

LONDON POWER AND SAIL SQUADRON

NEWS & VIEWS OF THE

LONDONLINE







Shipwrecked on Lake Huron/Part 2

CURDEA WAS NOW BREAKING UP. WE WATCHED AS THE WOODEN ITEMS SUCH AS THE HEAD DOOR, CUPBOARDS, CUSHIONS, FOAM MATTRESSES AND SLEEPING BAGS FLOATED OUT OF THE COMPANIONWAY, BUT WE DIDN'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE, IT WAS ALL GOING TO BE LOST ANYWAY.

Looking constantly at the shoreline, we could not see any houses, only a treed shore from north to south. The dingy had been bouncing around beside Curdea all night and now that it was daylight, we noticed that the dingy had deflated and only the forward chamber remained inflated. Sharp edges of fiberglass from the broken off stern must have punctured it. We now knew that if we had to abandon ship, there would be no dingy and swimming was our only option.

The working jib was still flapping wildly in the Rescued on this island Sept. 10 1975 wind and we realized that this might be our only signal, maybe someone would see it. By this time, the deck with the cabin roof had separated from the port side hull; the deck was being lifted with each wave. Debating the crucial decision to leave or not went on for some time and a 1300 we

decided to abandon ship and swim for shore, believing that this would be our best chance for survival. We tied our boots to what remained of the dingy and took off most of our clothes to allow for unrestricted swimming.

As Curdea was lifted onto the boulders, I jumped off onto the slippery, slimy rocks, into hip deep water. I tried to get some footing and also reach for Almas hand to help her off Curdea when, as the next wave lifted Curdea towards me, she landed on my left foot. My painful screaming made Alma and Helmut pull me back onto the deck. Once back onboard, I removed my rubber boot with agonizing pain and found that the skin was scraped open across my foot and bleeding. After a short while, it was swelling badly. Con't Page 3 ...



OCTOBER

1st - Deadline for submissions to October London Line 12th - Squadron Bridge Meeting -1900, HMCS Prevost 21st-23rd - Annual National Conference, Nanaimo BC 26th - Maritime Radio Course, 1900, CCH

NOVEMBER

9th - Squadron Bridge Meeting, 1900, HMCS Prevost, London

14th - District meeting, HMCS Prevost, London. 23rd - Boat Pro course, 1900, CCH

DECEMBER

1st - Submission deadline for London

5th - Commander's Christmas Levee, 1300-1500, all are welcome. 14th - Squadron Bridge meeting, 1900 HMCS Prevost, London

FOR LOCATION OF HMCS PREVOST SEE MAP ON PG 4.

October 2010



Visit the London Squadron Website:

www.powerandsail.ca



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THE ACQUISITION OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF NAVIGATION HAS A STRANGE EFFECT ON THE MINDS OF MEN.

Jack London

471-4834



Where did the summer go? We are only four weeks into the courses for this training year as I tap out these words. There is an extensive and varied course offering this fall, with some courses offered for the first time in recent history. If you've not managed to enlist for the fall courses, how about planning now for PCOC, Radio or January's courses? Have a look at: http://www.powerandsail.ca/LPS_Education.html What always surprises me is the wealth of experience and knowledge represented in the students and Squadron members. How, I wonder, can we as a Squadron tap into these resources? An experiment! A corner of the London Power & Sail website will be set up to share Questions and Answers. The Questions come from you, and the Answers, well they come from you too! October is the usual take out your boat and winterize it season, and I can personally think of occasions when I should have asked instead of bulling ahead with what I thought was right. So, I ask you to visit the Q&A site at www.powerandsail.ca/Share and see how to pose your questions and share your experiences. Even if you can relate what NOT to do, that should benefit someone else. We'll continue the experiment for a calendar quarter to determine if the idea can float on its own. And remember while taking that boat out, Safety First!

from the helm - addendum submitted to London Line by our Commander

this past summer - a little late, but worth the Wait(e)!

Summer Breezes

Well, I hope that you've been as fortunate as our family crew. We finally got Skipper Won into the lake in early June, and still she floats. My new VHF radio is on speaking terms with the GPS, and the engine tune up was really worth the investment. Our home port is near Port Rowan down Long Point way in Lake Erie, and we enjoy our weekends there very much.

Sitting back in the sun at anchor has a way of inducing a contemplative mood. I'm thinking about courses yet to take, maybe even courses I could help teach. I'm thinking about voyages I'd like to take and about charters I'd like to take. I'm thinking about how I can get my name in

front of more individuals who seek crew or help to move or reposition their boat. I'm wondering how I'd get time off work if someone wants a month of my help. I'm thinking about enhancements to make to Skipper Won to make our lives easier and more secure. I'm thinking about the "withdrawal" that I feel when the fall equinox signals the end of summer.

