

*The Commander  
and Bridge  
of the  
Britannia Power  
&  
Sail Squadron  
wish all a  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year*



## **DATES TO REMEMBER**

**January 7<sup>th</sup>, Tuesday, 7:00–9:00 PM**

Course Registration SRBHS

Classes on Monday's

Piloting — Bart Tectar

Weather — John Moss

**January 11<sup>th</sup>, Saturday, 10:00 –12:00 AM**

Course Registration at SRBHS

As above

**January 11-19<sup>th</sup>,**

Toronto International Boat Show

**February 27<sup>th</sup> – March 02<sup>nd</sup>,**

Ottawa Boat, Sportsman, & Cottage Show



# The Running Fix



## Squadron Executive

### 2002 - 2003

Commander	Cdr Christopher Brown S 521-9411, Christophgb@hotmail.com
Executive Officer	Lt/C Nelson Hardy <u>AP</u> 828-3789
Training	Lt/C Fred Herrndorf P 226-2964, fherrndorf@travel-net.com
Secretary	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt Robert Dandurand P 741-7526
Treasurer	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt Robin Dingwell <u>AP</u> 829-1044, dingwellr@msn.com
Membership	Vacant
Public Relations	Vacant
Communications	Bill Hall P 830-5580, va3wmh@rac.ca
Social Activities	Peter Bartosek P 684-7737
Supply	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt Rod Doney 747-9729
MAREP/Safety	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt Burton Blais P 989-3517
Running Fix	Bill Hall P 830-5580, va3wmh@rac.ca
Deputy Training	1 <sup>st</sup> Lt Jean Dupuis <u>AP</u> 225-5757, dupuisj999@rogers.com
Historian	P/Cdr Larry Brown <u>AP</u> 820-1795
Records Officer	David Goddard S 728-0633, dgoddard@magma.ca
Past Commander	P/Cdr Rino Theriault <u>AP</u>

## Past Commanders

1964-1966	James B. Milne
1966-1968	Earnest E. Criddle
1968	Peter Wilson
1968-1970	William K. McConnell
1970-1972	Paul C.M. LaDelpha
1972-1973	Arthur N. Huddleston
1973-1974	George W. Booker
1974-1976	Ralph C. Smith
1976-1978	Ellen Devine
1978-1979	Edward Wiggs
1979-1980	Jack Buchanan
1980-1981	Kenneth Findlay
1981-1983	Jim Craig
1983-1985	Wm. Newlands
1985-1987	Stuart McNeely
1987-1988	K. Joan Feltham
1988-1990	Howard G. Peck
1990-1992	Larry Brown
1992-1993	Alex Falkner
1993-1996	Elaine Gregory
1996-1997	Ed Gauthier
1997-1999	Chris Borgal
1999-2000	Bruce Henderson
1999-2000	Laura Seidl
2000-2001	Jessica Austria-Henderson
2001-2002	Rino Thériault

## Squadron General Information

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On behalf of my colleagues in the administration and training functions please accept my best wishes for the holidays and for the year ahead.

As the year draws to a close I would like to thank all those people whose efforts have contributed to the activities of Britannia Squadron. At the risk of sounding like a

broken record it is important to remember that all of our work is performed on a volunteer basis. With so many activities competing for our time these days it is terrific to see how many volunteer hours are directed to Britannia Squadron.

We will be registering for courses in January 2003. Details can be found in this issue. We continue to hold classes at Sir Robert Borden High School for this session. In the long term we have to find less expensive quarters. The consolidated school board has tripled fees for classroom space, adding greatly to our costs. If any of you have access to suitable space please let Fred Herrndorf or I know. ❖



## IN MEMORIAM

### *Past Commander Jack Buchanan*

Squadron members were saddened to hear in late October of the passing of Past Commander Jack Buchanan at the age of 80, due to cancer.

Jack was a long time supporter of CPS having served as Commander in 1979-80. His connection with Britannia Squadron continues, through the provision of storage facilities for squadron stores at his former business, J.W. Buchanan Lighting Ltd.

To wife Marion and family we extend heartfelt condolences.

## AGM 2003

With a tidal range of over 26 feet in Saint John, New Brunswick, it's no wonder the organizing committee choose the theme, Tall Tides, for the 2003 AGM and national conference. If you're arriving by boat remember to leave plenty of slack in your mooring lines. Delegates to the conference will enjoy our famous down east hospitality and marvel at the natural wonders of the region. You should plan to arrive a day or two early or stay after the conference ends to give yourself plenty of time to see all the sites and to learn about our fascinating history. Did you know that the famous clipper ship Marco Polo was built in Saint John?

