

**THE
WINDSOCK**

**Stanley Sport Aviation
Newsletter**

July 2019

Presidents Message

Summer finally arrived at Stanley. The field is slowly drying out. We had a great Canada Day celebration in Mike Whitehead's hangar on Saturday afternoon. Lots of people, great food and Fireworks display.

The bad news is we have a serious garbage problem at the Airport. Garbage is piling up in the Clubhouse, people are not taking it out to the bin and it stinks.

I removed the garbage from the firepit and put it aside so I could clean up the area, remove the old bricks and ash and build a new one. People throw cardboard in there to burn, others see it and throw everything in there. There are two bags of garbage, a sewer pipe and a plastic bag of dog shit plus building materials.

I have been warned before by DNR not to burn garbage. If they see this we could be in trouble. I spent 3 days in the hot sun cleaning up the fire pit area, spreading gravel and building a new fire pit. I am not going to take the garbage away. If you put it there please remove it. If no one cleans it up it can stay there for the Fly-In.

I am NOT going to do it.

I have purchased a new router for the clubhouse.

Jim Ward and I have been working to improve the system, stay tuned.

Thanks Bob and Mike for your help with the fire pit.

Kevin Layden

Airport Manager

Hello all members,

Spring just doesn't seem to want to let go. The field is drying up slow and is still soft in places. I know this because a little bird told me that the tractor was stuck. Please be careful where you are driving your bird or vehicle over the property. Looks like better weather ahead for flying and socialization.

Mike Whitehead is working on a safety inspection for our airfield and hangars. We will likely implement all of his recommendations. If you notice anything that you feel is unsafe, please bring it to Mikes attention.

Mike and I are planning to inspect the field and runways soon. There is some signage that I would like to erect in several locations. Mike and I will discuss and forward our recommendations to the directorship. One issue we are having concerns the fire pit. For some reason (maybe history) some are using it as a dump/garbage burn pit. This is unacceptable behavior in this day and age. We cannot burn plastic, garbage, brake rotors, flooring, carpet and other construction waste. Do not bring waste from home to burn, dispose of it through your local garbage collection. Please do not put any items in the fire pit, wood only.

The club has purchased a new pit and it will be installed soon. Natural Resources (our landlord) has warned us in the past that they will take action if they see unacceptable items in our pit. These items also make the hotdogs taste funny, please use your common sense.

We have purchased a new push mower for all to use. I have set the wheels down so there will be a lower chance of contacting rocks.

I mowed the STANLEY letters for the first time a few weeks back. Three of the letters totally disappeared . I managed to get an decent job done. I think it looks OK from the air but pilots can't spell anyway.

We will be adding a 45 gallon garbage can for the trailer owners garbage only. In the past we have had trouble with people putting small bags of trailer garbage into the large wooden garbage bin and the clubhouse. The collectors will not take these small bags and another member has the fun of cleaning this up.

ALL TRAILER OWNERS, please put your small bags of garbage in the drum located by the tractor shed. All owners will be responsible to seal the bag and take it to the wooden bin. Please do this when it is about half full so it will be easy to handle. New bags are located in the tractor shed. This will also help to keep the clubhouse bin from filling up and help to keep the odors down.

There are still a few maintenance items that need to be dealt with, but things are moving forward. Have a great summer at your club and I look forward to seeing you there.

Jim Ward Airport Manager SSAA

Safety Manager

Please see attached. You'll receive these updates as we go along but I just wanted to let you know the first high risk issue has been addressed and Jim is working on sourcing extinguishers for the second. Thanks to Kevin for saving those rubber bits from his 1974 Gremlin that fit perfectly in the o/head door rails.

