

# RVator's Log

Newsletter of the Twin Cities RV Builder's Group

## August 2005

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### Upcoming Events...

**August 14: EAA Chapter 54 Fly-In** at Lake Elmo Airport. 7am to Noon. Pancakes and all the goodies. Planes, cars, and a great time. All RVs invited!!! PICs free.

**Sept 10: MN Wing Fly-In Picnic and Camp-Out. St. Croix Valley Airport, Osceloa, WI.** This is our annual family get-together. Lots of RVs frolicking in the grass. **See page 8 for the details!!!**

**October 14-16: Land of Enchantment Fly-In, Santa Theresa, NM.** Join our mass flight of MN Wing RVs to the largest RV gathering in the known universe.

**Make your plans now!!!**

## Shop Notes

-Doug



John Granda is proud to be a WWII veteran. Like so many young men of his generation, he left the family farm near Sturgeon Lake, Minnesota as a feisty teenager to fight in the Last Great War. He saw intense combat as an artillery gunner in Okinawa and the Philippines. Yet he survived to return home to Crystal and raise a family. His daughter and son-in-law are dear friends of our family. At age 80, John is as scrappy as ever and still plays drums in a polka band. His wonderful wife passed away in the spring and it has been a trying time for him. He is one of the few WWII veterans that I know and I have listened with rapt attention to his tales of a soldier's life 60 years ago.

Thus, a couple months ago, I thought of John when I read about the Minnesota Veteran's Flight organized by Dr. Tom Stillwell. I thought this would be a great chance to get John out of the house and take him flying in the RV. I contacted Dr. Stillwell and got the details. He has been putting this together for several years and has evolved to include nearly 100 veterans that are flown each year to a museums, airshows, or some aviation event. This year he has over 30 airplanes lined up to fly the vets to Little Falls to tour the Lindbergh home and museum. I call up John and explain the plan and he is eager to go. I sign up two of our other RV members, Tom Irlbeck and John Lee to join the flight. This is going to be great!

The appointed day arrives and shall we say it was a little "blustery". In fact it has to be the roughest flying day I have seen in ages. We are to gather at Crystal Airport and on the way over from Lake Elmo, I feel like a cork in a hurricane. Several aircraft have cancelled due to the wind and as a result some of the vets are driving. But John is there ready and waiting to strap into the RV. This is only his second ride ever in a light airplane so I warn him of the upcoming wild ride. He's fearless and just naturally assumes I know what I am doing (I may not be quite so sure). Tom Irlbeck mounts up with this passenger (a B-17 gunner), the other airplanes taxi out and I tell Tom I'll follow him. We launch and rock and roll our way northwest for the 25-minute flight to Little Falls.

The wind is from the SW at 25 gusting to 30. Little Falls has a SE/NW paved strip and a N/S grass runway. Tom elects for the grass landing south and reports "wild, but doable." We give it a shot ready to go around and chicken out, but I manage to arrive in one piece. John just assumes this is a normal day flying in Minnesota. Shortly thereafter, John Lee arrives from Flying Cloud with his vet, a former Corsair fighter pilot.

By now about 20 airplanes (including a turbo-prop King Air) have landed without mishap and soon the small terminal is filled with vets of all shapes and sizes. Dr. Stillwell has a big tour bus waiting and we board and head into town. At the Lindbergh home, the Minnesota Historical Society has tour guides in place and we enjoy a great morning learning about the legacy of Charles Lindbergh and his link to Minnesota.

As the morning progresses, it begins to dawn on my passenger John, that he knows Dr. Stillwell. Last year John had a kidney removed at North Memorial Hospital. "Doug," says John, "You know, it just dawned on me that the surgeon who removed my kidney was a Dr. Stillwell and I think I remember him saying he was a pilot." I can't believe this so we collar Tom Stillwell and sure enough, he was his doc and is intimately familiar with John's kidney!! What a coincidence!



