



NEWSLETTER

Carb Heat

Hot Air and Flying Rumours

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April 2001

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Thursday, April 19, 2001 8:00 PM

Canadian Aviation Museum

Featuring:

Martin Poettcker who will share the trials and tribulations of blowing an acrylic canopy

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President's Page
by Gary Palmer

Spring seems finally to have arrived, and as regular as clock work, we have some new ruts on our grass apron. The next month is the time to be wary as the ground starts to thaw! If at all possible, park in the First Air lot rather than driving around to the back of the chapter. The road is soft and we have the chain up so turning around will be difficult.

Tony Bingelis, A Giant no longer in our midst

It is with great sadness that I report EAA's loss of a giant, Tony Bingelis. Tony passed away peacefully on March 30th in his hometown of Austin Texas from heart problems. Those members who have read his books know how knowledgeable and effective a communicator he was. I had the good fortune to share a table with Tony and his wonderful wife at one of VAN's RV banquets at SUNnFUN in 1993. He was a quiet unassuming man always willing to share his immense knowledge and one of the finest men you can hope to meet. Our thoughts are with his family and friends.

Archie Frangoudis, president of an EAA chapter in the Northeast chronicled the following brief list of Tony's many accomplishments.

Aviation World Mourns Tony Bingelis, "Homebuilder's Homebuilder". Few people can claim even a fraction of the achievements that were, frankly, never boasted about by a quiet guy from Texas. He loved airplanes. More, he loved BUILDING airplanes and he shared that love unselfishly and expertly with all those around him. Tony Bingelis, Homebuilder, author, EAA columnist and one of the most knowledgeable men in the world on homebuilt sportplanes, passed away yesterday. Called the "Homebuilder's Homebuilder", Antonio "Tony" Bingelis, was a USAF veteran, retired with the rank of Major, and started a new career with the Texas Aeronautics Commission shortly thereafter. Bingelis began as a columnist for EAA's Sport Aviation in 1972 and continued writing "The SportPlane Builder" (as it was called from 1975 on) for many years, supplementing the knowledge transfer with several excellent books that have served as THE technical treatises on SportPlane building technology. The SportPlane Builder, Firewall Forward, SportPlane Construction Techniques, and Tony Bingelis On Engines were all written while Tony also constructed no less than two Emeraudes, a Turner T-40, a VP-1, a Flaglor Scooter, a Sequoia Falco, an RV-6 and an RV-3.

As another EAAer noted "Tony worked right up until the end. That is the way to go" a sentiment we can all share.

March Meeting

Our March 15th meeting featured our very own **Phil Johnson** who gave us an insightful look into his Cozy IV project with a Subaru SVX six cylinder, 230 HP auto conversion. Thanks Phil, very much for sharing your knowledge and enthusiasm!

A good sized group of fellow members, including a visitor from chapter 266 in Montreal were welcomed to Phil's shop the following Saturday to see his project in person. We all left having learned a great deal and with the certain knowledge that we had seen a future award-winning project well on it's way to completion. Phil hopes to hear the first rumblings of power from his engine this summer; then it is on to the always challenging finishing of a scratch built composite plane. I am sure all present join me in saying very well done Phil, we anxiously await completion of your dream.

Machine Shop Restricted Access and Waiver

In order to control access to the machine shop better and ensure safety; your executive has decided to introduce a separate key and waiver system for those wanting access to the Lathe, Mill and cut-off saw. Effective Sunday, April 29th a special key will be required to access the machine shop. This key will entail payment of a small fee of \$10.00 to offset the higher wear and tear costs associated with the shop along with signing a waiver form that absolves the club and it's directors of responsibility for any injuries incurred using the machine shop; and acknowledges responsibility for any damages caused to the equipment. Keys and the waiver form will be available from Dick Moore and at the next meeting.

April 19th meeting @ NAM: Blowing a Perfect Canopy by Martin Poettcker

Our April 19th meeting will feature one of our new executive team members, **Martin Poettcker** who will share the trials and tribulations of blowing an acrylic canopy for his Zenith CH-600. Those who have checked canopy prices that are in the thousand-dollar range will understand Martin's desire to substitute some homebuilt labour and learning to make his project more affordable. His experience encouraged George Elliott to try and fabricate a replacement for his damaged CH-300 canopy as well. Join Martin and George as they share knowledge gained the old fashioned way.

I am sure you won't want to miss this one! Meeting time as always will be 8:00 PM start.

