

Oshkosh Outing: “November 72675, Traffic, 12 O’Clock...a P-51 Mustang!”

-by Sunil Gali

How does one begin to explain their first trip to the EAA Air Venture Convention at Oshkosh? From the start of the journey, or the first moment when they see how many people and planes there really are? My first memorable moment occurred when WoC flight instructor Ronnie Moss and I were cruising along Lake Michigan’s coastline under Chicago’s class bravo airspace on our way to Oshkosh (OSH). It was a near perfect day for flying, and the sight of Chicago’s downtown was beautiful. The real kicker was when ATC advised us of a P-51 Mustang heading in the opposite direction only a couple hundred feet above us. When we finally arrived at Oshkosh there seemed to be endless rows of planes, almost like a sea of planes.

My Oshkosh story really begins on Saturday, July 23; the day we took off from TTA hoping to make it to OSH the same day before night fall. Unfortunately, Mother Nature had other plans for us. We made it to OSH close to night fall the next day. The kind of weather that we ran into and the risks involved in planning for such a long cross-country trip warrant a write up on its own and I will let Ronney elaborate on that at a later time.

Arriving at Oshkosh is truly a spectacular event. As we flew a straight-in approach, we had just a moment to take in the acres and acres of aircraft all parked in like-kind groups. Arrivals are a well-orchestrated event as each aircraft turns into the grass and is directed without conversation to its area of like-kind parking. We were parked after a 10+ minute taxi in the GA camping area. Our spot was located conveniently close to a gate in the fence with many restaurants within walking distance. We drove our stakes into the ground and secured the aircraft with the ropes we had brought

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The Wings of Carolina Flying Club-- 50 Years of Flying Pt. 2: 2001-2003

*-John Hunter, Barbara Eldredge & Paul Wilder contributed to this series
Edited by Barbara Eldredge*

Relocation to Sanford-Lee County Airport

In 2000, the University of North Carolina, which had plans to close the airport and build a north campus on the property, informed the Wings of Carolina Flying Club (then the Chapel Hill Flying Club) that they would not be renewing the club’s lease on the airport after 2001. Stan Munsat, who had served as club president in the early ’90s, agreed to resume that role in order to guide the club through the process of selecting a new home and relocating. Committees were formed to investigate alternative locations, including Triple W south of Raleigh, Person County Airport, and the new Lee County Airport, which had just opened northeast of Sanford. After careful consideration of the various area airports, the club decided to relocate to Lee County Airport (renamed Raleigh Executive Jetport in 2010). Numerous considerations went into the choice; one of the deciding factors was the welcoming interest of both the Airport Authority and Lee County Development, which was in stark contrast to the club’s experience with the landlord and neighbors in

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along. We also brought tents, which we set up under the wings to get as much protection from the elements as possible.

After a brief rest it seemed like a good idea to stretch our legs and survey the warbirds area. As a first-timer, the war birds were awe inspiring to me. We quickly met up with other club members and decided on a plan of action for the evening. It was a nice walk to the off-airport restaurant in the cool evening weather. By the time we were done with dinner, we were ready to hit the sleeping bags. Although it had been a really long day, we went to bed eagerly anticipating tomorrow's festivities during the opening day of the event.

It rained hard during the night but the wing effectively kept the tent dry. The next morning, we didn't really need an alarm clock to wake us up. The dawn arrivals of aircraft into Oshkosh woke us up to a beautiful sunny sky. The first sight I saw as I came out of the tent was a flight of three P-51 Mustangs taking off for a photo shoot. It was the perfect start to my EAA Air Venture experience. After soaking in the morning sun for a little bit we went about doing our morning chores. From where we were camping, it was only a short bus ride to the showers which were surprisingly clean and well maintained with an unlimited hot water supply.



Flying north past the Chicago skyline

After we grabbed some quick breakfast we caught the yellow school bus to the entrance and walked along the displays of vintage aircraft, ultralights, home-builts, warbirds, and a variety of aircraft on the Aero Shell Square. We had already looked at the event schedule earlier and identified those that seemed interesting. But looking at all of the additional activities available, we quickly realized that we could not possibly accomplish even half of what we anticipated. So much for our plan! There was just so much eye candy out there for the aviation buff. Soon enough, it was lunch time. We sat down with some of the club members at the food court. The food was delicious, especially after all the walking we had done that morning.

