

LONDONLINE

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News & Views of the London Power And Sail Squadron

Shipwrecked on Lake Huron

It was on a beautiful Sunday morning when we pulled out of the Bayfield Ontario marina to go on a three-week vacation into Georgian Bay, with our 26 foot sloop CURDEA, named after our two sons, Curt and Dean. It was a vacation we had planned and dreamed of all winter, but, like Murphy's Law, if anything can go wrong, it will.

My wife Alma, our boys Curt 12 and Dean 11, myself and our 6-week poodle were on board. We sailed north from Bayfield to Tobermory, around the Bruce Peninsula and into Georgian Bay We spent the next few days exploring and thoroughly enjoying all that Georgian Bay has to offer and finished it off with the completion of our first home stretch of 65 miles across Georgian Bay to Tobermory.

The weather forecast over the next period of time was not favorable for us to continue and we chose to leave the vessel in Tobermory, head home and wait for an opportunity to continue home to Bayfield at a later time.

On September 07, we returned to Tobermory and with an overnight stay on Curdea, we were prepared for an early morning departure. The weather forecast called for overcast skies, southerly winds of 5 - 10 which would mean sailing close-hauled with the winds on our nose. We pulled the last mooring line at 0700 and set sail. After we cleared the Cape Hurd fairway buoy, we turned south and motored against a moderate sea for about an hour, at which time we decided to raise the sails. To maintain a steady 6 knots, we left the engine on and continued to motor-sail. After each 10 miles we were tacking either to the west or the south-east, which increased our sailing distance $con't on Pg 3 \dots$

Unfortunately, every voyage, like every life, will come to an end. At the end of every voyage there is always a touch of sadness. No matter how small a voyage is contemplated or prepared for, it could turn into an epic, life-altering experience.

August 2010

QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, OR INFORMATION? CALL 519-438-6222

AUGUST

COMING

1st - Submission deadline for London Line August Edition
10th - Squadron Bridge meeting @
1900, HMCS Prevost, London
19th - Pre-Registration night and barbecue for fall courses, 1730 to
2000. Details Pg. 7
20th - London Squadron information booth at Masonville Mall.
<u>SEPTEMBER</u>
9th - Fall courses commence at HMCS Prevost

14th - Fall courses commence at

Catholic Central High School 14th – Squadron Bridge Meeting – 1900, HMCS Prevost 15th – Western Ontario District Meeting – 1900, Masonic Lodge, Wardsville. OCTOBER 1st – Deadline for submissions to

October London Line 12th – Squadron Bridge Meeting – 1900, HMCS Prevost

FOR LOCATION OF HMCS PREVOST SEE MAP ON PG 4.

Visit the London Squadron Website:

www.powerandsail.ca

2010-2011

Commander 473-0517 Steve Waite **Executive Officer** Bev Miatello AP 670-4123 **Training Officer** John Manvell 455-3627 **ATO Bursar** Peter Hammond 685-0864 Secretary Glenn McCann 432-2988 Treasurer 472-0453 Ralph Smith AP Membership Bernie Weis 473-7060 ATO Boat Pro Harry Harris 681-8259 **ATO Marine Radio** Guy McLean 434-5491 **Public Relations** Cam Stevens 850-3933 **Immediate Past Commander** Deb Hughes 667-0749 London Line Editor (content) 453-4714 Mark Hunsberger London Line Editor (Advertising) Mark Anderson AP 951-8637 **Community/ Welfare** John McKay 666-1605 Appointed Officers London Line Editor (Prod./ Copy) 438-3135 Eric Jones Web Site 474-3432 Shawn Billingsley

Certificates P/ CDR Horst Ammonn <u>AP</u>	668-6904
Historian John G. Hamilton, SN	438-9468
Electronic Training Aids Dave Corke, <u>AP</u>	720-9367
Auditor Tony Pritchard, <u>SN</u>	432-9446
Regalia Officer Lorna Jeffrey	471-4834

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from the helm COMMANDER STEVE WAITE

The normal term for a Commander in the London squadron is 12 months. So in the next year (only 9 months now!) what does current Commander Steve Waite desire to achieve?