I have a personally tested antidote to Boating Withdrawal – take a course! There's probably a CPS course you've considered but were concerned about your time and effort to invest. Well, I counsel 'Go For It!' I find that the courses are a pleasant break from the real world, and provide an opportunity to share some time with like minded individuals. Whether you are taking the course, or teaching it, you may find that your course hours become a highlight of your week, and an antidote to the Winter Wearies. Additionally, I'm already marking out time in 2011 January for a trip to the Toronto Boat Show.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for their concerns and best wishes during my recuperation these past six weeks. I took advantage of the off season rates to get my heart's mitral valve repaired. Except for some new scars, I should be as good as new and twice as better.

I hope to see you in class!

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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Lorna leffrey

... from Page 1 Now we had to leave, I had to get to a hospital. My foot looked bad and would get infected if not treated. Our next attempt to abandon ship went more smoothly. We tied a line around our waists then loosely to the remaining part of the dingy so we could not get separated. With the next wave, we all jumped together with the wave, which allowed us to swim over the top of the rocks. Our plan worked and we were all swimming now. I was holding onto part of the dinghy with Alma on my left and Helmut to my right. Every time we could hear or see a braking wave approaching us from the right we took a deep breath and let her go over us. Alma was noticing that I had my eyes closed from time to time. I was getting tired, I felt like I wanted to go to sleep, a sigh of the onset of hypothermia. Alma screamed at me and encouraged me to swim harder.

I noticed that we were drifting too much to the north and may drift pass the point of land and that we were not getting any closer to shore, the backwash was keeping us about 200 – 300 meters from shore. We changed our direction to almost swim into the oncoming waves. This strategy worked and we were now getting closer to the shoreline and as we swam into a passage between the south island and the eastern shore, the water became calmer and we soon felt ground under our feet. Being too weak to stand up, we crawled onto the rocks and to shore. Once there, we turned around and pushed ourselves backwards until we were sitting on dry land.

After swimming for over two hours, we were very cold and our skin was a ghostly white. We sat there for quite a while without saying much to each other, we were exhausted and too weak to stand up and our legs felt paralyzed. My foot was not bleeding any more, but my legs looked shriveled and lifeless.

Helmut and Alma recovered first and put their boots back on, stood up and walked slowly around to find a trail leading





to a house or a road. Once they had found a marked trail leading to somewhere they came back to help me from the rocky shore to a spot under a tall fir tree and then left to see where the trail would lead them and hopefully to return with some assistance.

Alma and Helmut did return after about an hour, with the news that we were on an island and that there were two cottages. The first one was easy to enter through a sliding window but had a very primitive interior. The second cottage was larger. Alma found a heavy stick for me to use as a crutch and we started our journey to the cottage. It was getting dark when we arrived and Helmut had managed to remove the door hinge bolts on the outside, to allow us entry without having to break into the cottage.

There was no electricity, no telephone to call for help, no running water and no bathroom. There was an oil lamp for light and we made a fire in the fireplace to get us warmed up.

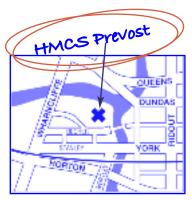
We didn't sleep very well that night and were wide awake at day break wondering how to get off of this island to gain some medical help. My entire leg was swollen. Alma had also twisted her ankle and this was now becoming quite painful for her as well.

Helmut, the only one without an injury, set out to do what he could to get help. He hoisted a lifejacket to the top of the flagpole in front of the cottage and then headed off to see how we could get off this island. Upon his return he stated that from the eastern point of the island, he could see a road and a house on the mainland, a couple of miles away. He had remembered his Boy Scout experiences on how to get someone's attention in the distance and took a mirror from the wall, some matches and dry firewood from the cottage. He managed to start a fire on the point facing the mainland and the house he had seen. He threw some green leaves on the fire to make a visible smoke, but had not noticed that some of the leaves he had pulled were poison ivy. As the sun came up in the east, he used the mirror to flash the sun's reflection over to the house he could see and to a delivery van he saw on the road. After a while of doing this, he headed back to the cottage and said he was going to use a canoe he found near the cottage and head over to a neighboring island where he saw a women walking around. We told him not to attempt this as the waves were still much too high for a canoe. He looked down at my badly swollen leg and made his decision to attempt the crossing. Alma watched with concern as he battled the wind and waves as he headed over to the island and hoped that the wind would not drift him past the island and out into the lake. She was relieved when she saw that he had made it across to the other island.

