



October 3, 2007
Volume 46
Number 10

Board Meeting:
October 3, 2007 6:30pm

General Meeting:
October 3, 2007 7:30pm

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS:

October 3, 2007 PROGRAM: Dan Vance, Rob Gordan and CJ Stephens will report on their experiences at the Reno Air Races. Two P-51 Mustangs will be on display at the Chapter site.

NOMINATION OF CHAPTER 124 OFFICERS AND BOARD

The Chapter will be having its first round of the annual Nomination of Officers at the October 3rd meeting. The positions of Vice President, Secretary and four Board Members will be open. Everyone in the Chapter should consider volunteering for a spot. We need your participation to help make our Chapter a vibrant, thriving organization with new ideas and active members.

FLY OUT AND OPEN HOUSE AT CLOVERDALE ON OCTOBER 13th...

The Chapter will have its October fly out to Cloverdale on October 13th. Mike Heintz is having a Zenith Open House which is always an exciting event. Please meet at the Chapter facility at 9:00am for a 9:30 departure. Mike is having a cook-out at his facility so plan to stay for the day.

YOUNG EAGLES' DAY ON OCTOBER 20TH...

Young Eagles' Day is one of our main events during the year and it's coming up again on October 20th. Ray and Sher Shipway, our Co-Chairpersons, will be looking for our help to make this another successful event.



MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT DESK...

OCTOBER, 2007

Joe Lacchia, President

A new bird is sprouting its wings in our hangar. John Whitehouse is putting the final touches on an eighteen year project. On September 16th there were about eight to ten EAAers at our facility to help John install his wings. "Putting on your wings" is always a major milestone in the building process because, for the first time, that pile of parts actually starts to look like an airplane. And after an eighteen year wait that's one great feeling...

Young Eagles is one of our main events during the year and it's coming up again on October 20th. Ray and Sher Shipway, our Co-Chairpersons, will be looking for your help to make this another successful event.

I would like to make October 13th a fly out to Cloverdale. Mike Heintz is having a Zenith Open House which should be an interesting event. We'll meet at the Chapter facility at 9:00 am for a 9:30 departure. Mike is having a cook-out at his facility which should quench our appetites.

I have listed some of the flying activities coming up in the next few months to help assist in your flight planning. I may have missed a few so if you have any additions to the list bring them to our next meeting for an announcement.

Things coming up:

Oct. 13 th	Zenith Fly-in & Open House, Cloverdale Airport
Oct 20 th	Young Eagles

Happy Flying,
Joe Lacchia



Subpart D--VFR/IFR Operating Limitations and Weather Requirements

(Editor's comment: Well, it's that time again that we have to start worrying about the weather. I thought a quick review of FAR 135 might be appropriate. This is not the complete FAR-Subpart D so read your manual to review the entire regulation.)

Sec. 135.201 Applicability.

This subpart prescribes the operating limitations for VFR/IFR flight operations and associated weather requirements for operations under this part.

Sec. 135.203 VFR: Minimum altitudes.

Except when necessary for takeoff and landing, no person may operate under VFR--

- (a) An airplane--
 - (1) During the day, below 500 feet above the surface or less than 500 feet horizontally from any obstacle; or
 - (2) At night, at an altitude less than 1,000 feet above the highest obstacle within a horizontal distance of 5 miles from the course intended to be flown or, in designated mountainous terrain, less than 2,000 feet above the highest obstacle within a horizontal distance of 5 miles from the course intended to be flown; or
- (b) A helicopter over a congested area at an altitude less than 300 feet above the surface.

Sec. 135.205 VFR: Visibility requirements.

- (a) No person may operate an airplane under VFR in uncontrolled airspace when the ceiling is less than 1,000 feet unless flight visibility is at least 2 miles.
- (b) No person may operate a helicopter under VFR in Class G airspace at an altitude of 1,200 feet or less above the surface or within the lateral boundaries of the surface areas of Class B, Class C, Class D, or Class E airspace designated for an airport unless the visibility is at least--
 - (1) During the day-- 1/2 mile; or
 - (2) At night--1 mile.

[Dkt. 16097, 43 FR 46783, Oct. 10, 1978, as amended by Amdt. 135-41, 56 FR 65663, Dec. 17, 1991; 57 FR 11575, Apr. 6, 1992]

Sec. 135.209 VFR: Fuel supply.

