



2021 Spring Work Party Scheduled for April 24.. Covid 19 permitting
Watch for updates in the club email and on the club website www.fyc.on.ca.spring2020

Look for us
www.fyc.on.ca

Newsletter submissions
Editor: oldgoldt@gmail.com

From the Editor's desk

Yeaaa – spring has arrived and the club has posted a tentative events schedule that you can find in this issue or view online at the club website www.fyc.on.ca.

Welcome back sailors!!



My Home desk looks like this these days



As we have become accustomed to, the schedule of events can change in a heart beat because-- Covid 19.

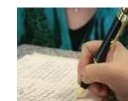
We want this season to be as safe as the 2020 season so we all need to remember the following:

[COVID-19 CODE OF CONDUCT](#) · [RELEASE OF LIABILITY & WAIVER FORM](#)

COVID-19 Status · Emergency Brake Shutdown Until April 30th

On the club website, you will see the above headings:

- Please read the **Covid 19- Code of Contact**
- Please download the **Release of Liability and Waiver** form. Complete the form and place it in the box at the club gate on your first visit to the club. There should be forms at the gate as well.
- Check the notes under the **Covid-19 Status** bar.
- Before heading out for an event, **check the club emails** to see if anything has changed either a cancellation, date change or change in format for the event.
- On arrival at the gate, always sign in in the available book with the requested information. This will be critical if we should have a case of Covid- 19.
- Hand sanitizer is available but you should bring your own to use throughout your stay. Please bring a mask and probably two. One in a Ziplock bag in a pocket would be handy if you happened to take an unexpected swim and need a dry one!
- Keep your 2 meters distance. Last season, this seemed a problem mostly on the docks!! Our Sirius is 22 feet so if Rick slides a little closer to the transom, we could have 2 Popeyes with us. This is the case standing on the dock too...





Hey folks, just happened to take one more look at the club website before sending this issue and found this notice from our Commodore

Emergency Alert: A Stay-at-Home Order is in effect. This is the law. Stay at home so everyone will be safe.

Hello Members,

My glass is still half full in the hope of having a sailing season this summer. There will be a delay in getting started, but we are a resilient group having met these kinds of challenges before.

Ontario's Premier, Doug Ford has declared the **3RD STATE OF EMERGENCY FOR ALL OF ONTARIO**, and specifically added a **STAY-AT-HOME ORDER** to be in effect for 4 weeks. We, at FYC will follow this advice and keep everyone posted as things develop.

UTRCA yellow dam gate will be open from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. for folks wishing to exercise via biking trails, and walking.

If our members have an issue with boat storage (i.e.: having to take their boats out of winter storage and need to put it somewhere), you may bring your boat to the club, it is supervised drop off only with the Club Steward, so call Bob. You will not be able to work on your boat at the club.

Sarnia Yacht Club is closed, with a select couple of Board Members checking to make sure all is well within the Club grounds. Bellwood Lake Sailing Club is closed. Fanshawe Yacht Club is closed, with the Club Steward checking it periodically for any vandalism. Our Board of Directors will be Meeting on the 12th of April to discuss how we will move forward when the Emergency Order is lifted.

For anyone coming to FYC grounds go to the website and download the Waiver and Covid Code of Conduct. Read, Sign and when you are allowed access to the club bring it with you or email it to me at madam.commodore.fyc@gmail.com. We can do this, follow the protocols, stay the course and we will have a sailing season.

Regards,
Bonita Magill, your Commodore

Sailing School · Latest Update – Thursday April 8th, 2021

The Sailing School is currently in a holding pattern. Be assured that if and when Covid restrictions allow, the Sailing School will be making every effort to conduct courses this season.

Waitlist registrations continue to be accepted.

Sailing School Director , Vera Eames



Remember...it is only a quarantine if it comes from the quarantine region of France; otherwise, it is only sparkling isolation

2021 FYC – the Dream! A **tentative** Calendar



Watch the events calendar on our website www.fyc.on.ca for the latest requirements for Covid Safety and events details. Club emails will be sent before events with the necessary information for you in this Covid season too.

April		
Mon	Apr 5	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sat	Apr 24	Work Party: Spring #1 9 AM - 3 PM
May		
Sun	May 1	Fanshawe, Pittock and Wildwood CAs Open
Mon	May 3	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sun	May 23	Annual Sail Past and Commodore's Reception 1 - 8:30
Sat	May 29	Annual Open House 10 AM - 4 PM
Sun	May 30	Annual Open House 10 AM - 4 PM
June		
Mon	June 7	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sat	June 12	June Bug Regatta 9 AM - 4 PM – day 1
Sun	June 13	June Bug Regatta 9 AM - 4 PM – day 2
July		
Mon	Jul 5	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
August		
Sat	Aug 28	Club Championship Regatta 8:30 AM - 4 PM Annual Corn Roast 5 - 8:30 PM
Sun	Aug 29	Club Championship Regatta 8:30 AM - 4 PM
September		
Sat	Sep 4	Plywood Classic Regatta 10 AM - 4 PM
Mon	Sep 13	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sun	Sep 19	Commodore's Cup 10 AM - 4 PM
October		
Sat	Oct 2	Pumpkin Regatta 9 AM - 4 PM – Day 1
Sun	Oct 3	Pumpkin Regatta 9 AM - 4 PM – Day 2
Mon	Oct 4	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sat	Oct 16	Work Party: Fall #1 8:30 AM - 4 PM
Sun	Oct 17	Fanshawe Pittock and Wildwood CAs Close
November		
Mon	Nov 1	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM
Sat	Nov 6	64th Annual Banquet 5 - 10:30 PM
December		
Mon	Dec 6	Board of Directors Meeting 7 - 9 PM



**2021 FYC Membership Renewal May 1 deadline
then fees rise!**

Sail with us!

If you haven't already done so, please head to the club website at www.fyc.on.ca and sign up for your 2021 membership. **The deadline renewal is before Saturday, May 1, 2021. The early bird pricing changes after that date.** This year, there will be no initiation fee for new memberships because of Covid.

Keep in mind that as a non-profit organization we depend on our members to assist with projects at the club – opening and closing of the grounds, projects such as replacing the stairs to the dock this year, pruning overgrown plants, painting structures, helping prepare meals for events in the kitchen, helping with regattas (safety boats during racing, registration), participating on committees or in roles on the Board of Directors and supporting positions.

We need all hands-on deck to have a successful year of sailing. A total of 38 members have signed up to date, including 5 new Members and 4 Honorary Members. This will certainly increase as we near May! Gerry requested that those who haven't signed up yet to please do so as soon as possible to continue enjoying all the wonderful benefits of belonging to the Club.

Questions? Contact our Membership Chair [Gerry Triesman](#)

Seven-week road closure at bridge on Clare Road



LONDON, ONT. -- The area of Clarke Road between Fanshawe Park Road East and Kilally Road will be closed for about seven weeks while crews repair the J.W. Carson Bridge in the area.

Drivers heading north and southbound on Clarke Road will follow a signed detour that will take them west to Highbury Avenue North to avoid the bridge. Although local traffic will still be able to access businesses, they will not be able to cross the bridge during the repairs.



2021 FYC Wednesday Informal Sailing Begins in May



Maybe on May 12, after the lock-down ends. Keep in mind that golf courses and bike/ hike trails remain open so there are things to do.

It's almost time to get ready for some evening racing again at FYC. For the last couple of years, we have used a flex-date system to allow us to get better wind conditions for our race evenings. Each Tuesday, I will be looking at the Weather Network, to see their weather prediction for Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The primary race evening is Wednesday, and only if the forecast for Wednesday is terrible, then Thursday would be the alternate evening for racing. By terrible, I mean no wind forecast (I'm not keen on just sitting out there floating around), or being faced with survival conditions. So, Tuesday evening, I will make the choice of Wednesday or Thursday for racing. I will email everyone interested on Tuesday evening. I also know that when I've picked Thursday in the past, race attendance goes down, so I try not to move it.

For May, June, and July, the race initial warning 2 or 3 beeps from the race hut, will go around 6:20 pm, so the race 5-minute warning should go at approximately 6:25, and the race start will be approximately 6:30 pm. Into August and September, I start to move the starting sequence forward, because the evenings are getting dark early. I mention 2 or 3 beeps for the initial warning, it's been a long winter, and I can't remember if its 2 or 3 beeps.

The race course will be posted on the race hut wall facing the lake, and there is no one monitoring the starting line, looking for early starters.

For those not familiar with the starting sequence:

- 5 minutes before start – one beep
- 4 minutes before start – one beep
- 1 minute before start – one beep
- Start – one bee

I contact all those interested in coming out for these informal races by email. If I don't already have your email, or yours has changed from last year, send me an email to jb4designs@outlook.com

So, come on out. Racing is a great way to improve your sailing skills, and meet fellow sailors. No handshaking, just friendly waves - for now.

See you on the water.

Jens Biskaborn – Wayfarer W7663, Laser 20791, Opti 1404

2021 Spring work party – April 24 or later....

This season's Spring work party is scheduled for April 24th, 2021. Sign-up for jobs will be sent via club email. You also should hear about access to the club as our work party date is scheduled before the official opening of the conservation area (May 1)



OOPS..... Since first typing this, we have entered into yet another lock down so be sure to watch the club email for news to come!! and a new date!

With respect to facilities at the club, you will be required to complete the waiver for Covid-19 and to sign the guest book at the main gate as you arrive. There will be two portable toilets as last year with hand sanitizer available. Our Club Steward, Bob Magill will ensure these will be well maintained. In case of inclement weather, there will be 2 canopies set up, one near the clubhouse and the by the sail school building.

