



EAA Chapter 32 News

Jim Bower, Editor



August, 2010

Come to the meeting on Saturday, August 21 at 10:00 am. See inside for program details.



The Huebbe twins in front of their 2010 Oshkosh plans outstanding workmanship award-winning Sonex. One of them is John; the other is Mark...don't ask which is which!

Volunteer Needed

We're looking for a qualified individual to install a 220V line in the ARC to power an air compressor. If you can do this, please contact President Dave.

If at First You Don't Succeed...

By Chris Seto

As with Oshkoshes past, I stay with one of my LongEZ friends in HBC. He was set to leave on Sunday and get in a few hours after I did. After hearing about the dismally wet field conditions, I called him on Saturday to see what he had to say. It turned out that he was completely unaware of the rapidly worsening situation at Oshkosh. All of Saturday, I was monitoring Twitter, KOSH ATC and the KOSH webcam trying to figure out what was going on and if we would be able to park until the EAA posted an update saying that they would be trying to park aircraft on Sunday morning. I called my LongEZ friend and told him the good news that night.

Next morning, Art and I were stuck on the ground due to deteriorating field conditions at OSH. I called up my friend to see what was going on and learned that he was unable to land anywhere near Oshkosh. Appleton and Fon Du Lac were both saturated with traffic and closed, but he had found an alternative airport (KUNU) in Juneau, Wisconsin that allowed camping. He was going to stay there until KOSH opened and he could fly in.

Meanwhile, Art and I were still watching the OSH parking status waiting for an opening which never came. By 3PM it became clear we would be spending that night at home.

I got a text message at 6AM on Monday from Art saying he wanted to meet and get out to the airport by 9AM. The theory was that the field would be opened in the morning, and we would be prepared by having his plane loaded and ready to depart as soon as the EAA announced that GA planes were being parked. The first status update that was planned for 9AM was still pretty dismal. GA aircraft were still being turned away, but by 11AM we had a more optimistic report of field conditions *maybe* supporting GA parking later in the day. The page listed that a new update would be posted at noon.

Noon came and left without a positive update. My friend sent me a text message saying that he made it into Oshkosh and had now had his LongEZ parked in HBC.

Around this time, Art and I started talking about maybe starting on our way, hoping that KOSH would open and we could land, if not that day, maybe next. Reminded of my LongEZ friend's success with staying at KUNU, I decided to see what Art thought of the idea of leaving for KUNU, in hopes that the airshow would end and we could finally get in. If it didn't we could always camp at KUNU until it did. Art seemed to like this idea, and after filing our VFR flight plan and checking weather we were finally able to takeoff.



After landing at KUNU two hours later, we found out that although the field was closed, it had been open earlier in the day and would open in two hours, after the airshow.

KUNU was inundated with people using it as a stepping stone to Oshkosh in the same way we were. The staff had setup some free food and there were plenty of things to look at, including some prototype trikes parked out front.

Half an hour before the airshow was over, we took off with the many others waiting and headed for Ripon. Flying the pattern took surprisingly little time and the controller actually only talked to us two or three times. At last, we were in Oshkosh!

The field conditions were still pretty muddy, and as a result, we ended up taxiing on hard surfaces only, using a torn up taxiway along 18/36. A bigger surprise came when we were routed to an area of the field far from the North 40 (past the terminal, even) where no camping was allowed. We were expected to grab all of our camping gear and take a bus to the North 40 to camp there. At this, point, I split with

Art since it was getting dark and I wanted to have my tent set up next to my friend's LongEZ before it got too dark.

I ended up walking to HBC, meeting my friend, and having my tent set up just as dark came.

Oshkosh was surprisingly crowded this year, considering how few GA planes actually made it in. HBC and most of the show plane areas had filled up, however the North 40 only get marginally full at the end of our stay. Because of all of the standing water, mosquitoes were fierce this year. I had to be back in the tent by 9PM sharp to avoid being eaten alive by them. Other than those things, it was a pretty typical Oshkosh with all the usual venders, aircraft noise and forums. My canard friends and I mostly stayed in the middle section of the field with the forums and vender booths, although from what I hear Art seemed to like to stick with the South end of the field with his new found interest: ultralight aircraft.

For the most part, weather was sunny and warm. We got a few small rain showers here and there, but nothing severe. At times it felt like autumn, which was not necessarily a bad thing, since it meant that nights were cool and the days were warm, but never uncomfortable.

Art and I decided to stay an extra two days to make up for the delays in getting out. When the time came to finally leave on Saturday, we met up and started our flight planning when a new METAR came current indicating that the ceiling had dropped too close for comfort. We went off-field for a quick brunch and by the time we got back, the conditions had improved enough for us to take off and fly under the clouds until we found a crack, climbed out and activated an IFR flight plan. After flying in and around the clouds for close to two and a half hours, we landed at a very hot and humid KSET.



