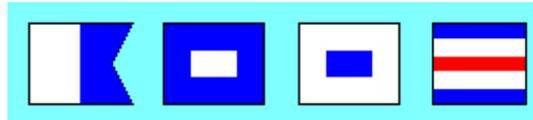


the Mooring Line

The Newsletter of the Aquatic Park Sailing Club



Remembering Paul Mitchell

**Volume 1, Issue 5
Winter 2012**

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Editor's Note

Former APSC Commodore Paul Mitchell had such a profound impact on the Aquatic Park Sailing Club that it is only fitting that we dedicate this newsletter to his memory.

Following his untimely death in a boating accident in October 2011, his family, friends, and APSC comrades were shocked and grieved by the loss of one admired by all.

In true APSC fashion, however, there has been a rallying of sentiment and a collecting of stories and photos to celebrate Paul's life, including his substantial contributions to the sailing club he so cherished.

To quote Fred Nicolaidis – Paul, we miss you so much!

Commodore's Message

I was out and about the day that we all found out Paul had died. It was windy and cold, with periods of horizontal rain interspersed with the more vertical type. I remember thinking, "God help sailors on a day like this." My phone was turned off and safely tucked away, and I was in not quite blissful ignorance of the events that were then unfolding at our club.

It wasn't until I got back home and had a nap that I turned it on again, and watched with some bemusement as the voicemails, text messages, and emails came popping into the phone- way more than I'd ever expect on a rainy Sunday. But bemusement turned to anxiety, to dread, then to horror as I read through the messages. I started going through them in sequence, from "Paul is missing" to "People are searching for Paul", to what seemed so fantastically impossible "Paul is dead." Then some unreal phone calls. Then a searing visit that evening with Brian Lumley, who was with Paul at the time of the accident.

It's been some months since this happened. All of us in our own way have said goodbye to Paul. We have our continuing thoughts for his family and what they are still enduring. We continue to honour his memory, like this special newsletter issue. I must let you know as time goes on, for me at least, Paul Mitchell remains as real as the day is long, and joins all the other people I have known and loved who have gone elsewhere but still come to visit once in a while.– *Mike Robbins*

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"The Unknown Shore"

Sometime at Eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away
With no response to a friendly hail
In the silent hush of the twilight pale
When the night stoops down to embrace the
day

And the voices call in the water's flow
Sometime at Eve When the water is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through purple shadows
That darkly trail o'er the ebbing tide
And the Unknown Sea,
And a ripple of waters' to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To mystic isles

Where at anchor lay
The craft of those who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore

A few who watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay
Some friendly barques were anchored near
Some loving souls my heart held dear
In silent sorrow will drop a tear

But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from the storm and gale
And greeted friends who had sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore
- Elizabeth Clark Hardy

*Thanks to Sue Baker
for the photo and
Martin Osborne for
recommending the
poem*



Our Friend Paul by Seamus Caulfield

I met Paul Mitchell in the summer of 1990 as a new member of APSC twenty one seasons ago. I immediately knew that here was a man who had been given many skills, and an easy confidence in the way that he carried out whatever task was at hand. He could operate cranes, install windows, set moorings, and facilitate just about anything. But more of that later.

The club was still in its formative stage, 14 years since the humble beginnings, and our old clubhouse trailer was half the size of the one that we now have. Gord Lehman was Commodore when I joined, and ran the club with an easy hand and a terrific sense of humour. Paul Mitchell and Gord and Norm Lehman were the best of friends, and as I quickly learnt, excellent sailors. They served on the Executive together and with a core group, moved our wonderful club forward. Paul and Gord were both avid practical jokers. I recall one night after a meeting, Gord was holding an 'abandoned dinghy' auction. Paul said

to me 'help me Seamus' and we dragged Gord's own dinghy into the group. In a few minutes Gord almost sold his own dinghy, cheap!!

Both Paul and Gord were fiercely competitive and many games of chess were played with 'take no prisoners' banter.

Paul and I were contemporaries, he being two years older. Over the years we got to know each other via Men's Cruises, Christmas parties and just hanging out. We discovered common interests, and I believe mutual respect. If we found each other on either mooring, we would find time to share a beer and enjoy a chat, often about family. Paul's sons Brennan and Ryan were his heart's delight, as was Becky his wife. I can remember meeting the boys at our first Christmas party in Spinnakers on the lake. They were both so mature, yet still kids. Years later I would be jamming with them as equal musicians on the APSC deck.