The conference hotel, Delta Brunswick, is located in the heart of Saint John, and is connected to shops, restaurants, sports and cultural facilities by a comprehensive indoor pedestrian walkway. It is a very short walk to the waterfront and historic Market Slip, the landing place of British loyalists fleeing the American Revolution. All meetings, workshops, competitions, luncheons, the Friday night dinner and dance (Roaring 20s theme), and the Chief Commander's dinner and dance will be held at the Delta Brunswick.

Are you flying, driving or a combination of both? The Saint John airport handles numerous flights daily arriving from Toronto, Montréal, Halifax and Boston. Saint John is about a four-hour drive from Halifax. If you have an extra day fly to Halifax, drive to Digby via the south shore of Nova Scotia and take the ferry to Saint John across the Bay of Fundy.

Conference registration, hotel accommodations, and conference activities can be booked through CPS headquarters beginning early in 2003. The conference will be held from October 22 through October 25. ❖

# PERSONAL SAFETY ABOARD: LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT



John T Partington P

Eight stitches in, only two more to go. I lay fully exposed, while a young doctor, and still younger nurse sutured a pyramid-shaped tear in my scrotum. Two hours before I had been single-handing "Gail-o-wind," my Drascombe Lugger dingy, near Prinyer's Point on the Ottawa River. It had been a sunny afternoon with a brisk-to-strong southwest breeze. Could life have been any better?

Prepare to come about, I mentally commanded, helm's-a-lee...Arrrggghhh! A sharp pain seared my groin. Settled somehow on a starboard tack I gingerly explored the painful region. A glance down confirmed my fear. Blood oozed between my fingers. I swung the dingy around and urged her down river to Aylmer's, CVGR marina. How I docked, made secure, and drove 40 Km. to the Wakefield hospital remains a mystery.

This article is about safety. How could my injury have been avoided? Simply replace two wire hook-ended bungee cords with a more suitable rig. Since I generally sail alone I use bungees to control the tiller while I go forward to raise and lower the main. On the day of my injury stupidity was aided by fate. The day was hot, my old bathing suit had lost "holding power," and the brisk breeze caused me to crouch and lurch across to the high side while coming about. The wire end of the bungee was hooked on to a mainsheet cleat inside the cockpit just below the bench on which I sit to take the helm. On this day the wire hook must have protruded somewhat, and my tender

parts must have swung against it, with predictable consequences.

Hours later my wife Gail, of "Gail-o-wind" fame, who with good reason never sails with me, outlined in detail how much worse my injury could have been had the wire hook ripped an artery. Possibilities like that, though remote, underscore the need for a VHF radio aboard even when sailing close to shore in local waters.

Dear readers, I beg you to replace any hook-ended bungee cords on your vessel with a safe apparatus. But, let's take a more comprehensive safety lesson from my accident. Our vessels are constructed from unyielding wood, fibreglass, or steel, with potentially abrasive lines and shrouds, not to mention sharp-ended pins through shackles, and so on. Our bodies, on the other hand, are comprised of vulnerable flesh and blood. When we cast-off on hot summer days many of us cast-off our inhibitions removing some, and sometimes all of our clothes. Our bodies become fully exposed, including tender eyelids and earlobes down to all manner of apertures and appendages from the perky to the pendulous.

Next spring, as you prepare your vessel for launching, please look down, up, and around, both below decks and above, for anything large or small which could injure you, especially when all hell breaks loose, as can happen during a squall. Sometimes just a wad of duck tape in the right place could nullify the possibility of a potentially disastrous injury. ❖

## Course Registration



**Tuesday, January 7th, 7:00 - 9:00 PM**

**Saturday, January 11th, 10:00 - 12:00 PM**

**Sir Robert Borden High School**

**131 Greenbank Road**

**Classes Monday Evenings  
7:00 - 9:00 PM**

### Advanced Courses:

**Piloting - Bart Tectar**

**Weather - John Moss**



# Hauling



P/Cdr Christopher Borgal AP

I've always maintained that the purpose of owning a boat has nothing to do with the enjoyment of water, the relaxation of time off, or the contemplation of beautiful sunsets. No, the purpose is clearly to humiliate the boat owner. Maybe that's why so many owners of larger boats actually own them – those who are successful in their financial lives perhaps feel a level of guilt about their success and their yachts are the very best way to bring egos in line with fundamental understanding. That, of course, has nothing to do with my ownership of Sloop du Jour which has ensured my continuing level of poverty as each passing season demands new expenditures (but that is the subject for another tale).

