

# DOCK LINES

SPRING 2010



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## From the Engine Room

This spring issue of Dock Lines marks the second year of this mainly electronic publication. As usual it has come out a little later than I intended but our contributors are busy people.

Speaking of our contributors, I should like to thank them for their interesting and informative stories. Both Nancy Glover and Neil Kinnear also have articles in the summer issue of Lake Simcoe Living, and Fraser Rennie's article on family sailing is well worth reading.

At the Boat Show I stopped at the OPP booth. While chatting with Sergeant J. Meares, operating out of Orillia, I asked him about most common problem they had to deal with while out on the lake. The article concerning alcohol aboard by was the result.

Early this year I also had a chance to talk with Morton Biback, Course Director of Electronic Charting at CPS. Things have changed a great deal since the days I took several courses, was training officer and later became commander of Midland Squadron. Morton reiterated on the legal requirement of having paper charts on board. I felt that, especially for those sailors who venture beyond our local and familiar waters, that this issue bore visiting again.

When my wife consented to sew a complete set of signal flags for, what is for us, our new boat, I inevitable went to the books and the internet to read about flags and their etiquette. I hope you will find the article interesting and of some use.

Do take a look at the recent changes made in the regulations dealing with the licensing of pleasure craft. Not to be confused with the operators' card, this has to do with the licence of the vessel, along with the numbers displayed on her bows.

I trust you will enjoy the other bits and pieces, including a second instalment of the ocean sailing venture of many years ago.

Our thanks to our advertisers for their support of this publication.

Hessel H. Pape - Editor



## From the Bridge

After yet another long, cold winter, summer is finally upon us; the hulls are getting wet, the warm breezes of summer are finding their way across the lake, and the sails are filling to start the 2010 season. If the long range weather forecasts are to be believed, this summer has all the makings of a great sailing year.

The sailing season starts long before the ice melts, however. We held our traditional spring racing seminar in March, and once again we were fortunate enough to have Geoff Moore of North Sails present to us. Geoff does a fantastic job explaining the reasons behind the theory of sailing, making it very easy to understand how boats and sails respond to varying winds conditions, and of course how to take advantage of that to go faster. Racing your sailboat is not simply about the competition, it's about learning how to get the best out of a particular wind, and

there are lessons and techniques that are applicable to every sailor out there. We had attendees at the seminar from around the lake (and beyond), and it was very well received by all present.

Your executive has been hard at work planning on-water and social activities, and also working with the town to ensure ongoing and smooth operation of the club.

On the sailing front, we have a full schedule of races planned for this year. We have kept the best of last year's schedule, but we have also made a few changes. The racing season consists of three series; a spring series and a fall series (both of consist of two races a day on three Saturdays, for a total of six races per series). Our summer racing series (held on Thursday evenings) has been reduced to seven races this year, giving us a grand total of 19 races for the club championship.

We are also planning some special fun races that do not count towards the club championship. If you've ever been tempted to try racing, one of the fun races is a great way to get started. Our fun races this year include the Mayor's Cup Race, the annual "Women at the Helm" race, several pursuit races, and two Thursday evening spinnaker races, designed to help give everyone some more exposure to flying a spinnaker. If you do not have a spinnaker (most people in the club don't), you are encouraged to come out and sail on a boat that does.

Other activities taking place this summer include the sailing school (this year running on two consecutive weeks in August), and the normal LSIS races will also be scheduled around the lake again this year. The traditional stop at Jackson's Point will be held to contest the Georgina Cup on September 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup>.

On the social front, we have decided to

have fewer organized events this year, with more of a focus on informal get-togethers. The formal season kick-off is signaled by the sail past ceremony, to be held this year on Saturday June 12<sup>th</sup>. The sail past will be followed by an informal wine & cheese gathering on your commodore's boat. The other significant social event we're planning this summer is our annual pig roast on Saturday July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

We're also returning to our roots this year, by re-introducing a "Pot Luck on the Dock", every Saturday afternoon in July & August. Bring a dish to share (meat or sweet, it doesn't matter), the club BBQ will be available to cook whatever needs cooking, and enjoy the food, the company, and the summer evenings on the dock.

As the club is now into its second quarter century, it's important that we have a good idea of where the club is going, and what you the members) want to get out of it. We are dependent on volunteers to run everything (from the executive to cutting the grass), but the purpose of a club is not about making work, it's about sharing experiences, having fun, and helping your fellow sailors. We want to make sure that the club's goals and operations are aligned with what you want, and Tim Ayerst will be taking some time this summer to discuss this topic with most of you. Please think about what you'd like to get out of the club, and what you're prepared to put into the club, and talk with Tim when you see him on the dock.

I hope everyone has a safe and enjoyable sailing season. See you out on the water!

Tim Francis,  
Commodore

# Changes in Boat Licensing

By Hessel Pape

On May 17<sup>th</sup> this year some changes were made in the licensing of pleasure craft by Transport Canada, the most important of which involves an expiry date, at which time the boat licence will need to be renewed.

The licence of a vessel is not to be confused with the Operator's licence, the so called Pleasure Craft Operator Card, but is the permanent licence number on the vessel which is passed on to each successive owner of the boat. To recap briefly:

***\* All pleasure craft powered by a motor of 10HP or greater must be licensed. (Hence outboards rated at 9.9HP.) Just reminder though: if you plan to travel the Trent-Severn system, your vessel has to be licensed no matter how small the motor. Even canoes require a licence number in order to lock through.***

The preceding is straight forward and should you decide that your boat, previously unlicensed, requires such, this is now done at Service Canada, and the service is still free of charge. You will require proof of ownership such as the original bill of sale. If you do not have one, you will need to supply a duly notarised and sworn affidavit that you are indeed the owner of the boat.

***\* In compliance with the Small Vessel Regulations, the owner of a licensed pleasure craft shall notify the issuer in writing of any change in the owner's name or address, as well as any modifications made to the vessel or its status (lost, destroyed), within 90 days after the change.***

I am told that the information on the licence is available for safety reason to Search and Rescue. It is also felt that currently there are numerous licence numbers on the books for vessels that are rotting away on back lots or no longer exist. The point is that it might be a good

idea to check your paperwork and see that all is still correct. Did you move? How about the colour of your ship - is it still the same? Also, it seems, a different motor implies a reportable change.

***\* When the boat is sold. The new owner shall immediately make application to the issuer to transfer the licence.***

Locally (meaning in the Georgina area) this can be done at the Keswick Library where each Thursday from 11am till 6pm a representative from Service Canada will look after you to complete this process.