In 1991, Paul who had been Vice Commodore, was elected Commodore, and his very memorable tenure began. With D'Arcy Chadwick as his Vice Commodore, Paul redoubled his commitment to

Aquatic Park. He set about tightening up the 'loose ends' of the club. D'Arcy was a lawyer and together they formalized the 'rules and regs' and the many more legal aspects that needed to be taken care of. At that time many people in the birding community did not want our club to exist, at least not on the Leslie Spit. Paul's ability to advocate and negotiate with the various levels of authority was indeed of utmost importance. It was around that time that our tenancy on the Spit was almost severed.

A large group of APSC members went to an important planning meeting to protest, and Joe Oggy made his remarkable speech shaming the Councillors for 'taking away his sailing club' after what he did for them 'on the beaches of Normandy'.

Paul would guide us through all of this, but still maintain the easy going attitude of a confident leader and friend.

As the club grew, new members were greeted with warmth and generosity. The Commodore would make sure he introduced himself and others to new APSC sailors, whether they be Salty Dogs or Newly Minted.

Paul continued to reach out to fellow members long after his time on the Executive. I'm sure that many of you have been offered a glass of wine, a beer, food, a cigarette. A seat at the table. He set the bar as far as how we all related to each other. On one occasion when a couple of members were in loud disagreement over something, Paul casually walked past and said 'come on guys, you can do better than that!' They got the message!

In those early days there was a group of members who spent a huge amount of time together. Cruising to the Island was very popular. Some weekends we had as many as 9-10 boats nosed into shore at Long Pond, a couple of planks handy to facilitate landing. Everything went down those planks: barbecues, casseroles, beer, wine, kids. It became a bit of a tradition to spend labour day weekend there.

Paul/Becky on Veritas, Tal/Jo on Critical Path, Paul/Beth on Sunchaser, Gord/ Margo on Tuuli, Norm/Gloria on Fiddlers Green, (the beautiful boat on the APSC brochure) Seamus/Helen on Glenariff, D'Arcy/Keltie on Silhouette, Mike/Yvonne on Relayer, Ralph/Jane on Ariel, Peter/Penny on Brides Fancy, John/

Ellie on Spirit, Fred/Wendy on Stiff Competition. On any given weekend many of us would be there.

We would hang out, eat each others food, and talk til the wee hours. We woke in the morning to the sound of hungry ducks.

One particular year I had just returned from Ireland, bringing with me a small bottle of home made Poteen (traditional distilled alcohol) which I had been given. We all were aboard Veritas and I was very keen to let everyone try some, but to my astonishment Mr Mitchell would not partake. He said, "I'm not drinking that, I could go blind!" Well the next day I could not find the Poteen and asked Paul if I had left it aboard Veritas. No said he, and then spun a grand story for everyone, about me losing my moonshine and finding it weeks later in the paint locker.

It seemed that when the end of the day would come, we would end up on Veritas for a nightcap, and often the jokes would be flying.

I remember one night Becky had retired to bed, soon to be joined by Paul. I was one of a few remaining revellers in the cockpit and Wayne told a particularly funny joke. The roar of laughter from below

was heart warming, and said so much about how truly accommodating the Mitchells really were.

Later Fred and Wendy instigated a wonderful Kids Cruise, and it was decided that Labour Day was the best time, just before school started. Even though the Mitchell boys, Brennan and Ryan, were now grown, at some point in the weekend Veritas would round the corner and there would be Becky and Paul ready to show their support.

At the beginning of this piece I referred to Paul Mitchell's substantial skills. I'm sure that by now it is common knowledge that he was the individual who 'topped off' the last piece of the CN Tower as a foreman iron-worker. He later became President of the company. He supplied and drove the crane at our docks haul out.

In the early nineties, two of our very active members were Paul and Beth Murphy. Paul was a fine carpenter, and through his contacts found us our current, dare I say luxurious, double sized Trailer/ Clubhouse. Yes the one that we now warm our...spirits....in.

Well this was a big one!

Our Friend Paul cont'd

All hands on deck; hammers, drills, wrenches ready! Paul Mitchell once again in a leadership role. We bolted the two pieces together and then...Doors, Windows, Floor, Roof, Stove,...Board n Batten, Deck,Luxury !!