As has been the case in the past, bring

- clothing suitable to the weather, work gloves, boots, rain gear, hats
- hand tools for trimming back overgrown plants, raking leaves, repairing boats, tables, buildings.
- There are no power tools at the club so please bring what you may need with extension cords (drills, leaf blowers, etc.)
- bottled water
- a mask and a spare (in case one is soaked or lost), hand sanitizer for yourself
- I have not heard if a lunch will be supplied to the workers – this of course is Covid-19 dependent. So, you may want to bring a sack.

Please watch for a club email with all the needed information.

From our Fleet Captain, Rick Goldt

Approximately 50% of the carpet for the main dock has been secured. We need more carpet cut in 4-foot widths!

2021 FYC Open House



The format of an Open House at the club this year is not decided as yet. The suggestions to have a virtual Open House, cancel for this year depending on the status of Covid-19, or continue as in the past but require a pre registration with the Code of Conduct and Waiver forms provided in advance.

2021 FYC Regattas

Our new Rear-Commodore, Max Lucas, is learning the ropes and will be organizing this year's regattas. He will need your help for such duties as registration, meals if planned, manning safety boats and so on.



Our first formal regatta is the June Bug Regatta.

Notice of race with the details will be sent out after the May 2021 Board meeting.

Change in the Club Championship Regatta: At the General Membership Meeting on November 24, 2020, the motion regarding the format for the Club Championship Regatta was not properly executed. This item was not on the Agenda distributed to the Membership in advance of the meeting, so there was no opportunity for the Membership to review and make an informed decision.



The Board recommended that the Motion: Move that we revert the Club Championship Regatta to the way it was 5 years ago be added to the Agenda for ratification by the Membership at the AGM on March 24, 2021.

2021 FYC Annual General Meeting March 24



Following is a brief summary of some items discussed at the Annual General Meeting. Other items addressed at the meeting are found elsewhere in this issue (Covid rules, work party, and so on.)

This was an unusual year as the meeting was on ZOOM with 29 participants and was held in March rather than January as has been the custom. The March meeting allowed better timing for the completion of the budget.

2020/2021 Budget report; The budget was presented by John Kabel, FYC Treasurer. The club did operate at a loss for last season as was anticipated.

The Member's Handbook is still being edited.

Nominating Committee: the club accounts suggested use of a three-member nominating committee for members and supporting members of the club board of officers. The current members of this board are John Ellington, Steve Currie and Bonita Magill.

The Dragon Boat Festival has been canceled for 2021.

New Policy on Minors: This new policy applies to persons under the age of majority.

Boat motors and moorings: Carleen Hone and Jim Mackenzie, Harbour Masters, are having the club motors serviced. A 15HP and 10 HP motor have been donated to the club as spares. The moorings will be placed this April and some will need to be readjusted and chain will need to be replaced.

Long-Range Planning Committee

This Committee has been established by the Board. There is an Information and Progress Report document available). Members of the committee are:

Jens Biskaborn	Jack Blocker	Jeff Eames
Rick Goldt	John Kabel	Renata Lohmann
Bonita Magill.		

The Committee met three times in 2021 and developed a draft list of new initiatives. Previously, in 1979, the Club did a 20-year forecast and in 1999, Anne McEwen carried out a detailed inventory to be used for a long-term plan.



Three major initiatives are been developed:

1. Develop a plan for FYC public relations and advertising activities
2. Develop a community sailing program
3. Improve physical accessibility to DMH.

A number of major capital repair projects have been identified and divided into four main areas:

1. Docks, moorings and ramps
2. Boats, trailers and racks
3. Grounds
4. Buildings and services.

Next steps are to prioritize the projects

Members are requested to contact Rick within the next two weeks if they have any ideas for the Long-Range Planning Committee.

The committee will report back to the Membership with the plan for the next 5 to 10 years.

Propose submitting an application for Trillium funding for repairs to the main dock. Details for Trillium funding has not yet been released this year. We may have to wait until next year.



FYC Sailing School

Vera Eames, Sailing School Director, said they will run the 2021 sailing school if it is possible. A waitlist has been developed with a portion of the registration fee paid to hold the position.

Instructor hiring will not take place until Provincial and Federal Grants are in place.

Rick Goldt has worked on the hulls of the sailing school Lasers over the winter and has accepted a donation of another Laser from Betty Dietrich. Thank you, Betty and Rick.

The Sail School is looking forward to replacement boats, there will be one RS Quest Green on sails) ordered this year for older registrants to try. The school is considering the RS Feva for younger sailors in the future.



A grant received will be applied to purchase of a 10' X20' canopy tent for the sailing school. To be placed near the school building.

Administrator for the Sailing School: This position is open this year. Looking for applicants. There will be plenty of help available for the new Administrator!

For sale for sail

Wayfarer 6084

Wayfarer for sale.... sail #6084
main, jib and spinnaker and trailer
\$1500

Doug or Chris at 519-433-1449

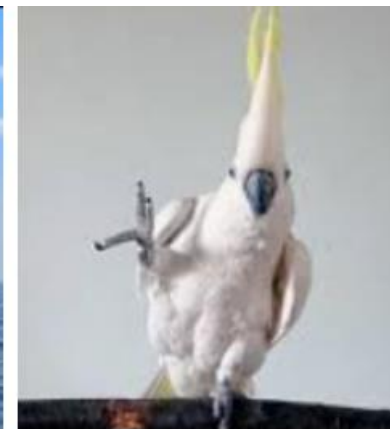
2021 FYC Board of Directors and Supporting Positions

2021 directors

Commodore	Bonita Magill
Vice-Commodore	Claudio Martin
Rear-Commodore	Max Lucas
Treasurer	John Kabel
Secretary	Andy Turnbull
Fleet Captain	Josh Lesmeister
Sailing School Director	Vera Eames
Nominating Committee Chair	John Ellington
Youth Representative	Riley McCluskey (not yet confirmed).

Contributing Roles:

Membership Chair	Gerry Triesman
Dock Marshall	Rick Goldt
Club Steward	Bob Magill
Communications	Mark Cole
Safety	Mike Van Wiechen
Harbour Masters	Carleen Hone and Jim Mackenzie
Parking	Szymon Kornobis
Marketing & Tech Support	Renata Lohmann
Racing Committee	John Kabel
Newsletter Editor	Sue Goldt
Boat Master	Bob Magill.
Webmaster	Kevin Biskaborn



I'm sorry.....all through the America's Cup racing in Aukland this winter,
all I could think of was parrots dancing. Sue

UTRCA Information 2021 – CA Opens May 1, 2021

The **Yellow dam gate** to Fanshawe Conservation Area will be open again daily Monday to Friday between 8am and 4pm. Fanshawe CA staff will continue to open and close this gate, as long as we are in the orange restrict levels or lower.

2021: Season May 1 to October 17

Purchase vehicle and boat passes at the front gate.

ENTRY FEES (DAILY/SEASONAL)

Vehicle Day Pass – \$15
Season Pass (mirror hanger) – \$130
Non-Vehicle Day Pass – \$8
Bus Pass Day – \$130
Seasonal Camper Visitor – Vehicle Day Pass (Pittcock CA) – \$10

WATERCRAFT FEES

Motor/Sail Boat Day Pass – \$15 (+ vehicle entry fee)
Motor/Sail Boat Season Pass – \$120 (+ vehicle entry fees)

FANSHAWE CA

Boat Launch (includes vehicle entry fee) – \$30

Conservation Authority announces new General Manager (media release, March 24, 2021)

London, ON – The Upper Thames River Conservation Authority (UTRCA) is pleased to announce that Tracy Annett, MCIP, RPP, will become the Authority's new General Manager Secretary-Treasurer on April 6, 2021. Annett takes over from Ian Wilcox, who is retiring after 17 years as the GM.

"There was a great deal of interest in the position," said Alan Dale, Chair of the UTRCA. "The Selection Committee was impressed with the quantity and quality of the resumes received. The Board of Directors congratulates Tracy on her selection, and looks forward to working with Tracy in her new position at the UTRCA."

Annett has worked for the UTRCA for 24 years, and has been the Manager of the Environmental Planning and Regulations Unit since 2015.

"I am fortunate to work alongside an amazing group of professionals dedicated to improving the Upper Thames River watershed," said Annett. "I would like to thank the Board of Directors for their confidence in me to continue the legacy of the Upper Thames. I have learned a great deal under the mentorship of Ian Wilcox and wish him all the best in his retirement."

"With recent changes to the Conservation Authorities Act, our priority will be to work with staff and our Board of Directors to further engage our municipal members, local stakeholders, and the Province to continue delivering resource conservation and management programs that are consistent with the purpose of the Act," said Annett.



The UTRCA delivers a broad range of environmental programs and services to watershed municipalities and residents, with a focus on:

- protecting people and property and supporting safe development,
- delivering landowner stewardship,
- providing natural spaces and recreational opportunities,
- making science-based decisions, and
- empowering communities and you

Fanshawe Nature School

London, ON – The Upper Thames River Conservation Authority (UTRCA) is excited to launch the [Fanshawe Nature School program](#) at Fanshawe Conservation Area for spring 2021!

"We are pleased to offer a new way for children and parents to safely explore nature at Fanshawe Conservation Area," said Julie Read, UTRCA Community Education Supervisor. "This experience will be child-directed to create nature awareness through exploration, play, stories, journaling, and songs."



This individually registered program is designed to provide safe, nature-based outdoor learning through play and exploration. Every trip to Fanshawe Nature School will be its own adventure!

Fanshawe Nature School will have three streams:

- **Owls & Owlets:** Monday mornings, 9:30 – 11:30 am beginning April 19th for 6 weeks (2-5 years old with caregivers)
- **Sparrows:** Tuesday mornings, 9:30 – 11:30 am beginning April 20th for 6 weeks (5-8 years old, drop off program)
- **Crows:** Fridays, 9:30 am – 1:30 pm beginning April 23rd for 6 weeks (9-12 years old, drop off program)

[Register your child](#) (online registration opens on Monday, March 8 at 8 am)

See [photos](#) and [video](#)

Contact: [Steve Sauder](#), Marketing Specialist, or [Julie Read](#), Community Education Supervisor



The First Mate's Tale

Lieutenant Hardy, First Mate, was in a rare mood as he finished drilling the crew. He barked out a final order, 'All right, you idiots fall out.'

