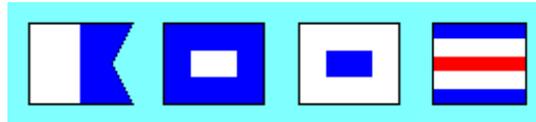




the Mooring Line

The Newsletter of the Aquatic Park Sailing Club



2010 Force 10 Race start

Volume 1, Issue 3
Summer/ Fall 2010

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Special points of interest:

- **Commodore's Update**
- **Membership Update**
- **New Boating Test**
- **.. And more**

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... and more!

Editor's Note

Autumn is especially wistful for we sailors north of the 49th. Along with the crisp temperatures, shorter days, and falling leaves comes the inevitable ritual of haulout. APSC members follow different paths in this seasonal duty—some pool their resources, rent a crane, and gather together to lift the boats out and store them at the dinghy and daysailing clubs on the north shore.

In true haulout fashion, the day is usually cold and dreary and often involves some form of precipitation. Foul weather gear is the attire of choice. Coffee is drunk in copious amounts, and boatyard camaraderie is high. Sailing stories are swapped, yarns are spun, and gear is compared. All of this while boats are swinging perilously, suspended by the lethally heavy crane hook. Water soaked straps, manhandled by freezing fingers, are slung, unslung, and readied

for the next victim. Cradles and stands are prepped and put in place. When all boats are hauled, the crane is packed up, boats are washed down, and farewells are said until the beginning of the next season.

This year we hauled Grayling, our Alberg 30, early. Mixed with regret that there may still be a few days of sailing left is the relief that the boat is safely stored before the weather turns truly nasty. Antifreeze is in the boat's arteries now, and she's no longer buoyed by her natural element but propped on solid ground. The frame for the cover is dug out from behind the shed. The boat ladder with pads and small stuff to secure it to the stanchions is readied. Can I still climb it with the same agility as last year? Always an issue. We meet our new neighbours in the yard, enthusiastic new owners of a lovely Bristol 40 just trucked up from Annapolis. Stories are swapped, and a vintage red is sampled. Somehow the drizzle and inclement weather is forgotten.

Knowing that our fair weather months are limited makes our sailing time that much more precious. It will be these memories that linger and give us solace over the winter months until the coming of the next season. *Jeff Willis*

Our 2010 Executive Board

Commodore: Mike Robbins

commodore@aquaticpark.com

Vice-commodore: Malcolm Byard

vice_commodore@aquaticpark.com

Treasurer: James Chalmers

treasurer@aquaticpark.com

Safety: Mark Janeway

safety@aquaticpark.com

Communications: Kate George

phone@aquaticpark.com

Newsletter: Jeff Willis and Jay Wallace

newsletter@aquaticpark.com

Social: doris Koepke

social@aquaticpark.com

Members At large: Cathryn MacFarlane & Paul Scott

members_at_large@aquaticpark.com

House & Grounds: Andrew Weeber

h_g@aquaticpark.com

Chief Duty Officer: Brian Lumley

duty_officer@aquaticpark.com

Race: John Toews

race@aquaticpark.com

Secretary: Shelly Font

secretary@aquaticpark.com

Membership: Peter Smit

membership@aquaticpark.com

Harbour: Marcus van Ierssel

harbour@aquaticpark.com

Commodore's Update from Mike Robbins

At our last general meeting in September, those present discussed at length the issue of winter storage for our boats. Primarily due to our geographical situation, APSC is one of the only sailing clubs in the GTA without some form of integrated winter storage for its members. What this means as each season winds down, we all become preoccupied with the logistics of berthing at the various spots around the city from the North Shore, to Cherry St, to Bluffer's, to across the lake, basically anywhere that will have us. As a club, we've learned to deal with this, and like other aspects of the club, we have managed to turn an intrinsic flaw into a feature that makes us unique and love the place all the more.

But, given the literal and metaphoric change in the landscape of Toronto's waterfront, I think it is dawning on all of us that this particular singularity is a growing weakness for APSC. Accordingly the resolution was made by our members at the general meeting to find stable and affordable winter storage space for the club, at the behest of the club. The plan would involve the leasing of land suitable for at least half (if not all) of our fleet on the hard, renting a

crane for boats in and out, and making sure this facility works for both small and large boats.

