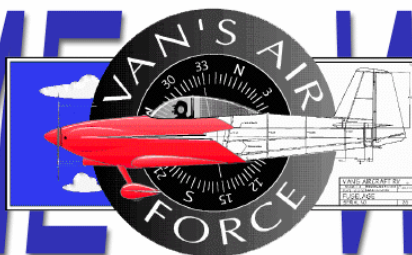


HOME WING



Newsletter of the Home Wing of Van's Air Force — Builders and Fliers of Van's RV Series Aircraft



Home Winger Jeff Jasinsky caught in the morning light in the back seat of the editor's RV-8. Photo taken at Daybreak airstrip after a dawn air-to-air photo shoot around Mount St. Helens. Jeff says he'd rather be flying his own RV-8, which should be completed within the next year or so.

Events Calendar



Meeting coordinator:

Randall Henderson
503-297-5045
randallh@attbi.com

MONTHLY MEETING:

(2nd Thursday every month, various locations, 7:00 pm)
The September meeting will be at Pat Casey and Glenn Miller's RV-9A project. Pat and Glenn are currently working on their wings. The project/meeting will be at US Filter Corporation, located in an old Aerodrome facility (sorry, the airport's been closed so no fly-ins).

Project: Pat Casey & Glenn Miller's RV-9A project
Address: 9115A NE 117thAve., Orchards, WA
Date: Thursday September 12, 2002
Time: 7:00 pm
Phone: 360-921-0192

Driving directions:

From I-205 north, take the 83rd street exit. Turn right at the stop sign, go east to the second stop light (117th), turn left and go approximately 1/4 mile, look for Rumor's Restaurant on the right hand side of the road. U.S. Filter is behind Rumor's. Park in the lot; there will be signs direct you to the meeting.

From I-5, take Highway 14 to 205 and then follow the above directions.

Future meeting schedule:

Oct: Charlie Kaluza RV-6, Oak Grove
Nov: t.b.d.
Dec: t.b.d.

Meeting places are always needed: if you'd be interested in hosting a meeting please contact Randall Henderson at 503-297-5045 or randallh@attbi.com

Subscription Due Dates

Mail subscribers: Your renewal date is in the upper right corner of your mailing label. Use the form at the back of this newsletter if there are any changes, otherwise just mail a check to the editor, or pay at a meeting.

E-mail subscribers: Look for your name and renewal date in the e-mail that the newsletter is attached to.

All subscription data is tracked in an Access database. Data entry errors can happen - if you find an error in your renewal date please contact the editor.

EAA CHAPTER 105 Pancake Breakfast:

First Saturday of every month at Twin Oaks Airpark, 8:00 am, \$5.00 (usually lot's of RVs to look at too!)

This month: 9/7/2002

EAA CHAPTER 105 Monthly Meeting:

Third Thursday of every month at the EAA 105 hangar/clubhouse, Twin Oaks Airpark, 7:00 pm.
www.eaa105.org for details

This month: 9/19/2002

EAA CHAPTER 902 Monthly Meeting:

Second Wednesday of every month, Mulino Airport in the OPA building. Info: Bob Boring at 503-661-7627

This month: 9/11/2002

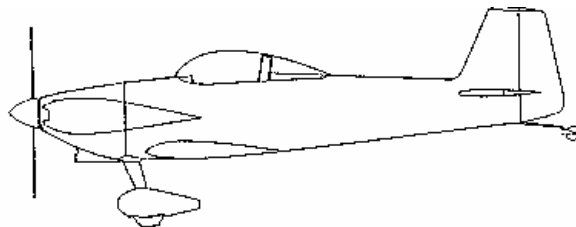


Yes, Bob Nuckolls is coming to town, the date has now been confirmed. The AeroElectric Connection Seminar has been set for the weekend of October 12th & 13th.

Location: **Twin Oaks Airpark
EAA Chapter 105 Hanger**

For more information, or to reserve your spot, the sign up sheet is posted at:

www.aeroelectric.com/seminars/hillsboro.html



It's only a pound : EPILOGUE

By Don Wentz

My list is now complete: I've finished working on all (actually, not ALL) of the things I needed/wanted to do to my RV-6. I found many ways to make it lighter, better, more reliable, lower maintenance, etc. Rather than list them here, you can recap them in the previous series of articles.

Now that the RV is flying again, I can try to specifically mention the outcome of the changes that are evident. 'First' flight was uneventful, a couple of minor problems, and lasted for an hour due to the need to break-in those new cylinders. It occurred on Sunday a week after our fly-in (note that all 3 of my 'first flights' – original, new CS prop, and post rebuild ALL occurred in June, near the Fly-in time – hmmm). I now have over 35 hours on it and have worked-out most bugs, with a couple to go.

Oh yes, the question you're all asking – just how much weight did all my efforts yield? 53 pounds! We took some steps to satisfy ourselves that the weights were accurate, and the end result is 1998 post CS prop weight was 1132 lbs (oil, no fuel), and this time 1079 lbs. That plus my personal 40 lbs means my baggage is now 'free' (CG notwithstanding, of course). The CG is still fairly fwd at 70.08 empty, but is fine with 2 std 170 lb pilots, full fuel and 50 lbs baggage at 74.5 inches. So, while I thought I was near 40 lbs removed, I was pleasantly surprised to see that I had made my 'stretch goal' of 50!! One last thing to do is to re-weigh it on one of the 2 sets of scales I used in 1998, just to make sure there isn't a big difference in the scales. I'll report back my findings.

General impressions and comments:

1 – Engine bay cleanup - I would have to say that this effort was well worth it. Not only did I remove weight, but it is so easy to access anything to work on it. My new 'solid' exhaust mounts didn't survive even that first hour, but it was easy to unbolt them and add the rubber tube vibration section. At the first oil change I was able to put a funnel with a hose on it under the spin-on filter allowing full draining and removal of the filter without spilling a drop of oil. Access to everything is great. So remember, don't put

anything 'behind' the motor if you can help it, leave that space as open as you can.

2 – Oil cooler – The new location at the back of the plenum works great. The other day I was cruising at 6500 feet, 90+ degrees and the oil temp was 185. The highest I've seen even after a hard climb is just under 200 degrees. Note that I used UMA 3/4" thick to space the cooler from the cylinder for airflow and to offset it away from the engine mount. I've heard that 'insulating' the cooler from the heat of the engine/baffle material might also contribute to cooling, which may explain why mine cools so well too.