For the next few days it was airplane overdose. We walked the flight line every morning checking out any new arrivals. Later, we checked out the vendors in the four large exhibit hangars. There were many forums to watch down in the forum plaza. From the flying car of the 50's to the civilian prototype space ship, what an experience it was! This year we never made it out to Lake Winnebago to see the seaplane port, saving it for a future trip. There is much more than one can see in a three day stay. Row after row of T-28's, T-6's, F-4U Corsairs, DC-3s, Aero L-39s, Huey



Club C172 N72675 becomes a camp shelter



P-51s on the warbirds flightline

helicopters and MiG jets. Then I saw my favorite plane of all time, the famous P-51 Mustang. The design of this plane is astounding; the aerodynamics of the fuselage, the huge propellers that drive it through the air—all in all it is one of the most beautiful and innovative planes of all time.

Wednesday was for me the most intriguing day of the entire trip: the day “Fifi” flew in. The B-29 Superfortress is one of the most intimidating, and largest planes I have ever seen in person. Never in my life have I ever been so close to something that struck fear into so many people’s lives and at the same time, but on the other side of the line, gave inspiration to thousands. The thought that four propellers could fling this mammoth into the air was mind boggling, which was reinforced when I saw her flying into the airport. From the ground one cannot even begin to understand the actual size of this beast; it dwarfs even the larger airplanes sitting around it and makes them look like toys. Standing next to it I realized just how enormous and impressive Fifi really was. Just about the second she was towed into the Aero Shell square the crowd engulfed the plane, each person taking pictures and craning to get a better view and a better picture than the person next to them.

The daily air show was the frosting on the cake. Each day the air show has a somewhat different focus and special highlights; however, you can always count on some of the greatest aerobatic performers in the world, both pilots and aircraft. The grand finale was a night air show with fireworks spewing from aircraft. Although I didn’t get to watch, it was apparently splendid.

As the day came to an end, the club members grouped together and lounged along the flight line next to 5726M discussing the various interesting forums people had attended, with John Hunter and

George Scheer enlightening the rest of us occasionally to a piece of aviation history or a random aspect of flying. It was quite enjoyable. When it started to get dark and the airport was closed for the day, we decided we would indulge a little bit and walked towards a pub just off the airport for a couple of drinks and something to eat. Although it seemed like a really long wait to get a table at the few pubs/restaurants within walking distance, the company we were in made time fly.

Our original plan was to fly back to TTA on Wednesday afternoon but we figured we would be too tired and decided to leave first thing Thursday morning. As luck would have it, though, a frontal system was passing through Wisconsin



Oshkosh airshow



My co-pilot, WoC CFI Ronney Moss, is seated 2nd from right in the black shirt

that day and the weather ended up being hard IFR all morning. To depart Oshkosh IFR requires an IFR departure slot reservation. The situation didn't leave us much choice but to wait it out. Around noon, the ceilings started to lift but the forecast was for only a brief period of VFR weather. Nevertheless, we decided to give it a shot and we started the trek back to Sanford. As we taxied out, the ground was still slushy from the rain and the wheels kept digging into the mud. At this point I was glad that I was in a Cessna 172 and not a Mooney. It would have been almost impossible to taxi a Mooney in those conditions with its low clearance. One other advantage we had was that all airplanes that were able to use the grass taxiway (high-wing airplanes) were being cleared for take off at a faster rate than the low wing airplanes that had to use the paved taxiway. I got the experience of navigating a real "soft" field that day. As we approached the hold short line for runway 27, the pink-shirted controller on the platform by the runway saw our VFR paper sign and said, "Skyhawk, 72675, cleared for takeoff, maintain runway heading until clear of Delta airspace. Have a safe trip home." Although the METARs said the weather was VFR, it was more like MVFR as we gained altitude and it was exciting with so many planes flying close by. Both Ronney and I had to constantly

watch out for traffic. As we climbed out I sneaked another peek at the acres of airplanes and marveled at the coordinated effort it takes to put on such an event.