Art Zemon photo

Learning As We Go

“OSHKOSH 2010”

by mr. bill

Here is the follow up to my June LAWG article about my first OSHKOSH Airshow. This month's chat is about the strangest OSHKOSH airshow: **2010**. With camper in tow on Saturday morning and ready to shift into drive the phone rang with a call from the “mayor” of the corner of 12th Street and Sunset on the Oshkosh camp grounds, (where the Chicago southsiders have been for 15 years) stating that the mission might be scrubbed. What? No way! “It rained again last night! I stepped out of the camper and sunk into the ground up to my ankles!” Not the sacred ground of Oshkosh!

All that came to mind was the scene from the Blues Brothers movie... “We’ve got a full tank of gas, we’re 450 miles from Oshkosh, we’ve got sunglasses on....Hit it!” I will have to see Oshkosh with my own eyes!

On the road a call to my sister who lives 100 miles south of Oshkosh confirmed that Friday (the day before) there was 5 inches of rain in 45 minutes. Days earlier on Tuesday the area received 2.75 inches of rain. Oh well, road trip! At 1700 hours the caravan entered the pearly gates of Oshkosh Camper Registration. The talk inside the pearly gates was, “After buying your tickets you will then check with the security people and THEY will let you know if you can go in and camp.” WHAT!?! After checking with the two 20-something year old girls on the security team and telling them I would be turning in on Stits road, then right on Lindbergh, then right on 12th street, and park with the “mayor!” I was told to enter at my own risk. Thanks, I plan to!

I entered at my own risk and it was shocking! Any camping rig over 10,000 pounds was held outside the camp-

ing area. Those who arrive early in the week were camped on the hard surface roads making traveling down those hard surface roads of Stits and Lindbergh very difficult. I safely made it down Lindbergh but where the hard surface ended at 12th street so did civilization. All the grassy area to the west (about 200 yards)

and to the south (about ½ a mile) was totally empty of any one camping. (Remember this scene, we will see it again!) I turned in on 12th and rolled onto the plywood boards for the camper wheels and set up camp. I was the lucky one. After dinner off field an hour later and while returning to the camping area from the north side of the service road I could see the south section of the service road before the camper registration area, had a mile long line of campers waiting to enter the pearly gates. Unfortunately the pearly gates were drawn closed and no one would enter until the next day! Can you say, “Not happy campers?”

The next day the walk from the camping area to the flight line showed the damage to the street entry points off the main hard surface road into the camping streets. Many were impassible and those campers that got in before the rain had no way to make it out.



**Pepsi...check.
Backpack...check.
Sunglasses...check.
Backwards ball hat...check.
Trash bag poncho...check.
1970s sideburns...check.**

Look out, Oshkosh...here I come!

The second shock came upon arriving at the flight line just west of runway 18/36. I entered the flight line at row 30. (There are a total of 150 rows for aircraft parking.) There were about five “past champion aircraft” in the beginning of each row perpendicular to the road. The last aircraft on the Oshkosh airfield was at row 35. There were NO airplanes from row 35 to row 150 at the south end of the field the distance of a mile! The planes that had landed there earlier in the week had

turned off the runway, and stopped and parked on the taxiway due to the wet grounds. This can NOT be the first day of Oshkosh!

Well, by keeping the planes and campers off the grounds and having beautiful weather and winds on Sunday and Monday the grounds were ready for Oshkosh 2010 on Tuesday when things returned to normal! The remainder of the airshow was awesome.

Cooler airplanes had to be the 22 DC-3's that flew in.

Cooler product for me was 4" x 4" solar powered green, blue, white, and red airport environment lights.

Cooler ground equipment was a Bobcat with half track belts on it so it could run around smoothing out the rough spots in the camp ground.

Sadder sights: All the over-size heavy weight campers that were parked in the old Wal-Mart parking lot, the abandoned FORD dealership, and the TARGET parking lot and various other places around the airport perimeter!

Nickname given to Camp Schoeller for 2010? Lake Schoeller

Nickname given to Wittman Field for 2010? "Wet"man Field



For those of us who love old piston airliners, here's the Historical Flight Foundation's newly restored DC-7B

Stick Welding Classes

Don Doherty is planning on some stick welding classes in October. These will be on Saturdays outside of the meeting. Since we only have one machine participants will be able to schedule time in order to get adequate practice. Materials will be provided. Stick welding is normally given prior to TIG in order to give experience with handling an electrode and is suitable for thicker materials. Don will have more details and a sign up sheet at the next meeting.