Oggy and Paul were good friends and on occasion, Joe would go on the Men's Cruise with Paul as crew on Veritas. One year Joe took a video camera and created a Men's Cruise tape. We believe it to be lost! I have referred to it over the years and when I did Paul would say ' we cant have any evidence ' as though it would incriminate all of us. The truth of the matter was that our invasion of Youngstown on the Niagara River was extremely enjoyable but quite benign. Just Margueritas and buffalo wings really!.... really! My first time on the Men's Cruise the guys had told me about the strong current coming down the Niagara River. As I manoeuvred Glenariff through the current, Paul and Gord who were ahead of me on Veritas gestured for me to come alongside. I thought that he had some important information for me and my crew mate Kenny. Next thing...Whoosh...and the wa-

ter balloons came flying. Having nothing to return fire with, I turned away in the heavy current, leaving our Esteemed Commodore laughing like a ten year old.

On that terrible Sunday when Chris Terry called to tell us that we had lost our wonderful Paul Mitchell, I, like you, was in shock, and it took a long time to come to terms with that reality. I was determined to help in some way, and offered to facilitate the de-commissioning of Veritas and seeing her safely on her cradle. As it turned out our mutual friend Mike Totten had said to Paul that he would help him put the boat away. So now Mike and I set about the task. We sat in the cockpit for a few minutes, then Mike said, "Well I don't know anybody who came aboard Veritas that wasn't offered a beer," so in Paul's honour we drank two of his beers, then began our work remembering stories of days gone by.

In this telling I have focused mostly on Paul's time as Commodore and many happenings of ten or twenty years ago, but as we all know Paul made new friends all the time at our wonderful club that he loved so

much, and in the offices and shop floors of industry and commerce. His memorial service in Richmond Hill was standing room only.

On the day when Veritas was due to leave APSC, ten friends, old and new, showed up to help put her away for the winter.

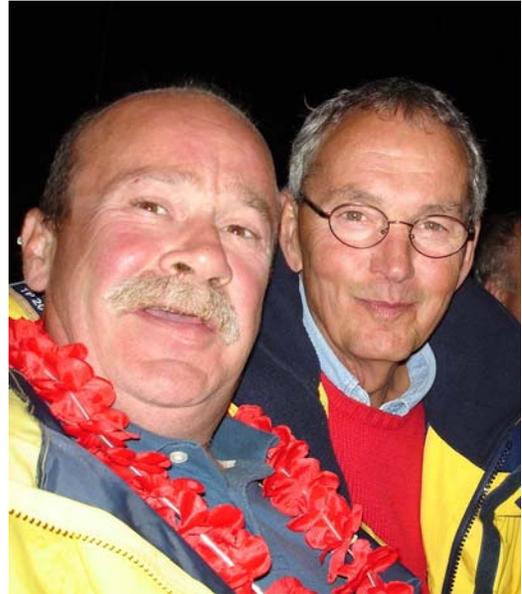
Five of us made the trip on the water, stopping at the pier . Susan and Neil were there on the land; we were silent for a time.

Mike Totten produced a bottle of port, we toasted our friend, poured a dram in the water, and cast flowers.

We sounded the horn three times, Mike opened the throttle, and as we made way again we sang one of Paul's favourite songs, The Wild Colonial Boy. We had sung it together through the years.

We as a club, and as friends, cannot easily express our great sadness at the tragic loss brought to Becky, Brennan, and Ryan and their extended family. We can assure them that Paul's memory will always be honoured at the sailing club he worked so hard to maintain.

Pics



Paul Mitchell by Brian Lumley

Paul Mitchell was my friend; we enjoyed each other's company and watched out for each other. It may have been because of our independent and different yet somehow common career backgrounds, I don't know. We just liked each other.

We had our personal adventures from the start. When he found I had the new Grampian 26 in the club he wanted to go for a sail; during which he taught me a whole lot about the boat. Paul was a class act, enjoyed showing others a good time and if adventure was involved then all the better. He was very proud of his family and they were always on the tip of his tongue. He was very generous with his knowledge and talking about things he had done; both successful accomplishments and failures. Paul was the kind of guy I could spend a lot of time with and not be bored. Within a couple of weeks of our meeting I was helping him transport his boat down the lake to Kingston, a 36 hour overnight trip.

I came to the club after the docks, clubhouse, dinghy compound, oar-shed and motor shed had been built and put in place. My understanding is that Paul was a big part of getting these things done

around the club. He also made sure the Master Plan for the spit included us by organizing and negotiating our position. The docks were built in sections in his shop at Dominion Bridge then brought down to the club where they were put together. This was all before I came to the club so I leave those details to others, but it shows the depth of Paul's influence on us all.

Paul had a warm social demeanour and extremely jovial spirit. He loved being around all people, he was always very generous, gregarious and dignified, he always treated others with dignity as well. Paul had patience and a good word for everybody. The more people involved the merrier. Paul was always a good reason for a party.