3 – Plenum – So far it's working well, CHTs are within 5 degrees on cyls 1, 2, and 4, during cruise cyl 3 gets about 20 degrees higher. Highest I've seen is 400 degrees, cruise is usually around 350. Even on long hard climbs they didn't exceed 400. I'll look at a couple of things to see if cyl 3 can be lowered a little.

4 – Fuel system – Moving the aux pump and filter from the engine bay to the cockpit floor is working great. A few smelly little leaks due to improper flares were annoying, but now fixed. The engine runs better hot and is much easier to start hot than before, which was my main motivation to move it. The Matronics Fuel measuring system was always very accurate, but would jump around when the boost pump was turned on or off. I relocated the sender to the line from the FI Servo unit to the Flow Divider and now it is rock steady and still very accurate.

Dan Benua had made a nice cover for the aux pump/filter inside the cockpit. I used some scrap .025 and made one that my mother in law helped me cover with fabric. The result is very nice looking and gives me



a place to put pens and sunglasses and stuff.

5 – Radios – I had some initial self-induced problems, mostly due to the SL-40 not seating in the tray. Now it is working great and I'm really enjoying using the 'standby channel monitor' function, which is SO useful. Thanks for convincing me to spend the extra \$\$ on that radio Randy!! I also used the Garmin GTX-327 xpndr. The altitude encoder display function is neat. For intercom I used the PS Eng Aeroacom III portable unit. It has pretty much the same features as the PM3000 (stereo hi-fi input, IntelliVox and Softmute) but costs only \$150. It did NOT come with PTT inputs, but I found them super easy to install. Basically open the unit, solder a wire to the 'tip' of the mic jacks on the circuit board, then run each wire thru a momentary PTT switch to ground.

6 – Navaid Devices – This wing leveler/gyro is very useful. Cruising along it tracks and keeps the wings level and makes map reading so easy. The little airplane on the GPS-90 follows the line to the destination much better than when I'm steering. I hear there are some similarly priced solid state options coming available, so shop around. As I had hoped, I use this instrument often, versus never for the vacuum gyros and turn n bank that it replaced.

7 – You know how on the -6 the upper rear cowl seam uses an undersize rod and the cowl lifts-up 3/16" during flight? It also creates a lot of 'black dust' from the aluminum chafing. I found it easy to make .120 rods to put in there, reducing the problem quite a bit. All you do is cut a piece of rod, chuck it in a slow turning drill, and run it across a grinding wheel with the drill turning it. Then run it against your scotchbrite wheel to polish it smooth. This allows you to taper the last 8 to 10 inches for turning the sharp corner, while leaving the portion that goes across the flat top area thick. A little lube helps it go in and out and reduces the chafing even more. This keeps the cowl much tighter in that area and reduces the 'black dust' significantly.



Note the paper towel to allow the rod to spin in your hand, and prevent burns! The whole process took about 15 minutes.

8 – While I like the dual fuel gauge from Westach for it's compactness and clean appearance, it has always been a question as to which tank it's displaying. Is the needle that originates on the left showing the left tank, or is the needle on the left scale showing the left tank? In my case, the needle on the scale is it, while Randall uses the needle origin for the tanks. Confusing. In fact, I let Van use it for some photo work a few years ago and he mixed it up (hmm, Van and Randall use the origin while I use the scale. Obviously THEY are bass ackwards!). I had left the fuel selector to the fuller tank but the way he read the gauge he switched to the near empty tank. Fortunately nothing happened, but I have never gotten that out of my mind, so I had a placard made. While I was at it, I did some tank measurements so I would have a better indication of fuel remaining, since



the needles didn't match side to side nor to the scale on the gauge. Notice that A = Air and G = Ground. The left tank is the aerobatic tank with the sender located thru the rear baffle in the second bay, and it doesn't change between tail low or flying attitude for the taildragger RV-6. The standard right tank has a big difference. Let me know if you're interested in getting one of these, I have the cad dwg and can get them made at my local engraver.

9 – Lighting. Originally I tried to get by with the occasional lighted instruments and some overall panel 'spray' lighting. This made the primary instruments a little hard to see and the switches and fuel selector almost impossible in the dark. I used Randall's design for LEDs. They are real easy to set up and very cheap (I like it ;-) so you can use all you need. I have some shining from the side on the switches and one in the underlap of the panel right above the fuel selector. Extremely light weight too. I added Post Lights to the airspeed indicator, altimeter, tach, and VSI so now all but a couple of instruments have internal or direct lighting. Much easier in the dark.

What's left? Believe it or not, quite a bit! I still haven't put the cowl intake reducer inserts in. Will the engine still cool? Will it make a speed difference? Yes or no, I'll update when I know. I still plan on new wheelpants and gear leg fairings to replace my original one piece units. I'd like to go to the lighter, new cowl someday, but that's a huge effort that can wait for awhile. It's flying season now and I'm done with modifications — at least until this winter!

Otherwise, the 'ol RV-6 flies great: feels lighter in the flare, is running better with the new cylinders, a full baggage and passenger load is less noticeable, and it still looks pretty good for an 8 year old, 600 hr plane. I will mention that every change I made was to a system of 'my' design. I was very pleased to note that the airframe itself had absolutely NO squawks of any kind that I could find, which is what we would expect from one of Van's designs. From the radios to the fuel and oil systems, the changes have paid off in less weight, less maintenance, and ease of use. Was it all worth it? You bet!

...*The Duck*

Editor's note: This month we pick up where we left off in Rion's classic 1994 Oshkosh trip. From last month's Chapter 1, "Hair's afire; how they sell at the big show; buzzed by a Harrier" we move on to Chapter 2, "The Acey-Deucey. I can hardly wait, hope you enjoy it too!

...ed

Flying to Oshkosh With Dangerous Dan, The Dean of Danger

By J. Rion Bourgeois

Chapter 2. (The Acey-Deucey)

After the buzz job by the Harrier pilot, I return to camp to see what the others are up to, and find Dougman relaxing in the shade of Ron and Nancy's 180 wing reading his book. I pull up a lawn chair and pull out my sci-fi thriller and join him. The conditions are perfect: sunny sky, mid-80's, slight breeze, aircraft sound surrounds us, and a good book. A few moments later, half of Portland shows up: first, Layton Mangles and his hangar mate Larry Uzelac drop by. Layton's mom lives in Milwaukee, he flew out commercial, and Larry flew his restored Pacer out. They are staying at Layton's mom's house, and will fly back in Larry's plane. As soon as they walk off, and while still in sight, Doug Stenger pops up with Jim Rowe, Eustace Bowhay's partner in the RVs on floats project. Finding our groups' three orbits in this eerily close juxtaposition gives a feeling of comfort, of affirmation, that is Zen-like. This feeling is present the whole time we are there, to a lesser degree, since everyone at Oshkosh has the same religion - love of airplanes. But seeing several people you know and respect in a strange place doing the same thing you are doing at the exact same instant in time intensifies the feeling. Other familiar faces were Dexter Kincaid at the air museum on Wednesday, and Tim Skinner who dropped by the camp. We also saw Dave Baxter's aircraft, but not him in the flesh.