The men fell out, but one sailor stood firm.

The sailor stared at the First Mate and smiled, 'There were a lot of them weren't there sir?'

FYI - The span of the Conservation Authorities

ED NOTE: I am often asked about the UTRCA in conversation so will add information about our landlord from time to time to help our sailors know them better. This list of their Links is included to show the vast size of the Conservation Authorities' network and how it is attached to municipal and government agencies through its programming. A note of interest – this network of CAs in Ontario is unique in the world as a way to manage our watersheds as complete systems. This allows funding to be made available for the entire system rather than focused on urban areas who have more available funds than the urban areas. It also focuses on the environment moreso than development to protect our water sources, quality of water and ecology. Educational programming is designed to promote nature and environmental issues. Leased use of the lands, helps provided funds for the maintenance and security of those lands as people use it for their recreation.

Links

The Conservation Ontario Network

Ontario's Conservation Areas
Conservation Ontario
Ausable Bayfield CA
Catawagui Region CA
Catfish Creek CA
Central Lake Ontario CA
Conservation Halton
Credit Valley CA
Crowe Valley CA
Essex Region CA
Ganaraska Region CA
Grand River CA
Grey Sauble CA

Hamilton CA
Kawartha Region CA
Kettle Creek CA
Lakehead Region CA
Lake Simcoe Region CA
Long Point Region CA
Lower Thames Valley CA
Lower Trent Region CA
Maitland Valley CA
Mattagami Region CA
Mississippi Valley CA
Niagara Peninsula CA
Nickel District CA

North Bay – Mattawa CA
Nottawasaga Valley CA
Otonabee Conservation
Quinte Conservation
Raisin Region CA
Rideau Valley CA
Saugeen Valley CA
Sault Ste. Marie Region CA
South Nation Conservation
St. Clair Region CA
Toronto & Region CA
Upper Thames River CA

Our Municipal Partners

Blandford – Blenheim (Township)
East Zorra – Tavistock (Township)
Ingersoll (Town)
London (City)
Lucan Biddulph (Township)
Middlesex Centre (Municipality)
Middlesex (County)
North Perth (Municipality)
Norwich (Township)
Oxford (County)
Perth (County)
Perth East (Township)
Perth South (Township)
St. Marys (Town)
South Huron (Municipality)
South-West Oxford (Township)
Stratford (City)
Thames Centre (Municipality)

West Perth (Municipality)
Woodstock (City)
Zorra (Township)

Government Agencies

Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada
Canadian Wildlife Services
Canada Centre for Inland Waters
Environment and Climate Change Canada
Environment and Natural Resources
links – federal
Fisheries and Oceans Canada
Great Lakes Commission/Great Lakes Information Network
Lake Erie Lakewide Action and Management Plan (LAMP)
Land Information Ontario
Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Rural Affairs
Ministry of the Environment, Conservation and Parks
Ministry of Municipal Affairs and Housing
Ministry of Natural Resources and Forestry
Natural Heritage Information Centre
Natural Resources Canada
Ontario Government
Ontario Parks
Parks Canada

Other Partners & Organizations

Association of Municipalities of Ontario
Avon River Environment Association
Avon Trail
Bird Studies Canada
Carolinian Canada
Children's Safety Village of London Area
Christian Farmers Federation of Ontario
Communities in Bloom
Ducks Unlimited
Environment Web Directory
Fanshawe Pioneer Village
Fanshawe Yacht Club
Friends of Ellice & Gads Hill Swamps
Friends of the Coves Subwatershed
Hike Ontario
Information London
Invasive Species web site
London Community Foundation
Nature London
Nature Canada
Nature Conservancy of Canada/Ontario's Conservation Area
Ontario Family Fishing Weekend
Ontario Federation of Agriculture
Ontario Federation of Anglers & Hunters
Ontario Nature
Ontario Soil & Crop Improvement

Association
Ontario Stewardship
Ontario Woodlot Association
Oxford County Trails Council
Soil and Water Conservation Society
St. Marys Tourism & Stonetown Internet
Thames Region Ecological Association
Thames River Anglers Association
Thames River Clean Up
Thames Talbot Land Trust
Thames Valley Trail Association
The Weather Network
Tourism Oxford
Wildwood Sailing Club
Woodstock Field Naturalists' Club
World Wildlife Fund

The Upper Thames River Conservation Authority is one of 36 Conservation Authorities in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Our area of jurisdiction, the upper watershed of the Thames River, covers 3,421 square kilometres in southwestern Ontario and is home to approximately 539,500 people. The Thames is a Canadian Heritage River.

Proposed subdivision would border Thames River and Fanshawe Conservation Area

ED NOTE: Hmmmmm, you could walk to the sailing club.....

CBC News · Posted: Aug 22, 2020



Sifton Properties is seeking permission from the city's planning department to build a new subdivision close to the shores of the Thames River and adjacent to the entrance to the Fanshawe Conservation Area.

The developer is seeking draft plan approval for a subdivision on two land parcels: 2331 Kilally Rd. and 1588 Clarke Rd. Taken together, the two properties are about 28 Hectares (69 acres) in size on the southeast corner of Kilally and Clarke Roads. Much of the property is currently in use as a corn field. The plan calls for 164 lots of single-detached houses and seven medium-density residential blocks, which could include townhouses or apartments. Parkland and open space are also included in the plan.

The application was first submitted to the city in October 2018 before it was sent back for more work.



Fanshawe CA

Sailing
Canoeing (rentals available)
Kayaking (rentals available)
Motor boats
(9.9 hp maximum)



Wildwood CA

Motor boats
Water skiing
Sailing
Board sailing
Canoeing (rentals available)
Kayaking (rentals available)



Pittock CA

Motor boats
Water skiing
Sailing
Board sailing
Canoeing
Kayaking

How to Determine Wind Speed with a Flag and Windsock

May 15th, 2020

Have you ever been out in the wind and wondered what the wind speed was? Did you know that you can judge wind speed by looking at your flag? That's right, there are two methods to determine the wind speed with a flag.

Math Method

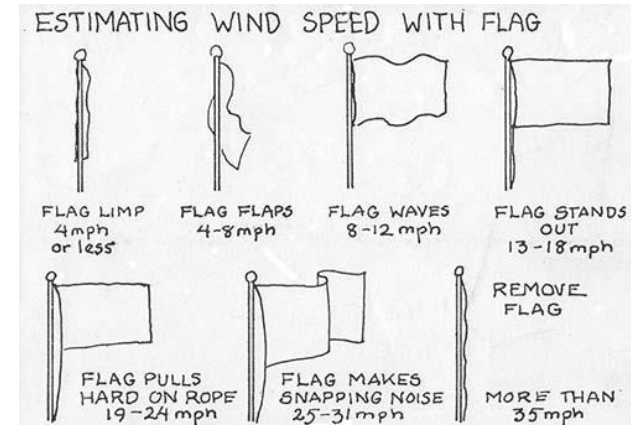
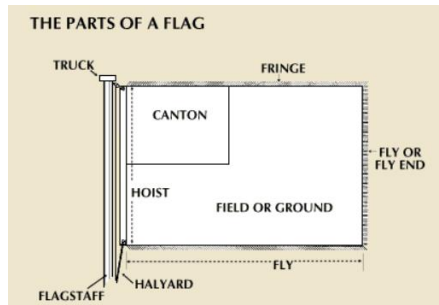
When a flag is on a pole perpendicular to the ground, determine what the angle between the pole and the bottom side of the flag is, then divide by 4. For example, if the angle of your flag with the pole is approximately 40 degrees, the wind speed is roughly 10 mph.



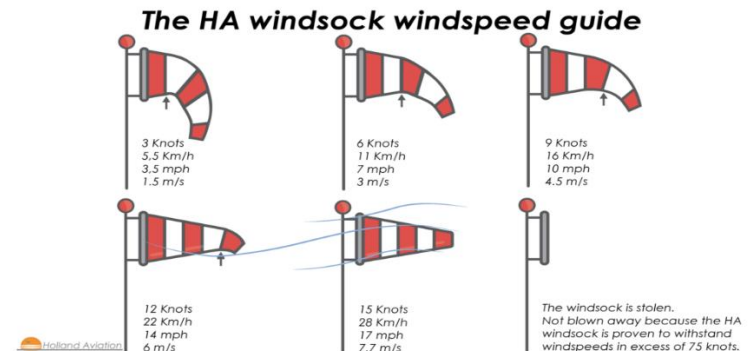
Eyeball Method

Another way to determine the wind speed of a flag is how much it is moving in the wind. When watching a flag flying on an in-ground flagpole, there are few ways it could be waving. Who knew there were multiple ways a flag could fly?

- **Stage one:**
If the flag is not moving, then the wind speed is below 11 mph.
- **Stage two:**
If the flag is moving subtly and sporadically, then the wind speed with between 12-18 mph
- **Stage three:**
If the flag is waving its entire length but in a gentle motion then the wind speed is between 19-24 mph
- **Stage four:**
If the flag is waving more violently over its entire length then the wind speed is 25-31 mph
- **Stage five:**
If your flag is fully extended and constantly flapping then the wind speed is 32 mph
When there is a high wind day like stage five, we recommend taking your flag down if possible, to extend the life of your flag. When your flag is left out in a stage five wind, the flag will start to fray much quicker than if you take your flag in for a day or two.



Discovered this on a posting from Carleen Hone. Who knew that the stripes on the windsock were so significant? The main use is at airports and in industry when a gas leak happens. A quick reference!



