

EAA Chapter 10

August 2004 Newsletter

WATERMELON FEED THIS MONTH

Words From The Pres.

By: Bart Dalton

We are in the heat of the summer and our flying season. With Oshkosh just over our Tulsa fly in is next on the horizon. We had a wonderful meeting for July for all who showed up. John Hudec's Waco was a great hit.

This month's meeting will consist of our annual watermelon feed and a presentation from our Air Academy candidate. I heard great reports from Roger White that his granddaughter really had a great time and made many friends. I am so glad that we do this every year. As I talk to people from other chapters I learn that we are one of very few chapters that do this. Aviation has been very good to all of us and I think it is great that we can reinvest into the adults of tomorrow.

Last month's meeting was a great time for all. I would like to personally thank Craig Loomiller for sweating over the hot grill to cook our hotdogs. Our turnout of people was a little low so we had plenty to eat. John Hudec provided a great program with his Wonderful Waco.

This year at Oshkosh we had another wonderful time for camping. I think it was a little too cold for Brent Waddell one night. Everyone sat around in their shorts and Brent was in his coat with gloves and a hat. Every night we each took turns cooking. The night that Brent and I cooked we almost caught Lynn's Mooney on fire when Brent blew the corn cobs off the grill. I definitely can say we ate well!!!! Sleeping out under the stars was very wonderful. I saw two really neat things. The first was a T-58 Turbine powered Cozy and the second was a T-58 Turbine powered two seat parachute. Out of all the neat things that I saw and experienced the best thing about the whole experience for me was walking around the airplanes and talking with someone who

has the same interest and passion about aviation as I do; my son.

As most of us all know the Sport Pilot Rule is final. At the last meeting we didn't have all the details about everything so now I will list the LSA details:

- 1) Max gross takeoff weight of 1320 lbs. - 1430lbs. If float-equipped
- 2) Max stall speed: 51mph (45 KTS)
- 3) Top speed in level flight at max continuous power (VH): 138 MPH (120 KTS)
- 4) Two-place max (pilot and one passenger)
- 5) Day VFR operation
- 6) Single, non-turbine engine only
- 7) fixed- or ground-adjustable propeller
- 8) Unpressurized cabin
- 9) Fixed landing gear (reposition able for seaplanes and amphibians)
- 10) Operations designed to minimize potential conflicts with other aircraft in the National Airspace System

Next month's meeting will be on the Laser Ignition system from people with first hand operational knowledge of the system. This will be a very interesting meeting as we discuss aircraft electronic ignition systems.

As I close I want to leave you with some very inspiring words from - **Leonardo da Vinci** . " When once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth with your eyes turned upward , for there you have been , and there you will always long to return." See you at this month's meeting!!!

Oshkosh Odyssey

by Brent Waddell

When a three and a half inch downpour turned the taxiway at Sand Ridge into a bog, I had to give up on a July 4th trip to the Black Hills in South Dakota. However, as I began planning a trip to the EAA fly-in at Oshkosh, I realized that a three-legged trip to South Dakota, Oshkosh, and Tulsa was about three fourths as long as separate trips to each. Instead of four six hundred mile legs, I could fly three legs and go to South Dakota *and* Oshkosh!

With my folding bike strapped in the Cardinal on Thursday night, I was ready to go. Of course on Friday when I wanted to leave, Kansas was covered in thunderstorms. Fortunately, Flight Service said there was a 40 + mile wide gap between two cells north and east of Tulsa, and all the cells were to the west and drifting southwest. So, as every northwest bound flight should begin, I headed due east about sixty miles then turned north along the Kansas/Missouri line. VFR flight was not a problem, so I headed north to about 40 miles southwest of Kansas City and finally turned northwest. South of Lincoln, Nebraska, I made a quick fuel stop and filed an IFR flight plan. No thunderstorms were expected along the route, although I would probably be in and out of layers of clouds enroute and landing after dark. For signal coverage, center had me climb to 10,000 feet. Although my short sleeved shirt was fine for summer in Oklahoma, I noticed the outside temperature was 32 degrees and understood why I was cold! I was a little concerned and, as I entered the one of the cloud layers and rain began to streak across the windscreen, I started looking for ice. I didn't see any ice, and a call to center got me clearance down to 9,000 feet and warmer temperatures before things got exciting. As I approached the Black Hills, I gave up on any thought of landing at Custer County airport that night. The decision not to fly between layers of clouds, in the mountains, and at night to find an airport that I had never landed at was not a hard decision. After landing in Rapid City, it was time for bed.