When I get tired of reading, I mosey back through the fly-market for the third time, filling in any gaps. Since we are leaving the next day, the purse strings are a little looser and I succumb to the charms of a 2" diameter flathead rivet set even bigger than the one Randall found at Boeing surplus, and some neat little MS hose brackets. I also finally find a hat vendor who will sell baseball caps with your aircraft type and N number ironed on for a reasonable price. I have one

(Continued on page 6)

each done for Dangerous Dan and me in a nifty tie-dyed blue, and almost get one for the Duck in hot pink, but when I ask for it, the vendor mentioned another guy had purchased two the same atrocious color earlier that afternoon. "Was he stocky, baby-faced, and slow-talking?" I asked, describing the Duck. "Yeah, that's him," confirmed our vendor. "Never mind, then, he's beaten me to it."

I give up my quest for the holy grail (a mid-time Lycoming less expensive than my best car) and play a quick game of Port-a-Pottie etiquette (place 13 potties in a semi-circle, form two long, anxious, unisex lines, and watch the faces, or feet, at the head of the lines when the 7th pottie vacates) before passing over into the warbird compound. These aircraft are staged in descending order from the flight-line according to desirability. At the front are the WW-II fighters, and at the back the liaisons. Just about in the middle I find a long row of Cessna mixmasters painted up like the one in the "Danny Glover saves Gene Hackman in Vietnam" movie. If you have a plain jane civilian job, there is an outfit in the Detroit area that will convert it to the warbird, including hardpoints for munitions.

Probably the most numerous warbird is the North American trainer: the T-6/SNJ/Harvard. After years of pictures of Grand Champion warbirds in SPORT AVIATION, I find one here in the flesh. Every piece has been removed, cleaned or replaced, painted, and then reassembled. Painted in Harvard colors, it could not have looked this good when it left the factory floor fifty years ago. Only 6 hours on the restoration, it reeks of expense and excess. Personally, I prefer the original, experimental, concept of aircraft the EAA grew up around: affordable aircraft available to everyman. But I guess it wouldn't be politically correct to exclude millionaires from the club.

A growing contingent in the warbird division is the commie-jet-trainer-become-capitalist's-toy. The rivet work on the Czech machines is as good as anything I've seen in our builders' group. 'Course it's easy to counter-sink and flush rivet .063 skins.

At the far end of the warbird ramp are a couple of Cessna or Beechcraft twins used as bomber crew trainers, and even in combat. These restorations have bubble noses and machine guns. In one, the machine gun barrels are plumbed to propane lines and have spark ignitors. The crew claims it sounds like the real thing. Hmmm ... hard points in my leading edge for propane tank and barrels, connect the ignitors to the laser circuit, drop out of the sun on a fat and sassy RV-6 and it's SHOWTIME: SMOKED DUCK!!! YESSS!!!

Late Friday afternoon, an hour into the airshow,

a huge thunderstorm looms from the North-east. Lightning begins to flash and counting seconds to the thunder marks it approaching over the lake. The black cloud and streaks of lightning make a great backdrop for the lady with brass boobs out on the big Stearman's wing. She is the highest point for miles, but they don't cancel the show 'til she's down. I catch a John Deere back to camp to wait out the approaching storm and settle down in a lawn chair by Dan's RV-6 with my sci-fi novel. The wind grows stronger, and I look up to find Dougman and The Duck scrambling around doubling their tie-downs and sprucing up. I walk over to see what's the rush. The Duck tells me that he and Dougman had been in the Miller beer tent outside the main gate (the only source of alcohol in walking distance), and had met some nice folks who had been "working the show" and been invited to dinner in town, transportation provided. He opines that I could tag along. I've been wearing the same trousers for five days, the same T-shirt for two, haven't brushed my teeth in twelve hours, haven't shaved in a week, and am too tired to spruce up, so I decline.

"They offered to take us to the Acey-Deucey after dinner", reveals Dougman.

"What's the Acey-Deucey?", I inquire.

"It's THE bar," explains Dougman.

I maturely demur: "Naw. We're flying out in the morning, and I don't want to get liquored up."

"Last year, a girl got up on the bar, took off her pants, and had a Russian Mig pilot autograph her panties," reveals Doug.

"I'll get my jacket," says I, and the Three Amigos RIIIDE!

The wind is rising as fast as our expectations as we hoof it to the front gate. The John Deere's have quit running, so we quickmarch so we won't be left. We try to take a short-cut out, and one of the amateur EAA security guards/gatekeepers tell us we are on the wrong side of the road. I can't see any difference, but jump across the road. The Duck wants to debate the issue with him, but Dougman grabs his elbow and drags him across the road and saves the mood.

By the time we get to the Miller tent, it is pouring down rain. The tables in the open area around the tent are deserted. The tent has more tables all the way around and just under its edges. It's raining so hard, the four eaves of the tent roof are filling with water, and every few minutes the bartender calls for someone to empty them, and there is a mini-waterfall, with a cheer from the crowd, so you can't stand around the outside of the tables under the edge of the tent. There is room for maybe twenty-five people to stand comfortably inside

the tables and in front of the bar and cooler, which takes up one whole side of the tent. Fifty of the young and the restless are crammed inside, cheek to jowl, with a sex ratio of about five to one: just enough ladies so there is always a pretty face in sight. The party looks about seventy-five minutes old, and it is rocking. The common adversity of the cold rain and the shared pleasure of the cold beer has everybody feeling fraternal. The Duck and Dougman spot their friends, and duck under the table to join them out of the rain. There is no way they can reach the bar, so I go around to the bar side of the tent and stand outside in my Gortex jacket and order three cold ones.

