



**NEWSLETTER**

# *Carb Heat*

**Hot Air and Flying Rumours**

**Vol 32 No. 04**

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## ***APRIL 2002***

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**Thursday, April 18, 2002 8:00 PM  
Canadian Aviation Museum**

**To Kenora by Cubby  
Part 2**

**Feature Presentation**

**Custom Wing Design  
By Carl Bertrand**

|                                |  |                 |   |
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**President's Page  
by Gary Palmer**

Most of the snow is gone now, but the frost is not yet out of the ground so we still have the barricades up to try and keep the grounds in good condition. As usual, we always seem to find someone who thinks their vehicle is a feather light low impact wonder, which inexplicably seems to leave a trail of ruts behind it; don't let it be you!

Another Ottawa Valley Flying Icon soars with the Eagles.

It is with great sadness that I convey the untimely passing of another memorable local aviation icon. Bill Whaley, father of fellow member Jeff Whaley, is no longer with us. Those who have spent any time at Smiths Falls airport will know Bill as the quiet, unassuming flight instructor who taught countless fortunate souls the joys of aviating. Bill was also a homebuilder, and could be found virtually every summer at Oshkosh soaking up the atmosphere and information, and sharing his dry wit with his many friends. Our thoughts and prayers go out to his wife Margaret and son Jeff.

Spring Cleaning on the horizon.

Just a heads up that Dick Moore has started making a list of projects for our annual spring-cleaning project. I am sure he can count on your support when he sets the date and calls for volunteers.

Social Activities Director

Irving Slone has suggested that we give consideration to activities that will bring more chapter members out to the airport this summer to enjoy our improved facilities. Irving will take a couple of minutes at the next meeting to share his ideas and ask for willing volunteers to turn concepts into reality.

Tools still AWOL.

As I noted last month, Dick is still looking for his AWOL tools, please double check to make sure you haven't accidentally picked up one of them. Specifically, they are an EastWing hammer and flat pry bar. If these tools have mistakenly hidden out in your toolbox, Dick would appreciate it if you could return them to home base immediately.

Upcoming meetings.

Looking forward to the summer we have an interesting slate of speakers and topics planned including: May-Phil Johnson on the design and fabrication of a composite three blade propeller. June-Oshkosh preview. This will be the first of the Summer meetings on Saturday June 15th at 10:00 AM and is an opportunity for those planning to drive or fly to Oshkosh 2002 to review routes and hook up with other chapter members planning to make the pilgrimage. This is also the meeting where we acknowledge first flights of our members in newly hatched birds, and we have two plaques to hand out this year. Dave Stroud Christavia and Auto Engine Conversion! Dave Stroud provided an enlightening presentation on the building of his Christavia, and the two Auto Engine conversions he has completed. The Christavia has been flying for a few years with a four cylinder Subaru EA81 conversion of approximately 80 to 90 HP. Dave installed the six cylinder Corvaire to get more power and has incorporated a novel reduction drive rescued from a Volkswagen bus. Dave shared the challenges, successes, and a couple of moments of excitement. Dave reinforced that Auto Engine conversions are not for everyone, you have to take the time to learn what is involved and solve the many technical challenges. For the homebuilder willing to accept the challenge, auto conversions can be very rewarding. Dave also indicated that perhaps a certified aircraft engine lay somewhere in the future.

Thursday April 18th meeting @ NAM 8:00 PM start: Custom Wing Design for CH701: Carl Bertrand

Carl Bertrand is making his second presentation on his CH701 project. This time, he will cover the custom wing design he developed incorporating an automatic leading edge slat similar in concept to the Pegasair or ME-109. This promises to be an informative presentation; I look forward to seeing you there!

**Gary**

# Trip to Kenora well almost

## Part 2

### Introduction

|                         |                        |                    |
|-------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Author /back seat pilot | Charles Martel         | Hammond, Ontario   |
| Pilot                   | Tom Smith              | Bearbrook, Ontario |
| Bearbrook Intl          | Tom's grass airstrip   | Bearbrook, Ontario |
| Indian Creek            | Charles grass airstrip | Hammond Ontario    |

### Second day, 23<sup>rd</sup> of October, Wawa

Next morning dawned at 7:15 under cloud cover. The weather was not too encouraging, we were between two fronts, that were moving in on Wawa. FSS confirmed this, we had a front moving on us from the South East which was now between Sault St Marie and us. Our intended destination was Thunder Bay via Marathon through Nipigon. No way, the other front was moving towards us from the South West and Thunder Bay was already IFR. FSS suggested our best alternative was to fly to Marathon and divert North towards Geraldton, we would be keeping ahead of both fronts that way. That was good advice, but this set us up for what transpired that day. Tom packed up and fueled up the Cubby while I filed for Geraldton via Marathon. We could have gone straight to Geraldton but the weather was very unsettled and this route would be following major roads.