Crew Qualification. By this I mean PCOC and ROC(M) for your significant other and for those junior crew members you would entrust to the helm and to the radio.

Ask yourself, if you were disabled, would your crew be able to seek assistance on the radio, or bring the boat back to port? If your crew is experienced but not yet accredited, it is a simple matter for them to challenge the Boater's Operator card or the Radio Operator's card exams. If your crew needs some more exposure or training, have them sign up for the full 4 evening course. Do you carry a GPS? Do you and the crew all know how to use it? The GPS course is another potential life saver. We are offering a First Aid course. Be prepared!

My Goal is a step increase in the number of families with multiple crew qualifications.

Instructor Qualification. For my successors and for the students, it is in our best interests to have qualified Instructors. It is not enough to know the course content intimately; our Instructors must also know the fundamentals of adult education techniques.

My goal is to have all Instructors certified with the CPS Instructor's Course qualification.

Training Aids Great strides have been made in the past few years to embrace electronic course presentations and aides for training, including the use of Power Point slide presentation and software utilities to hone skills. I would like to see a couple more enhancements.

My goal is to provide a working example of a GPS interfaced to a VHF radio for the Maritime Radio Course, and to acquire a new sextant for the Junior Navigator and Navigator courses. **Education Conduit.** By this, I mean that the London Squadron will serve as the first line of defense to answer boating related questions. Our combined knowledge and experience should enable us to state: "If we don't know the answer, we know who does!"

Operations Efficiency. By this I mean embracing opportunities to do more with less, and to pare costs where we are able. Are you happy to receive this London Line by e-mail only, thereby saving paper and postage? If so, drop us a line, and we'll transfer you from 'postbox' to 'inbox'.

If you have comments or suggestions on these goals, or suggestions for others, please drop me a line at: commander@powerandsail.ca



London Line is the official publication of the London Power and Sail Squadron (a unit of the Canadian Power and and Sail Squadrons) to inform and advise members and students.

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- PRODUCTION & COPY EDITOR: Eric Jones ejones002@sympatico.ca
- CONTENT EDITOR: Mark Hunsberger hunsy@rogers.com
- Advertising: Mark Anderson, <u>AP</u>. mark7anderson@yahoo.ca

ON BUYING YOUR NEXT BOAT: Don't buy the biggest boat you can afford; buy the smallest you can live with ... ON NAVIGATION: Wherever you take your boat, make sure your brain gets there five minutes earlier. ON SEAMANSHIP: In theory there is no difference between theory and practice. In practice, there is. from $Pg. 1 \dots$ to Southampton from 60 to 90 miles. Our calculations showed that we would arrive around 2200 but I knew the buoys and harbor lights were easy to locate and an arrival after dark was not a concern.

At 1700, we noticed some very dark clouds forming on the south and south-west horizon and the wind was increasing which meant that a rainstorm was imminent. I lowered the Genoa, stored it below, hoisted the working jib and was about to reef the mainsail, as the winds had began to increase with white caped waves. After checking the chart, I estimated that we were 10 to 12 miles west-northwest of the village of Oliphant with a number of islands to the west known as the Fisherman Islands. Usable and charted aids in this area make LOP positioning to obtain a fix could not be made along this body of unmarked water. From the north to south, only a dark undistinguishable shoreline was visible.

The wind speed indicator showed winds of 30 mph, the sonar indicated 80 feet and we motor-sailed with the jib only. The wind and rain were both getting stronger and the waves had increased to between 5 and 8 feet with white-caps. Steering a westerly course with the engine and the jib alone and into the heavy seas was becoming very uncomfortable. The increasing winds were now picking up the tops of the wave crests, blowing them horizontally against us. It felt like needles were hitting our faces. The waves and white-crests were coming at us like walls of white water. Now Curdea was on top of a wave with the prop and ruder momentarily out of the water, giving us no steering and no headway. Suddenly the winds threw the vessel onto a southeasterly direction and we were getting hit with every wave on the starboard bow.With the rudder and prop back in the water we were making some headway, but our engine suddenly stopped and was out of gas. Helmut took over the helm while I tried to re-fill the fuel tank, which was made extremely difficult as the engine was







