

Argentina Odyssey Flight

-by Steele Scott, with Ivan Perez and Andrew Grauer

Will you help me fly a Cessna 172 to Argentina?" That's what Ivan Perez, a fellow member at the Wings of Carolina Flying Club asked me in October last year. Cool things happen to Club members all the time through our friendships and the flying networks within our community. For me, however, the prospect of piloting a Skyhawk to a destination half a world away was a "cool thing" on a completely new level.

Earlier in the year I had been volunteering during a 2nd-Saturday event when then-WoC Club President David Greenfield asked me to show a new prospect, Ivan Perez, around. Ivan came to the 2nd Saturday wanting to learn to fly. I had recently completed my CFI reinstatement in June 2011 and had accepted an invitation from George Scheer to start teaching at the Club. When Ivan joined and became my student, he almost immediately asked me to pilot the Argentina ferry flight. The airplane in question, N8186V, was a Cessna 172K Skyhawk XP that Ivan needed to deliver to his customer in Argentina to be used for photographic missions over the vast forestry farms of the North. Ivan's business, Cambium Enterprises, provides forestry equipment to this market. As an entrepreneur and industrial engineer graduate of North Carolina State University, he has built this business to also include an occasional general aviation aircraft; so far, 7 planes have been delivered. I was at first a bit stunned by the request. Even though I had the time and all expenses would be paid, I still knew that this trip would take all of my flight experience and training to another level.

Ivan had a grand total of 11 hours dual in his logbook when we arrived by taxi before dawn at TAC Air's RDU ramp on December 7, 2011. At

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My First Aerobatic Contest

-by Ronney Moss

On the third weekend in May 2012, I went to my first aerobatic contest at Wilson Industrial, W03. The local aerobatic club, IAC 19, sponsored the "Carolina Boogie" with help from the local EAA chapter. It was awesome. There were nineteen competitors: three guys that were air show quality, three that were really good and most of the rest were in the "sportsman category." And then there wuz me'n Bob Wall and one other fella...and they treated us like REAL pilots. Seriously, the way the experienced pilots welcomed us was very refreshing.

We lost points for not recovering our spin on heading and other details. I am at the point where I celebrate every time I successfully recover, much less apply precision. We also volunteered to help; I got to be a line judge and report when a pilot went out of bounds. It was incredible to watch the air show. Watching several competitors try to replicate the same set of maneuvers was very educational. The professionalism of the event was impressive. One of the things that struck me during the pre-brief was the admonition that "the safety maneuver can only be performed on the base leg." The safety maneuver is to invert the aircraft, rock the wings and check the engine instruments. I LOVE IT!

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8:14 a.m. Ivan pushed the throttle forward to full power and we were accelerating on RDU Runway 23L with N8186V's 210 bhp Continental Six. It was a cold, low-overcast day as we entered clouds at 2000 feet. Fifteen days later, after dark, we were over the Parana River on final approach Rwy 18, Posadas, Argentina. The trip took 7 days longer than we had planned, and we wondered at times if we would make it back to the U.S. in time for Christmas.

This is the story of two Wings of Carolina members sharing an amazing aviation journey: an adventure that spanned two continents, 9 countries, 5000 nautical miles, 15 legs, 54.7 flight hours (consuming 500 gallons of avgas costing \$3,930), and miles and miles of blue ocean and the endless green expanse of the Amazon Jungle.

Planning the Trip

My first call for help on how plan this adventure (where was I even to start?) was to EAA 1114's venerable James Zazas. Jim captains Boeing 767s for US Air, flies and instructs in warbirds and other aircraft and has ferried airplanes from South America and many other places. Over several hours of coaching, Jim became my guide through many of the preliminaries—it was clear that my homework had just begun. Additional consultations with AOPA, Caribbean Sky Tours and several others also helped me flesh out the picture as to what we needed: routes to follow, places to land; documents, permits, visas; instrument & VFR maps and approach plates; emergency equipment: life vests, 406 ELT with GPS; places to sleep and, of course, food and water.

We started the route planning by assuming the IFR/GPS equipped C172 with 49 gallons usable fuel would burn 11 gph and achieve a 110-knot true airspeed. This gave us a 3 hours and 20 minute flight window with a one hour reserve giving us a 375 nautical mile range benchmark. We then used

Google Earth to initially plan the flight legs and airports using this range.

Ivan worked on all visa and country flying requirements for the trip. He arranged for a Brazilian visa for me, which was the only country of the nine requiring such. Ivan has an Argentine passport that worked for him in Brazil and—good news—he had just completed naturalization as a U.S. Citizen.

My friend and fellow WoC Flying Club member Grover McNair gave me advice on flying the Bahamas as far south as Haiti. He also suggested we wear vests while flying over water at all times; he said he would loan them to me as he just bought two new ones. Betsy McCracken's sage advice was to get immunization shots and to drink only "agua con gas," or bottled seltzer water. With an abundance of advice and a degree of nervous excitement, we took to the sky on our adventure.

Leg One and Two—RDU to SAV to Palm Beach, FL Day 1, December 7 and Palm Beach Propeller, Day 2-4, December 8, 9 & 10

On our first day we flew two legs, ending up in Palm Beach, FL. 8186V had been upgraded, per the customer's specs, from a 185 bhp to 210 bhp at Tom Melachuk's Guardian Aviation in Siler City prior to our trip, and was due at Palm Beach Propeller to re-pitch the propeller. To complete the supplemental type certificate, the prop needed to be inspected and

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Steele Scott and Ivan Perez in 8186V

President's Message

The cooler flying weather is now here! As the colored leaves here at TTA leave their branches, the south ramp is busier than ever. The club now has 13 airplanes with our latest acquisition of a club-owned Mooney. We now have 350 club members. Our ground school classes and flight training are doing well. The marker board in the lobby is full of new ratings and accomplishments. Many of you have asked me how it feels to be president. It's a fun job with all the help graciously given by all the club volunteers. I feel like the director of a marvelous orchestra, setting the tempo and seeing all the volunteers pull together for our flying club.

We have Club Ambassadors who each spend a weekend afternoon at the club to welcome prospective members. The Board (Jim Carlson, John Gaither, Mat Waugh, Ian Frid, Steele Scott, Paul Wilder) and the Safety Committee (Dick Kenney, Len Felton, Grover McNair, Ronney Moss, Sam Evett) each meets monthly to set the course for the club. Our club bookkeeper, Dee, enters new members into the hand scan system and a host of other tasks. John Hunter works tirelessly to keep the airplanes in good flying order. Then, there are all the other tasks done by volunteers including writing and publishing the newsletter, club trips and events, keeping the financial books and paying the bills, plane washes, pilot records, updating GPS data bases, making sure we have Internet access, airplanes are maintained, lunch is prepared on Second Saturday, keeping the snack corner stocked, taking out the trash and all the other day-in day-out jobs it takes to keep our club clean, safe and welcoming.

Some of the projects done so far this year include landscaping in the front parking lot (thanks to John Hunter, Terry Gardiner, Jeff Hoerle and all the other volunteers who pitched in); building maintenance (Obdulio Bastista, David Hughey and Chris Berg), improving the cell phone coverage (Ian Frid, and Obdulio) and improving the phone system (Graham Mainwaring, Keith Silva)

Our club would not be as wonderful and in existence for over 50 years without YOU, all the members that work to make it happen. Thank you.

