



THE CHINA LAKER

Vol. 19, No. 2

Newsletter of the China Lake Museum Foundation

Spring 2013

Fifty-Seven Years to Closure

By Bob Rockwell

May 24, 1952

My first ascent of Mt. Whitney was on May 24, 1952. Years later, I couldn't remember what possessed us to do it. There were five of us who started up that day: Burroughs High School buddies George Adam, Ben Woolever, Charlie Reed, Jim Hurtt, and me. At home in China Lake, it was summer-like, so we wore only T-shirts, Levis, and street shoes. We probably each took a light jacket, but no gloves or warm hats. Or canteens, or food except for a few Hershey's bars. Or packs, sunscreen, map, compass, flashlights. Or emergency bivouac gear. As I think back upon it now, I shudder.

We had driven to Whitney Portal (elevation 8,400') the night before, thrown sleeping bags on the ground, and started hiking around 7 AM. The trail was obvious until we got close to what we now know is Trail Camp (12,000'), but it had been a big snow year, and we found ourselves stymied. The trail was no longer visible. It was early afternoon, and Charlie and Jim had long since decided to stay below and fish.

Seeing no sign of the trail, we looked north and thought, "That looks like the highest thing around. Must be Whitney." So we headed in the direction of what I learned later is Pinnacle Ridge and the face of Third Needle. Climbing higher, we soon found ourselves on increasingly steeper snow. It was firm enough and holding us, but at one point Ben punched through. He was stopped only by his outstretched arms, and we helped him out of the hole. Peering down into the depths, all we could see was darkness and we knew this was not a good place to be. Besides, above us, the snow gave way to near-vertical rock. But from our vantage point we could look back and see outlines of switchbacks on the snow above Trail Camp to the south. Aha!

So, at about 3 PM, we reversed track and started up the switchbacks. Ben had been complaining of a severe headache and serious sunburn and decided to head down. George and I told him we would be back at Whitney Portal before dark, and continued on.

As we climbed, the temperatures dropped because we were now in the shade, and we grew tired. By 6 PM, we had gone over Trail Crest Pass (13,600') and were on the west-facing slopes, in the warm sun again. In an hour we could see Mt. Whitney's summit in the distance, with a building on top. We kept going, but very slowly, stopping every few minutes to rest.

Soon, we realized we could be in trouble. The sun would set in an hour or so, and there would be no moon for light. We were getting very cold, and knew we should have turned around long ago. But if we turned back now, there wasn't even a remote chance of getting down this day. We had seen no other people, so had the entire mountain to ourselves. This also meant there was no one around to help us out. Our only hope was to gain the shelter of the summit hut. We finally reached it around 9 PM, well after dark. Hopefully, there would be a fireplace and wood inside, and water, and some food. Maybe even cots and blankets. Instead, what we found was an open doorway leading to a single large, cold, dark, and empty room. The door had been blown off by winter storms and was lying outside on the ground. Actually, the inside of the hut was not empty. It was full of hard, consolidated, snow. We were very cold, and our fingers and toes were numb. And we were indeed in trouble!

(Continued on page 2)

(Fifty-Seven Years to Closure cont'd)

We devised a plan. We would use sharp rocks to chisel out a flat area in the snow, big enough to get the door inside and lay it horizontal. It took a long time because of the darkness and because the snow was so hard, but we finally got the job done. It was well after 11 PM. We put the door inside and each sat on an end, facing each other. When we removed our wet shoes and socks, they were frozen solid within a minute. We placed our bare feet in each other's armpits to try to warm them up. We shivered almost continuously all night long. I dozed off now and then, probably for no more than a few minutes each time.

A little before 5 AM, through the doorway we could see the sky in the east showing a tinge of light. We looked forward to soon feeling the sun's rays. Suddenly there was a bright flash of light—also in the east—and, about ten minutes later, a dull rumbling. We knew instantly what it was.