If you plan on being at the EAA Air Venture be sure to take sun block, a hat and walking shoes. Plan on walking at least four miles per day, and maybe more. There are also trams to help you get around. Binoculars may be helpful, but I did not bother with them. Better to take a friend or two, especially someone who hasn't been there before. They will be dazzled!

Interested in attending? Nearly half a million aviation enthusiasts make the pilgrimage to Oshkosh, Wisconsin for the EAA AirVenture each year. For one week, Wittman Regional Airport becomes the busiest airport in the world as some 10,000 aircraft approach and land to take part in the festivities. The event takes place July 23-29, 2012. For more information, you can visit the EAA AirVenture 2012 Website at www.airventure.org.

More information on WoC travel to Oshkosh will be in your email soon!



Wings of Carolina Flying Club members enjoy evening refreshments and conversation

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Chapel Hill. The members chose to change the club name to *The Wings of Carolina Flying Club* concurrent with the move.

The move to Sanford-Lee County Airport involved huge logistical issues as there were no facilities to rent, and the airport authority made it clear that club could not operate out of the modest facilities it was used to at Horace Williams. So the club would have the hefty burden of building its own hangar and clubhouse while temporarily operating out of a single wide modular building that needed to be rented, hooked up, and have decks and ramps built for it. Once again, in difficult times, club members stepped forward and contributed time, expertise, and hard labor to sustain the organization dear to them. Jim Carlson took charge of renting the modular building, overseeing its hookup, and soliciting club members to help build the ramps and decks needed for ADA compliance. The club also arranged to lease and maintain a shared hangar for storing maintenance tools and materials. The hangar doubled as the site for Second Saturday cookouts, which the club had begun holding on a monthly basis in the last year at Chapel Hill under the direction of Steve Bockish and Bill Sawyer.

On July 29, 2001, the club held an open house to commemorate the move to Sanford. The plan had been to fly all eleven aircraft in, one after the other, but IFR conditions necessitated leaving the Cessna 152's in Chapel Hill, and having IFR spacing for the two Mooneys and three Warriors that were flown in that day. (Our fourth Warrior had not yet returned from Oshkosh.) Spirits were high in spite of the inclement weather as local dignitaries, including the mayor of Sanford, the Lee County commissioner, and the Airport Authority director (as well as members who had driven down) were on hand to welcome the relocated fleet. Although temporary, the new quarters were actually more upscale than the accommodations at Chapel Hill had been.

The move to the Sanford-Lee County had the potential to strengthen the club in the long term but hurt it in the short term. The new location provided the club with far better facilities including a larger runway, ramp parking, parallel taxiway, and an ILS approach, as well as eliminated the restrictions Horace Williams imposed such as forbidding touch and goes and local flights initiated between 9pm and 7am. At the same time, the move was difficult for the club as members who were used to being

able to drop over to Horace Williams at lunchtime or on their way to or from work now found they had a forty-five to sixty minute drive to the airport. Many members elected to discontinue membership with the club in the year after the move because they did not want to travel that far.

The club, whose lifeblood has always been student training, had benefited from its proximity to three major universities while in Chapel Hill. Word-of-mouth, advertisements in student newspapers and yellow-page ads had been sufficient to attract new members. Now relocated, the club was losing that proximity and needed to find a way to attract members from Sanford, Southern Pines, Fayetteville and Apex in addition to Chapel Hill, Cary, Durham and Raleigh. Not only did the club need to get the word out about their existence at Sanford/Lee Airport, but there was also a concern that if someone tried to call the club, no one would be available to take the call since there would be fewer members dropping in just to hang out. The temporary drop-off in membership also led to a diminished need for instructors, some of whom sought work elsewhere. The club had a part-time manager in Chapel Hill who decided not to make the move because of the long commute time from his home to Sanford/Lee airport. To address concerns about needing to find new ways to recruit members and to be available to potential members, the club decided to appoint a full-time manager.