See you there. **Gary**

**Notice
by Dick Moore**

To all "Full Members", as of the end of April 2001 a new lock to the Chapter Hanger Door will be installed, be sure that you have your new key. Keys are \$2.00 and can be obtained from Dick Moore however I am off to Sun n' Fun and won't be back till April 23. In the interim Gary Palmer will have the keys so please see him.

Machine Shop. A new lock will be installed after the end of April and if you wish to make use of the machine facilities, see Dick Moore or Gary Palmer (before April 23) to obtain a new key and to sign a waiver form.

**The Saga of Bringing Home Tom's GlaStar (Part 1 of 2)
by Tom Birtch**

Thirty-eight years of flying, twenty years of saving my money, the loss and re-acquisition of my flying medical, and dozens of hours or research, consultation, selection, and preparation failed to prepare me for the adventure of actually bringing home my new flying machine. The events that led to finding the right type of aircraft, inspecting it, and bringing her home is the adventure I want to share with you.

Owning my own airplane has long been a dream of mine. In a word, "Freedom" describes my love of flying. The thought of the freedom associated with being able to fly where and when I want without worrying about the inevitable deadlines associated with aircraft rental, seem luxuriously appealing to me.

During the last few years, several key factors have changed for the better and made my dream attainable. Most importantly, I am now with a loving partner who fully supports my dream and encourages my aspirations in this regard. After many conversations with my life-partner, Debbie, my dreams have become our dream, and we have worked toward a common flying goal. My family is now grown and within the last year or so I have also successfully renewed my flying medical and again become current in my flying. But the question arose "what should I buy"? Debbie and I own a property in Wahnapiatae (just east of Sudbury) that includes wonderful lakefront access. This is where we want to relocate in a couple of years. I wondered if a floatplane could be in my future?

I spent months in conversation with other pilots and reading as much information as possible in magazines and on the web. I recall meeting Lars Eif a few years ago at an EAA Chapter 245 display booth at an air exhibit at Rockcliffe airport. That is when I realized that building and maintaining an experimental aircraft was possible for me, and I decided to include this possibility on my short list of aircraft to be considered for ownership. The selection criteria for my ideal plane included good STOL performance, good cruising speed, reasonable payload figures, and an affordable price.

Based on my selection criteria, my number one choice for both certified and homebuilt aircraft was the GlaStar kitplane from Stoddard Hamilton in Washington State. The price, however, stretched the limit of my resources. Further, while the assembly time was not unreasonable, I also knew my own limitations. While I envy the skill and patience of the kitplane builder, I could not see myself spending the hundreds, and possible thousands of hours necessary to complete a project of this magnitude.

As time passed, I could not get the GlaStar (the Star) out of my mind. She seemed so perfect. Debbie and I travelled to Atwood Ontario (north of Stratford) to visit Coughlin Aviation, the Canadian GlaStar distributor. While there, I flew a GlaStar off a short grass strip. It handled beautifully in all respects and the die was cast. If possible, and I was not yet sure how it could happen, a GlaStar **would** be mine.



Photo of the Couglin GlaStar I took for a test flight.

It was not until I heard about a GlaStar for sale, owned by an experienced builder who had completed 90% of the work before losing his aviation medical certificate, did I think that I really had a chance to own one. When I got out the maps to look up where this plane was situated, I should have felt dismay, since it seemed an impossible place to access other than by air. The owner Howard Stearns, had built this plane in a remote location called Refuge Cove, situated on one of the northerly Channel Islands called West Redonda Island. This island is sandwiched among the islands between Vancouver Island and the mainland. I remained undaunted however. I called Howard within five minutes and held my breath. I could not believe my luck, his aircraft was still for sale



Photo of Refuge Cove looking NorthWest. Howard's wharf is just barely visible above the two boats in the water (at the tip of the arrow).

Howard turned out to be a great guy, who was both direct and friendly. He agreed to send me some photos of his project, but told me that he had a serious enquiry from a guy in Ontario somewhere. I was immediately flooded with pessimistic imaginings that a millionaire from Toronto was going to ruin any chance I had for acquiring this aircraft. About a week later, eight glossy 4 X 6 photos arrived in the mail. The photos showed that the GlaStar wings and tail sections had been completed, the fuselage was structurally completed, and the instrument panel and interior were 90% completed. Also, the fuselage was sitting on a beautiful new pair of Aeroset floats. Firewall forward however, was empty.

I called a friend of mine Mac Nussey, who is an EAA member in Sudbury, Ontario, and who has almost single-handedly built and flown four aircraft. Mac has recently retired as a high school science and shop teacher and relocated to Pembroke, Ontario. He readily agreed to travel to BC and look at the Star with me and to provide the experience necessary to gauge the quality of the workmanship. In addition I called the Minister's Discretion – Recreational Aircraft (MD-RA) folks, and after providing written permission from the owner Howard Stearns to divulge information, they advised me that the inspector's reports for all inspections done to date showed a superior quality of workmanship and construction. The only inspection remaining was the final. Upon hearing this, it was off to BC!