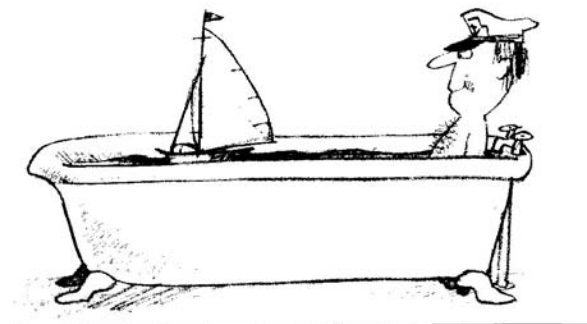
## A New Expiry Date

As of May 17<sup>th</sup> this year, all new licences and ownership transfers will now carry a 10 year period of validity, at which time they have to be renewed. A phone call to our Regional Transport Canada Centre in Sarnia confirmed that the expiry date does not apply to any licence issued prior to this date. However, owners of licensed vessels are strongly urged to update their information with the issuer (Service Canada).

When I transferred ownership of our new vessel recently, and I was reminded that we must carry the licence, or a copy thereof, aboard at all times. Not doing so could result in a fine. So. . . we pasted ours into our ship's log.

One other thing: the Pleasure Craft Licence is not considered your proof of ownership; only the original bill of sale is.

\*\*\*\*\*



## Traditional Navigation or Electronic Navigation?



### Paper charts or electronic charts?

Which is right for you?

As the Course Director of Electronic Navigation for the Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons it is only natural that I have an opinion. Some expect that my opinion would be that electronic navigation and electronic charts is the way to go. Yes, to a degree, this is my opinion. However, I am not so one-sided as to not recognize the necessity of knowing traditional navigation and having paper charts.

For hundreds of years before the days of electronics, traditional navigation and paper charts was the only method available. It was reasonably satisfactory. Then came electronics and with it, a dramatic increase in safety, usability and understandability.

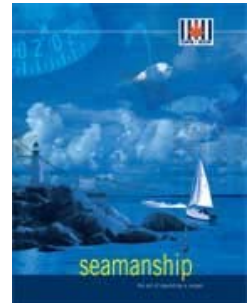
Some organizations in the United States have adopted electronic navigation as the prime method of finding your way and consider traditional methods to be used as verification and backup. Canada, being a more conservative country, still considers traditional navigation to be primary and electronic navigation to be secondary.

Lake Simcoe is small enough that most boaters who frequent its waters are unlikely to get lost, that is, unless torrential rains or heavy fog sets in. Unless you are very familiar with the lake at night, you may have a problem navigating in the dark. When that happens, electronic navigation may be a lifesaver.

The truth is that in practice, electronic navigation has definitely become the primary method, the system of choice. It is important that we recognize certain truths. Batteries fail, circuit breakers pop, light bulbs burn out and so can any electronic component. Handheld devices can be dropped, anything on a boat can get wet.

Therefore the prudent boater will learn traditional navigation and be able to utilize it in the event of electronic failure.

What about charts? Electronic chart plotters are marvelous devices. They can instantly pinpoint your location and calculate related factors such as direction to



steer, estimated time of arrival and a good deal of other needed information.

As a result, boaters tend to rely completely upon chart plotters for navigation and in practice electronic charts have replaced most paper charts. Is this legal?

There is nothing illegal about using electronic charts, however, the Canada Shipping Act clearly states that you must have the largest scale and most up-to-date paper charts for the area in which you are boating. There is an exception to this regulation. If you have intimate personal knowledge of the waterway and if your boat is less than 100 tons, then it is not necessary to have paper charts.

The regulations do not specify how you may prove that you have this personal knowledge. If by chance you become hung up on a shoal or hit a rock, you would be hard-pressed to be able to claim that you had intimate personal knowledge.

Having paper charts is not only a legal requirement, you really should have paper charts on board for the sake of safety. You should also be capable of reverting to traditional navigation if necessary.

It is also important that you know how to properly use your electronic equipment. It is easy to determine your position with the GPS (chart plotter), but this may cause one to be complacent about navigation. You need to learn all of the facets of chart plotter use. Many readers of this article will be very familiar with Lake Simcoe and as a result they may not see the need to learn to use all the features of electronic charting. What would happen if you took your boat out to Georgian Bay? Would you be completely comfortable navigating in waters that abound in rock formations?

The prudent boater will take courses that will teach navigation using both traditional and electronic methods. Recreational boating should be fun. Knowing exactly where you are and how to get to your destination prevents anxiety. Let us all enjoy the fun of boating.

Morton Biback  
Course Director of Electronic Charting  
Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons





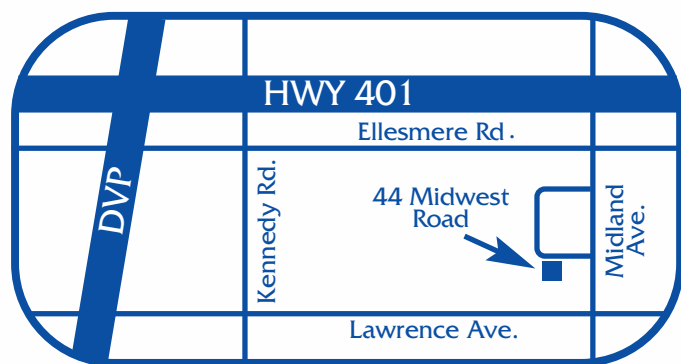
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## THE GALLEY GOURMET

by Mary Pape

Canadian eh, you say? Well, what could be more Canadian than bannock? The bannock that the old Sourdoughs used to bake over campfires in the glory days of the Yukon. Well, here's a recipe for bannock mix that keeps well and that we always take with us whether camping or cruising in our sailboat. Its uses are versatile, and quick and easy. It may not be the authentic bannock that the Sourdoughs used, but we call it Bannock and that's good enough for us! This recipe, which I have altered into a dry mix state, comes from Sandy, a volunteer at our local museum. The dough can be rolled into "long worms" and wrapped around wieners and baked over a barbeque, or rolled and flattened into little balls and these can be baked into biscuits by being fried in fat in a fry pan on a stove (great with butter and strawberry jam for breakfast!), or rolled into "worms" and coiled around a stick and baked over a campfire. So enjoy.

### **Sandy's Bannock**

**3 cups flour**

**½ cup powdered milk**

**2 tablespoons baking powder**

**1 teaspoon salt**

**1 cup cornmeal**

**Mix together and cut in 1 cup lard or shortening until consistency of coarse crumbs. Store in airtight container. When ready to use, scoop out portion of mix and add little water. A little mix goes a long way! Knead into consistency of manageable dough.**

Speaking of homemade mixes, here's a recipe for pancake mix that we always take with us when travelling. I know it lacks the super fluffiness of Aunt Jemima's, but it also lacks the chemicals and additives that makes for that fluffiness! So if you are a pure food, down home cook, here's the mix for you. All you add is water, egg and a little oil. Of course you'll need syrup and butter as toppings.

