

Milt Ciarlariello Presents

OshKosh 2003

OSH-AV'03 - Part 1 GETTING THERE (AUN-OSH)

We started the planning a little in advance. Barrington Chap 790 invited us to camp with them again, and volunteer to help run the AirVenture. Greg Duda volunteered to work KidVenture as a control-line pilot, Mark Gilbert volunteered as a library assistant, and Bill Jaques volunteered as a courtesy cart driver for the Ambassadors. I, of course, repeated my previous three years of duty in the KidVenture tent working the mechanic's tools booth twisting safety wire, etc.

We set a goal of keeping our total weight down to 200lbs apiece in the Bonanza, so we could feel comfortable going out of our high-altitude fuel stops at 925 out of 980lb useful load. This meant, essentially, "Consider yourself to be back-packing." Sleeping bag, tent, clothes and myself came in at 205, but I didn't weigh the flight kit in, or the fig newtons, pretzels, bagels and water.

Fueled the airplane late Sat., and made the final "heavy check" walk-around. Mark spent the night at Auburn to eliminate the pre-dawn drive from Sacramento, and Bill planned to park his truck in the hangar for the week, meeting us in the morning.

"Oh dark 30" came about an hour earlier than we would have liked, but our plan was to get off at or before 0530, so, coffee for Mark, and off we went. At the hangar, as we loaded the final 3 bags, I became aware that all my keys, and spares were on my car key rings, and Sabina (Mark's wife) had driven us to the airport. Ha! A repeat of 2001 when Norma had driven Bill and me to the airport.... Call Norma! ..

Norma arrived very soon after we had rolled the bird out of the hangar, finished load positioning, contacted Greg at the EAA hangar, and got set to go. The agreement was that Greg would fire up when he saw our position lights go on.

After uneventful run-up, we departed rwy 7 straight out, and noted Greg in the gray pre-dawn with a still prop. Listening on 122.75, and 122.7 we heard a familiar voice, "Milt, is that you?". He apparently hadn't seen our lights come on, OR see us taxi away from the hangar.

It was OK, however, the Glasair can cruise about 30kts faster than my antique, and I was setting up power for LRC (long range cruise) of 8.5 GPH. This means climb at 120 and cruise at 145. Greg caught up with us before we got to the Nev. State line.

The PLAN was, AUN,RNO,BAM,OGD,RKS, estimated 4:18 in still air to the first fuel stop. OGD would be the alternate for headwinds, but we REALLY didn't want to set down there and then have to climb back up through the pass.

Skirting virga and getting a couple of baths enroute, we **approximated** a GPS/LORAN direct. Enroute RNO-LLC, The air came alive with urgency! Greg had a surprising announcement, "My flaps are full down, and I can't keep up with you." Followed by the fact that they wouldn't come back up, and then by the fact that he didn't think he could make it over the next ridge.

We circled back keeping each other in sight, and both hit the emergency "nearest airport" GPS & Loran functions. (GPS in Sunny the Beech, Loran in the Glasair) Nearest airport was 32 NAM. Greg allowed that even that would be doubtful. We had just started looking for a good road, when Greg announced, "problem solved". Flaps were up. They had gone to full extend, and popped the CB. On to Rock Springs. (Ask Greg to explain that one!)

We spent about an hour on the ground at RKS since we had decided to "brown bag" our first stop to save time. The restaurant at the terminal in RKS is pretty good, but it would have delayed us too much. The ultimate plan was to see if we *could* make it to OSH before they closed the field, but that would have meant favorable winds and WX. Our fall back position was MCW (Mason City). It was at RKS that we discovered the Beech was sucking up 8.2 GPH, and the Glasair was using 5.2 GPH. Greg was just above "the flight idle stop". From now on, we had to be careful since we couldn't get 80/87, and these "3:1" compression ratio engines tend to lead up the plugs running on 100LL.

Leaving RKS, the plan was MBW,BFF,ONL,SUX for fuel.

As it turned out, the WX was getting questionable as we approached SUX, and we both had better than an hour of fuel on board, so we decided to push on as long as we had the advantage, and hope for MCW. MCW was not to be because, as we approached FOD (Fort Dodge), the sky started to turn color, and touch the ground. Being a charter member of the Chicken Little Air Force, (We never fly when the sky is falling) we set down at FOD for the night. Bill's David Clark headset had disassembled itself en-route, and he was being held together by rubber bands. More later on that one, but he had a headache, and one ear was wet from a glycerin leak.

