

# 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>

December 2017

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:



## Project Police *Festivus*

Tuesday, 19 December 2017  
 1800 hrs (6:00 PM Civilian Time)  
 Kommandant's Kwarters  
 Kwartz Hill, CA

Once again, the *Project Police* will celebrate Festivus (and all other appropriate winter holidays) on the third Tuesday of December, exactly where our interpretation of the desires of the *Seinfeld* writers intended it to be.

Bring your appetites and your fabulous treasures to the Festivus dinner and Kommandant's "Krap" (that means wondrous treasures) Gift Exchange on Tuesday, December 19 at 1800 at the home of Pixel and her Executive Officers Kommandant and Mrs Aldrich. The address is 42370 61st Street West in Quartz Hill in case you've forgotten since last year.

Your evening will begin with hostess Pixel greeting you at the door. You will then be offered a libation of your choice to consume while you greet your fellow Festivus celebrants.

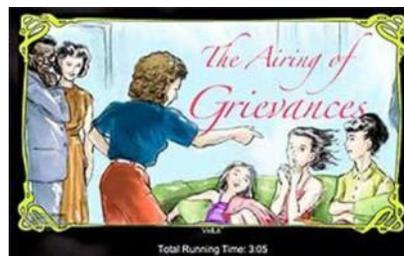
On the command of Mrs. Kommandant, we will then all line up for the serving of the traditional Festivus Dinner. We're expecting the traditional LaFestivusagne with all of the trimmings. Don't forget to save room for dessert—Mrs. Kommandant always has offerings that never fail to please.

After dessert, the Festivus Pole will be in place for the traditional Airing of Grievances (AOG). Think ahead—this has been cited as a weak area for the *Project Police* in the past. You can complain about Cobra's failure to tell a sufficiently funny Festivus joke. However, you risk losing major points if Cobra actually has told a funny joke and you weren't paying attention. Feel free to criticize the way the Kommandant has run the chapter for the last year.



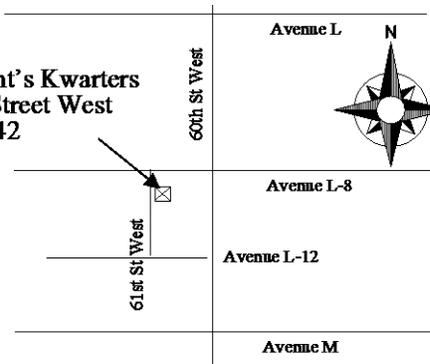
However, be forewarned that any such complaint may result in the Board of Directors summarily appointing you as the new Kommandant. It's a risk you take.

Following the AOG, we will depart from the traditional Festivus Checklist for the Kommandant's Krap gift exchange. Please note that word "Krap" is used to satisfy our poetic urge to be alliterative and is not a description of the quality of the gift (unless you have a finely tuned sense of irony, which is not the study of how to make steel.) Please bring a wrapped, unmarked gift that you think someone will want. Feel



free to also include a piece of true krap that you want to get rid of. If you draw a gift containing alcohol, you may get to watch it move around the room as it is repeatedly

Kommandant's Kwarters  
 42370 61<sup>st</sup> Street West  
 661-609-0942



stolen. Since **Opie** isn't around there's no telling who it will end up with. As always, you are challenged to come up with a gift that is more clever than just another bottle of booze.

After the gift exchange, we will engage in the Feats Of Strength (FOS). The **Hundred Meter Glider Push** hasn't worked out well in the past, due to the logistics of getting a glider to Quartz Hill. The **Kommandant** has suggested **Competitive Leaf Raking**, but I suspect there might be some Tom Sawyer-ing going on here. **Pixel** has announced that she has retired from the **Neighborhood Pixel Chase**, deciding that it is best to retire with a perfect record of no one having actually caught her.

Traditionally the celebration is ended when the head of the household has been wrestled to the floor and pinned. However, since our insurance doesn't cover possible injury to the **Hostess' Representative** (the **Kommandant**), the **Kommandant** will instead "pin" the chapter officers by presenting them with their service pins and cheesy certificates, once again recognizing their service to this band of aviators over the last year. After everything has been distributed, the **Kommandant** will declare "**Victory!**", which is our clue to go home.

