

DOCKSIDE SCUTTLEBUTT

Issue 03-07

December, 2003

The Newsletter of The Fanshawe Yacht Club of London, Ontario. Issued six times per year to Members and friends of the Club. Edited by Ralph Smith; contributions and comments welcomed and should be sent to:

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EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Though he is Past Commodore and should be taking it a bit easy, or at least easier, we owe a great deal to Marc Lacoursiere for his persistence in preparing the application to the Trillium Fund for much needed funds for our "School". Notice has been received advising that the application has been approved and the amount of \$70,000 to improve our Sailing School facilities should be forthcoming shortly. later, in this issue, Marc adequately describes the way the funds will be used to improve the School, especially as it deals with those needing help to gain entry to the the Access Dinghy of Community Living. Welcome news indeed! However, with fewer members than in the past, which means less cash, we can't award any medals or plaques. We will award Marc at least 4 Atta-Boys for his efforts - (5 being the tops!)

Graham Forster has suggested that perhaps a "Chart Library" could be created and made available to all in the "Members Room" in the Chalet. We all have charts that we seldom, if ever, use again and they could be of interest to those planning a cruise. Graham has a couple of lake Erie charts that could start it off and I will peer through my stack. However, users should be cautioned that there could be updates that could identify dangers that were not there when the charts were printed, as in the low water levels we are now experiencing.

Speaking of low water, once when I saw Waiter Cronkite interviewed, his comments stayed in my mind. He is an avid sailor and as a recognizable celebrity, he was flattered when people in a small boat waved and yelled what he though was "Hello Walter". When he ran aground, he realized they were warning of "low Water!!" My hearing isn't so good either!!

Remember to check our tyc.on.ca web site. The Biskaborns are constantly upgrading it so there is always something new to see. The title page looks so complicated that only a kid could have done it. Well done Kevin!!

GENERAL MEETING NOVEMBER 17,2003

The last meeting of the year was held in the UTRCA Board Room. Though we used to have our Annual General Meeting at this time, it was rightly considered less than proper to saddle the incoming Bridge Officers with a budget that was prepared by someone else. Therefore, the meeting is really an approval of the budget for the year 2004.

It is indeed fortunate that we have as a treasurer, Michelle Patten. She presented a comprehensive, complete "picture" of the Club finances, including the Sailing School. Our Club is in good financial shape and with the influx of cash from the Trillium Fund, our future looks great. If anyone wants a copy of the Budget, give Michelle a call.

Membership Chair Otto Biskaborn advised that we ended the year with 121 Club Members, the start of an encouraging trend - we hope! Several ideas on how to increase our membership numbers were discussed including a "take your neighbour to sail" program - maybe?

Len Macdougall reported on behalf of the "Boat House" building committee. It seems that the construction quotes that we had have now passed their "best before" date and costs have increased. As a consequence of passing time and the city wide building boom, still ongoing, the money budgeted for the building now covers only the construction materials, but including the improvement of our electric service at the South end. Therefore, the labour will have to be done with our member-volunteers. If you can help with this building, please contact Len. For now, the top soil has been removed and a gravel base prepared but that will be all until spring.

Rear Commodore Brian Perry commented on the Wednesday Racing. Though It had been suggested that those interested in the Series Racing, register their intent and keep records, there were no recorded entries. Brian advised that there may be timed events on Wednesdays next year. Further, there will be a more concerted effort to get Sailing School students out on Wednesdays to show them that the seeming chaos at the starting line on windy nights is really an attempt to get to know your fellow races better.

There was a brief discussion on whether the results of the "Open House" justified the expense and time needed to organize and run the project. Expect we will hear more of this.

Lori Chesman presented a report that accounted for absolutely every penny in her Clubware haberdashery. The concept of carrying no stock on hand, submitting orders to be filled with a minimum order of 6 items has eliminated the maintaining an expensive inventory. Good for Lori - a couple of Atta-Girls!

THE BANQUET

On November 15, we attended the annual banquet held again at the St. Gorge Club on Dundas East. The food was great, the music in tune with the age and desires of the party-go-ers and we had a fine time. Though the Dickinsons, Stuart and Rosemary, were the best dancers by far, it was satisfying to see Otto testing his new artificial hip which seemed to work fine though at a slower pace than the jitter-buggers! Brian has done away with his crutches but since he claims "he never danced before the operation", didn't chance it but walks fine now. Both are examples of the fine medical services we enjoy here in London.

Vice Commodore Currie welcomed the assembled group, especially new members Larry and Sherry Monger and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eidt. A great chance for them to get acquainted with former strangers. In addition, Vice Commodore Currie thanked those volunteers that helped to make the sailing Season successful.