Perhaps the only similarity that APSC has with Rome is that we weren't built in a day. Not to downplay the power of enthusiasm, this endeavour, to say the least, will involve challenges, both outwards and inwards facing. I'm sure that most of you need another challenge like a hole in the head (a challenge in itself), so I don't put this out lightly. However stability and affordability are worth the effort the next couple of years would entail in bringing them to reality.

Input, questions and comments welcome at:
commodore@aquaticpark.com

Membership Update

Peter Smit, our intrepid Membership steward, has a few updates to announce this year. Firstly, membership renewals will be conducted over the Internet; a prepopulated form will be sent to each member. Updates can be made as necessary and the forms then e-mailed back to Peter, who stresses that the **forms must be returned by January 15, 2011**. Timeliness is essential, as there are applicants on our waiting list.

Peter also reminds us that several members have expired insurance policies, and a few who have not yet provided their Pleasure Craft Operator Card information. You know who you are.

As if that isn't enough, the indefatigable Mr. Smit has plans to organize the dinghy compound and oar shed, and intends to assign a set of numbers to each member to attach to dinghies, oars, and engines. Anything unmarked will be regarded as surplus, and disposed of in due course.

The Unknown Sailor as told to Dick Steigenga

It was a cool morning, bright and sunny, but cool for late summer. I had found a bench in the sunshine, one of those benches strategically placed for husbands to wait while the wives look at jams and jellies at the farmer's market.

A fellow sufferer came toward me rubbing his bare arms and I moved to give him room, "Come sit in the sun, it's nice here," I said.

"I guess its colder than it looked when I left the house, but then I just jumped in the car and came here," he said.

"Where'd you come from?" I asked, making conversation.

"Oh just down the road from St Margaret's Bay," he said, "I've got a place on the water, nice place. Yeah,.. real estate people been after me for years to sell but where would I live?- besides I like it. The kids and grandkids come down to visit and we catch lobster." My companion reached

into his inside jacket pocket and pulled out a wallet.

"Here, look at these," as he showed me a picture of a 10 year old holding a lobster about half her height and another picture of an adult, presumably his son, with a huge lobster. "Twenty pounds," he declared.

"Wow," I said, "they're too big to even climb into a trap! How'd you catch them?"

"Oh, we just pull them out from under the rocks from shore with a long boat hook. Of course , its illegal as hell," he said as he leaned back and turned to a take closer look at me, "You're not with the RCMP, are you?"

"No, I'm a sailmaker, .. make sails for yachts," I told him.

"I was at sea once,.. a long time ago, .. during the war. I was only fifteen, joined the Merchant Marine. Lied about my age," he said, warming to his story.

"Actually joined twice. You see, my brother had joined, he's older than me, so I wanted to go too, see the world, sense of adventure, .. all that stuff. We lived in Bedford and I hiked four hours all the way to downtown Halifax.

On Hollis Street, there were two competing seafarers' unions right next to the whore house. You see, to get a man to sign up the union guy would give him an advance on his first pay and the sailor would spend it next door. Today the union halls are gone but the brothel is still there, ... tells you something, eh?" he laughed.

"Anyway the first time I hiked down to sign up, my mother found out about it, and she showed up with two policemen just as I was getting to the front of the line. They grabbed me by the arms and took me back home".

"The second time, I got away with it, .. they put me on the harbour boat right away, took me straight out to the ship. No visit next door. Bedford Basin was full of ships, you could almost walk across the basin there were so many . Turned out I was on the same ship as my brother, an oil tanker. You got extra pay for a tanker or munitions ship, \$100 danger pay on top of your \$67 per month base pay."

"See the world!" he scoffed. "I didn't see nothin', not even a wave on the ocean. All I did was shovel coal from the

bunkers to the boiler area. The stoker put it in the firebox, .. Number 10 shovel and mountains of coal. That's all I saw."

"On our first trip over to England, we got torpedoed. I ended up in the water and got picked up by a German submarine. They took me to a prisoner-of-war camp in Africa."