Come hungry and happy. As always, a good time is promised.

- **Pixel**  
**Project Police First Dog**  
Your Festivus Hostess  
(as told to **Evil Editor Zurg**)

*(Rumor has it that **Evil Editor Zurg** may make an appearance. In the Holiday Spirit he promises to not blast too many PPOs)*



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### Last Month's Meeting

**EAA Chapter 1000**  
El Indio Restaurant  
Rosamond Skypark (L00)  
Rosamond, CA  
14 November 2017  
**Gary Aldrich**, Presiding

Traditionally, in this space at this time of year you would be reading a rerun of a rehash by **Cobra** about how we hosted the visiting USAF Academy cadets to another amazing Burger Burn by **Knife**. You would read all of the usual stories about how the cadets all sat in a circle at the **Kommandant's** feet, listening enraptured to his stories of being the Test Conductor for **Jimmy Doolittle's** blind flying experiments in 1929. (*I know that must be true, because I distinctly heard him say something about flying with Jimmy Doolittle.*) Then there would be the usual blather about **Erbman** introducing them to an extant example of the **Bearhawk** that they had been studying about all semester.

Yes, traditionally you would be reading that, but you're not. No, this time we were out-prioritized by a Higher Priority Mission (*that sounds better than "They got a better offer"*). It seems that the Officer In Charge is a friend (probably a TPS Classmate) of the Colonel currently commanding the Operations Group, and the Colonel and his wife had extended an invitation to the cadets for the same time period. With no one to cook for, we instead gathered at the **El Indio** restaurant on Rosamond Skypark. The usual suspects were there, including the **Kommandant**, **Erbman**, **Tuki**, Junior **PPO Emmy**, **Knife**, and **Cobra** (*yes, the Secretary was there, but he failed to file a report*). Also joining us was returning founding **PPO Waldo**. We also welcomed first time visitor **Steve Kisling**, who told us about his project of restoring a DeHavilland Chipmunk. **Knife** told the story of how the simple search for a swedge ball led him to **Waldo**, who roped him into the chapter. There were many other discussions, including the proper pronunciation of "**LaFestivusagna**" and other things that I can't remember now.

Enough of that. Come to the Festivus Celebration and be part of the next exciting story.

- **Russ Erb**  
Emergency Backup Minister of Propaganda  
Chapter 1000 of the Experimental Aircraft Association of these United States of America and Occupied Territories  
*"We have more zeroes in our chapter than any other!"*

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### The Month Before That's Meeting

**EAA Chapter 1000**  
~~USAF Test Pilot School~~ Hangar 1210  
~~Scobee Auditorium~~  
Edwards AFB, CA  
17 October 2017  
**Gary Aldrich**, Presiding

The October meeting started out with great promise. **Vice Kommandant Hellmuth** had arranged for us to spend our time hearing about Rotax Aircraft Engines from **Bryan Toepfer**, the Operations Manager for Rotax USA. The excitement was palpable. **Erbman** arose very early that morning in Arlington TX and rushed to the airport to team with the masses and board a colourful jet airliner operated by Southwest Airlines (actually two colourful jets) just to make it back to TPS in time to participate in the discussion. **Erbman** had been in Texas to attend the wedding of **Stormy** and **Mary Weathers**, serving as the official **EAA Chapter 1000 Project Police Representative**, augmented by **Opie** and **Gail Dodson** from EAA Chapter 1000 Det 4 (scheduled for reopening as soon as **Opie** submits something for publication in the newsletter). For an event of this magnitude and importance, we had to have an official rep present to confirm firsthand that it actually happened.

But, alas, it was not to be. **Erbman** made it, but **Bryan** didn't. It seems his plan was to have a friend fly a Piper Apache into Corona Airport to pick him up and fly him to Rosamond, where the **Kommandant** would be standing by to transport them to the TPS. That was the plan. What actually happened was that the Apache landed at Corona and liked it so much that it blew a tire to make sure it could stay.

As the **Kommandant** scrambled for ideas about what to do to salvage the meeting, **PPO Vanhoy** suggested that the hangar out on the flight line still housed several WWII aircraft which had been present for the recent 70th anniversary celebration of Supersonic Flight which had just been held on 14 October 2017. Therefore, after a sufficient amount of schmoozing, the assembled **PPOs** proceeded onto the flight line, escorted by **Erbman**, the only one there with a legitimate line badge.