The bartender is assisted by two very pretty and buxom young Scandinavian barmaids with low-cut laced-across-the-bodice blouses with the flounced sleeves like the St. Pauli girl wears. I gather they are college girls because they have a pail suspended over the bar with a sign saying "Tuition Fund" pasted to it. The barmaids have to lean over the wide bar to pass out the beer and pick up the money, and the appreciative pilots toss wadded dollar bills into the pail. Spirits are definitely high.

I grab the three beers, walk back around the tent, and duck under the table into the crowd where I am introduced to our hosts who The Duck described as "working the show". Actually, they are members and staff of an aviation industry association here for their annual meeting or some other official type gathering. I'm introduced to three of its members who all appear to be in their low to mid 30's. A younger lady named Bonnie is in the group, a member of the association staff, and is acting as host for the members, along with another staff person, and Bonnie appears to be the social director. In any event, she is in charge. They are all exuberant about the prospects for general aviation. Another reveals, indirectly, that he is involved in the industry for the love of flying, not the money. I ask what is new and exciting, and get a predictable: "product liability reform". They may have just come from a peptalk/speech about how their mission is to help pilots because pilots are general aviation, but in any event they take us under their wings and treat us damn good. Before we can finish our beers, Bonnie leads us all to the parking lot to load up for town. She and two of her association's members or staff people get in the front of a five-seat mid-sized rental car, with Bonnie riding the console. Don on the left, Doug in the middle, and I on the right squeeze into the back seat. With six aboard, the car is definitely overloaded and dragging ass. Everybody is wet, and the car is instant sauna, even with all the windows down, but Bonnie keeps up a steady banter that keeps us laugh-

ing. She is truly the hostess with the mostest.

We have to wait at the gate for traffic, and are presented with a Simonesque tableau. At Oshkosh, Port-a-Potties are very dear. Every gatehouse, ticket office, and other facility manned by EAA staff and volunteers have one or more of their own, complete with little brass padlock. Standing in front of the locked Port-a-Potty at the gate was a security guard in his rain slicker with his arms folded across his chest shaking his head at two gorgeous young gals, probably actresses or models, dressed to kill, shifting their weight from foot-to-foot, crossing one knee over the other, knitting their fingers in supplication and gesticulating at the Port-a-Potty. Any red blooded American boy would be happy to have these two babes pee in his lap, and this officious fool won't let them use his Port-a-Potty! Fair Bonnie to the rescue: she tells Don to offer them a ride. "Uh, where are we going to put them?", he sensibly inquires. "We'll squeeze them in", she insists. "Okay", acquiesces the Duck doubtfully. "Hey, you ladies want a ride to town," he shouts dubiously. The two knockouts look over at our car. "We just want to use the bathroom," replies one, stating the obvious. "Okay, just thought I'd ask", responds the Duck with relief. Fair Bonnie leans over the driver so the girls can see her: "Come on, we're going to Callahan's. You can use the john there," she shouts. Reassured by Bonnie's presence, they climb, or actually crawl, into the back seat, which is transformed from a peapod to a sardine can. Both are blonde. The first one is wearing skin tight jeans which have been cut off at the knees and rolled up into a cuff, with a tight, pink, knit, bare shoulder top with short sleeves and plunging neckline. She crawls over Don and Doug, then rolls over and settles into my lap with her left arm around my neck. With an effort, I can just keep my chin out of her cleavage. She wears her blonde hair long and straight. Her name is also Bonnie. What are the odds: in a car with three pretty blondes, and two are named Bonnie? We eventually learn that Bonnie-in-the-back-seat is corporate pilot with over two thousand hours, more than 100 times her age. Her most exciting flight experience to date is losing one engine in a twin over Lake Michigan. She has the cocky presence to match her experience. Cool and composed, she only speaks when spoken to.

The second beauty does her blonde tresses in the straight but frizzy style. She's wearing white creased and cuffed shorts, and a red silk shirt with the tails tied up, leaving her firm young belly bare. She settles in on Doug's lap, with her long legs draped over the Duck's. Her name is Gwendolyn, and she is an account executive for an aviation magazine or supplier, I forget which.

She has the friendly, outgoing personality you would expect from her sales position, and turns out to be a real sweetheart, showing interest in others, and initiating conversation. Right now, she is in distress.

"Please hurry", she wails, "I have to go so bad." Just my luck, I think, a strange broad is going to pee in my lap, and I'm not wearing any protection. The driver is trying to oblige her, and when traffic stops suddenly, she overestimates the stopping ability of the overloaded car, which skids on the wet pavement, and comes within a hairsbreadth of rearending the van in front of us. There is a real cop in yellow slicker on each side of the car directing traffic. "Take it easy," I advise, dispensing free legal advice, "If one of those cops looks in here, we are all going to get arrested for exceeding vehicular capacity." "Arrested hell," says the Duck, "If my wife sees me, I'm going to get shot!"

Gwendolyn and Bonnie -in-the-back-seat laugh, and shift a little to look at us. One of them says "You guys are so nice to give us a ride. I know this must be hard on you." I glance over at Doug. He closes his eyes, lets his head fall back, and breaks grin, but doesn't say it, so I take it upon myself to do so: "It ain't hard yet, honey, but if we hit a fair stretch of bumpy road, I reckon it will be." Strangely, neither of them laugh, although I detect a grin from Bonnie ITBS, but they do quit their infernal shifting, although Gwendolyn won't give up a nervous habit of tossing her frizzy damp hair in my face. Most disconcerting.

After a ride that seems like seconds over a plate glass road, we reach Callahans. Don hops out, and the two girls hitch themselves along over Doug and out the car. The ride must have aggravated Dougman's bad back, because he sets a spell before getting out, and then walks around bent over for another spell before he can straighten up.

All three girls are off like a shot for the ladies room. We wait at the door for the rest of the entourage, who arrive in another car and a van. Altogether, there are about fifteen of us, including the three girls. We all head into the bar, where I order a round in appreciation, and then follow The Duck and the Dougman into the men's room, passing Bonnie, Bonnie and Gwendolyn in the hall. The Three Amigos are lined up enjoying the cool, smooth, white cleanliness of American Standard urinals after a week of smelly, warm, fuzzy, gray plastic Port-a-Potties.

"Damn, this water is cold," starts the Duck.

"Deep, too," I continue.

"And the bottom's rocky," finishes Dougman.

A stranger at the end of the row laughs, then says:

"Wow, did you see those three blondes coming out of

the ladies room? They must be actresses or something." "Yes, or something, and they're with us," says Duck a fraction truthfully, failing to mention the other twelve lucky devils in our entourage. "Really," says the stranger. "What are you guys, movie producers?" "No, we're RV pilots," explains the Duck truthfully, and we hustle back to the bar, where fantasies await.

