

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 2015

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:



Cookout with the USAF Academy Cadets

Tuesday, 14 April 2015 (one week earlier!)
1830 hrs (6:30 PM Civilian Time)
Flying Dog Ranch

Once again, following chapter procedures, we remind you that one thing we aviators do extremely well is to follow procedures. Referring to the unpublished *Project Police Secret Need To Know* checklist (as amended), in April we host the visiting cadets from the US Air Force Academy. You've seen this before—the cadets are here as part of their Flight Test Course (where they secretly hope to learn enough to eventually become like the **Kommandant** or **Opie**) so they can fly a high performance jet sortie with TPS to collect data for their final report.

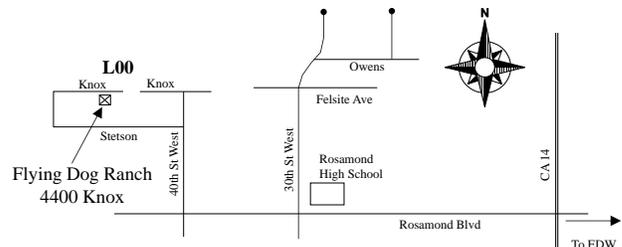
Of course, we use this as an excuse to get together for another scrumptious grilled dinner from our own **Master Grillmeister**. Since it is time once again for **Opie** and **Gail** to be cruising the Caribbean without a boat, **PPO Bill Irvine** has graciously offered for us to take the party across the street to the **Flying Dog Ranch** (4400 Knox). You won't want to miss that. Grilling will be the responsibility of **Master Grillmeisters Knife** and **Cobra**.

Take note: This meeting is one week earlier than usual to accommodate the cadets' travel schedule. After

the meeting you may want to finally get around to finding that copy of TurboTax and start doing your taxes..

While you're enjoying your masterfully prepared **Project Police Burger**, be sure to engage the cadets in some conversation. I know we're all introverted engineers, which means we look at our shoes while talking to someone. The extroverted ones in the bunch will look at the other person's shoes. It's easy to start—simply ask the cadets a broad question like "Where is your first assignment?" or "What mission did you have to design for in your Aircraft Design course?" My personal favorite is "What is the latest stupid rule to come down?" Trust me, there is always something.

Following dinner will be a tour for the cadets of the **Combat Bearhawk**. You're welcome to come along on those as well. Alternatively, **Tuki** and **Emmy** will appreciate your help cleaning up the place.



- **Erbman**
For the Vice Kommandant Hellmuth Steinlin

HEY DUES DELINQUENTS!!!

You're being cut off!

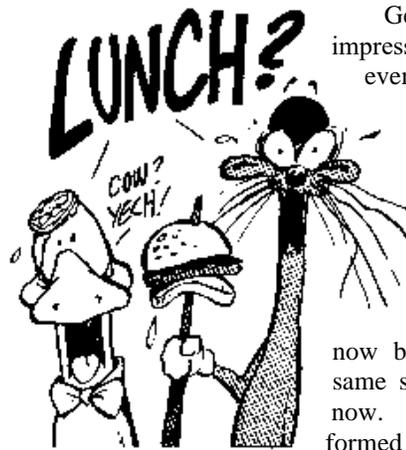


Yep, this is your last newsletter. You can, of course, still avert this disaster by forwarding your dues check (\$20) in accordance with the directions on the last page.

You'll know you're on the bubble if you received an e-mail from Evil Editor Zurg telling you that you are delinquent.

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

Twenty-Fourth Annual *Project Police* Airport Barbecue 16 May 2015 at Rosamond Skypark



Generally it is impressive for any "annual" event to be carried on for even five years. How many "First Annual" events have you heard of that never had a "Second Annual"?

