, college or graduate students without wealthy parents...the list is long. As the old saying goes, "If God intended man to fly, He'd have given him more money." Flying is expensive, and, if the FAA has its way, about to become more so. But financial inadequacy doesn't dim the light of love for aviation. How many of you remember as a youth, standing at the local airport and yearning to spread your wings, to be in one of the airplanes that roared off the runway? You had no money...only dreams. Some of you achieved the financial success to enable you to fly at will. Some of you didn't. The love, the dreams, nevertheless, remained the same.

Other reasons for kiwis are health problems (blown medicals), lack of self-confidence, physical limitations (including age-related), and fear of flying. I'm sure there are other reasons our members don't fly, but of one thing I'm certain: We all have a common love and appreciation for general aviation. Many of our members are pilots who haven't flown in years. Others have wanted to, but have never become, pilots. Others, still, love the idea of flight, but are scared to death of flying.

EAA Chapter One is a conglomeration of pilots—both active and non-active—and non-pilots who love airplanes and aviation. We should not, and, to my knowledge, do not, have a hierarchy. Pilots and non-pilots, flyers and ground-pounders, aerobatic aces and those for whom a 40-degree bank is a heart-pounding experience...we all share equally in this experience we call Chapter One.

So, all you kiwis, come out and stand tall. You are an equal in Chapter One to the 25,000-hour pilot or the airplane designer or the military jock. Your services, your input, are just as valuable. We appreciate you. No one will ask or want to know how many hours you've flown in the last year.

And those of you who have the gift of flight...offer it freely to those who stand on the ground and, with hands shading eyes, gaze longingly at departing aircraft. Share the gift. Share the joy. Share the love.

At Chapter One, kiwis can fly.

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## SR-71 gets ground speed check...

*Following is an apocryphal story that has been floating around the internet for a few years. No author is listed and nobody seems to know if it's a true story or not...so I'd guess it's not. But it's a great story anyway and worth a read, especially since the featured speaker for our Open House Banquet, Maj. Gen. Pat Halloran, was the guy in charge of the SR-71 squadron. —Ed.*

There were a lot of things we couldn't do in an SR-71, but we were the fastest guys on the block and loved reminding our fellow aviators of this fact. People often asked us if, because of this fact, it was fun to fly the jet. Fun would not be the first word I would use to describe flying this plane. Intense, maybe. Even cerebral. But there was one day in our Sled experience when we would have to say that it was pure fun to be the fastest guys out there, at least for a moment.

It occurred when Walt and I were flying our final training sortie. We needed 100 hours in the jet to complete our training and attain Mission Ready status. Somewhere over Colorado we had passed the century mark. We had made the turn in Arizona and the jet was performing flawlessly. My gauges were wired in the front seat and we were starting to feel pretty good about ourselves, not only because we would soon be flying real missions but because we had gained a great deal of confidence in the plane in the past ten months.

Ripping across the barren deserts 80,000 feet below us, I could already see the coast of California from the Arizona border. I was, finally, after many humbling months of simulators and study, ahead of the jet. I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Walter in the back seat. There he was, with no really good view of the incredible sights before us, tasked with monitoring four different radios. This was good practice for him for when we began flying real missions, when a priority transmission from headquarters could be vital.

It had been difficult, too, for me to relinquish control of the radios, as during my entire flying career I had

controlled my own transmissions. But it was part of the division of duties in this plane and I had adjusted to it. I still insisted on talking on the radio while we were on the ground, however. Walt was so good at many things, but he couldn't match my expertise at sounding smooth on the radios, a skill that had been honed sharply with years in fighter squadrons where the slightest radio miscue was grounds for beheading. He understood that and allowed me that luxury.

Just to get a sense of what Walt had to contend with, I pulled the radio toggle switches and monitored the frequencies along with him. The predominant radio chatter was from Los Angeles Center, far below us, controlling daily traffic in their sector. While they had us on their scope (albeit briefly), we were in uncontrolled airspace and normally would not talk to them unless we needed to descend into their airspace.

We listened as the shaky voice of a lone Cessna pilot asked Center for a readout of his ground speed. Center replied:

"November Charlie 175, I'm showing you at ninety knots on the ground."

Now the thing to understand about Center controllers, was that whether they were talking to a rookie pilot in a Cessna, or to Air Force One, they always spoke in the exact same, calm, deep, professional, tone that made one feel important. I referred to it as the "Houston Center voice." I have always felt that after years of seeing documentaries on this country's space program and listening to the calm and distinct voice of the Houston controllers, that all other controllers since then wanted to sound like that... and that they basically did.

And it didn't matter what sector of the country we would be flying in, it always seemed like the same guy was talking. Over the years that tone of voice had become somewhat of a comforting sound to pilots everywhere. Conversely, over the years, pilots always wanted to ensure that, when transmitting, they sounded like

*(Continued on Page 8)*

# SR-71 Ground Speed Check *(Continued from Page 7)*

Chuck Yeager, or at least like John Wayne. Better to die than sound bad on the radios.

