

Friday, no permit from New Jersey, Monday no permit from N.J., call to Heinz.

D: Hello Heinz, this is Dale. I'm ready to leave and no permit from N.J.

H: Well Dale, I sent a letter, two telexes and a phone call, they haven't yet received any of them!

D: Well shucks, I'm not staying here, my New York City permit is good from 1:00am to 4:00 today only. If I miss today I'll have to get new permits from them too. Jim, the boat mover, made a permit out in his own name from a stock he keeps there, charged me \$25.00 (his cost \$10) but we were ready to leave 11:00 Tuesday morning.

Long Island permit was for Hwy 27, 4 lanes each way, stoplight every three blocks for 20 miles!!!! Heinz's great truck flooded at a light and we sat there for a few minutes (seemed about an hour) but my great cousin was following us so he kept the insane New York drivers from running into our rear.

From there we skirted Kennedy airport, up to the center of Queens to Flushing where the World's Fair was held, then West to the river, and down through Brooklyn, 1 1/2 blocks from the end on the Brooklyn Bridge to the Verazano bridge into Staten Island to the outer bridge. As we had a wide load I had to take a side road, call the bridge police and wait a few minutes for an escort into New Jersey, my cousin Fred tooted the horn, waved a last goodbye and turned for home. We were on our own! (3 hours through HEAVY TRAFFIC)

All permits limited driving from sunrise to sunset so we stopped near Harrisburg for the evening in a slight rain. We passed through three tunnels, which were two way traffic on the way out, but had reverted to one way for our return, was I ever glad, for they were 10ft. lanes, not much extra room. I just rode the middle, ignoring the big rig behind us.

The Ohio and Indiana turnpikes issued the permits on entry, they both charged the Max fee, more than an 80,000# truck with 18 wheels! The toll collector said, you should have lied and told the entry gate you were 8'.

I failed to turn off the Indiana turnpike soon enough, so we were committed to the Chicago Skyway, then my navigator misread the 290 highway sign and we took the freeway directly West out of the center of Chicago instead of the Kennedy Expy. which would have gone diagonally out to O'Hare. Well this was at 5:15pm, the height of the rush hour.

New York was enough to put smears in the undies, Chicago was worse because I had no car following!

We made Madison 8:20 Wed. night, it was after sunset but not yet dark. We were never stopped, never asked for a permit for overwidth. Probably could have gotten by, but if we had been stopped, we might be there yet and Heinz would have more in the Osprey than if he bought a Lake.

I have the wood structure finished for the new canopy, foamed and glassed by the time this newsletter goes to print (June 1980), you might be hearing a loud buzz run outside and wave cause it'll be Heinz winging his way from nest to nest in his newest toy.

By Dale Wilson, Madison, Wisconsin
Reprinted from Corben Sport Plane Co.
Newsletter, June 1980

OSPREY 2 NEWSLETTER
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