Jan Squillance is President of the Wings of Carolina Flying Club



Later in the day we got to watch the judging teams. One judge, a recorder and an announcer work together as a team. The announcer calls out the maneuver, such as "a humpty-bump push push with a snap on the top...end of maneuver." Like any technical endeavor, aerobatics has its own language and a short hand method to record the maneuvers. The Aresti system is a series of cryptic squiggly lines that translate into precise symbols for each maneuver. By looking at the Aresti symbol, hearing the assistant announce the maneuver and then watching the aircraft perform the maneuver, I really gained clarity into what precisely the Aresti symbols were calling for. Then the judge would make his comments which would help clarify errors in the execution.

At the end of the day we retired to the hotel and cleaned up for dinner. Our dinner conversation was like most pilot conversations: all about those "other pilots." So what do aerobatic pilots think is crazy? Balloon pilots. "They just float around helpless in the wind. When they get to the place where they can land they just pull the cord and plop down!" People have different perspectives on what is risky. (Hat tip to Jonathan Trapp.)

Risk is relative; a group of aerobatic pilots exploring the performance envelope of man and machine has inherent hazards. At my skill level I am not coming close to the limits of the performance envelope, but learning how to precisely control the aircraft hones my skills and makes me a safer pilot. The pilots in the upper division flirt with the limits imposed by physics and physiology but take steps to mitigate hazards. Turning an airplane upside down during the safety procedure on base leg may seem like madness to many people, but the loose screwdriver will fall to the roof instead of flinging about during the actual routine. The ramp was a "dead prop" area, demonstrating that the risk of a turning propeller in an area where people are gathered is indeed a hazard that can and should be mitigated.

The "license to learn" includes many very interesting avenues. The thrill of aerobatics, the procedural order of instrument flight, the sweet song of a tail wheel kissing a grass strip or learning the inner working of the machine on maintenance night are all worthy pursuits.

P.S. I did my second contest and placed second.

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Our route--northern half

re-shimmed to prevent it from over speeding and to permit the full development of its rated horsepower. During the takeoffs prior to arrival at Lantana, Florida, we had to manually reduce the rpms to stay below 2,800.

We flew most of the two legs in actual IMC, first from Raleigh to Savannah, then we climbed into 800 overcast and moderate rain in windy conditions taking off from Savannah. Most of the trip to Lantana Airport in Palm Beach was in the clouds or between the layers—not the most scenic beginning to our trip. We spent the next three days waiting for Palm Beach Propeller to complete the modifications, for improved weather, and getting JeppView IFR Charts and approach plates loaded to the two iPads and two laptops for the Caribbean and South America portions. We would heavily use the JeppView charts on the iPad and the two and, sometimes, three on-board GPS systems, the Garmin 430, 396 and portable 296. This technology was the most incredible thing I have ever seen. We also had an Aspen glass display that integrated the Garmin 430 navigation information.

The goal was to file IFR with mostly VFR conditions at destination airports during the day. Nearly everyone's recommendation was to always leave early in the morning—just after dawn—and land by 3 PM to avoid the convective afternoon weather typical of the Caribbean and South America. While we took this goal to heart, we would learn that between maintenance issues, flight planning, customs, immigration and

security, we almost always departed later in the morning and sometimes early afternoon. Throughout the trip, we would discover that we rarely got as far as we would have liked, but we resolved to just take events as they came. This was one contributing factor why the whole trip took longer than we thought.

Leg Three and Four—Palm Beach to Bahamas to Turks and Caicos Islands Oil Pressure Problem, Day 4, December 10

We lifted off KLNA around 8:00 a.m. and picked up our clearance just east of West Palm Beach about 10 miles out over the Atlantic Ocean. I planned to remain over land as much as possible to help mitigate risk. So I filed to Grand Island and then VOR to VOR to dog-leg down to Nassau, Bahamas. Our clearance quickly got amended by Miami Center, however, so we just flew nearly direct. So much for my risk management strategy.

When we took off from Nassau just after



NOT what you want to see

noon, we climbed to 7000 ft. We were going to fly an airway, A555, almost the whole way to Provos, Turks and Caicos.

The leg was

350 miles and we expected a total flight time of 3 hours and 25 minutes. After cycling through Nassau Tower and Nassau Departure, Miami Center was to be our controller for the first two-thirds of the flight. Then, 90 minutes into our lower Bahamas flight, the unexpected happened.

At first, I was not sure I was really seeing what I was afraid I might be seeing. Then I thought I must be imagining it—the oil pressure dropping, dropping ever so slowly. As it snuck its way down through the green, I was incredulous. When it finally crept into the top of the yellow arc below 30 psi, my first thought was, “Not now, not this far out.”

So what would you do? The oil temperature went up, but not appreciably. Was it the sensor, or was it a real oil pressure problem? As Ivan and I considered our options and discussed the possibilities, we watched the oil pressure gauge continue to fall to 20 psi, but then stabilize just above the middle of the yellow arc. We carefully watched the gauge as we approached the halfway point in the flight—both pressure and temperature were remaining steady. We therefore decided that our best option was to continue the remaining two hours of the flight, with some revisions to our plan. The first was to communicate to Miami Center that we had a problem. We also wanted to fly close to land, and from airport to airport where possible. We could achieve this with permission from Miami Center to deviate from Airway A555 by up to 10 miles west of center to follow the many islands along the route.

Miami Center granted this permission, but then advised us that radar contact and communications would be lost until we were 60 miles out from Turks and Caicos. This was alarming given our situation. However, Miami Center arranged a communications bridge with two airliners flying 20 or 30 thousand feet above us. As we progressed, we continued to give position reports to the friendly crews. When we found ourselves at 7,000 feet running into a looming layer of clouds, we got on the radio with an Air Canada crew to relay a clearance request to go higher. Air Canada relayed back permission granted to go up to 10,000' if needed. I hardly wanted to change the power setting, especially an increase, but our two options were either flying into the clouds or taking the chance with the power. I cautiously advanced the throttle, keeping a wary eye on the oil pressure and temperature, which both stayed as they were. With great relief, we cleared the layer at 8,000 and leveled off with oil pressure unchanged. The cloud deck was solid all the way to Turks and Caicos, so we flew VFR-on-top, positioning by GPS and JeppView charts.

Other than the wrecking job adrenaline was completing on my nerves, the rest of the flight was uneventful until we picked up Provos Approach. Most airports in the Caribbean do not have radar—you have to make position reports, and they sequence airplanes in based on those

position reports, time, distance and dead reckoning calculations. When Provos asked if we wanted to declare an emergency, I asked for a “Priority” approach. Provos announced they would have emergency vehicles standing by. Oh boy!

We started our descent through the overcast layer and then picked our way around the bigger clouds. We could hear chatter on the com indicating that Provos was holding a couple jetliners stacked up until we could come in—and one seemingly annoyed Jet Blue pilot wanted to know what the holdup was. A Provos controller, equally annoyed with the Jet Blue pilot, gave him a very curt answer: “Because there is someone holding below you.” Ivan suggested that we let them come in, but with engine gauges indicating a problem, I just wanted to get down and not risk being asked to hold.