- (a) No person may begin a flight operation in an airplane under VFR unless, considering wind and forecast weather conditions, it has enough fuel to fly to the first point of intended landing and, assuming normal cruising fuel consumption--
 - (1) During the day, to fly after that for at least 30 minutes; or
 - (2) At night, to fly after that for at least 45 minutes.
- (b) No person may begin a flight operation in a helicopter under VFR unless, considering wind and forecast weather conditions, it has enough fuel to fly to the first point of intended landing and, assuming normal cruising fuel consumption, to fly after that for at least 20 minutes.

Sec. 135.213 Weather reports and forecasts.

- (a) Whenever a person operating an aircraft under this part is required to use a weather report or forecast, that person shall use that of the U.S. National Weather Service, a source approved by the U.S. National Weather Service, or a source approved by the Administrator.



Subpart D--VFR/IFR Operating Limitations and Weather Requirements (continued)

Sec. 135.213 Weather reports and forecasts. (continued)

However, for operations under VFR, the pilot in command may, if such a report is not available, use weather information based on that pilot's own observations or on those of other persons competent to supply appropriate observations.

(b) For the purposes of paragraph (a) of this section, weather observations made and furnished to pilots to conduct IFR operations at an airport must be taken at the airport where those IFR operations are conducted, unless the Administrator issues operations specifications allowing the use of weather observations taken at a location not at the airport where the IFR operations are conducted. The Administrator issues such operations specifications when, after investigation by the U.S. National Weather Service and the certificate-holding district office, it is found that the standards of safety for that operation would allow the deviation from this paragraph for a particular operation for which an air carrier operating certificate or operating certificate has been issued.

Sec. 135.227 Icing conditions: Operating limitations.

(a) No pilot may take off an aircraft that has frost, ice, or snow adhering to any rotor blade, propeller, windshield, wing, stabilizing or control surface, to a powerplant installation, or to an airspeed, altimeter, rate of climb, or flight attitude instrument system, except under the following conditions:

- (1) Takeoffs may be made with frost adhering to the wings, or stabilizing or control surfaces, if the frost has been polished to make it smooth.
- (2) Takeoffs may be made with frost under the wing in the area of the fuel tanks if authorized by the Administrator.

(b) No certificate holder may authorize an airplane to take off and no pilot may take off an airplane any time conditions are such that frost, ice, or snow may reasonably be expected to adhere to the airplane unless the pilot has completed all applicable training as required by Sec. 135.341 and unless one of the following requirements is met:

- (1) A pretakeoff contamination check, that has been established by the certificate holder and approved by the Administrator for the specific airplane type, has been completed within 5 minutes prior to beginning takeoff. A pretakeoff contamination check is a check to make sure the wings and control surfaces are free of frost, ice, or snow.
- (2) The certificate holder has an approved alternative procedure and under that procedure the airplane is determined to be free of frost, ice, or snow.
- (3) The certificate holder has an approved deicing/anti-icing program that complies with Sec. 121.629(c) of this chapter and the takeoff complies with that program.

(c) Except for an airplane that has ice protection provisions that meet section 34 of Appendix A, or those for transport category airplane type certification, no pilot may fly--

- (1) Under IFR into known or forecast light or moderate icing conditions; or
- (2) Under VFR into known light or moderate icing conditions; unless the aircraft has functioning deicing or anti-icing equipment protecting each rotor blade, propeller, windshield, wing, stabilizing or control surface, and each airspeed, altimeter, rate of climb, or flight attitude instrument system.

(d) Check your FAR/AIM for remainder/other regs...



MUSINGS OF YESTERYEAR

(Thanks Remo Galeazzi)

I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE IS A CONSIDERABLE DOWNSIDE TO GETTING OLD. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. I don't have to look very far to find someone who is a lot worse off than I am. Nevertheless, since some time back when my body finally succumbed to gravity, I've found that the scales have tipped heavily to the side that points mostly down. I have, however, discovered that now that I've reached what is referred to as "that ripe old age", I find that I can more easily recall entire episodes of my younger days with extreme clarity, and with little effort. This, I suppose, is a phenomenon reserved for us old coots as kind of a consolation prize to make up for what we've lost in the other departments. I've discovered that now I can go spelunking through the cavern and labyrinths of my grey matter, probing this nook and that cranny, and easily come up with complete episodes of bygone days, reliving those experiences all over again. Those that I don't particularly like I can merely reject, at will. Even as I'm writing these lines, I'm getting cerebral messages, completely unsolicited past experiences that I can simply turn off, or draw out in their entirety, just as I desire. I don't have to move a muscle, and it's free. For instance, right now I'm thinking of a childhood experience that I'd written about some years ago, that was of some import to me then, and still is, now.