The local Best Western sent a cab out to pick us up, and we got two rooms looking out on the indoor pool and rec. area. Time for salad, pizza and beer and a good nights rest, we had been airborne for 4:18 plus 4:48, or 9:06, and it *hadn't* been what you would call smooth air. ("Ride those rudder pedals, and you'll get a more harmonious result!")

Up at 0600, breakfast, off the ground at around 07:30. The PLAN was FOD, MCW,UKN,DLL, Direct RIPON, FISK & OSH. This was not to be! We, in the front were doing the electron thing, getting the VOR and GPS to match, and our GIB (guy in back) had other means. He was following the local sectional, and guiding us right of this lake, and left of that. Now, one has to realize, that the view from the front seat is different than from the back, and we were seeing a LOT more lakes than appeared on the sectional. The wing man kept asking if we knew where we were, because his Loran didn't agree with us. As we approached a group of large, paved runways, we got the GIB to agree that it wasn't on HIS flight path, and we returned to the VOR bearing out of DLL that would get us to RIPON. (We had approached Madison, WI for those of you who wonder.)

Out of Dells, WI, Mark was flying. It was his FIRST time into OSH. We approached Ripon, and the voice on the radio stated “V tail Bonanza over Ripon, rock your wings. Thank you. Turn east for Runway 36”, and we did. He then talked to 3 other “V tail Bonanzas”. The confidence level dropped rapidly. I’m used to them addressing you by color and type. If it had been “Tan Bonanza”, I would have been more confident. As such, I requested Mark do a Rt. 360 back to Ripon while we scoured the sky for other targets. Greg was already on toward FISK and directed into the flow for Rwy 27. The second time over Ripon, we got the same message “V tail Bonanza over Ripon, turn east for Runway 36”. Verifying NO other V tails in sight, we continued east until we vectored into final for 36. This is a real “have faith” leg. Basically, you just fly east ‘til you see the lake, then turn north. (I didn’t have the ILS freq. dialed in which would have simplified it.) Reporting final to the tower, they cleared us to land on 36R, as apposed to “Left side of 36 Left”, or “Right side of 36 Left”. They had for all purposes created two runways out of 36L, which is 150 ft wide, and had created an additional runway out of the old east side taxiway (30 ft wide?) and called it 36L. On the ground, we wanted to be vectored to Vintage Aircraft Camping. Which is fairly close to show center. We held up our required “VAC” sign, which they ignored, and routed us to the far south side of the airport, passing a sign that said “Welcome to Fond Du Lac”. The next row south of us had a sign, “Fond Du Lac City Limits”. Greg was vectored to the show center area for Glasairs. Later we found that the VAC area had many openings. Never found out why we were directed south. After we stopped, we called the Kid Venture and Chap 790 Director, Dan Mijka on his cell phone. He welcomed us to AirVenture, and dispatched a golf cart to bring us in from the “South Forty”. While we were waiting, we tied down the airplane, unloaded, and refueled. Price of fuel at OSH? Texaco was \$2.19, and Phillips was \$1.99. I understand that 2 days later, Texaco was also \$1.99. Mike Titre found us in about 30 minutes, and transported all the camping gear to the Chapter 790 camping area. Enroute, we stopped to register the airplane and get our welcome package. Greg was in the campsite waiting for us. This was Monday, and Camp Scholler was already almost filled up with arrivals. For a show to start on Tuesday? We had only put in about 3 hrs from FOD to OSH, arriving before noon.

OSH –AV’03 – Part 2 BEING THERE (7 DAYS-OSH)