Some fallout from the move had immediate positive benefits, although as always, it required the time and expertise of members to realize those

Note from the Past.....

According to WoC Maintenance Director John Hunter, the club's most successful year ever was its 18th year of existence—1979. The club had 5 Cessna 150 trainers each of which flew over 100 hours per month during that summer, plus members had access to the club's Cherokee and 172 fleet.

Ah, but there was bad news even then! From the September 1979 newsletter, we note that due to fuel cost increases the club had to raise its rates. (Sound familiar?) The trainers went up to \$15 per hour, while the Cherokees had to move to \$20 and the 172s to \$22. **Oh the pain!** (Instructors got a raise to \$10.)

For more about the history of Wings of Carolina during this time period (then the Chapel Hill Flying Club), see the Fall 2011 issue of *WoC Flying News*, available online at <http://wingsofcarolina.org/newsletters>

benefits. Steve Bockish and others had been pushing for the club to adopt on-line scheduling and had previously met resistance from concerns about members who did not use a computer. Now that members no longer could be expected to drive down to the club to sign up for an airplane, on-line scheduling was adopted. The move also prompted an upgrade to the website, which in the next decade became the Club's primary recruiting means.

Unexpected Challenges

Less than six weeks after the club had completed its move to Sanford-Lee County, Richard Binkley, a club instructor, and Pat Greenwell, an instrument student, were preparing to taxi to the runway when airport manager Dan Swanson hurried out of the FBO and flagged them down. Dan had just received a call from the Raleigh Flight Service Station informing him that the national airspace was closed to all aircraft; aircraft in the air were to land as soon as possible, and no one was to take off. Because of the terrorist attacks in New York and Washington DC, the US national airspace was shut down to all traffic for three days, and to VFR traffic for eight days. VFR flight training was not allowed to resume until ten days after the attacks. This loss of revenue to both the club and the instructors came at a time when the club was still trying to gain its footing after the move.

To make matters worse, the economy, which had already been struggling due to the "tech bubble burst" begun in 2000, took a sharp, long-lasting downturn after the attacks. This meant recreational flying hours dropped all over the country, lessening the value of aircraft just as the club needed to adjust the size of its fleet downward because of its drop in membership. Then in November of 2001, the Sanford-Lee County airspace was again closed for several days as all airspace within ten nautical miles of a nuclear power plant was shut down because of concern about another potential terrorist attack. (The Raleigh News and Observer printed a picture of one of the club 152s tied down at TTA with the Shearon Harris nuclear power plant appearing to be just behind the treeline at TTA.)

The next few years were challenging for the club as the trifecta of bad economic times after the "tech bubble burst," the shock of moving the club to a new airport and the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks continued to erode the club's membership. In 2002 only 55 new members joined, less than half the number of members who joined in 2000, the last year before the move. The club resized its fleet

downward, selling one of its Mooney's to help finance the new flight center, and one of the Cessna 152s since student demand was down.

Flight Center

As always, a strong set of core members stepped up in these difficult times with a determination to rebuild the club.

They envisioned not only regaining past membership size, fleet size and flight hours, but also enhancing the club community through the creation of a flight center that would allow for training, maintenance, ground schools and membership meetings at the airport.

A building committee, consisting initially of John Hunter, Bill Sawyer and Everett Marschman (and later Jim Carlson) was chartered to design a building that would be compatible with the current and future needs of the club. Their general design was approved by the board in October 2001, and design details were finalized in 2002. After looking into several possibilities for getting it built, the contract was awarded to the builder in late 2002 and a loan was acquired in early 2003.



The newly completed flight center

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First 2nd Saturday cookout in the new flight center, May 10, 2003

Meet Member X

Profiles of WoC Members

When current Wings of Carolina Flying Club member and student pilot Mauricio Castro takes his check ride this Fall, he will have fulfilled a lifelong dream that started as a little boy watching planes take off and land in his native El Salvador. Since he was only eight at the time, the bus fare to the airport represented several weeks of his allowance. (The airport also had video games, which he would play between arrival and departure itineraries.) “I was fascinated with the people coming out of the planes,” he remembers. “They seemed like tremendous professionals.”