### **Mary's Pancake Mix\***

**3 cups flour**

**1 tsp. salt**

**3 tbsp. baking powder**

**3 tbsp. sugar**

**1 cup powdered milk**

**Mix well and store in airtight container**

**To make 8 pancakes (enough for 2 people):**

**¾ cup pancake mix (1 cup if you like heavier pancakes)**

**1 egg beaten**

**1 tbsp. oil**

**½ cup water**

**Fry in hot frypan in butter or margarine.**

**Double recipe for 3 or 4 people.**

**\* Mix may be doubled if desired.**

The next issue of Dock Lines will have our recipe for beef jerky. It was a first timer for us and the result was amazing! We chawed on it all the way out west on the bus to Vancouver Island where we visited our grandchildren and family, and all the way back home. I'm doing up a batch again for this summer's cruise, but with a little less liquid smoke. If you happen to be on board the Sally Rose this summer, and ask very, very nicely, I may let you sample a piece to see if you think it merits a place in the next issue of The Galley Gourmet! Perhaps you may care to add your recipe for jerky along with our's, the more the merrier they say. So, Happy "Crining" this summer folks! What's Crining? Well, how about a combined form of cruising and dining? It could also be called "Drising"? Whatever!

\*\*\*\*\*

## DEFINITIONS

**Bulkhead** - Discomfort suffered by sailors who drink too much.

**Boom** - The sound produced during jibing to shift a crew member to a horizontal position.



## Adventure at Bad River

by Neil Kinnear

"Pan pan! Pan pan!", crackled from the VHF as we fastened the sail cover on the main. "Vessel aground at the mouth of the Bad River".

We had just anchored in the basin at the Bad River - not thirty minutes ago! The sail from our anchorage at Snug Harbour, just west of Killarney, to this one near the Bustards at the west end of the French River had been memorable with following wind and seas that gradually built during the day. We had started slow with main and a poled-out #3 but were glad we weren't flying more sail as the wind increased. We made steady progress with the GPS reading high 6's and low 7's and once hit 8.3 knots. Stardust was flying! I tend to trust the average readings on the GPS more than any instantaneous reading but it felt good anyway.

To enter Bad River from the west, it's advisable to sail close aboard the "DJ" Small Craft buoy, then search for and follow the range that leads you into the increasingly narrow entrance channel marked with buoys and then into the basin. It's a good idea to preplot the string of entrance buoys into your GPS too. Any boat that drifts to the east of the channel soon finds herself on The Fingerboards, a nightmare of flat slab rocks that hide only a foot or two under the surface separated by a maze of narrow ribbons of good water. When seas are running, the Fingerboards look like a thousand mermaids splashing their tails in the air.

We arrived at the "DJ" mark with 6 - 8 foot waves and 14-17 knots of winds from the west. Rather than depend on our little outboard, we elected to drop only the main and keep the jib for more power. We dropped pole on the run, started the engine then turned to drop the main and felt the full force of the breeze. Thank goodness for the sunshine and warm water! As we turned north towards the entrance, the waves pushed us hard to leeward but we were prepared and made our way into the basin, anxious but without incident.



"Pan pan! Pan pan!", sang the radio. "Vessel Sixpence on the rocks at the Bad River." The skipper of the boat anchored off our bow jumped into his inflatable and tore off down the channel. Beside us, the skipper of a large cabin cruiser was about to do the same. I yelled over to him to come and get me and he turned toward us. I pulled on my jacket and life vest and jumped aboard his dinghy.

Nice dinghy! I hung on for dear life as he opened it up. It was one of those with a console, steering wheel, front and back seating and a 40HP Honda outboard. We passed the other dinghy half way down the channel! I usually like to stick to the basics when cruising but this dinghy zoomed right to the top of my wish list.

We slowed as the channel opened up and spied the boat to the east laying over at least 45 degrees. She was a 30 foot Nonsuch with the big wishbone rig and located about 400 yards east of the channel in unknown waters. Her hull was on top of one of the slabs but her keel caught on the edge of it. Every wave would push her over more but the keel stopped her from moving and she rebounded on the ebb. You could see the spinning propeller completely clear of the water.

We made our way slowly trying to find and avoid the rocks, but even here the waves were two to three feet and the dinghies were tossed around like so much flotsam. We made it over to Sixpence and found a middle-aged couple in foul

weather gear very happy to see us and the other helping hands that arrived. We offered them the chance to get off the boat but they replied that they were OK and were waiting for the Coast Guard to arrive in about 15 minutes. There wasn't much we could do other than keep them company.

We tried to see what was behind her left and right and at one point got tossed up on top of a rock that was at least an acre in size with only a few inches of water under us! The dinghy prop was making strange noises and I was getting worried that we'd need to be rescued next. Each wave pushed us farther from Sixpence and farther from the channel towards who knew what. There was a stick on board that my friend used as an extension to the handle of his fishing net and we used that and the waves to push ourselves along until we fell off the back edge of the rock into deeper water. I stood up, held onto the painter and pointed towards the dark patches hoping they were good water and away from the yellow stuff, the shallow slabs. I felt like the Lone Ranger. "Hi oh Silver, away!"

We made it back to Sixpence and tried to think of another plan. They managed to toss us a line after a couple of tries. We were able to turn her bow and actually pulled them off the rock. Wow, we did it! It was a short lived victory though and we watched in horror as she motored in a tight curve and landed on another rock nearby. Their steering was gone and they had no control. My heart really went out to them then as we watched their faces fall.

Not long after, the Coast Guard arrived with one of their huge dinghies with two huge outboard motors in back. We thought it was over then but the Coast Guard could not approach close by the distressed vessel without risking their own. Who could rescue them? They confirmed that everyone aboard was fine and no medical assistance was required.

Meanwhile another boater on a jet ski arrived and was able to take a line from Sixpence,

fasten it to his stern and pull her off the rock. Apparently he knew the area and towed her to safer water where the Coast Guard team could get to her. They lashed onto her side and shortly thereafter, the flotilla made their way into the basin and Sixpence dropped anchor.

Amazingly, there was very little damage to the Nonsuch and it was all below the waterline. A quick checkout revealed there was some leakage around the keel bolts and the rudder post was bent so she had no steerage. I was amazed how good she looked after having seen how she was being bashed on the rocks. They had arranged to rendezvous with some friends at the Bad River and one of them volunteered to check her bilge every few hours and pump as necessary. After stowing everything, the crew of Sixpence jumped aboard the Coast Guard boat and sailed for Byng Inlet. They returned the next morning with a few "experts", I suppose, sealed the keel with underwater epoxy and added a kellet to the anchor before leaving again. They were making plans for a towing vessel to take her to Byng Inlet for repairs.

Meanwhile, my friend hoisted his super dinghy out of the water with his crane to check the prop. The tips of all four blades were bent 90 degrees! He was not concerned about the prop and in fact had been laughing and joking the entire time we were "rescuing". Did I mention he was over 70 years old!