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## Club News

We are all back from the extravaganza at AirVenture 20005. 35 years ago, Jean and I spent our honeymoon at Oshkosh so we replicated the trip this year trying to relive our childhood (with little success!) It was great to park 22DW among a sea of other RVs now that the airplane is totally finished. The quality and workmanship of many RVs gets better and better each year. For some, money is no object. My RV with its "steam gages" is pretty old school but it gets the job done. **Tom Berge** made two "day-trips" to the show. **Alex Peterson** was there for a couple days. **Bob Collins** hosted a well-attended BBQ for RV-7 builders. **Dick Martin** racked up a very impressive 221.8 mph in the AirVenture Cup air race in his high tuned RV-8. **Tom Irlbeck** ticked over 1000 hours on his RV-8 and received his commemorative award. I'm sure many other MN Wing members were on the grounds having fun and spending money!

### More news...

*From Dave Cheung (Marshalltown, IA):* "My 6A hopes to be ready for ground testing and airworthiness application in August. I never realized that when the big stuff was completed that there are at least 1000 little tiny things that needs to be tended to. Sure would have been nice to have others closer than 50 miles to talk to during this process. The Minnesota and the Boone folks really don't know how lucky they have it with other builders close enough to talk with and to see how something is done. All in all, I would do it again, maybe with a 10 though I think the fight for garage space would become a battle royal!!"

At noon the vets are all treated to a great catered lunch on the lawn outside the museum. Stories are told, new friends are made, and plans are formed to do it again next year. Too soon we all board the bus and head back to the airport. The wind is still screaming at 30 mph but by now we are all getting used to this. John straps back in and we again launch into the wild and windy skies and dance our way back to Crystal.

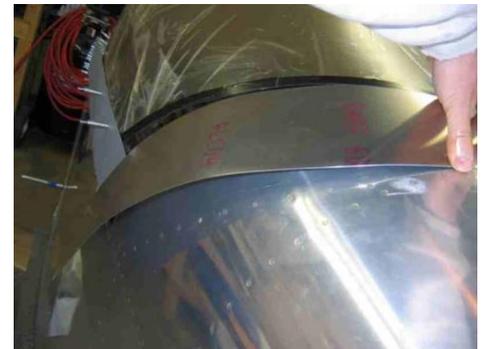
I drop off John vowing to take him flying on a "nice" day sometime soon. I scoot back to Lake Elmo and make the worse landing of my life but at least know one knows about it but me (Van builds one tough airplane!!) Despite being at the mercy of the elements, it was one of my most memorable flights and I was so glad that John got to make the trip. And thanks to Tom Stillwell for organizing this truly remarkable day. Can't wait till next year!!

## Making Fiberglass Aft Skirts for an RV-9A

- Pete Howell

### Introduction

In my last installment, I discussed using Sikaflex to glue my canopy to the slider frame. Having completed that, I turned to making aft skirts that fit well. I tried for several days to make the aluminum skirts fit, but I had an area in the aft bows that ended up being a bit higher than the turtledeck skin.



Since I would be gluing the aft skirts on, I did not have the ability to use holes to "cinch" the skirts down tight. I talked to some other builders and they suggested using fiberglass for the aft skirts. What follows is how I made mine. I am happy with the results.....

### The Materials

- RV-9A with Slider and canopy attached
- Fiberglass materials
  - 9 oz and 6 oz FG cloth
  - Epoxy – (Polyester resin will ruin your canopy!!!)
  - Micro balloons

- Mixing cups
- Popsicle sticks
- Gloves
- Cheap Bristle brushes
- Packing tape
- Peel ply
- Heat Gun
- Primer - Surfacer
- Sandpaper
- Dust mask

**Pros and Cons:**

- Pros
  - Allows you to make a custom fit skirt
- Cons
  - Costs a bit more
  - Takes time (week of evenings)
  - Fiberglass is so much fun!!!

**The Preparation**

- Put the canopy in place, but use some small 1/8" spacers to raise the polyethylene pin blocks a bit off their holding brackets. This will allow you to get a bit tighter fit
- Clamp the canopy in place to the roll bar
- Use packing tape to seal the gap between the rear of the canopy and the turtledeck skin. Be generous here with the tape, epoxy is hard to get off aluminum.
- Use the heat gun to carefully shrink the packing tape for a nice tight fit.
- Cut 4 pieces of 9 oz and 4 pieces of 6 oz cloth about 1" over size in all directions using the aluminum skirt shape as a template (2- 9 oz and 2- 6 oz for each side)
- Finally, use the aluminum skirts to trace a rough outline on the tape of where the skirts go.



