



Prez Sez . . .



Our second Zoom meeting had good attendance as Gene pointed out in his minutes of the meeting. Thanks Gene for that excellent summary of what was discussed during our meeting.

Robin McGrew, (our new Field Safety Officer) and I met with Jeff (Bram) on Monday of this week to discuss the recent ban on weekend ultralight flying. As you know, Bram's Standard Operating Procedure (SOP) states we cannot fly at all during military TAO flying and we cannot fly during Skydive San Diego skydiving activity. Plain and simple – that means we are not allowed to fly on weekends or during the week unless there is NO jump activity going on!

This limitation was never communicated to me and I only heard of it second hand from Robin McGrew when he was told a couple weeks ago by the Skydive pilot that he wasn't supposed to be flying.

I set up the meeting with Bram and his new Safety Officer, Rich May, to address my concerns. Then Gene, Robin and I updated our SDUA Rules & Regs to reflect safety improvements in the way we interact with jumpers and jump plane pilots. Changes included a mandatory annual review of ultralight flying procedures, UL and LSA aircraft airworthiness and pilot certification. These changes were reviewed in our meeting with Bram and Bram asked Rich to draft documents and charts that would reflect patterns and altitudes for jump activities that would make it safe for us to fly on weekends during parachute activity. Bram's primary concern has been the safety of his jumpers – Especially those who are new to skydiving. I told him in 40 years there has NEVER been an incident or accident between an ultralight and a parachutist at Nichols Field.

When Robin was introduced to Bram and Rich, we found out Robin, a retired 787 Airline Captain, is very familiar with parachute activity since he worked for Skydive Perris part-time for several years flying jump planes! After hearing this, Bram said to Robin, "Robin, you can fly during my jump activity ANY weekend you like!"

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### SDUA Meeting Minutes

August 1<sup>st</sup>, 2020

President Larry Faast brought the meeting to order at 10:00AM. Our meeting was held online via Zoom.

Mark Novak gave his treasurers report. The club spent \$847 for fire abatement. We have \$60,995.55 in the club account. This should be enough to cover the \$61,000 we will owe Tac Air if we're allowed to stay at the airfield with a new lease. Mark noted that we lost the income from four hangers which were torn down to make room for the Air Force compound. This amounts to approximately \$ 5000 in lost revenue per year. Mark stated he hopes Tac Air will take this into consideration at lease renewal time.

Mike Sandlin was unable to attend the meeting so we don't have a membership report.

Kirk Phaff has moved his plane to Brown Field. He was also flying near the casino just northeast of the field and experienced engine trouble. He landed without injuries and only minor damage to his plane.

Special thanks to Bob Moses for his work on weed abatement around the hangers.

Robin McGrew was recently using the runway for high speed taxi testing on the weekend and was told by Skydive manifest and the operations manager that ultralights and light sports were not allowed to use the field on weekends. Tony Goodman is the operations managers at Skydive.

Larry Faast stated he has been in communication with Skydive co-owner Bram. Larry stated he is reasonably confident that SDUA will be granted a sublease to the airfield from Skydive and is also confident Skydive will receive a lease extension for the airfield.

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Prez Sez (cont)

So, while we are, at present, under this prohibition, we anticipate we will soon receive authorization to fly on weekends. If you plan to fly at Nichols Field on the weekend, you will first need to attend a safety review hosted by Robin and Rich. And, you will need to show us your pilot license (or EAA/USUA certificate if you are a Part 103 pilot). I'll keep you posted on when we expect to hold this briefing.

Finally, on the subject the lease, the City is continuing to work to give Bram a 5-year lease extension beginning Oct 1<sup>st</sup>. Bram has assured me he fully expects to grant us a sub-lease for the same 5-year period of time.

Plan to join us in the next Zoom meeting on Saturday, Sept 5<sup>th</sup>, at 10:00AM.

Until then, stay safe and stay cool.

Larry

Minutes (cont)

Many details between Skydive and the city still need to be worked out before any renewal. Larry said that Skydive has hired a safety inspector for the air operations at Nichols Field. Larry and Robin will be meeting with Bram in August to discuss the lease renewal, hanger upgrades/replacement and air operations for the ultralights and light sports. Currently Skydive is not allowing our planes to fly on the weekend and not during operations of Tac Air during the week. This is obviously of great concern to the club.

19 people attended the meeting online. The meeting ended at 11:05AM.