Height: At a 6.0 m (20 ft) mast height, the taper of the fabric windsock from the throat to the trailing end must be designed to cause the windsock to fully extend when exposed to a wind of 15 knots (28 km/hr or 17 mph.) Sep. 28, 2020

At sea, striking, or lowering, the flag denotes surrender. When the flag of one country is placed above that of another, the victory of the former is denoted. Hence, in time of peace it would be an insult to hoist the flag of one friendly nation above that of another. Each national flag must be flown from its own flagstaff. To denote honour and respect, a flag is "dipped." Ships at sea salute each other by "dipping"—i.e., by running the flag slowly down from the masthead and then smartly replacing it. When troops parade before a sovereign or other reviewing officer, the regimental flags are lowered as they salute. A flag flying at half-mast is the universal symbol of mourning. A ship's signal of distress is made by hoisting the national [ensign](#) reversed—i.e., upside down.





When I finally became a Sailor, and why.

By Gerry Triesmann

Would you believe it? Finally, at age 75, I got into sailing in earnest. That was five years ago. Sure, I'd been in sailboats before; however, I didn't do any actual sailing then. I merely went along for the ride because I loved being on the water, and always enjoyed being on boats, not only sailboats, but all kinds of boats.

As a boy growing up in the Netherlands, my happiest times were either at, or on a lake, a river, a creek, or even a drainage canal. The watercrafts that I operated were mostly rowboats and canoes. The latter were actually kayaks, which everybody called canoes. A cedar strip canoe, of which there weren't very many at the time, was called a Canadian canoe. My dad had once owned one, but it was destroyed during the Rotterdam Blitz, the aerial bombardment of the city by the German Luftwaffe on 14 May 1940.

Considering that our dad was a member of a sailing club in his younger years, it is surprising that my parents and my siblings and I never sailed as a family. Both my dad and his brother had built their own sailboat before they were married. They each purchased a lifeboat of a decommissioned ocean liner, and transformed these boats into impressive sailing yachts. Long after the war, my uncle built one again. Naturally, I've been on *that* one.

Inland water boatmen are a breed of their own. These skippers sail the inland waterways, such as rivers, canals and lakes, and don't set foot on land for many weeks, even months at a time. Stocking up on provisions is all done from floating grocery stores, which also carry household stuff and some clothing. Towards the end of WWII, a Friesian skipper and my dad went for a boat ride deep into the Friesian countryside. The man went to hide his prized transport vessel from the Germans who confiscated everything useful to them. As I was very young, I had no idea of the gravity of the expedition. I just enjoyed the day's outing. We returned to the skipper's village in a rowboat and on foot.



*My uncle on his TRAMMELANT
(Dutch slang for Trouble)*

In the early 1960s, I was onboard the HNLMS De Ruyter, a destroyer of the Royal Dutch Navy. My brother served on that ship and my parents and I received an invitation to view the ship on Parents' Day. We went, naturally, and had a great day touring the ship and sailing the North Sea for a couple of hours. My brother looked cool. I had seen him in uniform before, on his furlough days, but onboard ship he looked totally awesome.



HNLMS De Ruyter

When it was my time to do my patriotic duty, I didn't join the Navy. To serve in some sort of capacity that fell more in line with my technical studies, I had requested to be placed with the Engineering Corps of the Army. After I had learned how to thoroughly destroy things and effectively kill people, I was assigned to the bridge school. The only watercraft I used there were small rickety boats in which soldiers cross a river under relentless enemy fire. As expected, 50% of the lucky engineers will make it, only to be further assaulted while trying to establish a beachhead.

The Mediterranean has a seductive hold on people, including me, which is why I've spent several summer vacations on her shores. It's hard to get away from her. I even sailed off the Côte d'Azur one year. But again, I was with friends, who shouted commands at me.

"Watch out for the boom!"

"Lean over the side. All the way back; bum in the water!"

I tried to make sense of what the skipper and her crew were doing and said to myself that I should learn to sail. But the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Instead of taking sailing lessons for a full couple of weeks in the northern Dutch province of Friesland when my next vacation came around, I opted to go south again. Friesland's 24 official lakes, where international regattas are held, are most suitable for sailing, and there are many sailing schools all over the province. However, my decision not to go to Friesland was influenced by the distinct possibility of lousy weather just as I was off work. By going south I'd be guaranteed to bask in beautiful sunshine and warmth. In later years, I'd come to regret that decision.

On another one of my summer vacations, I travelled by train to Southeast Europe for a two-week voyage on the Adriatic Sea. It was a delightful barefoot cruise on a two-masted schooner. Twenty of us young people boarded the Otac Luka (Father Luke) in the port of Rijeka, Croatia, about 100 km from the Italian town of Trieste. Passengers and crew all got along famously. To communicate with the captain and his crew we got away with Italian and German.



The Otac Luka in the village of Pula, on the island of Mljet, Croatia 1966

We truly had a whale of a time onboard ship and during outings on the Dalmatian coast. I vividly remember a jolly party in a medieval castle with the locals and a sinful multi-course dinner in an ancient monastery that was transformed into a hotel. I ate way too much, so much so that I felt I needed to be carried out of the courtyard afterwards. On Kornat, one of the islands where we went ashore, the ship's cook and his assistant prepared a scrumptious wild meat dinner over an open fire for us. But, while plying the sea, we mostly had our meals aboard ship. Eating on deck was wonderfully unceremonious, totally relaxed and without a care in the world.

A huge advantage of a voyage on a small ship is the accessibility to cozy, relatively shallow ports and coves, and the proximity to otherwise near inaccessible beaches. The captain allowed for adequate swim breaks, lowering the anchor in the most alluring waters. The Adriatic can get quite wicked though. Standing on deck, amidships, during a storm, I looked at the bow wayyyy down below me one moment, and then wayyyy up above me the next. It was exhilarating. Life onboard with friends is good for the soul. After a day's sailing, and the ship docked in a sheltered harbour at sundown, I liked to listen to the sounds of the wavelets sloshing against the hull. It has a gently calming effect. This is also a good time to enjoy a libation together. I always slept like a true Jack Tar on the Otac Luka.

My next *big* sailing adventure wouldn't be until I crossed the Atlantic Ocean on my way to Canada. I could write a book about this voyage; however, let me restrict myself to a short synopsis of my ten days aboard the S.S. Maasdam of the Holland America Line. The first foreign port after the ship had left Rotterdam harbour was Le Havre, France, where more cargo was loaded into the hold, and additional passengers boarded. We then crossed the English Channel to Southampton on the south coast of England. As it was dark already, and I couldn't detect very well what was happening, I vacated the deck and retreated to my cabin.

From the following morning on, for eight days, there was nothing else to see but ocean all around us. On rare occasions, the blurry shape of another ship appeared on the horizon, and once we were entertained by a school of dolphins jumping in the distance. There was more than ample entertainment on board. We played games on deck, such as shuffleboard, had a quiet read in the library, took in a movie, or just relaxed in a deckchair on sunny days. It was early April and therefore quite cold out on deck. A warm blanket was a must.

On our third day at sea, I celebrated my 27th birthday. The whole ship celebrated with me. We started the party in the lounge and danced the night away to the music of the ship's orchestra. The turbulent sea caused everyone to dance beautifully. Knowledge of dance steps was totally redundant. At one point I was being carried around in a chair, held up high by a couple of rambunctious revelers. To avoid hitting my head on the ceiling I raised my arms, with the palms of my hands up. When the orchestra had finished playing for the evening, a dozen or so of us moved to one of the bars to continue partying. When it closed, we proceeded to the next bar, and when that one also closed after half an hour, we moved to the third bar. That's where we had our night caps and then reluctantly went to bed.

Right smack in the middle of the ocean we had a very rough three days. Apart from the odd funny feeling in my stomach, I didn't get seasick, but most passengers did

and had to stay in their cabins. The dining room was almost empty, and the edges of the tables had been raised to prevent the dishes from sliding off. Needless to say, there was no soup on the menu those days. To avoid icebergs, the ship followed the southern sea route, but we still saw a few small ones when we neared Canada. After we had sailed past Newfoundland and were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, one of the Québécoises, who stood next to me at the railing, pointed Anticosti Island out to me. I sensed her emotion of almost being back in her homeland. When the S.S. Maasdam docked in the port in Québec City, the young woman was spotted by her sisters. They shouted at her, asking whether I was the Parisian she was going to come back with. I was just amazed how a big ship, that had been out on a vast ocean for so long, could be moored precisely at her allocated dock site. That's seamanship, I thought full of admiration and respect for the captain and his crew.



[1960s S.S. Maasdam, Holland America Line Steamer Passenger Ship

On the next and last day aboard ship, we sailed at reduced speed along the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was granted my right to live in Canada permanently. By overnight train I arrived in London, Ontario, on Easter Monday. My first order of business was to find a place to stay and to land a job. By Thursday that week I started work at a consulting engineering firm.

Most of the boats I've been on since I settled in Canada weren't near as big as the naval vessel, the ocean liner, or even the schooner I told you about. The exceptions are the ferries to Manitoulin Island, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, and a whale watching ship off the East coast. Up in Northern Ontario, I once rented a boat with outboard motor for a couple of weeks, to go fishing basically. I have to admit that I'm not a very successful fisherman. My wife, Yvonne, was snagging one whitefish after the other, while I had my bait covertly removed from my hook by the fish time after time. To soften the blow, I caught a pike the next day, and my pride was still intact, to a degree.

With the canoe we owned when our kids were young, we had years of enjoyment on family vacations and weekend camping trips. We canoed Northern Ontario lakes and rivers, Québec lakes, and even Lake Huron. I've also canoed the Amazon River, as well as fast creeks in the interior of Guyana in borrowed Amerindian dugouts. While fishing for Piranha in a tributary of the Amazon River one year, I was more successful than I had been on Lake Nipissing, Ontario. In fact, my young niece from The Netherlands and I were the only ones in our company of tourists who caught these toothy fish. It was because of their razor-sharp teeth that our guide insisted on taking the Piranha off the hook each time. He didn't want us to take the risk of losing any digits.