Past Commodore Marc Lacoursiere, having worked diligently preparing and submitting our application to the Provincial Trillium Fund disclosed the successful results, his presentation presented herein. The funds will be a great help in improving our Sailing School facilities needed in keeping with our commitment to continue contributing to the betterment of our community. Well done Marcll

In keeping with our tradition, V.C. Currie presented out-going Commodore Carl Holland with a lovely gift. This "honorarium" is in recognition of all the time consuming work that goes with the job of 'Commodore'. There are lots of hours spent behind the scenes with executive meetings and of course, being the prime complaint department. Now Mr. Currie can field your concerns and the accompanying constructive suggestions which we are sure you will bring.

The Banquet is not as well attended as one would hope. There were a variety of reasons put forth for not attending and we accept them as given. However, the Banquet, to me, seems to be a fitting conclusion to the sailing season and an opportunity to meet fellow members in a social setting when we seldom get together fraternally otherwise. In the past, trophies for the winners of our "Series Races" were presented and that did get the recipients out but as we no longer have the "Series" due to the slow but sure transition of our Club from that of racing to cruising, the future of the Banquet is in doubt. This will be discussed in the coming months but it is my hope that we will continue to see it prevail and attendance increase as we doubt anyone went home having not had a good time.... See you next year?

"To avoid criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing." - Elbert Hubbard

LETTERS

Captain Smith

Here is an excerpt from the Trailer/Sailor news letter which should be of special interest to home builder-repairers. This gentleman was doing some internal modifications to a Seaward 25 in his backyard.

"I mixed a batch of epoxy with filler to do the starboard side. Not having enough to finish the job, I mixed up a **WHOLE BUNCH MORE** so there would be enough to do both sides. It was a cool day and the epoxy had not "kicked off" by the time I was finished. I threw the plastic bowl I was using in the locker I was using for trash and left the boat.

I had not eaten all day so decided to get something to eat. When I looked in the rear view mirror as I left the drive way, smoke was coming out of the boat!! I ran into the house and called 9-1-1. Dragging the garden hose out of the garage, I realized it was too short. I ran in the house and got another length of hose from the basement - still too short! I ran back in and got another section of hose. It reached but by now the flames were being whipped by wind. It was too little, too late! The Fire Department arrived and put the fire out in about 20 minutes"

This fellow had the boat insured and received a cheque in 2 weeks. Had the boat been parked closer to the house, his home would also have been lost. As a "postscript", he states - "Since the fire, I have heard from many others who have had fires using epoxy. I hope by telling this story, you can avoid having to tell a sad story of your own"

Submitted by Sailor Mike as a helpful hint for our members.

Editor: O.K. Mike - another great tale but is epoxy subject to spontaneous combustion? What ignites it?

Mike responds - "It's a chemical reaction created by the things that make the stuff get hard and when it starts to get hard is when you have to be wary". His advice is to mix only small amounts, especially if you are using it in a building you don't want destroyed by fire!

Another bit of information from Mike - A study conducted by the University of Michigan reveals that sales of sail boats has increased by 27% while those of power boats went up only by 16%! We're gaining on them!

46 Annual Banquet - FYC 2003

by Steve Currie - Vice Commodore

Another sailing season is over and the club house is closed until next April. The last regular scheduled event for the year 2003 was the Annual Banquet which was held on November 15th. As your Vice Commodore for the year I was tasked with organizing this event. It was held at St. Georges Society for the second year in a row and we had a slightly smaller turnout to this event with 53 people in attendance as compared to 61 in 2002.

The meal was catered by Pat Hopkins Catering, the same company that served the meal in 2002. This year we had a full course dinner of roast and dessert. We also had a bottle of wine for each couple in attendance.

The head table consisted of the club flag officers including our Commodore Carl Holland and his wife Linda, myself, your Vice Commodore and my wife Regina, the Rear Commodore, Brian Perry and his wife Maureen and our Fleet Captain, Rob Penninga and his wife Rose.

The Toast to the Queen was given by John Burgess and grace was said by John Bryant. While dessert was being served I gave a 20 minute speech entitled, "Saluting Our Volunteers" and thanked the many volunteers for their service to our club. As it happened Josephine Scarlett, who's birthday it was, had Happy Birthday sung to her by all present. I thanked Brian Perry for his great assistance and support in organizing this event.

I presented Carl Holland with a 24" x 24" model of the schooner Bluenose which was engraved with the inscription "Commodore 2003 - Carl Holland". I used enough tape, wrapping this present, that he needed the help of his wife Linda to get it opened.

Carl then gave a short speech thanking all of the club membership for the gift and then went on to thank other members of the club for their service in 2003. He also provided a few short stories as he looked back over the year's events.

Marc Lacoursiere our Past Commodore made the official announcement about our successful application for a Trillium Grant of just under \$70,000.00. He gave a short overview of how this came about and outlined how it would fit into our plans to improve the sailing school building and equipment.

Door prizes were then drawn for that consisted of a boat and car pass for 2004 donated by UTRCA along with 4 bottles of red wine donated by FYC.