"They treated us real well, ate the same food as the guards and we had no problems. That's where I learned to speak German. My thinking was that if I escaped, I had to speak the language and there was this guard, a 21 year old, blonde German girl who was gorgeous and who kinda took a liking to me. They used women for the guards on account of all the men being at the front, you see. Anyway we got real close and she taught me German." At this point he stared speaking German to me, and seeing I didn't understand, he translated, "My vocabulary is good but my grammar is poor." I looked at him and asked slowly, "Just how close did you get to this girl?"

"Oh nothing like that!" he laughed "but real close." "Anyway, after a while they moved us to Italy. The whole camp, prisoners, guards, everybody... on account of Rommell losing. A few months later the Germans were gone, .. Got up one morning and they were all gone."

"Later the Americans came and they shipped us back home. They all asked what I was doing there but no one would believe me on account of my age and all."

"When I got back to Halifax after almost a year altogether, they wouldn't believe me either. I had no papers, and they didn't have a record of me at the seafarers' union. Probably knew I was underage. They asked me the name of the ship and I didn't know,.. It was painted over and every ship had a number painted on her, Hell, I couldn't remember."

"When I got home, my family hadn't heard about my brother either, but sometime later we heard the story. When we were torpedoed, he also ended up in the water but was picked up by a British ship. They took him to Gibraltar and took him to a hospital because he had a really bad skin reaction to the oil on the surface of the water. They kept him there until he got better, but never sent word to our family, not the Red Cross or anybody. He finally got home after me."

"I couldn't get paid. I figured they owed be \$267 for the time I was on the ship"

"What about the time you

spent in the POW camp?" I asked, "don't they owe you for that?"

"Nah, they never paid for that, just time on board the ship, but they didn't believe me and I had no papers."

I said, "I understand the Merchant Marine is now entitled to war veteran's benefits."

"I didn't bother to apply for the same reason. Actually neither did my brother. It was all such a long time ago and we're OK," he said.

"A couple of years later, when I turned eighteen, I got called up for military service. At the interview I told them I had already been but again they didn't believe me so they sent me through to the physical. Turns out I'm colour blind and I was classified 4F. They wouldn't even take me."

He turned to me and said, "I did learn one thing though."

"What's that" I asked.

"Never volunteer for anything!"

I started to chuckle and so did he. The chuckle turned into a laugh and as we were both laughing, Linda showed up with her treasures from the sales barn.

I got up, said good bye, and as we were walking back to the car Linda asked, "What was that all about?"

"I'll tell you later," I said "This is too good a story, I'll write it down."

I never did get the man's name, but then, neither did the Government.



Escape from Scarberia by Brian Lumley

As we all know the water level is very low this year, about 2 feet lower than previously. We are very lucky here to have a harbour channel that has commercial activity or we might be having the same problems they are having at Bluffers' Park. No Laughing, there was a time when the club relied on Solstice Moon to dredge the channel into the bay.

Two years ago Bluffers' harbour channel was dredged because it was silting up. The dredgers dug an underwater ditch in the channel but did not set a break wall or under water restraining system to prevent the freshly dug channel from silting back in. It silted in fast and the bar is bigger now than it was before. This is not soft silt like we have here but hard gravelly sand mixed with rocks. The sand bar this year is closer to 5'-3" deep. Too shallow for me and 2 other sail boats with deep drafts; Valcor 6', Freedom 6'-6" and Celestress 7'.

Vladimir the new owner of Celestress, a Jacobs 48, came up with a plan to lay the boats over with weights swung out from the masts. The pendulum motion should lift the keel. He had seen it done on the internet by a large ketch that was ducking under bridges. It seemed like a good idea at the time. This whole manoeuvre relies on the size and configuration of your mast as well as the tenderness of your boat. The heavier the mast and more tender the boat the easier it is to heal over.

How much weight and in what form? We started by getting 2 rhino bags and trying to fill them with water. Bags leaked, were difficult to fill and couldn't hold enough water. Then we put barrels in the bags and used separate halyards to hoist the individual units. This worked best as the barrels were secure and the bags had a built in purchase and handle system. We found we needed a third barrel to get Celestress over, a very fast and stiff boat, so that was rigged and added. This is approximately 1500 lbs of weights.