Mac and I left Ottawa for Vancouver, BC on a cold day in February, 2000. Howard's 6' 2", 250 lb. frame was hard to miss at the Vancouver airport baggage claim area. Once the handshaking and preliminary chit chat was done, we jumped into his Ford Ranger and headed for his summer house in Langley, BC (which is about a 45 minute drive from the airport). We spent the rest of the day and evening getting acquainted. In the morning, we had to catch the first ferry departing Horseshoe bay at the North end of Vancouver, in hope of returning from Refuge Cove on the last ferry that same day. Because of the BC Ferries schedule, it would be tight. Our travels would take us up the Sunshine coast from Horseshoe Bay by ferry to Gibsons, then by road to the ferry from Earl's Cove to Saltery Bay, then to the end of the road through Powell River to Lund. From there we had to leave Howard's truck to take a water taxi to Howard's summer place at Refuge Cove on West Redonda Island in the channel. I was looking forward to what promised to be quite an adventure!

After breakfast, we departed Howard's place in Langley at about 6:30 am (easily done for Mac and I because in our head it was 9:30 EST). We made the first ferry from Horseshoe bay to Gibsons easily and then drove on good pavement to the next ferry departing from Earl's Cove to Saltery Bay. The scenery was beautiful and the changes in elevation were sometimes quite dramatic. From Saltery Bay we drove on a very twisted and fairly narrow road to where it ended at a small village called Lund. After this long drive it was good to get out of the truck, especially for Mac who had been tucked sideways into the small cavity behind the front seat. It was now 1:00 p.m. local time. The prearranged water taxi was waiting, so without delay we hopped aboard and started the 40 minute ride at fairly high speed to Refuge Cove. As we twisted through the islands and the ragged coastline, we saw sea ducks, osprey, seals, sea otters, and many other kinds of wildlife I wish I could name. It was lovely. At last we pulled into the idyllic Refuge Cove and Howard's enviable summer residence.



The Star as I first saw her in Howard's workshop.

It was love at first sight when I saw Howard's GlaStar. It was located in the same spacious wooden workshop where it came to life. Although the island had no electricity, Howard's ingenuity over the years provided him with all the modern amenities. This includes electricity, plumbing, cellular telephone, refrigerator, freezer, VCR and TV with satellite link, to name but a few. A diesel generator, solar cell arrays, high capacity deep discharge batteries, and power inverters give him sufficient capacity to use a complete compressor and air tool set, electric winches, and all other things required to build an aircraft, or most anything else for that matter! Now I could understand how a technically challenging project like the GlaStar could be built in such a remote location. For the next hour, Mac carefully looked over the aircraft and advised me that everything looked good in his opinion. He recommended a thorough inspection of every nut and bolt if I proceeded with the purchase once I got her home, but so far as things appeared at present, the plane was good. I took a digital videotape recording of the aircraft walk around and discussion with Mac and Howard, so I could study it at a future date. Later that afternoon the water taxi picked us up as requested, and we retraced our path back to Langley, just managing to catch the last ferry to Horseshoe bay on the way. Howard and I shook hands on a price, based on my successfully taking

delivery of the plane from him in BC. Little did I know that what was to follow during the ensuing months would be a nerve-racking exercise in what my friends called “doing the impossible”.



A picture of Refuge Cove from the web, at the height of tourist season.

Based on previous telephone conversations between Howard and myself, Howard had investigated a suitable trailer to carry the Star back home to the Ottawa area. It was my good fortune that prior to retirement, Howard owned and managed the second largest boat trailer manufacturing company in Canada, so he certainly had the contacts and the know-how when it came to finding a suitable unit. The next day I busied myself with buying the prearranged wide flatbed trailer with rubber axles from a trailer manufacturer in Langley, towing it to Howard’s place in Langley, purchasing tie-down straps, cinches, extra trailer hardware, and later at Howard’s home, eating a fabulous supper he prepared. We talked flying and logistics while we drank a nice bottle of wine. Howard has flown many types of planes from ultra lights, to war birds, and multi-engine craft, and has assisted in building five other kit planes including three GlaStars. The conversation was therefore very interesting and fun for both Mac and myself.