The only problem with going to bed in Rapid City was that beds were hard to find. Some celebration had filled most of the chain motels - even Motel 6 was full at \$69 per single! Rather than sleep in the plane or pilot lounge, I decided to find a motel so I would get a good nights sleep before tomorrow's bike ride. Since the airport is more than ten miles from the nearest motel, and I couldn't find a motel with a shuttle, a rental car seemed a necessity. After cruising the interstate and reading all of the *No Vacancy* signs, I decided to look in some of the less traveled areas for a motel. As the hour got later, I happened onto the Time-In Motel right next to the Time-Out Lounge and Casino. It was clean and available, so I called it a night.

Anticipating the next day, I got up before sunrise and headed for the airport. The day was bright and clear,

and the clouds were clearing over the mountains. I took off and called Ellsworth Approach to let them know I wanted to fly by Mount Rushmore. They were glad to talk to me and confirmed that the Monument was ten miles ahead. They reminded me of the distance and altitude restrictions around Rushmore and passed me over to the advisory frequency. The morning sun was just right to fly by, and my heading was good to continue to Custer County airport. The AWOS at Custer County was calling for a scattered layer over the field, although it looked closer to broken as I tried to find the field. I found Custer, then the airport, and a large hole to the south. As I descended past the 6,400 foot pattern altitude to about 6,000 feet to stay clear of the clouds, I was glad I hadn't tried to land there the night before. After landing to the west, I filled up with fuel, tied the plane down, mounted the bike, and was on the road by 9:30 a.m.

It was a perfect day to be outdoors and, as I entered Custer, I noticed they were celebrating the *Discovery of Gold* in the Black Hills. They were preparing for a parade, setting up a crafts fair, and serving a pancake breakfast - just like at Chapter 10, pancakes, sausage, and juice on Saturday morning! I had my fill and headed north toward Hill City. The George S. Mickelson Trail was as advertised, and the scenery was great. The whole 100 + mile trail is an old railroad bed with a maximum grade of four degrees. The surface is crushed rock and, even after the rain from the day before, travel was dry and smooth. I made really good time on the trail and, about three miles from Hill City, the trail went by the road to Mount Rushmore. The sign said it was only ten miles. I had just done about that same distance with no problem, so I left the trail. **A big mistake!** Unlike the four degree grade on the trail, the road was vertical! My speed ranged from 40 miles per hour downhill to four miles per hour uphill. I made it to the visitors' center, enjoyed the view, had a nice lunch, and then hit the road again. My bike is a twelve speed with good low gears, but I was wishing I had another six low gears since uphill was so slow! I even slipped off the road and took a small spill, but nothing was damaged. (I didn't even rip my jeans . . . that happened later.) After returning to the trail, I continued to Hill City. After looking around town and getting something to drink, I decided to head back to Custer. The ride was good, but most of it was uphill again. Overall, the day had been great

and, although the FOB had a shower and good campsite, I decided a motel in Custer close to food was a better choice - besides, the airport was two more miles away uphill! In all, I covered about 56 miles but only saw about 30 miles of the Mickelson trail.

The next morning, after I had a really good night's sleep, I decided to go south from Custer past the airport for about ten miles, then return and leave for Oshkosh. I wanted to leave some of my gear at the plane, so I left the trail and rode about half a mile to the airport. As I approached the plane, I noticed that the dew or rain hadn't dried up under the engine but had under the rest of the plane. Why was that? Why was there water dripping out of the cowling? It wasn't water, it was fuel! (I knew I should have changed that hose!) After removing the cowling, I saw that I had changed the hose, and the fuel was coming from the carburetor. This was not good. After shutting off the fuel and looking for anyone who knew something about carburetors, the situation hadn't improved much. I did rip my pants while inspecting the situation - should have stayed on Atkins longer. The only mechanic was a turbine helicopter mechanic, and he was in the middle of a hundred hour inspection he had to finish. Of the learned experts I consulted (any body who looked liked they would listen), the consensus was that the float was probably stuck. Remedy . . . tap the carb with a wooded block. Result . . . nothing. After several hours of tapping and discussing, I decided that maybe the vibration of the engine would unstick the float. I put the cowling back on and cranked it up. After a good run up, I shut it down and decided it was time for a Dr. Pepper while I waited to see if it worked. It did! I topped off the fuel again and took off for Oshkosh about 2:30 p.m., two hours later than I had planned. The weather was perfect and, after about three hours and a quick fuel stop, I started the final leg to Oshkosh at 6:00 p.m.