Paul would sit for hours reciting poetry that he had memorised in high school. He used to read and recite to his sons, Brennan and Ryan, to encourage them to get an education as well as put them to sleep. He would talk for hours about the old Greek & Roman myths and their meanings to the people of the times they were written. Then he would dovetail them with the present showing how little man has changed over the centuries. The problems of Socrates and

Gilgamesh are not far from our own but the scale has dramatically increased. We traded books of all kinds constantly. He always wanted to learn and looked for more education wherever he was. He not only gave answers, he asked a lot of questions as well. Paul always had an ear for a good conversation.

Paul could be a combination of glorious mirth or biting sarcasm, sometimes at the same time but never mean spirited. I know because I was on both ends of that stick several times over the years. He always encouraged participation in the club and its activities. He rarely let things slow down or get boring. Paul very much wanted the club members to mix with his other friends. He would either invite his friends down to the club or invite club members to his home to join in the many celebrations he would have over the years.

Cont'd

Personally; Paul encouraged me to sing. He got me to sing something every chance he could. At times I would feel like the entourage's troubadour, but he always made it fun with his antics and encouragement. Paul liked the fact that there was a band at the club that played the old standards. He would get me to practice on his boat as he mixed the drinks. His encouragement is something I will remember and appreciate. I don't know how he did it; but he got me sing in a restaurant one night with the blessings of the owner and the patrons. Sue reminded me Paul got me to sing for them that last night, I'm glad I did.

Paul Mitchell had a heart of gold and he loved spreading it around. Paul was a Renaissance Man and a Man For All Seasons. I wasn't afraid to go anywhere with him. When I describe him to others I say, "You don't know Paul Mitchell but you know who he is. He is the guy that stood on top of the CN Tower and caught the antenna from the helicopter."

I feel very honoured to have known Paul Mitchell; he was my true friend. He is in a league with the 'best of the best'.

My Gift From Paul— Mark Snow

Paul Mitchell had a hugely positive impact on me the very first day of my official membership at Aquatic Park Sail Club (APSC).

Arriving by boat that day, I realized that another vessel was on what I thought was my mooring ball. I decided to row in to the dock to see if someone could help me out. The first person I met was Paul on 'Veritas'. He seemed like a pretty relaxed guy and proceeded to invite me aboard his boat for a cup of tea. After discussing the situation and enjoying his company we wandered over to talk to Commodore Mike on his boat. The 'two commodores' managed to get things sorted out in fairly short order, in what can only be described as the most friendly and assuring way.

The last time I saw Paul, I was at the club with my young son and daughter. He walked toward us at the dock and engaged my six year-old daughter in a conversation about dinghys and fish. After that, he asked my two and a half year old son his name. The son's speech wasn't overly refined at the time so he said his name was "ball". Paul Mitchell asked "ball"?,... and my son repeated "ball", after which my daughter jumped in and corrected "my brother's name is Paul".

I told Paul Mitchell that "my wife and I named our son Paul not only because we liked the name, but also because neither one of us had ever met a Paul we didn't like." He continued that tradition for me.

I didn't know Paul Mitchell for a long time, or very well, but that doesn't really matter - he made a lasting, positive impression on my life from which I can only benefit from....a gift from a friend.

Miss You So Much, Paul

1994 was when Wendy, Lindsay and I bought 'Tangaroa' and became members of APSC - thanks to Seamus Caulfield who introduced us to the club and helped us on our maiden voyage to the club. Our mooring number was and still is #66, and although numerically not neighbours, but due to the APSC annual 'ice age effect', our neighbour was 'Veritas', for 18 years.

When we first joined, Gord Lehman was membership and he asked me 'if I knew Paul Mitchell', well as my father was a hairdresser all of his life. I knew 'Paul Mitchell' of the hair product, but not this one.

Paul was the Commodore of the club when we joined, which as you know is considered a prestigious position - so there was a bit of apprehension about meeting the Commodore. This is how it went: this 6'3" smiling man greeted us with 'Ti-Kanis' and a number of other Greek phrases that I can't really use - this with a huge hug to introduce himself and welcome us to the club. This was 'Paul Mitchell' and the start of a very special relationship.

Paul would drop by the boat on his way out or back to his boat for a beer or just to talk. He had a unique way of exuding warmth and was never short of conversation. He is one of the few people that I know that could talk to anyone at anytime, informed on any subject. This was a result of his vast experience in running the companies and the organization that he was associated with his entire life. Paul was one of those guys that worked his way up to the top of his game: well read, well spoken and able to hold an audience and make anyone and everyone feel comfortable and involved no matter who they were or where they came from.