As Mauricio grew older, he hoped to learn to fly through the military. However, as he became more politically aware, this childhood plan was derailed by increasing concern over the role of the military in the social injustices of the late 70s and 80s in El Salvador. “Corruption, human rights violations; all were being committed by the military. Increasingly I saw the military as a tool of oppression. With my strong Catholic faith, I knew I could not be part of that, and eventually became an active human rights advocate.” This increasingly made Mauricio a target; by the time he entered the university in the late 70s to study, he was aware that he was under physical threat. “There were several ugly incidents while I was there,” he remembers without elaboration.

After the October 1979 coup d’état brought the Revolutionary Government Junta of El Salvador to power, Mauricio sought political asylum in the United States. He remained active in political and diplomatic circles related to El Salvador through non-government organizations and the United Nations. But over the next 15 years, he also assimilated into his new home and culture: learning English, meeting his wife in Boston, and earning first his bachelor’s degree, then a Masters in Engineering from the University of Massachusetts in 1992. He then spent 13 years in research and development in the electronic industry developing sensors for Siemens medical department, until finally becoming a naturalized US citizen in 2005.



The well-being of his fellow El Salvadorans was never out of Mauricio’s mind or far from his heart, however. In 2005, he left his engineering work to become a community organizer with the Durham-based North Carolina Latino Coalition, a membership-based, non-profit organization that works with Latino immigrants to assist their integration into the social fabric of their communities. “The US is based on the contributions of people of all ethnic backgrounds,” Mauricio says. “The Latino community has big dreams and will be instrumental in the development of the economy and the creation of a better life for all Americans.” Through his work with churches, labor groups, school PTAs and other neighborhood and civic organizations, Mauricio has already seen the positive impact the Latino community can have. “Our contributions need to be highlighted more,” he observes.

Mauricio joined Wings of Carolina in May of 2010 after taking John Hunter’s ground school. “I started getting to know the club by attending a 2nd Saturday with my wife. Betsy [WoC flight instructor Betsy McCracken] gave us a warm welcome and took us inside a small airplane for the first time.” Now that their 3 children are grown and graduated from college, the couple looks forward to taking weekend trips in club airplanes after Mauricio gains his certificate. “By the time I get to my check ride, I will likely have 180-200 hours. I just didn’t want to rush it—I want to get as much training with Ronney Moss, my flight instructor, as possible and to be professional and safe. It’s not a competition.” He also looks forward to the challenge of an IFR rating and the increased safety that comes with additional training. In the meantime, he enjoys the collegial and friendly atmosphere the club’s social events provide. “When I learned that the club was non-profit, I immediately felt comfortable with the environment—people volunteer and think about the well-being of the organization,” says the community organizer. “We are all part of this community. Your life is not just about flying—and at Wings of Carolina you can develop relationships and share your life as a whole.”

John's Corner

ONCE AGAIN, INTO THE BREECH....PREACHING SAFETY

Safety is key to the existence of our club. Bluntly put, if we have accidents, our insurance situation, the FAA, or a nasty lawsuit will put us out of business. Most likely our insurers will refuse to cover us, and we will be out of business. I've been around the club for 38 years now, and I have been acutely aware of this fact all along. It haunts me because I have seen the value of this club to many pilots over the years and the difference it has made in their lives. I don't want our excellent 51-year history to come to an embarrassing end. So, other volunteers dedicated to the club and I have made it our business to keep the focus on safety.

Within the club it comes down to how we commit and re-commit ourselves to constantly beating the drums. Our safety culture has to remain strong through constant communication and re-communication, and then doing it again, and then yet again just when we think that everyone has got the message (they haven't!). It is a matter of unmistakably demonstrating by example to all of our members that our priority IS safety which, in turn, is about good **Aeronautical Decision Making (ADM)**. We in the leadership of the club should be preaching safety and ADM on a consistent and continual basis—it is part of the (unpaid) job! We need to set that example by continuous words and actions. And we need to invite all members to participate in this effort to get “buy in” from everyone. Even though no one was seriously hurt, our accident record in 2011 (ouch!) reminds us once again that we need to reach everyone. Safety IS fundamentally about decision making and ADM will be key in club efforts towards enhancing our safety culture. Pure stick and rudder skills are very seldom the primary culprit, but yet need to be honed as they are often a factor in an accident. However, ADM is the primary key.