FSS was right (he had told us to leave by 11:00) we took off at 10:12. As we climbed out of Wawa we could see the front closing in, we had escaped in the nick of time. We settled in on our course to Marathon and our cruise speed climbed to 106NM. Tom looked back and jokingly said, "The paint is going to peel off at this speed". All jokes aside we later found out that the paint on the tail surfaces was indeed peeling off. By now our communications and navigation system were well established. Tom had a remote compass as the sole heading indicator in the front. When he would slip of track, I would correct him "Tom 10 degrees left ....a bit more .....more .... OK you got it". When he was busy on the radio, I would simply push the stick until we were on track and Tom would continue on that heading. Sort of like a back seat autopilot. The Garmin 295 GPS, I had in the back offered a HSI, altitude, VSI, airspeed, distance and ETA on the same screen. When I was flying from the backseat I actually had more information available to me than Tom had in the front. Forty minutes later we were over Marathon and diverted North to Geraldton. Visibility had been improving while putting some distance between us and the front behind, we were now tracking 347 degrees almost straight North. The plan was to move from the Lake Superior North shore route to the Northern route, that a lot of pilots prefer (see map). The Northern route follows the railroad track that goes through Sioux Lookout and Kenora. By now the sun is shining, were half way to Geraldton, visibility is at least 20 miles. Being official navigator and all, I informed Tom "We can make Armstrong by 12:00 if we keep this cruise speed, it is only 83 NM past Geraldton on a track of 289". Armstrong lay just 7 miles from the NW corner of lake Nipigon. Tom managed to raise Sault FSS and extended our flight plan to Armstrong. The flight specialist was unsure about the weather up there but we could always double back to Geraldton if the weather dictated it.

At Geraldton we descended below 3000 feet ASL underneath a solid layer. It started raining 10 minutes later, from then on I would monitor the OAT (thermometer tie wrapped to the jury strut). It hovered around 4 degrees Celsius and it never ceased raining until we landed at Geraldton. "Geraldton, wait a minute, I thought we were going to Armstrong". "Read on Buddy this is about to get interesting". The ceiling was coming down slowly, it was pouring now. The airspeed had climbed to 114 knots, signs that we were getting closer to the front. Forward visibility through the windshield was reduced significantly for the front pilot but visibility was excellent from the rear seat. We reached the East shore of Nipigon Lake, our track would take us over the South Peninsula across Ombabika Narrows over the North Peninsula, abeam Windigo Bay and finally the West shore of Nipigon. I remarked "Tom some small clouds are gathering below us over land but it looks good over Nipigon Lake, 20 minutes ETE to Armstrong". The lake was 25 miles wide at this point, we were now flying below 2000 feet and being forced down gradually. Lake Nipigon is 1000ASL and the terrain around it averages 1200 to 1400ASL, we would be following the South shore of the North Peninsula across the Lake (see map). Little did we know that we were about to get very intimate with Nipigon Lake.

With steely resolve we headed over the South peninsula, nature had set a trap for us and we took the bait, hook line and sinker. At Ombabika Narrows, the ceiling was holding at about 1800ASL, but we had good forward visibility ..... well from the rear seat anyway. Still at 1700ASL, we had not clued in yet that the ceiling over land was going down.....fast. We followed the North Peninsula then across North Bay to Meeting point. VNC chart shows Meeting point at 1425ASL and the top of it was engulfed in cloud "Tom go around the point, that hill up ahead is only 1425ASL, another 8 minutes to destination". The lights finally came on full and bright to both of us, Tom blurted " Charlie ..... this is not good, I think the ceilings are lower over land than over water". Moving uncomfortably in my seat "Yeah ....I see that ..... Tom up ahead is Windigo Bay, it is 6 miles wide and the airport another 7 miles further over land , ETE 7 minutes, we can follow the shore and go and see if we can make it". We both would