If the weights are in the air but close to the mast, the boat will sit fairly upright, but that means the barrels are over the deck. Heavy weights and once we saw what the weights acted like over the deck we decided to hoist the barrels once we were in position.

The other thing was that we were testing the weights on the dock and the boat did not act the same as it would have had it been in open water. This created an unknown that made the other skip-pers a little uneasy. I've laid Valcor over to the point that I had water over the coach roof prism on the starboard side and the keel out of the water on the port.

April 27, Celestress and Freedom decided the go day was too windy, but Valcor was ready and wanted to go. So I got some volunteers, Vladimir and Peter of Celestress. The wind was out of the east north east and the wind was roughing up the water at both ends of the passage but the rock wall of the channel protected the waters in it.

There were no rough surges entering the waterway so I knew I would have smooth water for the healing over manoeuvre. The trick was to get in the calm water behind the rock wall before I lay over and to get back up before the rough water on the lake side. Bouncing barrels each weighing about 400 lbs are a threat to the hull if they get too close especially in a rough sea that the boat would naturally roll in.

Plan well in advance and make sure everybody is on the same page and on board for the exercise. It took 3 operators on the boat to do the job. Valcor is tender and just needed 2 barrels to go over so there was one man on the helm, one man cranking up the barrels at the mast and one man on the lower side pushing the barrels out. It was also necessary to have a dinghy to assist the helm and pull the barrels out. As you lift the barrels check the mast. Is it straight? What is it doing? What are the shrouds doing?

The process started by very gently running aground in the pre-determined position, stopping the prop, then lifting the barrels higher out of the water. This is when you need to keep the deck crew and helm in sync.

As the boat begins to list everybody has to do their job; helm has to slowly nudge the boat through as the barrels are being hauled up as the lower man is swinging the weights out. The dinghy with driver, Marty, and crew, Kanute, steered the boat in the right direction. Then once the barrels were lifted and swung out beyond the reach of the lower man they move out to take the barrels, pull them out and pull the boat over farther.

Everybody moves to the lower side of the boat, laying her over some more. Because Valcor is tender and designed to motor laid over, enough of her prop was in the water for her to very slowly power her own way out. I would estimate we reached 30° over to starboard; the rub rails were in the water.

I felt we could easily go over another 15° to 20° and the boat would not have been in much trouble but the engine might have a problem with the oil from the oil pan flooding the cylinders creating a runaway motor that can't be shut down. The trick at this amount of heel would be keeping a footing on deck and doing your job. Thank God for bulwarks and hand rails. Valcor came out very easily and quickly, probably less than 30 minutes from start to finish.

We went a little too far into the lake for my liking and had to dump the barrels quickly before they hit the hull. The waves were coming back off the shore and slapping the barrels into the boat. We were lucky with the wind and kept the barrels on the lea side down wind and away from the hull.

Once out I screamed at the top of my lungs "I'M FREE, I'M FREE, I'M FREE!!!" like the genie in Aladdin. It was a great sensation.

I dropped anchor as soon as I could and set Valcor in place to leave the barrels. We took the barrels into shore by pushing them with the dinghies. I was towing my dinghy so we had two.

Pushing is a far better way to manoeuvre a weight with a dinghy; if you try to pull a weight the mass takes over and controls the pulling boat unless the puller has far superior power like a tug, but if you push it you can become part of the weight and act as its motor. The trick there is to pull the bags over the nose of the dinghy so you are attached to the unit.

The crew returned to shore and I stayed on-board getting ready to sail to APSC. I was tired and did what I promised myself I wouldn't do again and that is tow my dinghy back. This time I shortened the painter and kept it close to the port side; I felt I had better control of it.

The sail back was mainly downwind and all I used was the yankee.

The wind gusted to 30 knots and I was hitting speeds between 5.5 & 7.5 knots. Very fast for Valcor and a handful for the solo, maiden voyage home.