Well, your EAA chapter has now been carrying on the same silliness for 24 years now. The chapter was formed in 1991. In 1992 we

hosted the first Airport Barbecue event at Fox Field. We billed it as the "Scotty Horowitz Going Away BBQ" because *PPO Scott Horowitz*, recently graduated from Test Pilot School, was on his way to NASA to be an astronaut. We had so much fun that we continued to call it the "Nth Annual Scotty Horowitz Going Away Fly-In" for many years thereafter until hardly anyone remembered who he was and he stopped returning our phone calls.

The event has been held every succeeding year, and this is the 24th event. Be sure to come early and see the Precision Work Bench Relocation Marching Drill Team, the One-Armed Banner Hangers, and the Scottish Banquet Chair and Table Corps.

The best part will remain—there will be food! You know it will be good when it is from our expert **Grillmeisters**. Expect food to be available around 1000.

The big event will still happen at the **High Cay Partyhaus on Rosamond Skypark**, so you can still fly in if you so choose. Hosting will be **Ridley and Kranz**, along with **Opie's Glasair II-S FT**.

Clear your calendar now! More details next month.



Chapter 1000 at the May 1992 Scotty Horowitz Going Away Party and Airport Barbecue, as shown in the August/September 1992 issue of *Air & Space*. In this picture are current members Brian Martinez, Russ "Erbman" Erb, George "Knife" Gennuso, and Doug "Opie" Dodson. Still in the area are Bob Waldmiller, Steve Rainey and Tony Ginn. Behind the prop are Scott "Doc" and Lisa Horowitz. The airplane is Doc's Tri-Q 200.



Cool airplanes on display!



Non-airshow flybys at FAA approved altitudes!



Great food with all of your aviation friends!

Last Month's Meeting

EAA Chapter 1000

USAF Test Pilot School

Scobee Auditorium

Edwards AFB, CA

17 March 2015

Gary Aldrich, Presiding

The March meeting was held at the Test Pilot School Auditorium. Despite the usual strong resistance by AF Security Forces to deny entrance to non-military personnel, many succeeded with 15 members and guests in attendance.

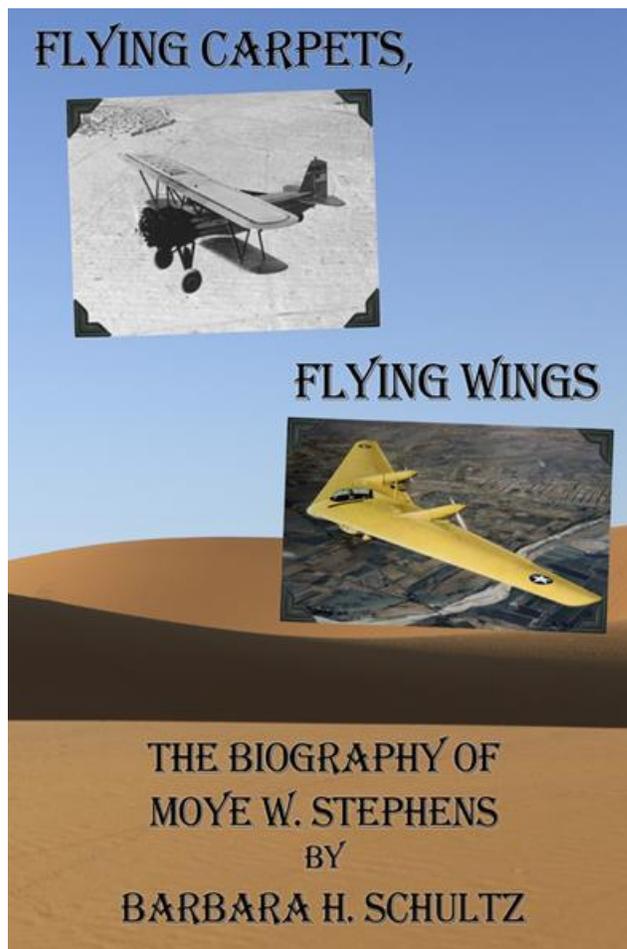
The usual snacks and refreshments were enjoyed during the social hour, courtesy of **Schmoozemistress Tuki**.