have turned around at that point but being this close was hard to resist, we had to have a look. While skirting the shore of Windigo Bay I tried to get a glimpse of the railroad track, which lay just one mile inland, no way, I could not see that far. Three minutes got us across the Bay, but the West shore treeline was stuck in low-lying cloud. Tom executed a 360 degree turn while dropping to 1300 feet to have another look at it but the view from down there was no better. An experienced pilot later told us that, this is what they call “the lake effect”, apparently when the water is warmer than the surrounding land it keeps the ceiling higher over water. Unbeknownst to us the ceiling over land had been dropping steadily as we flew West over the lake, to a level which was now well below safe levels. Tom executed a 180 degree turn while I gave him a heading to Geraldton, the closest airport behind us. We both realise the severity of the situation. In our planes we have the option of climbing to altitude if we ever get caught this way. The instrumentation in the Cubby were basic, we had no choice but to stay on the deck



Running through the numbers in the back, I noticed our decaying ground speed “Tom, we got us a ground speed of 44 knots, are you at full cruise power”. Tom was now wrestling with the Cubby, the winds were strong and turbulent “... afraid so Charlie, that’s all she’s got”. The Cubby was being trashed around by gusty winds and the rain was unrelenting, “it’s was pouring buckets as my old father would say. Tom had his hands full so I kept him informed every few minutes “you’re good on this heading, 74 NM to Geraldton, an ETE of 1:40 minutes”. I remembered the flight plan “our arrival time on our present flight plan ended 10 minutes ago” “.....we’re going to have to reach FSS to let them know the situation”. Our last communiqué was back in Geraldton when we extended our flight plan with Sault FSS. But we had other fish to fry, it was evident the ceiling was now coming down fast over the lake, best we could muster was 1200ASL, a mere 200 feet above the lake with maybe 2 miles visibility. My voice inside was telling me “how much time before the descending ceilings engulf the East shore and shut our only escape route” “were we caught on the lake with no way out”? The voice on the intercom echoed my thoughts “I hope were not caught on this lake, the East shore is fairly high”. The slow progress of the Cubby was agonising, could it outrun the descending ceilings? Nervously, I kept feeding Tom with info “Good track, outside air temperature holding .....4 degrees, keep skirting the peninsula but stay over water”. We had no choice anyway, we were now flying on the deck hugging the shore looking up at the treetops. The top of the trees on the North peninsula were now in low clouds, the trap was closing. Luckily the peninsula was pretty well in line with our track. My little voice kept nagging me “now all we need is for the temperature to go down, in this pouring rain the Cubby would load up with ice real quick”. I spied a sand beach on the Northern peninsula and inserted it in the GPS “Tom that beach we just went by looks good, it’s flat and long enough, if we have to go down it’s the only place we can do it safely”. “That’s good Charlie but it seems like the ceilings are holding now, want to check the heading again, the peninsula is making a sharp turn up ahead”. There had been no sign of humans or beast anywhere over Northern Nipigon, it was wet and cold, the prospect of spending the night in the bush was not very appealing. “Fortunately we have food, clothing and a survival kit” my little voice kept reminding me. The beach below would give us a way out if push come to shove. I felt much better.

The map and GPS agreed that track would take us across the peninsula and on to Ombabika Bay “ahhhh.....two choices, we go straight across the peninsula, it’s about 4 miles wide or we circle around it to the South”. “Tom I can see above the trees I think you can go over it” Sure enough the ceilings allowed us a bit more headroom now but the trees looked awfully close “Tom there is a bit of a rise up ahead maybe.....”. “No problem Chuck, I can see the other side of the peninsula” interrupted Tom as he pulled up over the rise. We flew in silence for awhile, the solid drone of the engine was reassuring. The strong winds kept knocking the Cubby off its track. The Cubby had stiff ailerons and the controlling stick required a constant left pressure for ailerons and a forward pressure for elevators. Elevator trim was available but had little authority and it would slip after awhile. Flying the Cubby was a full time job. Once over Ombabika Bay we now focused our attention on the East shore. This was our only way out. On the way, I noticed the first sign of civilisation on the North shore, it looked like a cabin at the end of the road. I saved that as a waypoint in the GPS, maybe I would need it later. The Cubby was gaining altitude now, visibility was better.....maybe 3 or 4 miles and the

airspeed had crept up to a blazing 50 knots. We levelled at 1600ASL, high enough to clear the East shore. The VNC chart revealed altitudes of 1275 to 1475 ASL to Geraldton.