Just moments after the Cessna's inquiry, a Twin Beech piped up on frequency, in a rather superior tone, asking for his groundspeed. "Ah, Twin Beech. I have you at one hundred and twenty-five knots of ground speed."

Boy, I thought, the Beechcraft really must think he is dazzling his Cessna brethren.

Then out of the blue, a Navy F-18 pilot out of NAS Lemoore came up on frequency. You knew right away it was a Navy jock because he sounded very cool on the radios.

"Center, Dusty 52 ground speed check."

Before Center could reply, I'm thinking to myself, hey, Dusty 52 has a ground speed indicator in that million dollar cockpit, so why is he asking Center for a readout? Then got it, ol' Dusty here is making sure that every bug smasher from Mount Whitney to the Mojave knows what true speed is. He's the fastest dude in the valley today, and he just wants everyone to know how much fun he is having in his new Hornet.

And the reply, always with that same, calm, voice, with more distinct alliteration than emotion:

"Dusty 52, Center, we have you at 620 on the ground."

And I thought to myself, is this a ripe situation, or what? As my hand instinctively reached for the mic button, I had to remind myself that Walt was in control of the radios. Still, I thought, it must be done—in mere seconds we'll be out of the sector and the opportunity will be lost. That Hornet must die, and die now.

I thought about all of our Sim training and how important it was that we developed well as a crew and knew that to jump in on the radios now would destroy the integrity of all that we had worked toward becoming. I was torn. Somewhere, 13 miles above Arizona, there was

a pilot screaming inside his space helmet.

Then, I heard it. The click of the mic button from the back seat. That was the very moment that I knew Walter and I had become a crew. Very professionally, and with no emotion, Walter spoke: Los Angeles Center, "Aspen 20, can you give us a ground speed check?" There was no hesitation, and the replay came as if it was an everyday request.

"Aspen 20, I show you at one thousand eight hundred and forty-two knots, across the ground."

I think it was the forty-two knots that I liked the best, so accurate and proud was Center to deliver that information without hesitation, and you just knew he was smiling. But the precise point at which I knew that Walt and I were going to be really good friends for a long time was when he keyed the mic once again to say, in his most fighter-pilot-like voice:

"Ah, Center, much thanks, we're showing closer to nineteen hundred on the money."

For a moment Walter was a god. And we finally heard a little crack in the armor of the Houston Center voice, when L. A. came back with, "Roger that Aspen, your equipment is probably more accurate than ours. You boys have a good one."

It all had lasted for just moments, but in that short, memorable sprint across the southwest, the Navy had been flamed, all mortal airplanes on freq were forced to bow before the King of Speed, and more importantly, Walter and I had crossed the threshold of being a crew. A fine day's work.

We never heard another transmission on that frequency all the way to the coast. For just one day, it truly was fun being the fastest guys out there.

##

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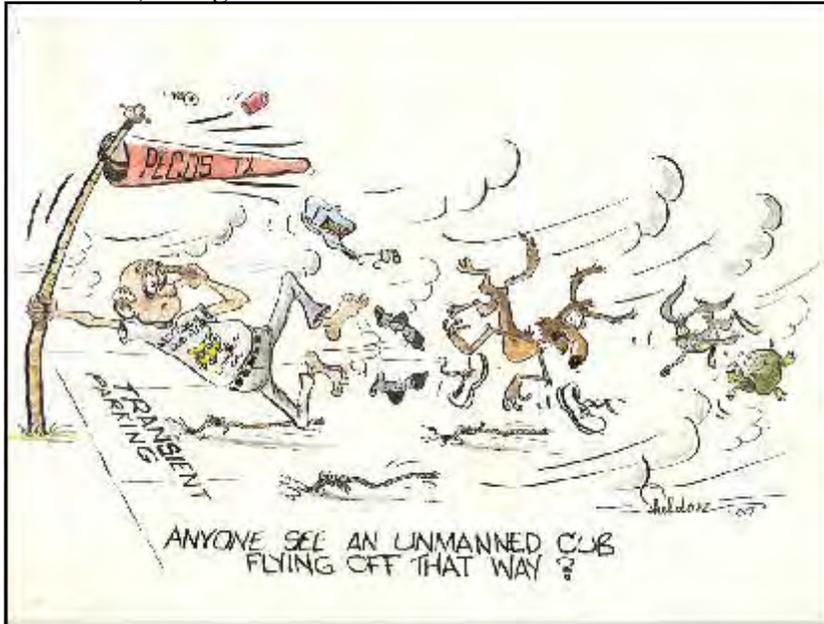
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# Len Buckel's missing J-3 Cub *(Continued from Page 3)*

about two inches into the inside of the tire. After all of this, I asked what I owed him and he said, "\$8.00." I said, "Eight dollars, would two fives do?" If I had not been so close to running out of cash, I would have given him more.