This was during the era of atmospheric A-bomb testing at Yucca Flat in Nevada. Tests were being conducted every few months by the Los Alamos Laboratory in New Mexico. The reflection of the flashes off clouds could often be seen from quite a distance and, back home at China Lake, school officials had sometimes let us out to view them when they were expected during class time.

But we were not at China Lake. We were at 14,496 feet above sea level, well situated for a flash from 125 miles away that was even seen in Los Angeles, at a distance of 300 miles!

We pounded our frozen socks and shoes into submission, put them on, and headed down. We got to Whitney Portal a little after noon, and our friends could relax. I don't remember anything about George's injuries, but I had some frostbite on my fingers, toes, ears, and nose. I was sporting scabs and walking around in slippers for several weeks: awfully embarrassing for a young high school football jock.

Climbing Mt. Whitney was not a particularly popular thing back then, and the base newspaper, *The Rocketeer*, printed a short article. The article concluded, "Although proud of their achievement, the group decided 'never again.'" Well, we did go again—or at least I did.

Our attempt at a day climb had consumed 14 hours up and 7 hours down: not very fast by current standards, but memorable for several reasons: my first climb of Mt. Whitney, my first time overnighting in the summit hut, my first encounter with frostbite, and the surprise witnessing of that atomic blast. I've told the 1952 story many times over the years, but the details have dimmed. Early on, I began to wonder about the reality of that atomic blast. Perhaps I had it confused with others that had been reported in the newspapers around that time. Or perhaps I had dreamed it. After all, my mental faculties were not particularly keen that morning!

George and I went our separate ways a few years after the climb, and he died in 1974. By the time I became really intrigued about this question, it was too late to ask him what he remembered. But later, when going through my mother's things after she died in 1998, I found a copy of *The Rocketeer* clipping. She had saved it for all those years. The clipping verified that we had reported seeing the atomic flash, but that still didn't answer the "dream" possibility. So I have always been unsure.

Since 1952, I've summited Mt. Whitney well over 150 times, even managing a half dozen ascents while it was still the nation's highest mountain, before Alaska—with Mt. McKinley—was proclaimed a state in 1959. Most of my ascents have been by the main trail, although about 25% have been on the more difficult Mountaineer's Route, and 10% on technical routes (ropes and hardware required)—six different ways in all.

May 24, 2002

A particularly memorable main trail climb was on May 24, 2002—exactly fifty years after my first. Coincidentally, it was my 100th ascent of the mountain. Several of my friends had heard of my plans, and went up the Mountaineer's Route to meet me on top. They brought along some wine, gifts, and greeting cards. I had purchased \$2 gift certificates for Baskin Robbins ice cream and handed them out to everyone on the summit that day, writing on

(Continued on page 3)

(Fifty-Seven Years to Closure cont'd)

the back what the celebration was all about. Then I descended, only to return the following day for my 101st ascent. I enjoy mountaineering for several reasons, but just having fun at it is on top of the list.

August 7, 2003

It was toward the end of a week's vacation in Santa Fe that my wife Sheila and I decided to drive the short distance to Los Alamos and visit the Bradbury Science Museum there. This museum features exhibits interpreting the accomplishments of the Los Alamos Laboratory, starting with those during the Manhattan Project, the later atomic tests in Nevada, and on up to the present. The AAA Tourbook calls it a "Gem" attraction, and it certainly was! Rather than the hour or so we expected to spend there, it turned out instead to be the entire day.

The docents staffing the museum were very helpful and friendly, asking repeatedly if they could answer any questions. At one point a thought popped into my mind and I quickly responded, "Do you keep records of events that have occurred, even as long ago as fifty years?" The answer was affirmative. I asked, "What can you tell me about the atomic detonation at Yucca Flat on May 24, 1952?" Unfazed, the docent said she would check on the computer, and disappeared into a nearby room. Fifteen minutes later, the answer: "There is nothing like that in the computer for that date." I was crestfallen.