The evening's guest speaker was **Barbara Schultz**, who, even after having joined us previously, inexplicably agreed to visit again. Perhaps our behavior was sufficiently subdued on the first visit. Barbara is the author of several aviation books including *Pancho: The Biography of Florence Lowe Barnes*, *Wedell-Williams Air Service, Endorsed by Earhart: How Amelia Financed Her Flying*, and the present topic, *Flying Carpets, Flying Wings: The Biography of Moye W. Stephens*.

Barbara's lecture was about one of perhaps the least known of the great pilots of aviation's golden age, **Moye Stephens** (1906-1995). Yeah, who?

Stephens was a contemporary and friend of **Paul Mantz**, **Amelia Earhart**, **Pancho Barnes**, **Clyde Pangborn** and **Roscoe Turner**. He dropped out of law school to learn to fly, was mentored by **Tony Levier**, and eventually joined the fledgling **Maddux Airlines** in 1927.

What Airlines, you say? Jack Maddux was a Los Angeles Ford dealer, and Ford encouraged the major dealers to acquire Ford Trimotors and start small airlines. Moye flew the "Gambler's Run" between San Francisco, San Diego and Aguascalientes, Mexico. Maddux went on



to operate 16 Trimotors, merging with Transcontinental Air Transport (TAT) in 1929, which eventually became Trans World Airlines (TWA). Oh, *that* Maddux Airlines!

In 1930, **Moye** teamed up with author/adventurer **Richard Haliburton** for an 18 month around-the world flight in a **Stearman C3B** named "**The Flying Carpet**", which was also the name of Haliburton's book on the flight. Stephens and Haliburton departed Burbank in December 1930 for New Jersey, where the aircraft was shipped to Southampton by boat. Then by air through Europe towards North Africa, a stay with the French Foreign Legion in Colomb Bechan, Morocco (it is rumored that **Helmuth** was there at the time, but he denies it), on to **Timbuctoo** (which reminds me of a joke), Constantinople, Damascus, Baghdad, Calcutta, Delhi, Bangkok, Singapore (where floats were installed), on to Borneo and Manila where the aircraft was shipped to Oakland, and then flew home to Burbank.

In 1936, **Moye** was a Lockheed demonstration pilot for the new **Electra**, and a test pilot for the **Northrop N-1M Flying Jeep** (an early flying wing), and later the **P-61 Black Widow**.

Moye and his wife **Inez** owned two **Bonanzas**. Eventually, he hung up his helmet and goggles and quit flying in the 70's. **Moye** went on to be named an **Honorary Fellow of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots (SETP)**.

So, **Moye** was just an ordinary guy leading a sedentary life-style, not getting out much. Which explains why you hadn't heard of him.

After a brief Q&A and book sales, the **Kommandant** emphatically declared that "**Victory!**" had been achieved over evil forces and ordered whiskey for his men and beer for the horses (hmmm, I bet there's a song in that somewhere). Finding no whiskey, the meeting moved to the **Burger King Dead Cow Emporium** for dinner.

Most, if not all, of this is true.

- **Kent "Cobra" Troxel**

Minister of Propoganda

Chapter 1000

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

Kommandant's Korner

I got an email from Connie at the Edwards Aero Club saying she had an IG writeup about me! It seems they discovered my Aero Club membership



application from 1991 where, in a fit of honesty, I checked "yes" to the question, "Have you ever been involved in an aircraft accident or incident?" The inspector didn't seem to care that I hadn't been a member of the club in 15 years or so and said I had to "s'plain" my answer so I sat down and documented the story I've told you all about flying with dogs.

Pursuant to your request for information on my "aircraft accident or incident" I am submitting the following. While I don't believe there is a requirement for me to do so, nor is it relevant to my current situation; I also believe that I have nothing to hide and that some value may come from sharing my experience.

You may want to play "Alice's Restaurant" softly in the background as you read my story...

