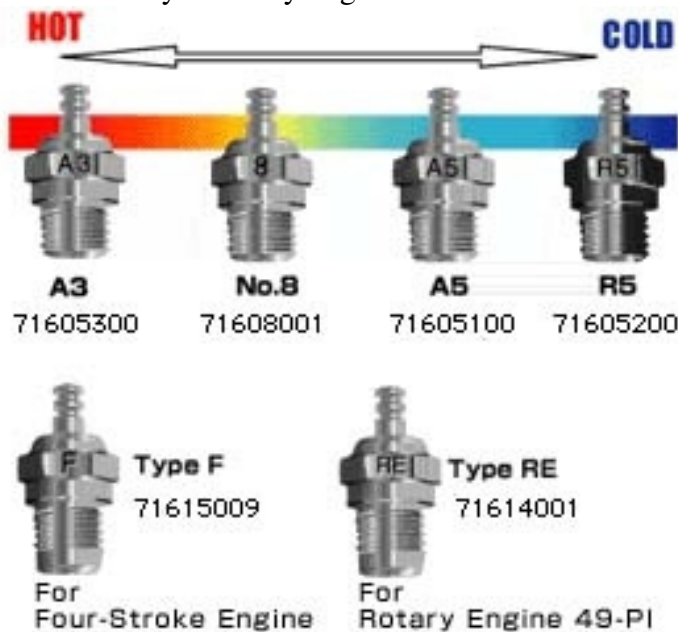


and apply five-minute epoxy generously and replace on the fuse. Check the incidence and wipe off any epoxy that squeezed out and let it cure in place (30 minutes). Check the angle to the horizontal stab and vertical fin with a small carpenter square. The centerline must be parallel to the centerline of the fuse. Check with a long straight edge.

Epoxy and reinstall the vertical fin blocked in place to maintain the correct position. Wipe off any excess epoxy and allow it to cure. Now sand the filled spots, tack rag the structure and re-cover the fuselage.

To fix the fuel soak-in problem I used modeling clay or paraffin to fill the mounting, push rod, and fuel line holes in the firewall. I then put a thin coat of CA on the outside of the firewall followed by a coat of five-minute epoxy, overlapping the edges of the covering. When the epoxy cures, clean out the holes and reinstall the fuel tank with a bead of silicone sealer (enough to fill the gap) around the base of the cap. Allow a day for the silicone to cure then reinstall the hardware, radio gear, and check the center of gravity. Charge the batteries and your ready to go to the field.



A mother took her five-year-old son with her to the bank on a busy lunchtime. They got behind a very fat woman wearing a business suit complete with cell phone and pager. As they waited patiently, the little boy said loudly, 'Gee, she's fat!' The mother bent down and whispered in the little boy's ear to be quiet.

A couple of minutes passed by and the little boy spread his hands as far as they would go and

announced; 'I'll bet her butt is this wide! The fat woman turns around and glares at the little boy.

The mother gave him a good telling off and told him to be quiet.

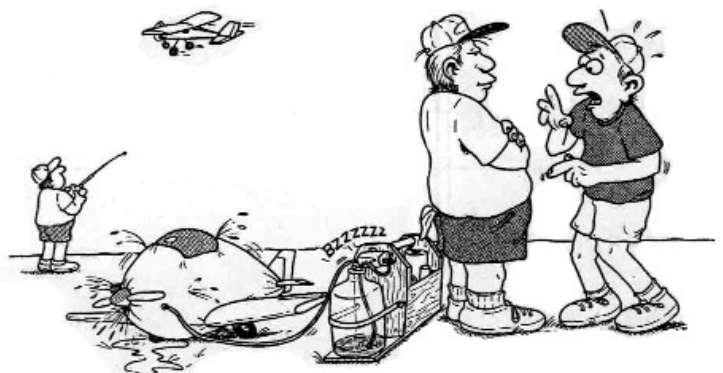
After a brief lull, the large woman reached the front of the line. Just then her pager began to emit a beep, beep, beep.

The little boy yells out, 'Run for your life, she's backing up!!

TWAS THE NIGHT OF THANKSGIVING!

**Twas the night of Thanksgiving, but I just couldn't sleep
I tried counting backwards, I tried counting sheep.
The leftovers beckoned - the Dark meat and white
But I fought the temptation with all of my might.
Tossing and turning with anticipation
The thought of a snack became infatuation.
So I raced to the kitchen, flung open the door
And gazed at the fridge, full of goodies galore.
I gobbled up turkey and buttered potatoes,
Pickles and carrots, beans and tomatoes.
I felt myself swelling so plump and so round,
Till all of a sudden, I rose off the ground.
I crashed through the ceiling, floating into the sky.
With a mouthful of pudding and a handful of pie.
But, I managed to yell as I soared past the trees...
Happy eating to all, pass the cranberries, please.
May your stuffing be tasty.
May your turkey be plump.
May your potatoes 'n gravy have nary a lump.
May your yams be delicious.
May your pies take the prize.
May your Thanksgiving dinner stay off of your thighs.
It is estimated that Americans will consume 10 million tons of turkey on Thanksgiving Day. Due to turkey's high sulphur content, Americans will also produce enough 'gas' to fly a fleet of 75 Hindenbergs from L.A. to New York in 24 hours. (Non-smoking flights, of course.)**

MAY YOU ALL HAVE A BLESSED THANKSGIVING!
Chuck and Jerri Brooks



"BILLY I THINK YOUR FUEL TANK IS FULL.