In my mind's eye, I see a twelve year old boy, sitting up in bed, pulling back the curtains to see if the night was about the turn into day. Through the nearby trees, he could see that steel-grey hue that always preceded the first cold morning rays of the sun, and he could already feel the excitement in anticipation for what he had planned for this particular Saturday morning. He'd wait for his father to get up, which should be soon, and when his father left for his day's work, he too would arise and prepare for his day. He heard his father making his way to the bathroom where he would perform his ablutions, comb his hair and put on his hat. He always put his hat on first so that his hair wouldn't get mussed after he had combed it. Then he'd don his shirt, slip on his sit pants, put on his vest, then carefully position his pocket watch in his vest pocket, with his fob hanging just so, and lastly, put on his overcoat. When he was ready to leave, he'd go into the bedroom and say goodbye to the boy's mother, then quietly make his way to the boy's bedroom, give him a hug and a kiss, and, if the boy was already awake, they would exchange a few words in Genoese, the ancient language of the Ligurians that his parents had taken with them from the old country, and still spoke at home. The boy would then hear him walk down the front steps, then out to the gravel walk, the crunching sound of his steps fading as he walked to the garage; then, the boy would hear him start their 1927 Dodge Brothers automobile, the staccato sound of the four cylinders reverberating loudly, destroying the stillness of the morning. That sound, too, diminished, as he made his way to the Kentfield railroad station, until finally, all was still again.

Now the boy would get up. He would dress hurriedly, eat some breakfast, invent some excuse to tell his mother about his early departure, and be on his way. A few days earlier, he had heard an airplane land on the old airstrip just south of the Adeline E. Kent Grammar School that he attended, and had looked forward to this excursion with great anticipation every since. He would go exploring on his own because none of his friends really shared his passion for airplanes, and alone he could mosey around as long as he wished. He decide that even though this would be a trek of two or so miles, he'd leave his bike behind and walk, as it would be a hindrance to push it through the marshy ground that lay ahead.

It was daylight now as he made his way down Cypress Avenue, then left on Laurel Grove till he reached Sir Francis Drake Blvd., which in those days was just a narrow two lane road. He walked up the hill and passed by Mr. Petri's yard, which was always filled with a wonderful array of statuary. There were nymphs, dwarfs, ornate urns, fountains and sundry ornaments to please every taste, even a few angels scattered about. This was how he made his living and the boy always wondered how he came to make such beautiful things. When he and other children passed the yard on their way to school, Mr. Petri would come out and ask if we had seen the bear. We would say no, and he would tell us the story of how he had seen a bear that very morning and how he had tracked it to its nest,

MUSINGS OF YESTERYEAR (continued)

and how the nest contained two large bear eggs. He would spread his arms wide to indicate how large the eggs were, and to make sure not to let the bear get us. We knew that he'd tell us the same story the next time we happened by, but the way he told it, with his Italian accent, made the story funny even in the retelling, and we always looked forward to it.

The boy then turned left and walked downhill past the house where the little girl lived that used to pee in her pants every day. Everybody knew it, because there was always a puddle under her desk, and Miss Jensen, the first, second, and third grade teacher, would have to mop it up. That was a long time ago, and he reckoned that she had probably stopped doing it by now. He turned right into the short street that led to the footbridge that crossed the Kentfield creek. There were several houses along the lane that years before had been built on barges, and later yet had been winched up out of the creek and placed on the surrounding marshy land. As the years passed, the wooden barges began to decay and settle, so that eventually the structures had taken the shape of the terrain on which they had been placed. They looked to the boy like caricatures of the houses depicted in the children's story books that he had seen, comical, and even grotesque. In one of them lived an old gentleman who always wore a suit and carried a cane, one of those fancy, ornate ones. He had a parrot on the porch that would holler at the kids as they walked by on their way to school. The boys, in turn, would try to teach it some obscene words to enhance the parrot's vocabulary, but most often, when the boys tried that, the old gent would come out waving that cane sending the kids off in all directions.

The boy finally reached the foot bridge, which was actually a wooden suspended structure. He stopped about halfway across, and gazed down into a pool that was left when the tide had recently receded and spotted several trout finning against the current. He made a mental note to beg some hooks from his older brother, so that tomorrow he could dig some worms and try to catch a few.