In the end, landing on that long, beautiful, welcome runway was uneventful, except we did not expect that there would be no taxiways. This is actually a typical situation in the islands, but we did not know this yet. As the emergency vehicles stood down, we backtaxied to Provos Air, keeping one Jet Blue pilot (and an American Airlines pilot) in the air still a little longer.

Turks and Caicos Island, Engine Repairs, Day 4-7, December 10, 11, 12, 13 & 14

Ivan and I then started a four day experience dealing with the intricacies of aviation engine repair in the islands. We first started talking about repairs with the FBO, Provos Air. They directed us to their chief mechanic, of whom they were obviously very proud. And he was a good guy, who was obviously very capable on the other airplanes in the hanger and wanted to do a good job for us. But he basically summed up a key problem while we were still shaking his hand. “Gee, I haven’t ever worked on a Continental 6 engine before.”

Three days and more than \$5000 later, he had attempted all kinds of things to try and nail down the problem. He had checked the sensor and checked the oil screens. He examined the pump, and then tried things we didn’t even fully understand. The main result of all these efforts was not an airplane that worked, but an education

for Ivan and me on how maintenance duties are performed, island-style.

Island-style maintenance offers pilots the proposition that you really don't know what you are getting into down there in terms of the mechanic's capabilities. Island-style maintenance could be described as collaborative, in that if the hanger doesn't have the tool the mechanic needs for the job, it falls to the pilot to acquire the tool and perform the service. Thus did Ivan and I find ourselves Sunday afternoon running to the store to purchase a hacksaw, so that we could cut open our oil cooler ourselves. Island-style maintenance means that you accept that the hanger will be stocked with every manner of airplane part, except the kind you need. And, if you think airplane parts are expensive here, try adding the costs of express shipping them to the island in question and the huge import duties. Provos did not have an oil filter on hand. With the shipping and 30% import duty, a \$20 part cost us \$150.

Due to the collaborative nature of island-style maintenance, we spent at least part of every day at the airport. But we also had some down time. The island is beautiful. We had some time to relax by the pool. We also rented a jeep and went off-roading. However, it did not take us long to pick up on a sense of unrest on the island. The recent political history of the Turks and Caicos is not exactly happy—the British took back control of the government due to rampant corruption, but the locals were upset by this. Rightly or wrongly, our sense in talking with the locals was that tension remains heightened—we never saw any actual protests, but there remains a sense of volatility.

On the fourth day we were informed that our fabulous mechanic had to leave the island for some time off. Now what? But our luck was about to change. Another Provos mechanic took up our cause—one that had worked on Cessna 206s for the Panamanian Air Force for several years (Cessna 206s are powered by Continental 6 engines). He listened with interest to our oil pressure problem, took a look at our engine and got the problem nailed within 45 minutes. The oil temperature valve to direct oil through the cooler was dirty and not seating properly. Since oil was not flowing through the cooler, it got hotter and hotter resulting in the pressure dropping below normal. After a successful run-up, the Panamanian also went out with us on a test flight.

Everything checked out, and, anxious to make up for some lost time, Ivan and I thanked our gracious (and expensive) hosts and departed at 4:20 p.m. on an IFR flight plan to the Dominican Republic.

After passing through a light rain at 1200 ft, we set our compass for Punta Cana. This would be the largest over-water segment we would fly—50 or 60 nautical miles. With a newly-repaired engine, we decided to follow the island chain for a while, then turned south over open water. Unexpectedly, we got a nice tailwind for the first time in the trip. We had generally been making around 90 knots groundspeed from Florida, but now we were cruising along at 126 knots. Little did I realize how much that tailwind would nearly cost me.

Leg Five—Puerto Rico, A \$5,000 Fine, Day 7, December 14

Seeing our fastest progress over the open water thus far, Ivan and I decided to extend the leg a little bit and land in Puerto Rico. While this put us over the water at night for a little while, the landing was easy; we shot the ILS runway 27 at Borinquen (TJBQ). This big old former Air Force base is now a huge FedEx depot. We saw about forty FedEx jets lined up as we taxied in.

But, that was not the only thing we saw as we taxied in. As we approached customs, we noticed uniformed Customs officers coming out to greet us with firearms and flashlights. Uh-oh. I got an increasingly sinking feeling in my stomach as it became obvious how upset they were. They wasted no time in letting us know exactly what the problem was—we were completely unexpected.

When we were preparing to leave Florida, we had registered and filed our departure with the automated Electronic Advance Passenger Information System, or EAPIS. EAPIS is an electronic data interchange system established by U.S. Customs and Border Protection, and its use became mandatory for private pilots flying to or from certain countries beginning in May, 2009. We had gone through the approval process for our Florida departure—but had completely forgotten about this requirement when we decided to extend our leg to Puerto Rico, thereby re-entering the United States. Since we had not anticipated U.S.

Club Trip: Tangier Island

-by Patrick Lofvenholm

Cessna 53587 you've got traffic at 2 o'clock in 2 miles, same direction."

"Yea, Washington Center, we know him; we're all in Operation Crab Cake Lift, but thanks."

The short 2425' runway at Tangier wasn't expecting 8 airplanes that morning, and neither was Washington Center, who was handling all of our IFR flight plans. But we managed to get to Tangier with no issues. Some of us left earlier in the morning than others, but all arrived within 30 minutes of each other. A quiet ramp was found, and then our walk into town began.

We found the facilities to be an RV camper parked outside of the airport fence, with just a toilet and a couch—no charts for sale or fuel ready to be pumped. There was a ramp lady who instantly appeared to collect landing fees. We walked into town, finding small streets filled with golf carts, tourists, bicycles and yet more tourists. It was a quick 15 minute walk through the center of town over to our lunch stop. Luckily, David Greenfield, our trip organizer, had already given them a heads-up that this small restaurant should expect to welcome 25 people for lunch. As we all settled in at the restaurant and continued our hangar flying (what else would pilots do sitting around a table?), we were served dish after dish of homemade seafood—crab cakes, oysters, apple sauce, on and on. Once we couldn't fit anymore food into our weight & balance calculations, we hopped on a golf car to the marina—there are few cars on the island—for our boat tour. Being the adventurer I am, I decided to go on a quick walk while we waited on our boat to arrive.

Lo and behold, I actually found an ice cream stand, and better yet—they offered me fresh Tangier Island tap water to refill my water bottle. I had to try the raspberry flavored ice cream and headed back to the group which had started loading onto one of the boats. Our group was divided into two boats that took an hour's trip around the island, and along the way got a five-minute introduction to the island's main industry: crabbing. The soft shell crab is what we got to watch. As we continued, our guide, a Tangier native currently living in Washington DC, told us about the island; its history and other things to watch for as we continued our adventure. The beach came up on our left as we were told how the island was shrinking, and the major effort of the islanders to

install a sea wall that surrounded the island to prevent the land loss.

There was a shipwreck followed by the light house that was once manned 24 hours a day in 4 day shifts. What turned out to be a very large building, almost a mansion on stilts in the water, would have been a great place to stay and keep the light burning through the night. The back side of the island showed us more trees and calm waters as we headed back to the marina.