Callahans is an upscale, oaky, ferny, type restaurant, with good food and a fair wine list, with stained glass and overhead wine glass racks in a bar that does as much business for imbibers as waiting diners. In the bar, I get close enough to overhear the short biographies and garner the perceptions of Gwendolyn and Bonnie

ITBS described above. I notice most of the older pilots are standing around with their left hands in their pockets, and discover I am too. I jerk it out guiltily, and make a point of passing a beer under Gwendolyn's nose with my left hand, ring finger in flagrante delicto. After a few, we are all ushered to two corner tables, where the backseat five are reunited. I notice that Gwendolyn and Bonnie take pains to bracket Dougman. We order, and as usual I go for the seafood and Duck and Dougman go for the beef. No sooner do we order, then Gwendolyn and Dougman rise and leave. In a few seconds they reappear outside the window, and walk together into the motel office across the parking lot. Thirty seconds later, about the time my eyes crawled back in their sockets, they come right back out unwrapping their cigarette packs. I didn't catch the brand, but they were not Lucky Strikes.

I get lucky, at last, with the seafood, a poached English cod. After we eat, a late arrival from the other table drags his chair over to Bonnie ITBS, sits down backwards, and asks boorishly which position she likes best. Everybody within earshot sucks in their breath with embarrassment. She didn't blush, she didn't stutter, she didn't even quiver: "Well, personally, I derive the most intense pleasure flying VFR on top, but like most, I find carrier operations most exciting. You know, full thrust on touch down in case your tailhook misses the arresting wire." We all whooshed and laughed together. Crash and burn, sucker. Pilots rule.

Fair Bonnie, our hostess with the mostest, announces that the next stop is the Acey-Deucey. This time, she puts the backseat five in a van. Much more comfortable, but much less fun. By now it's dark, and our driver can't find the Acey-Deucey. He has the address, and Oshkosh has a number/name street grid, so we find the street with the right number, then drive down it one way and then the other 'til we find the Acey-Deucey. This is a real bar, and has been a real bar for a long time, if not built as a bar. The building is two

stories of white clapboard, and the bar is on the first floor, which is up two granite steps from the sidewalk, like they built them when the streets were mud and manure. It's about 100 feet by 50 feet, and the door isn't on the corner, but about halfway down the long side. Over the door hanging from a galvanized pole is a common plastic illuminated sign with the bar's name like the liquor companies give out. You step in, and the floor is worn hardwood, the bar runs all the way down the room to the right, facing bar stools, then tables, then wooden booths. The bathrooms are straight ahead, and there are pool tables to the left which are lighted by incandescent bulbs in metal shades, white on the inside, green on the outside, hanging from electrical cords from the high ceiling with cigarette smoke curling through the cones of light thrown on the pool tables. That's it. No frills, no fancies. The place reeks of beer, cigarette smoke, and machismo. The temperature is ninety-five and the dew point the same. The walls are sweating. The booths and tables are full up, and it is standing room only. All the men look like pilots, ages twenty to fifty, with the bell in the curve right at thirty-five. All the women look sexy, and aged twenty to thirty, with the bell in the curve slightly to the left. The ratio is about five to one. If you took a poll, eighty percent of those present would doubtless say that flying under bridges is perfectly acceptable behavior. Gwendolyn mistakes the elevated testosterone levels for something else, and gushes: "Wow, think of all the knowledge present here." "How true," I say, and belly up to the bar to order a round of wisdom.

It's not yet the autograph hour, so Dougman and the Duck take their glasses to the pool tables, and I try to socialize. I speak with what I think is a fair sampling of the women present, and it appears it is a reasonable generalization to state they all work for aviation related companies, most of them in sales. I recognize a face from the magazines and say so. It belongs to Mark Twombly, who writes the Pilotage column. He is as humble in person as he seems to be in his column, and says he lusts for a ride in an RV.

I spot Dougman carrying a fresh round of eastern longnecks and join up on him and the Duck. A red-haired, green-eyed beauty with freckles splashed across the bridge of her nose and onto her cheekbones walks up and starts talking airplanes, of all things. She knows them too. She wears her hair straight and shoulder length, tucked under at the end, and likes to swing it while she rocks from one foot to the other. She stands with one hand tucked in the waistband of her jeans, and a beer bottle in the other, which she rests against her stomach, with the neck of the bottle between her breasts.

Aside from the jeans, she wears only a plain white form fitting fabric crew neck shirt, like a T-shirt but better quality and tighter sleeves, and white tennis shoes, no socks. She asks what we fly and we all claim to be RV pilots. "What do you fly, the six or the four, and why?" she asks Don. "Well, it seems a little more practical, to me. It performs almost as well as the four, but has better cross-country capability because of the baggage capacity. Also, my wife likes to fly, and I like to have her up front with me," he explains. "Oh I see," she says, "Lots of baggage to carry." She turns to me and asks "How about you, which do you fly, the four or the six, and why?" "I'm a four man myself," I respond obliquely, left hand thrust firmly in my pocket, eastern longneck in my right, resting on my right pocket, the bottle cocked at a forty-five degree angle, failing to disclose that I'm only halfway through the wings. "The four is faster than the six, has better visibility than the six, it also climbs quicker than the six, and has a better penetration rate than the six. I also find aerobatics are more enjoyable if you don't have to ride sidesaddle - it's better with the thrust line between the legs, don't you think?" She stares at me for a moment, smiling, then reaches out and down, places her forefinger at the base of my perspiring eastern longneck, pulls it over the tip, collecting the beads of sweat in the crook of her finger, pops her finger in her mouth, and draws on it. "You'll have to give me a ride,...in this four of yours," she says encouragingly. "Well, I'd love to, but it's not here," I dissemble. The Duck laughs: "Yeah, he'd love to, alright, in the next century when he finishes it." The redhead looks at me again, for the same pause, with the same smile, then says in the same tone: "You are such a tease." She tosses her hair, turns her hips, then her shoulders, then her head, and sashays off. She looks as good going away as she did coming on. "Crash and burn," cackle Don and Doug, executing a high five, "crash and burn." "Yeah, well at least I got my longneck stroked," I counter, taking a swig from the same and adding mentally to the list of advantages of the four over the six. Our driver appears, and advises the group is moving on, and we can stay or come along. It still isn't autograph hour, so we elect to follow. He rounds up Gwendolyn and Bonnie ITBS, and the six of us hop in the van and head for the Pioneer Inn and its Cattails bar on the shores of Lake Winnebago. The driver drops the five of us at the front door, and says he will be in shortly. He is either going to pick up some of the others or park the van, I don't quite catch it all. The back seat five cruise in to a real swank joint. Fine woods, plush carpet, but not wall to wall, recessed lighting, just the antithesis of the Acey-Deucey. Suddenly I feel way out of place. If it hadn't

been Oshkosh week, I suspect my ensemble and week long beard would not have been allowed. The bar, the Cattails, overlooks the marina, mostly sail, right on the lake. As we enter, empty dining tables, covered in pressed white linen, are on the left. There are more tables and straight-backed chairs, these half full, behind a rail to the right, and the bar is a step down and further to the right. Beyond the bar and another step down are plush stuffed lounging chairs and sofas around low coffee tables. The far wall is glass, overlooking the marina.