The terrain around this area is heavily wooded with many bush roads for timber operations. We had escaped the advancing front with its torrential rain, low ceilings and bad visibility. The wind and rain were still battering the poor Cubby. It was still raining although not as hard, I noticed the old Cubby was not exactly waterproof. The left side of the back seat and the luggage area was getting soaked. Most of our luggage remained dry. Noticing Tom was working hard at the controls “Tom take a break, I’ll take over .....maybe you can try and contact the Sault ..... we’re 45 minutes overdue and were 45 minutes from Geraldton, fuel is good”. Tom started to rearrange his seat, he had been so preoccupied with the flying that he did not notice how uncomfortable the front seat had become “ .....one good thing about all this, I totally forgot how uncomfortable this plane is...eh ...eh....eh”. Anybody else would have traumatised with what had transpired in the last 45 minutes, Tom’s took it in stride “are we having fun yet”. “What makes two grown men do crazy things like this and think there having fun?” I thought to myself. “I prefer this to going to work.....any day, I tell you” I retorted. Last week at work had been especially brutal for me, this seemed like a walk through the park. Every five minutes, Tom would broadcast our position and status on the FSS and Emergency frequencies “Sault FSS this is C-FFSR we are overdue on our flight plan to Armstrong, have diverted to Geraldton due to bad weather, ETA 11:50”, but no answer. Finally 7 miles from Geraldton, Tom finally hooked up with Sault FSS and explained the situation. They had already contacted the owner (we had put the owner down as contact in Kenora). Tom made a note to call him as soon as we landed to explain the situation.

Tom took the controls over and lined up on runway 08. A helicopter was hovering at the button of the runway. Unfettered Tom announced "Geraldton traffic, this is C-FFSR, final 08, helicopter on runway you can stay there if you want, I can go around and land or you can make room". The helicopter immediately moved away from the runway and Tom greased her in. The old Cubby started its idiotic side to side shuffle while Tom danced on the rudders trying to keep her straight, he had got used to it by now. The rudders in the front were very awkward to use they were to close too the pilot. The previous owner was very short and he build the plane to fit himself with no provisions (adjustable seat or controls) for taller pilots.

Finally down and safe we secured the plane to some tie downs, none were available for the tailwheel. The rain had let up a bit but it would drizzle most of the night. About 2 to 3 feet of covering tapes over the fabric was hanging from the right wing. “ah.....ah....ah, look at this Charlie, the Cubby has grown flaps” laughed Tom. This airplane had never been exposed to conditions like this. If it could speak, I’m sure it would have protested vehemently at the treatment it was subjected to. A Shell truck pulled up with the driver a little surprised to see us. After a bit of chit-chat he offered us a place to stay the night. A trailer he had on the river and the loan of a 4WD Nissan truck for the stay. Turned out he was a homebuilder.

That afternoon we toured Geraldton. Geraldton had been a gold mine town. In it’s heyday it had been a fairly large town. But eventually the mine closed and it had a reverse of fortune. That took the best part of 20 minutes, but we found a good restaurant. The warmth and friendly atmosphere in the restaurant reminded me of the beach on the North Peninsula in Nipigon Lake. I shuddered at the thought of spending the night outside on this cold and damp night. Later on that evening our host proudly showed us the two seat Christavia he was building.

### Third day 24<sup>th</sup> of October, Geraldton

Wednesday morning dawned wet and overcast. FSS prognostic was bleak. Snow, ice and rain towards Armstrong all the way to Kenora and it would not get any better in the next few days. But Thunder Bay was still a possibility. “The weather in Geraldton is good for now but will deteriorate late morning, Thunder Bay will experience high winds and deteriorating visibility” explained the FSS voice “if you decide to go make sure you get there before noon because there is a storm warning starting at 12:00”. That did not leave us with much choice, I filed VFR for an immediate departure to Thunder Bay. Tom had already called Ray (the Cubby owner) and explained our predicament, Kenora was out of the question for the next few days. The storm that had been moving over Saskatchewan in the last few days, was now in Kenora moving towards us. Ray suggested “If you can make it to Thunder Bay, I can arrange to go and get the cub with one of my friends”. While fuelling up the Cubby, I tried to fix the hanging cloth of the right wing with Duct tape, but it was impossible, everything was soaking wet. Tom commented “Lucky we did not make it to Armstrong yesterday, we would be stranded there now”. Funny how things work out, our failure to make Armstrong yesterday turned to our advantage.