After the boat ride, the entire group got to enjoy the ice cream stand and we had a group picture taken. All but 3 of the group decided to begin the long, hot journey back to Sanford. The 3 of us that elected to visit the museum were lucky enough to see the history of the island in great detail. The airport was once home to a longer runway, but knowing our club's short runway rule, the island decided to cut its length short by 25'. We watched a video on the island, saw all kinds of memorabilia and got a quick air conditioning before heading back to Sanford ourselves.

Our pilot had planned ahead so that we required no fuel stop. As we departed Tangier and picked up our flight plan home, we could hear as the rest of the group started departing Accomack County, where they hand landed to refuel. As we quickly climbed to 8000', we started to see Virginia Beach in the distance, and then Langley AFB. The miles started ticking down, and Raleigh gave us 4000' as we passed Franklin County. The heat started setting in and a landing seemed farther and farther away, but finally we were able to touch down at TTA and open the doors expecting to feel relief. But unfortunately, all we were given was the hot jet blast of the 100 degree day we had avoided on Tangier Island. Mother nature quickly told us—welcome back to Sanford in July!

Until the next club trip, keep the blue part up, the oily part down, and the gear pointed straight down the runway.

Writers and photos wanted. If you would enjoy getting involved in *Wings of Carolina Flying News*, please contact Editor Andrew Grauer at (919) 201-0716 or andrew@blackethouse.com

re-entry, we also did not have a customs sticker for the airplane, which would have enabled customs to track us through our stops. None of this was helping to improve the moods of the men with the guns.

After repeated explanations, apologies, form filing and an investigation—which still did not improve Customs’ mood—we were permitted to leave the airport to take a \$75 taxi ride to our hotel, which, fittingly, turned out to be a complete dump. It was now nearly 11 p.m. and hot; we had a quick dinner by which time everything was closed. Everything, that is, except the hotel’s first-floor bar that remained noisily open all night under our rooms.

But as awful as that evening was, I was exhausted and slept soundly. I am also glad I remained blissfully unaware of what U.S. Customs was preparing to do next. A few days after this incident (while I was still flying south with Ivan), my wife, Jill, opened a letter from U.S. Customs and Border Protection describing our re-entry without an EAPIS form and assessing a mandatory \$5000 fine. To Jill’s credit, she was wise enough not to burden me with this news until after I came back. For the next three months I would be battling Customs and Border Protection over this incident. Fortunately, I found a strong ally in Rick Gardner of Caribbean Sky Tours, based in Mexico. Rick’s company helps pilots with international GA travel arrangements, and when he heard about my plight, he took on my case for free—he has worked with U.S. Customs over the years, has contacts in Washington, DC and was able to intercede within the department on my behalf. After three months, I finally got a second letter relieving me of the fine, but advising me that on my next offense, the punishment would be \$10,000 with no appeal possible.

Leg Six and Seven—The Bottom of the Caribbean Chain, Guadeloupe & Grenada, Day 8, December 15

The next morning we arrived at the airport to find light rain and MVFR conditions to match the general mood of our Puerto Rican experience. Puerto Rico has high mountains, so we climbed up to 9000’ and stayed IFR until we left the southern mountain range. At that point, the weather cleared, the sun came out, and most of



The letter--hand addressed.

the trip to Guadeloupe was under VFR conditions. The beautiful trip over the Caribbean Sea quickly lightened our moods. In the afternoon, the slant visibility range goes down due to humidity and haze and the islands themselves can be hard to see. However, you find the islands by the cumulus clouds that form over the land masses.

We shot the ILS into Guadeloupe and landed into a very strange airport experience. Guadeloupe is enjoying a brand new renovation at the airport. Unfortunately for us, the GA terminal is on the old side of the airport, which apparently was built to withstand a tactical assault. Our ramp was deserted. The flight planning office is located behind solid bullet-proof glass. Whatever forms you need are slid from behind the glass. Since we were not permitted to leave the tarmac without going through customs, we had to pay ten bucks just to go to the bathroom in unpleasant conditions. We did not stay long, but took on fuel and an expensive cup of juice.

Leaving the heat of Guadeloupe, we followed the island chain—Dominica, Martinique and St. Lucia, finally arriving in Grenada. Noting on final approach that again there were no taxiways, I touched down anticipating a long rollout to the turnoff. But no sooner had the nose wheel come down when the engine suddenly quit! We were still on a part of the runway where the tower could not see us behind a hill, and with an unnerving lurch in my stomach, I remembered that there were commercial jets on approach. I coasted the plane off to the left side of the runway and began cranking the engine, which fortunately started fairly easily allowing us to complete the taxi without incident. But during every landing from then on, I had to carry extra power

throughout the rollout or the engine would quit. Later, we learned from Wings of Carolina Maintenance Director John Hunter that we needed to lean while on final approach—the hot, humid air was making the Continental 6 run too rich at idle and it would flood-stall. But meanwhile, fortunately the runways we would be utilizing were all long enough that I could carry power without worry.

We pulled up and parked near a Virgin Atlantic B747, which was cool. What a stark contrast, seeing our little Skyhawk next to this huge airliner. In Grenada we also learned a neat trick—always ask hotels if they give pilot discounts. Ivan and I stayed overnight in an exclusive resort for \$73 because we were pilots.

Leg Eight—Jump off Point to South America, Grenada to Georgetown, Guyana, Day 9, December 16

Departing late morning the next day, we passed over Trinidad and Tobago and then had to fly 30 miles offshore for over one hundred miles to remain clear of hostile Venezuelan airspace. We landed at Georgetown, Guyana at 3:00 pm. A ferry pilot had landed just in front of us, and we



had the chance to pick his brain on what to expect as we prepared to fly over the jungles of Suriname for the first time. He had ferried 126 airplanes from North America to South America over the past several years, and was full of sage advice for us, the first of which ended our further flight plans for that day since we would be flying after dark. “I advise you not to go—don’t fly over the jungle at night in a single-engine aircraft, ever,” he told us. “Cities, airports and VORs lose power all the time. Airports lose power, everyone goes home.” Ivan and I knew that VFR flight is not permitted at night in South America, but we had not fully understood that to fly IFR at night would be to trust an unreliable system. Even during the day, the ferry pilot told us, we should forget IFR. “Only fly VFR—if you can’t see, don’t fly. That’s the way we all do it over the jungle.” We would hear this VFR-only advice echoed by other ferry pilots we would meet along the way.

So it was clearly time for another ground-based adventure, which in Georgetown took the form of the craziest taxicab ride of my life. The airport was in the middle of nowhere, necessitating a one-hour cab ride to the hotel (which turned out to have a funny smell). But the



Clockwise, from left: Our route, southern half. Cloud formations over islands aid in locating land masses. Steele flight planning in Grenada.

ride itself made the experience. The road was a two-lane highway packed with people, livestock and oncoming traffic all apparently randomly dispersed between the lanes. Not that this caused our driver any concern or made him slow down. I just closed my eyes in places. The cab driver was very friendly, and after some banter offered to take us home for a visit with his family. He assured us that he could keep us safe—and backed it up by showing us the revolver he was packing. We politely declined his offer.