It was 1974 and life was good. The Republicans still had a tenuous hold on the White House; I was a 23-year old 2Lt at Whiteman AFB in beautiful downtown Knob Noster, Missouri. I had a new wife, a new career, and just over a hundred hours of time on my private pilot certificate. I was flying C-150s and T-41s (C-172) at the Whiteman Aero Club using the original GI Bill for training. The VA reimbursed me 90 percent of the flying so the C-172 was costing me about \$4 per hour. It's worth mentioning here that in those days Whiteman was just a strategic missile base and had no Air Force airplanes assigned. The 12,000 foot runway was the exclusive domain of the Aero Club.

In September I brazenly planned my first long cross country; a trip from Whiteman all the way to Marlboro, New Jersey, home of my in-laws, then to upstate New York, home of my family, then back to Whiteman. In preparation, I logged about 5 hours and 15 landings at

night since I had not been required to fly at night at all for my private certificate. I was young, invincible...and the best pilot on the planet (in my own mind).



Mrs. Kommandant, Dusty, and N5252F at Terra Haute IN

Early on the morning of 14 September I loaded my wife, a big thermos of iced tea, and my 80-pound Irish Setter, Dusty, into N5252F; a tired but serviceable ex-T-41A. The weather was decent with puffy cumulus, but a series of events conspired to extend my carefully calculated timeline. The first stop in Terra Haute, IN went smoothly, but as we crossed Ohio and into Pennsylvania the iced tea we had been drinking dictated an unscheduled stop. After taking care of our personal needs and walking Dusty, we piled into the old Skyhawk and proceeded East...now more than an hour behind schedule. More cloudiness in the Keystone state forced some zig-zagging and more delay when Dusty started circling nervously in the back seat. In a short while he had deposited a significant pile of poo from which emanated a righteously pungent aroma. I slowed the plane a bit and opened both windows, but quickly realized we would need another unscheduled pause if we were to survive the odor. By the time we cleaned up the back seat at a small PA airport and launched for the final leg, the daylight was beginning to fade from the eastern sky. Having recently demonstrated my prowess at finding the humongous Whiteman runway after dark, I was only mildly concerned about the waning light.

Soon we were approaching the metropolitan New York City area and we were both awed and stunned by the amazing display of lights on the ground. It was now fully dark and the carpet of lights seemed to engulf the little Cessna making it exceedingly hard to pick out our destination. We circled for what seemed to be an eternity looking for the little airport in this sea of illumination. I was becoming anxious about our fuel state and the ability of my passengers to endure the length of the flight. I was finally able, after homing to a VOR and flying out on the proper radial, to locate a dim patch of woods with what looked like a short cleared path that I identified as our destination runway.

A word about Preston Airpark. Preston was situated hard-by the medium-sized township of Marlboro and was

the closest airport to Anne’s parents’ home. At the last stop we had called ahead and they were to be awaiting our arrival. Preston was typical of the small airfields in the Northeast. It had a 2000-ish x 25 foot asphalt runway surrounded by lush forested terrain...and those millions of twinkling lights. The sectional chart showed some prodigious high-tension power towers on the final approach that dictated a displaced landing threshold of 430 feet.



The 1975 NY Local Aeronautical Chart depicted Preston as having a 2,200' paved northeast/southwest strip. Red circles (added) highlight power lines



A 1981 USFHS topo map depicting Preston Airpark, aka Marlboro Airport and more clearly showing the power lines (red ellipse added)



Approach view to Runway 27 with displaced threshold, taken on a hazy afternoon in October 2000

Those towers, with their red-blinking lights looked to be about 5000 feet tall and I gave them a wide berth. This required a rather steep approach over the wires with full flaps on final.



“5000 feet tall” power line towers

I was tired, having been in the air over 10.5 hours on this journey. I was anxious to tie down the airplane and greet my in-laws, who were doubtless worried about our long-delayed arrival. In my haste I let my airspeed get away from me and when the runway emerged from the darkness at the flare the airplane was not ready to stop flying. As I sailed down the runway I considered my options. I could attempt a go-around, but with full-flaps and trees of unknown height at the end of the runway I was quite unsure of my ability to get us back into the air safely. My other alternative...force the airplane onto the runway and get on the brakes seemed like a slightly less dangerous plan. I would say that less than half of the 1300 foot landing area remained when I started leaving a trail of rubber from both main tires as I willed the Cessna to stop.