Yvonne and I have crossed Guyana's Essequibo River just south of its 32 km wide estuary in a 7-meter Portuguese style wooden boat with three 50 HP Evinrude outboard motors. The towering bow waves cannonballing past the gunnels prevented us from seeing anything outside the boat. To avoid crashing head on with another fast boat, which could be coming towards us from around the islands, the skipper kept his eyes peeled constantly. He was ready for an evasive manoeuvre if necessary, at any time. The hair-raising crossing took 45 minutes.

As operating manager of a gold and diamond mining company in the Pakaraima Mountains that straddle Guyana and Venezuela, I had purchased a sturdy flat bottom boat from a local boat builder. He had built this practically indestructible boat from tropical hardwood. The outboard engine for it was shipped in from Canada. We used this 6-meter boat to transport fuel and other supplies to our mining camp far up the Upper Mazaruni River. We also moved all our equipment to new worksites with it. Material that wouldn't fit in the boat was loaded onto a raft made from empty oil drums with our sluice box on top, which we then towed. Several trips were needed for such moves.

At the dinner table with Yvonne and our two daughters, when they were still living at home with us, there was always a lot of chitter-chatter. I often remarked that "I must be the only Dutchman who doesn't know how to sail." Apparently, I said this frequently enough for it to be ingrained in my eldest daughter's mind. Years later, when she already had a growing family of her own, five years ago in fact, she had given me sailing lessons for my birthday. I was totally blown away by this, and very grateful.

So, I had my first sailing lesson at the Sarnia Yacht Club. Travel time between Strathroy, where I live, and Sarnia is around the same as between Strathroy and the



Just out of the basin of the Sarnia Yacht Club

Fanshawe Yacht Club, London. I opted for Sarnia because I figured I'd be sailing on Lake Huron. I did, but not until the instructors were confident that my co-students and I had gained the necessary skills to exit the basin and go out on the lake. I had a sensational time learning to sail. That was the best birthday present my daughter could have ever given me.

On our last evening of the sailing course, we were all invited to go out on the lake in the thirty something long keelboat of one of

the club's members. I was encouraged to take the helm and I gladly did. The instructors took care of the rest of the boat handling.

A great time was had by everyone. Back on shore, at the closing of our party night, we were treated to soft drinks and pizza, and beer for those of us who cared for the

suds. While reflecting on the two months of sailing lessons and discussing our plans for the time ahead, we shared our homemade snacks with each other.

For the remainder of the sailing season, I crewed for a couple of the Yacht Club's skippers in the Wednesday evening races, as did one other sailor from my class. I greatly appreciated the opportunity to further my beginner's sailing skills. After the races, while waiting for the results to be made public in the clubhouse, we were invited by the skippers to join their "drinks and pizza get-togethers." It had been an immensely enjoyable sailing season.

Oddly enough, there was no mention of the Sail Canada's CANSail Dinghy program at the sailing school of the Sarnia Yacht Club at that time. We were merely registered in the course for adult beginner sailors and we weren't working towards an officially recognized level. No list of skills was checked off either, and no certificates were awarded at the finish of the course. Eager to continue sailing and to become better at it, I attended the annual Open House event of the Fanshawe Yacht Club and Sailing School the following year. I wanted to find out what this yacht club had to offer.

I toured the club grounds, had a chat with the Membership Chair, and exchanged a few words with the Commodore. Inside the clubhouse, I spoke with the Sailing School Director about the classes, what the fees were, and when the course would start. On the dock I was approached by a lovely young lady who asked me whether I'd like a sailboat ride. I would, so she spoke with one of the skippers who then invited me aboard his Catalina for a nice little sail.

I had enjoyed myself so much that I returned on Sunday to look around some more. I also went to see the Sailing School Director again because I wanted to sign up for the CANSail Level 1 and 2 classes for adults. Right on the spot he helped me register online and took my money, which I knew would be well spent. Before going back home, I had a brief conversation with a sailor in one of the CL-14 club boats. It so happened, as I found out a few weeks later, he was one of the instructors of the course I'd be taking. And so was the lovely young lady I'd met on the dock on the first day of the Open House weekend.

The course was wonderful, which can only be attributed to the school's excellent instructors. On the evening of the first class, we had a visit from the Director who gave us encouragement and boosted our spirit. My co-students were great people too. We all got along very nicely and communication between us while sailing was excellent. After each class' briefing I always looked forward with great anticipation to rigging the dinghies and heading out on the lake. Despite getting tired from having been on the water for 2½ hours of training, the evenings went by much too fast for me. But with the boats docked, sails properly stored, and having paid close attention at the debriefings, I was feeling satisfied every time.

On the tenth and last evening of the course, I received my CANSail Level 1 certificate. I was very happy. But I also felt a little bit disappointed for not having progressed enough to achieve Level 2. The instructors went over their evaluation of my acquired skills with me and told me that I had done well. I should be proud of myself, they said. When I asked what their evaluation was of my skills in order to qualify for a CANSail Level 2 certificate, I was told that I was very close.

As I was nearly good enough for the CANSail Level 2 certificate, I couldn't bear having to wait a whole year to get there. So, I made arrangement for private lessons. After the third session, the instructor declared that I possessed the necessary skill requirements to receive the CANSail Level 2 certificate. I was elated. Because I was now eligible to use one of the club's boats, I was eager to meet with the Leasing Director. We met at the club and sat down at a picnic table under the trees where we completed the paperwork. Yippee, I'm going to go out on the lake in a sailboat, by myself, without being observed, I said to myself. I might even have said it out loud.

I was so severely bitten by the sailing bug that I decided to work towards my CANSail Level 3 and 4 certificates, which I did during the next two years. When I took my last course there were only two students in my class who already had their Level 3 certification. One was a young woman who'd be going to university that fall and the other one was me. The instructor put the two of us together for the duration of the course, and we did very well. At first, I felt a little sorry for my young partner for having to put up with a fellow who could have been her grandfather. But she was a good sport about it and we got along famously.

In between course evenings I sailed the club boat that I was leasing that season. On many weekend days and also in the evening of some weekdays, one of the members of the club and I went sailing together. I loved going out on the lake with this experienced sailor. He had learned to sail on the lochs in his native country, Scotland. I very much appreciated his no-nonsense demeanor and at the same time cheerful company *and* the pointers he gave me. We also participated in some informal Wednesday evening club races, as well as in one of the regattas together. Additionally, I crewed for a couple of club members in many of the Wednesday afternoon races. Needless to say, I gained valuable experience.

Towards completion of the classes, the teams of Levels 2 and 3 sailors routinely raced against one another, and my young partner and I always came in first. That gave rise to an enthusiastic "high five" each time. Both of us were rewarded our CANSail-4 certificate. Although I realized that I was still really a novice, I finally considered myself a sailor. It *is* possible to teach old dogs new tricks after all. I had become a sea dog.

Making good use of my leased club boat for the remainder of that season, I sailed with my CANSail-4 partner until she brought in her own Laser. I also continued sailing with my friend from the Scottish lochs. To top it off, a handful of long-time club members invited me to sail with them on Wednesday afternoons. I am grateful to all of the skippers and crewmates with whom I sailed, from beginners like me, to the old salts. It is out of respect for their many years of sailing that I use the term "old salt" and not to distinguish them from the young'uns.



My young partner and I at sunset

Of all the club members who have their own boat, or boats, there is one in particular to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. I'd come to see him as my mentor. He and I shared a table with his lovely wife and several

other people at the annual banquet at the Forest City National Golf Club in the fall. My wife was out of the country at that time. Among other subjects, we chatted about what I had been doing as far as sailing was concerned since I obtained my CANSail-4 certificate.

When I mentioned that "my" leased boat was taken away from me by one of the sailing instructors during a Wednesday evening race, he seemed taken aback. However, the rule is that club boats can only be taken out when the school doesn't need them for their classes. I knew that. But according to the schedule on which the availability of club boats can be verified, there appeared to be a boat free for use at that particular time slot. Nevertheless, my partner and I abandoned the race, returned to the dock and went home.

The following year I joined as an associated member. After the reopening of the club, my benevolent friend, who was back in his lakeside cottage for the season, invited me to a Wednesday afternoon sail. However, he did much more than taking me sailing. Out of the kindness of his heart and the sheer love of sailing, he essentially took me under his wing. He saw to it that I became well acquainted with basically all there is to know about getting- underway with a CS 22 keelboat. Retrieval from the mooring, rigging the boat, and safely leaving the dockside were just some of the tasks which are quite different from what I was accustomed to when using the CL14 and C420 dinghies. Boat-handling skills were challenging too, but my ever so patient mentor never ceased advising and encouraging me. We got together almost every Wednesday that season for the sheer enjoyment of being in harmony with ourselves and the wind. Moreover, I'm not that Dutchman anymore who doesn't know how to sail.



Gerry's Latest Race Results				1 regatta entry in total	
	Year	Event	Fleet	Finish	Entries
1	2019	Club Championship	Open: CL 14	4th	5



Chapter 4 of "Dead Duck by the Pool" By Chris Fogelman

Over the Years since I bought my CS22 I have engaged in writing a series of Novels. They have been posted on Amazon under my name as eBooks.

I have included as an attachment one chapter from the Second Novel in the Drake Mallard series of Mystery/Action eBook.

Chapter Four attached is the one that has the most boat related action and I thought that it might be entertaining for the FYC members to read in the next Scuttlebutt. The title of this second Novel is Dead Duck by the Pool but if looking for it by title on Amazon it will return every other advertised novel with "Dead" in its title first. So, look under the authors Heading for my Name.

Author: Chris Fogelman



YO-HO-HO (4)

Sailing to our new home we meet pirates.