Lesley and I had planned to stay in the Bad River, one of our favourite anchorages, for a few days. We were on our way home and had some extra time. But the long term weather forecast called for 20 knots from the SW and we didn't enjoy the prospect of banging into wind and waves trying to leave. We had seen how the Bad River had earned its name, and even though we had been there several times before, had new respect. Next morning, with flat seas and little wind, we motored gently down the channel and out into Georgian Bay.

## Liquor on Vessels

*While attending the Toronto Boat Show back in January, I stopped by the OPP booth for a chat, and met Sergeant J. Meares, Provincial Marine Coordinator, stationed in Orillia. I suggested he might be interested in doing an article for this publication.*

*When he asked me on what topic he should write, I replied, "In your patrols of the lake and response to emergencies, what appear to be of greatest concern to your unit?"*

*The following article is the result.*

*Ed.*

I am frequently asked numerous questions relating to having alcohol on board vessels. There are a number of points I will relate to this:

### **Transporting liquor on a vessel:**

In order to transport liquor on a vessel of any size, there are a number of rules which you must follow. A container must be sealed to be transported. If any container is in an unsealed condition, it must be stored in a closed compartment. I will relate to you some examples:

You are headed out from an anchorage in your dinghy, going to a friend's cottage. You wish to transport some liquor you have to this cottage. The liquor is in unsealed containers and you have no storage compartments as it is in your dinghy. You must pack it away with any baggage you might be taking with you. In the event you haven't any baggage, put it in a bag and store it in a part of the vessel that isn't easily accessible by the operator. Think of it like this: If you were driving in your mini van from your house to a friend's house, you wouldn't have an unopened bottle of liquor between your legs for the drive; it's no different on the water. Keep it away.

You are headed out from your marina in your boat, going to an anchorage to meet up with friends. You want to transport some liquor with you. It must be put away below decks, in a cupboard or refrigerator. Simply putting it in a cooler at the helm, does not necessarily meet the requirements of a "closed compartment" especially if it is readily accessible to the operator.

Finally, at no time can there be any open containers of liquor on a pleasure craft underway in the Province of Ontario, unless you follow the above procedure for stowage.

### **Consuming liquor on board a vessel:**

There are three criteria to meet before you can assess whether or not you are allowed to consume liquor on board your vessel.

- 1) Do I have a permanently attached head with a through hull fitting for pumping out?\*
- 2) Do I have a permanent galley on board?\*
- 3) Do I have permanent sleeping accommodations?\*

If you answered "yes" to all of the above, you must then be moored, anchored, hard aground, or otherwise attached to the earth to consume liquor, or have open liquor on board. By simply drifting, you are still considered "underway". Some examples:

I purchase a 20' pontoon boat. It has a sink, and a head. Can I anchor and consume liquor on board? Case law says that this is not enough to qualify it as a private place under the Liquor Licence Act.

I have a 30' sailboat with a berth, a head and counter space below decks. I attach a BBQ to the aft railing. Does this meet the requirements under the Act? The cooking facilities are obviously not permanent, and could a counter top be considered a "galley"?

These are the questions you must ask yourself before you go ahead and consume liquor or have open containers on board. Each circumstance may be slightly different but as long as you know the criteria, you can better make an informed decision.

A final important note to remember is to be aware of your intentions with regards to operating your vessel either leaving a party you have attended somewhere, or leaving an anchorage where you have been for the day, or otherwise moving the boat.

You are liable for all the same penalties for drinking and driving on the water as you are on the highway, including suspension or loss of your driver's licence.

A/Sergeant J. Meares #7047  
Provincial Marine Coordinator  
Ontario Provincial Police  
Orillia, Ontario

\*Note: A hibachi, a sleeping bag and a five gallon pail do not meet the criteria!

\*\*\*\*\*

## Lake Levels to Change?

An article, published in early April this year in the Manitoulin Expositor, expressed a considerable amount of concern about future lake levels, especially those of the "middle lakes", Huron and Michigan.

It is suggested that this year's greatly reduced freshet, due to a serious lack of winter precipitation, is an indication of what is to come in the years ahead.

The other factors leading to seriously reduced water levels are perceived to be the result of man-made causes. Although the International Joint Commission which oversees the regulation of the Great Lakes

does not consider the impact of the St. Clair River as a significant issue in the water level debate, the water-carrying capacity in the St. Clair has increased by some 5.8% since 1971 due to dredging, lowering Lakes Michigan and Huron by as much as five inches. The Commission preferred to state that climate "is the main driver of lake-level relationships", and that any water loss due to other factors - such as dredging and erosion - is not consequential enough to merit remedial action on the river.

A series of public consultations were held at three localities, Midland, Toronto, and Sarnia in April, on a whole dismally attended, since the sessions were of insufficient numbers and were poorly promoted. Concerns were heard, and for environmental reasons or otherwise, the International panel may consider changes to Lake Huron outflow.

The St. Clair River assessment represents the first phase of the five-year upper lakes study, with the second phase to focus on the outflow from Lake Superior in view of the evolving needs of users on the lower lakes, according to the IJC.

Current predictions, based on outflow and replenishment, are that Lake Huron and Lake Michigan will drop by as much as two metres over the next 40 years and that most of that will happen over the next 20 years.

Although in March the lake levels, as reported by the Coast Guard weather channel, were figures above datum, Lake Huron was 11cm lower than last year.

For the boater, lowering water levels are of great significance. The daily lake level reports on our VHF weather channels are vital information and must be taken in account when laying out a course, navigating channels or entering harbours or anchorages. Rocks do interesting things to bottoms of boats.

# **SUTTON HOME HARDWARE**

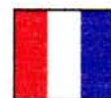


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## **THE HARDWARE STORE UNDER THE WATER TOWER**





## FLAG FLYING

By H. Pape

Mary sewed us a set of signal flags this winter, all forty-one of them, the letters, the numerals, the repeaters and the special CA pennant. We thought that it would be rather nice to "dress the ship" on those special occasions. It is tradition, isn't it.

In the process I ended up doing the usual research and discovered that there is a long history and tradition to these colourful bits of cloth. As well, there is a definite etiquette to these, and other flags in general, that, if for no other reason, should be adhered to for the sake of proper social behaviour and respect for the conventionally accepted standards. We are advised by one source that how we use our flags reflects on the sort of person we are.

Flags, pennants, ensigns, standards, banners, and the like, go back many years. Roman soldiers marched in cohorts each led by its own unique standard at the head of the column, and over the centuries untold numbers of men fought and perished for their flag. When on February 15, 1965, the new Canadian flag was inaugurated on Parliament Hill in Ottawa, many of our veterans refused to accept it because they had fought under the British Ensign and felt a great affinity for it and what it stood for.

Every flag is a signal; each has a specific use and meaning. Flags identify nationality, affiliation, rank, or some specific coded piece of information. They were a visible means of conveying a message of one kind or another from one vessel to another, be it the port of registry, or some specific piece of information in battle. In the days before radio communication flag signals were used to pass on certain orders which usually originated from the ship carrying the admiral, hence the term "flag ship".