At this point I turned the evening over to the disc jockey service, "At Your Request" for a night of dancing. By all accounts most members present had a good time. The last of the couples left at about 12:30 am.

On November 1st, I gave a report to the general membership of the club at our scheduled November meeting. We realized a loss of \$396.40 for the banquet. I provided some of the reasons why this had happened as I had originally planned for a break-even budget. As a result of the comments received at the general meeting on 2003-11-17 a questionnaire will be generated concerning the 2004 annual banquet. The purpose of this questionnaire would assist in the planning of next year's event in order to attract more participation and better meet the needs and desires of the general membership.

Saluting our Volunteers

Web Site Coordinator

Kevin Biskaborn

Dock Marshal

Mike Morris

Harbour Master

John Myatt

Scuttlebutt Editor

Ralph Smith

Year Book Editor

Wally MacKinnon

Sailing School Director

Josie Scarlett

Membership Chair

Otto Biskaborn

Horticulturalist

Shirley MacKenzie

Social Committee

Mike Wareing

Wednesday Night Racing

Brian Perry, John Burgess

Safety Officer

Gord Debbert

Racing Committee Chair

Brian Perry

Boat Master

Roy Elsworthy

Sportsware Coordinator

Lori Chesman

Open House

Bob Hendry

Communications

Paul Chesman

Parking Area Marshall

David Valeriotte

Boat House Committee

Len Macdougall

Art Work

Art Seager

Leasing Co-ordinator

Ravi Gupta

Racing Programs for 2003

Thanks to the 2003 racing committee
- - - and, Many thanks to anyone not mentioned above

Sailing School Revitalization Project

The sailing school revitalization project consists of several parts including:

- . A new multi-purpose boathouse, part of its function being to provide office and storage facilities for the Sailing School;
- . Application to the Trillium Foundation to provide funding for several school-related needs;
- . Surveys to gauge the satisfaction levels of adult and youth students to help us determine areas of priority;
- . A review of the Sailing School committee structure.

As many have no doubt heard, we were successful in obtaining approximately \$70,000 from the Trillium Foundation. Before I outline what we will do with this money, I'd like to speak about the amount of the award. When the Executive of 2002 first considered making an application to the Trillium Foundation, we initially intended to ask for an amount approximately equivalent to the \$26,000 that we had earmarked to build a boathouse (it was indeed 26,000, the first installment being 12,000). As we developed our submission, and learned about the value of some awards granted by the Trillium Foundation, we decided to ask for as much money as we felt we needed to update many of the assets that were getting pretty tired. The thought was that if we got less, we might still get more than we originally planned for. Based on that premise, we requested a total of \$96,000, and received \$70,000.

The \$70,000 will fund the following:

- New school training boats;
- A new walkway to access the sailing school docks;
- One year of funding to provide a Program Manager for the Sailing School;
- A person lift to assist clients of Community Living London who cannot easily get in and out of the Access dinghy.

Upon news of our application being successful, I made a visit to the CL sail boat manufacturer in Ft. Erie to discuss options for purchasing the new CL 14's. The exact number of new boats will depend on to what extent we

utilize sails and other newer assets we already have. Due to this shop being successful in obtaining a very large federal government order, we will likely get our boats in several shipments.

We now find ourselves to be victims of our success, and we will require the support of the entire membership to get the boathouse completed, take an inventory of CL 14 parts and place an order for new boats, strike a committee to oversee the walkway repairs, and access lift installation, and most importantly, we need to create a strong sailing school committee to build upon the great work done by Josephine and her behind the scenes assistants. I won't get into the specifics now, but please recall that the Sailing School students gave our courses an approval rating of 78%, but it was actually 86% when you exclude their low ratings of boats and facilities, which of course we are now able to address. The point of this small epistle is that we need to call upon every member of this Club, and that includes your families, regardless of what role you have played in the past, to step forward and help with the many tasks ahead of us this year. There are still several key positions that we need to fill for the Executive and other important posts. There are the several projects that I have mentioned previously as well, so when myself, or one of the other members of the Nominating Committee call you in the coming weeks, please consider which of these positions you are going to sign up for.

As we enter into the second half of our first century as a Club, we are doing so with some very ambitious plans. It will take everyone's enthusiastic support to ensure that we are successful. Thank you.

Marc Lacoursiere,
Past Commodore

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Though all members will be invited to attend the Annual General Meeting by Individual mailings, as required by our Constitution, you are encouraged to mark your calendars to attend at the St. George's Club on Dundas Street east on January 19th, the Call to Order scheduled for 1930 hours. (7:30PM).

Officers for the year 2004 will be elected and though there will be a slate presented by the Nominating Committee, the opportunity exists for nominations to be made from the floor with proper prior notice presented to the Secretary. Instructions on the process will be provided with the Notice of the Meeting.