Let's get back to humiliation. The stories are endless, of course, but I thought by relating some of my own I would be able to purge my budding ego (having moved recently to Toronto, that is certainly a necessary exercise!). Usually, the most outrageous situations occur during launch and haul out. Don't know why – it's just as easy to run the boat up on the dock, get parked sideways between two slips, or get whacked by an errant anchor such as once happened to SdJ in Goderich. I went down to my slip many years ago in a heavy rainfall and a stiff easterly to ensure that my lines were tied appropriately. I arrived to find a new Bayfield 32 wallowing at the next dock amidst frantic shouting as lines were secured. Moments later, the obviously well-heeled owner of the Bayfield came over to my dock wringing his hands with apologies. Seems, he claimed, he had entered the slip under sail (with the engine out of commission) and had clonked my starboard side with his CQR, which hung from the bowsprit. Now it was too dark to see anything, there were no holes in the hull, and I felt sorry for the guy – they had been pounded well enough after rounding up the lake from Port Huron and he was obviously exhausted. Indeed, the effects of the weather had induced, shall we say, a thick and quite visible extrusion from his nose. I watched in fascination as we talked and he wiped at his face as this thick piece of sn-t appeared first here and there and then under there and then up there and over there, and then on top of that etc. all during our conversation. So, I didn't pursue the matter about the damage – pity though. I still have a series of radiating half moon cracks in my awlgrip at the point of the collision. Should have got the boat's name!

Nonetheless, real humiliation usually occurs when you get fixed up in a new yacht club. I will not mention my first docking in Cobourg last summer – after all the wind was from the stern and my bow didn't quite tap the bow of the boat on the opposite side of the float in full view of the fleet during sail-past. Of more relevance was my first haul-out at Britannia in Ottawa. That was acutely humiliating in that, in order to retrieve my mooring lines, I sat in the bow of a friend's dinghy. That dingy (for which I later traded an anchor, had repainted and promptly lost to theft) was a bit of an antichrist and was repeatedly the bane of my existence. Not only did it have a vile disposition, it tracked, while being rowed, like a rubber tire and was the perfect breeding ground (while overturned on shore) for the largest earwigs I have ever seen owing to a weird coaming arrangement. At any rate, having retrieved several lines, my buddy rowed us back to the dock and promptly jumped out – leaving me with all my weight in the least buoyant part. Now that guy should have known better – won't mention his name even though he laughed as I leapt up and flung myself headlong for the stern as the bow headed for the bottom. There was a moment with both me and the dinghy standing vertically in the harbour before it flopped back down half full of water on an even keel – leaving me soaked to the waist and trying to figure out how to reach for the dock without upsetting completely!!

That was not the worst of course, and I must say that the aforementioned individual figured in the next instance as well. (I will insist on not naming him even though his first name is the same as mine, his initials are the same and it is said he is or has also been Commander of Britannia Squadron). The year after the near dinghy dumping, I was moored for a while by the drain on the north east corner of Britannia harbour. The spring flood a week or so after launch had brought with it a large floating mass of sticks and twigs which came down the harbour and surrounded SdJ on its way to the outfall. Naturally, the lumber also grabbed my messenger line and wrapped it thoroughly around my prop shaft. I was stuck and needed to find out how badly. So I once again asked for the assistance of Mr. CB and his devilish dinghy to try to inspect things.

This was spring, remember, and the water was icy cold. So I was hoping that we could inspect the shaft with a pair of goggles without immersion. No dice – couldn't see a damn thing. CB dared me to go in. I resisted, knowing the implications of such cold water, but with dares come implicit humiliation and I succumbed to his suggestion. Doing a quick check around for members of the distaff variety, I dropped down to my briefs and passed my clothes onto the deck then jumped in. Now, as the water closed around me, I understood how a piece of wood feels in a vice! A quick look under the hull to verify the situation - cut the line but knew it - would have to be cut off the shaft – too hard in this position – out of breath - so I surfaced to find: - nothing! The dinghy was gone! CB had rowed to the dock with a view to walking out on the deck to pull me out of the water.

He was too late. It was so cold I leapt out of the water like a hominid Free Willy, grabbed a stanchion with one hand and another with the toes of my right foot and scrambled on deck. At which point CB arrived in hilarity at my state – blue from head to toe.