The code flags used for this purpose varied significantly from one nationality to another. Designs and colour combinations had to be visible on sea at maximum distance, resulting in numerous changes over the years. The various sea faring countries tended to stick to their own signals, but eventually an international set of flags was agreed upon such that all could read them. This international set of code flags consists of the letter of the alphabet, the ten numerals, a code answering pennant, and three or sometimes four repeaters, making a total of forty or forty-one flags.

Now, contrary to popular belief, signal flags are not used to spell out words or phrases - such would be quite impossible since there is only one flag for each letter. Instead signals are sent using just single flags, or combinations of two, three, or sometimes four flags, each combination having some specific meaning.

Each ship carried an international code book with which any captain can understand messages sent to the ship. As well, a warship will carry the *code and answering pennant* when using the international code so other ships will know that they are not using a secret code.

Raising the letter **P** while in harbour, or at anchor, officially means "All persons are to repair on board as the vessel is about to leave." We used to haul it up to the spreader to tell the children on the beach that lunch, or whatever, was ready and that they were to come on board. This signal flag is usually referred to as "**the blue Peter**".

Some other signals are:

**A** - I am undergoing speed trials.  
**B** - I am taking in or discharging explosives.  
**I** - I am altering my course to port.  
**K** - You should stop your vessel instantly. (A good message to send to others in a race.)  
**O** - Man overboard.  
**T** - Do not pass ahead of me. (Another one useful in racing.)  
**U** - You are standing into danger.  
**NC** - I am in distress and require medical assistance.  
**Q & First substitute** - My ship is suspect. I have had cases of infectious disease and there has been unusual mortality among the rat on board my ship.

### **Dressing Ship**

On national holidays, at regattas, and on other special occasions, yachts often “dress ship”. The ship is dressed at 0800, and remains so until evening colours (only while at dockside, at anchor, or participating in a marine parade). The national ensign is hoisted at the stern staff and a rainbow of International Code flags is arranged from the water line forward to the water line aft, according to a generally accepted arrangement:

Starting from forward: AB2, UJ1, KE3, GH6, IV5, FL4, DM7, PO Third Repeater, RN First Repeater, ST Zero, CX9, WQ8, ZY Second Repeater.

And now a few other things that relate to flying flags:

**Order of prominence** - There is a definite order in the points of honour on a ship which are, in descending order, as follows:

- \*gaff (on a vessel equipped with one)
- \*the backstay, about 2/3 of the way up
- \* flagstaff at the stern
- \* bow staff
- \*starboard spreader (on a halyard)
- \* truck of the mast (masthead)
- \*port spreader (halyard)

The highest point of honour is always reserved for the national ensign. All other flags and pennants possess relative importance and are flown as such in their appropriate locations. If it becomes necessary to fly more than one flag in a location, say from a spreader signal halyard, the more prominent one is always flown in the uppermost position.

### **Size of flags and when to fly**

The size of the Canadian flag flown on a ship should be one inch on the fly (the horizontal length of the flag) for every foot of ship. The rule for all other pennants, burgees, etc., is one half inch for each foot of boat. When purchasing the Canadian flag always round up to the next size available.

The national flag of Canada is the proper and preferred flag for all Canadian vessels. Your boat should wear it from 0800 until sunset or when underway, day or night, weather permitting. While in port, if you leave your boat and will not return before sunset, lower the national flag before you go. Generally most other flags such as club burgees, etc., may be flown day and night.

Please show respect for flag and country. Never fly a torn or faded Canadian national ensign. Replace it and dispose of the old flag in a respectable manner.

**And finally** - gag flags such as martini glasses, bunnies, battle axes and the like are unseamanlike and unbecoming to an informed boater. Do not allow your boat to wear them. They reflect on you, the captain.

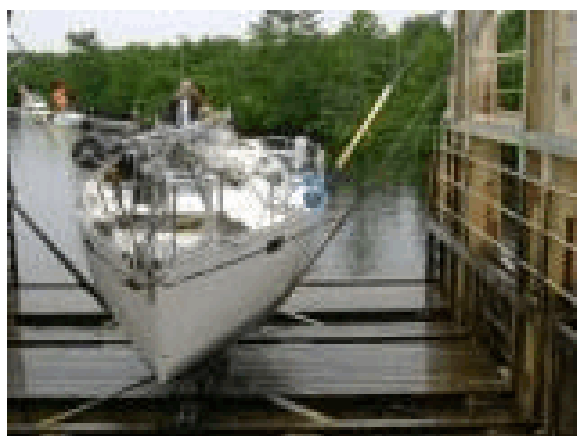
## Adventures in Sailing - The Big Chute Marine Railway

By Nancy Glover

A worthy adventure that every Simcoe sailor with a vessel of reasonable size should undertake is the traversing of the Trent Severn Waterway to Georgian Bay. This is a trip that in the last few years I've taken five times, three times downstream and twice upstream, and on three different boats. Each trip has been quite unique. My focus of this article is on one aspect of the Trent, the Big Chute Marine Railway, located just a few miles from the town of Coldwater and only one small lock away from the beautiful waters of Georgian Bay. The Big Chute Marine Railway is the only lift system of its kind in North America. It is designed to prevent the migration of fish species from one body of water to another.

Mast secured on deck, we first made the trip from Lake Simcoe through Lock 42 and Lock 43 and down the Severn River, on a hot, humid July day in 2006. Other than sharing the trip through the narrows connecting Lake Simcoe to Lake Couchiching with a group of cigarette boats and thunder and lightening, the trip was pleasurable. We arrived at Lock 44 as the staff was closing for the evening. We tied up to the 'blue line' so that we might be the first through in the morning. The skipper of the other boat traveling with us, *SV Peregrine*, had informed us earlier that his engine was not overheating and generally not running well. After a barbeque dinner, both skippers worked on *Peregrine*, while her crew went to the beach for a swim and ice cream. I chose to relax in my camp chair on the concrete wall reading a book. Once *Peregrine's* troubles were solved, Skipper and I took a walk up to The Chute. A long natural trail with interpretive plaques and lots of climbing exists for the curious or those needing to stretch their legs. As it was dusk, the mosquitoes convinced us to take a short cut. Next to the washrooms, the only facilities at Big Chute, there are windows to view the inner workings of the equipment. I wanted to see the

historic exhibit operated by the *Friends of the Trent-Severn Waterway* but it was locked up for the night. There has been a marine railway operating in this location since 1917. The present system, which opened in 1978, can accommodate boats up to 100 feet long with a maximum draft of 6 feet. The carriage rides on four parallel rails, with the front and back working independently so



that the carriage remains horizontal.

We returned to *Asylum*, folded my camp chair, threw it on deck, and retired for the night knowing the next day would be a busy one. Before sunrise we heard voices and wouldn't you know it, when we went on deck my chair was gone, lifted right off the deck while we slept below. It must have been pirates; the Pirates of the Big Chute. The junior sailor on *Peregrine* seemed taken with this idea. She laughed and talked about it with anyone who'd listen.