Both part of ADM and beyond ADM are the human factors—the psychology of all of us as human beings, and who we are individually, both psychologically and emotionally. This is where it gets really interesting in that we look at very smart and well-trained pilots who can talk about ADM and how to do it, but then still end up making serious mistakes while thinking that they have planned well and are in good shape. All of us are vulnerable. As our Chief CFI George Scheer once famously said, “I go to bed at night praying that someone in the club will not do something stupid and wreck an airplane or worse... and most of all I pray that pilot won't be me!”

Over the years we have consciously included ADM in every presentation at club ground schools. For 15 weeks (45 classroom hours) in our private pilot school, I present examples of accidents and always end the discussion with questions such as: “Why (how) did he make that decision? What was he thinking? What other choices did he have? Where, in the brain, did the accident-chain REALLY start? What discipline and procedures can we commit ourselves to so that we will better include good decision making?” “Legal but Stupid” is a mantra in my aviation life as I preach that just because something is allowed by the regulations absolutely does NOT necessarily make it an acceptable choice. (Emphasis is on the fact that we DO have choices even when we don't see any because we have allowed our thinking to be influenced by emotional factors or faulty logic as we paint ourselves into a corner.) We talk about the key role of distractions and how to minimize them, and once again go back to the importance of proper procedure and the discipline of adhering to it.

We in the aviation training industry and in the club in particular must deal with the specter of inexperience and naiveté. There is no known substitute for experience and mentoring. We have the advantage here in the club of

exposing our students to a wide range of pilots who can be good mentors. (We have current and ex-airline pilots in the club, and general aviation pilots with multiple thousands of hours experience.) And we take our time with student pilots; our time-to-license is probably close to the national average (70 + hours), and even then more experienced pilots sometimes wince at how blissfully ignorant our wet-behind-the-ears, freshly-minted private pilots are. But we can't blame them. It's not their fault. (Just like it was not our fault when we were in the same position.)

Then we get someone into the club who has been trained elsewhere and got his license in minimum time. (There are pockets in the industry that still take pride in minimum hours, somehow seeing the training process as an athletic contest where speed wins and the fastest are assumed to be the best. How tragic.) We must learn to better spot such members and (without insulting them and driving them off) somehow communicate the precariousness of their situation and help them gain experience in a safe manner. They don't have the advantage of our ground school (see above) and consequently have no clue what they have missed and why ADM and a culture of safety are important. Such green pilots have been taught that all pilot training is standardized and that all private pilot certificates imply the same level of skill, knowledge, and judgment. This is obviously not true, and we know that all flight training is not equal, but many low-time pilots assume that if they have been granted the certificate that they are therefore as skilled and qualified as any other. Yikes!

We also must continue to struggle with the best ways to reach beyond "the usual suspects", meaning the committed pilots who show up at our safety seminars ("Pizza Nights") and take advantage of extra training opportunities. We need to make better contact with those who we seldom see, even though they may remain technically "legal" by club rules (which are much more stringent than FAA regs.) We need to make it attractive to participate with us in thinking about safety and ADM in particular. We have talked about this many times over the last 35 years, but then come face to face with one of the serious problems inherent

to being a volunteer-based club: enforcement of best intentions is an oxymoron that volunteer groups must grapple with. Burn-out is a key factor for volunteer leaders. We have done a great job over 50 years, but we need to keep thinking and acting here to keep hammering on this one.

All this being said, in terms of safety I maintain that we are doing an outstanding job when compared to the industry in general. Our overall accident record shows that, in the grand scheme of things, we're doing well. Looking at short periods of time (like 2011) we can worry that a worsening trend has started. But the onus is on us to keep up the maximum effort possible. We need to still walk the talk not just in short bursts in the immediate stimulation of a recent accident, but also during the comfortable in-between times when we haven't had an incident for a couple of years. The work will continue.