Leg Nine and Ten—Georgetown, Guyana to Cayenne, French Guiana to Belem, Brazil, Day 10, December 17

Ivan and I were determined that at least once we should get an on-time departure in the morning. A 3:00 a.m. alarm and a taxi at 4:00 got us to the airport at 5:00 a.m.. We began the exit process with a trip to the tower to file a flight plan. Few of these airports have radar, so their control system is the dead reckoning and position reporting sequencing we had experienced in the Caribbean. You always report time off, souls on board, your estimated time to the first checkpoint, and your destination time of arrival, or “toa.” Every time you contact an approach or departure control, you give an estimated toa to your next checkpoint or destination.

Having gone through the exit process, customs and immigration to get to our airplane, I discovered I had left my pad with our departure documents at the tower when we filed our flight plan. I tried to explain to the officers what had happened, and request that they let me just run and grab it. Or, send someone to escort me straight to the tower and back. No dice: I had to go back out of the terminal, take a cab to the base of the tower, run up the stairs to the second-floor office to collect my pad and then go through customs and immigration all over again, which

took another 45 minutes that we had planned on flying. So much for our on-time departure. But in the customs and immigration officers’ defense, in these countries they are used to all kinds of shenanigans, and have learned through experience not to tolerate very much.

Despite the delay (again), the flight went smoothly. As our ferry pilot had told us, we were glad we could see as we overflowed the Amazon, landing in French Guyana. Here we had a fuel and rest stop, but didn’t immigrate, preferring to

press on to Belem, Brazil. En route, we crossed the mouth of the Amazon River, which is where the equator also passes. The fair weather and pleasant, if dry, air at altitude belied the swelter of the jungle below us. As we descended in the afternoon from the cool, crisp, dry, lip-



Steele and Ivan dine in Belem

chapping air into the humid haze of Belem, Brazil, we had no idea it would take us four days to fight our way out again.

Stuck in Belem, Brazil, Day 11-13, December 18-20

We landed in Belem, Brazil on Saturday, and it turned out that the Customs people were off-duty on what was a crowded travel day. We were met at the plane by two officials with side arms and escorted to their office. Getting in was tough, but not as tough as trying to get out the next day. We were keen to get a prompt start, because we had seemingly caught a lucky break in a particular Brazilian weather phenomenon. Although we had left in the Northern Hemisphere’s winter season, we were flying into the Southern Hemisphere’s summer season. For nearly the entire trip, we had been looking at a 100-200 mile band of clouds and storms that circulates diagonally from the Atlantic Ocean in the southeast towards the Andes Mountains

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George's Corner

Late one night not long ago, after everyone else had left, Ronney Moss was eating his dinner after another full day of instructing (8am-to-8pm), and he remarked to me that this afternoon four different women had been flying as WCFC students. We both thought that was pretty great. I have always been proud that our club is a place where everyone feels welcome – men, women, young, old, of whatever race or nationality or sexual or political or religious persuasion, of whatever economic status or profession or physical ability or disability.

Aviation is not everywhere so inclusive. Some years ago I walked into an FBO flight training facility with my mother-in-law, who had taken some flight instruction years previously but who was now advancing in age. I had persuaded her to think about taking a few more flight lessons, not to obtain a certificate but merely to revisit some of the happy experiences of her youth. So, in we walk, a scruffy looking guy with a sixty-five-year-old woman, inquiring about flight lessons. We find several young instructors in Ray-Bans and epaulets flirting with the cute young girl at the front desk. They could not have been less interested in us or more dismissive. These young bucks were on the fast track to the flight levels. We didn't fit the profile.

I am proud to say that would never happen at the Wings of Carolina Flying Club. One evening a few nights ago I was working at the desk when the phone rang. I answered and found myself speaking to a woman with a tentative voice. She asked if we taught people to fly. She told me that she had taken some lessons years ago but had to abandon it to raise her children. Now that they were on their own, she was dreaming of resuming her flying adventure. I told her about the club, about the ground school, and encouraged her to join the ground school in its second week. She hesitated, then asked if it would be all right for her to join the class. I explained that she had missed a session but that we would help her catch up. She kept asking if I thought it would be all right

for her to join the class. I could tell that she was working herself toward the real question in her mind. Finally, she asked, timidly, "Would I be the only woman?" I told her that there were several in the class. She asked, "Do you realize that I'm a little old?" Her concern revealed itself. I laughed and told her, "If you don't want to take the class or are too busy or want to wait until the winter or are busy on Wednesday or whatever, that's fine, we can talk about those questions, but do not for a minute worry about

being a woman or being a little older than some of the others. The president of our club is a woman. And we have instructors who were flying when you were still reading Dick and Jane. Trust me. No one cares."

She came in that night and picked up the books and materials to jump into the ground school. I don't know if she will finish the class, or solo, or obtain her certificate. I do know that she will feel welcome and that she will pursue her flying dream as far

as she wants to with a group of people who will encourage her and who believe that she does "fit the profile."

Ronney and I were remarking that the club was special in this regard. He asked, "How does it get that way?" All I could say was that a lot of people set an example. And others recognize and follow and are attracted to the world we build down at our end of the runway. And in our piece of the sky.

Those people are us. We have our faults, but I am really proud that our profile is big and expansive and inclusive. You all set that example. We are all better for it. Aviation is better for it. The world is better for it. And I walk in the door every day knowing that I am going to find the most interesting people.

Thanks,
George

George Scheer is Chief Flight Instructor at the Wings of Carolina Flying Club.





Belem, Brazil

northwest of Brazil for the length of summer. This weather was effectively blocking our path to Argentina. As we drew closer and heard repeatedly from ferry pilots that you have to see to fly over the jungle, we became increasingly preoccupied with how we were going to navigate through the massive cloud and rain band. Especially with no on-board radar and scarce air traffic control facilities. Throughout our trip through the Caribbean and in the northern part of South America, we had been looking at radar images of clouds and rain that were not moving. But for some reason, as we arrived in Belem, it was thinning out, giving us a window of opportunity for a safe VFR flight.

Throughout our trip thus far, we had been dealing with a mind-boggling amount of paperwork, between the flight planning processes, entry/exit requirements, landing permits, multiple copies of the general declaration forms, immigration, customs and other authorities. All of this was still inadequate to prepare us for the bureaucratic nightmare that attempting to fly out of Belem entailed. Brazilian flight planning regulations are strict, and any missing or incorrect information caused our flight plan to be rejected, necessitating that we begin the process all over again. In hindsight, we probably should have arranged for a local expert to help ensure our flight plan wasn't rejected—which it repeatedly was over the next four days. In reality, we could have avoided much of this pain and delay by carefully reviewing, respecting, understanding and complying with Brazilian requirements. Every day we attempted to leave, and were told we could not. Each day we had an argument, usually with a different Customs or airport officer, over why we did not comply with this regulation or that. And the next day we

would show up to try again, all the while keeping an eye on the cloud band over the Amazon.

One of the bigger issues was the requirement to have a Brazilian liability insurance policy, which we had not purchased before hand. Finally Ivan, with his experience negotiating in various South American cultures, persuaded the flight planning office to file the flight plan even though we didn't have insurance. They told us they were giving us a provisional acceptance by their office and off it went to the control tower. Finally, it seemed, we were getting somewhere.