But she said there was another possibility. She urged me to write to Dr. Roger A. Meade, a retired physicist from Los Alamos and the museum's Archivist and Historian. "Pose your question to him. Under the Freedom of Information Act, he will have to tell you what is known about it." Back home, I drafted a letter to Dr. Meade, but with little hope. I knew he would just go to the same computer records. Nevertheless, I asked first of all if there was indeed an atomic test on May 24, 1952. If so, could he please tell me about it: the code name, the yield, the purpose, height-above-ground, etc.? I am a physicist as well as a mountaineer, and explained why I was interested. But just before I mailed it, I realized that the date was wrong. We had indeed climbed Mt. Whitney on May 24, 1952—but had witnessed the atomic blast *the following morning, on the 25th!* I retrieved the letter from my mailbox, corrected it, and sent it off.

August 22, 2003

The letter from Dr. Meade arrived. It consisted of a single paragraph:

"At 1200 Zulu time (5:00 Pacific time) on May 25, 1952, TUMBLER-SNAPPER-Fox was detonated at the Nevada Test site with a yield of 11 kilotons. You are quite fortunate to have seen the shot, since it was originally set to be fired on May 20th. Fox failed to detonate on the 20th and was rescheduled for the 25th. I have enclosed a *Collier's* article from 1952 that describes the misfire. I hope this information is of use."

Well, the information certainly was of use! The *Collier's* magazine article was absolutely fascinating. It was titled, "When an A-Bomb Misfires," and describes the job that deputy test director Dr. John C. Clark faced on May 20. They had no way to know what went wrong, just that somewhere in the labyrinthine web of tens of thousands of miles of wires and connections, which led from the control room to the bomb, 10 miles away and 300 feet in the air, something hadn't happened. The bomb had to be disarmed, and Clark had to do it. While there was no reason why the bomb should explode now, there was also no certainty that it wouldn't.

An hour and a half later, Clark (a 49-year-old bachelor with no living kin), accompanied by bomb circuitry specialists Barney O'Keefe (32, wife and three children) and John Wieneke (34, wife and two children), were in a Dodge sedan heading for the test site. At first they drove with the car's visors down, hoping to prevent blindness if the bomb decided to go off. A mile from the tower, they raised the visors. Being blinded was the least of their worries now. At the tower, they climbed hand over hand on the 300-foot vertical ladder. An elevator had been in place during the construction and preparation of the bomb, but it had been removed before the test. The men had their tools, attached to rope slings over their shoulders. The door to the bomb's enclosure had been wired shut to prevent access in

(Continued on page 5)

Adopt A Missile



Claudia Sound is the very first person to adopt a missile with our “Adopt A Missile” Program. She adopted the Sidewinder missile in honor of her husband Alan, who worked on the Sidewinder.

President’s Message by Bob Campbell

With the threat of sequestration and furloughs, this year portends to be tumultuous, impacting many. We are sensitive to the economic dynamics that may or may not impact your ability to again participate as you have in the past. However, we also wanted to share some of the milestones we have accomplished and are in the process of implementing to help preserve and share our history with the public and future leaders (military and corporate).

First, we have finalized negotiations with Kern County for the lease of two parcels (one acre and five acres) in Ridgecrest. We plan to build on the five-acre parcel and will use the one-acre parcel for additional outdoor exhibits. We hope to have the first exhibit deployed on the one-acre parcel by the end of this year. The parcels are adjacent to the existing Maturango Museum (natural history) and will form a museum complex for the city. Public access and our visibility will be significantly enhanced once we have relocated.

We are still raising the necessary funds to support the new building and new exhibits, while also raising funds to support operations of the current Museum and educational outreach in Science, Technology, Engineering, and Math (STEM) for youths through the “So You Want To Be A Rocket Scientist?” program.

We are currently developing a comprehensive exhibit on the Walleye weapon--the first electro-optical guided, air-to-surface weapon, invented and developed at China Lake. The exhibit will open in November, the 50th anniversary of the first successful Walleye flight on the ranges at China Lake.