Undeterred, we backed the boat off the mooring and headed for the launch ramp – by backing the boat onto the ramp I figured I could walk under the boat and cut the remaining line free. It worked, too – I got the shaft cleared after three immersions during which I had progressively turned from baby blue through royal blue to a good dark navy blue – very tasteful, no doubt, and quite in tune with the nautical theme! The now-gathered small crowd of octogenarians on the dock was muttering things like “must be cold under there” and placing bets on whether I would re-appear after each immersion.

Having freed the line and with the sun having already set, and feeling no pain (literally), I opined that I might as well go up the mast to retrieve the genoa halyard that had broken free after the mast had been stepped. With whittling a new end for a boat hook and three runs up the mast in the chair I finally brought it down along with applause from the now substantial crowd of onlookers. The bets by this time related more to whether the para-medics would be able to resuscitate me given the air temperature, my near naked state, and my hue.

Needless to say, I did not get home at a decent hour that evening. Several people buttonholed me for talk on inane topics unrelated to my shenanigans down at the dock. I could at least have hoped for praise for my survival in such adverse conditions. The best comment I achieved was one from a friend who related how he now understood why those born in Nova Scotia are called Bluenosers!!!❖

# “Mod Squad” Update



R/C Jim Nixon AP  
Modularization Project Team  
**PROMOTO WINTER 2003**

The framework to permit modularization of CPS educational material is almost complete. There will be a continuing process to create modules for delivery to the recreational boating community. The team’s estimate calls for approximately 57 to 65 modules to cover the current CPS material. There will, of course, be others needed as subjects evolve. A parallel delivery system comprising the current system and modularization will exist for some time, until the modularization process is complete. So it will be “business as usual” for a while. Various methods of production have been investigated, but no single method has been chosen.

An author for *Securing Your Boat* has not yet been chosen. Results of initial pilot tests, both English and French, were analyzed and forwarded to the authors. A rework of that material for module development is planned.

Recommendations for tracking and qualification will be presented to the Training Department for action. Initial discussion on other delivery methods is ongoing with the Distance Education Chair and other pertinent people.

Job descriptions, terms of reference to match the workflow process, and a style and authors’ guide are in place. Program venues, subjects, learning objectives and databases are in use. Work flow charts indicating the various steps from module conception to production are finished and require only minor tuning. Procedures and protocols for inter-face with MultiMedia and HQ are being finalized. This tuning and interfacing will be an ongoing exercise as modularization develops in the years to come.

“The pessimist complains about the wind;  
the optimist expects it to change; and  
the realist adjusts the sails”  
William Arthur Ward

Outlines for three program activities— PWC, kayak/canoe and angler/hunter—are completed. The financial module is under development until production methods, costs and mar-Keating/ sales strategies are finalized. Exploration of partnerships with other organizations, agencies and firms is under way. Modularization is a

*client-oriented* delivery system that will allow for greater flexibility in delivery to both Squadrons and their clients/students.

Program and content managers, program chairs and a subject matter specialist for *Navigation* are developing four core modules. Authors were selected for three of these: *Navigating with Charts*, *Handling Boats Under Power* and *Skippers’ Responsibilities*.

The MPT once again solicits members to participate as authors and editorial reviewers. Anyone interested in joining the most exciting project since CPS beginnings should contact any team member. The e-mail addresses and telephone numbers for team members are on the MPT site: <http://www.cps-ecp.org/modularization>. ❖

## C P S B i t s & B y t e s

Fall *Port Hole*, the following changes were announced: !

- ⇒ The Information Technology Committee becomes the Information Systems Committee. !
- ⇒ The Liaison Committee becomes the External Relations Committee. !
- ⇒ The Environment Sub-committee becomes a full committee chaired by R/C Richard Bee, AP. !
- ⇒ R/C Bill Sehl, JN, chairs the Marine Reporting Programme (Hydrographic and Weather have been melded into one committee). !
- ⇒ R/C Gil Desjardins, S, chairs the Port Captain Program, and the committee was moved to the Administrative Department.

### PRO help on the way

The updated *PR Manual* will be sent to PRO’s at no charge.

*Celestial Navigation*, final version, will be ready early 2003.

*Marine Maintenance Course* material has been translated and should be ready for Fall 2003.

CPS has issued more than 160,000 PCO Cards, 14 per cent of them in the 9–19 year old category.

527 students registered in Distance Education courses last year, with 46 per cent taking their courses online.

Work continues on an online *Boat Pro* Program to run in senior secondary school computer labs. The downloaded programs will be used by students under the direction of a teacher who will have access to online proctors. One BC school is already using the program and three more plus one on the Atlantic Coast expressed interest. ❖