Ivan and I took the shuttle to the GA area, completed the pre-flight and got the plane started. We were cleared to the edge of the ramp to complete our run up, which we did. Finally, with the hot, Brazilian sun beating down on us, we requested ground clearance to taxi for departure. Belem Ground Control issued us our clearance and then after a successful read back cleared us to taxi to the runway in use. As we started to taxi from the ramp to the taxiway, they told us to stop and hold in position.

Five minutes passed, and we contacted ground again, assuming we had been forgotten. But again, we were told, "Standby." After ten minutes, we started getting uncomfortable. While we opened the windows, the outside air temperature was already in the mid-90s. We could occasionally see other taxiing traffic, but nothing that would account for our delay, nor did we hear any radio chatter that indicated a problem on any runway. Still, we waited.

After twenty minutes, we started wondering if we should taxi back. And after thirty minutes holding in the heat with the engine running, we finally asked ground for clearance to taxi back to the ramp. Their surprising answer came back. "Negative, continue holding short."

Ivan and I looked at each other, and each opened a new water bottle.

We didn't know it as we sat there baking on the ramp, but the issue this time was that we had not properly filed an ANOC (Agência Nacional de Aviação Civil) form, which goes to the agency responsible for GA clearances. The issue was the missing liability insurance, which we thought we had resolved because the flight planning officer filed the flight plan. Belem Air Traffic Control was attempting to figure out whether or not we could be cleared for departure. Not knowing if we were authorized to leave, ground also would not authorize us to taxi back to the ramp or they would lose sight of us, and we must have appeared suspicious to them. And so we sat on the ramp with our engine running; after one hour passed, we were soaking wet, having watched the outside air temperature climb into the low 100s. After an hour and a half of sitting on the tarmac with our engine running and the air temperature passing 105 degrees, ground cleared us to taxi the fifty feet back to our parking spot on the ramp. The entire ordeal had been for naught.

We already knew many of the pitfalls of the flight planning forms, having spent three days in various failure modes already. Ivan contacted his customer and convinced him to buy a liability policy. On day four we finally hit the proper confluence of forms, info, fees and requirements; ANAC also requires 24 hours after the receipt of the liability insurance to issue a clearance, which took the form of a two-day permit to get through Brazil. Keep in mind, that's two days to travel several hundreds of miles across the wide expanse of Brazil with the convective weather system between us and Argentina. Our one saving grace was that the inexplicable thinning of the summer cloud layer in one spot gave us a potential hole to travel through. Over the next two days, we would be able to pick our way through, not always easily, but we did it.

We did spend some time in the city we were trying so vigorously to depart. Portuguese in general is a tougher language to understand than Spanish, we thought. I was struck by the dominance of meat in their diet; beef is cheaper than vegetables in Brazil. Dinners at some restaurants are family style dining. Everyone sits at long tables, and the servers bring out drinks and skewers of meat, describe what meat it is, and

if you want some, they carve off a portion for you. Ivan noted that this is typical in Argentina as well, and said that the standard when having guests for a barbecue is two pounds of meat for every person.

While we noticed a much larger income disparity than we have in the U.S., we also could feel a type of productive energy radiating through the city. Brazil is working hard to modernize its economy and raise the standard of living of the very poor and they have a ways to go. They continue to work hard to build high-quality industries and improve exports; Embraer would be one example.

Leg Eleven and Twelve, Belem to Redencio to Porangatu, Brazil, Day 14, December 21

After departing Belem, the rest of the trip went smoothly. We flew to Redencio, took fuel and rested a bit, then continued to Porangatu, landing as the sun set in the west. We stayed at the Atlanta Hotel (It seemed such a funny name for a deep back country place where probably very few Americans have ever been), which had not a single other U.S. tourist staying there. The next morning, they did have the most highly sugared coffee I have ever tasted. But the Porangatu Airport's best asset was probably its genial and multi-talented security guard, who also drove our taxi and pumped fuel at the airport for additional income. He picked us up at 4:00 AM the next morning from the hotel and, having noticed that we could not drink the sugary coffee the day before, brought us fresh, black, very sweet coffee from his home in a thermos. The morning was beautiful, and we took some great pre-dawn photos of the plane and departed as the sun rose in the east.

Leg Thirteen, Fourteen and Fifteen, Porangatu to Rio Preto to Foz do Iguacu, Brazil to Posadas, Argentina, Day 15, December 22

Three hundred nautical miles or so south, we set down in São José do Rio Preto, but quickly departed for what may have been the highlight of our trip and our last stop in Brazil. Iguacu Falls is listed as one of the seven natural wonders of the world and is a national treasure that falls on the border of Argentina and Brazil, with Paraguay

nearby. It is so massive that it is equal to about three Niagara Falls. Legend has it that a god planned to marry a beautiful woman named Naipi, who fled with her mortal lover in a canoe. In rage, the god sliced the river, creating the waterfalls and condemning the lovers to an eternal fall. Numerous islands divide the river into separate waterfalls, varying between 200'-270' high. Iguacu approach gave us permission to circle the falls, which, we did for about 45 minutes while Ivan took about fifty or more pictures. It was one of the most spectacular sights of the trip. Ivan was absolutely beaming at being home, flying over a national treasure in his own airplane.

The airport was located near the falls and we stopped for fuel and a quick rest. This was our last stop in Brazil, and we needed only one more flight to complete our journey. We cleared Brazil customs and immigration and filed a VFR flight plan. Taking off from Foz de Iguacu Airport around 6 p.m., we followed the Parana River to our final destination, Posadas, Argentina. We had to open an IFR flight plan en route since VFR flight is not permitted at night in South America. We landed at 9:05 p.m..

Yet, that was not quite the conclusion of our adventure. After Ivan took care of business the next morning, we drove through the 115-degree heat back to Iguacu Falls to experience its majesty (and cooling effect) from the ground. We

caught a flight from there to Sao Paulo, then a United overnight home, where I discovered that my luggage had been lightened by a few items. What had taken us 15 days to travel down took us only 15 hours to travel back.

Unbelievable opportunities open up for us as pilots when we are members of a networked community like Wings of Carolina and EAA. The adventure that Ivan and I took together was honestly everything I could have dreamed, but nothing I could have imagined. From the people we met to the experiences we shared; from the amazing scenery to the torturous paperwork; the pleasant cruise flights and the harrowing problems; they all combined to create an experience that at various times touched us at all points on the emotional spectrum. I was often exhilarated, but also exhausted much of the time and scared more than once.

If I do it again, I will consider doing some real world survival training. Much of the trip over the Amazon rainforest is awesome, but an unexpected crash landing in the canopy would require more equipment and skill for survival than I was prepared for during this trip. My best advice to pilots considering such a venture would be to do it with someone that has done it before. We did a lot of networking for advice both beforehand and during the trip. Whenever you land, talk with the locals. Buy the ferry pilots dinner and pick their brains on local conditions.

They often have just come from wherever you are going.

Above all: be patient, expect delays, keep an open mind, be polite, have fun, and fly safe. And enjoy the amazing world we live in. And remember, you always fly one leg of your trip at a time and that's how you complete an amazing trip like this one.



