



# RUNWAY 35



## INTRODUCING STEVE AND FREDA JONES, YOUR NEWSLETTER EDITOR

AUGUST 2006

Volume 48 Issue 8

On the Web:

[WWW.EAA35.ORG](http://WWW.EAA35.ORG)

### Inside this Issue:

INTRODUCING

THE NEW EDITOR

STEVE AND FREDA JONES	1
PRESIDENTS COCKPIT	3
BILL BARTLETT MEETING PIX	6
CHAPTER TOOL KIT AND BUILDERS ACADEMY	7
CONTACT LIST	8
CALENDAR	9
WANTED & FOR SALE	10
DIRECTIONS TO SAN GERONIMO	12
PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED BY: D. BAKER, J. LATOUR, N. WARNER, S. ADAMS, J. FEIGNY	

OK FOLKS, THIS IS IT.

I WILL REMAIN A MEMBER OF THE CHAPTER, ALTHOUGH FROM AFAR. I HAVE ENJOYED BEING YOUR NEWSLETTER EDITOR.

THE PRODUCT WE PRODUCED WAS ONLY POSSIBLE BECAUSE OF YOUR SUPPORT AND HELP

YOUR NEW EDITOR, STEVE, NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT: WRITE AN ARTICLE, TAKE SOME PICTURES, GIVE HIM SOME IDEAS OF WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE NEWSLETTER...IT IS YOURS!!

RUNWAY 35 PUBLISHED BY  
ED SEURER

I've been asked to explain how Freda and I arrived at Chapter 35. It started when a friend noted my interest in experimental aircraft, and the research I was doing on Subaru boxer engines. He recommended I contact the local EAA chapter.

We invited ourselves to the February meeting, based on a meeting notice posted to the [eaa35.org](http://eaa35.org) website. Norris Warner met us at the door and immediately made us feel welcome. By the end of the meeting, I was filling out forms for national membership.

That's the end of a long story; here's the beginning:

As a child, I remember my father taking me to the municipal airport in Elgin, Illinois. The silhouette of an Ercoupe stood out in my then six-year-old mind. What a radical airplane, I thought. I felt the same about the V-tail Bonanza. These were my first impressions. Some time later, he began lessons in a J-3 Cub. As he explained, he was sitting in his office one afternoon, when he saw the Cub fly past. It wasn't the first time he'd seen it, but this time he wasn't going to let it get away. He followed it to its home field -- a little grass strip, next to a tiny railroad switching yard. This began a relationship

that endures today. His flight instructor would later baptize me. I suppose there's a certain solace that comes from taking lessons from your Pastor.

I remember one summer, helping our Pastor and his sons dope the wings of a Flying Milk Stool - a Piper TriPacer. It was a serene setting, with a Stearman parked in the grass, another in pieces stored in the rafters of the shop, a twin Apache parked on the other side, and the elegant sharp nosed Beech D-18 parked between the barn and the old homestead. Oh, the Cub was there, too, a constant companion. We used to sneak into the Beech, strap in and make airplane noises. You'd be amazed how fun that can be! I still have a scar, from running headlong into a barbwire fence, chasing after that Beechcraft as it began its takeoff roll. Fortunately, we're pretty resilient creatures. But picture me suspended off the ground, literally entangled in barbwire. This is how my mother found me.

We left Illinois for greener pastures in Texas. There, I joined the Civil Air Patrol. I'm probably one of the few of my generation who got to wear Air Force 1505s.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2