Coincidentally, this year marks the 20th anniversary of the establishment of the CLMF as a 501c3 educational non-profit corporation, and the 70th anniversary of the establishment of the Naval Ordnance Test Station (NOTS), China Lake. The CLMF supports the Museum, depicting the many innovative developments by the military-scientist-industrial partner team.

We look forward to your continued support. If you have any questions or suggestions, please do not hesitate to call me at 760-377-7085.

(Fifty-Seven Years to Closure cont'd)

the interim, and had to be hacksawed open. Inside, there was a telephone, and they used it to dial the control room. They left the phone off the hook and talked as they worked. If the bomb exploded now, at least there would be some information upon which to try to reconstruct events.

To bring this part of the story to a close, they were of course successful. An instrumentation malfunction had blocked the firing circuit. Fox was finally detonated five days later—in time for two 16-year-old kids to see it from the top of Mt. Whitney. Fox was the sixth test in the Tumbler-Snapper series. Its weight was 2,700 lb., and the yield 11 kilotons—a little over half that of Little Boy, dropped on Hiroshima seven years earlier. The mushroom cloud reached 41,000 feet into the sky.

A friend of mine who has developed a “sighting program” wrote me that we could have easily seen ground zero from our 14,496-foot vantage point. It would have appeared through the saddle between Keynot Peak and New York Butte in the Inyo Mountains. Furthermore, from Mt. Whitney, the top of the mushroom cloud would have been a full two degrees above the horizon. So we indeed saw the flash itself, not merely its reflection from clouds in the area.

March 28, 2009

Ben, the other friend who went up that day, has an excellent memory, and it finally occurred to me to ask what he remembered. I telephoned, and he said that we had recently seen the movie, “*The White Tower*,” filmed in the Swiss Alps and starring Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains, Lloyd Bridges, and Cedric Hardwicke. A very interesting and intricate story with fantastic scenery and some exciting old-style climbing footage. Ben told me that we decided to climb Mt. Whitney because of the movie. Noticing that the actors had ice axes, we fashioned our own imitations. Our “ice axes” would be pieces of 1” x 1” wood sticks from our high school woodshop class, 15” long and sharpened on one end. We would stab them into the slope if we happened to slip.

Finally, after almost 57 years, I am confident that all the pieces of this puzzle have fallen into place. Mountaineering has become a major part of my life, the enjoyment of which rivals that from my long and rewarding career working at China Lake, and it is interesting to know how it all started. The full story, with links to the *Collier's* article and several pictures, can be viewed at: <http://www.ridgenet.net/~rockwell/Climbing/AbombStory.pdf>.



The China Lake Horse Cavalry

During WWII, much of the Naval Ordnance Test Station was rapidly being built during 1944 and 1945. This was the period of miles of open ditches and sandstorms— sometimes called “termination winds.” Capt. Sherman E. Burroughs, the first NOTS commander, had concerns for his personnel at China Lake as well as those remaining at the Inyokern airfield. High on his list of concerns was that of recreation.

It was the “Skipper’s” concern for the welfare of his men that led to the development of a special recreation area for the military personnel of NOTS. This area on the south edge of the Sequoia National Forest some 30 miles away—250 acres of grazing land, trees, and a trout stream— was loaned to the Station by the Paul Gardiner family as a contribution to the war effort. Burroughs had a jeep road built to the otherwise inaccessible area, and arranged for tents, a wooden cook-shack, and a small mess hall.

Camp Burroughs, as it was called, offered a special kind of diversion to those who hungered for a peaceful, natural environment. It provided an interesting change of scenery from the desert. The men were allowed to go there for their liberties on a rotational basis.

Burroughs was always on the lookout for an opportunity to augment the recreational resources of the retreat that bore his name. One of these ideas reveals not only his regard for his command’s welfare, but also his initiative and ingenuity in accomplishing a goal. In this case, the first step in meeting a recreational need was to requisition horses from the Army to form the “NOTS Horse Patrol.”