Some suggested reading while we're all sorta stuck inside and unable to fly:



LITTLE MAGIC - Book by Rod Wagner

We are friends. Really good friends. He made me out of plywood and conduit and aluminum. Even PVC pipe ends for my engine, and a yellow button on my control stick. He painted me like the big biplane he flew. He gave me three coats of paint and polished me and gave me a name, Little Magic. When I was completed in the tiny workshop down by the water, he was very anxious to get me to the hangar and show me off. In his heart, he was a child again whenever he watched children pedal me around the hangar floor. I watched him come and go all summer long in Magic One, the elephant ear TravelAir in which he flew scenic rides. I sat in the quiet of the hangar that first summer waiting for him to return so I could listen to the people tell him how beautiful flying in the open air was and how the wind seemed to clear the cobwebs from their vision. Many evenings we sat together in the old hangar, watching the

sun set, slimming gold leaf to wrinkly black night. We marked the passage of these moments with good feelings, a sense of timelessness swirling in our midst. Though there were wars in far off places, here, in the cooling hangar, there was merely silence. A promise that tomorrow would yield more of the wonderful same. Not all promises are kept. Not all tomorrows are met. No two clouds are the same. I am Little Magic, and I wish to see for myself, more than anything else, the world beyond my hangar. I am just a pedal plane. Mobile, inanimate, a slave to the muscle energy of children, smiling with delight. When the hangar doors close and my pilot goes home, I am already home. Left behind a bit like a rundown watch. I decided finally, that whatever laws of physics demanded my role as a quiet little pedal plane, doomed to making circles on the hangar floor and occasionally down main street in the big parade...whatever those laws were, they would have to bend. The laws of physics are really never broken, merely superceded. I knew this, sure as light bent through raindrops makes rainbows. I wanted to surf on the old principles as far as they could fly me. To an edge of quantum uncertainty. From there I wanted to see the landscape of all possibilities. To look in wonder and touch eternity. To Learn, I would start on Orcas Island! After 16 years living in a hangar, where do pedal planes get such frivolous dreams? I will tell you it is not from listening to adults on the home shopping channel. Or from teenagers in love. Or even to the lofty buzz of important cell phones. I heard it from the heart of the first child that discovered me parked in the corner of the hangar. There was no illusion of self-importance in her desire which commanded me to move in concert with her wishes. The emotion closest to perfection in it was simply Joy, unencumbered by direction, goal, purpose or intent. The eyes of adults saw 'cute' and 'darling' which were word-masks for concealing something; the brilliant edge of trust and innocence they long ago lost... But an ember in each of them bursts into flame with the oxygen of that memory, though it is usually lost again in the immediate wind of daily living. Almost in fact with the very next breath. Yet I see it clearly. I would search for the child in every adult, airplane or human, that tiny window into the soul of the world, where all of the good just IS and the bad slips unerringly away. The strangest law to me in all of physics is "growing up." Actually no one has ever written the law down. Everyone simply follows it. There are numerous little side laws that are written down, about the arrow of time for instance, and the distances between things, even unseen things. "Growing UP," is a given, an inescapable conclusion. Photographs show blurry water when exposed for more than a fraction of a second. A person's photographic history runs from baby pictures to gray hair and wrinkled skin. My skin is not wrinkled yet but I have heard people in the hangar discuss "past lives" and sometimes I've sensed one in me. So it was in the law of growing up that I wished to pan for gold. To sail for a distant shore, flex my own wings. To really FLY on my tiny but sturdy yellow wings of plywood. I heard laughter in the cosmos the first time I even thought the idea. I learned to call it the Cosmic Chuckle. There are particles in atomic physics which move whenever their twin moves, separated across vast expanses in space-time. The cosmic chuckle is like that. Think a crazy idea, you hear the laughter. I chose to hurl myself in the direction of the laughter, searching, never wishing to grow up. To locate the source of the first cosmic chuckle. And that sweet child in every adult. I call her mother, Magic One. We talk a lot. I told her my idea and there was no hesitation. She smiled and wished me well. Airplanes, especially biplanes I believe, have been tuned to hear the music of the universe in ways yet to be revealed. And so it was I occasionally left the comfort of my old hangar home and explored my island and, I confess, a little beyond. I knew my mother's ways, and I was patient, though anxious, to be on MY way. My first venture beyond the hangar I called home. Just Imagine, I thought, no more boredom, or fear, I can learn to navigate reality! "Listen and watch Little Magic, and you will learn things I cannot teach," she said. "Deal Mom!" I smiled. "And be home before sunset. Remember, you have no navigation lights yet!" Mothers are like that.