Straight ahead of us across a tiny dance floor is a three man rock band: drummer and two guitars. They look my age, old enough to have been at the original Woodstock, and are just tuning up or fooling around when we walk in. Gwendolyn and Bonnie step through the door first, and the band misses a beat of whatever they are doing, nonplussed by the girls' good looks. Even the ladies ignore the Three Amigos, and are checking out the two girls, they are so drop dead gorgeous. It looks like there is room for fifteen at two contiguous tables down by the windows, so we five head down there, plop down and order a round, beers for the guys and mixed drinks for the gals. As the waiter leaves, Bob Hoover walks by our table. I give him a nod as he goes by, and he nods back. Dougman is a big fan, but had his back to the man. I point him out, and Doug jumps up and goes over to shake Hoover's hand, and wish him well. When the waiter brings our drinks, Dougman buys Hoover's table a round. He is overjoyed at the opportunity.

Twenty minutes later, we five are still the only members of "our crowd" to arrive. Bonnie and Gwendolyn get up to go powder their noses. "Hell," says the Duck, "I think we've been dumped. I don't think anybody else is coming." "The jerk," says I, my opinion of our driver quickly changing, "What do we do now?" "Yeah, a real jerk," says Doug, "leaving us stranded at a fancy hotel with two gorgeous babes." "Easy for you to say, you're single," I respond. "Yeah, well I've got plenty to lose too," responds Dougman, "I just meant he probably thought he was doing us a favor." "Some favor. Here they come now," says Don, nodding at the gorgeous babes in question. "What do we do now?" "Well we can't rush off and leave them like they have the plague," I point out. "Just stay cool, buy them a few drinks, a little conversation, then we call a cab out of here. No harm, no foul." Don and Doug nod in agreement. "Sounds like a plan. No harm, no foul."

When Gwendolyn reaches the table where the Three Amigos are huddled in conference, she bends over Don, reaches between his legs, and grabs his hand. "C'mon, let's dance," she orders. "Whoa, wait a minute,

I haven't finished my drink," protests the Duck. "Finish it when we get back," she orders and drags him off to the dance floor. I laugh at the sight. Bonnie says "What are you laughing at. Let's dance." "Okay," says I, always eager to avoid a scene. Dougman settles back in his chair in relief, a smirk on his face. The dance floor is, shall we say, prominent. In the middle of the room, and elevated, it has spot lights shining down onto a bright parquet dance surface of maybe twelve feet by twelve feet. The band is right there on the edge of the floor. No one has been dancing, so the band has been bored out of their gourds. They perk right up when Bonnie and Gwendolyn hit the floor, and ask for a request. Bonnie asks for "Margaritaville", which makes it tough on Don, since he is not old enough to know how to do anything but shake his butt, and Jimmy Buffett isn't quite fast or raucous enough to do that in comfort. I, on the other hand, am old enough and southern enough to know how to move the feet as well as the torso, and engage Bonnie in the shag. I am a little slower than I used to be, but she is good, real good, and secure enough to let me lead, so I concentrate on showing her off to good effect. Shuffle, shuffle, pull her in to the left with both, pull her in to the right with both, in to the left with both, then twirl her under the right and out, twirl her back under the right, grab both, and start over, with me trying to be just the post around which she can show her stuff, not pulling too hard, not throwing her too hard, so she can still move her feet like she wants to move them. We're dancing right under the band's noses, and they really get in to it, accompanying Bonnie like it's a show. I'm going full tilt, as hard as I can, but started too early with the twirls, and I can't stop and drop back to just a shuffle, but have to keep on at the same pace because the band is grooving on it, watching her feet, and if she speeds up or slows down a little, they match her. She and I and the band are in the zone, and they stretch it out 'til I'm sucking wind through my teeth and trying not to let on. They go through "Margaritaville" at least three times, they are enjoying themselves so much, and I am starting to lose it and have to concentrate to maintain the rhythm, not a good sign. Some might say there was a woman to blame, but I know it's my own damn fault. Finally the band gives "Margaritaville" a rest. I want to go back to the table, but Bonnie wants to dance. We try it again with "Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes", and I stick to the shuffle longer, but I can't find the zone again, due to age or the beer, or both, so it is disappointing in comparison, and she agrees to quit and we go back to the drinks. Doug, and Don and Gwendolyn compliment us, and start calling me Shagman, but I'm bummed as much as flattered because I pooped out, and

Bonnie doesn't say a thing, one way or the other, but just pulls thoughtfully on her straw.

Anyway, we had showed them a good enough time that we could call for a cab gracefully, and do. We drop them off at Gwendolyn's aunt's house, and then head back to the Acey-Deucey to see if it's autograph hour yet. It isn't, and it doesn't look like it will be tonight, so we decide the Three Amigos have ridden far enough this night, and call another cab and ask the cabbie to take us to MacDonald's for BigMac's and giant ice teas, and then to Ollie's Barn. He never heard of it, so I do some dead reckoning and direct us straight to the back gate behind the barn. It's locked, but while the Duck is paying him off, the cab's headlights attract the security patrol's car. They shine a light on us, and I wave my paper bracelet at them to show we've paid for the day, and ask if they would unlock the gate. "No can do, sir. You'll have to go back to the main gate and enter there," they insist. "Very well, officer, anything you say." We walk behind the cab, then duck down Ollie's lane. There are still quite a few road RV'ers up, smoking pipes, hangar flying, and generally socializing. If I lived within 500 miles of Oshkosh, I'd be tempted to rent a road RV for the week, and have it driven in and stay at Ollie's Farm. Camping by the plane is definitely the least expensive way to go, but after dark, the only light on the field is the street lights, and nothing to do but sleep. With a road RV, there is a place for poker, hangar flying, and lie swapping.