**The Process**

- Don gloves and mix up a batch of your favorite epoxy (once again, keep polyester resin away from the canopy – I hear bad things will happen.)



- Use a cheap brush to apply epoxy to the gap that you have taped over, go about 1" beyond the rough outline you drew above.
- Lay a piece of 9 oz cloth in the epoxy, positioning it by using the rough outline.
- Apply more epoxy to saturate the cloth
- Lay on another piece of 9 oz cloth over the first and use the brush to saturate it as well. This was messy, so no pics here. I did one side at a time, but you could do both if you wanted.
- Cover the lay up with Peel-ply – this will give you a nice surface to work with and it soaks up any excess resin you might have had. (See my rough skirt outline?)
- Let this cure overnight
- If your canopy frame was off to the high side like mine, you will have a bit of a ski ramp to deal with – not a problem
- After the epoxy has cured, remove the peel-ply, marvel at the nice, textured finish.
- Mix up a batch of stiff micro – epoxy with enough micro balloons so that it has the consistency of cake icing and more importantly will stick to vertical surfaces without running off.
- Use the stiff micro to fill the ski ramp trough between the turtledeck and the canopy frame. You will be striving for



a smooth transition from canopy to turtledeck. Let this cure overnight.

- Get ready to make some dust.... Using a sanding block, smooth the transition from canopy to turtle deck. If you end up with low spots, mix up more dry micro and repeat. Fiberglass knows how much you like working with it and it just keeps giving you chances..... Remember to use your dust mask here.

- When you get a smooth, faired shape from canopy to turtle deck, complete your sanding and remove any dust.
- Using a Sharpie, remark your rough outline on the skirts.
- Mix up a batch of epoxy and use a brush to put a layer on the skirts.
- Lay down a piece of the 6 oz cloth and saturate it with epoxy.

- Lay down the final piece of 6 oz cloth and saturate it with epoxy
- Use the peel-ply to cover the lay up as before.
- After the epoxy has cured, remove the peel-ply
- Work your fingers under the lower edge of the skirt and pop it off the tape
- Trim it to shape using your rough outline and the aluminum skirt.



- Sand the skirt smooth
- Fill the pinholes in the fiberglass – I used an automotive primer-surfacer, PPG Omni MP182, mixed with micro balloons.
  - Paint a coat on
  - Let it cure
  - Sand it off
  - Blow it clean with compressed air
  - Repeat until all the holes are filled
- When I was happy with the shape and finish of the skirts, I shot them with epoxy primer.
- I like FG so much I also made the track doghouse out of it. ....
- Use the slider block as a mold
- Cover with packing tape
- Lay up cloth over the block using epoxy
- Use the peel-ply here as well.
- Mix dry micro an fill to rough shape
- Sand to a pleasant, faired shape
- Lay on one more layer of cloth with epoxy
- Pop off and trim to shape
- Sand and fill the pinholes



### Next Steps

- Attach the skirts with Sikaflex
- Attach the doghouse (probably Sika as well)

- Rivet the aft skirts to the side skirts

### Lessons Learned

- This was not hard, just time consuming
- FG is easy to fix if you screw up (I never do that....)
- Wear gloves around epoxy and when sanding, wear a mask– we have a club member who had a bad epoxy reaction

### Conclusion

- If you can't get the aluminum skirts to work, give this a try.
- Call me if you have questions: Pete Howell  
651-334-5479, pete.howell@gecko-group.com

## Another RV Adventure

- Tom Berge

As some of you may know, my first long x-country trip in N369TB, an RV7A, occurred last June on a white water rafting trip through the Grand Canyon. Having run the rapids on the first half of the Colorado River, I just had to return this year for the second half of the adventure which measure 189 miles long. To top off the trip, I talked my wonderful wife, Karen into joining me.

