

Summer End Gam

Gam - definitions:

- 1 (nautical) *a herd, pod or school of whales;*
- 2 (nautical) *a visit or conference between the crews of ships (especially whalers, at sea);*
- 3 (U.S. dialect) *a social meeting or visit.*

Call it what you will; over 30 gammers gathered, Thursday evening, Oct 12, upstairs at Britannia Yacht Club where past bridge officer Jim Dyer and first mate Donna Whittier told some stories about their two trips SOUTH aboard "GO MY WAY" their 38' steel hulled sailing vessel. By way of a warm up before Jim and Donna spoke, Venetia Moorhouse, invited each of the us to tell something of our own summer nautical activities. Some went up the Ottawa River as far as Pontiac Bay. More than one motored the Atlantic to Spain or Norway, (cruise ship). Others sailed Lake Ontario, first time. Another sailed Lake Huron and the North Channel. One captain had a great cruise through the Trent Severn, Georgian Bay, to the North Channel and returned via the Welland Canal, all be it, with a crew change in Killarney, when the first mate wore out! All in all it seems we treasure our memories of last summer's days and weeks on the water and thereabouts.

Noteworthy highlights of Jim and Donna's talk must include:

- The death and resurrection of their Perkins diesel, and warranty problems;
- Dirty fuel tank, dirty fuel, low fuel and, Jim, the quick filter change artist;
- Why sailboaters motor so much (power boat in disguise);
- Jim's foredeck anchoring performances, usage of one or two anchors;
- Evolution of hand signalling while anchoring;
- Why prudent sailors avoid crossing the Gulf Stream when North is in the wind;
- Good impressions of the Bahamas, the people, the Defence Force;
- Frequent presence of the US Coastguard in the Bahamas;
- Watch discipline and sleep deprivation, heaving to with a distant NC lee shore;
- Adventure at Fort Pierce inlet, entering with outbound current, inbound wind and giant square waves, large heavy marine traffic when loss of power commands Jim to hone his a quick filter change act; Donna steers backwards; and

The only absolutes are, GO MY WAY seldom leaves on time and an ETA is fictional.

Donna and Jim will rejoin GO MY WAY at Titusville in November. Their story is published on our Squadron's web site. www.storm.ca/~bpsseps

Howard Peck administered our oath for two boating graduates Devon Ayers & Steven H as they joined the CP&SS. Howard invited us to joined in the oath as a reminder of our responsibilities. Coffee and Cake followed.

Don't forget, 1915, Nov. 2, 2000, A Seminar with John Mason & Jonathan Watson at BYC. ❖

By Venetia & Ted Moorhouse

DATES TO REMEMBER

November 2/2000

Britannia Yacht Club, 7:15 P.M.
John Mason & Jonathan Watson talk on
Pros and Con on how to sell or how to buy a boat.

Nov. 20/2000

Bridge meeting
Britannia Yacht Club, 7:30 P.M.
Sunset room

December 15/2000

Christmas Party
Britannia Yacht Club, 6:30 P.M.

Jan 9/2001

Registration, AP, Maint, BoatPro, VHF, GPS,
7:00 to 9:00 P.M.
Sir Robert Borden High School

April 26/2001

Annual General Meeting !!

May 25/2001

FLARES !!!!!!!!!!! Bring your out of date ones
with the Canadian Coast Guard
FIRE EXTINGUISHER!!!!!!
Bring your old one, up date and replenish.
Where will be determined.....

The Running Fix



Squadron Executive 2000 - 2001

Commander	Cdr Jessica Austria-Henderson 228-3182, jmaus@capitalnet.com
Executive Officer	Lt/C Rino Thériault <u>AP</u> 590-7312, rther@magi.com
Training	Lt/C Laura Seidl P 745-7480, laura.seidl@ca.landisstaefa.com
Secretary	Lt Robert Dandurand
Treasurer	1st Lt Robin Dingwell AP 829-1044, dingwellr@msn.com
Administration	<i>vacant</i>
Membership	1st Lt Don MacNeil P 592-4388
Public Relations	1st Lt Don MacNeil P 592-4388
Communications	1st Lt Bill Hall 830-5580, va3wmh@rac.ca
Social Activities	1st Lt Venetia Moorhouse S 832+2013, moorhous@cyberus.ca
Supply	1st Lt Rod Doney 747-9729,
MAREP/Safety	<i>vacant</i>
Running Fix	1st Lt Bill Hall 830-5580, va3wmh@rac.ca
Deputy Training	1st Lt David Goddard S 728-0633, dgoddard@netcom.ca
Historian	P/Cdr Christopher Borgal <u>AP</u> 567-0025, cborgal@umagrouup.com
Past Commander	P/Cdr Laura Seidl P 745-7480, laura.seidl@ca.landisstaefa.co