We were off at 9.05 and settled on a 235 degree heading to Nipigon, we were backtracking on yesterday progress. “Hey Charlie the old Cubby is humming this morning must be the light load because I forgot my dirty laundry in the trailer”. Levelling out at 3000ASL underneath a solid layer the Cub managed 82 knots in cruise. The ceiling soon forced us down to 2300 ASL. Soon a cloud layer started forming underneath us covering 90 percent of the ground. I thought “dèjà vu...been there ...done that”. Tom called “ Charlie how far is the shore of Lake Superior”. Shuffling around, I consulted with the GPS “ahhh...just a minute.....about 35 miles .... 20 degrees left for the shortest route”. Tom had learned his lesson, he figured the Lake would clear up the layer below us, so he turned 20 degrees left. Another 10 minutes and this was a non issue, Tom could see beyond the bottom layer, maybe there is something to this Lake effect after all. Although the bottom layer had totally dissipated we had progressively been forced down to 2000ASL. Once again we were getting close to ground level “this is weird Tom, you’d think by now, we would have seen a moose, flying at this altitude”. “Well if you see one ahead, make sure and point it out, so I can go around him” there was no end to Tom’s good spirits.

We were now close to Nipigon, all eyes are out for the towers there as the terrain ahead rises to 1800 feet in spots. No sweat if need be, we would follow the Lake Superior shoreline. With time to spare, chief navigator and bottle washer in the back is checking the route to the next possible destination beyond Thunder Bay. “Tom Atikokan is 122 nm from our present position, due West,

ETE 90 minutes at our present ground speed”. “ Sounds good Charlie we would be there before noon, I am going to call FSS and check weather”. The impossibility of getting the Cubby to Kenora did not sit well with both of us, getting it halfway between Thunder Bay and Kenora would have made us feel better. By now Tom was descending to avoid getting into cloud. I could tell he was going faster because the cloth cover over the cabin area directly over our heads was tight like a drum. The covering cloth on the Cubby between the two wings had not been fastened in any way by the builder. Because that section is the same as the profile of the wings it is subjected to lift (Bernouilli principle ). Tom was busy on the radio with FSS, I pulled on the stick to slow the plane down and effectively reduce the lift over the cockpit. By now Tom was used to the inputs from the back and did not acknowledge the input, he just kept on motoring. Finally “Charlie, winds are 25 knots, ceilings are coming down as predicted, were going to Thunder Bay, they are OK with the fact we have no transponder”. “Tom there is Kakabeka Falls airstrip just North West of Thunder Bay airport, it would be easier for Ray to get his plane there, out of the Thunder Bay zone”. Tom came back “with those winds I prefer the big airport”. Agreed “Thunder Bay it is”. Tom went back to the radio and I was left to my thoughts and taking in the scenery. It was breathtakingly beautiful, Thunder Cape could be seen clearly across Thunder Bay Bay. It stood menacingly at 1875 feet tall with the top obscured in cloud. The water had an unusual colour to it and the clouds were moving in a brisk fashion, signs of imminent significant weather changes. My inner warning system agreed with the direct line Tom was taking towards the airport.

Final to runway 17 Thunder Bay. I tapped Tom on the shoulder “Tom keep your speed down, the cloth over the cockpit is a good 1 \_” from the frame”. With the winds as strong as they were, Tom was keeping a good head of steam in order not to get in the way of the faster planes. He slowed her down just before touchdown, it was so slow, unreal like slow motion. Believe it or not the Cubby was still to fast as Tom flared, it ballooned up awkwardly and tried to weathervane in the 25 knot crosswind. Tom is an old hand at flying taildraggers and smartly brought her down again ..... and again. Later on, Tom jokingly told me if he would have slowed down a bit more he could have backed the Cubby on the runway. Taxiing the Cubby was quite a chore in this wind. From the front seat Tom could not see directly ahead, he felt like he could have taxied directly into a gas truck without ever seeing it. So he had to S turn it all the way in the crosswind. As soon as we disembarked the winds got worse, rain started and I felt cold right down to my bones. We hurriedly stripped the Cubby of all the equipment we had jury rigged for the trip. A few observers looked curiously as we toiled and packed our bags. The Cubby looked mournful and out of place amongst the twins, helicopter and flying Club Cessnas on the ramp.