Ostensibly, Burroughs’ request to the Army Remount Officer in Los Angeles was valid. The Station was confronting a serious security problem in that building supplies and materials were being pilfered at an alarming rate. The Navy’s use of horse patrols was not unprecedented; they had been used in California at the Navy bases at Port Hueneme and San Pedro. But in addition to the inherently bizarre idea of sailors riding Army horses in the desert, there is a gentle, lighthearted humor throughout the correspondence negotiating the equine transfer. In one letter, Lieutenant (jg.) Frank H. Habicht stated that he had “been nominated Vice President in Charge of Horses” and conveyed his thanks for the Army Field Manual on Animal Transport, which had helped the sailors understand their new charges a little better.

The transfer was successfully concluded as noted in a letter acknowledging the happy receipt of the horses. Habicht wrote: “The horses and gear arrived in very good shape and were promptly taken care of at this end. The only exception was “Snuffy,” (the black) had

(Continued on page 10)

Volunteers!



**HELP
WANTED**

We need your help for the Gift Shop, Greeters, Docents, and all around help. If you would like to become one of our wonderful volunteers please call Teri (760) 939-3530.

Claudia Sound started volunteering when Alan Alpers drafted her in 2000. Since then she has loved coming once a month to volunteer as a greeter on Wednesdays. She loves meeting new people from all around the world. She also loves

working with the staff.

Her husband worked on the Sidewinder Missile before retiring.



Chantal Andrews started volunteering with the China Lake Museum in 2001. She started volunteering with her sister, Claudia, as one of our Wednesday greeters. Chantal loves the Navy, as her daughter and son-in-law are both serving.

Chantal loves that the atmosphere with the China Lake Museum staff is so pleasant and open.

Wanting to see our two wonderful volunteers, visit on the 2nd Wednesday of every month.

To volunteer alongside these two beautiful women please contact Teri Sandy in the Gift Shop (760) 495-2607.

Excitement in the Gift Shop!



License Plate Frames



China Lake Museum Challenge coin

We have so many **NEW** and **EXCITING** items in the gift shop.

Please come check it out!

Operating hours:

10am-4pm Monday-Saturday

(760) 939-3530



Luggage Tags



China Lake Museum Foundation

13th Annual Dinner & Auction

Saturday, June 1 at 5:00pm

The Foundation is seeking auction donations for all categories:

- Live, Silent, and Raffle

Contact the Museum office (760) 939-3530 to make a donation.

Purchase your tickets at the Gift Shop or Chamber of Commerce.

\$50 Per Ticket

\$250 Reserved Seating for 2

\$1,000 Family Table for 8

\$1,500 Corporate Table for 8

Last day to buy tickets:

Saturday, May 25, 2013

South Sea Hawaiian Theme

Live and Silent Auction

Raffle (must be present to win)

Cash Bar



Recognition in Program

\$500 Full Page

\$250 1/2 Page

\$150 1/4 Page

\$50 Business Card

Majority of the proceeds earmarked for new museum in Ridgecrest!



Don't forget our conference room is open! If you are interested in reserving our newly renovated conference room, please call Teri Sandy (760)939-3530.

(The China Lake Horse Cavalry cont'd)

skinned up his left hind leg. We doctored this up immediately and so far the horse has no limp and shows no ill effects.”

In the same letter, a hint is given as to the true destiny of the “patrol” horses: “Temporarily, we have the horses in a pasture on the ranch where our summer camp is located, as we still have no facilities here in the desert and have not yet received the forage which we requested.”

From the onset, Snuffy, Jiggs, Buck, Devil, Sherman, Jasper, Four-F, and Lee were destined to enjoy the softest duty of an Army-Navy career. Even after the stables were completed at China Lake and the horses returned to the desert, their mission shifted from that of the “NOTS Horse Patrol” to recreation. But the modest cluster of stables represented only a small concession to recreation in a growing community where, for the most part, the word “recreation” was synonymous with leaving town for a few days in a pooled transportation, the Trona Stage (bus line), or the CalTech Shuttle (a Navy bus or station wagon depending on the number of passengers).