In the hangar, we inspected a B-25 Mitchell, an F4U Corsair, a P-51 Mustang, and several other oil-dribbling airplanes. Stories of history and stories of wing folding mechanisms were told. Some were mostly true, some may have been made up. **JDIII** won the day for best stories, as he frequently does. Eventually with the falling darkness the **Kommandant** declared **Victory!** and the assembled **PPOs** made an orderly retreat from the flight line, and then disappeared into the night, pledging to reassemble for the ~~Cadet Burger Burn~~ Festivus, where more great stories and lies would be told.

- **Russ Erb**

Emergency Backup Minister of Propaganda  
Chapter 1000 of the Experimental Aircraft Association of these United States of America and Occupied Territories  
*"We have more zeroes in our chapter than any other!"*

**Kommandant's Korner**

Merry  
Christmas...  
Happy  
Hanukkah...  
Happy  
Festivus...The



pendulum seems to be swinging away from the all-purpose "Happy Holidays", requiring the use of more keystrokes, bytes, and print ink to ensure we don't offend anyone. Of course, if you don't worry about offending...well, you get to say anything you want I suppose.

But, politics aside, seeing those greetings in the 'Edge means it's time once again for the Chapter-with-the-most-zeroes to gather in far-off Kwartz Hill to celebrate the season with Kamaraderie and good cheer. It also means that the arrival of fall/winter weather has probably reduced the amount of aviation adventures you usually see in this newsletter space. Indeed, since the last installment of the K<sup>2</sup>, the **VC-180** has languished in her chilly hangar. **Mrs. Kommandant** and I spent the Thanksgiving weekend in

Eureka with family, and that usually means tales of low clouds, poor visibility, and icy wings grace these pages, but this time we chose to let United Airlines (operated by Skywest as United Express) whisk us from LAX to ACV via SFO. Reasons for this departure from the usual mode of Skywagon travel included the probability for the aforementioned nasty weather elements and a relatively robust pile of United frequent flyer miles.

Most of you have heard my rant about the wisdom of that decision and the trials and tribulations of taking the "bus" and leaving the "driving" to UA (a paraphrase referenced to what ancient ad campaign?) For those of you who didn't get the blow-by-blow description of the trip yet, come on out to Festivus where the story will be re-told as necessary and embellished as well. We are intending to fly the **Fightin' Skywagon** to Petaluma Christmas week to again cavort with family so there will be an aerial adventure to recount in the next edition of the 'Edge.



**Dessert table at the Kommandant's TPS Retirement Ceremony, as baked by PPO Tuki. That's a tower of Tuki Kukis, a tower of snickerdoodles, and individual cakes (vanilla, chocolate, and lemon) spelling out "THANKS FOR 28 YEARS". The event was hosted by PPO Vanhoy, with speaking parts by PPO Erbman, PPO Opie, PPO Machat, PPO Kanard, PPO Steinlin, and others. Mrs. Kommandant was well pleased.**

Other news from the **Kommandant's Kwarters** includes my impending retirement from my long stint at the USAF Test Pilot School. After 28 years as a TPS-staff instructor pilot and flight test engineer, 1 January 2018 will see me unemployed and transitioning to a life of leisure. It's a bit of a bittersweet transition to be sure as I love molding young flight test minds, but after of total of 44 years of combined military and contractor service to the nation I thought it was time to pass the baton to a new(er) generation of flight test mentors. And...to address the question I know is on your lips...no, we don't have any immediate plans to leave the area and I do not have any scheduled activities or new career plans other than spending more time on MY schedule and MY priorities (**Mrs. Kommandant**, notwithstanding). I've been practicing retirement for the last five years or so on my

reduced workweek schedule (I believe in the build-up approach) and I'm confident I can fill the other three weekdays with productive activities...or at least more naps.

So, if you wish to be among the last to see me while I'm still employed, wrap up your **Kommandant's Krap Exchange** item and report around sharply to Kwartz Hill on the 19th for our Festivus Celebration! Until then,

Fly Safe and Check 6.