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

Squadron General Information

Mailing Address:	Britannia Power & Sail Squadron P.O. Box 32101 1386 Richmond Road Ottawa ON K2B 8L4
Answering Service:	(613) 721-0087
Web Page URL:	http://www.storm.ca/~bpsseps
Email Address:	bpsseps@storm.ca

The Commander's Quill

Cdr Jessica
Austria-Henderson



Over the Thanksgiving Holidays, I was sitting around the table with my husband's family contemplating many things in the way one does when stuffed with turkey and holiday fixings. Between the pumpkin pie and the sighs of contentment, the conversation turned to our boat, *Black and Blew*, and the yearly tradition of

haul-out.

Haul-out for the "crew" of *Black and Blew* has always been fraught with a little chaos and panic during the race to get preparations completed before the boat comes out of the water. But what always stood out in our memories were the interesting sights and sounds of this annual event.

I have been involved with Nepean Sailing Club and haul-out preparations for three years now, ever since I met Bruce. In that time, I have learned haul-out day starts very early in the morning, that there is usually frost on the docks, that Tim Horton coffee is vital to kick start haul-out day, and that their muffins demonstrate aerodynamic properties when you slip on the frosty docks. I have not yet had the chance to test them to see if they float. <grin> I have also noted that I usually have to dig out my winter coat and gloves in honour of the day.

But aside from the moments leading up to the actual haul-out of the boat, one has a sense of awe at seeing their 'Baby', or as Bruce terms it, his "cottage", hanging in the air by two straps. One also feels a degree of sadness knowing that sailing has ended for another year.

Post haul-out stirs a different set of emotions as one surveys the bee hive-like activity of final winter preparations in the boat yard. What struck me about this phase of haul-out was the wide variety in techniques used by boaters to prepare their boat for the coming

winter storms. Bruce and I have seen state of the art canvas and metal frame covers that erect almost as easily as a tent, to wooden structures that almost resemble a small house. We've seen boats covered in your average Canadian Tire tarps, to covers that resemble space blankets.

Our favourite methods were truly unique and original. These boat owners took what was available and turned them into something useful – the mark of a true engineer. We've seen boat tarps weighed down with filled water containers and fastened with heavy duty clamps that made the craft look like an open bag of potato chips. We've seen boats with their rigging wrapped in a plastic wrap in a fashion that would have made an excellent commercial for the Glad Wrap people.

But our absolute favourite was the noodle boat. The owner of this boat showed, I think, the ultimate in ingenuity and creativity. He took advantage of the end of summer sales at Canadian Tire and bought a goodly amount of their left over pool noodles. He then fastened them to all the deck fixtures that were supporting weight to reduce pressure and any abrasions to the tarp, deck, chrome and wood. By the time he was done, his craft was a colourful and festive web of yellow, blue, purple, and pink foam.

To those sailors out there who I may have described in this article, I congratulate you on your ingenuity in devising these incredible, and affordable, ways of winterizing your boat. Not only were your methods creative, but also quite effective. You have proved to us that one does not have to spend large sums of money to protect your boat. But with a little imagination, a little creativity, and a good rummage in the basement and at Canadian Tire, one can provide boat protection that can easily withstand the ravages of the Ice Storm.

Good luck on your haul-out, everyone. ❖



Squadron Salute

Britannia Squadron extends hearty congratulations to P/Cdr Joan Feltham and P/Cdr Bill Newlands on achieving their Lifetime Membership Award. Joan and Bill have served Britannia Squadron for many years and remain active CPS members.