With no engine, the Star obviously had to be transported by water and ground from Refuge Cove to my home in Richmond, Ontario outside of Ottawa. The channel seas between Lund and Refuge Cove were too rough and distant to barge the plane without spending many thousands of dollars for a shipping firm to do the job. But on a calm day, would it be possible to float the plane across the shorter, seven-mile crossing from Refuge Cove east to Squirrel Cove on Cortez Island? Once on Cortez Island, would it be possible to use a large truck to house the wings, horizontal and vertical stabilizers, control surfaces and miscellaneous parts, and to trailer the plane behind it? If this could be done, I could ferry the plane from Cortez Island to Quadra island; from Quadra island to Vancouver Island; from Vancouver Island to the mainland; and then 5,000 kilometers home. Simple! A plan with this very route in mind took form.

A suitable truck rental had to be arranged. Sixty days is the maximum allowable time to reserve trucks in advance for one-way travel. Therefore with exactly 60 days left before the planned pick-up date of 20 May 2000, I reserved a diesel truck complete with a trailer hitch, a 26’ box, and three dozen padded moving blankets from U-HAUL in Langley. The reservation timing was critical, since most carriers restrict one-way trips from west to east these days because of the steady flow of people moving in that direction (otherwise the truck rental firms end up with all of their inventory sitting in the east). Extra trailer lighting, licensing, ferry schedules, tide schedules (for access to the wharf at Squirrel Cove), road allowances for width and height, tie-downs, cinches, and various other sundry matters were studied ad nauseum until a fairly comfortable feeling of completeness was attained. Of course the astute reader will realize that this comfort level is illusionary and does not really exist.

Debbie and I departed Ottawa for Vancouver on the 13th of May, for a long awaited one week Alaskan cruise vacation with Holland America. We returned to Vancouver on the 20th of May, to coincide with the planned truck pick-up date of the 20th of May. We enjoyed the beautiful cruise (we now want to fly there someday), and arrived in Vancouver as planned, in the late afternoon on the 20th of May. Toting two suitcases each, we took the Vancouver sky train and a city bus to the U-HAUL location and picked up the truck. Then it was off to Howard’s Langley residence for the trailer, where his son Sheldon was waiting for us to help us with the wiring of the extra running lights I had brought along (one thing I definitely wanted for the return trip was high visibility). In the meantime, Howard was busy in Refuge Cove floating the Star and arranging to have everything else transported by boat to Squirrel Cove upon our arrival. Once the trailer was hooked up and the supplementary light bars installed, off we headed for Horseshoe Bay. I must say at this point that driving a truck and trailer totalling about 60 feet in length through Vancouver in rush hour, when you do not know the roads, is akin to trying to put ten pounds of dirt into a five pound bag – difficult!

I nearly choked when the ferry ticket agent asked me for about \$150.00 fare to cross on the ferry to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. My hand waiving and verbal protestations about the truck and trailer being empty was met with a non-committal shrug and an outstretched palm for the money. It later turned out that to reach that exact place upon my return several days later, that I had paid

over \$1000.00 to the BC Ferries System for the privilege of using their services (not to mention paying for the multi-million dollar loss fiasco in the bungling of their dry docked high speed Fastcat hovercraft). Once in Nanaimo, we headed north to Campbell River in the pouring rain, where we stopped for the night at a motel right on the coast near the ferry to Quadra Island.

The next morning brought a cold north wind, whitecaps on the sea, and five-foot swells. We boarded a ferry and had a short and uneventful crossing to Heriot Bay on Quadra Island. We then drove across Quadra island and took another ferry to Cortez Island. This ferry was fairly small, especially the width of the centre section of the ferry where the trucks are accommodated. I worried about everything fitting upon my return with the Star. Next came a drive across beautiful Cortez Island to the tiny community of Squirrel Cove. All the while I was preoccupied with the concern that the sea might not calm down for days, knowing that we could not tow the Star across on her floats in rough water. So many things to worry about! We arrived at Squirrel Cove at about 10:00 am. Squirrel cove turned out to be a very small place indeed consisting of a general store, a restaurant, a couple of barn-type buildings, and two wharves. The main section of the first government wharf went out into the sea about a hundred yards on stilts, and then had stairs going down about 15 feet to a floating section for loading and unloading watercraft. The way this wharf was built allowed access at both low and high tides, but with the stairs and railings however, there was no way it could accommodate getting the Star ashore. The second smaller wharf simply floated at the shore at high tide, beside a sloping cement pad at the shoreline. At present, the tide was going out and the wharf was high and dry, with the sea about thirty feet away from it. Now I clearly understood why Howard had emphasized the tide tables. At that time of year, the tide would reach the high water mark for about an hour between about 7:10 a.m. and 8:15 a.m. Only within this extremely narrow timeframe would it be possible to move the floating wharf away, submerge the trailer in the sea, float the Star over the trailer, and pull the Star and trailer ashore.