mounted on a cutout stern

behind the tiller and holding a five gallon fuel can over the tiller and fuel tank, with the rolling seas. Helmut eased the rolling of her by running with the waves, but still, the re-fueling funnel flipped into the cockpit, spilling some of the gas-oil mixture and created a very slippery footing. We finally retrieved the funnel and were able to get some fuel into the tank. Relief was felt as the engine was once again brought to life, but valuable time had past and we noticed that the few distant lights on shore were closer, since we had sailed easterly during the refueling time and we were getting closer to the Fisherman Islands. I took over the helm and saw that the sonar was reading only 18 feet of water. I yelled that we were too close to shore and that we had to turn out to sea.'Alma, you release the port jib sheet, Helmut you pull the starboard jib sheet when I come about.' As I yelled 'Come About', Alma releases the port jib-sheet and I attempted to get Curdea through an oncoming wave. As Curdea hit the next wave, she was lifted and although I pulled the tiller hard to turn the vessel to west-northwest and with our lack of speed, Curdea could not overcome the oncoming waves. We stalled, the engine and rudder were now out of the water and another wave pushed us back in an easterly direction again. The breaking waves were now getting bigger and longer than the size of Curdea and they were playing with Curdea like a toy in a bathtub.

We re-tied the port jib-sheet to get more speed and once we had done this, we tried the maneuver again in an attempt to swing our heading back out to sea but again the next wave lifted her, the breaking waves almost swallowed Curdea, the cockpit was swamped and we were holding on, not to be washed overboard. She stalled again and laid over to port, being pushed east again. It was at that very moment that she was set on a pile of rocks. She hit the ground very hard and came to a dead stop, the engine, now out of the water, screamed momentarily, until I cut it. From then on we heard the crunching, sickening noise, even over the seas, of Curdea being lifted with each wave and crashing back down onto the rocks.

I opened the companionway, turned on the cabin light and observed that she was taking on water. Using a flashlight to see what was on the lee side, I saw only rocks, as the trough of each wave gave a view. Being concerned that she would slide down and off these rocks, I retrieved our Danforth anchor and threw it onto the rocks in an attempt to secure her to the rocks.

She was now permanently parked on a reef, in a storm she could not survive.

Curdea was not equipped with a VHF radio to call for assistance and in 1975, cell phones did not exist. We were on our own and began to realize that this was going to be Curdea's final resting place. We collected all important personal items, cont. Pg. 4... (3)



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from $P_{g.3...}$ placed them in my wet gear chest pocket, to take along when we would be forced to abandon her. I retrieved our 8 foot vinyl dingy and pumped it up to be ready in case we would need to use it.

For the next five hours, we stayed inside the cabin to be out of the strong wind and waves that were riding her up and down on the rocks, with a sickening sound. Not knowing if our anchor would keep her on the rocks, I would head outside every 5 or 10 minutes to check and to set off a flare, but in the high winds and heavy rain, they didn't shoot very high. I also used our flashlight to send SOS signals to shore, hoping anyone on shore might see either the flares or my signals. I hoped that the few lights that I saw on shore would be home lights where the signals could be observed. During the night, I noticed that the lights remained on and concluded that they were likely only streetlights.

The port side of Curdea was now beginning to crack up and by midnight we thought that the heaviest of the storm was now diminishing, but the wind was still strong..... or we were just getting used to it. Inside, everything had begun to float, along with a half bottle of brandy, which we grabbed and everyone had a sip. We tried to sit as high up as we could, as the water was sloshing around in the cabin. The lights went out about 0230, along with a sense of security. The cabin was now half filled with water and the flashlight was getting weak. At this point, a very large wave hit Curdea with such force that both starboard windows were blown out and allowed water to pour into the cabin. We could not take this any longer and went outside to sit over the starboard side, holding on to our lifelines, with our backs to the wind and waves. The waves continued to pound us and each wave was breaking over us. The wind was cool, but we would let the warmer water and rain into our necks, running down inside our wet-gear, warming us somewhat. We hoped that the anchor would continue to hold us on the rocks and realized that if it didn't we would have to abandon ship to our dingy and in the dark with the waves and the wind; doing so would be foolish and dangerous. Staying with the ship as long as we could was the safest and best thing to do. None of us could even think of sleep, but to my surprise, we did not panic but just wondered where we really were and how we could be rescued.