Joan Feltham served Britannia Squadron as Commander in 1987-1988 and continued to work alongside Howard Peck during his term as Squadron Commander. Today, Joan remains a strong voice for CPS and serves the Rideau District as USPS Liaison, and manage Ship's Stores at National Level when she is not busy helping Howard in her role as Executive Assistant to the National Secretary.

Bill Newlands served as Squadron Commander from 1983-1985. He was also instrumental in recruiting Stuart McNeely to serve on the Bridge and who eventually moved up to becoming Commander, then District Commander for the Rideau Squadrons. Today Bill resides in the Kingston area and remains quite active in CPS.



Britannia Squadron also extends our very best wishes for success and luck to John and Karen From who are in the process of relocating to Chicago, Illinois. John and Karen From have been members of Britannia Squadron and Nepean Sailing Club for many years, are avid sailors, were often spotted sailing or racing on Lac Deschenes aboard "Mischief". John has been one of our instructors for many years having taught Boating, and was currently our instructor for the VHF Course. We wish you both the very best, and hope that your new adventures in Chicago will be good, exciting ones. ❖



Britannia Power & Sail Squadron

Proudly Presents:

An Evening with John Mason and Jonathan A. Watson

Selling a Boat

- . Pros and Cons of Broker Sales
- . Survey or Not?
- . Sales Enhancing Add-ons
- . Selling Contracts

Finding the Right Boat

- . Setting Goals & Priorities
- . Narrowing the Field
- . Setting Your Criteria
- . Doing the Research
- . Getting a Survey
- . Buying Contracts

Britannia Yacht Club

Thursday, 02 November

7:15 PM

Everyone Welcome

Going South

- . Preparations
- . Refrigeration
- . Electrical

For further information contact Venetia Moorhouse 832-2013

A \$3.00 Cover charge will be collected.

Go My Way

The following is a recent update from Jim Dyer and Donna Whittier, past Squadron Training and Membership Officers, who have been cruising down south.



Our second year of cruising got underway on October 1, 1999, with the launch of Go My Way at Lippencott Marine at Kent Narrows. We had returned to the Chesapeake from our visit to Canada just before Labour Day weekend. Although the heat made progress slow, we managed to redo the bottom of Go My Way and see to a number of her other needs by late September. We were treated to a bit of both Dennis and Floyd when these two storms roared up the east coast, and were just as glad that we hadn't yet launched. Floyd threatened to flood the upper Chesapeake before it turned out to open water. We had a day of driving rain and heavy wind, but no flooding and no damage.

After a few enjoyable days on anchor at St. Michael's, we crossed the bay to Annapolis for the boat show. The plan for this year is generally the same as last year: return to The Bahamas this winter, and maybe a bit further, but visit Canada again next summer (but no plan is ever fixed in cruising). We headed south for the Solomons on October 16th, where we joined up with Rocinante for a brief spell. We were not in a hurry for once, so we stayed to explore this set of twisting bays and rivers when they moved on. It was quite rewarding to enjoy some of the Chesapeake, since we had to rush on our last two trips through the bay. A highlight in the Solomons was visiting the local research station (CBOS) for oceanography. Our next prolonged stay, after leaving the Solomons on October 25th, was at the Yeocomico River on the south shore of the Potomac River, where we spent some time with Rovinkind II. Jim and Debbie Milne were leaving their boat in a marina for a few weeks so they could return to Canada to tend to family duties.

It was then on to Deltaville, another of our previous anchorages. As it was only the 29th, and we intended to stay in the Chesapeake until November, we rowed ashore in this town for the first time, as well. On November 1st, we continued on to Norfolk and stayed at another familiar anchorage, the Hospital Point half way through the city. This time when we went ashore, though, we stayed on the western shore and explored Portsmouth. This town is a former ship building yard with lots naval history. November 3rd, a day I'll long remember, started with an involuntary swim when I tipped the dinghy over as I got into it. Fortunately neither Donna nor our two packs were loaded yet and all we lost was an anchor and my pride. This trip through the Chesapeake was also memorable for having no wind and no sailing from Annapolis to Norfolk.