I was about two and half hours plus from Oshkosh when I decided to land at Fond du Lac, since the field at Oshkosh would close at 8:00 p.m. If I arrived at Fond du Lac after 8:30 p.m., the tower would be closed, but the field would be open and I could camp there. After I leveled off, the amp meter looked like it was showing a slight discharge. I watched it a few minutes and had to admit that it was discharging. I turned off extra lights and radios and cut the

discharge to a very slight trickle, I hoped. It definitely wasn't charging. Still several hours away, I considered my options. A fuel float that might stick again, an alternator that wasn't charging, approaching darkness, flying into one of the busiest areas in the country with possibly no radios, no lights and no GPS . . . oh, help. If the battery didn't die, everything would be okay. I got my portable radio close by and checked the batteries. The route of flight would take me over Baraboo/Dells and Portage, Wisconsin. I knew I could land at either if the battery died. As I flew over the Dells, I could see the lights from the amusements in the growing shadows. Then I flew over Portage, and the battery was still holding on. Monitoring Fond du Lac tower, I heard them send out a tower closing advisory. The pattern didn't sound busy at all, and it wasn't dark yet. I picked out the airport and made my call entering downwind. When I pulled the power back, I was greeted with brighter lights and a full charge on the amp meter. This is good. The lineman at the FBO saw me land and signaled me to park on the hard surface near the fuel pumps. After I shut the engine down and told him I didn't need fuel, he said I could taxi to parking. Taxiing would have been easier if the engine had started. . . I guess the amp meter worked. The battery was too weak to start a hot engine. The lineman was really helpful and used a tug to pull me to parking at the base of the tower. I hoped the alternator belt was loose and that I could find some tools in the morning to tighten it. If the battery would be strong enough to start the engine, everything might be okay. That was tomorrow's problem. For now, it was dark, and I was hungry.

A couple of fellow campers said a restaurant about one and one half miles south of the field was the closest food. Since Oshkosh hadn't officially opened, the support at Fond du Lac wasn't open yet, so I started walking. I got to the restaurant as the last car pulled out of the parking lot. Seeing some lights on the other side of the freeway, I started in that direction. No food on that side of the road either, just trucking companies and a car wash. I headed back across the road to sample the cuisine at the BP convenience store across from the restaurant. Fortunately they had Diet Dr Pepper on sale so, with some Wisconsin cheese curds and sausage, I started the walk back. The tent set up with no problems, and I enjoyed dinner and after dinner conversation with a couple from Boston.

The cool weather made sleeping very comfortable and by early morning I was scurrying around trying to find a wrench to tighten the alternator belt. Several helpful people supplied me with the necessary tools. Setting down my glasses, I started to remove the cowling. A moment later, I felt something under my foot – my glasses! Both lenses had been pushed out of the frames, and one ear piece was bent 90 degrees so that it ran straight down my face in front of my ear instead of over the ear. Fortunately the frames withstood rebending, and the lenses popped back in. The alternator belt was tightened, the tools returned, and the cowling was installed. Now, if the engine will only start. It did, and I was off to Oshkosh by about 9:00 a.m.! The alternator was charging, and the flight to Ripon, Fisk, and runway 26 at Oshkosh was straightforward. From downwind, I could see three other planes from Tulsa already on row 557.