SAILING ON THE THAMES

There is a secret in the City of London - a well kept secret. On the North Branch of the Thames River a yacht club has been in operation for 50 years, celebrating its Golden Anniversary in 2003. Many Londoners have never heard of the Fanshawe Yacht Club. Currently, 121 individuals and families enjoy socializing, cruising and sailboat racing at the club from May to October.

The Fanshawe Yacht Club (FYC) owes its existence to flooding. In 1950, the Upper Thames River Conservation Authority (UTRCA) began construction of Fanshawe Dam on the North Thames River upstream of London to reduce flooding on the Thames. By late April 1953, Fanshawe Reservoir was a reality and ready for use.

The reservoir that formed behind the dam is approximately three miles long and up to half a mile wide. The FYC was born on the, reservoir's west shore, on a strip of sandy beach .with a wooden dock and a picnic park. Jack McClatchie's 18-ft. sailing canoe was the first boat to sail on the lake, sailing right off the beach in April 1953. By the end of June, many more boats had joined the fleet on moorings. Informal races were held on Sunday afternoons on most weekends. By August, the fleet had grown to 18 boats, but there was no formal organization of the sailors. They met in late August to draw up a slate of officers.

Considerable time was spent in deciding on a name for the new organization. A few of the attendees feared that the name "Yacht Club" might conjure up images of blue blazers, white trousers and hats with gold braid! Reason prevailed and the name was agreed upon: Fanshawe Yacht Club.

In the years since its inception, FYC has enjoyed cordial and helpful relations with the UTRCA. The Authority assisted a committee of the Club in selection of the present site. The UTRCA also moved an old cottage onto the site to serve as the first club house. FYC can be described as a "do-it-yourself club. Volunteer labour by members takes care of the spring opening and the fall closing of the .premises. The main "chalet" (club house) was constructed by members, as were the race management building and the picnic gazebo.

For more than 20 years Scouts Canada operated a sailing school on FYC premises. When Scouts Canada ended its sailing school involvement, FYC purchased the assets and took over the school's operation. The sailing courses offered for youths and adults throughout the summer have introduced hundreds of people to the challenges and joys of safe sailing. FYC has also cooperated with the YMFYWCA in presenting sailing training for several years.

FYC is now involved in an exciting new partnership with Community Living London (CII) A special sail boat provided by CII enables developmentally

handicapped adults to enjoy a life experience not previously available to them. Participants just love it!

- *Leonard Macdougall, Past Commodore, Fanshawe Yacht Club*

Editor - This article was submitted to and published by "Thames River Happenings", the newsletter of "friends of the Thames" in association with the UTRCA.

HASSO GRASMUCK FYC COMMODORE - 1971

Hasso passed away on Saturday, September 27, 2003, in hospital surrounded by loved ones. Ilse, his wife of 51 years, and sons Stephan, Brian, Peter, and Andrew, daughters-in-law Judy, Jennifer, and Carne, and grandchildren Andrea and Kirsten know that Hasso's depth of love and spirit transcend even death. Hasso's family held a private funeral for him.

Recognising his passion for teaching, sailing, and working with children, the family will honour Hasso's memory by naming a sailing centre for him at the new site of Camp Oochigeas, a camp for children with cancer.

The family extends profound thanks to the wonderful oncology staff of the Credit Valley Hospital for their unfailing care and support throughout Hasso's illness. Hasso's family will miss him more than words can express.

Donations in Hasso's memory to the Peel Regional Cancer Centre at the Credit Valley Hospital will be welcomed.

Editor - The notice above was forwarded to the FYC Email site on Skynet.ca by the son of Mr. Grasmuck. If you know of former members of our club that have moved away and are aware of their present status, it would be appreciated if you would let us know. Many of our more senior members were well acquainted with Mr. Grasmuck.

Ruth and Vern's Overboard Adventure

Forcibly separated during a violent Caribbean squall, two unflappable Canadians learn that you don't have to be a safari guide to experience drama in real life. Sometimes being a retired liveaboard is enough - - - by Ruth Chesman

TWAS A MID-DECEMBER DAY, AND MY HUSBAND, VERN, AND I were sailing our Morgan 41, Sea Dream I, north from Grenada to Antigua. The Christmas winds had arrived early and in force, which made for a truly awful sail between the islands of Carriacou and St. Lucia on a night with no moon and lots of cloud cover. It was as black as the inside of an elephant, with winds that never dropped below 30 knots and hourly squalls of 40 to 45.

In spite of all that, we weren't expecting what hit us a day later just north of Martinique—a squall with 55-knot winds and gusts to 60! It lasted only 10 minutes, but it truly felt like 10 hours as we clung grimly to the wheel. The main blew out. Once the winds calmed down to only 40 knots, Vern noticed a line trailing alongside the boat, and I was upset to discover that it was all that was left of our Fortress anchor, 100 feet of chain, and 200 feet of rode. We must have shipped enough green water in the squall to lift the pawl off the windlass gypsy and let the anchor run.