Looking east towards West Redonda Island and Refuge Cove, I could see an ever-enlarging black dot on the horizon. It was Howard piloting his Zeda outboard, crossing to retrieve Debbie and I as promised. His dependability gave me a good feeling. After he tied up to the large wharf, we shook hands and I introduced Debbie. I had the feeling that I had known Howard for years. We left the truck and trailer parked near the wharf at Squirrel Cove and embarked together with Howard on his boat on the journey to his retreat.

Our crossing to Refuge Cove was as much up and down on the swells as forward. Certainly heavy seas like this would be too rough to float the plane on. Entering Refuge Cove, I once again saw Howard's beautiful summer home and floating dock, but with one difference – there was the prettiest GlaStar floating beside it, shining brightly in the morning sun. Everything for me at that moment so far from home had a surreal appearance. There were no wings attached, and nothing firewall forward, but she still looked like a dream come true. It occurred to me that I could not see the cement weights attached to the front of the floats that Howard and I had discussed, allowing the aircraft to float horizontally (since without several hundred pounds of engine, the tail should have been in the water). Howard laughed when I questioned this and said that he had solved the problem in a much easier way. Since the floats are compartmentalized, he had simply filled the front two sections of each float with spring water, using the formula that one gallon of water is equal to 10 pounds. Smart!

The three of us socialized the rest of the day and retired early. The next day we had to start very early to catch the tide, and Debbie and I were tired from our trek so far. As I drifted off to sleep, I wondered if the weather would co-operate with us in the morning. Sleep came in mere seconds.

We awoke to a beautiful calm and clear day at about 5:00 am. The sun was breaking the horizon with a yellow aura, there was no wind, and the sea was calm. I thanked my lucky stars, and remembered my Irish father's words that "it is better to be born lucky than rich". Shortly after our morning coffee, the sound of a boat motor signalled the arrival of some of Howard's neighbours on the island, who were coming to provide assistance. In his customary and organized way, Howard had orchestrated this help. In addition to the able-bodied neighbours was a flat-bottomed barge-type boat to be used for transporting the wings, horizontal stabilizer, all control surfaces, and many boxes of small parts, paint, bolts, plans, and so forth. After these components were carefully loaded (with liberal use of thick foam pieces) and the Star tied to the Zeda with a long rope, we zoomed along at about three knots. Once out in the main channel, we were able to increase our speed slightly since the Star was towing beautifully. My anxiety level was diminishing, and I occupied myself by taking video shots of the whole experience – a visual history I will treasure all my days.

After about 40 minutes at approximately 7:30 a.m., we arrived at Squirrel Cove. Most of the sloping cement pad by the smaller wharf was nicely underwater. I took the rental truck and trailer from where it was parked and backed it up to the top of the cement pad at the waterline. Howard and his two friends unhitched the trailer and, using hip waders, continued out from shore about 50 feet with the trailer submerged, until they could position the trailer under the plane. Next they tied a rope from the trailer hitch to the truck and I carefully advanced the truck forward, with the big Cummins diesel in bull low gear. To our delight, the Star and trailer raised up onto the shore without any problems, just like a vision. Was I ever thrilled! Following this, we hooked up the trailer properly to the truck, installed all the many tie-down straps and extra lighting markers, flags, and carefully packed the wings and everything else into the truck with blankets and foam. It was a time of check, check, and re-check. Finally we were done, and with visible sadness, Howard took one last look at his creation that he had spent the last five years attempting to bring to life. I resolved

right there, that once she was airborne, the first long cross-country trip that Debbie and I would make would be to Refuge Cove, BC, and let Howard fly this beautiful little bird.

Classifieds

Place your ads by phone with Charles Gregoire @ 828-7493 or e-mail to cbgregoire@sympatico.ca
Deadline is first of the month. Ads will run for three months with a renewal option of two more months.

Wanted:
Wood propeller for Lycoming O320 E3D 150 hp for use in Thorp T18-Similar performance to RV4-6 (May consider metal propeller depending on make and model).
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I am always interested in receiving submissions for this, your Newsletter. You may bring articles to the monthly meetings, or mail information to the post office box, or send me an e-mail attachment at:

cbgregoire@sympatico.ca



EAA Chapter 245 Membership Application

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Associate Member ___: \$30.00 Newsletter plus Chapter facilities
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(Note: there is a one time \$200 initiation fee when you become a Full Member)
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