The two days at Oshkosh were busy - too much to see and do and not nearly enough time. The Sport Pilot information was being passed out, and members were invited to free food and drinks at 6:00 p.m. Monday to learn more about it. I was sure this was going to be a good deal and excused myself from Lynn Coltharp's pork chop dinner. After a long walk, I was treated to long lines, no food, no drinks, and little information. . . . they got me again! Back at camp, Lynn had pork chops and roasted corn left over, so I gratefully enjoyed them. As I unloaded the Cardinal to set up camp, the spring in the cargo door latch broke. Not a safety of flight item, but it figures. After another cool night's sleep, the next day was busy and went by too fast. I had hoped for more new information on Sport Planes. That night Bart Dalton and I shared cooking duties with a menu of brats, roasted corn, coleslaw, and cookies. Again we had plenty to eat and enjoyed the evening.

Because of weather moving into Oklahoma Wednesday evening, I decided to leave Oshkosh early. The engine started, and the departure was delayed 20 minutes for traffic. Enroute weather to Kirksville, Mo., was clear but with a slight headwind. After a quick stop for fuel and filing an IFR flight plan, I was off to Tulsa where cloud layers began just a little to the southeast of the city. As I approached Kansas City, I called Flight Watch to check weather enroute to Tulsa. Numerous light rain showers were

between me and Tulsa. Flight Watch suggested that flying to Joplin and then turning to Tulsa would probably be the driest route. I requested and was cleared direct Joplin. Just as I started to turn south to Joplin, the directional gyro started spinning around and around. I quickly checked the rest of the instruments to see what else was going on and found no other problems. Fortunately, the gyro straitened itself out it a minute and everything worked fine back to Sand Ridge. Light rain was falling, and Tulsa ATIS was calling three miles visibility when I entered the pattern. The light rain on the windshield might have caused me to flair a little high because the landing was firm enough for the baggage door to pop open. Other than that, I didn't have a problem. I just wish the trip could have been longer.

Editor's note: We may have to start calling BhrentThe Hard Luck Kid.

Misguided Breakfast Trip

By Jeff Wedman

It was the evening of Friday, July 30 when Robert Morris called and asked me if I was going to the breakfast in Ponca City the next day. I told him that I had forgotten all about it and I appreciated the call. I had invited Marvin Williams to come along on my next trip to Ponca, so I called him and asked him if he was still interested in going and he said he was. So we made arrangements to meet at Gundy's at 7:00 the next morning.

Jana and I went out to the airplane that evening to look it over and clean some bugs off the windshield and see if we could figure out a place to put her new GPS. We keep the airplane at Paul and Norma Shireman's who are neighbors with Lynn and Sallie Coltharp and we noticed that the their hanger door was open and Jana wanted to go show them her new toy, so we visited with Lynn and Sallie for awhile. I reminded Lynn that the Ponca City breakfast was tomorrow and that Marvin and I were going in the RV and asked if he was going. He said he was not going because he had just got back from Oshkosh and he had been getting up early for the last couple of weeks and that getting up early was awful for a retired person to do and he thought he would just sleep in on Saturday.

Later on that evening I called Joe Walker at work, (he works afternoons), to remind him about the Ponca City breakfast and that he should fly on over. I figured Joe would definitely be interested as Joe flies to some eatery a couple of times a week. He said he would think about it but he had a leaky brake and would probably have to work on it before he could do anymore flying.

Early Saturday I got up and went out to Paul's to get the airplane out of the hanger. Paul came out to the hanger and asked me "where you going?" and I replied to Ponca City. He then asked me "what for?" and I said for breakfast. At that point Paul looked at me kind of puzzled. I noticed the look and said "what?". He then said it's the 31st. Then I took on the puzzled look. I thought for a second. Sure it is, and the Ponca City breakfast is the first Saturday of the month. Paul started snickering before I could say anything at all. He had already figured out that I had screwed up.

I knew Marvin was waiting for me at the gas pump and I was so embarrassed to have to tell him that I had made an error on the date of the breakfast. I thought we might as well go for a ride anyway. I taxied to the pump and Marvin was waiting for me looking very hungry. I got out and told him that the breakfast was next weekend and not this weekend. As we were talking Lynn came taxing up in his VariEze. He pulled up to the pump and opened the canopy. I looked at him and said "where you going". He said to Ponca City. He woke up early and decided he would join us for breakfast. Now I was really embarrassed as now I had gotten two people out early and possibly a third for a breakfast that wasn't going to be. I told Lynn about the screw up and he suggested that we go somewhere for breakfast anyway. I suggested Grand Lake Regional. Lynn fueled up and off we went. It was very foggy east of Owasso. We flew above the dense fog all the way to Grand Lake just to find that the airport was fogged in. We headed back to Gundy's.