With the mainsail blown, we had to use the engine, so we didn't need any lines tangling the prop. Vern said, "Be very, very careful!" as I went forward to haul the line in. I was sitting on the foredeck with the windlass between my knees and one hand on the windward lifeline then suddenly I wasn't. Sea Dream and I had parted company. It's a distressing sensation being run over by your home, but somehow I managed to kick out from under before the prop passed over my head. When Vern brought the boat around, I managed to grab the trailing anchor rode. Even with the blown-out mainsail and the engine disengaged, I couldn't hang on without being dragged under the boat.

The next time Vern came for me, he threw the jib sheet over the side. That was better because I could let myself trail aft of the boat without being sucked under the hull. I tried to climb aboard, using the rudder extension on the wind vane oar. I still had the figure-eight stop knot of the jib sheet tight in my right fist. Vern was standing at the stem knotting a line to hand to me. I got as far as standing on the rudder with both hands on the rubrail and moving one hand to grip anything that wasn't slippery, then away I went again. Seconds later, Vern had a line ready to throw—and couldn't see me. By this time it was 9 a.m., and we were 12 to 15 miles north of St. Pierre, Martinique, which we'd left three hours earlier. Vern put out a Mayday on Channel 16 that was heard by at least two sailboats and the girls at the reception desk of the Anchorage Hotel on Dominica. It was clear, though, that two other sailboats close to us had heard nothing. They didn't have much natural curiosity, either: If you saw a sailboat going in circles, wouldn't you wonder if there were some problems? These two sailed serenely past without

changing course for a closer look. It occurred to me that I'd be more visible waving a flag, and I tried waving my T-shirt. It was a knee-length, red beach cover-up that, dry, would have been an excellent signaling device. Wet, it wasn't so great. Try waving a drenched T-shirt while swimming in six- to eight-foot seas. For starters, it's heavy. I stretched it out between my hands and threw it into the air as I reached the top of each wave, but it was useless. To work, it would have required the precise combination of me on top of a wave, Sea Dream on top of a wave, and Vern looking in the right direction. We'd always been told to get rid of outer clothing and shoes if we fell out of a canoe. My shoes were back on board, so that was fine, but for modesty's sake, I decided to put the shirt back on.

Vern circled for an hour, searching for me. It didn't take long to discover that the boat was drifting faster than I could follow, so I stopped trying. We'd joked earlier that if I fell overboard, he should just carry on to the next island and I'd swim in, so I headed for Dominica. I'd lost my glasses in the fallt but I could see the island. Martinique was lost in squalls and rain.

Vern, meanwhile, was having a perfectly awful day. For one thing, it was the first time he'd single-handed Sea Dream in the 12 years since we'd moved aboard. The winds hadn't piped up to 55 knots again, but hauling the blown sail down to the reef point and standing on the cockpit coaming to reach reefing lines doesn't give you much to hang on to. He was nearly overboard himself more than once, which would have been a real disaster because he has, as do about three percent of all people, negative buoyancy. It fortunately, have built-in flotation.

At last he controlled the sail and headed north to Dominica, where, speaking English, he could organize a search. But all the way, he was trying to work out how to break the news to my family that I'd drowned. It took him until nearly 5 p.m. to get close to Roseau, Dominica, where three boat boys motored almost a mile to welcome him to the island and offer their help. In moments they were aboard: Brian on the radio to the coast guard to report my loss (Vern doesn't hear well and couldn't understand the questions they asked), Daryl inside the chain locker receiving the second anchor chain through the primary hawset and James on the stem preparing lines for anchoring.

My day was much easier. I knew I was fine, and I could tell Vern was still aboard and coping because the boat was under control. The strangest thoughts go through your head when you're swimming alone between islands. Mostly I was furious at going overboard in the first place. The less obvious thoughts included "Don't start throwing away my business-card collection, Vern, because I'll be back" and "I hope he doesn't spend our life savings on a helicopter Search!

After a jellyfish tentacle wrapped around my arm, I picked it off and said "Not now, I haven't got the time" right out loud! A dolphin swam by 30 or 40 feet away and that was a thrill, finally, to swim with a dolphin, even if it was only for a second or two. A small container ship passed within a quarter of a mile, headed west, and then changed course to the north, going by as though intentionally pivoting around me.

Of all possible ways to die, drowning would be my least favorite, so I decided not to. Besides, Vern had his first wife for 32 years, and I could scarcely demand equal time if I weren't around. I had to stay afloat. I thought of all the things I'd be leaving unfinished and shrugged. Except for a stack of unanswered letters, I had no regrets. I was glad I hadn't skimmed on telling family and friends I loved them. At noon, I saw a sailboat and thought, "Can't be Vern. He doesn't have a jib up!" Soon the boat was so close that if a wave hadn't smacked the bow aside, I'd have been run over again! I yelled, "Hey, can you see me?" They already had.