I returned to the airport and installed the wheel and tire. I then "adjusted" the two elevators to where I thought the plane would fly OK with full power applied. After the "adjustment," I told the airport people that I was going to try it again and if it flew okay, I would not be back. I took off and could fly level with full power and had some nose down trim left, I only had to stop in Deming, NM, Casa Grande, AZ and make the third landing back at Gillespie. The Cub seemed to fly okay, and I didn't notice any unusual vibration that would indicate that the left elevator was coming apart. Checking it after landing at Deming, the elevator looked just like it did in Pecos. I made all three landing with as little use of the elevators as possible. They were not very good, but I was afraid if I used too much, it might bend or break the elevators.



*A cartoon about Len's adventure done by famous cartoonist "Sheldon."*

After I got home, the left tire went flat. I had been expecting a flat tire on either side with every landing!

I ordered two elevators from Univair today. I think I will replace the bow and fabric up to the aileron well on the left wing. The right wing tip, although it has been on the ground, doesn't seem to have much damage.

## Good advice on engine failure during take-off

Pilots can sign up for weekly pilot education audio clips at [www.pilotworkshops.com](http://www.pilotworkshops.com). One of their recent audio clips dealt with engine failure on take-off, and the mistake that many pilots make that is usually a fatal one. You can listen to this clip by going here:

<http://www.pilotworkshops.com/public/271.cfm>

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Thanks, Doc!

# SIXTH ANNUAL POKER RUN\*

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\* OK...so we missed a couple of them.

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Net proceeds from your tax-deductible donation are for Wathen Foundation Youth Education programs.

# Build A Plane project begins in remote Alaskan village

The first 5 boxes containing components of a Thorpe T-211 which will be built and flown by high school students has reached Hooper Bay, Alaska. Sponsored by Build a Plane, the Thomas W. Wathen Foundation, IndUS Aviation and the Federal Aviation Administration, this Build A Plane project at Hooper Bay High School is the first in a series of efforts to establish aircraft construction programs in remote Alaskan villages.

“You can’t imagine what a dream come true this is for us!” said Hooper Bay High School teacher and pilot Grant Funk. “Our village is more than 90% Yu’pik Eskimo and is 500 miles from the nearest road, so almost everything we do here involves aviation.”

Federal Express picked up the Thorpe T-211 aircraft parts from Bangalore, India and flew them to Anchorage, Alaska. Lynden Incorporated then flew the boxes all the way to Bethel, Alaska and Artic Transportation Services took the components the rest of the way to the kids at Hooper Bay. All of the air freight services were provided to Build A Plane free of charge.

“We’ll begin the building process right away,” Funk said. “This fall I’ll teach a Sport Pilot ground school so that when the airplane is completed we’ll have the ground school already finished. And as soon as the airplane is certified and ready to roll, we’ll teach them to fly it!” Grant Funk is also a certified flight instructor.

The Thorpe T-211 aircraft was donated by Dr. Ram Pattisapu, founder and CEO of IndUS Aviation, which operates out of Dallas, Texas and Bangalore, India. “It’s a huge privilege for our aircraft to be part of a program like this,” Pattisapu said. “IndUS has been a big supporter of Build A Plane since it began and I hope more of the aviation and aerospace community will step up and get involved. This is the kind of thing we need to be doing.”

Build A Plane will work with the Hooper Bay High School group to provide additional aviation vocational opportunities. The National Center for Aircraft Technician Training coupled with the Aircraft Electronics Association is offering a course in repair and installation of avionics. Additionally, the Parametric Technology Corporation is preparing to donate \$1.5 million dollars worth of 3D computer-aided design software. Dr. Irvin Gleim, of Gleim Publications has donated complete Sport Pilot ground school training, and additional support for the Hooper Bay kids comes from Aircraft Spruce and Specialty.

Build A Plane has donated dozens of aircraft to groups across the United States and countries around the world, and is currently developing aviation-themed curricula to motivate kids to learn science, technology, engineering and math. For more information on Build A Plane, visit the group’s website at [www.BuildAPlane.org](http://www.BuildAPlane.org).

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**An old 40 hp PROPELLER, from a Taylorcraft, Cub, or Aeronca, that fits on a Continental A-40 engine. It need not be airworthy; just something that can be cleaned up to enhance the display of my old ME2Y/HM20 Flying Flea in the Pioneer hangar of the EAA Museum in Oshkosh. If you have one, please call me at (330) 537-2235 or write to: Frank B. Easton (EAA4392) 1393 Sevakeen Circle Salem, OH 44460-9748**

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## **Newest Members...**

According to membership chairperson Nancy Acorn, our new Chapter One members for July are:

Barry Kennedy	Riverside, CA
Kirk McQuown	Redondo Beach, CA
Chris Johnson	Riverside, CA
Perry Chappano	Grandview Heights, OH
Frank Easton	Salem, OH

Welcome aboard!

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