Tougher Boating Test In The Works

Siri Agrell and Ingrid Peritz Toronto and Montreal — From Thursday's Globe and Mail Published on Thursday, Jul. 08, 2010 3:00AM EDT Last updated on Thursday, Jul. 08, 2010 3:03AM EDT

Ottawa will change course on the way it licenses recreational boat operators, toughening up a testing program long criticized as ineffective and easy to cheat.

But the new standards will not take effect until September, after the height of the summer boating season, Transport Canada confirms. And some marine-safety experts suggest that even the proposed changes to the online Pleasure Craft Operator Card testing regime will still leave too many people operating boats without sufficient knowledge, training or oversight.

Calls for tougher rules on the water have grown following a horrific accident on Shuswap Lake in B.C. last weekend in which 53-year-old Ken Brown was killed when a speedboat rammed into his houseboat. Police investigating the accident have said speed, alcohol and the lack of running lights could have been factors in the crash.

James Kusie, of federal Transport Minister John Baird's office, said the government is altering the licensing program with the goal of improving boating safety from

coast to coast.

"New standards are currently being developed to improve Internet testing and will be available to course providers later this year," he said.

Currently, anyone can obtain a licence by visiting the website of a company accredited by Transport Canada and taking a 36-question test. Critics have pointed out that there is no way to prevent applicants from looking up answers online or in reference books while taking the test.

The new test will have 50 questions and place greater emphasis on reviewing the rules of the water.

The change comes just one year after the agency concluded the 10-year phase-in of its recreational boater-licensing program. As of September, 2009, all boaters have been required to have the Pleasure Craft Operator Card, and could be fined a minimum of \$250 if caught driving a boat without the licence.

Some boating enthusiasts and safety experts say the licensing program has done nothing to improve things on the water.

Ted Bacigalupo, a member of the Shuswap Regional District board, said few people on Lake Shuswap adhere to the licensing protocol.

"When you have folks coming from all parts of the country and the world, many of them don't really understand the rules," he said. "You get this real mix of boats and experience levels and everyone is influenced by a vacation mentality. It's not a good mix."

At one of Quebec's largest marinas on the South Shore of Montreal, manager Ginette McDuff said she has been sickened by some of the boating behaviour she sees.

"They're all proud when they get their captain's licence. But then you see what kind of captain they are, you realize it's worthless," she said. "It teaches nobody anything. It's completely ridiculous."

Transport Canada's Mr. Kusie said the new licensing protocol will require applicants to review an online study guide before they can take the test, and actually demonstrate that they have read and understood the material. New test questions have also been developed, he said, and were recently pilot-tested across Canada.

"This is what they do in the United States," said Robert Dupel, who runs a licensing program accredited by Transport Canada at Boaterexam.com. "We need Transport Canada to want to improve this."

He is in favour of a tougher test, but he points out that those who already have licences will not have to be reaccredited

Summer at APSC

On his site alone, Mr. Dupel said, about 1,000 people a day are currently taking the Pleasure Craft Operator test.

The failure rate is close to 12 per cent, but once customers pay they can take the test until they pass. Most have their licences within a week, he said.

He is in favour of a tougher test, but he points out that those who already have licences will not have to be re-accredited.

“It’s good for life, like your high school diploma,” Mr. Dupel said. “It’s a done deal.”

Ron Blanchet, a marine safety consultant, said many boaters still do not bother to get licences because no one is checking. According to Transport Canada, only 2.65 million of an estimated six million boaters had obtained licences as of last August. People who rent boats are not required to be licensed at all.

“I think a lot of people think, we live in a cottage on a small remote lake, we never see the police, we’re not going to worry about it,” Mr. Blanchet said. “Why bother?”



photo from Cathy Dandy

*Ed.Note- Thanks to **John Hollands** for forwarding this.*

Summer Fun 2010





Thanks to
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*The
Newsletter of the Aquatic Park
Sailing Club*

Contact us:

2255 Queen Street East, Box 337

Toronto, Ontario M4E 1G3

Toronto, Ontario M4E 1G3

Phone: 416-631-3940



Malcolm checks his gold shares



Stew adds fuel



Armando and friend