>From there, the rescue was textbook perfect. Two young men, Justin and Anthony, and a young woman, Isabella, brought their boat, Enchantress, around to circle me. I told them I was very tired, which wasn't strictly true, and would need a ladder to get aboard, which was true. I've never been able to climb out of the sea into an inflatable dinghy, and I just hung onto theirs until they put a ladder down. I was soon aboard and provided with a dry towel that even matched my red T-shirt! I was kept supplied with mugs of tea while my rescuers used a hand held VHF unit to tell their companion boat Natasha that they'd picked up a hitchhiker. Aboard Natasha, Frederica, Isabella's sister, passed messages on to anyone who'd listen to let Vern know I was fine, to stop him from initiating a helicopter search, and to get him some help securing the boat in harbor.

While Frederica was doing this, a female French voice broke in to tell her to get off Channel 16 because it's for emergency and rescue! When I met Frederica later, I asked her what she'd said in reply and got a flood of Italian. Though I didn't understand, I suspect there's a Frenchwoman around with a blistered ear.

Enchantress and Natasha were headed to Martinique to meet someone who was arriving from Bulgaria. I wanted to go to Dominica and nearly asked to be thrown back in, but common sense prevailed. As soon as we arrived, Justin took me ashore to ask about ferry times. No luck, as the depot was closed tight. Next it was back to the dock nearest the anchorage. He went off to find a policeman to whom to report my story, and I went to customs on the off chance that it was open. A lovely young bride was posing for photographs in the garden as I trudged through barefoot, blowsy, salty, and myopic - I deliberately walked behind all the family cameras. Customs was closed, and I spent 15 frustrating minutes with the French phone system only to discover that it's impossible to find an operator. The only toll-free number that answered yielded a fireman who listened to my tale of woe, politely in spite of my terrible French, and assured me he knew of no way to call an operator either. Back I went through the wedding party, who were now photographing the bride and groom with their youngest attendants. Soon Justin and a pair of police officers arrived; my final view of the bride was of her picking her way to her car, blocked in by police vehicles, and past my disreputable-looking self being grilled by the local gendarmes. They left us with names and phone numbers to convince customs we'd spoken to them and assured us that Dominica's coast guard would be told to abort any search plans.

My rescuers fed me, put me to bed, and lent me the fare to Dominica. The next

morning, I got one of the last seats on a 350-passenger ferry. Meanwhile, Vem was still having adventures. At dark, two Good Samaritans, Christine and Duff of Sudiki, came by and informed him that I'd been rescued. Later, they collected him, fed him, let him talk and wind down, put a call through to Enchantress, and generally made it possible for Vem to sleep that night.

But his next day didn't get any better. The Dominican coast guard came alongside Sea Dream with three officers aboard. One stayed in the bow with a 12 gauge riot gun pointed at Vem, another gun-toting officer managed the boat, and the third came aboard and got Vern's attention by taking him firmly by the arm. "You are under arrest," he said. "Pack a bag. Lock the boat. You may be away for some time."

Vern faced three charges, in this order of importance: allowing Dominican nationals aboard before clearing customs, not clearing customs immediately upon arrival, and doing away with his wife.

Once he was in the police boat, there was no further chat. He was taken to the head office of the coast guard, which is also the police force, and helped ashore. It took some time to produce a statement. Part way through, the atmosphere became much more civil.

Afterwards, one officer kindly pointed out a bakery so that Vern could buy a much-belated breakfast. Then he was bundled back into the boat and taken to the ferry dock, where he cleared in through customs and immigration. Without pausing to think, he put my name on the crew list; the immigration officer crossed it off with a scowl, saying, "We'll clear her in if she arrives."

Vem was still waiting on the dock when the ferry decanted me at half past 4 that afternoon, and I was very pleased to see him. You know what they say: It ain't over until the fat lady sinks!

Ruth and Vern Chesman are still in the Caribbean, where they've been entertaining friends and relatives who've recently discovered the joys of a floating hotel in paradise. This summer they're cruising south from St, Vincent and the Grenadines to Grenada.

Editor - The article as it appeared in CRUISING WORLD, AUGUST 2000 and presented to us to print by Vem's son, our own Paul Chesman. What a tale! I love that line about "It ain't over until the fat lady sinks!"

CLUBWARE

Please remember to call Lori Chesman at 659-4633 to get suited out in our finery in time to advertise our Club at the Open House in May. She needs six units to order from Positive Identity which produces a fine quality garment. Order forms can be mailed by Canada Post or by E-mail. Call Lori or myself to get needed forms.