A few days after interviewing Paula she had a set of keys to the house and we had flown back to Jacksonville. Paul came down to the boat the afternoon we returned.

He said "I hear you had some excitement. The bombs are safely diffused and tucked away. Your boat is still welcome here at the base. Is there any hint why they are still after you?"

I answered "Apart from revenge for throwing a monkey wrench into their plans. I still can find no reason for the continued desire to have us killed. The house has now been searched within an inch of its life; the bombs were all that was hidden."

He said "I got a car for you this morning it is up on the dock above, here are the keys. I brought some fresh food with me. If one of you comes, we can have it aboard before the ice cream melts."

The three of us went up to grab the bags and then returned to the boat where we got the food stored and Tracy asked Paul to stay and have one of the steaks. After a salad the steaks and boiled potatoes went down and we enjoyed cold no alcohol beer with the ice cream. Tracy was after all pregnant and Paul was working a case.

"The information we took from the Nassau police computer is held on this data stick. I hope these computers you gave us don't automatically dump into your system." I said.

"I had that feature deleted from them. I did not want what you found broadcast in our system." he said.

"Keep this out, one of the high officials back in Nassau is in contact with who ever is after us and is in contact with drug smugglers. I would think he has a contact in the DEA or FBI who smoothes the arrival of the drugs, and gets a percentage." I said.

Paul asked "Is the contact here on the stick?"

I answered "Yes. Take the information to an honest person above him only after you run a further spider web check on both of them. Don't forget any personal cells or outside internet accounts. Do not rush with that information as it would certainly be dangerous. It might be best to let the official stay and just track his activities for a while, then scoop up the whole thing at once. If he is given the credit for shutting down the network his business associates might dispose of him afterward which would save the FBI being the recipient of bad publicity."

Paul said "I did not expect this to come up from your little project."

Tracy said "You have a spider web in the Bahamas police computer to watch what they are up to. Do you know the man who looks at the results for the FBI?"

He answered "I have an idea. This won't be easy will it. What happened on Cat Island?"

Tracy answered "Just a simple little vacation in the Bahamas. We got rid of someone watching the house and found the bombs. Then we killed the six men coming to kill us. We liked the house, bought it and hired a new housekeeper after the one keeping an eye on us was killed by this organization lurking in the background."

Having returned the loaned rifles and night binoculars we had assorted errands to run. Paul said his good byes and left, while we got the screens in place before darkness came and with it the blood thirsty tiny bugs. We gathered together bed linen and towels ready for a trip to the Laundromat the next day. I gave a quick look to the stores and supplies on board while making a list of what was needed. After a long day we dropped to sleep with the pistols ready to hand.

While we did the laundry, I called Seaside Guns to see if the stainless rifles had arrived and by a good stroke, they were in. With the rifles in the trunk of the car under the groceries we returned to the boat. Putting our purchases away took us three hours. Rather than making an early dinner or late lunch we instead went to the good seafood restaurant near the base. Its bar was frequented by the men from the base and several tried dancing with Tracy, between the two of us we escaped vowing to avoid that place again.

The next morning MPs were knocking on the boat asking if we wanted to press charges against the men they had carried out when we left. We both felt they had suffered enough having been knocked out by Tracy and poor decrepitude me. It was

three weeks since our last visit to the hospital so today we would have to go and get prodded, have a visit with the vampire, walk and cycle nowhere. Then find out how much we could have deteriorated. In the afternoon the news was bad my white cell count was 38 percent of normal and Tracy's had dropped to 50 percent and she was anemic from the pregnancy. The doctors felt we had entered the end stage of the sickness and said we would probably not leave the hospital after the tests in three weeks.

We decided to leave the next day and sail to Cat Island and spend our last weeks in the house, day sailing. Tracy called Paul to collect the car and said our farewells. Seaknife left the dock while she talked to Paul via the cell phone. I had backed off the dock and headed down the channel keeping in the shallows away from a large ship coming in. Seaknife bucked through the wake as we passed each other. When the waves had passed, I steered for the deeper water on the right side of the channel. Following the marks, we eventually came to the buoys that marked the entrance to the channel and the water depth started increasing. The wind came from the south and I turned into it and unfurled the main and genoa. Once the sails were out, I headed the boat due east. Letting the auto pilot steer, I trimmed the main then the jib when I felt the boat was sailing well, I shifted the engine into neutral and stopped it, I then shifted back into gear so the feathering propeller rotated its blades reducing drag.

Tracy came to the cockpit with partly frozen bottles of water. Seaknife was on a beam reach and we were sitting on the windward side of the cockpit watching the blue ocean water topped by white foam off the bow. The air was fresh with the tang of salt and iodine the temperature was humid and almost hot, but we were enjoying a great sail. The hours swung by and we let the auto pilot steer while lunch was eaten and the crusts of the sandwich were thrown out to the passing waves.

About sunset the water temperature started rising and I knew we were entering the gulf stream. We had luck with us as the south wind was with the current and the waves did not build up. By midnight the water temperature was stable and the sky had become overcast from the warm air rising off the warm gulfstream and condensing. Light showers started and by dawn the showers had stopped and the ocean temperature was dropping as was the wind. Seaknife was flat and doing three knots when the sun cleared the eastern horizon. Tracy came up to relieve me on watch and brought a mug of hot chocolate. I sat ahead of Tracy so the sun would warm me, the night's showers contained a bit of a chill that still lingered in my bones. The hot chocolate turned out to be soup which made a good breakfast before I went below for a nap.

Hours later Tracy called me out as a boat was in the area. I heard the growl of twin V8s and the occasional slap of a planing hull on the water. There was no land around us and the boat was off to the west hidden by a thick haze which was showing strong intentions of becoming fog. I did not like the situation and handed Tracy her automatic before I went below to get the rifles. As I removed them from the storage bags, I loaded the magazines with new shells before inserting them into each of the automatic rifles. With extra magazines I went up to the cockpit and handed Tracy her rifle.

"The magazine is loaded but no round is in the chamber." I said.

"The boat seems to be headed straight for us."

"It probably has radar and is tracking toward us. Let us hope it is just a curious chartered fishing boat." I said.

"Don't sugar coat it I know as well as you do that it is a cigarette boat; I can hear it planing. Here is a place such a boat does not go to by accident. Should we change course?" she said.

"We are under sail and have right of way and I can't get an exact fix on their position the haze seems to change the direction of the sound." I said.

We both knew the Seaknife's top speed of seven knots was no match for the forty-knot capability of a cigarette boat and if it had radar, the rising fog would offer us no protection. I had a telescopic sight on the rifle and tried looking toward the sound of the engines but could not spot it. Rain started and the haze quickly changed to a fog that covered the view off the bow of Seaknife so the boat seemed to stop forward of the mast. The engines of the other boat changed pitch and started slowing down. We both moved forward away from the cockpit onto the fore deck and chambered rounds. I could hear engines and the burble of the exhausts on the port side and we readied ourselves by crouching down and aiming in the direction of the sound. I had the rifle resting on the port dorade guard while Tracy took the starboard guard and the slight protection behind the mast. The genoa was just outside of the lifelines beside me and would provide cover. The bow of the approaching boat appeared behind the leach of the genoa at the same time gunfire sounded from the other boat. Pieces of fiberglass from the cockpit were jumping up where bullet holes appeared. Their cockpit screen moved past our sail and I could see two men with assault rifles shooting toward our cockpit over the screen and a third man was at the cigarette boat's controls.

The crack of our opening shots sounded together and I saw the helmsman of that boat slide away and hang over the far side of their cockpit. I fired a second shot at the gunman turning his gun toward us while holding himself up with an elbow over the top of the windscreen. A clang sounded off the mast and I instinctively looked to the hole that had appeared between Tracy and I in the mast just above the cabin top. The cigarette boat had almost stopped beside us to starboard and Tracy fired twice into its cockpit area. We both headed to Seaknife's cockpit and while Tracy covered the drifting cigarette boat, I tacked into the wind I quickly furled the Genoa then started our engine. The boat still could be steered even with large holes through the pedestal and I brought us alongside the cigarette boat. It was drifting with the engines idling. Its helmsman had slumped over the gear levers and shifted it into neutral.

I covered Tracy while she dropped our fenders. Seaknife went alongside the other boat until she had lines secured on its bow and stern. I powered the two boats in a circle until we again pointed east. With the main sail drawing gently Seaknife and the cigarette boat stayed pointing east slowly rolling as waves passed. Taking my pistol from under the sliding companionway I crossed over to the attacker's boat. I kicked the two bodies hard that lay in the bottom of the cockpit, neither moved or breathed. The gory mess leaning over the side I grabbed by his long hair and pulled down into

the cockpit with the others. With access to the boats controls I shut down its engines. I looked down the companion way into the forward part of the cigarette boat before I ventured in.

A head compartment was just down the stairs on the starboard side below the helm station with a small galley area opposite to port. Two settees ran along on either side toward the bow and a triangular sleeping surface filled the bow. Two elliptical ports were above the settees and a square hatch was overhead above the settees and another was over the vberth in the bow. Three duffel bags sat in corners of the cabin and ammunition boxes were held inside an open cardboard box sitting on the floor between the settees. I opened the head compartment checking to see if anyone was hidden inside but it was empty, the boat was ours.

I returned to the cockpit and waved to Tracy all was clear, back aboard Seaknife I returned the pistols to their hiding place. The rifles rested on the inset of the companionway where they would come easily to hand. I looked over the damage to Seaknife while standing beside Tracy. The port cockpit combing had holes shot through and matching holes went through the starboard seat base. I looked over our starboard side between the boats and saw the bullets had gone through the hull. The steering pedestal had five holes through it and the wheel showed a deep gouge in the back of the rim. I went below to check for holes below the waterline but found none. The port aft cabin where we stored the cockpit enclosure had two holes in the hull side that went through some of the cockpit side curtains and the dividing bulkhead into the starboard aft cabin. The shots that came aboard all passed through the hull and out above the waterline on the starboard side. I counted over a dozen holes in our side, and through them I could see the stern of the cigarette boat tied alongside and finally realized its name was Blood Money in dripping red letters running down its black stern.