We did end up with some breakfast; it was at a restaurant in Owasso. Marvin, Lynn and I still got some flying in, so it wasn't all that bad. The strange thing about all this is the fact that everywhere I went that day I was asked "how was the breakfast in Ponca City" in a "I know you screwed up" kind of way. We

ran into Jim Gallaway at the restaurant and he asked, "How was the breakfast at Ponca" he,he,he,hahahaha. I went back out to the airport later that Saturday and the first person I saw was John Nys. The first thing out of his mouth was "I heard you went to Ponca City for breakfast" he,he,he,he,hahahaha. I went over to Claremore to see Joe and he asks "how was the breakfast" he,he,he,hahahaha. I go into the lounge at Claremore and the hamburger crowd is there and they ask "how was the breakfast in Ponca" he,he,he,hahahaha. You make one little mistake and the whole community knows about it. How does this happen??!! It's simply amazing. I'll have you know I did make it to Ponca City that day, for Mexican food, and I got to fly the RV even more.he,he,he,he,hahahaha. Marvin and I have already planed the trip for next week to Ponca. Just for everyone's information I had all this planned on **purpose** so that I have more excuses to go flying. See you at the next breakfast. Jeff

Editor's Note: I have absolutely no idea how all those people heard about Jeff's ill fated breakfast trip!! I encouraged Jeff to write the article by threatening to write it myself. I guess Jeff did not want the abuse of my embellishments.

OSHKOSH CAMPING

by Lynn Coltharp

We had four airplanes from Chapter 10 camping on row **557** this year plus John Nys and Bart Dalton brought their tents from elsewhere on the field. John Nys was sitting at the end of the row with his tent waiting for someone to arrive when Dana Ham and I arrived in the Mooney. Before long Paul Shireman arrived in his 172 and next Jim Gallaway arrived in his Cherokee Six with about 5 hours on a new engine. Bhrent Waddell arrived the next day (Monday).

This year Wal-Mart and the Piggly Wiggly, where we get our supplies were both closed and we had to go straight north to a TARGET and Pic and Save grocery for our supplies. We had heard about this problem but, it proved not to be a problem as the walk was not much farther and the grocery store was actually better equipped.

As usual we had roasted corn each night. The eating at our camp was really great. The first night we had grilled pork chops with grilled vegetables and potato salad. The second night we had Bhrent's specialty, brats with onions. For the third night Paul had

promised his specialty, “mystery meat”, but he returned from the store with ordinary hamburgers. Next year we need to hold him to “mystery meat”.

The eating was great each night and the camaraderie was really outstanding. (camaraderie means lots of lies were told!)

Bhrent left on Wednesday and Paul, Jim and I left on Thursday morning. The weather briefers had showed us a kind of questionable scenario for our trip home as low and high pressure areas were going to squeeze up together along our route home. The briefer I got seemed a bit optimistic that I might get through. After we crossed Whiteman Air Force Base the weather began to deteriorate with lowering ceilings and poor visibility. As we got lower and lower and the visibility got worse I began to see a layer of scud ahead that looked to be around 700ft AGL. I hit “nearest” on the GPS and headed to Butler Missouri. As we taxied in I recognized Jim Gallaway’s airplane sitting on the ramp. Jim had seen the same weather I did and made the same decision. The people at Butler were very accommodating and let us use their courtesy car to go in for lunch. After lunch we were still optimistic that the weather might improve so we kept hanging around the airport and checking weather. About 3:30 Dan Gerber, from Sandridge landed because of the weather. We had a real contingent of airplanes trying to get to Tulsa. About 4:30 we all got realistic and decided a night in a motel was in order. The guy at the airport took us all into town and dropped us off at a motel. A real bed and a shower that ran continuous felt real good after four nights in a tent.