FYC SAILING SCHOOL- YEAR END REPORT

Registrations

Youth -	114
Campers -	110
Adults -	39

CYA LEVELS PASSED - YOUTH

White Sail 1 -	32
White Sail 2 -	30
White Sail 3 -	22
Bronze IV-	3

CY A LEVELS WHITE SAIL III - Adults 39, plus 2 adults passed Bronze V

An excellent group of instructors this year

Tim Westmorland, Head Instructor

Leah Blain (who came to us from Hamilton was 12th at CORK this year sailing a J-29

Shawn Chapman was there for the first month teaching adults and then went North to teach

Andrew Dittmer*

Peter Norris*

Jen Spenser*

Jay Vens*

And Instructors in training (IT's)

Ryan Vens*

Kyle Robinson*

Jason Martin*

*** Grads of the FYC Sailing School**

Ben Moyer won the Harry James Trophy - Best in 'White Sail

Stephen Barrett and "Brook Dunn tied for the Zephyr award for best in Bronze

The Sailing School was put to bed at the first work party day in October. This included the removal of the school dry (floating) docks. A sincere thanks to all who helped.

Regretfully, we report two retirements from the Sailing School Executive

Steve Dietrich- the Instructor liaison which included hiring of Instructors and mediation between parents and the School. Steve has been associated with the School for ten+ years and the FYC Regatta organizer. His quiet and calm personality has helped smooth troubled waters. Further, did you know that he was on the committee of representatives of the Scouts Sail Camp London in 1993 when FYC was in the process of purchasing same?

Les Pomeroy - The number one puzzle solver of the dry dock assembly _ the brochure designer _ also on the "Boat House" committee and exhibited many other talents which include a wicked dry sense of humour. Who else would move to the country at the end of December in one of the heavier snow storms in this part of the world?

Thank you both for your time and talents.

If you took a drink from the water cooler that appeared In the Large Chalet this year, then you can thank the FYC Sailing Instructors! These fine young people decided amongst themselves to forego their R & R money to purchase same _ what a nice gesture!!

The year 2004 will be a banner year with the award of the Trillium Grant and the starting of the Boat House. I have been a member of Fanshawe Yacht Club since 1968 and the Director of the Sailing School since 2000. I have seen many improvements. Let's all work as a team to promote the Club on all occasions. Be your own Public Relations Representative for the Club. Talk the Talk!!

Many thanks for your time and talent to all who helped in the running of the Sailing School in 2003.

Sincerely,

**Josephine P. Scarlett
Director, Fanshawe Yacht Club Sailing School**

"You've got to win in sports - that's talent - but you've also got to learn how to remind everybody how you did win, and how often. That comes with experience."

-Billie Jean king

STEVE GOES SHOPPING FOR BOATSI!

As most of you know we have received approximately \$70,000.00 from the Trillium Grant. This grant came with a contract for us to sign, which we have done. It states where and when we will spend this money based on our original Trillium Application. We applied for approximately \$96,000.00 and if we had received all of this money then we would not have any reason to discuss this further.

A few days after learning about being successful with our Trillium Grant application our Past Commodore, Marc Lacoursiere, was down in Fort Erie on business. He stopped into the company who supplies the CL-14's. This company had given us an estimate for replacing the current fleet of CL-14's which most of you have seen. Marc had a discussion about purchasing these boats and the delivery of same. As your Vice Commodore and most likely the Commodore for 2004, I decided to move the purchase of our fleet along a little further and visit this company in Fort Erie myself, together with, Mike Morris, a member of the club who has gained the respect of many for his knowledge of boats and our school boats in particular.

On November 26, 2003, Mike Morris, Otto Biskabom and myself went to this company's office located in Fort Erie. We had a discussion with the management of this company that included the fact that we would be receiving the Trillium Grant and that we would like to purchase boats from them. We explained that we did not have enough funds to replace the entire fleet however we wanted to get the most boats for the money we had acquired for this purpose. With this in mind we negotiated purchasing these boats not only as complete units but as hulls-only units. Therefore, at this stage we are prepared to recommend the purchase of some boats complete and some additional boats as hulls-only. Doing this we can increase the number of new boats from perhaps 7 completely new boats to perhaps 9 or 10 boats that are in good condition using some of the rigging from our current fleet. We were supplied with the cost of doing it either way or a combination of both ways.

With this in mind, Mike Morris, will present the FYC Executive and Sailing School Committee with his recommendations based on our discussions and his knowledge of the current condition of our present fleet of boats. I would like to have the final decision regarding this purchase prior to Christmas of this year. Time is a factor, we would like delivery of some of these boats prior to our Open House in May, 2004.

Steve Currie,
Vice Commodore

REPORT FROM THE DECEMBER EXECUTIVE MEETING

First of all we want to say that we had a productive meeting.