I looked over at Blood Money and saw we had only shattered the windscreen at the front of the cockpit. Tracy had gotten a broom out of our stern locker and was sweeping the pieces of fiberglass into the bottom of the cockpit and off the seats. These were long shards with sharp splinters and I needed gloves and a dust pan to help gather them. We could not sit on the cockpit seats because of the attached splinters on the port seat back and the starboard seat bottom. I went below and started our generator so I could use a power tool on the splinters and holes in the cockpit. The four-inch disc grinder made short work of the splinters and I feathered the areas around the holes ready for the application of repair cloth later. Down below I stuffed each hole with closed cell foam from our cockpit cushions to seal out waves that could slosh against the boat's side between now and getting to a sheltered anchorage. I went forward and checked the mast to see if the holes were a serious threat to the mast. The entry hole was a smooth round little hole in the mast while the exit hole showed a jagged rim of aluminum that could catch parts of the genoa or its sheets. I used the grinder to remove the jagged metal before applying underwater epoxy putty to fill the holes this would stay in place and when hardened stop the mast from crushing down under the vertical load caused by the shrouds.

The forty-horsepower diesel powering Seaknife could not move both boats in a timely manner to the anchorage at the Mangrove Cay north of Grand Bahama which was the

closest place where shelter from waves existed. Blood Money could tow Seaknife toward the island, if there was enough fuel the two boats could make the shallow cove. When I had finished with the grinder, I shut down the generator.

I said to Tracy "We will have to use the cigarette boat to pull us to Mangrove Cay."

She said "Isn't that a little far. It's down near Andros island."

"No there is a second one by that name north of the west end of Grand Bahama. It's almost due south of our position."

She asked "Couldn't we go back to Jacksonville it is a beam reach on a starboard tack with this wind and the holes on our starboard side would be on the high side above the water?"

I answered "We probably would make it but if the weather changed the weakened cockpit could be broken if a wave came aboard. I don't want to trust the starboard side where the bullets went out. I can't tell how much that part of the hull has been weakened. The odds are greater than 50% Seaknife would founder before we got to Jacksonville. In the life raft we would be carried north on the gulfstream and our bodies would eventually come ashore in Ireland or England. That Cay is directly south and we don't have to cross the gulf stream."

Tracy said "Isn't the current setting to the north between here and that island as well as a head wind Seaknife can only power now and the speed will be reduced to three or four knots over the ground. It will take three or four days to reach the island in this weather."

"It is three days back to Jacksonville across the gulfstream and we left with a south wind so that the waves did not build up. This time of year, the wind is usually from the north against that current and the waves will build with that north wind. A breaker coming aboard would send Seaknife to the bottom and doom us to die in the life raft. Mangrove Cay is the least dangerous course and the closest land." I said.

Tracy saw my reasoning and we went over to the power boat to deal with the bodies. We checked each one's pockets for identification and other papers before we hung them on the side of the boat overlooking the ocean's depths. I shoved the barrel of an assault rifle down the pants of the first as a weight and the body was carried down to the deep. No suitable weight was available for the helmsman so he floated along beside the boat for a while. We were washing the blood off using buckets of sea water when I saw the body being bitten by two sharks. After the sharks had been at the body for a few minutes the water was red the clothing sank below the waves, we had seen it for the last time. The blood on the cigarette boat washed down the seats and onto its cockpit sole before going out the drains, it looked as if the boat was bleeding when I looked over the side as the blood lingered under the boat.

Blood Money had two turbo charged V8 diesels each with a capability of producing three hundred horsepower. When I checked the fuel tanks, I found that two thirds were still available, which might be enough to carry both boats to Mangrove Cay two hundred nautical miles to the south. The engines started and grumbled away while I

ran a line from the bow of our Seaknife to the stern of Blood Money. Tracy would be aboard our boat and I would steer the power boat as it towed the sailboat. I cast off the lines holding the boats and she put them away aboard Seaknife. Making sure the slack of the tow line was in the cockpit held under my foot I shifted into forward gear and Blood Money moved along the side of Seaknife as I angled away to make sure the tow rope did not foul the props. I did not want to feed myself to the sharks that were undoubtedly chewing on the bodies below if I had to cut the line free off Blood Money's propellers.

I shifted into neutral before the bow line from Seaknife became taut and drifted as the slack disappeared. As a strain came on it the rope came up out of the water dripping and then whirled around like a skipping rope flinging water to both sides. The bow of Seaknife moved toward the stern of Blood Money which swung aside to the strain on the rope. With the engines in forward gear the line holding them took the strain and I could see water starting to move past the bows of Seaknife. I nudged the throttles of the cigarette boat above idle and let the two boats gain way. Then I shifted the starboard diesel into neutral and turned the wheel slightly to starboard and made a large turn to the south. After an hour of juggling the throttles and gear shifts, I realized that both engines of the cigarette boat were too fast and put excess strain on the tow rope. I had to shut one engine down. With just one propeller turning the strain was just enough but Blood Money would not hold course. I shifted the tow line to the cleat on the side of the stern that the running engine was on and found the load on the tow line helped counter the drag of the idle propeller and the boat would hold course with only a slight amount of opposite helm.

When the sun was nearing the horizon to the west I shifted into neutral and let Seaknife drift past until the cockpit was beside me. Tracy had a basket of food prepared which I took aboard, she handed me my foul weather gear and then hers. The two of us ate dinner seated on the cockpit seats while the auto pilot of Blood Money steered a course toward Mangrove Cay. By the time we finished eating it was dark and I realized all our guns were on Seaknife. With the boats beside each other I went and retrieved the rifles from down below on Seaknife. Tracy had unloaded them and cleaned them so all I had to do was pass them over to her. The pistols and rifle magazines I put in a travel bag before handing them to Tracy. With warm sweaters in hand, I put the drop board in place on Seaknife and pulled the sliding cover over the companionway. The automatic bilge pump would handle any water that slipped into the boat during the night.

Blood Money's cockpit seats were padded and comfortable. Its wheel turned gently as the auto pilot corrected course. The wind had dropped at sunset and now the forward motion of the boats was all that provided a breeze. The distance to Mangrove Cay had been reduced by twenty nautical miles and I felt it would take another day and a half to reach it. Tracy went below to check out the lockers and see if she could find anything of interest. I put the sweater on then the top half of the foul weather gear as the air was getting cool, below I could hear drawers opening and closing and stuff being moved around. Two hours later Tracy asked if I wanted coffee or hot chocolate. I knew that I could not sleep till the coming afternoon so it was the coffee I chose. I watched her light the stove and put the kettle on, a while later she came up with two thermoses of coffee and two cups.

"I had to wash the things for coffee." she said.

"The former operators of this boat were not good housekeepers." I said.

"In poking around I found the boat is very new but the cups and these thermoses have seen lots of use. The IDs of the men who attacked us are below. The usual data stick also turned up and the bullets they used will fit our rifles." she said.

"I noticed that when I first looked below. We don't need to buy more ammunition as the boxes down there should be enough. Any idea on the price they got to kill us?" I asked.

"No, the computers are still on Seaknife. The one here has password protected login. Later tomorrow I will take the computer and data stick aboard Seaknife and open the information they have to offer."

We snuggled together and watched for ships and other boats through the night.

I had my eyes closed for a minute when I smelt the diesel exhaust. On opening my eyes, I found enough light to see the surface of the water. The wind had come up from the north east and was blowing over Blood Money's stern carrying the engine exhaust with it. I gave the throttle a nudge to increase the engines speed 100 RPM which gave the two boats another half knot of speed. The Global Positioning System plotter showed we now were 150 nautical miles from Mangrove Cay. Moving carefully, so as not to disturb Tracy, I poured a cup of coffee and checked the gauges. I could not see that any fuel had been consumed, the engine temperature was normal and the oil pressure was in the green. A moon had come up to the east and by its light I could see the water surface. A band of low cloud was now visible to the south which I wanted to keep an eye on.

I spent several hours watching the water and night sky and could no longer doubt the wind was rising and the waves which had come from the south had stopped and waves were coming from our stern. With the wind pushing the two boats from astern the speed over the bottom had increased and the boats were rising and falling over a one-meter swell. The clouds to the south had closed the distance by half and I could see they were building. The air was drawing heat from the sea as it went to the clouds where it rose up and the water vapor condensed heating the air further and speeding the rise of the air and powering the increase in wind. The first white cap of water told me it was time to wake Tracy and was also the last of the moon light as the clouds covered the moon. I gently shook her and got her awake.

"The wind has come up." I said.

"Its dark just let me sleep."

"Better get the drop board in and secure stuff down below or we will be sleeping with the sharks." I commanded.

Tracy got her eyes open and looked around the waves were high enough now that the bow of the Seaknife could not be seen when a wave was between us. Spray was occasionally getting blown past and the faint light of our bow navigation lights lit the

back of a wave that just passed beneath us. The right side of the wave was green and the left side was red giving a fearful evil appearance to the sea ahead of us. Sometimes the clear water had a fish whose side reflected our light as a green or red flash. Tracy got the drop board out of its resting slot beside the ladder and put it in place and slid the top closed. A minute later it slid back and she handed me my foul weather pants, the slide closed again. Later it slid open and she retrieved the thermoses and other loose gear from outside, she was wearing her foul weather gear. Spray rattled against the hood behind my head and I could see the water beading on the instruments and running down the drop board onto the cockpit sole.