The next morning we were still presented low ceilings and they did not raise until about 11:00am.

One thing I found very handy for checking the weather along our route ahead of us was the new **1-877-ANY-AWOS** number. You just dial that toll-free number and put in the identifier of any awos/asos along your route and you can listen to the actual weather at the airports along your route. You can only get one report for each dial-up, but I found it very helpful information.

There were around 10,000 airplanes this year so there were plenty of airplanes to ogle and drool over



FOR SALE

1959 Comanche 180
total time 4281 hours
engine total time 2347 hours
Kenneth Gates
9biplanepilot1@sbcglobal.net
(918)396-0968 (evenings from 6:00 to 9:00 please)
See picture at WWW. EAA10.org

1965 172 – Good honest airplane that needs some TLC. 4000hr total time, 1300 smoh. No radios, paint 5, interior 5, new tires, windshield and corrosionX
Bart Dalton 272-8551 9planenutty@juno.com

Aviation Home at Sandridge Airpark
3/2/2 plus office. New carpet and paint. 24x34 gameroom/mother-in-law room. 34x84 hangar
Sallie Coltharp 272-7255 or 740-7255
Price reduced to \$175,000
9sacoltharp@cox.net

1-acre lots at Skiatook Airport for aviation homes.
Build homes and hangars with access to airport.
\$67,900 Sallie Coltharp 272-7255 740-7255
9sacoltharp@cox.net

Hangar House on private airport at Barnsdall
Sallie Coltharp 272-7255 740-7255

For buying and selling airport properties call “the aviation home specialist” Sallie Coltharp

(please note the “9” preceding everyone’s email address in our newsletter. Delete the “9” if you want to email anyone. This is to help deter junk mail that gets picked up on the internet)

Calendar Of Events

August 16- Monthly Meeting Gundy's 7:30pm
 Sept 17-18 Tulsa Fly-In @ Bartlesville
 Sept 29 – Bean Dinner – Airmen Acres
 Dec 11 – Christmas Party @ Gundy's

To add an item to our calendar, get the information to the newsletter editor Lynn Coltharp. See the contact info on the cover for email, phone, and mail addresses.

Who Brings Snacks????

If your last name starts with M, then June is your month to bring a snack to the chapter meeting.

January A-C
 February D-F
 March G-H
 April I-L
 May – Annual Picnic
 June M
 July N-P
August – watermelon provided
 September Q-S
 October T-V
 November W-Z

WEB PAGE NEWSLETTER

<http://www.eaa10.org/>

If you would like to get the newsletter on the chapter website (www.eaa10.org) every month, this saves us on mailing and printing costs, helping to keep your dues low. Just send Jeff Wedman or Bob Minich an email and we'll stop the paper version and send you a monthly email when the newsletter is posted online.

Recurring events

1st Monday Each month Board Meeting at the chapter hangar at Gundy's 7:00pm

2nd Monday each month Newsletter Folding at the hangar - Gundy's Airport 7:00pm

3rd Monday each month Chapter 10 EAA meeting at the hangar - Gundy's Airport 7:30pm

1st Saturday each month Ponca City Aviation Booster club Breakfast Fly-In.

1st Saturday after 3rd Monday - each month Pancake Breakfast - Gundy's Airport

EAA Tulsa Chapter 10

*New Member Application
 or Renewal or Update*

Name	
Address	
City	
State	
ZIP	
Email Address	
Home Phone#	
Work Phone#	
Co-pilot/Spouse	
National Membership #	
Aircraft owned (make/model)	
Projects in progress/% complete	
Date	
Membership dues:	\$20
Renewal or new or just updating information?	

Bring this form to next meeting or mail it to:

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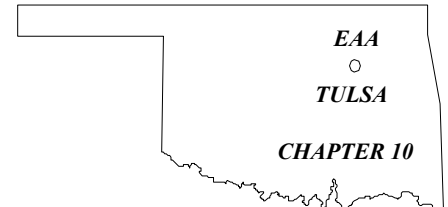
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Next Meeting: Monday August 16, 2004 7:30pm
CHAPTER HOME AT GUNDY'S
Snacks: ***Watermelon Provided***