Mike



Site Safety Inspection 07Jul19 Response Rev1

Mitigation Measures

#	Hazard	Potential		Risk	Mitigation	Status
		Probability	Severity			
1	Hangar 14: Hangar door guide angle iron protruding from floor presents "trip/struck by" hazard	Med	Med	Med	Isolate protrusion	Pending
2	Hangar 14: Uneven floor surface presents trip/fall hazard	Med	Med	Med	Resurface floor	Pending
3	Hangar 14: Small amount of possible oily rags not disposed	Low	Med	Med	Dispose	Pending
4	Hangar 14: Only 1 extinguisher for 4 bay hangar	Med	Low	Med	Add extinguisher	Pending
5	Building 15 - Tower: Bare wires beside access stairs	Low	Med	Low	Isolate	Pending
6	Building 15 - Tower: Rotted step in access stairs	Low	Low	Low	Replace	Pending
7	Building 16 - Clubhouse: 1st Aid kits appear in good repair but no inspection documentation	Low	Low	Low	Implement inspections	Pending
8	Building 16 - Clubhouse: Centrally located eyewash station required	Low	Med	Low	Install eyewash	Pending
9	Building 16 - Clubhouse: Only one serviceable extinguisher	Med	Med	Med	Add extinguisher	Pending
10	Building 16 - Clubhouse: Outside signage indicating First Aid/Eyewash required	Low	Low	Low	Install signage	Pending
11	Building 17 - Hut: 2lb extinguisher should be installed	Low	Low	Low	Add extinguisher	Pending
12	Hangar 18- Nil Fire Extinguisher signage	Low	Low	Low	Install signage	Pending
13	Building 19 Equipment Shed: Small amount of rubbish on floor	Low	Low	Low	Remove	Pending
14	Building 19 Eqpt Shed: Overhead presents "struck by" hazard to person standing underneath	Med	High	High	Install rail stops	Complete
16	Building 19 Eqpt Shed: Due to nature of activities in area, eyewash stn should be installed.	Med	Med	Med	Install eyewash	Pending
17	Building 19 Equipment Shed: 4/4 extinguishers failed	Med	High	High	Install extinguishers	Pending
18	Hangar 20: Unknown wires next to man door.	Low	Low	Low	Isolate	Pending
19	Hangar 20- Nil Fire Extinguisher signage	Low	Low	Low	Install signage	Pending
20	Hangar 20: Small amount of rubbish on floor	Low	Low	Low	Remove	Pending
21	Hangar 21: Unknown wires next to man door.	Low	Low	Low	Isolate	Pending
22	Hangar 21: Uneven floor presents "trip/fall" hazard	Med	Med	Med	Resurface floor	Pending
23	Hangar 21 - Nil Fire Extinguisher signage	Low	Low	Low	Install signage	Pending
Miscellaneous:						
a	Hangars 18, 20 & 21: Wooden area over hangar doors deteriorating				Re-clad	Pending
b	Fire pit: Fire pit should not be used for burning plastic, etc. due to environmental issues.				Use recycle bin	Pending

ONE MAN'S (LONG) JOURNEY TO 2,000ft

It began a very long time ago.

In the photo, you see me and my best pal, Binkie (apparently, I always carried him like that. His left ear was stretched twice as long as his right) on the ramp at Trenton by an RCAF DC3. The journey began, I believe, back in those days. Binkie and I knew, someday, somehow, I would fly. I blame my Dad, really. He took that shot as a Corporal in the Base Photo section. He'd signed up at the ripe old age of 19 and started his RCAF career as an aero-engine tech on the Merlins in P51s at RCAF London. After the photo stint, he won his commission and, a fistful of postings and 35 years of service later, retired as a Major in PR. Maybe it was the hangars, the airplanes, the air shows he took me to or maybe it was the handsome, light blue uniform he came home wearing each day. But we knew, Binkie and I, that someday I would push forward a throttle, sense the air flowing over the magical curve of an airfoil and take to the air.



It didn't happen easily. I remember, full of the humility(!) we all had at 19 years of age, presenting myself to the CAF recruitment centre in downtown Halifax. There I was, offering them the privilege of having me, soon to be a pilot blasting across the sky in one of their CF101 Voodoos, for consideration. How devastating it was to be told that they weren't interested in applicants like me (it was before the day when laser surgery could miraculously put paid to those hated eyeglasses) and had I considered the infantry?

I stayed close. I lucked in to a rewarding 30-year career with Air Canada, ground handling operations. I worked the ramp around those big, beautiful airplanes and, later, I flew a lot. In the last few years of my career, I flew about 130 flight legs a year to meetings, seminars, training sessions. But it was always in the back, never in the coveted seat with the flight controls and throttles. There was marriage, a home, raising two fine men, retirement and even a new career after that.

It was a full half century after Binkie and I had the first glimmerings that things finally came together. The stage was set. I was retired, had the support of my wife, a two-place garage cleared for action and my research was done. The only type of flying I wanted to do was in ultralights. I wasn't really interested in driving around in the sky in a Cessna or Piper but was totally enamoured with the splendour of low and slow flight in an open-cockpit ultralight built from a kit I had assembled with my own hands.