- Gary Aldrich  
Kommanding

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### Shipping Highly Desirable Perishable Stuff By Bearhawk

Based on the press you see and articles you read, most people see the Bearhawk as a STOL capable airplane for flying into the back country. Wannabee bush pilots (and possibly actual bush pilots) put humongous tires on the landing gear and set out to land on unprepared areas that only bear a passing resemblance to runways. While that is fine and good for those who choose to do that, I personally have little to no interest in putting my airplane somewhere that it shouldn't be that is probably beyond my skill as a pilot.

No, I chose the Bearhawk because I liked the high wing and I was looking for something in the carrying capacity size of a 4-seater. I intended to operate it from prepared airport to prepared airport, which is why it has the "little" 6.00x6 tires and wheel pants. I didn't even consider an RV-10 because it didn't exist in 1996. Regardless of how you operate it, a Bearhawk will carry a whole lot of "stuff". Rather than taking me somewhere to do something, this is a story of using the airplane to get highly desirable "stuff".

One of the subtle benefits of being in the Air Force is a chance to live in several different places and find things that you really enjoy. Unfortunately, some of those things you come to greatly enjoy are not available to you when you move to a new location. I'm always amused at the people who move out here to the Mojave Desert and then are surprised that they can't still do everything that they did at their last base.

Many such things that aren't available everywhere revolve around food. Among these things is ice cream. I'm sure you have your favorite brand, but my favorite brand is **Blue Bell**. I'm sure **JDIII** will agree. I'm a native Texan, and Blue Bell ice cream is made in Brenham TX and Sylacauga AL. It is the richest, creamiest premium ice cream I have ever found. In graduate school at **Texas A&M** we used to call it "The National Ice Cream of Texas". You may have heard about it in the news a few years back when they had to cease all production because of listeria problems. Being down for a year and a half to rebuild your plants would have bankrupted most companies, but Blue Bell fanatics were so dedicated that the company is back up and running and selling as well or

better than ever. If you've never seen Blue Bell, that probably means you don't live in the southern half of the United States. That may also mean you live in California, like I do. The nearest Blue Bell sellers are in Arizona. At the 2010 Copperstate Fly-In, I introduced **Tuki** to Blue Bell, and she was immediately and fanatically hooked.

One of our favorite restaurants is **Cracker Barrel**. If you've lived in the United States and traveled on the Interstate Highway system, you've probably at least seen a billboard advertising a Cracker Barrel. That is, unless you've only been in California. It seems there are no Cracker Barrels in California (at least not yet). **Tuki** was introduced to Cracker Barrel while visiting friends in North Carolina in 2009, though I had known about it for many years prior to that. She also became fanatically hooked.

Now our problem with both of these was that living near Edwards Air Force Base in California, the nearest Cracker Barrel is in Kingman AZ. Likewise, the closest store selling Blue Bell ice cream is also in Kingman AZ. For a long time, I have been trying to work out a plan to make **Tuki** happy(er) by bringing her food from Cracker Barrel and Blue Bell ice cream from Kingman. Why not just take her there? **Emmy**, currently 2.9 years old, has flown before, but is at that stage where she knows things are bothering her but since she's not talking yet, she can't tell us what she wants. Flying became a long session of "wrong rock" (ask **Opie** if you're not familiar with this game) and **Tuki** decided that **Emmy** is not flying again until she can talk.

I have transported Cracker Barrel and Blue Bell before, but there were some twists this time that made the mission trickier.

Travel there by car would take at least 4.5 to 5 hours. But we have an airplane, and Kingman has a very nice airport. However, the problem with using an airplane is always the "last mile" problem. That is, you can get to the airport, but how do you get from the airport to your final destination? One option is a rental car. There used to be rental car service at the airport, but this went away when the commercial airline service went away. Enterprise will "come pick you up", which I actually tried once, but it just seemed ridiculous. It is a 16 minute drive one way from the airport to the car rental place, where you fill out the paperwork to drive the car to Cracker Barrel only two blocks away. This is fine if you are staying the night, but if you are just popping into town to leave again it all seems so silly. Also, you have to be quick, since they don't stay open that late on a Saturday.

Another option is the airport courtesy car. The concerns here are they are typically first-come, first-serve, and you never really know what you're going to get. I had heard some good things about the AirZona FBO, but they were only open Monday through Friday, so this wasn't an option if I was going on a Saturday.