He crossed the bridge and stepped onto the boardwalk that continued on for a couple of hundred yards, terminating at the grammar school. He knew from past experience that by jumping up on the railing at a certain spot, he could peek between some eucalyptus trees, and by standing on tiptoes, could just see over the marsh and view the terrain where they always tied down airplanes. He did that, and after scanning the area several times, was crestfallen to discover that the place was bereft of anything that flew. The airplane that he'd heard land had flown away! He jumped back down, dejected and hurt. He felt cheated that after all of his effort, and the anticipation, things had come to naught.

The boy pondered his next move, when he spotted a patch of honeysuckle growing next to the walk, so he jumped down and started plucking the blue blossoms, pinching them together and sucking the sweet nectar from the bottom of the buds. He soon tired of this, jumped back onto the walk, and figured he would just go back home and call it a day. There was a large truck garden that a farmer kept on the north side of the boardwalk, and as he trudged back he noticed a turnip patch nearby. He jumped back down, plucked a likely looking candidate from the ground, and shook the loose earth away. He then cleaned it further by wiping the turnip on a clump of grass, and finished up by rubbing the pink and white root on his pants. He was sitting on the edge of the walk, munching on the turnip, savoring the sweet peppery flavor, when he heard it! It was faint at first, but quickly grew into the pockety-pock of an airplane engine. He saw it approaching in the distance, flying toward the airstrip, until finally it was directly overhead, resplendent in the morning sun. It was a low-winger! He had never seen a low-winger except in magazines and the experience of seeing one in the flesh was beyond his greatest expectations. Would it, he hoped, buy some miracle, land? He watched its every move, beseeching it to come lower, and to glide in for a landing. He decided that if it did land, he'd try to make it to the field in time to view the spectacle.

He jumped from the boardwalk and started running towards the strip, but the ground was bumpy, along with large clusters of marsh grass and muddy sloughs, blocking his way. No matter. He jumped across the smaller creeks, and literally flew over the clinging grasses that wrapped around his legs and tried to trip him. He had to follow some of the sloughs a ways before they narrowed enough to allow him to jump across. He finally made it to the edge of the strip, thoroughly winded, a pain in his side, and barely able to stand, but he had made it! The airplane had just flared and was touching down at the far end of the field, and he watched in awe as the sleek low-winger taxied toward him. What a beautiful airplane he thought. What grace! What elegance! The pilot taxied the sleek craft to within a short distance from where the boy stood, swinging the airplane around, and cut the engine.

MUSINGS OF YESTERYEAR (continued)

The boy stood spellbound as the propeller bounced several times between compression strokes before it came to a full stop, the plane's fabric shimmering from the vibration.

The boy had noticed that an automobile was parked on the road next to the railroad tracks that bordered the field, and when the pilot had switched off the engine, he saw two young ladies leave the auto, jump the railroad tracks, and start walking towards the airplane. By the time the pilot had opened the little side door, stepped on the wingwalk and jumped to the ground, the ladies had made their way to the airplane. They were soon greeting each other, shaking hands and laughing, and the boy mused at how lucky some people were, actually knowing someone who owned such a lovely low-winger! The plane was all yellow, with a black nose, and black scallops on the wing and tail, a design configuration that impressed the boy so deeply that he never forgot it.

Soon the pilot helped one of the girls into the side-by-side cockpit, fiddled with something inside, jumped back down, and walked to the front of the plane. He pulled the prop through, and it caught on the first blade, idling slowly, so slowly that the thrust generated wasn't even enough to move the airplane. He opened the throttle and taxied downwind on the white salt-encrusted earth till he was in takeoff position – opened the throttle, and was off in a very short distance. The boy thrilled at the sight of that low-winger flashing by, so closely that he could see the expression on the girl's face. The plane circled a few times over the field, then the pilot throttled it back, and the boy could see that it was losing altitude, getting ready to land. The pilot three-pointed it, taxied back to its original starting position, idling, while the pilot sat talking to his companion. After a short time, the pilot cut the engine and helped his passenger from the cockpit, and the three of them stood chatting until they all bid their farewells. The ladies, with a last wave, walked back across the field to their parked auto.