Mike got us to the campground just about noon on Monday, staked out our tent areas, and by 1 PM we were in the KidVenture area looking those grounds over. Mark was introduced to Sue in the Library, and went immediately to work for the rest of the afternoon. Greg was introduced to Jim, at the control line center, and set up his work schedule to teach control line model flying to the kids. I went back into the main tent, and helped set up the aviation mechanics booth. It was a busy first day getting the campsite set up and the work schedule “roughed in”. Bill had separately checked in with the Ambassadors re-affirmed old friendships, and got his cart schedule started. Tuesday was opening day, and there were 52,000(+) campers in the campsite, an 18% increase over 2002. Estimated attendance was 770,000, up from about 750,000 a year ago. Aircraft on the ground, both at Oshkosh and surrounding airports, numbered approximately 11,000. That included a record 2,960 registered show planes, 200 more than the previous record. I had wanted to attend the seminars on 501(c) 3 for chapters, and the DAR status program, but got too busy in the KidVenture tent. That night, there was a “Gathering of Eagles” dinner at the museum, and I went with Mike to help. As I found out, this was strictly for the “hi-rollers”, and they had an auction to raise money for the Young Eagles Program. They bid on “one of a kind” paintings, exotic trips for two, a weekend with Sean D. Tucker with aerobatic flight in his airplane, dinner dates with models, etc. over \$98,000 was raised. Chap 790 sold raffle tickets on “door prizes” (e.g.; a Scott O2 system) to raise more money. That night, it RAINED. Usually, it just “rains” once a night, but this time, I fell sound asleep during the downpour, and the foot of my sleeping bag came in contact with the sidewall of the tent. You guessed it! In the morning, Greg helped me wring out almost a gallon of water out of the lower half of the bag. A new discovery! My bag will keep you warm even if you are wet! Wednesday dawned with the flags at half-mast for Bob Hope. Chap.790 served breakfast, \$4 for great fellowship, and all you could eat, pancakes, eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, OJ and coffee. I was able to break away for seminars that morning on chapter insurance topics, and then the luncheon for Young Eagle Coordinators. Tom Poberezny and (of course) Chuck Yeager were the guest speakers being inspirational. We (the EAA) had flown (at that time) 946,000 of the 1,000,000 targeted for DEC 17th 2003. (In the ensuing two weeks, the number has grown by over 40,000, so the target is beginning to look obtainable.) Chuck is looking forward to flying the millionth Young Eagle over Kitty Hawk later this year. The air-show went on as usual, with a helicopter hovering at the cloud base as a safety reference for the participating pilots. We did a little shopping at the booths and the fly-market. Bill hit the David Clark booth, and they completely rebuilt his headset on the spot. (Good showing of customer support.) Wed. night, I attended the “President’s Circle” dinner with Mike, and Mark with Greg. We rubbed elbows with the “wheels” at the EAA’s “Air Academy”. After downing several rounds at the open bar, we were shown around the Academy by one of the “senior” cadets, and got to listen to Gene Cernan and Tom Poberezny speak. I introduced Greg and Mark to Rudy Frasca (Frasca Flight Simulators) and they got a thumbnail sketch of how Rudy’s P-40, Jim Belushi, and the movie “1941” fit together. After dinner, we listened to the U.S. Park Ranger from the Kitty Hawk Memorial in NC deliver an interesting historical account of the days surrounding the first flight. Thurs. Morning, I missed the leader’s forum at 0830, but it was a full day at KidVenture. During the day, Ms.Blakey, (FAA Administrator) announced that the sport pilot/light sport aircraft rule had finally left the building (FAA HQ., that is) and that it has her full support and backing. (The next day, Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta said, "It won't take long once it gets to my office to get cleared.") She also unveiled (In keeping with this year’s Centennial of Flight

celebration), the new (credit card) pilot certificate featuring graphics of the Wright brothers, the 1902 Wright Glider, 1903 Wright Flyer, and a Boeing jet as well as the DOT seal and the hologram of the FAA seal.

We topped off the day by Mike and I taking Greg and Mark to the Life Member reception at the Countdown to Kitty Hawk Pavilion for dinner. We flew the Wright flyer simulator, and I did pretty well until I tried to fly OVER a shed, and went into it instead. Bill went to a dinner for Subaru powered RV builders.

Friday at a special ceremony held in the Countdown to Kitty Hawk pavilion, EAA's reproduction of the 1903 Wright *Flyer* was approved for its December 17, 2003 flight when FAA's Blakey presented its airworthiness certificate. "The *Flyer* may operate only within designated areas, it may not be operated over densely populated areas, and aerobatic maneuvers are forbidden." (Yeah, I know!, So?)

During the day, I did get to sit in on the Newsletter Editor's Workshop, and business as usual at KidVenture with the usual afternoon downpour that had water running through the tent about ¼ " deep. Mark sold about a \$1000.00 worth of books that day in the library.

That night, we all went to the Schweinefest, and enjoyed the fellowship of 790'rs, complete to discussion of GPS signals, neutrinos, quarks and muons. Schweinefest is an annual event usually held on Thursday. This year it was rained out to Friday. A full pig is roasted, and you get corn on the cob, salad, BBQ pork, and a dessert with entertainment ("Pilots of the Caribbean" & Karaoke this year) all for \$7.