What about an Uber? I didn't even check to see if such was available. Besides the fact that I needed to be transporting around some sizeable ice chests and I had four

different places to go, I'm not a real fan of the Uber concept. You may like it, but I don't care for it.

Things finally lined up to give this operation a try on the Friday before Labor Day. The Air Force was having a "Family Day" on Friday with no flying, so it was easy to get time off. Because it was a Friday (and not a holiday) the FBO would be open, so a courtesy car should be available. Blue Bell had returned to Arizona five months earlier, so there was a very good chance that it would be available. This is how the mission went down.

I called the FBO about a week prior to confirm that they had a courtesy car. The night before, **Tuki** placed an online order to Cracker Barrel for a catering pack and called the restaurant to confirm they had the order. I loaded up the Bearhawk with the B-Kool air cooler because it still gets hot here in September. The B-Kool was filled with ice and water, and another small cooler (28 quart) held a backup 20 pounds of ice. A large 48 quart cooler was loaded (empty) for the main ice cream transport, and another empty 28 quart cooler for additional ice cream. I also installed my oxygen bottle because I was expecting to be at high altitudes to try to find the smooth air.

I took off Friday morning before 0800 for the 2.1 hour flight to Kingman. At a cruising altitude of 9,500 feet, the air was smooth and the winds were not too heinous. ADS-B Out/In is still a good thing for finding traffic I wouldn't see otherwise. It wasn't hot enough to need the B-Kool yet. The approach and landing at Kingman were nominal.

Arriving at Kingman, the first thing to do was to refuel the aircraft. Okay, the first thing to do was to visit the Porta-Potty, and then refuel the aircraft. Normally my procedure when refueling is to ground the aircraft, position the ladder, drag out the hose, then go stick in my credit card to authorize the sale. For some reason on this day, I authorized the sale first, possibly because I was thinking that this terminal had been hard to understand in the past. The sale was authorized, and then I realized that I had forgotten to do the rest. I positioned the ladder, I pulled out the grounding wire, and then the hose, which was binding and took a lot more futzing to get the hose out. By the time I got to the top of the ladder and squeezed the trigger...nothing happened. The authorization had timed out. I went back to the terminal, reauthorized the purchase, and filled up the airplane. I even talked to some other pilots who were refueling their airplane. Little did I realize what I had just done.

I fired up the Bearhawk and taxied over to a parking space. After tying down and securing the airplane, I walked into the FBO and was greeted with a friendly "What can I do for you?" I stated "I just finished filling up the airplane" to establish that I was a customer, and "Do you have a courtesy car I can borrow for a few hours?". She handed me the keys and I drove the car out to the airplane to load the ice chests. That's when all heck broke loose.

Suddenly I was getting fraud alert texts from my credit card company, phone calls from unattributed 800 numbers (that turned out to be the credit card company),

and texts from **Tuki** in California who was getting phone calls from the credit card company. It was a full court press to get to me, and I'm just trying to get off the airport. Then **Tuki** calls me and starts quizzing me. I explained what happened, and then drove to the local Wal-Mart parking lot. Sitting in the car air conditioning (yes, it was air conditioned, good thing in the desert heat), I got my stuff together, and called the credit card company to try to calm them down. It seems that two charges for the same amount in rapid succession (the fuel authorizations) away from my normal area had set off their fraud alert system. It didn't help that the previous day I had made a substantial charge to register for a conference that was simply attributed as "Paypal". I assured the rep on the phone that all of the charges were legitimate and there wasn't a problem, which seemed to take a lot longer than I thought it should.

With that taken care of, it was time to execute the mission. I zipped into Wal-Mart and confirmed that Blue Bell ice cream was indeed in stock. I then drove across the street and was seated immediately at the Cracker Barrel for lunch. I ordered lunch and informed the server about the to-go order and she confirmed it was in progress. Lunch was delivered and summarily consumed, followed by delivery of the to-go order. I visited the rest room, picked up more syrup, and paid for all of my acquisitions.

I then drove across the street to Smith's grocery, because I had previously determined that I could buy dry ice there. I placed the dry ice in the cooler I had brought in. It seemed weird carrying around my winter gloves in 90+ degree temperatures, but it was necessary for safety.