At this meeting, the executive had some hard decisions to make concerning the purchase of the new CL 14 boats for the Sailing School to be paid for by the Trillium grant. To take advantage of the builder's 2003 pricing for the boats and get into his early 2004 production schedule, we have to place our order before the end of the month, and as Christmas holidays are coming up, we really only have two weeks to settle all the details. With our Trillium money we want to get the maximum number of new boats, and at the same time we want to make the best use of our existing fleet of school boats that still do have some value, even just for parts.

We worked with two different purchasing options presented in order to achieve these goals; one option presented by Josephine Scarlett, and a second by Mike Morris at the request of Steve Currie. The builder's earliest delivery date was also an important factor in our decision. After a lengthy discussion, we agreed to purchase outright four complete new CL 14's for delivery to FYC in mid-May, 2004, in time to use at our Annual Open House, and to purchase at least four more for delivery later in the year. We're now ready to draft the contract with the builder. His acceptance of our order will trigger the release of part of the Trillium funds to FYC, and this working capital will set the other parts of this major project in motion. To complete it, we still have to repair the walkway to the School docks, and also install a 11ft to assist members from Community Living to get from our dock level into their boat. We still need to obtain a firm price for the repair of the walkway to the sailing school docks; the Trillium Grant allows us \$11,500 for repairing the walkway, based on the lowest estimated price we received earlier this year, but we would still like to consider alternative and possible cheaper methods of doing this job.

None of these improvements to the Sailing School will be useful without an effective committee to manage the school. Steve Currie has been working with some success throughout the summer to recruit a new Sailing School Committee for 2004 from interested FYC members. He has arranged for the first meeting of the potential new committee to take place shortly to assign responsibilities and set goals for the coming year. The details of the new Committee weren't discussed at the December meeting because of time restraints and the fact that the executive would like the details handled by the Sailing School Committee itself.

The new School Committee will include the Sailing School manager. Steve has expanded on the original job description for the Sailing School Manager's position as approved by the Trillium Grant, and as soon as this job description is discussed and approved by the Sailing School Committee, it will be published

in the Scuttlebutt. The "Manager" position will be offered to FYC members before we look outside the club for a suitable candidate.

Now that we finally have the Trillium grant that a few members worked so hard to get, the club executive will be looking for the support of all the members of Fanshawe Yacht Club to make this ambitious project to re-vitalize the Sailing School a similar success!

The Executive,

Fanshawe Yacht Club

Why Computers Sometimes Crash! by Dr. Seuss

“If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port, and the bus is interrupted at a very last resort, and the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort, then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash, and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash, and your data is corrupted cause the index doesn't hash, then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house, says the network is connected to the button on your mouse, but your packets want to tunnel to another protocol, that's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall.

And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss, so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse; then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang, 'cuz sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang!

When the copy on your floppy's getting sloppy in the disk, and the macro code instructions is causing unnecessary risk, then you'll have to flash the memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM, and then quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your Mom!

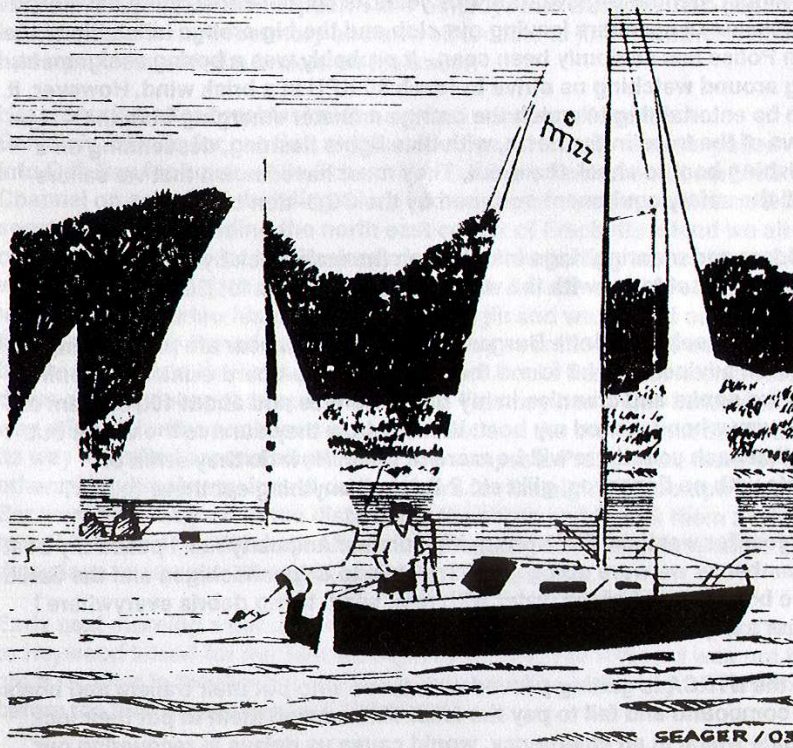
Well, that certainly clears things up for me. How about you?”

Editor - Something to which we can all relate!! Sorry I couldn't deal with the graphics that were part of this Internet submission.



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