Saturday dawned with Greg and I going to the "Chapter Leader's Breakfast" at 0800, and off to another start at KidVenture. The headlines that day in the local Oshkosh paper, was "Blue Skies Return to AirVenture". We were going to have a good day. At 0930, after I reported into KV, they kicked me out, and told me to go see the show. I did. During the day, I stopped by the Boeing 307, and ran into a couple of guys that looked familiar. (Pat DeRoberts, and "Buz" Nelson) The conversation went something like, "Pat DeRoberts, how many Pat DeRoberts are there at Boeing?". He looks at my nametag, and says, "Milt Ciarlariello" (in perfect pronunciation) "How many Ciarlariello's are there in the **universe**?" I say, "Flight test engineering, 2707?"(SST). He says, "Bob Lockwood's sidekick in cockpit design?" From there it went from bad to worse as we reminisced what had happened some 35 years ago. Flying across Puget Sound for a hamburger lunch, and getting back, all in 1 ¼ hrs. Hearing all the typewriters go silent when Donna Ankeny's heels clicked down the aisle-way. She was addicted to miniskirts, and the stenographers stopped to watch the guys who had all stopped to watch Donna, and everyone had a smile on their face.

Anyway, Pat and Buz took me on a tour of the 307 in the standard Boeing "shoes off at the door, stocking feet only" manner. The upholstery was all re-woven to 1938 PAA spec's by the same company that had done it in 1938, on the same loom that had been built in 1901. The WHOLE airplane was 1938, except for the tires, and a few 1943 internal upgrades in the engines. Even the radios had been rebuilt down to the dials, earphones and CW key. Remember when earphone wires were cloth covered? This was a real trip back in time. It was her last stop en-route to the Smithsonian.

The airshow that afternoon was complete with the "Wall of Fire" tribute to WWII and the Warbirds of America. This has become an annual event with the pyrotechnic backdrop to the heavy metal fly-by. An intriguing newcomer this year (to me) was the Blue Waco UPF with the turbojet assist motor. There's an old saying, "All you need for a good air-show is smoke and noise." If so, the Wall of Fire, Jet Waco, and USMC Harrier (that suspends itself on a column of noise) had it all!

That night, I went to the "President's BBQ" with Mike, a full-fledged steak dinner. Here, we again re-established old friendships. Paul Poberezny showed up, and I ran into Scott Crossfield. (His handshake is STILL bone crushing) The conversation went, "Scott", he looks at my badge, crushes my hand, and says, "Milt, I know you from somewhere." I say, "1967" he says, "Boeing! Good to see you again, are you retired?" and we got a few more words in before the drinks got in the way. I'm still in the dark what he's doing now.

I was introduced to Greg Herrick, who owns The Aviation Foundation of America, Inc., a collection of 1925 - 1935 airplanes, and the co-sponsor of the National Air Tour (with Ford). They are re-creating the 1925-1931 Ford Air Tour starting this fall. This is a long introduction to the fact that Greg retrieved, now owns, and is rebuilding (AUN's) Gene Coppock's Stinson Trimotor for the tour. For more detail on the tour, go to the internet and look up:

http://www.nationalairtour.org/mediacenter/press_releases/press_02.html

No rain that night.

OSH - AV'03 - Part 3

GETTING BACK (OSH - AUN)

Sunday dawned with ¾ mi visibility. The ultralights weren't even buzzing around as they usually did, and luckily it hadn't rained, so all we had to dry off was the dew. Greg and I took Bill and Mark to the Tech Counselor/FlightAdvisor breakfast at the nature center, and asked Mike to pick us up at 9. Getting back to the campsite, we said our "adius", struck camp and loaded into one of the Ambassador's "stretch limo" golf carts.

Stopping by the FAA FSS, we found that the WX would be clearing, then closing in again after noon. The decision was made to leave before the air-show rather than after. We dropped Greg off first, then, Tom drove us back to "Fond Du Lac City Limits". We pulled stakes, packed and pre-flighted, then drove over to the EAA ground control booth at the S end of the west taxiway for rwy36. Departures were to be opening up as soon as they had 3 mi., which was expected shortly (20 min.), and we were cleared to taxi to the intersection take-off point on Rwy36L. By the time we got there, we were #3 in the northbound conga line, Greg was about #30 in the southbound conga line to the same intersection. People were shutting engines down during the waiting periods. Inbound traffic had priority. We were on the runway in about 15 minutes.

Departures were handled by flag and by radio, with the tower clearing you for take-off. There were three take-off paths, L side of 36L, R side of 36L and 36R. They were maintaining 1 mi. separation. There was 200' from the departing airplane to you, there was 150' between him and the airplane next to him, there was 150' between the plane next to him and him, there was 200' between you and the departing airplane, there was 50' between you and the airplane on your right, and 150' between you and the airplane on your left, and there was at least 10' between all the airplanes in the conga line. That HAD to add up more than a mile..."Cleared for takeoff" (and turn right at mid-field, stay below 1500' until clear of the 5 mi. ATA skirt, keep all traffic in sight, and stay off the air, but listen).