Iguacu Falls

Annual Membership Meeting 2012

The club will hold its Annual Membership Meeting, which includes elections for the 2013 Board of Directors, on Thursday, December 13, 2012 at 7:00 pm (pizza is served at 6:30) at the clubhouse at Raleigh Executive Jetport. Current club officers will discuss our club's financial position along with a 2012 review and thoughts for 2013. We will then hold elections for our club's officers for 2013.

This newsletter serves as the official notice to the club members of the elections. The leadership and policy decisions of those who sit on the board of directors significantly impact how well the club is able to weather challenges and capitalize on opportunities that present themselves.

For those unable to attend the December 13 meeting, the club will offer an absentee ballot process. This process is permitted by Club Bylaw Article IV Section 20, and is described in club document 3.95 on the club website. It has been reprinted in this newsletter issue after the candidate statements.

To help you get to know those running for the 2013 board, declared candidates have written personal statements about why they are running and what they hope to accomplish if elected. Along with a general description of the duties and responsibilities of each office, these personal statements are printed below.

WCFC President

The individual who is elected to the office of club president will, according to the club's bylaws, "Have the overall responsibility for the proper and efficient operation of the club." As of this writing, the following club member is running for club president for the 2013 board:

Jan Squillace

Background: Joined WCFC in 2004, taken private and instrument training here at the club. I earned my private certificate in August 2007 and instrument rating June 2011. The instrument rating was worth all the work to earn it. I am now working on a commercial rating.

Experience: Key volunteer since 2007 to present for pilot supplies. Board secretary 2010, member-at-large 2011. President, 2012.

My goal as president is to make the club a welcoming place to fly well-maintained aircraft safely.

We continue to do a good job of attracting new members, even in the face of competition on the north ramp. We can do a better job of retaining members. It takes the effort of all of us to accomplish this task.

The board represents all the members and needs to know what the members are thinking. Also, the members need to be aware of the challenges the board faces in keeping our fleet and building operating on a sound financial and operational basis.

I welcome the opportunity to continue to serve the members and the club. This is a great place to fly and I like to help keep it that way.

WCFC Vice President

Aside from filling in for the club president when necessary, the club vice-president is primarily responsible for managing the club's membership. Specifically, this entails advertising the club and attracting new members through a variety of media, reviewing membership applications, overseeing new member orientation, and maintaining the club's membership records. As of this writing, the following club member is running for vice president for the 2013 board:

Jim Carlson

I am Jim Carlson and I am requesting your support of my third term as Vice President. I have been a steward of the clubs coffers, balancing fleet upgrades with maintaining affordable flying. I championed the upgrade of the GPS in the mid range fleet to the GTN 650; pushed for improvements in the Trainer fleet; and pushed for the addition of the new Mooney. I recently pushed for the new tables and umbrellas to make sitting out on the front patio a comfortable experience year

round. I learned to fly in the club starting out of the old shack at Chapel Hill. I have progressed up through Instrument and know how I have benefited from the club environment to learn and advance my own training in. I pledge to again serve with the same commitment to each and every member as I have in the past, to make sure the same environment is there for all to enjoy.

WCFC Treasurer

The club treasurer is charged with the responsibility of monitoring the financial health and well-being of the club. The treasurer manages the club's cash flow, makes reports to the board on the state of the club's finances, and ensures that member accounts are accurate and up-to-date. As of this writing, the only candidate running for treasurer for the 2013 board is currently-serving treasurer Mat Waugh. He has elected to not provide a statement.

WCFC Secretary

The club secretary is responsible for creating and managing written records and correspondence for the club. This includes recording and filing the minutes of all board meetings, publishing a written newsletter, and maintaining the club's mailbox. As of this writing, the following club member is running for secretary for the 2013 board:

John Gaither

I joined WCFC in 2008, when I moved to North Carolina from the Chicago area. I started flying in 2006 in Kenosha, Wisconsin. I was impressed by the culture of the Club and found both John Hunter's instrument course and commercial course excellent. I earned my instrument rating with Club instructors and mostly fly the Club Mooneys, but occasionally fly the 172's and Warriors as well. For the last year, I have been Secretary of the Club. While we are a Club, we also must maintain our business records in appropriate fashion and I have done that. I have also served on the Safety Committee, participated in maintenance nights, and undertaken special projects from time-to-time. For two years prior to becoming Secretary I served as director at large. My wife and flying companion,

Chris, and I have two children: son, Jack, and daughter Marisa, both living in Chicago.

WCFC Member-at-Large

The Wings of Carolina Flying Club by-laws state that "at such times as deemed desirable, other officers may be elected by the Membership at the Annual Membership Meeting in December." Traditionally, the club has used this provision in the by-laws to elect three board members-at-large. While the bylaws do not specify the duties of a member-at-large, these members usually oversee special projects at the direction of the president. Further, having three members in addition to the four mandatory officers spreads out the workload of the board and provides a diversity of perspectives and skills, which increases the effectiveness of the board. As of this writing, the following club members are running for member-at-large for the 2013 board:

Ian Frid

Dear Members,

It's a year later. I still speak a little strangely, spell a little differently and still love soccer, but I've got something new to be thankful for: The past year that you gave me as a member of the board!

It seems impossible that the year has passed so fast, and we are into the round of elections again, but as they say, "Time flies when you're enjoying yourself," and I really have enjoyed being a member of the board this year. It has taught me so much more about the club, its people, its duties and its mission.

Last year I tried to describe my passion for the club, how it had helped me and how I want to help it, help you. This year I can only double underline that same sentiment. The year you have given me has shown me even deeper, what a truly wonderful club we have, and aside from the facilities, the planes, the airport and the fact we can fly here nearly all year round, what makes this place the place it is, is you, the members.

I have had such a great time as a 'Member at Large' on the board over the past year, I am seeking your permission, and hence your vote, in order to do it again. I want to learn more, do more

and be more for the club. Please consider me to represent you, as you choose the board members you want.

We've had a real good board this year I feel, with a wide range of business and flying skills, knowledge, diversity, views and backgrounds. I'd advocate voting for any and all of them again, but if of course there is someone else you feel able, go for it. That person may even be you! As I mentioned, I've enjoyed my experience so much, I'd advocate the task for anyone willing to give it a try. It really is that rewarding . . . you know, a similar feeling to that when you nail that landing . . . well almost :-)

So once again, please consider me as you choose. If I get on the the board again for a second year, awesome!

Sincerely yours,
Ian Frid #1605

Steele Scott

I would like your vote for the Board Member At Large position for a second year. Many of us agree the Wings of Carolina Flying Club is a very special place to fly. It has just the right blend of a great members, nice facility, fleet of aircraft, excellent instructors, officers, and staff. Keeping in mind all the good things that we enjoy is to also include opportunity for improvement.

Allow me to pause on this thought of what could be improved to briefly describe my background. You may know that I have supported the Treasurer and Accounting function for the past almost-two years as the assistant treasurer. In addition, and perhaps my most important contribution, is being a full time flight instructor, recently completing the Instrument Instructor Certificate along with Jennifer King. Other times you have seen me cooking on the grill, showing new members and prospects around and even working with Obdulio Batista, John Hunter, Len Felton, Terry Gardner, Jeff Hoerle, Philip Kennedy, and Monica Olsen, outside on the new South Garden landscaping project.