D.C. Debrief

By Dave Deweese

My eldest stepdaughter's grandfather lives in the Armed Forces Retirement Home in Washington, D.C. Janel, who lives in Omaha, wanted to visit but is on a budget that precludes travel. When my wife's genealogical research revealed destinations of interest in the area she offered to subsidize part of Janel's expenses if she'd travel with us. Her new job caused us to reschedule the trip such that it coincided with Oshkosh, so I've forgone that pilgrimage once again. You'll notice that I've also forgone doodles in favor of travel photographs.

Janel came with me to the Air and Space museum. Daryl and Danielle opted to sleep off the prior day's National Mall expedition: we seem to have brought some Missouri heat and humidity with us, so going from the Washington Monument, past the White House, through the WWII and Vietnam memorials, and ultimately up the steps to greet Mr. Lincoln, became a test of endurance. I was jazzed enough the following morning however, to brave the mass transit maze and see how Air and Space had changed in the thirty-plus years since my last visit.

Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis hangs right where I remember her, though today she's flanked by SpaceShip One. Voyager's long, glider-like wings span an entrance area. It's fitting that Rutan's creations should live in the Smithsonian, so near to other amazing inventions, and also to ground where many of our nation's founders walked. It's energizing to consider what one can accomplish with hard work and inspiration. (An entertaining job, if nothing else: a nearby museum of modern art contains big canvases decorated by vaguely familiar-looking blotches. Turn around and a black and white film plays, illustrating their origin. Women in nothing but their birth-

day suits stand patiently while an artist paints them blue, after which they stand against the canvas. How is it that I, in my pre-collegiate years, never considered such a career?)

On our way back we stopped in Cincinnati, not far from Dayton. Danielle decided to come with me to the Air Force Museum. Road construction made it into a long drive, much more confusing than D.C. mass transit, though persistence and determination won the day. This collection has also expanded over three decades. My old pal, the B-36J, is still there, dominating one of three big hangars worth of aircraft. The XB-70 was nowhere to be found. A knowledgeable museum staff member explained that it's now part of the "Presidential Tour" and that you have to sign up in advance. Sadly we were too late to get in on that, though it's satisfying to hear that the Valkyrie is now indoors and getting the respect she deserves.

The only collection that appears to have diminished is the planes sitting outside. It was late afternoon as Danielle and I waded through the July swelter to review these, and I gave a thought to those of you up in Wisconsin,

especially the campers who might not have an air-conditioned hotel room awaiting them. A memorable discovery was a late-vintage trimotor from the late 1940's: the Northrop YC-125B. Danielle poses here with this somewhat ungainly aircraft. Why such machines intrigue me so is a mystery. Witness the pronounced dihedral, bulging fuselage, fixed gear, and random window shapes around the cockpit. But it's a flying machine, and that makes it beautiful.

I'll close for now, and imagine, as I would have at ten, a restored C-125 with me at the controls. It looks like this plane would get on and off of relatively short runways, and the cargo hold could be furnished like a camper (or clubhouse). After this trip I can imagine any number of heroic methods of funding such a dream: spaceship design, nation founding, painting canvases with blue women, the sky's the limit.

Happy Contrails,

(Do335)Dave



N41710 For Sale
CULVER CADET LCA 1942
Asking price \$16,000

Continental C-85
 Airframe TT 927 Hrs / SMOH 84 Hrs
 Last Annual June 2006
 FS 450 Digital FF
 Electronic Int'l volt/amp meter
 Artificial Horizon
 Airspeed Indicator, Altimeter
 Micro-Air 760 COMM Radio
 Garmin GTX-320a X-Ponder
 Cylinder Head Temp Gauge
 Ameri-King AK-450 ELT
 Suction Gauge, Oil Temp Gauge
 Turn & Bank (2 min)
 Vertical Speed (100 fpm)

SPECIFICATIONS:
 Wing Span 27'
 Length 17' 8"
 Height 5' 6"
 Weight empty 750 lbs
 Gross weight 1305 lbs
 Fuel capacity 20 gals
 Retractable landing gear
 Maximum speed 140 mph
 Cruise speed 120 mph
 Stall speed 45 mph
 Normal range 600 miles
 Rate of climb 800 ft/min



1/4 share RV-6A - \$16,300.



- Slider canopy, hangared @ St Charles County, KSET
 - 160 HP Lyc, 1250 TT, 1110 SMOH, Fuel Injected, C/S Prop
 - Garmin GNC-300 IFR GPS/COM, Terra NAV/COM w/Glideslope, KT-76C Transponder
 - TruTrak GPS Attitude Direction Indicator
 - Rocky Mountain Instruments Engine Monitor
 - Built in 1998 by American Airlines mechanic
 - Easy cruise 167 mph @ 8.2 gph
 - Includes overhaul fund (currently > \$7,600.)
- Great plane, great partners, selling because I need 4 seats!

Call Mike Piccirilli (636) 530-1748

9/8/09

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