The pilot then turned and faced the boy, who had by now moved closer, and gave him a nod. The boy, delighted to have been noticed by the pilot, returned the nod. Somehow, he summoned up the courage to ask the hero pilot what kind of an airplane it was, and the hero pilot replied that it was a Kinner. The boy had read about Kinner engines, but had never heard of a Kinner airplane, and assumed that the pilot was talking about the engine, but he didn't have the nerve to pursue the subject. The pilot reached into the inner sanctum of the cockpit and made some sort of an adjustment, then assumed the starting position at the nose of the airplane, pulling the prop through. It again started on the first try, and the pilot clambered back into the cockpit, fastened his seatbelt, and pulled his goggles down into position. The pilot gave the boy a final wave, which he proudly returned, and he watched as the racy low-winger taxied to the takeoff point. He heard the engine throb as the pilot shoved the throttle home, and his heart raced as he watched the wheels still spinning as the plane gained altitude. He never took his eyes off the airplane, till finally, in the distance, it was no longer discernable.

He turned to go, wishing that the whole magnificent episode would have lasted longer. He made his way back over the marsh and jumped back onto the boardwalk, stopping again mid-bridge to check if those trout were still there. They weren't, and he surmised that they had probably gone upstream to find refuge in a deeper hole. He'd find them tomorrow if things went well. He alternated between a fast walk and a trot as he made his way homeward, feeling the noon-time hunger pangs beginning to gnaw at the stomach. The boy reckoned that even though the day had started with a disappointment, it had turned out to be more than he had hoped for, a memorable event that he felt he would not soon forget (and, as a matter of fact, never did!) He was almost to his house on Cypress Avenue when he remembered that he had made himself a mental note to check the mailbox on the way in. When he arrived, he opened the lid and retrieved a handful of letters and anxiously sorted through them.

He found it! It had arrived! The upper left hand corner of the envelope proclaimed that it was from "The Junior Birdmen of America", and his joy knew no bounds! He fondled the envelope and squeezed it and he could feel the outline of the impressive silver wings. He would wait till he got inside to open it, so that he could savor the experience to its fullest. He ran the rest of the way, wondering what his mother had made for lunch.

EPILOGUE: A while back, he had rummaged through some boxes that contained some old memorabilia, and had found the Junior Birdman of America pin. He held it in the palm of his hand, contemplating what this little piece of metal had meant to him. The pin was tarnished now, and he was startled to see that the hand that held the pin was that of an old man. He remembered, and it all seemed like yesterday...



FAA SPECIAL AIRWORTHINESS

Aircraft Certification Service INFORMATION BULLETIN

(Thanks David Heal)

SAIB: CE-07-44

SUBJ: Doors Date: September 4, 2007

This is information only. Recommendations aren't mandatory.

Introduction

This Special Airworthiness Information Bulletin (SAIB) alerts you of an airworthiness concern for amateur built experimental airplanes where a loss of directional control could occur during an emergency landing due to lack of a positive canopy latching device.

Background

During the investigation of a non-fatal accident (Identification No. NYC06CA021), the NTSB and the FAA's Flight Standards Division noted that the canopy latch mechanism had no positive or over-center latch mechanism to prevent the canopy from coming open during flight. The canopy inadvertently came open in flight causing loss of control and contributed to the accident. The aircraft was substantially damaged and the pilot was seriously injured. While the design and construction of amateur built airplanes are not covered by any airworthiness standards, the FAA recommends inspection of all experimental amateur built aircraft for a positive canopy latching device.

Recommendation

We recommend that operators of amateur built experimental airplanes, including those airplanes built from kits, check the locking mechanism on the canopy latch for positive lock.

GOATS SACRIFICED TO FIX NEPAL JET

(Thanks Ellen Jori)

A goat offering is a holy act for Hindu devotees.

Nepal's state-run airline has confirmed that it sacrificed two goats to appease a Hindu god, following technical problems with one of its aircraft.

Nepal Airlines said the animals were slaughtered in front of the plane – a Boeing 757 – at Kathmandu airport. The offering was made to Akash Bhairab, the Hindu god of sky protection, whose symbol is seen on the company's planes.

The airline said that after Sunday's ceremony the plane successfully completed a flight to Hong Kong.

"The snag in the plane has now been fixed and the aircraft has resumed its flights," senior airline official Raju KC was quoted as saying by Reuters.

Nepal Airlines has two Boeing aircraft in its fleet. The persistent faults with one of the planes had led to the postponement of a number of flights in recent weeks.

The company has not said what the problem was, but reports in local media have blamed an electrical fault.