We survived the night on Curdea and finally became aware of the dim light of the grey dawn, in the east. As the day brightened, we could see a shoreline between 2 and 3 miles away. The wind and waves were still strong, smashing Curdea and we thought of how we could get out of this situation. Would our families at home wonder why we have not called as we had promised? Our employees would surely inquire about us in the morning when we didn't show up for work and we would surely be reported as missing and a rescue would hopefully be initiated. *Pt 2 next issue.*

Horst Kussmann











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• 2010 Rendesuous Report •

The Admiral and I had the pleasure of attending the Western Ontario District Rendezvous at the forks of the Sydenham Rivers in downtown Wallaceburg on July 03 through 05. The theme was "Gilligan's Island". While several folks motored up or down the St. Clair to attend in their boats, Gayle & I navigated the Ford. The weather for the entire weekend was superb.

Friday evening was an opportunity to register, to enjoy some Coney Dogs and to reacquaint ourselves with fellow CPS members from the District and from USPS. District Commander Chris Schooley was especially generous with his "P3 Rose®", a full bodied beverage derived from grapes or some herbaceous likeness. *con't on Pg. 5* ...



Fall Course Pre-Registration



We kick off this year with a free BBQ at HMCS Prevost on Thursday August 19th.

SIGN UP FOR YOUR NEXT COURSE AND STICK AROUND FOR OUR FAMOUS REGISTRATION BARBECUE!

anytime between 5:30 and 8:00pm! (1730 to 2000, if you've taken the course)

Course details are all available on-line at our website: www.powerandsail.ca

Boating Course –	Sept. 09 HMCS Prevost	
Seamanship —	Sept. 09 HMCS Prevost	
Advanced Piloting —	Sept. 09 HMCS Prevost	
First Aid – either	Sept. 21 or Sept 23	
(depending on applicant preference)		
JUNIOR NAVIGATOR		
(Intro to Offshore) –	Sept. 21 CCH High School	
GPS Navigation –	Sept. 14 CCH High School	
Sail —	Sept. 02 CCH High School	
Electronic Charting –		
	Oct. 08 CCH High School	
Maritime Radio Certification –		
	Oct. 23 CCH High School	
Pleasure Craft Operator Certification		
PCOC –	Nov. 23 CCH High School	

SEE YOU ON AUGUST 19!



from Pg. 6 ... Saturday morning commenced with a continental breakfast, and after a pot-luck dockside lunch, the real work began. There were competitions for the kids, and then the Commander's Challenge. Six squadrons participated to tackle three challenges: Challenge I was to affix a palm wood plank to the hole in the S.S. Minnow (blisters), Challenge 2 was to prepare a sail for the Minnow form coconut husk sailcloth, bamboo spars, and bits of wire and string (exceptional designs!), and Challenge 3 was to prepare a sun-shelter for the crew with the materials left over with designs ranging from very simple to what might have been a Government contract. Our esteemed and impartial judge, District Commander Schooley, presided over the judging to rated the entries and when all was said and done Windsor was declared the winner.

Saturday Dinner was catered by the local Legion, and costumes were judged. Goderich's own Mary Ellen 'Mary Ann' Thatcher was declared the winner in the face of some very tough competition. London's Executive Officer Bev Miatello was aboard 'Paws for Thought', winner of best boat decoration. The Tilsonburg Players had to re-write some of their skits on the fly, due to the unanticipated presence of some younger sailors at dinner. Afterwards, more socializing down by the boats, under a star studded night.

Sunday morning was a full breakfast served up by Tilsonburg, and then it was time to bid adieus and scatter in our respective directions, until next we meet.

Many thanks to organizing Wallaceburg Squadron, and to the assistance and hospitality demonstrated by the other district Squadrons. Be sure to mark your calendar to attend next year's rendezvous!

Commander Steve Waite