The airplane had slowed to a walking pace and I was beginning to relax when we slid off the end of the asphalt onto the dew-moistened grass. I swear the airplane accelerated as the traction was lost and in a short few seconds the left main gear found a drainage ditch and the left wingtip unceremoniously thumped into the soft dirt.

Though I had pulled the mixture to idle cut-off as we left the pavement, the prop was still ticking over when it, too, struck the bank and came to an abrupt stop.



Airport aerial view, 31 December 2001

Things got very quiet for a nanosecond before I began turning the air blue with expletives. This gave Anne, who was not a seasoned flyer, reason to think that the landing had not gone as planned. Dusty, tethered to the rear seat belt with a heeling lead, had already reached that conclusion and decided he'd had enough of this aviation adventure. He leapt out the pilot's door, which, in Cessna-fashion, had popped open at the abrupt stop. Unfortunately, the heeling lead hooked to his choke collar left him dangling by his neck a few inches from the bottom of the ditch. He was making some pretty dire choking noises so I released my seatbelt after asking Anne if she was alright and launched myself into the ankle deep water/mud in the ditch. Again, unfortunately, the very cool Apollo-mission-control-like Plantronics headset I had clipped to my glasses caused said glasses to remain in the cockpit and left me pretty much blind in the dark. I quickly grabbed the struggling Setter and unclipped him from his restriction. At that point he decided to put as much distance between that killer airplane and himself as he could and he disappeared into the forest.

After helping Anne deplane, I surveyed the sad situation for 52F with its tail in the air and nose and left wing in the mud. My adrenalin-charged mind was racing as I assessed the required actions. I gave Anne the task of retrieving the terrorized dog and I sprinted down the runway to do...something. I found my in-laws at midfield where I breathlessly announced I had crashed an airplane with their daughter inside. This did not go as smoothly as I had imagined (*you think?*) and they were bit upset until I assured them that she was fine and tracking a dog who was traveling at the speed of fear.

Moments later, I noticed the lights of an airplane in the traffic pattern. The pilot proceeded to land over the up-ended tail of the Cessna in the opposite direction! He pulled his airplane into a tiedown and approached a very agitated young Air Force officer (me). After a quick

description of my recent mishap, he nonchalantly observed that I was lucky, because the last guy who ran off the end of that runway died attempting a go-around....last week! He also pointed out that "everyone" at Preston knows that you always land toward the power towers after dark...regardless of the wind direction.

This information was of little comfort as I initiated the requisite notifications of my mishap. From the payphone outside the deserted FBO building I dialed the NTSB and was connected with the night duty officer at the Teterboro, NJ office. After hearing my tale and determining that there were no injuries he authorized me to move the aircraft and said that they would not be requiring any report from me, rather, the FAA FSDO would be assigned to investigate the incident and would be contacting me. The next call was to the Whiteman Aero Club Manager who told me to take action to secure the aircraft until morning. Not knowing how to do this, I called the New Jersey State Police, who sent an officer out to take a statement from me. Finally, I dialed the Preston Airport Manager from a number scrawled on the phone booth. After hearing what I did his first response was, "Whatever you do, don't call the police!" Oops, too late. He explained that the airport had been under scrutiny for several incidents and accidents like mine and he was trying to keep a low profile. He also allowed as how there was a pancake breakfast scheduled at morning's light and that he didn't really appreciate having a Skyhawk off the end of the runway with its tail in the air.

Anne had coaxed Dusty into her parent's car, and after filling out the Trooper's exhaustive report and securing his promise to watch the airplane, we all retired to the house where I spent a sleepless night reliving all the events of the previous day.