Sailing 101: Paul and Gord Lehman taught me more about sailing than any one course could do in years. In the first year we owned the boat, they put me through my paces: Mooring and docking under sail - he handed me the helm of Veritas, and said, "Here, take her into the dock." I reached for the ignition button on the diesel when he said, "No engine, under sail," so under Gord and Paul's limited comments, I sailed this now HUGE boat through the fleet and docked

by Fred Nicolaidis

it under sail, as they calmly talking me through the points of sail. Now that is a skill we should all have.

Haulout and Launch - Paul would have a Dominion Steel crane delivered to Pier 34 in the fall and in the spring and a bunch of us would rent the space on the pier. Paul would operate the crane, unstep the masts and haul the boat as a group effort, and launch in the spring - never too much trouble and always a very gratifying experience.

Heavy Weather - probably the most important thing that he taught me that I still believe today 'the boat will always stand up to weather better than you can'. There is a real logic to that, so when Paul sailed it was not uncommon for Veritas to be under full sail when most boats were reefed and under shortened sail. "The boat is designed to withstand far more than the sailor," said Paul, and it's true!

Miss You cont'd

Next Commodore : Wendy and I ran social (more Wendy than I) when Paul had decided that he had enough of being the Commodore, which he did very well considering his experience running big steel companies. He asked me if I was interested and frankly, I was relatively new so I was really lukewarm on the idea. I was very busy running a very active Arts and Entertainment department at CBC. It was November, I was out of town on a shoot and I was unable to attend the elections at the General Meeting on Thursday night. I get a call on Friday of congratulations from Paul telling me, "you've been voted in as the new Commodore of APSC" which I must say can be frustrating and challenging but it's character building. I certainly don't regret taking it on. The bottom line was, Paul had it planned and he wanted it to happen so he made it happen. He saw me as the best option - that's what he did, put things into place that he thought would work best.

Sailpast and Pastor Paul: my priority mission as Commodore was to pull APSC out of the debt that the club was in. The economy was down, we weren't full, and there were some big expensive projects under way, most started by Paul but only to improve what we already had. Additionally, we were negotiating with a film crew to take over the club for a week (which is another story on its own) and negotiations were go-

ing well. Assuming that the deal came through, which it did, we would then be within spitting distance of pulling APSC out of the 'red', like I mean a couple of hundred bucks. Paul (as past commodore) and I looked at areas where we may be able to shave off some money. We looked over the budget and the cost of bringing in a Priest for Sailpast (which we still respectfully do) was enough for us to break even. Paul felt that he could deliver a respectable 'Blessing of the Boats' at sailpast, maybe no 'official' Holy Water', and he offered his services. He could certainly hold the audience and so it was to be, Pastor Paul was piped down the new docks by Peter Cotton to 'Bless the Boats', in his unbuttoned blue shirt and khaki shorts he lead us in prayer to bless the boats.

Becky and the Boys: We saw a lot of the boys, who were and still are very well mannered, very socially adjusted and like their father, very well spoken and well read. They are two gentlemen; no wonder that they are both successful lawyers. Ryan and Brennan were Paul's pride and joy, but it was almost a year before we got to meet Becky. Becky was not big into the sailing world, but she, like Paul, can make herself comfortable with just about anyone. At Ryan's wedding Paul thanked and credited Becky for taking the time and patience to shape these two boys into what they are today, as

he said 'while I was out playing with big trucks and steel.' It was a touching speech for two people who were true soul mates. We spent quality time with Becky - always looked forward to seeing her when she would come and spend time at the club.

'Veritas' the Floating Harem: Good looking boys attract good looking girls. At first it was a bit of a shock to see these beautiful 20 something young ladies tanning on the deck of 'Veritas' or occasionally popping out of the cabin first thing in the morning - no Brennan, no Ryan, just Paul. Paul would rarely introduce them, but eventually he would introduce them as 'my other family.' The boys' ex-girlfriends, who were as comfortable hanging out on the boat with Paul with or without the boys, like many had become part of the Mitchell's extended family. I think that Paul liked to keep people guessing!