The intent was OSH-DLL-MCW to meet up with Greg to determine the rest of the day. We blasted off into 5 mi. visibility in haze, and skirted south of the ATA to climb out into blue sky and scattered building cumulo nimb's with one pretty well defined anvil head in our path. We tuned in 122.75 and climbed on with slight deviations to stay clear of cloud.

As it turned out, Greg got off the ground a good 45 min. after us, and was treated to some rather well developed "dark cloud" with lightning that he had to steer around. The radar was right, it really did dump on OSH after we left, and Greg didn't get within radio range of us until we were nearing MCW.

By that time, we were experiencing 'relatively' clear air, and we decided to make the most of the daylight we were burning and push on to FSD while we still had the altitude and the cloud clearance. It was bound to close in later, and we reasoned that we might as well wait it out on the ground a little closer to home. Greg was about 10 min. behind us at FSD, having made up both the ground delay, and extra distance around the nasty stuff.

The accommodations at FSD weren't as plush as I had remembered them to be in '75, but they were comfortable. Greg called his cousin Kiki, and her husband Jeff came out to get us for a delightful evening BBQ on the patio and watching hot air balloons drift around. The heavy WX by-passed us during the night, and the dawn was fairly clear.

Monday, we checked the radar, and it looked like if we could punch thru the first showers, the rest of the day might be clear. (Oh well!!) We launched into the 8 to 10 mi. visibility, and watched it slowly deteriorate. We, in Sunny the Beech, started to get concerned about Greg's wooden prop in the scattered virga and showers that were washing the bugs off. About 9 mi. NW of YKN we elected to turn back and wait it out on the ground. (We found out later that Greg did have to repair a little tip erosion)

Now, Yankton, SD has a nice airport, but the FBO was lacking in the ability to link to the internet, and so we had no visual connection to any weather service, only a land line to the FSS. Luckily, a local pilot befriended us. He took us to his office in town, and let us use his company computer terminal. Mark brought up the current radar screen, and we saw that there was going to be a hole in the front, and it was all clear behind that. We went back to the airport and waited for that hole to appear.

In about an hour, a Maule on floats bound for San Diego, launched, and we followed. We were to keep in touch on 122.75 in case he found anything rough and turned back. He didn't, we didn't, and other than a bit of virga spray, we were in the clear. On 3.5 hrs to BFF being beat up by thermals, cloud shear, headwinds, etc. At BFF, we landed with 20 over the deck gusting to 35 from 300deg. (Our track heading was about 256).

The plan was now BFF - OGD - AUN. We used 5000 ft of the 10,000 ft runway to get 10 ft in the air, and had to suck up the gear and clean it up while in ground effect to get a reasonable 300fpm climb. Of course we were probably a little closer to max gross with all the goodies and extra paper we were coming home with. We let Greg know. This was one of the few times Greg could out-climb us with his cruise prop. Another practical lesson in density altitude. We loosely followed Hwy I-80 to OGD.

Enroute to RKS, we were periodically talking back and forth on 122.75, and found a friend on line. We talked with an Ercoupe bound from OSH to SJC who was going to make a fuel stop at RKS. We had empathy for this guy who was also following I-80, and was being passed by the cars, but keeping up with the 18-wheelers. I forgot his name, but he knew Auburn, and had been at Golden West. We invited him to come up for a Ch 526 meeting.

Again, rough air into OGD. At one point, we were watching the clouds, and using the edge up-drafts to get altitude and speed, (sailplane technology). We cleared the pass, and turned left to "right downwind for 34". I was glad to get on the ground and look up at the blue sky and sun-lit mountains. It was like being home. The FBO said it would be clear sky all the way to San Jose. HAH! Fuel and oil and off again, following the railroad west across the Great Salt Lake.

After dodging virga, and getting tossed around a bit, we finally reported into RNO approach. This was the leg that Bill got to hand over the control yoke and finally say to me, "Stand on the pedals!" when we got tossed around. This had become my standard comment in the cockpit whenever we got into turbulence. I had just previously commented, "Why is it that it's always smooth until I hand you the controls?" We crossed RNO at 10-5, then had to climb to clear some heavy cloud over Donner lake.

This made for a rather quick descent to get back down to AUN, but we almost made it to pattern altitude. I had to make a go-around to clear Evan Wolfe's 140 departure, but that was alright because I would probably have touched down at over 100 IAS, and I didn't really want to do that. Greg made the overhead break, and was on the ground before me.

Good to be home before sunset, a great time was had by all!