On our return trip, almost three weeks later, *SV Asylum*, *SV Peregrine* and *SV Stardust* traveling together, had to wait on the blue line for some time. Being the weekend, the boat traffic was heavy. While tied to the wall, *Peregrine's* junior sailor made friends with everyone around. She attracted the attention of several slightly older boys by pointing out the Painted Turtles and Water Snakes in the adjacent creek. She also frightened them with tales of "The Pie-wits of the

Big Chute". I had to explain to her that there really weren't any pirates; just bad people that steal things. Although the wait was frustrating, it was a beautiful summer day and the lift itself was pleasurable with all three sailboats managing to go together. I find it a bit odd and somewhat disconcerting to be on the boat going over the road with cars and joggers below. Although the design is such that as the carriage reaches the water at either end it has a slight downward angle, leaving the carriage proved to be a bit of a challenge. The lock staff released us before we were expecting it. There wasn't enough time to start the engine and build up speed. The strong current pushed us backward towards the adjacent rapids and a scraped and dented metal post between the rapids and the railway. After a brief moment of panic we were on our way.

My next trip down the Trent-Seven was in early July of 2008 on the good ship, *Firecrest*. Captain David was leaving for an extended cruise hoping to make Gaspé Bay by the end of September. Parks Canada recommends that boaters lock through with at least two adults assisting and since David was traveling alone; I offered to help him take his 30 foot boat from Hawkestone to Penetang. The day started off clear but by afternoon thunderstorms moved in. Some club members may remember the sudden, high wind that took out *Tabasco's* head sail that same day. The locks do not operate during thunderstorms, something about safety of the staff. On this day power outages occurred sporadically. The lockmaster at the Swift Current lock phoned ahead and asked that the marine railway remain open for us. The railway is powered by four electric motors driving four cables which lift the boats 58 feet out of the water. Their hydro had been out most of the day and they had just cleared a large backlog of vessels but agreed to wait for *Firecrest*. As we motored along we could see evidence of the violent wind storms that had swept the area. We considered ourselves lucky to have only gotten wet, even though the visibility had been greatly reduced. *Firecrest's* trip through Big Chute was pleasurable. We motored around some flotsam,

locked through at Severn River and headed straight to Penetang, pleased that we had completed the trip in one long day, leaving at 6:30am and arriving at our destination after 10pm.

Later that same month it was *Tabasco's* and *La Dolce Vita's* turn. When we arrived at Big Chute there was a bit of a line-up as is generally the rule on a summer weekend. Skipper and I tied up at the visitor's docks on the north side of marine railway to use the facilities and check-out the visitor's centre we had missed on our previous trip. Both were disappointing, one dirty and the other boring. Parks Canada claims there is six feet of water throughout this section of the system but *Tabasco* with her five foot draft, was stuck in the mud. Was this due to low water levels? Or maybe the depth advertised is for the locks themselves and not their visitor's docks? After a little wiggling and a half an hour's wait on the blue line, we traversed the marine railway with little fanfare. Downstream is always much easier than up.

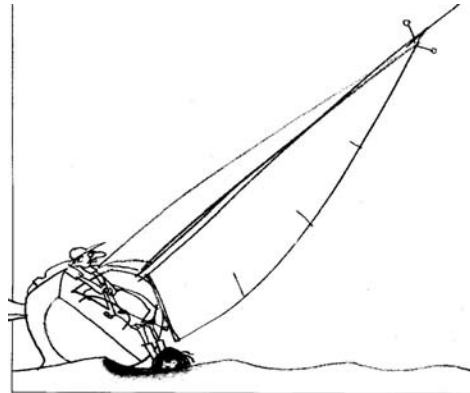
Three weeks later our trip upstream proved this theory. We secured our masts on deck as the storm clouds gathered once again. As we left Penetang the rain began and thunderstorms rolled through one after another until we cleared the Severn River locks. The water was extremely high and the current very strong throughout the system. Once again, Big Chute had gotten backed up, this time due to high water and power outages. We tied up to the concrete wall waiting area but they only ran the railway three more times, two upstream and one downstream. Then announced they were closing for the night and would reopen at 8am. In the morning the Park Staff had the nerve to collect mooring fees in addition to the locking fees.

*Tabasco* was forth in the line but the staff called us in first. We manoeuvred into the slings under the direction of the lockmaster and then they filled up the rail carriage to capacity with power boats.

As *Tabasco* was lifted into the air we began to lean at an alarming angle. Now, I'm not one to get concerned over a heeling sailboat but remember we were being lifted 58 feet out of the water! One of the young Park Staff pointed out our angle to the Lockmaster. He shouted out that we'd be okay as long as we stayed on the low side. Low side on a sailboat; what's that about? Well we did manage to stay in the slings but barely. Later our travel mates told us that *Tabasco* was only being supported by one sling. We quickly motored to the wall to wait for *La Dolce Vita*. Until that moment we had forgotten how quickly you must react once released. *La Dolce Vita* was in the next upstream trip. When released they had to restart the motor and move fast. Of course the strong current was pushing them backwards and the power boats were in a hurry to get around them. *La Dolce Vita* was headed backwards towards the fast flowing adjacent waters and that same beat-up post that threatened *Asylum* two years earlier. After a few minutes of panic she was back on course and heading upstream to the locks of Swift River. I've

read that blue water cruising can be 'boredom, followed by a few minutes of panic, followed by boredom'. Whoever said that, forgot to mention the storytelling afterwards.

Nancy  
Tobasco





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Getting ready for the slings and the lifting of the boats.

## Spring Boat launch

May 15, 2010

This year there were six of us who came together to collectively hire a crane and have our boats put into the water at the Jackson's point dock. The job was completed in just two hours, including the stepping of the masts. Thanks go to Jeff Reid for his expertise and arrangements to have it all happen without a hitch.



Always did wonder how much freeboard there was; good to know during hard racing!



After a year on dry land, Sally Rose goes into the water, a new lady.



Getting one more Knot!



Speed is the thing.

## Sailing with the family.

I am sure there are other rules when “Sailing with the Family” is referring to taking the mother-in-law out for a cruise, but I will leave man-overboard discussions to someone else!

With that out of the way, let us talk about getting out on the water with spouse and our children, and actually making that enjoyable for all concerned. Nothing exotic like boat schooling the kids while cruising around the world; saving the lessons on Darwin until you are at the Galapagos.... no, I am talking about dealing with the basic conflicts and challenges of day or weekend sailing as a family unit.

Of course, first and foremost there are the practical matters of safety. Proper life jackets that are attractive and comfortable for the child are essential. Our youngest son often wore a tether as well. It was a bit of a pain once in a while, but for the most part he learned that dealing with it gave him the freedom to sit up on the cabin top with his older brothers and being allowed to move around.