The flight out started on June 8<sup>th</sup>, giving us 2 days to arrive in Flagstaff, AZ. While the RV has no problems with making a trip of this length in one day, we decided to build in an extra day just in case. These rafting trips are non-refundable, so an on time arrival was a good idea. The morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> dawned with the strongest thunderstorms this year. We waited until 9:30AM at which time the weather had cleared enough to depart. I filed an IFR flight plan for 6000 ft direct to McCook, NE. These GPS direct routes are nice. 23.5 squared, 8.2 gph and 160kts on the airspeed. Not bad except for the 140kt ground speed. It was going to be a long day. With the exception of a few minutes around Sioux Falls, SD, the flight was in VFR conditions. Approaching MCK, the ground speed had increased to 180KT, so a destination change was made for Lamar, CO. This leg ended up taking 4 hours to the minute. Having 1600 hours in an RV6, with lots of x-country time, I must admit that the RV7A has more room. I don't know where Van gets it, but it is there. This was the longest leg I have flown in one sitting and it was comfortable.

The second leg was to Albuquerque, NM in 2.6 hrs. The problem with flying in the southwest is bumpy air as the day wears on. Upon arriving in the ABQ area, we were "offered" a

landing on runway 3 with a 10 kt tailwind. Deciding that was just a little too much, I declined and was given a landing on runway 8 with a direct 10 kt crosswind behind a departing Boeing 737. As the saying goes, "out of the frying pan into

the fire". Having had enough bumps for one day, we overnighed in ABQ. Cutter Aviation treated us very well although avgas was \$4.12 per gallon. To be fair, they shuttled us back and forth between the hotel as well as getting us a room

in an otherwise crowded area. An alternative would have been Double Eagle Airport about 10 miles to the NW, but there did not appear to be any hotels that would come get us. Cab fares cost also. We were up early the next day and off to Flagstaff. The final leg took 2 hrs for a total of 8.6 hrs. to cover 1169 nautical miles. This averaged out to 136 kt including taxing, climbs and descents into a strong headwind. The plane performed fine throughout the trip. My trusty Trutrak AP performed flawlessly, and I must confess, it is a requirement.

Getting into FLG early allowed us to catch the morning shuttle bus to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. This gave us some time to relax and sightsee the rim from a tourist's perspective. The morning of the 10<sup>th</sup> brought the wake up call at 4:30AM. The plan was to eat breakfast and start hiking down to the Colorado River by 6:00AM. This hike is not for the faint of heart. The vertical drop is 4500 feet and the length is 7.5 miles to Pipe Creek where the boats were waiting for us. Every step is downhill! Every step! With a 25-pound backpack, the impact on the body gets your attention. Actually, it gets your attention the next day, and the next, and the next.... This is definitely not your average tourist adventure. As the day wore on, the body needed lots of fluids and lots of calories to continue. By the time we got 3/4 of the way down, Karen had hurt a leg and with the ensuing adjustment in her walk continued to make it worse. We had made it about halfway down a section of the Bright Angel trail called the "Devils Corkscrew". The name fits perfectly. Hikers are out in the open with very little shade and lots of heat. The switchbacks are demanding and at times rather close to the edge. Karen's leg started to give out and after the third fall, I placed her in a small section of shade and took off to get help. Another 150 yards down or so, I ran into one of the rafting guides who came up and carried her pack down as well as helping her walk the remainder of the trail. These rafting company guides are very good at taking care of their guests. They station themselves as far up as the Corkscrew, knowing that is where people will start to have issues. I simply cannot say enough good things about the guides.

Arriving at the river around noon, we transferred our backpack contents to the supplied waterproof bags, rested our weary bodies and had lunch. Putting our feet into the 50-degree water was a soothing experience. After lunch, we loaded the rafts and were on our way. Keep in mind; the only way off the river was either 8 days later or on a very expensive medivac helicopter. A short while later a campsite was chosen and camp was set up. The food on these trips is fantastic. There is simply no way to lose weight. Each and every day, a new menu item was cooked, and all of it was good. Sleeping is under the stars without benefit of a tent, unless you want one. At three in the morning, we all wanted one. It seems that yes,

there are thunderstorms in the desert. Suddenly there were pretty flashes of light, lots of rumbling and we were trying desperately to assemble a tent for the first time, in the dark, with just a small headlamp to light the way. As I mentioned earlier, an adventure!