Back to Wal-Mart, I picked up 8 half-gallon cartons and 6 pint cartons. If the cashier thought this a weird purchase, she didn't say a thing. Back out to the car, I moved the eight half gallons into the big cooler. Now, if you should want to try this, the key is you can fit in two layers of 4 cartons each. This leaves 4 gaps that you put blocks of dry ice down into. The pints went into the other cooler with one block of dry ice.



I closed up both coolers and beat feet back to the airport. I reloaded ice into the B-Kool and loaded my booty into the airplane. This is where the benefits of the Bearhawk come into play. As you can see, there is a lot of

bulky, not very heavy stuff crammed into this airplane. Try doing that in an RV-7!



I returned the courtesy car, made my pre-flight potty stop, and unsecured the airplane. I turned on the B-Kool, and sitting in its blast of cool air made the ground ops at about 100 degrees F (38 degrees for those of you partial to the Celsius scale (**Opie**)) tolerable.

As I took off, I exposed the one great flaw in my plan. Up to this point, the whole mission was running remarkably on-time. But that's the problem. The schedule had me flying back from Kingman to Rosamond at 2 to 4 in the afternoon over the desert. "Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the noon-day sun" and glider pilots like to fly in the afternoon because the air is unstable with lots of thermals. Silly me thought I could get above all of this by climbing to 10,500 feet, but even at 12,500 feet (15,000 feet density altitude) I was still getting bounced around like a shuttlecock in a badminton game! What was I thinkin'? I didn't even talk to ATC for the longest time because I was afraid to let go of what little control I had! After about an hour or more it had settled down enough that I felt I could risk engaging the autopilot. Needless to say, this leg was quite stressful and exhausting.

I did manage to land safely, and got all of the precious cargo into the car and home. The ice cream went right into the waiting freezer, and **Tuki** immediately started chowing down on her much anticipated Cracker Barrel order. She won't let me include the picture of her at that moment, but suffice it to say that I succeeded in my quest to make her happy!

So I successfully used the **Combat Bearhawk** to go to the next state and bring home things that make my family happy. Was it worth it? Yes. Would I do it again? Surprisingly, probably not. The only real benefit of doing this mission was that I had an excuse to fly my airplane. I can mail order Blue Bell from their web site for about the same cost or less than what I paid in all of the associated expenses, including 100LL, and at a much lower stress level. As for Cracker Barrel, about March 2018 they will be opening their first in California in Victorville, about a 1.5 hour drive away. While getting Cracker Barrel and Blue Bell doesn't make much sense as the primary purpose

for a mission, if I already need to be flying that way anyway, it makes a great additional objective.

So don't just think of a Bearhawk as a back country ATV to get you to that remote spot. It can also be that pickup truck that you use to fetch things you really enjoy but can't get locally. If you will excuse me, it's time for ice cream.

- **Erbman**

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### Mary Goes Through With It—In Spite of Our Stories

On 14 October 2017, the 70th Anniversary of Supersonic Flight, **Mary Skinner** made good on her promise to marry **Stormy Weathers**, even with full knowledge of everything we had ever told her. And that's not a typo—**Mr. Weathers** was referred to as "**Stormy**", not "Scott" throughout the entire ceremony. We didn't see the actual marriage license official document to see how the name was listed there.



Serving as official witnesses for **EAA Chapter 1000** were **Erbman** and **Opie** and **Gail Dodson**. Best Man was Stormy's son **John Weathers**, who was able to break away from his job running lights for a touring Broadway show company. The four of us had breakfast with Stormy that morning at the local Cracker Barrel.

After the ceremony and checking out Mary's kissing Mickey and Minnie Mouse shoes, we all beat feet (beat tires?) across town to the reception venue. The reception was themed after the Monopoly game. Styrofoam tokens (cut by Stormy on the band saw) were provided as place card holders. Green houses and red hotels were placed on the tables. Two foot square property cards (on foam core) were placed on the tables and around the walls. One major change: the railroads were replaced with **Van's Aircraft**, **Cessna Aircraft**, **Piper Aircraft**, and **Mooney Aircraft**.