From Norfolk to Beaufort was pretty much a reverse, rerun of our last appearance in this stretch. We stayed at all the same anchorages. The only place we went ashore was at Great Bridge, a free dock just south of Norfolk. We sailed for the first time this year on November 8th across the Albermerle Sound on the two headsails ahead of a light north wind, but were motoring by mid-afternoon. We sailed again on the Neuse River on the 10th, beating into a light west wind. We gave this up after checking out the main sail for an hour. On our way into Beaufort that day, the wind had picked up out of the southwest, but of course the channel

was too narrow to sail. We took the main channel into the Beaufort anchorage - longer, but more water and less stress.

We stayed in Beaufort from the 11th to the 28th. This time was thoroughly rewarding, even though we had spent time in this town before. Among other projects, we built a new shelf over the quarter birth for the SSB receiver we bought from Radio Shack while in Canada. On the 12th, we heard a familiar voice on the dinghy dock. It was Paul from Quintana, whom we'd last seen in George Town. Over the next week we collaborated on repairing our respective Autohelm 4000 units, mainly by tracking down a discarded unit in Moorehead City and cannibalizing parts. Although I replaced our broken clutch handle (and later the belt), Go My Way's unit still suffered from faulty connections, a problem that was to plague us until Florida. Paul had an appointment to haul Quintana in a few weeks, but was also to meet crew who had arranged to fly into Myrtle Beach on the 17th. We solved this by renting a car and driving to Myrtle Beach to meet 'Janet' at the airport. This trip took us through Wrightsville Beach, where I purchased a repair kit for the Autohelm 4000. The four of us spent a lot of time together until we left. On the 25th, American Thanks Giving Day, we, along with many of the other cruisers in the harbour, accepted an invitation for a turkey dinner at a local Baptist church.

On November 28th, after passing up a couple of previous weather windows, we prepared to leave. We wanted to go outside across Onslow Bay and, if the weather held, continue outside around Cape Fear. If not, then we would go inside through the Masonboro Inlet at Wrightsville Beach to the Cape Fear River. We finally got away at about 4:00 PM, after struggling to disentangle a sunken boarding ladder from our two twisted up anchor chains. We motor-sailed through a light west wind all-night and crossed Frying Pan Shoal at 10:00 to 11:00 AM on the 29th. While crossing the shoal, we were accompanied by scores of Atlantic Spotted Dolphins unlike those you see in the waterway. The VHF weather reports updated the arrival of a cold front by about half a day, so that it would reach us in 12 hours. It still made sense to carry on south towards Charleston, rather than try to go north to the Cape Fear River, particularly since the shoal was now behind us. However, we had committed to an erroneous forecast.

By noon we were sailing along with a second reef and both headsails. The sky was still clear and we had a 10-knot north wind on our starboard quarter. But later, the weather report updated the arrival of the front by another six hours. Although the sky was still quite clear, it was obvious that the front was arriving even earlier than predicted by late afternoon, so we reduced to just the staysail. Throughout the night we had a wild ride through 12-foot seas and wind gusting to 40 knots. On only the one sail sheeted almost to center, we roared along at five knots. Adding to the pressure, we had to hand steer, as the Autohelm had given up an hour out of Beaufort. I worried all night that something might break. At 11:00 AM on the 30th, with Charleston coming into sight, we were shaken by a loud crack after which the staysail started flogging freely. Fortunately, it was only a broken shackle. We quickly

GoMyWay (Continued)



doused the staysail and ran out the jib. The seas were starting to drop significantly, and we motored into the harbour without further problems. But it was two very tired sailors who dropped their anchors at 3:30 PM on the west side of Charleston.

After sleeping all day on December 1st, we spent three days walking around Charleston, another port we hadn't had a chance to visit on the last trip down. Charleston is one of the many historic cities along the ICW and its architecture is well preserved and worth taking time out to appreciate. On the 4th we had a visit from 'Night Swimming', a Tartan 37, crewed by two young men from Washington who remembered us from George Town last year. We left Charleston on the 5th. This time we headed into the ICW since we wanted to visit Beaufort, SC. This was a two-day trip and we anchored on the Ashepoo River, about 100 yards from where we anchored on our last trip through. We were hoping to see Ruth and Fred who we had spent some of the Christmas holiday with last year. We got reports on both of them and, although Ruth wasn't there, her powerboat, 'Sand Dollar', was still at its dock in the city marina. After four days in Beaufort, SC, we left for another outside leg on the 11th.