A Horse of a Different Color

During the 1970s, China Lake made the national news, with a column written by widely distributed, muck-raking columnist, Jack Anderson. Anderson wrote that a China Lake employee had used the newly initiated credit card system for buying supplies (which greatly facilitated reduction in paperwork and decreased response time) to charge several hundred dollars at a local saloon.

It seems a China Lake range guard needed a horse to replace his that became lame, so he used his Navy credit card to buy a replacement. Unfortunately, the seller of the horse operated a saloon, and took payment for the horse on the saloon account. The name of the horse: Half-A-Jug!

Works Cited

Gerrard-Gough, J.D., and Albert B. Christman. *History of the Naval Weapons Center, China Lake California, Vol. 2. The Grand Experiment at Inyokern: Narrative of the Naval Ordnance Test Station During the Second World War and the Immediate Postwar Years.* Washington: Naval History Div., 1978.



WE NEED YOU!

The China Lake Museum Foundation is seeking volunteers to help with the upcoming Annual Dinner Auction Fundraiser on June 1st.

Volunteers get to meet new people, learn new skills, create deep friendships, and never say, "I am bored and have nothing to do!"

We have volunteer opportunities, large and small, in the areas of advertising, publicity, donation solicitations, auction planning, program planning, logistics, database input, and management, decorations, invitations, program publication, reservations, and more! Please come be part of this opportunity to help "Share the Dream" of our future Naval Museum of Armament and Technology building.

Contact: Bob Campbell

760-377-7085 or bobralice@verizon.net

Auction! Auction! Auction!

Remember the New Dinner and Auction will be Saturday, June 1, 2013!

Your Foundation's Auction Planning Committee is creating a new program for the dinner and auction. The program promises to be better each year, so don't miss it! The main event and evening's excitement will be the Live and Silent Auctions, which are planned this year to ensure everyone can participate and take home outstanding, top quality items. The Dinner and Auction programs are the main fundraisers for the Foundation. For it to be successful, we not only need your participation at the Dinner and Auction, but we need your donations of items to be auctioned off. Therefore:

Consider what you can donate to the Auction. June 1st is just around the corner, so don't delay in getting those donations under way. They can range from: fine art to great holiday gifts to household items, hobby, craft, collections, antiques, notable books, and historical items, etc. (All of which can be used as tax deductions.) Use your imagination for your tax deductible donation.

Please bring all donations to the Museum or call and we will pick them up. If you have ideas for making this our most successful event ever, or if you would like to volunteer to participate in preparing for the Dinner and Auction Program, please call:

Bob Campbell at 760-377-7085 or bobralice@verizon.net

OR

*Becki Cornett at the Museum 760-939-3530 or clmf1@chinalakemuseum.org
or becki.cornett1202@gmail.com*

You help put the pieces together for the museum!

Business Members

A Ridgecrest Septic Service
Alta One FCU
Ashley Furniture Home Store
The Boeing Company
C. Martin Company
Carriage Inn
Cosner-Neipp Corporation
Daily Independent
Desert Valleys Federal Credit Union
Edward Jones Investment
Electric Motor Works Inc.
Friends of Christine Lizardi Frazier
IWV Insurance Agency
Jacobs Naval Systems Group
Kernville Chamber of Commerce
Daniel T. Kus, DDS
Lone Star Aerospace
McDonald's
McKee Electric Co.
The MIL Corporation
Neely Accountancy Corp.
Northrop Grumman Corp.
Raytheon Company
Rain for Rent
Ridgecrest Automotive, LLC
Ridgecrest Moving and Storage Company, Inc.
San Joaquin Valley Quality Cotton Growers Assoc.
Southern Sierra General Engineering, Inc.
The Swap Sheet
Tejon Ranch Company
Toss