Miss You cont'd

Paul Anka, meet Paul

Mitchell: My department was producing a series of 'by request' shows for CBC and PBS. We did shows with Ann Murray and Gordon Lightfoot. The last one we did was Paul Anka's RSVP - we lined up a number of guests to request songs of Anka (who is yet another story) Prime Minister Jean Chretien, Michael Buble, David Foster and Paul Mitchell, of course. Paul and Becky were fans, so I made him a deal: I'd get them the best seats for the show if Paul would request a song. He agreed, they picked up Wendy and all came down to the taping. When it was time Anka knew where to go and who to ask. I figured that it would simply be the request, but Anka has the Vegas schtick. When Anka starts singing (I think it was 'Diana') he then turns the mic on the person who made the request, who was Paul in this case. I have never seen Paul so caught off guard, but he laughed and sang along, like the great sport that he was.

Mr. Fix-it: We spend as much time cleaning, fixing and upgrading our boats as we do sailing. Paul was the same; he would spend endless hours cleaning, polishing, rigging

(that damn furling!!!!) and varnishing Veritas' brightwork. When we first got the boat he would often come over and show me how to maintain Tangaroa, so we changed most of the interior galley, trimming counters so that they fit like a glove, after all 'it's a sailboat, it flexes in all directions under sail and relies on precise fits to keep it rigid.' He told me to shave another millimeter here and there. We spent a lot of time on our engines, primarily because we so rarely use them and dread the thought of replacing one. One day I could not get the Atomic 4 started; I was new! The sound of the engine turning over and not firing was like a 'flare of distress' to Paul. He jumped in the inflatable and he was over in a flash. "What's the problem?" My helpful response, "I have no idea." With a beer in his hands laughing, "Now how complicated can this be?" my response came: 'COMPLICATED!'

It was a hot summer. Paul went below armed with a wrench and a screw driver. Here is what I did not know then- the first things to check are: fuel, spark, air - yelling from under the cockpit, 'found it, no fuel'. With a wrench he loosens the feed tube from the fuel pump

to the carb, there's a 'slow hiss', puts it back on 'OK, try it' and away she went, his head pops up 'air lock, see them all the time in the heat'. Now in my mind, Mitchell is a miracle worker, so I ask him how he knew that was the problem, his response - 'didn't, just got lucky, (he laughs) it could have been a lot worse, so let's settle for this and let it run for a while', so we sat, let the engine run for a while and had a beer and more great conversation.



The Tower: When I would introduce my friends to Paul, (he remembered all of their names!) I would introduce him as, 'not the hair product guy, but the guy that built the CN Tower.' There is an outstanding picture of Paul putting the last bolts into the antenna on the top the tower. He had some amazing stories about buildings and bridges that he had built in Canada and the States. It's pretty impressive to know that guy that built the tallest free standing structure and the renowned symbol of Toronto. Now I know that he didn't do it alone, but he's the guy selected to put the last bolt on the top, much like the 'last spike'.

Our Last Times Together: Norm Lehman and I helped Paul to haul his boat out of the water last year- his last haulout which was when we all realized, 'this is a lot of work!'. The last time Wendy and I saw Paul was on a beautiful late summer day. We had just come back from a sail and we were sitting on the boat, enjoying the day and a cocktail. Paul was on board Veritas, cleaning and we did our usual greetings and asked if he'd like a beer. "Sure, soon as I finish up here! "All of a sud-

den there is a splash from the stern of Veritas. Paul would often jump in the lake to cool off, but it was late in the season and not a really hot day, so we look over and Paul is hanging onto the boarding ladder with one hand, and now he'd been in this position for some time. "Are you OK?" Wendy asked. "I'll be fine when I can get my underwear back on". He was hanging over the guardrail to wash the stern and had fallen overboard, in his underwear. Wendy yelled, "Don't worry, it's only us" and he laughed, "I know, not much to see now anyway!" That was the last time we saw Paul.

After it was confirmed that Paul was in a fatal boating accident, I went down to the boat and just stared at Veritas, boarding ladder in the water, lifeless. It left a hollow feeling in my heart, helpless, nothing that anyone could do or say could bring him back.

To say that he will be missed is an understatement, but Paul played a big part in so many peoples lives and I am a better person for having known him.

Miss you so much!

Back cover photos:

Top: Saying a final goodbye aboard Paul Mitchell's Niagara 35 Veritas (Sue Baker, photo)

Bottom: Paul Mitchell, sitting, middle, with fellow APSC'ers Ralph Brown, Seamus Caulfield, Stu Durward, Wayne Logan, Tom Rowe, Mike Culhane, and others (Seamus Caulfield, photo)

The
Newsletter of the Aquatic Park
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Note: Docks In April 14, 2012