The club board has acted on Safety Committee recommendations to require more rigorous ADM training and to expand our recurrent training requirements. I trust that all of our members will embrace this continuing training effort.

Think "Safety." Fly Safe!

John Hunter is maintenance director at the Wings of Carolina Flying Club.

My Extra Pre-Flight Inspection

-by Keith Silva

For most members, it doesn't take long to hear about the club safety culture. For me, the first exposure occurred between my first and second flight.

I started my flying career with the Chapel Hill Flying Club in June 1999 and was assigned to the newest club instructor, Gene Weaver. Gene had many years of instruction under his belt, but only recently had moved from Indiana to North Carolina.

My most enduring memory of our first lesson was the excruciatingly long pre-flight inspection of N89433, a Cessna 152. It seemed to take up most of our two-hour scheduled time ... I swear we counted the rivets. All I wanted to do was get in the air! At this point in my training, I did not yet understand the importance of the pre-flight inspection or the responsibilities of pilot in command.

I was determined to streamline this process and decided on a "dry run" pre-flight to become more familiar with the finer points of the C-152. After work one afternoon, a few days before my next lesson, I stopped by Horace Williams Airport with my pristine walk-around checklist in hand.

Those who know IGX recall the expansive view to the northwest from the club shack and tiedown area. It was a typical summer afternoon with cumulus clouds building in the heat of the day. Actually, it was more than that. Nearing the tiedown area I marveled at the approaching storm: an ominous, black towering mass of nastiness. No problem, I thought. If it starts raining before I'm done, I'll just head for the car and come back another day. After all, I didn't even go in the shack since I didn't need the key. Without my instructor, I didn't

dare lower the flaps or even touch the master switch. With the storm slowly moving eastward, the airport was deserted ... or so I thought.

Like a good student, I began following the walk-around checklist while examining each associated part of the aircraft. From the left seat I took in the complexity of the panel instruments. Outside the aircraft, I studied the gear, control surfaces and exterior. All the while, the thunderstorm marched closer.



I had worked around to the right wing when, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed someone walking from the club shack toward me. To this day, I don't remember who it was. Reaching me, he offered a relaxed, friendly greeting. "So ... doing some flying today?"

My brief explanation apparently satisfied him because he soon returned to the building, leaving me to my task.

Only upon later reflection did I realize what a startling sight I must have been—an unfamiliar person avoiding the shack, going straight to the plane and hopping in, with a downpour just about to hit. But more importantly, here was a fellow club member watching over me. Instead of "minding his own business," he spoke up to ensure the safety of club aircraft while making sure a fellow aviator didn't start a losing battle against Mother Nature.

Would I have the courage and integrity to do the same, if presented with a similar situation? As club members, we should each consider what our own actions would be. After all, this is what makes up the safety culture that to such a large extent defines our flying club.

Note from the Editor:

Club pilots, particularly student pilots, should be aware that *AOPA Flight Training* magazine offers free six-month subscriptions to student pilots with no further commitment and no credit card needed. *Flight Training* presents a variety of informational articles and is an excellent resource to pilots developing any level of experience.

ERRATA: In the print version of the Summer/Fall issue of *WoC Flying News*, the article [Wings of Carolina Flying Club--50 Years of Flying Pt. 1](#) erroneously listed Paul Keller as a contributor. Paul Wilder contributed to the article. Apologies to both Pauls.

Contributions to the newsletter are always welcome & should be e-mailed to editor Andrew Grauer at andrew@blackethouse.com

New Certificates and Ratings through Feb 29, 2012

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Instructor</u>
<u>Solo</u>		
SHELLEY BHALLA	8/3/11	Moss
DAN BECKIUS	8/7/11	Golick
CHARLES HIBBARD	9/11/11	Wall
NATHAN ROMERO	9/12/11	Scott
BRIAN TESAR	10/5/11	McCracken
WILLIAM FUTCH	11/3/11	Weaver
ANDREW LANE	11/18/11	McCracken
JEFF HOERLE	11/19/11	McCracken
NINA PISKAREVA	11/20/11	McCracken/Greg
GURKARAN SANDHU	11/22/11	Scott
BARRY MOORE	12/4/11	McCracken
TONY BREWER	1/28/12	Weaver
MAURICIO CASTRO	2/10/12	Moss