THE FLYING MARKET

50% partnership available in partially restored aircraft '59 Champion 7GC, 135 HP Lyc., 0-SMOH, tail wheel, red with silver trim, tandem seating. All new instruments, radio, upholstery and electrical system. (Much like an early Citabria) Undergoing a full restoration- most replaceable items are new. Those not, are rebuilt. All cover and paint is new, in Stits. Have invested \$40,000 so far. About \$10,000 to go. Wings and FWF remain unfinished. Most parts to finish are on site. Could use help to complete. Call Jim DuVander (707) 433-0306 Res. or (707) 953-0129 Cell.

Sonoma Skypark EAA 1268

Sonoma Skypark EAA 1268 meets at 7pm on the 2nd Tuesday night of each month at Sonoma Skypark, hangar N-3. Dinner is served (\$5) and business meeting/program follows. Provides "Historical Aircraft Display" Days.

Contact Darrel Jones 707-996-4494 for info.

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July 11, 2007 Board Meeting:

President Joe Lacchia called the Board Meeting to order at 6:30 P.M.

Joe Lacchia, Pres	P	Charles Nelson, Board	A
Mike Tovani, VP	P	Dennis McGuire, Board	P
Steve Fredericks, Sec	P	Brian Cluer, Board	P
John Whitehouse, Treas.	P	Ken Vaughn, Board	A
Larry Rengstorf, Facilities	P	Joe Wiegand, Board	P
Ray Shipway, Board	P	Donna Turrentine, Newsletter	P

Minutes: Minutes from 2 prior meetings were approved.

Treasurer's Report: John Whitehouse provided the usual reports on activity for the month. Report was moved, seconded and approved.

Lease: The Lease Committee updated the Board on the status of the Hamilton Hangar. The Lease Committee will be proceeding to negotiate a lease on the 5 current buildings.

Meeting is to be continued on Tuesday, September 11 to meet with legal counsel regarding Hamilton Hangar issues.

September 11, 2007 Board Meeting:

Joe Lacchia, Pres.	P	Charles Nelson, Board	P
Mike Tovani, VP	P	Dennis McGuire, Board	P
Steve Fredericks, Sec	P	Brian Cluer, Board	A
John Whitehouse, Treas.	P	Ken Vaughn, Board	P
Larry Rengstorf, Facilities	A	Joe Wiegand, Board	A
Ray Shipway, Board	P	Donna Turrentine, Newsletter	A

Board met with legal counsel regarding Hamilton Hangar issues.

Respectfully Submitted,
Steve Fredericks, Secretary



September 5, 2007 General Meeting:

President Joe Lacchia called the Meeting to order at 7:40 P.M. 35 members were present.

Minutes: Minutes from 2 prior meetings were approved.

Treasurer's Report: John Whitehouse provided the usual reports on activity for the month. Report was moved, seconded and approved.

Announcements: Bob Gutteridge would like to start organizing a chapter fly out for Oshkosh, 2008. He is thinking of leaving the Monday before the show and making many interesting stops along the way. Bob recommends staying in the university dorms. Contact Bob if you are interested, there might be extra seats available.

The Reno Air Races will feature two chapter members piloting, C.J. Stephens and Will Whiteside. Larry Rengstorf will be there crewing for two of the planes. Four of the 26 "Unlimited" planes come from STS.

Michael Heintz reports that the regional fly in for Zenith Aircraft will be held October 14 at the Cloverdale Airport. Hours will be 10 to 4. They will be having a BBQ also.

Jim DuVander is updating the roster information, he is adding a new field for cell phone numbers. If you want your cell phone number published or have any changes for your entry please let Jim know. His email is jim@duvander.com.

Young Eagles: Ray and Sher are tentatively looking at October 20 for the next event. They need pilots and ground crew, please come out and help.

Builders Reports: John Whitehouse's RV-4 is here in the hangar for final assembly. Stuart Deal has been working on his Double Eagle and is making good progress. David Lynch is ready to order the engine and propeller for his RV-8A. Bob Gutteridge has his instrument panel nearly complete and is contour sanding on his Jabiru.

Tech Counselors: Kevin Quirk reports that Ralph Curran is flying off the hours on his RV. He has been having problems with plastic parts in the induction system.

Thanks to Dale Wittman for cooking again. Dale announced his retirement from the cook job. He has handed the duties off to Steve Waite and Kevin Quirk.

Steve Barnes went to Idaho for the Labor Day weekend. He could not get into the airstrip/campground at Johnson Creek as planned due to smoke. He stayed at Priest Lake instead and says it was beautiful.

Respectfully Submitted,
Steve Fredericks, Secretary