Outside of the above, and maybe swimming lessons if they have not already been enrolled, a child’s on-boat behaviour is the next determinant of both safety and fun for the whole group. Any child’s behaviour in any environment has a lot to do with how bored they are, and so we tried to keep them either active or excited.

I think the first hurdle is keeping them excited about the general concept of going to the boat. For us, weekend sailing was done out of Toronto, and so it was akin to a trip to the cottage for the weekend, rather than just a trip to the local park. This did

create opportunities such as side trips to events or “exotic places” (from the subway rides to the art gallery), but also meant that we had to keep them interested for 48 to 72 hours at a time. We never had to “drag the kids” to the boat and so we didn’t have to deal with the “I don’t want to be here and so I am going to prove it” problems that some kids are famous for. That is the battle, get them to genuinely like it; something that sounds pretty simple, but is not really in practice.

So once the general excitement is generated, how do you keep them from being bored?

Again, based on full weekends, there was dock time and there was sailing time. At dock we were the only boat that had Nintendo tied down and wired in, a chessboard holding slot in the woodwork, and a roller blade cupboard. I was surprised at how “extreme” this sounded to many sailing friends, but every one of them soon fell off their “no place for this,” old salt attitude when they saw how well it worked. Surprisingly it was not all about fun and games either; the kids took pride in keeping the teak oiled, the deck scrubbed, and *always* having the lines coiled. I have many a dock neighbor that heaped praise and appreciation on the kids as they performed these tasks, which did make them feel special and gave them incentive. I think for most pre-teens/early teens, being recognized honestly and by outsiders is a great motivating factor and source of pride.

On the water we had a few practices that helped a lot. We had certain rules that were not negotiable. These included “always, always one hand for the boat” (still do for any age), no running, and announcing their movements if it was really blustery. We also didn’t abuse it, but at times when things got hairy they knew that because this was a boat, not every request was subject to the same freedom to negotiate as on shore. “Sit here”

meant just that, and there was a difference between “here” and generally that side of the boat because they may be in the way, or on a line or something if they took the instruction casually. Mostly though, we just kept them interested by trying to keep them involved instead of just being passengers. Giving them the wheel/tiller when you are sitting right beside them has zero risk involved but gives them such a sense of accomplishment. The same goes for being lookout for buoys, watching speed increases as you trim, or any number of jobs. Of course, as they grow older, they become quite competent, and before long they can genuinely take the helm, call tacking routines or navigate. Your risk then becomes that you might have to negotiate for some helm time!

I want to stress that if taught patiently and correctly over a bit of time, most children will rise to the occasion beyond your expectation. Often you have to stand back and take some risk, but it really isn't a big risk when you think about it. We are not talking about them being alone, just you letting them do it on their own. You can catch failure before it is disaster, but rarely is that going to happen anyway. An example is that in the second season with our bigger boat, my eldest at 11 and my middle son at 10 years old could and did constantly, dock our 34 ft boat which is beamier than most, and has a monstrous freeboard for added degree of difficulty. Not once did they scratch it or plough the dock with the bow, and in fact it soon got to be the challenge to learn how to back the boat in and dock with prop wash or use lines and reverse gear to pivot away from a wall. Yes at 10 and 11 they rose to the occasion given an amount of practice time in a vacant slip done as a challenge and entertainment. It was practical as well. I

was the one to jump ashore with the dock lines, something that I didn't like them doing. Just one year later, a neighboring boater came down the dock and asked if he could borrow “crew”. He had quite a problem. He had visitors from out of country that were really looking forward to going out on his new that season 36 footer, but he being equally new to boating, he was not competent enough yet in the high and gusting winds of the day. When I described that I couldn't help out because I had the kids with me, he quickly corrected, “no...I just want one of your kids to come out with me, and have him dock the boat when we return”.

In my case, in their mid teens, their interest needed to be satisfied by the inclusion of Dinghy racing as eventually the big boat was not exciting enough on a regular basis. We joined a great club, (most clubs are what you make of them) and soon they had mentoring from some really top sailors. It wasn't long before, with their own savings, they upgraded from a cottage boat version of an Albacore to a racing version, and then eventually on to 505's and a Fireball where you fly spinnakers and hang off the wire for hiking. Setting the impetuous for this, and sticking with it as their needs grow, is staying in tune with your teenagers, which is something that is difficult at best for most of us.

My whole point is that you must hand over the helm to children (and spouse) if you want to get out on the water without it being a selfish singular activity. Having to steal the time away from other family activities is not only a compromise to them, but to you as well; and that usually causes bigger conflicts. If it is the favorite activity of all. It is not a steal, but quality time eagerly spent, and valued for many years in the future.

Fraser Rennie,  
SV Moonshadow (and now Gryhon)



### SPRING IN MARCH

Each time we get close to water, we look for sail boats and search for any Grampians. You see, we like to compare and see what they have done with the boat, an idea perhaps that we can steal and try on our boat.

This is how my wife Mary and I found ourselves strolling along the shore of the town of Nanaimo, British Columbia, among the flowers and shrubs in full bloom, smelling the fresh ocean air on a warm sunny day in the first week of March. From the windows of our Greyhound bus we had seen the numerous masts of the boats in the water as if it were mid-summer, and since we had a two hour layover before boarding our next bus, a walk to the harbour was definitely in order.

The paved walking/bike trail along the water's edge took us to the first collection of well sheltered docks which turned out to be the premisses of the Nanaimo Yacht Club. Of course, the steel gate was firmly locked and though I saw someone walking about on the dock below, he would not have heard our call for permission to enter and look about.

We had actually seen the odd sailboat out on the water while we were on our way over on

the ferry, and it seemed the perfect day to go out. Just think of having your boat in the water year-round, no haul out or spring launch to worry about, and of being able to go out on any pleasant day, even in mid-winter, and on Canadian water!

Of course, there are some things to consider. The water at Nanaimo is salty, and there are tides as well as tidal currents to take in account. And then there is the issue of wild life. On the bulletin board at the yacht club's entrance is a large poster about encountering whales, porpoises and dolphins on the water, or seals, sea lions and birds on the shore lines, and what to do. The boater is reminded to keep his distance, be courteous and observe certain no-go zones when spotting these animals. I wonder if we should have some specific regulations for our lake when approaching our cormorants.

We did spot a 26 foot Grampian among the fleet at the docks below. It was yellow, and seemed in need of a good spring going over.

Mary and I find the idea of changing our membership to the Nanaimo Yacht club rather attractive. The problem is, it is so darn far to drive to our slip for an afternoon sail. □

Hessel H. Pape



## CRUISING NOTES - PART 2

By Hessel Pape

To recap, in July 1971 I was to join with Bill to sail his 26 foot Grampian from Newport, Rhode Island to Bermuda and back, over a four week period. Two other crew members had decided to drop out, but Bill felt that we two could handle it. When I suggested that perhaps my wife should come along while the girls stayed with their grandparents, explaining that she was a good sailor as well, and could look after our meals, his response was a definite no.