The following day brought some thunderstorms with lightening strikes up on the canyon rim, lots of white-water rapids, and now lots of "rim falls". These are also known as instant waterfalls. Dozens of them. What a rare sight! The river started to turn a chocolate brown from all the debris being washed into the river. Nature at work. The following days turned sunny and warm, as a desert should be. The river continued to supply an endless series of rapids to run. Most were small, but some were larger. Consider that Karen and I were sitting in the back of the boat, which was 18 feet long, going up a wall of water and there was still 3 or 4 feet of water above the bow of the boat. Do the math. That was a very big wave.

Our first hike was at the entrance of Little Granite Gorge. This is the narrowest section of the river at 76 feet, through which, on this trip, was flowing about 8 to 12 million cubic feet of water per second. We were told that the hike had a couple of narrow ledges that had to be traversed. All hikes are optional, so those who elected could ride the boats down. I hiked. The first ledge was about 12 inches wide and 10 feet long, right on the edge with about a 30 foot drop. The second ledge was at Deer Creek canyon, a beautiful tree lined creek cutting through the canyon walls. This ledge was about 5 or 6 inches wide and about 8 feet long with a drop that I could not see the bottom of. Don't think, just go! Shuffle your feet and try not to slip or lose your balance. Once we came out of the side canyon we were about 500 feet above the Colorado River. At the bottom of the canyon, Deer Creek flowed out into a 100-foot waterfall complete with surrounding plant life and a deafening roar.

The following days contained a variety of side hikes and sights. At "Doris Rapids" mile 138, we were given the option of swimming the rapid. I volunteered. After receiving our instructions, 7 of us were given the order to slip into the cold

water, gather our wits, and swim for our lives. From the perspective of being in the water, those waves are gigantic. Breathing had to be done at the bottom of the waves; otherwise you would swallow water since you go through the top of the wave, not over it. The effect of 50-degree water on the body has to be experienced to be believed. I was completely out of energy and could not swim back to my boat, so I had to turn over and swim downstream to another boat and get pulled out of the water. There I lay across the side of the boat thinking, "what the hell am I doing". Later in the trip, about a dozen of us did the insane thing again. What an adventure!

Kanab Canyon was a wet hike through a creek with only one rattlesnake spotted. Havasu Canyon was another wet hike with clear, warm water to lounge around in all day. Each day started with breakfast. Then pack the boats and go downstream for a couple of hours, stop, hike or eat lunch and then continue. If you got too hot, just jump into the water. That seemed to take care of that problem. The people on the trip were varied in professions and nationality. There was a French veterinarian, an American living in London doing accounting work in her own business. Others were from Phoenix, Las Vegas, Chicago, California, Baltimore and New York. Quite a mix... lots of interesting conversations and stories.



The boats were rubber rafts 18 feet long with all the gear lashed down throughout the structure. This particular trip was comprised of 5 boats. Four were oar boats, which had a river guide running the oars and 4 guests. The fifth boat was a paddle boat, which contained a river guide and 6 guests paddling. Camp consisted of a kitchen area and individual camp sites which were mostly a tarp held down by rocks for your sleeping bag and pad. With the exception of the first couple of days with the rain, people slept under the stars. Millions of stars! And then there was the groover... you figure it out. What the rafters brought in, the rafters brought out. I do mean everything! I ended up on the paddle boat the last two full days. These were long days doing mostly paddling. On my first paddle day, I had the experience of paddling through the

largest rapid on the river. It's name, Lava Rapid, gave a hint of what was to come. At one point in the run, the boat was completely under water. When the run was done, the boats were filled to the top of the tubes with water. This was the first rapid that lit up Karen's eyes. There is certainly an element of danger running rapids and this one really got the adrenaline running.



Two days later the trip finished and we rode a bus out on the worst road I have ever been on. I think my insides were rearranged to some extent. We left on Saturday, June 18<sup>th</sup> from FLG taking the northern route. This departure was at 6 am going to Gallup, NM then north to Farmington, NM, turning east to the Alamosa VOR and through the La Veta pass south of Pueblo, CO. Once clear of the mountains we continued on to McCook, NE for plane fuel and people fuel. This leg took 3.9 hours.