Hours of time on the internet had garnered me the two finalists in my choice of ultralight. I would build either the two-place Chinook kit built by ASAP in British Columbia or the single seat S-17 Stinger built by RANs in Kansas. Anticipation was high. Next step....disaster. Could you believe it? Just as I am ready to buy a kit, both options evaporate. ASAP was a family-run business and, after 28 years, they decided to retire. The business was sold to an outfit in Texas but it would be years before the Chinook would be available as a kit again. At the same time, RANs decided to streamline their operations and dropped the S-17, among others, from their production line.

OK, don't panic. Back to the internet. Let's find a used Chinook or Stinger for sale. I won't have the fun of building, but at least I'll have the airplane I want. Hold it, there's an S-17 for sale....in Cali-frikkin-fornia. So now I'm calculating how much it would cost to buy the airplane then have it shipped cross-continent to Nova Scotia. During our email exchange, the owner mentions that RANs still supports the a/c with parts. If you bend something, they still have all the jigs, etc, to make you a new one. A dim bulb goes on and, on a whim, I send RANS an email: "How much would it cost to buy every item on the S-17 Stinger parts list?" They reply, (I'm paraphrasing here) "Dude, you want a S17 kit that bad, we'll make you one". And they did. The rest is, as they say, history. Beautiful history.

The kit arrived in two big crates in August of 2011.



Unpacking revealed tubing, fittings and over 250 little bags containing thousands of parts.



I was still working (I did the consultant thing after Air Canada) and my build became a “couple hours on a Friday night” affair. Thoroughly enjoyable Friday evenings, with the garage door open as the birds sang the sun to bed in the summer or closed up with the heaters on in the winter. My airplane slowly took shape. I believe that, with nothing else to do, you could complete a kit such as this in a month. Took me two years. Two great years of building and thinking about building.



It was during this time that I came to understand that the kit building process really does work. By that I mean that I don't have a degree in aeronautical engineering or qualifications as an AME. How safe can an airplane that I build be? Well, I'm not really building it. I'm *assembling* a kit that was produced by men and women who are fully qualified and competent in their fields. The feeling prevailed throughout that, it's going to be my butt up there and, if they say tighten this nylock until you can see three threads, I'd better darn well do so and avoid flying along thinking, gee, I wonder when that nut is going to fail because I didn't follow spec. It's that simple and that's why our home-build community can hold its head up in terms of safety.

Finally, the day came when my beautiful little airplane was ready to fly.....but I wasn't. There was the small issue of a pilot's license



In the fall of 2014 I reported for flight training.

Located in the scenic Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, East Coast Ultralight is one of the few Ultralight training centres in the Maritimes. This shouldn't be much more than a formality, really. I've been an aviation "buff" all my life. I've read everything from Orville and Wilbur to Richthofen to Bader to Yeager to Hadfield. I know every airplane from a Bleriot to an SR-71. The theory of flight and aerodynamics are second nature to me. I scored over 90% in ground school and the Transport Canada written tests. This shouldn't take more than a couple weekends. They'll use the term "natural pilot" when I'm through.....not.

I was "ham fisted". I got controls crossed. I slid, I skidded. No matter how hard I tried, I flew with my right wing low. I was appalled. How could someone like me, a guy who had immersed himself in aviation all his life, not step into an airplane and simply fly with ease?

I was fortunate that the airfield was a two-hour drive from home. After each flight, I had that time to review, reflect on the last flight and prepare for the next one. More importantly, I was fortunate to have Bernie Rector as my instructor. It was through his expertise, his patience and his willingness that gradually, I got better. Minimum training is ten hours. I took twenty. Eventually, I got "it".

On the 5th of November, 2015, I became what I had hoped and believed I would become for more than 50 years. I taxied out in Challenger C-IECO, lined up and took off. It was different without the 200lbs in the back seat and all that bitching in the headphones....but it was magical. Today I can recall clearly the feel of the stick in my hand, the sound of the Rotax 503, the view of the fields and rivers and towns. As I turned for home and my first solo landing, a C-130 thundered a thousand feet overhead bound for Greenwood airbase. I nodded a fraternal hello to the flight crew. We are kin, today, we are both pilots. (Doubtful if he/she would have felt the same camaraderie if they had even seen my tiny airplane below)



It was around this time that I discovered a marvelous little aviation oasis. Wrapped in history and populated by warm, welcoming folk, Stanley airfield (CCW4) is a former BCATP base located just an hour north of our home outside of Halifax. I had to make this my aviation home.