Now, for the rest of the story "...in four-part harmony, with 25 eight by ten color glossy photos, with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back explaining what each one was about"...

What was supposed to be a quiet week of visiting family turned into a real project. The Aero Club Manager had arranged with a local A&P to assess the damage and affect repairs. When I arrived back at Preston in the morning to contact the mechanic I found the aircraft had been relocated to a remote tiedown to hide it from the local populace attending the pancake breakfast. The mechanic surveyed the damage and told me that I would have to ferry the airplane to Red Bank Airport, a larger commercial field about 10 miles distant. Unfortunately, the propeller had taken on a significant bend on each blade from its encounter with the ditch and the left wingtip leading edge was fairly well mangled.





I took care of the first problem by driving all the way to the Sensenich Propeller factory in Hershey, PA in my father-in-law's car to purchase a brand new prop. That took an entire day and while I was on the road, the mechanic borrowed a hangar and managed to scab some aluminum on to the damaged leading edge to make it a bit more aerodynamic for the ferry flight. I remember the patch being secured with **duct tape**.



He also discovered that the flaps would not fully retract as the shock of the quick stop had put a slight "tweak" in the rear spar of the left wing.



So, the next day, after mounting the prop and securing a ferry permit the aircraft was ready to move to the repair facility. When I asked how it was going to get there, the A&P smiled and handed me the keys, saying he would

meet me there. Thus, with 113.4 hours in my log book I now became a test pilot. Fortunately the ferry flight was uneventful and during the rest of the week, the mechanic put a more permanent patch on the wingtip, a doubler on the tweaked rear spar, and checked the engine for crank damage.

While the repairs were on-going, I contacted the Teterboro FSDO who, after hearing the whole "masacree" declared it an incident and requested that I submit a statement, similar to this one, in the next 72 hours. They said that the statement would be all they would require and then would consider the matter closed.

Enter the Air Force. The Flying Safety Officer at Whiteman (remember, Whiteman had no Air Force flying so the FSO was pretty bored) had decided that I could continue my vacation plans after the airplane was repaired but I should receive and log some short-field landing practice with a CFI at my earliest convenience. Since I was headed to the airfield where I received my private pilot instruction, I arranged with my original instructor to accomplish that requirement. About a week after the beginning of what was to be the worst two week vacation ever, I picked up the airplane from the mechanic's shop, flew it back to Preston to prove I could land there (during daylight), picked up Anne and Dusty, and made a very uneventful flight to the small grass strip in Palmyra, NY to visit my parents for a week. Shortly after arrival, I flew with my primary flight instructor where I demonstrated I could repeatedly land the Cessna on a 1300 foot grass strip...in the daylight...with clear approaches. Thinking I had satisfied the Air Force specified "re-training", I tried to make the best of my remaining vacation. Alas, the (mis-)adventure was not yet over.

The day before I had planned to start the return cross country to KSZL (Whiteman AFB) I received a call from the Aero Club Manager, who informed me that the Wing Commander (who was not a pilot) had determined that I was unsafe to return the aircraft to Whiteman. They were dispatching a CFI from the club via commercial airlines to fly us back home. This gentleman, who was an avionics technician in his day job, arrived about 11 pm at the local commercial airport. I planned to pick him up, get a good night's rest and then embark on the return flight. The instructor informed me in the car on the way back to my parents' house that he had worked all day, then been driven to Kansas City International where he caught the flight to me. He also said he was expected to be at work the next day so we would have to depart immediately! Despite my serious reservations about this plan, I was totally demoralized at this point and agreed to his demand. He was not in a good mood as he was exhausted from work and traveling. So, at about 2 am, he and I and Anne and Dusty and our luggage piled into 52F and commenced takeoff from the unlighted grass strip. The airplanes lining both sides of the runway were somewhat illuminated by my dad's car headlights as we hurtled through the darkness.