Departing MCK direct to MIC took an additional 2.7 hours. Total mileage for this route was 1077 NM giving an average ground speed of 163 knots including taxing, climbs and descents. Average fuel burn was 8.2 gph. The only problems encountered with the plane were high CHT's at the taller altitudes. In hindsight, if I had used the peak EGT search function to find the first cylinder to reach peak, I could have brought the fuel consumption down to 7 gph. This would have greatly reduced the CHT issue. Always something to learn.

Will I go back for another Grand Canyon trip? In another two or three years, I may do just that. There is just so much to see and do down there. And another chance to run Lava Rapids would be too hard to pass up.

## **Magic Carpet Ride 2005**

*-Dale Field*

There is something magical about being in an airplane that you have built, on a Sunday morning, 9am, winging your way to a brunch at East Gull Lake. I departed 8Y6 at 9:03 am, on a

328-degree heading, and called the STC tower for clearance through their airspace at 2000 feet msl, as the ceiling was 3000 feet with scattered clouds at 2500 msl. Going to tactical Freq. 123.5, I called for the RV group, but no response. As we had agreed earlier by phone that 123.5 was the working frequency. Hearing no response, I wondered if plans had changed. Flipping the Apollo GX 65 to 122.75 and calling for

the group, Tom Irlbeck's voice boomed back, "got you Dale". Alex Peterson was closing on Tom and Steve Foster, some where north of Milaca. I did some S turns and soon the three of them were in lead, in loose formation, on to 9Y2, at 2500'.

We had some fairly strong headwinds, and the ground speed was down to 130 knots, as we winged our way north past the towns of Buckman and Pierz. I commented on some good beer drinking times a both during my collage days, and about the prominent church steeple in the center of Pierz. When doing solo cross countries as a student pilot, I always looked for the church in Pierz to confirm my track going to and from 8Y6 to BRD.

Soon the lakes around Brainerd come into view, and we pass over the BRD racetrack. I was number 4 in trail, as we flew a midfield crosswind to runway 31, at 9Y2. It is so neat to see 3 RV's in trail turning downwind and then base and final. I bring up the tail end of the group. This is surely magic. I am on 1 mile final as Alex lands, followed by Tom and Steve crosses the approach end. I am 1/2 mile out. Watching the three slow down, and turn off the active as I cross the threshold, gives me the shivers. I built this craft, and am a part of this fantastic group of RVers. My dreams have come true.

Every time we travel to a brunch, lunch, or just drop in to say "Hi" to another RVer, or Cessna driver, or Piper pilot, it still amasses me that I am doing this in my experimental aircraft. It can carry me to the 4 corners of the U.S. at my whim, fairly reasonable cost-wise, time-wise, and safely. Magic carpet ride!



All parked, engines off, masters off, we start our 1.5 block walk to Cragen's Resort. After going 100 feet, a Madden's limousine pulls up and offers us a ride. Tom says we're going to Cragen's. Unphased, the driver says, "No problem, get in". The 1.5 blocks turns out to be about 3/4 mile up the lane. Apparently, 1.5 blocks just meant to the Cragens sign on the highway that goes by the airport.

Cragens Resort is an upscale dig, \$150 per night, with all the amenities, and a price for breakfast to match, \$11. But it is all you can eat, so the 4 of us had our fill of scrumptious fruits, meat of all kinds, blueberry-topped waffles, and all the goodies that go with a fancy buffet.

After brunch, we call for a ride back to the airport. Alex is off to Henning, MN. Tom, Steve, and I decide its Hinckley for fuel, and the second leg of our flight. Tom calls out a 107 degree heading from his GPS. Mine is not current and Hinckley does not exist in my database. As we tool along Mille Lacs Lake looms up dead ahead. Tom calls for a 5-degree left correction, pretty stiff winds from the left pushing us south of course. Not too many fishing boats on the lake for the opening weekend of fishing, but across the lake near the eastern shore, a bunch appears on the horizon. Tom and Steve give them a show with smoke on. Too bad there is no heat with the smoke, as the lake looks mighty cold as do all the fisher persons.