"If anything were to happen to us, your children would lose both their parents. We can't have that happen, can we Ole' Boy?" was his reply. It did not sound terribly encouraging in terms of our safe return.

Late in June Bill had the boat hauled and put on the trailer. He drove it to Toronto where he parked it at HMCS York. At this Naval Base we spent our time making our "last" preparations, or so I thought, on the Waterwitch where it stood on its trailer. I installed the new companion way doors and put such items as our first aid kit on board.

School closed its doors on the afternoon of Tuesday the 29<sup>th</sup>, and late on Wednesday we drove with the children to the city, to HMCS York at the waterfront, where they were to see us off. Bill's family arrived as well, but it was not till ten in the evening that Bill decided all was in readiness, and we said our good byes, pulling out in the Lincoln towing its 8000 lb. load. This was the total weight, including everything that was packed on board and the Lincoln was the ideal vehicle to do the job, according to Bill.

The boat sat well on its triple axle six wheeled trailer and our vehicle strained but a little. Equipped with electric brakes, engaged via an extra pad which was mounted on top of the brake paddle of the car, there was little worry of any problems should we need to slow down suddenly.

We were really off and on our way to Bermuda, and, Bill promised, when we got there we would pick up a couple of girls and "have a great time, Old Chap," as he had put it.

By midnight we arrived at the Canada-U.S. border where Bill obtained an export certificate for the boat and trailer which might be required upon re-entree into Canada when we came home. The U.S. customs only required some proof of citizenship, there being no other formalities. Here we pulled into a large parking lot used by the truck transport clearing house, completing the first stage of our trip. By way of the boarding ladder, lashed on the trailer, and finding our way through the ropes and wires of the ship's rigging, we climbed aboard and each found our berth. Mine was to be in the fore cabin crammed with sail bags, my personal belongings, and what have you. These quarters were cramped but comfortable enough for a night's sleep. Bill used the quarter berth in the salon.

On Thursday morning around 9:30 we pulled out of the customs area and started our way into the States. Driving no faster than fifty miles per hour, Bill estimated that it would take the full day to reach Rhode Island, but, he said, there were a few more things we needed to tend to before going to the marina which he had selected for launching, and felt it best to pull over somewhere in the evening.

Then, as we started out, the radiator hose blew and we quickly looked more like a steam engine. Pulling in to the first service station we came across, fortunately the problem was quickly fixed and we were on our way again.

It was not a nice day. We had rain and fog, and since the weather system was moving easterly with us, we had to contend with it most of the day. While driving, Bill became preoccupied with the things which still needed to be done and felt it to be an opportune time to go over our shopping list for our food stores that had been so carefully prepared at home. It had originally been made up for four people so the list was pared down considerably. Still, we ended up with a new, revised shopping list of several pages.

I drove the car for a couple of hours in the evening. The roads still looked wet and slippery. In view of the heavy load behind us, I found this rather disconcerting and felt very uncomfortable, especially since our visibility deteriorated constantly; also the trailer tended to cause the vehicle to wander more than I thought it should. Bill took over again, till, seven miles out of Providence, we found a convenient pull-out right beside the highway and stopped for the night.

"The yard will be closed by now. It is better if we arrive sometime in the morning," was Bill's



explanation. Once again we climbed into our boat and turned in for the night.

Contrary to my expectations that we would leave first thing in the morning to complete the last few miles of our road trip to Newport, we spent the greater part of that Friday morning (July 2) right there, along the highway, making further repairs and preparation on the sail boat. It turned out that there were still a number of items to do for which there had been no time earlier, though I was quite sure they included some afterthoughts that had come to mind while Bill had been driving the long road during periods of silence on the previous day.

I had gradually become aware of the ample storage space aboard. The Waterwitch was packed chock full with just about everything one could think of, including, in some cases, double items. We carried, for instance, two life boats. One was mounted on the cabin roof just ahead of the main hatch. It was in the form of a white canister which had a lanyard attached to the base of the mast. Bill explained that should it be thrown overboard it would pop open on its own and the contents would automatically blow up into a life raft equipped with fresh water and other survival gear, including among other things flares and an emergency first aid kit. Bill did not take our safety lightly and was well prepared. A second blow up raft was stowed in one of our cockpit lockers somewhere under the floor. It had to be inflated by hand and was to be used to go ashore should we have to anchor out somewhere.

An other item he had stowed away was a small portable generator capable of supplying 115 volt electrical power, and it was this latter item, he insisted, needed to be dug up from underneath everything else that was stowed in one of the lockers. We had to use it, he said, to do the various jobs still needing completion before we went on. The little gas engine started smartly and purred away to power the electric tools he dug up from yet another locker. We received many a startled look from the people in the cars that came by on the four lane highway. Not only were we parked there, a large ship on its trailer and towed by a mere car, but here was Bill, under the boat, drilling a couple of holes into the hull well below the water line with an electric drill. I suppose it did look rather strange.

There was an extensive list things to do which included:

- \* Sanding the keel for which we used a sanding disk on the electric drill.
- \* Putting on the bottom paint.
- \* Filling a crack in the rudder of the self steering assembly, and putting on bottom paint.
- \* Installing the ground plate for the AM ship-to-shore radio. For the purpose Bill had bought a rather pricy porous metal plate, gold plated and approximately eight inches long, which had to be installed alongside the keel by way of gold plated through-the-hull bolts. It was the reason for the drilling of the two holes that drew all the attention of the passers-by.
- \* Installing a couple of metal steps on the outside of the hull on starboard alongside of the cockpit.

Finally, at about 12:45 we left for Newport. Bill had made the necessary advance inquiries about a suitable shipyard and had made arrangements with the Williams & Manchester Boat Works. He had a fair idea of its location at the waterfront and we arrived there at one thirty in the afternoon.

At once it was back to working on the boat again. Bill put me to work splicing a clip to the main topping lift, while he busied himself on various other jobs. The main consolation was located just next to the boat works: Mack's Clam Shack, a rambling old restaurant/fast food snack bar with a large but old and rustic seating area that overlooked the water. They served the most delightful seafood, much of it deep fried. We took our lunch and supper there and sampled their amazing clam chowder, shrimps, and had lobster for supper. The one item that particularly caught my fancy was their deep fried stuffed clams, consisting of a seasoned sea food mixture served on a fair sized shell. Very tasty and not at all expensive. They were called "quahogs", a local thick-shelled clam. Joe, who seemed to run the place, was a very pleasant chap and quickly came to recognize us as the couple of fellows from Canada planning to set sail to Bermuda, and get lost in the infamous triangle.

*In the next instalment, in our fall issue, we finish our preparations and set off to challenge the waters of the open Atlantic off new England's eastern shores.*