Most of the summer of 2016 was spent, with the help of wonderful friends, building my hangar.



And then, 09 September, 2016. RANS S-17 Stinger C-ISNP and I were to go flying together for the first time

Nervous, determined, frightened, resolved. Just me and the thousands of parts I had bolted or riveted together. Taxiing out onto a runway from which over a thousand young men had flown before going off to war. I thought of them. Did they feel the same as I did on this spot? I tried not to think of the nine boys whose lives sadly ended after taking off from these runways. Can I do this? Will the “tail dragger” be too much for me to cope with? Will my building skills hold true?

I pushed the throttle forward. Left rudder. I sense the air acting on the wings, the tail. She’s getting lighter on the wheels. Keep straight. Gentle pull on the stick. We’re up. We’re flying. The runway



is dropping away. There's our shadow.

Everything is confusing. Watch the EGTs, too high? What's the coolant doing? Too low and you'll have a seizure, that's what the manual says. What's the yarn taped to the windscreen saying about where the slipstream's going? Am I skidding? Holy crap! Airspeed! That's what you're supposed to be looking at! Are we about to stall....or go past VNE? All this and the magnificent grandeur of the blue sky above and the earth below tugging at the periphery. OK. Gentle left turn. Downwind for the runway from which we just departed. Base. Final. Am I too high? Did I extend far enough before turning? I am a little too high. I got this. I know about sideslips. Whoa! What's that noise?! It's ok, knothed, the wind, comes in sideways when you do that. Calm down. Runway's coming up. Too fast! Get on the throttle. Bernie said a bit of power at the height of the telephone poles. Ok...hold off. Don't land ten feet up...hold it, hold it. We're down. Left rudder, right rudder, repeat as necessary. You're flying a tail dragger, remember?

Triumph. You're taxiing down the runway. The boys from the airfield are waving (and pocketing their phones they had out, ready to dial 911). There'll be drinks by the fire tonight.

Since that unforgettable day, things have changed. The thousand parts I bolted together have become my friend, my airplane, my buddy with whom I share the sky. I'm still a new pilot but I become a better pilot every time I fly. Each flight has yielded more knowledge, more understanding, become more relaxed. Since that first flight five months ago, I have flown more than twenty times. I have a little over 13 hours in my logbook.

My airplane and I are still getting to know each other. We have entered in to a relationship that is both thrilling and intense.

The other day, I levelled out at 2,000 ft. My gauges looked good. The Rotax was humming. As Magee put it, the "long, delirious burning blue" stretched above and the wintery Nova Scotian landscape filled my senses as far as I could see.

I wonder whatever became of Binkie. He'd have loved this.....

Epilogue:

Since this article appeared in the May 2017 issue of the Ultralight Pilot Association of Canada's monthly "Light Flight", the author has taken to the air in C-ISNP over 200 times. Including his C172 time acquired while earning his Private Pilot License at Debert in order to fly the RANS S-21 Outbound he is currently building as a stable-mate for the S-17, he has logged about 200hrs (flights in an open-cockpit ultralight at -20deg in February don't last long...).

Breakfast pictures









After Mike Doirion's safety seminar after the breakfast on Saturday, May 18th we were entertained by 'Natural Sound' an entertainment couple, Raymond (Rocket) & Pam Gray. They offered to come play & sing for a couple hours Saturday afternoon. They were not asking for any payment for this, just doing it to entertain us, many people enjoyed the country & Rock & Roll music. Some were even dancing to this. Thanks to Raymond & Pam for doing this, it was much appreciated



Canada Party Pics







Pictures of a flood at Stanley late 90's or early 20's

















Pictures of your new firepit











Summer is in full swing at Stanley, the airport is drying out and airplanes are taking to the skies. Just as Stanley comes to life, it is also now midway in our flying season so just around the corner is the Annual Flyin. I know Phil Chatterton has been

hard at work getting ready for it so if he reaches out for assistance, offer him a helping hand.

A newsletter will be out mis august so if you have a submission you want to have includes send it along brfore August 15th.\

**Did you know on
the Canary
Islands there is
not one canary?
And on the
Virgin Isles?
Same thing - not
one canary there
either!**

**When you accidentally say a
curse word in front of Mom...**



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"You may experience irritability and pain in the hands and wrist...and that's just from trying to get the cap off."

WELL, WELL - IT SEEMS
YOUR WEIGHT IS PERFECT.
YOU JUST HAPPEN TO BE
ELEVEN FEET TOO SHORT.