A sumptuous meal was provided, with a live band augmented by the church pianist, who plays some pretty good dance tunes too. The final song of the reception was "**I Want A Hippopotamus For Christmas**" which everyone gleefully sang along with. Apparently this was a

job at their church choir director who once made a very public statement that that song should never have been written.

- Erbman

### Erbman's Museum Crawl, Part 1 of ?

Erbman's recent mission to Texas for Stormy's wedding was originally planned for travel by **Combat Bearhawk** with plenty of days available for schedule slip. When, after extended weather watching, the mission was moved to a Southwest B737, that left several days available for visiting area aviation museums.

The **Frontiers of Flight Museum** is located at Dallas' Love Field (KDAL). A unique artifact is the sole **Vought V-173**, also known as the **Flying Flapjack**. Only one was built, and it was restored by retired Vought employees. It was built to test Charles H. Zimmerman's idea that the large induced drag of a low aspect ratio wing could be countered by "untwisting" the wingtip vortices with the opposite rotation of slipstream swirl from tip mounted propellers. The aircraft is mostly fabric covered, which resulted in the largest expanse of aircraft fabric I have ever seen. The horizontal tails are all-moving, and the mass balance weights can be seen in these pictures.

Pilots of this aircraft included Boone Guyton and Charles Lindbergh.



The powerplants were two buried Continental A-80 engines of 80 horsepower each, each driving 16.5 foot diameter propellers. These propellers were so effective that the aircraft had an extremely short takeoff and landing roll and could almost hover like a helicopter. In fact, the propellers were so large that the hub had to be articulated just like a helicopter rotor hub.



The cockpit was in the leading edge, and was entered using a ladder to climb in through a hatch in the bottom of the wing next to the pilot's seat. A stout cable with a loop in the end was presumably used as a hand hold for the pilot to lift himself into the seat.



The landing gear is unique, in that the wheel pants have spring loaded doors that open around the support struts when the springs are loaded (weight on wheels). In flight, the springs extend and the doors close around the struts to provide a streamlined shape. A Schrader valve is provided on the leading edge of the landing gear strut for servicing the gas cylinder. More in the future.

### 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**

Dec 12: CNX EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Dec 19: EAA Chapter 1000 Festivus Etc Celebration.** 6:00 p.m., Kommandant's Kwarters, 42370 61st Street West, Quartz Hill CA. (661) 609-0942

Jan 9: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

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

Feb 13: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Feb 20: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting,** 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

Mar 13: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Mar 20: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting,** 5:00 p.m., Edwards AFB. USAF Test Pilot School, Scobee Auditorium. (661) 609-0942

Apr 10: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Apr 17: EAA Chapter 1000 Monthly Meeting,** 6:30 p.m., Flying Dog Ranch, 4400 Knox Ave, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

May 8: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**May 19: EAA Chapter 1000 Annual Aviation Event,** To Be Determined. (661) 609-0942

Jun 12: EAA Chapter 1000 Board of Directors Meeting, 5:00 p.m., El Indio Restaurant, Rosamond Skypark, Rosamond CA. (661) 609-0942

**Jun 19: 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, George Gennuso, 3119 Lennox Ct, Palmdale CA 93551. Membership in National EAA (\$40, 1-800-843-3612) is required.

Contact our officers by e-mail:

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Vice President Hellmuth Steinlin: hellmuthsteinlin@hotmail.com

Secretary Kent Troxel: kenttroxel@sbcglobal.net

Treasurer George Gennuso: pulsar1@sbcglobal.net

**EAA Chapter 1000 Technical Assistants**

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<i>Wood Construction</i>		
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<i>Aluminum Sheet Metal Construction</i>		
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<i>Engine Installation</i>		
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<i>Electrical Systems</i>		
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<i>Instrumentation and avionics requirements for VFR/IFR</i>		
<b>Gary Aldrich</b>	gary.aldrich@pobox.com	661-609-0942

Inputs for the newsletter or any comments can be sent to Russ Erb, 661-256-3806, by e-mail to [erbman@pobox.com](mailto: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:**

**FESTIVUS CELEBRATION 19 DEC @ KOMMANDANT'S KWARTERS**

**LESS THAN EXCITING MEETING REPORTS**

**KOMMANDANT'S HOLIDAY GREETINGS**

**SHIPPING BY BEARHAWK**