No sooner had we gotten airborne than the instructor in the left seat fell sound asleep. We had planned on

stopping in Cincinnati for gas but as we approached it was obvious the weather was deteriorating with rain showers and heavy cloud. The CFI woke briefly and air-filed an instrument clearance before resuming his nap. I flew for nearly two hours in solid IMC relying on the one hour of simulated instrument training I had received in my private pilot training to keep us safe and on course. Anne was terrified in the back seat, but to her credit did not add to my stress. Dusty had pretty much resigned himself to his fate and remained quiet and asleep the entire flight. The instructor woke up again in time to execute the instrument approach. After a quick gas and food stop we again launched westward. By this time day had dawned and the clouds diminished so that I was flying in clear air. My adrenaline kept me alert and soon we made an uneventful arrival at KSZL where we were met by the Flying Safety Officer, the Aero Club Manager, and the Wing Commander.

But wait! There's more! I went back to my duties as a missile launch officer and in a couple of weeks I was summoned to something referred to as a "Flying Evaluation Board" or FEB. I had no idea what this was and soon found myself

in a chair facing a table with several high ranking officers and my friend the Flying Safety Officer. What ensued was an inquisition of sorts where I was



informed that I had violated several regulations and Aero Club Standard Operating Procedures, including exceeding the allowable duty day, landing at a strange airport after dark, and landing at a "non-approved" airport. Of course, I could not deny any of these charges so I calmly awaited my fate. The board did not seem interested in all of the CRM and ORM and SOPs violated by the instructor they sent out to "save" us.

They determined that I should prepare a briefing to be given at the base quarterly safety meeting. I was also to compose an article for submittal to the Air Force Safety Magazine to be entitled "Get-home-itis" and detailing all of my poor judgement during the trip. They also "arranged" for me to fly the T-41 to Kansas City so that I could fly with a representative of the FSDO. During that exercise I picked up the Inspector at Kansas City Municipal Airport, we flew to a short grass field where I made a touch and go, and then I returned the bored FAA guy to his airport. He annotated my log book "...demonstrated short field landing after landing incident" and I returned to Whiteman.

During the remainder of my assignment at Whiteman I continued to fly at the Aero Club for a while but was increasingly met with suspicion and reluctance when I scheduled airplanes. It was a common occurrence for my scheduled airplane to be pulled of the line for an "oil change" or "non-scheduled maintenance" an hour or so

before I was to take it. Eventually, I took the hint and stopped flying. By that time my career, a master's program, and my new daughter had eaten into my available funds and time so, while I missed the flying, I could focus on other challenges.

Preston Airpark was eventually overrun and closed by housing developers who cited the dangerous nature of the operations there. I was fully reimbursed by the Air Force for the damage repairs, including \$1500 for the new prop. The Red Bank A&P let me take the airplane without as much as a signature and said he would settle up with the Air Force. Cessna N5252F continued in the Aero Club fleet for a few hundred hours until the engine was pulled for overhaul. They discovered a crack in the crankshaft that was possibly due to the sudden stoppage in the ditch.

I received a Master of Science degree in Aviation Safety from Central Missouri State University. I was reassigned to Los Angeles Air Force Base where all of my meager salary went to feed and house my growing family. I did not return to active general aviation flying until I was on my second assignment to Edwards AFB in 1990. It was then that I joined the Edwards AFB Aero Club, and, on the membership application, checked the "yes" block on the question, "Have you ever been involved in an aircraft accident or incident". I've accumulated multiple pilot ratings since then, owned two aircraft, and penned more than 5300 hours in my logbook. But I can still sometimes feel myself hurtling down that dark runway in New Jersey...

Fly Safe and Check 6!

- Gary Aldrich

Kommanding

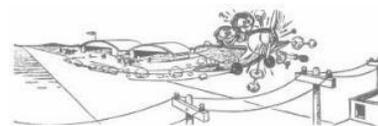
(Some pictures courtesy of **Abandoned & Little-Known Airfields** (<http://www.airfields-freeman.com>), a wonderful place to surf)

Project Police Raid At Hellmuth's!!