We were relieved to be out of the uncertainty of the weather and inside the clubhouse where it was warm. Leaving the Cubby partway to its destination did not sit well with both of us, but we had no choice. We could have sit it out for a few days and then flown it to Kenora but it would have been prohibitively expensive for Ray. This was the best solution. Lucky for us we were in Thunder Bay where our flight on WestJet was booked for the next day.

That evening we spent the night in a swanky hotel, I don't remember the name of it. The hotel manager found us walking around aimlessly in the hotel. After introductions he graciously offered his vehicle so we could visit Thunder Bay. A few minutes later we were travelling in the comfort of a brand new Mazda SUV in downtown Thunder Bay. How's that for hospitality. Next morning we boarded WestJet bound for Ottawa. And thus ended our trip, I was sorry it was over.

Would I do it again? Darn right I would, anyplace, anytime and I speak for both Tom and I. My father used to say “a foolish young man usually makes a foolish old man”. Maybe his saying applies. But I prefer to believe we still have the heart of young boys, still yearning for adventure, wherever we can find it.

Older maybe ..... but no wiser.

## **Straight as an Arrow**

Carp, ON - "The Avro Arrow: A Dream Denied" will be at the Diefenbunker, Canada's Cold War Museum, to May 18<sup>th</sup>. The museum, located in Carp, is the Ottawa area host for this exhibit during its travels throughout Canada. The exhibit was produced by the West Parry Sound District Museum.

The Avro Arrow. Who can forget the large, white delta-shaped wings? Canada's jet. Designed, developed, tested and then scrapped here. The Arrow was considered to be in the vanguard of aerospace technology. What happened?

A new exhibit expands the story and explores the effects of the project and the repercussions of its cancellation on a small, northern Ontario town. The jet is an integral part of Canadian history and so, too is the story of the Orenda employees. They poured their intellect and hard work into developing the Iroquois engine for the Arrow. Consider their personal perspective on the situation.

Mysteries and myths are clarified and debunked in this exhibit at the Diefenbunker. "Was the U.S. responsible for the Avro Arrow and Iroquois projects being cancelled? Were cost overruns to blame? Did one Arrow dodge demolition? This exhibit gives it to you straight.

The Diefenbunker is hosting a slide lecture by author Peter Zuuring on the Avro Arrow. The lecture will be held at the museum on Tuesday April 23 at 19:00. Admission will be \$5.00.

Mr. Zuuring will speak on the Avro Arrow project, and his lecture will be illustrated by 100 slides and is intended to compliment the exhibit, "The Avro Arrow: A Dream Denied" at the Diefenbunker until May 18. Mr. Zuuring is the author of the Arrow Scrapbook and the Arrow Countdown as well as the founder of the Arrow Alliance, a group dedicated to seeing the Avro Arrow fly once again.

The Diefenbunker is located at 3911 Carp Road. Tours of the museum run Monday to Friday at 14:00, Saturday and Sunday at 11:00, 13:00, 14:00. Admission is \$12.00 for adults, \$10.00 for seniors (65+) and students, \$5.00 for youth 6 – 17. Children under the age of 5 are Free! Reservations recommended.

Visitors will be able to view the exhibit only at specific times, and for a reduced rate: Monday to Friday at 14:15, Saturday and Sunday at 11:15 and 14:15. The admission rates for the Avro Arrow exhibit only are: \$8.00 adults, \$6.00 students and seniors, \$4.00 for youth, children under 5 are free.

For more information please contact Shawna Moffatt at 613-839-0007 or at [administration@diefenbunker.ca](mailto:administration@diefenbunker.ca).

Place your ads by phone with Rodney Stead  
 @ 836-1410 or e-mail to [sttstmp@sympatico.ca](mailto:sttstmp@sympatico.ca)  
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Airspeed indicator by AeroSonic Corp., U.S.,  
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## Articles Wanted

I am always interested in receiving submissions for this,  
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 meetings, or mail information to the post office box, or  
 e-mail [sttstmp@sympatico.ca](mailto:sttstmp@sympatico.ca)



## EAA Chapter 245 Membership Application

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**Annual Dues:** January 1st to December 31st. (porated after March31st  
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 Full Member: \_\_\_: \$55.00 Newsletter, hangar, workshop,  
 tiedowns. (Note: there is a one time \$200 initiation fee when you become a  
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