We walk through Ollie's barnyard and over to the four-foot chicken-wire and slat fence beside Dan's plane where gate crashers have been coming through all week, and the volunteers keep patching it half-heartedly. I know right where the breach is, and slip through it. The Duck and Dougman miss it, but I don't know that until the security car eases out from behind a row of Port-a-Potties and hit us with the spot. I turn around to check on the Duck and Dougman, and they are still on the other side of the fence. "Hey, you guys, get away from that fence," I shout at the top of my voice. They dive into the wet grass, giggling. Inexplicably, the security patrol drives off. When it's safe, the Duck and Dougman retrace their steps, and find the breach, but Dougman slips and falls on top of the fence, breaking a half-dozen slats in two. They laugh and giggle enough so you'd think they would wake everyone within 50 yards, but Dan is still asleep when I drop the wet tent flap on his face. He asks how was the Acey-Deucey, and I tell him it was good.

Next month:

Chapter 3: 'The Cowboys ride away; the Duck's engine quits on final; gas fires in Rawlins'

Flying Activities



Flying Activities Coordinator:

Randall Henderson, **N6R**
randallh@attbi.com, 503-297-5045

The summer flying season is winding down, but as any native Oregonian can tell you, there's no doubt still plenty of good late summer/early fall weather in store.

Van's Homecoming is Labor Day weekend, **August 31-September 1**, at Van's factory on Aurora Airport. This year Van's has made arrangements with EAA Chapter 902 to provide breakfast and lunch both days. Randall is planning to lead a **Fish-n-Chips Fly-Out to Seaside** either Saturday or Sunday (weather will be the key there). Track me down if you're interested. For more info on the Homecoming, go to www.vansaircraft.com.

September 7 is the date for the Columbia Gorge Fly-in and Air Show. Several of us attended the fly-in on this weekend at Hood River last year — it's the same event, they alternate airports with The Dalles. Several of us will be attending and we've been asked to make a formation arrival. Breakfast is from 8-11:00, and the airport is closed from noon to 3:00 pm for the air show. For more info see www.paddocks.com or contact Bernie Elsner at aviatorone@gorge.net.

Still building and tired of being left behind?

You don't have to be! There are often empty seats, so don't be shy about asking. The **oregon-rvlist** email list is the perfect forum for still-building types to ask for empty seats (and for flyers to offer them). To subscribe, send email to oregon-rvlist-subscribe@yahoogroups.com, or visit groups.yahoo.com/group/oregon-rvlist. Or just speak up at the meeting.

Several Home Wing members will as usual be heading down to watch the **Reno Air Races, September 12-15**. Talk to Brent A. (brenta@pcez.com) to get the inside scoop from a NW RVer who has made it a habit to fly down for that show. Or visit www.airrace.org.

Interest in the **Structured Formation Flight Study and Training** that Randy and Randall have been pushing has been pretty small so far, but is slowly increasing. We've spent quite a few hours now practicing with each other and the few others who have shown serious interest, including Don Wentz, Brent Anderson, and Mike Wilson. The main goal here is to promote the safety of group flying by pursuing a more structured approach to formation flying. A secondary goal for some of us is to attain our Formation Flight cards from FFI Inc., which will allow us to fly formation in wavered (air show) airspace. We're not necessarily trying to become another Blackjack Squadron, but we do feel that learning and applying the basics of structured formation flying is an important safety objective for anyone who intends to fly together.

Anyone with serious interest in this should contact Randy or Randall, and acquire (and study!) the T-34 Association's *Formation Flight Manual* and *Formation Flying – The Art* Video. Randy has copies of the book for sale, and the group has a copy of the video for loan. Both are also available through Sporty's (www.sportys.com) and the Builders Bookstore (www.buildersbooks.com). We'll be doing some work with the SoCal guys during the Homecoming weekend, so that might be a good time for anyone with interest to track us down.

And as always, the **RV Breakfast Club** meets on **122.75** at 7:30 a.m. Saturday mornings (weather permitting). Get up in the air and on frequency and we'll decide where to fly for breakfast!

...Randall

CLASSIFIEDS...

Classifieds are free to Home Wing members. Ads will run for three months. Send to editor by e-mail or mail. Renewals ok, just let editor know. Date at end of the ad is last month ad scheduled to run.

FOR SALE

RV-7 Tail Kit — Includes electric trim and will throw in the Cleaveland alignment jigs. The kit has only been inventoried, nothing has been touched. Corby Sommer-ville 360-683-6774, 9/02

RV-6 - QB fuselage (still in craft at Van's). Tail and all control complete, wings nearly finished. Numerous options include: Phlogiston spar, electric flaps, electric elevator trim, dual overhead brakes, inverted fuel tank, dual landing lights, flush mounts for tip lights, wheel pants, and more. Built by A&P Owner/Pilot. \$16,500 firm, consider trades (239) 728-2645, 10/02

RV-6/6A fabric seats - Made of the costly Temperfoam by D.J. Lauritzen. Color is grey and plum tweed. Almost new condition. Now half price. \$500 for both. Call Marcy Lange, 503-397-6916, 12/02

Aviation Book Set — I have 20 new Time/Life books "EPIC IN FLIGHT" for sale at \$125 for the set. Call Judy VanGrunsven 503-648-3464, 9/02

Duckworks Landing Lights - Retro-fittable, light, easy installation. Kits start at \$75, check 'em out at www.duckworksaviation.com

WANTED

RV-6A WANTED — Would consider RV-6. Good construction/condition, paint and panel. Prefer 180HP, CS but will look at others. Budget around \$50,000. Have cash, but would consider trading my 1927 Chevrolet Roadster rod if someone were interested...value around \$20,000. Call Tony Marshall, Polson, MT 406-883-1372 days. Email photos and data sheet to tony@homesmt.com, 11/02

EAA Technical Counselors & Flight Advisors

The following Home Wing members have volunteered as technical counselors under the **EAA Technical Counselor program**:

- **Dan Benua** 503-621-3323 danb@synopsys.com (EAA Ch. 105, RV-6A builder, Hillsboro-Scappoose-Portland area)
- **Jerry Darrah** 503-254-9992 (EAA Ch. 902, A&P, Glastar builder, Portland-Troutdale area)
- **Randall Henderson** 503-297-5045 randallh@attbi.com (EAA Ch. 105, RV-6 builder, Hillsboro-Portland area)
- **Randy Lervold** 360-817-9091, randy@rv-8.com (EAA Ch. 105, RV-8 builder, Vancouver/Portland area)
- **Dave Lewis, Sr.** 503-690-8237 (EA Ch. 105, multiple RV builder, Hillsboro-Portland area)
- **Brian Moentenich** 503-666-7518, Brian.L.Moentenich@usace.army.mil (EAA Ch. 902, RV-6A builder, Portland-TTD area)
- **Mike Robertson** 503-681-5537 mrobert569@hotmail.com (FAA A&P w/IA, RV-8A builder, Hillsboro-Portland area)
- **Bill Truax** 360-582-0558 goonybrd@olyphen.com (Sequim-Port Townsend WA area)
- **Don Wentz** 503-543-2298 jwentz@columbia-center.org (EAA Ch. 105, RV-6 builder, Scappoose-Portland area)



The following Home Wing members have volunteered as flight advisors under the **EAA Flight Advisor program**:

- **Dave Lewis, Sr.** 503-690-8237 (EA Ch. 105, multiple RV builder, Hillsboro-Portland area)



THE TOOL EXCHANGE

The Home Wing owns a selection of tools for use by its members. The Toolmeister is: **Brent Ohlgren, 503-288-8197, obrento@aracnet.com**. Please observe our Tool Policy:

Home Wing Tool Policy

- Everything goes through Brent — do not give the tool to another member.
- Brent will keep an accurate sign-out sheet for each item so he knows where it is at all times.
- Brent will inspect all tools upon their return. If there is any damage he will ask you to pay for the repair (with the threat of public humiliation if you fail to be a grown-up).

The ability to have use of these expensive tools is a real membership benefit, let's respect the group's assets.

Home Wing Tools

| |
|---|
| HVLP paint sprayer, turbine type. Includes gun and air turbine. |
| Hole template for instrument panel. |
| Wire crimping tool & die large gauge wires (e.g. battery leads) |
| Brake lining rivet set. |
| Tune-up & annual kit (compression checker, mag timing light, timing dial, mag adjustment tool, plug gapper, high voltage cable tester, and plug vibrator cleaner. |
| Aircraft scales — allows you to accurately weigh your beast and also determine CG. |
| Oil filter cutter—custom make by Stan V. |
| Wing Jacks—works for all models except RV-3 |

In addition to the Home Wing's tools, certain benevolent members have tools they may be willing to loan. Let the editor know if you have jigs, tools, or shop space to loan, exchange, or otherwise provide.

| Tools For Loan | | |
|---|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Item | Owner/lender | Phone / e-mail |
| Custom cutting wheel mandrel (for cutting your canopy) | Stan VanGrunsven | |
| Prop tach (calibrate your tach) | Mike McGee | 503-534-1219, jmpcrftr@teleport.com |
| Engine stand | Don Wentz | 503-696-7185 |
| Surveyor's transit level (handy way to level wing and fuselage jigs) | Bill Kenny | 503-590-8011 |
| Back riveting contraption (large, counterweighted pucking bar and suspension system and offset back rivet sets) | Bob Neuner | 503-771-6361 |
| Lead crucible (for melting lead for elevator counterweights) | Doug Stenger | 503-324-6993 |
| Table saw taper jig (for tapering wing spar flange strips) | Carl Weston | 503-649-8830 |
| 48" pan brake located at hanger PLS D-10 at Troutdale if an RV builder needs some metal bent. | Kevin Lane | 503-233-1818, n3773@mciworld.com |
| Aircraft tire bead breaker, for tire removal | Kevin Lane | 503-233-1818, n3773@mciworld.com |
| Special letter drill used to ream rear spar bolts/straight reamer for rear spar/ | Kevin Lane | 503-233-1818, n3773@mciworld.com |
| Lasar T-300 magneto timing tool. | Randy Lervold | 360-817-9091, randy@rv-8.com |
| Precision Steel Fuselage Jig for RV-6/6A | Bill Drake | 360-687-1698, rv6134WD@uswest.net, |
| 1) Compound lever action lug crimper for battery wires, 2) engine hoist, 3) metal shrinker. | Gary Dunfee | 503-631-7262, gary.dunfee@gte.net |

Home Wing info:

**A non-profit volunteer organization dedicated to building and flying Van's RV Series Aircraft
Here's the people who do the work:**

Newsletter Editor & E-publisher Randy Lervold 360-817-9091, randy@rv-8.com
 Newsletter Print Publisher Randy Griffin 360-944-7400, skydog-8@attbi.com
 Membership (dues & database)..... Randy Lervold 360-817-9091, randy@rv-8.com
 Meeting Coordinator Randall Henderson 503-297-5045, randallh@attbi.com
 Flying Activities Coordinator Randall Henderson 503-297-5045, randallh@attbi.com
 Annual Fly-in Boss Don Wentz 503-543-2298
 Home Wing web site www.vanshomewing.org
 Webmaster Randall Henderson randallh@attbi.com

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Home Wing Membership Sign-up/Renewal

To join or renew, fill out this form and mail to **Randy Lervold, 5228 NW 14th Circle, Camas, WA 98607**, along with \$10 for renewals or new subscriptions. **Please make checks payable to either Randy Lervold or Home Wing.** If you are renewing you only need to give your name, payment method, and any other information that has changed. Please don't forget your e-mail address and newsletter distribution method.

Use this form for address changes too!

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Name: _____ | Home phone: _____ |
| Address: _____ | Work phone: _____ |
| City, State, Zip: _____ | E-Mail: _____ |

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| Project: RV-3 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-4 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-6 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-6A <input type="checkbox"/> RV-7 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-7A <input type="checkbox"/> RV-8 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-8A <input type="checkbox"/> RV-9 <input type="checkbox"/> RV-9A <input type="checkbox"/> RV-10A <input type="checkbox"/> | Status: Not started <input type="checkbox"/> Empennage <input type="checkbox"/> Wings <input type="checkbox"/> Fuselage <input type="checkbox"/> Finish kit <input type="checkbox"/> Flying <input type="checkbox"/> | Newsletter Distribution: E-mail (pdf) <input type="checkbox"/> Mail <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE check the email box if you have an email address and can possibly accept the N.L. in electronic form. This will ease the burden on the editor and help save money that can be better spent on tools and such. | EAA Chapter: _____ Payment: Check <input type="checkbox"/> Cash <input type="checkbox"/> Info change only <input type="checkbox"/> |
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