Okay, so you think I've been advertising this fly-in for the last few months to fill space in this newsletter. Well, if that's what you think, then all I can say to you is that you are very perceptive.

Even so, this is the first chapter-wide fly-in event that we are promoting this year. (Expect there to be more once **Emily** is old enough to join the crew of the **Combat Bearhawk**.) The ~~raid~~ fly-in will be at Adelanto Residential Airpark (52CL). The date is still **25 April 2015** (Christmas in April!) from 0800-1200. There will be a Pancake Breakfast, and 4 hours should be plenty for us to eat up whatever they have. You can call 760-963-3207 for more info. Use the password "swordfish".

We were blown out by high winds last year, but we're hoping for better this year.





World class friendly ground crews will meet you to park your aircraft



Visited by world-famous Bonanza drivers



It's the Swiss Ex-Pat! It was his idea!



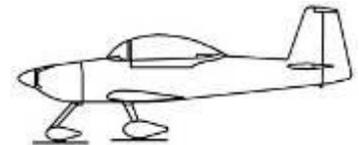
See historical aircraft!

You don't need to have your own airplane to participate. Just contact **Erbman** (erbman@pobox.com) and tell him that you would like to participate. He will try to arrange a seat for you in one of the planes that is going. If you are planning to fly your airplane to this event, please notify **Erbman**, especially if you have empty seats.

52CL has two runways, one East-West and one North-South. The eastern half of the East-West runway is paved, and the rest are dirt. You can land heading west on the pavement and roll off into the dirt if necessary, but I don't recommend landing to the east on the pavement. CTAF is 122.9. Watch out for the KVCV Class D airspace.

Stormy's TRC

23 March 2015: I am pleased to report that the Total Rivet Count (TRC) on the



RV-8B Astroblaster has increased to 7277. The right flap is dangerously close to completion. Production is expected to be momentarily jig locked for want of some blind fasteners. I apparently used some RV-8 parts to build a planner binder, repair a trash can, or some other non-aviation application. But, parts are on order from Van's Aircraft and are expected within the week. I still have 58 more rivets that I can install while I await arrival of the aforementioned shipment.

24 March 2015: TRC increased to 7371 this evening. I hope to begin attaching the skin to the bottom of the left wing on Saturday. That should result in a significant increase. If you prefer, I can revert to weekly or monthly updates. At some point in the not too distant future, I will have completed the wings. Then, TRC will be stagnant again as I plot and scheme on acquisition of the fuselage kit.

- **Scott "Stormy" Weathers**

EAA Chapter 1000 Det 5, Dallas/Fort Worth TX

Web Site Update



Just a reminder that the EAA Chapter 1000 Web Site is hosted courtesy of Quantum Networking Solutions, Inc.

You can find out more about Qnet at <http://www.qnet.com> or at 661-538-2028.

Chapter 1000 Calendar

Apr 7: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Flying Dog Ranch, 4400 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Apr 14: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting, 6:30 p.m., Flying Dog Ranch, 4400 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Apr 25: Annual Adelanto (52CL) Fly-In. Let's all go see Hellmuth! (661) 256-3806

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

May 16: Twenty Fourth Annual Project Police Airport Barbecue, Rosamond Skypark (L00), Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

May 19: No EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting. You should have gone to the fly-in 3 days ago

Jun 9: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., High Cay, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

Jun 16: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

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

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

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

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

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

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

To join Chapter 1000, send your name, address, EAA number, and \$20 dues to: EAA Chapter 1000, Doug Dodson, 4431 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA 93560-6428. Membership in National EAA (\$40, 1-800-843-3612) is required.

Contact our officers by e-mail:

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Secretary Kent Troxel: kenttroxel@sbcglobal.net

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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 SERVICE REQUESTED

THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS:

REGULAR MEETING 14 APR @ FLYING DOG RANCH

ADELANTO FLY-IN 25 APR

24TH ANNUAL AIRPORT BARBECUE 16 MAY

KOMMANDANT TELLS "THE DOG STORY"