New Business Members

High Sierra Auto and Truck Repair

New Memberships

Michael Poirier

Museum Campaign Contributors from February 1, 2013– Present

Kenwood Benton
Curt and Gretchen Bryan
Bob and Alice Campbell
James and Joy Colvard
Jack and Pat Connell
Burrell and Lesta Hays
Don and Lela Herigstad
Paul and Pat Homer
T.C. Lyster
Frank Moreno
Clifton and Francisca Ransom
Alan and Claudia Sound
Katharine Stell
Raymond and Louise Wetzel

New Pledge Donor

RADM Thomas and Caroline Maddock

China Lake Museum Foundation

P.O. Box 217 · Ridgecrest, CA 93556-0217

General Office– 760-939-3530 clmfl@chinalakemuseum.org

760-939-0564 fax

Board of Directors

Bob Campbell

President

Jack Latimer

Craig Porter

Directors

Bob Aslanian

Mike Benton

Peggy Breedon

Pat Connell

David Davila

Larry Lincicum

Development

Todd McKinney

Charles Roulund

Robert Smith

Exhibits Director

Christopher Toftner

Kathy Vejtasa

Charles White

Directors Emeriti

Milton Burford

John Di Pol

Wayne Doucette

Burrell Hays

Bill Porter

Jack Russell

Paul Homer

Alice Campbell

Trustees

RADM Bert Johnston, USN (ret.)

Dr. James E. Colvard

CAPT Glenn Tierney, USN (ret.)

RADM Bill Harris, USN (ret.)

Dr. Karen Higgins

Franklin H. Knemeyer

RADM M. G. Mathis, USN (ret.)

Stuart Witt

MajGen Jon Gallinetti, USMC (ret.)

Staff

Teri Sandy

Becki Cornett

Office Manager

Office Assistant

Thank you for getting your newsletter sent to you electronically!

We save money!

You get it faster and in **color!**

Museum Campaign

In addition to our annual Dinner Auction, we are very excited to tell you about two projects we will be kicking off in June. One is our new static display that will be the first phase of moving the Museum off base. We already have a signed lease from the County and they are funding the initial infrastructure costs. We will need approximately \$35,000 to complete the project. We will be displaying weapons and aircraft, which will have to be mounted, and we will need a low fence around part of the perimeter. Contributors will be able to have their name displayed on the fence or possibly a monument also erected on this site. The larger the donation, the more space.

The other project for the summer will be the establishment of the fund for the Larry Zabel Memorial conference room and gallery to be built in the China Lake Museum in Ridgecrest. We estimate that the room will be 1,000 sq. ft. at a build cost of \$150,000. The gallery will not only have a permanent display of Larry's China Lake commemorative and naval art, it will also serve as the administrative conference room to support meetings and other special art exhibits. A contributor will be able, with one large donation, to have the room named after an individual or company. If we obtain many small donors, their names will be proudly displayed on one wall in the room. We intend to have an artist's rendition for both projects and an opportunity for donations at the Dinner Auction and will have a more fully developed description of the projects mentioned above.

We hope to have two or three Cultivation Dinners this summer. These events are supported by generous Foundation members that host individuals in their home, so we can introduce them to our passion for the Museum.

One last fundraising event that I will be working on is a golf tournament for later in the fall at the China Lake Golf Course. The event will include local celebrities and a catered lunch. More information to follow as I work out the details.

I welcome any suggestions you have, or offers of support regarding any of the above projects. There are naming opportunities for other spaces within the future Museum. My email is paconnell@huges.net.

Pat Connell
VP Development



YES!

I want to help build a new Museum in Ridgecrest!

Please accept my payment of:

Your gift is tax deductible to the fullest extent of the law for a 501(C)(3) organization.

CLMF

P.O. Box 217

- \$100
- \$200
- \$500
- \$1,000
- \$5,000
- _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Enclosed is my Check Visa MasterCard Other _____

Card Number: _____

Expiration Date: _____ CVC: _____

Signature: _____