<u>Private</u>		
PHILIP KENNEDY	9/17/11	Aponte
MATT BIRELY	10/5/11	Moss
JOHN MATT KESSLER	10/7/11	Aponte
VADIM KUZNETSOV	10/16/11	McCracken
BRIAN FLYNN	11/29/11	McCracken
HARRISON ASHWORTH	12/24/11	Moss
DAN BECKIUS	12/29/11	Weaver
KYLE THOMPSON	12/29/11	Golick
BRYAN LEE	1/5/12	McCracken
CURT WILLIAMS	1/5/12	Weaver
BRIAN TESAR	1/30/12	McCracken
OLIVER HARTMANN	2/22/12	Corona
SHELLEY BHALLA	2/28/12	Moss

<u>Instrument</u>		
JERRY MYERS	8/26/11	Evett
CHRIS MUIR	9/9/11	Munsat

<u>Commercial</u>		
DWIGHT FRYE	8/6/11	Scheer
DAVID GREENFIELD	12/16/11	Aponte/Scheer

<u>Other</u>			
EMMANUEL APONTE	2/7/12	CRJ—type rating	American Eagle
LEN FELTON	2/19/12	Seaplane	Jack Brown
GROVER McNAIR	2/19/12	Seaplane	Jack Brown

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Symbolic ground breaking occurred on a drizzly Second Saturday in March 2003. Members walked down to the new site from the temporary quarters and applauded the building committee as they juggled shovels and umbrellas during the event. The construction crew arrived the next week with Jim Carlson stepping up to become the chief liaison with the builder. Once construction started, Jim drove from Durham daily to check on its progress.

Concurrent with the all of the planning for the building, a capital campaign/fund raiser was initiated and executed to pay for outfitting the building. To kick off this fundraising campaign in May 2003, the club held its first Second Saturday cookout out at the new flight center before any of the interior walls were in. The fundraiser was successful due to the commitment and generosity of past and current club members. The new building, which ushered in a new era for the club, was completed in June 2003.

(To be continued.)

Wings of Carolina Flying Club

Sanford Lee County Regional Airport
702 Rod Sullivan Road
Sanford, NC 27330
(919)-776-2003

<http://www.wingsofcarolina.org>

Chief Flight Instr.	George Scheer	cfi@wingsofcarolina.org	919-967-1088
Chief Safety Officer	Dick Kenney	safety@wingsofcarolina.org	919-542-6010
Dir. of Maintenance	John Hunter	maintenance@wingsofcarolina.org	919-818-7203

Board of Directors

President	Jan Squillace	pres@wingsofcarolina.org	919-606-0233
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Secretary	John Gaither	secretary@wingsofcarolina.org	919-816-7472
Treasurer	Mat Waugh	treasurer@wingsofcarolina.org	
Member-at-Large	Ian Frid	dropzone@earthlink.net	919-257-6225
Member-at-Large	Steele Scott	steeleinvest@gmail.com	203-520-7525
Member-at-Large	Paul Wilder	paul.wilder@earthlink.net	919-672-5458

Key Volunteers

2 nd Saturday Events	Bill Sawyer	wsawyer2@nc.rr.com	919-669-0655
Asst. Treasurer	Steele Scott	steeleinvest@gmail.com	203-520-7525
Flight Hours	Ken Williams	cwilliams1@nc.rr.com	919-810-8063
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Marketing	John McNeill	marketing@wingsofcarolina.org	
Maintenance	Ron Bickers	ron@bickersfamily.org	919-387-4549
Maintenance	Hunter Moore	hunmoore@nortel.com	919-225-6396
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Plane Wash	Barbara Eldredge	bdeldredge@verizon.net	
Supplies	Jan Squillace	jsquillace@gmail.com	919-650-1915
Website	Nate Massey	webmaster@wingsofcarolina.org	

Flying News
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