The line between Blood Money and Seaknife was mostly slack as the wind was catching the mast and dodger of the sailboat and pushing her down on the cigarette boat. I started the starboard diesel and let it idle while I shifted the line from the port cleat through the starboard cleat's center then I tied it back to the tow using a bowline knot and forming a loop through the centers of the stern cleats on Blood Money. The power boat could now turn relative to the tow rope making it easier to keep the two boats on course in the rising waves. Making sure the line was clear of the props I shifted the starboard engine into gear and the slack left the line. The speed of the boats was steady and the danger of working the cleats till they pulled out was reduced.

The waves came from the port quarter and the boats tended to shear off the roll as they passed. I had my feet braced pushing me back into the seat so I would not slide but I was getting exhausted. Visibility was only as far as the back of the wave in front and a similar distance to the sides and rear so I left the helm and went below. Tracy had wedged herself between the settees and I joined her.

She said "This boat has no where but down on the floor to rest during a storm."

"These boats usually outrun storms and get back into harbor. Seaknife prevents us from doing that."

Tracy asked "How are conditions outside?"

"The wind continues to rise water is starting to slosh in the cockpit. I hope the drains can cope."

She said "The bilge pump comes on occasionally, water must get in somehow."

"Probably through the air intakes for the engines they face aft and the spray must be going down them."

I went back to the bilge cover at the bottom of the stairs and lifted it out. Water was running back and forth as the boat rocked over the waves. I got a small plastic bucket and waited till the water had rushed to the bow then I placed the bucket on the bottom of the bilge facing the bow and water rushing back almost filled it. I dumped four buckets into the sink before the water was reduced to the point the bucket couldn't catch any more. Sitting back beside Tracy I ate a banana and had coffee still hot from the thermos.

Light was showing through the overhead hatches when I decided it was time to go up and have a look at our position and the engine's gauges. Astern I briefly saw Seaknife whose mast seemed to be rocking through an arc of 120 degrees. The waves rose up the transom of Blood Money almost to the top before starting back down. Spray was coming from the east as the wind had shifted during the night, it was driving straight into the air intake for the starboard side. I poked my head below and asked if Tracy had found any tarps or plastic sheeting, all that was available was a cushion from the vberth. I retrieved some rope from a cockpit locker and came below. With a sailing knife I cut three holes, one in each corner of the triangular cushion, and attached a long length of rope in each hole. Returning to the cockpit I put a long side of the cushion over the starboard intake tying a rope forward and aft on that long side. The third rope went to the engine cover handle recessed in the cockpit sole. The spray now hit the cushion and ran down to the sole of the cockpit to drain away. Air could still enter the intake under the cushion.

I was sliding across the cockpit as I went forward and realized the rolling of the boats was excessive and needed a new course. At the helm I changed the auto pilot heading to south west and this brought the waves back to our port quarter. Bracing myself at the helm I checked the gauges, the engines were running cold because the speed did not put a load on. The fuel gauges were moving between three quarters full and a quarter full, I guessed that we had half a tank. I crawled below and found all I could do was lie on the cabin sole. Tracy had the bilge cover off and was repeating my bucket trick to bail out the water. Every now and then the wind moaned as it passed through the frame of the broken windscreen above us. Spray almost constantly pelted against the side and top of the cabin and looking at the acrylic drop board I could see spray hitting and running down. I closed my eyes for a moment.

The bow was rising almost vertical and I thought we were going down; the cabin was pitch black except for light coming out of the head at the door bottom.

"Tracy are you here?"

"Yes!" came her voice from the head.

"Are you okay?"

"I am all right." she answered.

"How long have the waves been like this?"

"Just a few minutes. I came in here, as out there I was rolling around when I woke up." she said.

"We have sailed back into the gulf stream we must change course."

At that moment the boat jumped and a ripping of fiberglass could be heard. I slid down to the companionway and climbed up and out to the cockpit. The bow of Seaknife was close above the transom and a wave was just under Blood Money I opened the throttles and the gap between the boats opened up. Wedging myself into the helm seat I checked the GPS position and the engine gauges. A quick change of course ninety degrees east had to be made and I turned off the auto pilot before

starting the turn. The timing had to coincide with both boats being in the trough of a wave. The next wave passed under the bow of Blood Money and I watched Seaknife and turned the wheel and gave the engines full throttle heading around in a quick turn so the bow faced east. When the tow line to Seaknife had brought its bow over to point south east I had to get Blood Money turned south east fast so it would take the on coming wave on the stern quarter.

Throttling back to reduce the load on the tow rope I could spare a glance at the stern of Blood Money two pieces of fiberglass flopped forward into the cockpit on either side of a V that went almost to the sole of the cockpit. Facing forward again I watched the trough that had passed and looked to the east. About a nautical mile away the waves were much lower. If I could get us through the intervening mile we might stay afloat, the red light of the electric bilge pump was on constantly now, that mile looked an awfully long distance.

As each wave passed and the boats went down the back, I felt the boat's bow was pointed straight at the sky over where we were. The hood of my foul weather jacket flapped against the sides of my head when on the top of a wave, and was deadly quiet when in the trough. The spray was drilling into my back when the crest of a wave was under and when down out of the wind a light mist fell down on the deck. I was wrestling with the wheel keeping the boat pointed to the south east while Seaknife tried to pull Blood Money to point south as each crest came between the boats. Then the rising wave behind Seaknife would push the stern south and its bow would head to the east. I was trying to anticipate this cycle and make a little distance east before getting the bows back to the south east. My legs were shaking and the muscles in my back seemed to strain more as each wave passed, I seemed to be losing the fight.

Tracy slid the hatch back and looked at me, I could see the cabin sole and ten centimeters or water was sloshing around. She looked toward the transom for a time before closing the hatch. The hatch opened again and Tracy climbed out over the drop board and pulled a settee cushion out behind her. Once the slide was closed, she slid to the back and proceeded to wedge the cushion down into the V that Seaknife had crushed in the stern. While watching out for her I let Seaknife get close to the stern again. I only just managed to juggle the throttles and wheel to avoid seeing Tracy crushed by our own boat. When the bow was pointed down Tracy slid back to the helm station and wedged herself in beside me on the seat. My heart was banging against my ribs because I had almost lost her.

After a few more waves the bilge pump light started going off when the bow pointed up or down Tracy opened the slide for a quick look and I saw the water had dropped to just enough to flow around on the cabin sole. I could see the area to the east was closer and felt we would be out of the gulf stream waves in a few minutes.

We reached the calmer seas and once solidly away from the gulf stream I set the auto pilot for a south east course and let the engines push the boats along. I could not lift my leg over the drop board and climb down into the cabin, I removed it and a wave pushed me into the cabin. I had to struggle back with the drop board and get it into place then slide the hatch closed. Again, ten centimeters of water was rolling over the

cabin sole but as I hung from the handrail beside the companionway, I could see it pour in the bilge access each time some slopped toward it. I stood there panting and could not figure what I should do, eventually a steep lurch happened and my feet slid away to the bow with the rest of me following.

I lay on the cabin sole sliding from side to side as the boat rolled and slipping back and forth with the rise and fall of the bow. I had used most of the strength I had on steering now I could only lie on the sole. I must have dropped off again because sunlight was showing on the inside of the cabin when I opened my eyes. The boat seemed stable and only the starboard engine was running. Looking up through the hatch above my head I could see blue sky and the occasional cloud. I sat up and removed the jacket of the foul weather gear while still sitting on the sole. With a great deal of caution, I sat on the remaining settee cushion and carefully removed the bottoms of the foul weather gear and let them drain on the bare settee. My legs were bruised along the sides and fronts from banging around here in the cabin and my arms were in the same state. I opened the door to the head and looked in the mirror at the bruises on my back, one straight across my shoulders was particularly dark and painful. I availed myself of the facilities then washed the cuts and scrapes on my body.

I heated a thick Irish stew on the stove and found four bottles of water. I removed the drop board after sliding the hatch back and put the water in cup holders around the helm. Tracy was asleep slumped behind the throttles leaning on the side padding. Checking the gauges, I found we were within twenty nautical miles of Mangrove Cay. Gently I woke Tracy and smiled at her.

"Welcome back to the living. I have hot stew. You might want to wash your face before breakfast." I said.

"Is Seaknife still afloat?" she asked.

I looked behind and Seaknife was still bobbing along behind us.

"She's behind us only a little the worse for wear." I answered.

Tracy went below and I checked the gauges and made a small adjustment to the course. The fuel tanks had a third left while the starboard engine was at normal operating temperature. Battery voltage was back to normal and I could shut off the navigation lights. The sea was a dark blue and ahead it showed dark green. Tracy returned with two bowls of stew some crackers napkins and spoons. We ate quickly as our appetite increased with each spoonful; the water disappeared equally quickly.

A small cove in the Northwest side of Mangrove Cay held the two boats at anchor, the bow anchor of Seaknife was in the deep water and the light anchor of Blood Money held in the white shallows toward the beach. The two boats were rafted together and the bows pointed in opposite directions. Back aboard Seaknife we found the spray had drenched the port side quarter cabin by leaking through the holes in the cockpit combing. Some of my foam plugs had been washed away by the waves. The electric bilge pumps had almost drained the batteries flat and I had to remove one from Blood

Money just to start the generator. It hummed away as I checked the damage too the two boats.

The bow of Seaknife was stove in just below the deck and almost to the bottom of the anchor locker. Below the water line a gouge showed where it had hit the swim platform on the stern of Blood Money. Its stern had the V shaped notch through the transom. I started here using the grinder to remove the flaps of fiberglass and square up the hole. I planned to make a walk through to the swim platform, a drop board of fiberglass would keep waves out of the cockpit. Having removed the damaged glass, I would seal the transom to the back of the cockpit with fiberglass cloth and epoxy.

For the bow of Seaknife I ground the damaged area out and covered the area below the hole with parting wax. Over the wax I applied fiberglass cloth and resin making a female mold that was bigger than the hole, once set the mold could be removed and covered in mold release wax and a series of cloth lay ups would make a replacement for the damaged bow.



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