Also, you could say, I love flying, took my first flight at 14 years old, soloed at 16 and earned the Private Pilot Certificate at 17 in Stormville, NY. After graduating from NYU Business School in 1977, I went on to finish the Commercial Certificate, Instrument and Multi-engine ratings and

Certified Flight Instructor at ATE of NY Flying School, Long Island Mac Arthur Airport.

Most of my career has been spent in the Aerospace Insurance and Risk Management business starting with Associated Aviation Underwriters (now Global Aerospace), Marsh & McLennan while instructing part time at Beechcraft East, Teterboro and Sunrise Aviation, Flushing Airports. Some of my other employers were Fairchild Industries, Sikorsky Helicopter, parent United Technologies, and Pratt & Whitney Canada. During my Connecticut years, we raised two children, Michael and Caroline, with my wife, Jill.

Two and a half years ago, we moved our family from Fairfield, CT to Apex, NC with Jill's ABB corporate office move. With over 2,000 flight hours in almost 30 different aircraft models, owned part of a Beechcraft Baron and Cessna Turbo 210 as part of an aircraft charter, leasing and sales company. I have seen and been a part of many aspects of the aviation business from small to Fortune 100 companies.

We have a great organization and offer an unparalleled service to our members that is not available anywhere else in North Carolina and perhaps few places in the United States. As great as our product is, we should always strive to continuously improve. As your Board Member and Flight Instructor, I would like to help us improve by engaging more members in the many projects that could be completed with more involvement.

This includes leadership with prioritizing the numerous efforts, encouraging officers and other key volunteers with grooming other members for future positions, develop a process to constantly improve the fleet we currently have and reduce unplanned down time. These are my ideas. Also, I am always open to club members' thoughts and suggestions on how we can improve our club. By working together and everyone pitching in, just imagine what success our club could achieve.

Paul Wilder

While I have contributed much time and effort in the past, there are still more things I would like to do.

Since joining the club in 1999 and serving on the board most of the time since 2004 (including president, vice president, interim treasurer, and

Absentee Voting Procedures

The Absentee Voting Procedure is designed to make the club elections accessible to a larger percentage of the membership without unduly diluting the tradition of the annual election pizza night or precluding floor (or late) nominations.

The procedure allows eligible members the flexibility to vote early, keeps absentee ballots anonymous, and gives members the ability to change their vote at the membership meeting. Therefore, members who vote early are not precluded from voting for floor nominees or late nominees, and can still experience voting at the election. This procedure is to be finalized and published by the board of directors.

The procedure is as follows:

1. The board designates an election coordinator. This can be an existing staff member or a volunteer club member. The coordinator cannot be a candidate for the board.
2. A description of the Absentee Voting Procedure is communicated to the membership well in advance of the election meeting.
3. The Board designates the date by which candidates must have declared in order to be included in the absentee ballot. The board may choose to not use the Absentee Voting Procedure in years where there are no contested board positions as of that date.
4. The election coordinator creates the ballot consisting of members who have declared their candidacy.
5. Any member wishing to vote absentee must email their request to the election coordinator no later than 48 hours before the election.
6. The election coordinator emails to the member a ballot and directions on where to mail the ballot. The member prints the ballot, marks their votes, and seals the ballot in an unmarked inner envelope, which is then sealed in an outer envelope. The member writes their member number on the outside of the outer envelope, and signs across the flap of the envelope.
7. Only ballots received prior to the election are counted. The ballot can be mailed to the election

coordinator or hand delivered. It is the responsibility of the member to verify that the coordinator has received the ballot. It is suggested that the member email the coordinator notifying the coordinator that an absentee ballot has been sent, and asking the coordinator to reply to the email in acknowledgement once the ballot has been received.

8. On the day of the election meeting, the election coordinator notes on the member list every member from whom an absentee ballot has been received.

9. At the election meeting any eligible member may receive a ballot, including members who have submitted an absentee ballot. If a member who has submitted an absentee ballot requests a new ballot, the election coordinator removes the member's sealed early ballot from storage and discards (shreds) it, then gives the member a new ballot.

10. After the voting at the meeting, the election coordinator checks the member number and signature of the outer envelope of each remaining absentee ballot, to ensure that the member is a valid voting member and has not already voted. The coordinator destroys any invalid ballots (already voted, or not a voting member). The coordinator removes the remaining absentee ballots from their outer envelopes, and destroys those envelopes. Each ballot is then removed from the inner envelope and combined and counted along with ballots cast at the meeting.

New Certificates and Ratings through Sept. 30, 2012

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Instructor</u>
<u>Solo</u>		
JOE ZAMBON	3/6/12	Weaver
OBDULIO BATISTA	3/27/12	Scott
BERNHARD MUELLER	4/7/12	Scott
NORMAN PAYNE	4/7/12	Taylor
AIDAN SHEEHAN	4/7/12	Taylor
BILL GILES	4/13/12	McCracken
ADNAN NASIR	6/3/12	McCracken
BENJAMIN FLOOD	6/5/12	Moss
GREG LEIGHTON	6/31/12	Taylor
JESSE KALISHER	7/14/12	McCracken
JERRY SHACKELFORD	7/15/12	McCracken
MICHAEL WANKO	8/12/12	Shelton
RUTH ANN SNEITH	8/19/12	Evet
CHARLES LUMSDEN	8/23/12	Shelton
JONATHAN PARKER	9/7/12	Golick
PETER DIGENNARO	9/21/12	McCracken
KARSYN BAILEY	9/24/12	McCracken
ERIC RIGGLEMAN	9/24/12	Taylor
<u>Private</u>		
NINA PISKAREVA	3/3/12	Corona
KEVIN CLAYTON	5/13/12	McCracken
CHARLES HIBBARD	7/25/12	Wall
BILL GILES	8/1/12	McCracken
WILL FUTCH	8/13/12	Weaver
BARRY MOORE	9/24/12	McCracken
BENJAMIN FLOOD	9/25/12	Moss
<u>Instrument</u>		
REN BABCOCK	3/12/12	Weaver
CESAR FRIETAS	4/8/12	Moss
ADAM DOWNING	6/31/12	Moss
<u>Commercial</u>		
JAY NABORS	5/25/12	Shelton
THOMAS WRIGHT	6/7/12	Moss
TODD SYNAN	9/1/12	Moss
KORY ADAMS	9/11/12	Moss

Continued from page 17

member at large), I have always tried to help out in some way because I strongly believe in the club's mission statement.

This past year one of my larger club efforts was in coordinating the club's efforts for Family Fun Day. It was a great day for me and others to see the spirit of the club shine. Many people volunteered and worked hard for all of us. This group of volunteers did such a great job, I was able to spend most of the day working with Young Eagles.

This effort with Young Eagles operation has paved the way for a large joint Wings of Carolina/Young Eagles event in 2013 where I expect we can get over 100 kids plane rides.

Since I believe my both my depth of and length of service allow me to bring a valuable perspective to the board, I appreciate your consideration in electing me to the board as member at-large.

Wings of Carolina Flying Club

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702 Rod Sullivan Road
Sanford, NC 27330
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