Our goal was Cumberland Island in Georgia, just north of Florida, but possibly Jacksonville if the weather held. Before we left we had a VHF call from Night Swimming who proposed that we do some informal buddy boating. We accepted, although our departure was an hour later than theirs due to getting fuel and water before we left. They were barely in sight for most of the trip, although we stayed in radio-contact all the way. Initially, it was a bit rough with 15 to 20 knots and fairly big swells from the northeast, and we had to head southeast to get out to sea. Night Swimming called to say they were considering going in at Savannah, since they were rolling uncomfortably and making eight knots. After I hinted that they might consider dropping their mainsail, or at least reefing it, they called later to say they were continuing on. Both boats sailed down wind on headsails at about 5 to 6 knots from then on.

Around 2:30 PM, after we headed south on our proper course and the wind dropped to 15 knots we were more comfortable. We made contact every two hours for most of the rest of the passage. Because we would be passing Cumberland Island before sunrise, we decided to continue motoring and follow Night Swimming to Jacksonville. By morning the wind had dropped and we motored through long gentle swells. We entered Jacksonville at 10:30 AM on the 12th, and followed Night Swimming on down the ICW to St. Augustine where we anchored and invited the Night Swimming crew over for a sundowner. On the way into Jacksonville, Donna talked to Rovinkind II on the VHF to learn that they were on their way into St. Augustine in the ICW. They had continued on to the next anchorage though, so we missed seeing them. At night St. Augustine was aglow with Christmas lights which helped us get into the season spirit.

We left St. Augustine on December 17th and anchored in the Cement Plant. We suspect that this popular anchorage may not be available in the near future as we saw early construction of a large commercial dock that will eliminate much of the anchoring area.

We headed for Daytona on the 18th. We anchored there this year, rather than go into a marina as we had last year. On the 19th, it was on to Titusville where we spent a full day, going ashore to shop. While at Titusville, we watched the launch of the space shuttle, Discovery, in the evening - a truly spectacular sight and a real treat from our cockpit. It lit up the eastern horizon about 20 seconds before we heard the engines rumbling. On the 21st, we headed for Indian Harbour Beach and dropped anchor just inside the dragon. I had rewired the Autohelm cable connector while in St. Augustine and we ran it successfully on the ICW for about two hours. We are now hopeful that it will perform out on the open sea.

On December 22nd, we met with Doug Leach who lives aboard a trawler, 'Pier Pressure', at Telemar Marine. I got to know Doug while visiting Ottawa this summer. He was a recommended contact on HAM radio and thanks largely to him I now have a basic HAM license. He had offered to install a weather fax and weather text retrieval system on our computer for our SSB receiver, which he did during our stay at Indian Harbour Beach. Our access to long range and offshore weather information is considerably better than it was last year. This is where we spent Christmas and we stayed in Indian Harbour Beach until the 29th. Vero Beach was the next destination, where we took mooring ball and welcomed in the new millennium at a cruisers' bring-your-own New Years Eve party. Thanks mainly to our two legs outside, we were about three weeks ahead of last year and could slow the pace a bit. ❖

The Beaufort Wind Scale *Food for Thought*

- 0 calm, less than 1 knot - *total boredom*
- 1 light air, 1-3 knots - *boredom*
- 2 light breeze, 4-6 knots - *mild pleasure*
- 3 gentle breeze, 7-10 knots - *pleasure*
- 4 moderate breeze, 11-16 knots - *great pleasure*
- 5 fresh breeze, 17-21 knots - *delight*
- 6 strong breeze, 22-27 knots - *delight tinged with anxiety*
- 7 near gale, 28-33 knots - *anxiety tinged with fear*
- 8 gale, 34-40 knots - *fear tinged with terror*
- 9 strong gale, 41-47 knots - *great terror*
- 10 storm, 48-55 knots - *total and absolute terror*
- 11 violent storm, 56-63 knots - *I want my daddy*
- 12 hurricane, 64 + knots - *are there any yachts up here???* ❖