Soon we are near Grindstone Lake and looking for relatives' houses. Tom has a cousin south of Grindstone, and my brother-in-law has a cabin on Lake 11, only a couple of minutes apart in a RV. No one home at Lake 11, but Tom has some luck, so smoke on, and a pass is most fitting. I loiter at 3000 feet as Tom and Steve do their thing. It looks great from here as the sun catches their smoke on pull up, and a column rises up to my level before ending with a flash off of their wings. I go lead to Hinckley. 7 miles out, I call "flight of 3 RVs inbound for landing, ". Immediately, Hinckley's airport director answers, "04w is closed for resurfacing", but we are invited back on the 21st of May for a Hank Williams Jr, appreciation party. Now its Rush City for fuel, but first a smoke run for the folks at Hinckley Airport, with the directors permission. Two smoke trails down runway 24, me bringing up the rear. Tom is out in front 1/4 mile. Steve is on my right, out 1/4 mile. So here we are Tom at lead, Steve at his 5 o'clock, me at his 7 o'clock. Tom pulls up into a loop, and while on the downward side says to us, "I got you Dale. Take the lead". Off we go in a 3-ship formation.

On to Rush City with a slight detour over my in-laws farms and my two sons hunting land northeast of Rush City. Smokes on as we wiggle and wave to the bunch gathered near the farmsteads. This is too much. I am giggling like a schoolgirl at a slumber party. After all the smoke and noise, my grandkids on the ground were really excited. I think they may have enjoyed the show. I know I did.

At Rush City, Tom and Steve fuel up and we reminisce on the day's activities, say our goodbyes and head for home.

Now I know what RVer Larry Purdue means when he said "Gentle pleasures". What a day! It is truly a pleasure to fly with these gentlemen of the Minnesota Wing.

Minnesota Wing – Van's Air Force  
65 15<sup>th</sup> Ave. SW  
New Brighton, MN 55112-3454

First Class

## **12<sup>th</sup> Annual Minnesota Wing Fly-In Picnic and Camp-out**

**Sat. September 10, 2005  
St. Croix Valley Airport  
Osceola, Wisconsin**

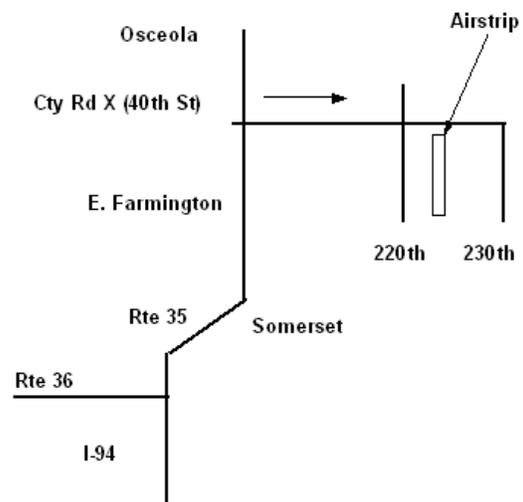
**Eatin' starts at 12 noon!!**

Fall is just about here so please join us for our MN Wing Fly-In and Camp-out at Steve Foster's airstrip.

Again, we'll provide burger's & brats and buns. Please bring along a side dish, salad or dessert to share and we'll have plates, plasticware, and beverages plus the rest of the necessities. Bring a lawn chair as well!!!

Rustic camping Fri and Sat if you like. Water and Porta-potty on site. Call Alex Peterson for details if you camp (612-418-9710). Fly-in RVs and Spam Cans welcome!!

Runway is 3800 turf (N/S). WN86 is the ID. N45-15-45, W92-35-20. We'll be on Unicom at 122.75. As always, use caution and **FLY SAFE!!**



**Driving directions:** Take I-94 east to Hudson and go north on Rte 35 through Somerset (be sure to make the turn north on 35 in Somerset.. easy to miss!) Continue north on 35 past East Farmington. Turn right (east) on County Road X. Go 3.8 miles. Airstrip is just east of 220<sup>th</sup> St. (look for RV sign). **Contacts:** Alex Peterson at 612-418-9710, Doug Weiler 651-398-1184