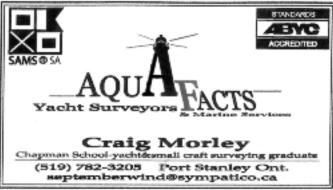
Heading back to the cottage, she noticed a fishing boat heading toward the cottage and rushed to tell me the news. The boat operator had come to the cottage to investigate why we were there. After telling him our story and the need for medical help, he and Alma helped me into his boat, then picked up Helmut from the other island and took us to the small Oliphant marina, then into his truck and within 30 minutes, to the Wiarton hospital.

The driver told us that the house where the mirror reflection had been seen was Hill's variety store and gas station and the owner called police because she knew that the cottage owners had left the island. The police called the coastguard, but they had their boat in Wiarton and requested that someone from Oliphant marina should investigate. He then said 'You must have hit what we call Seagulls Reef.'

When we arrived at the hospital, my leg was swollen up to the knee like a balloon. Con't on Page 4 ...



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Con't from Page 3 ... When the attending physician asked me what had happened I told him our story. He looked out the window and saw some willow branches still flying almost horizontally and said that to be out in that storm, we were lucky to be alive. He took a

closer look at my leg and gave me antibiotics and intravenous and hoped for the best. He said my leg was badly infected and gangrene could set in at anytime and if that happened he would have to amputate.



That really shook me up and I asked to be transported to the London St. Joseph Hospital and have a transfer to Doctor Granger. The doctor made the arrangements and an hour later I was in an ambulance and driven the distance to London. Shortly after my arrival, Dr. Granger looked at my leg, without saying much, or asking any questions. X-rays showed that every bone leading to my toes had been broken. After three days of intensive care my swollen leg was loosing and the danger period was now over.

Not only did Alma and family members visit me, but since an article on our mishap was published in the London Free Press some yacht club members came with the latest Yachting magazines and to ask, 'What will you buy next?' I remained in hospital for another 10 days. When the swelling, was gone the leg was put into a cast and I was sent home.

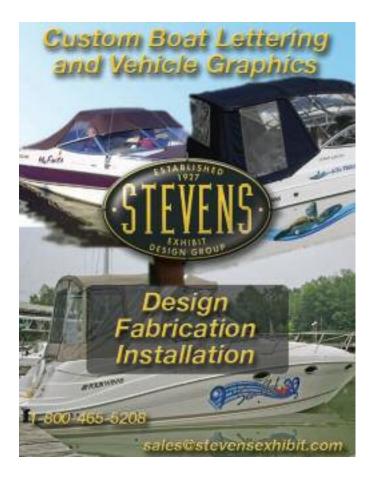
A few weeks later, we visited a number of boat manufacturers. The 35 foot Sparkman and Stevenson design boat was one we had always liked and a new black one was under construction in a Huron Park airplane hanger. A very strong feeling came over me to investigate the inside hull and engine without the deck on. Still on crutches and in a cast, I managed to climb up the construction steps and heard Alma shout at me to get down.

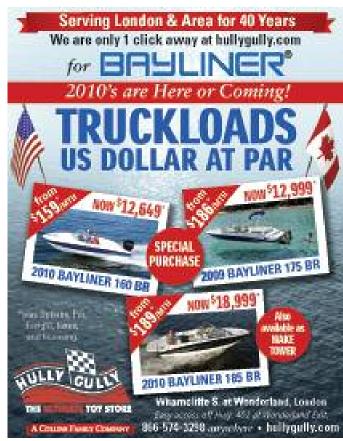
We made purchase arrangements the same day for her to be ready for delivery in May of 1976. My leg had completely healed during the winter and on May 5 1976 our new yacht arrived in the Bayfield marina. We christened her Curdea II with a bottle of champagne and lowered her into the well and she was completely rigged the same day.

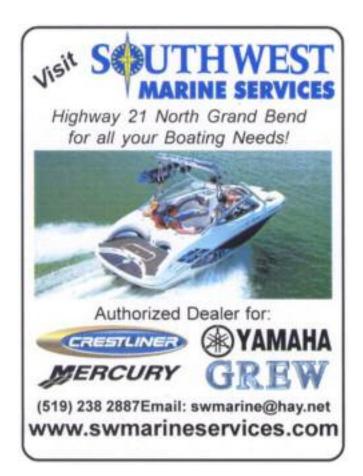
As we left the well to take her to Curdea's slip, we took her out for a tryout, before tying her up. Alma and I will never forget this proud day. It was a windy day with mixed rain and some snow, with temperatures of only 5 degrees. After the short sail, we tied her up in Curdea's slip and drove home proud and happy, looking forward to the 1976 summer sailing season with our new Curdea 11.

Horst Kussmann











Meet The Members

If you'd like to submit a member or yourself to be profiled, respond to the same questions you see below (or be creative!) with a suitable photo and send them to the editor by email. This month's candidate is the London Squadron's Course Director of the Boating course Keith Roberts .

How and when were you introduced to boating?

I started boating in 1970, by purchasing a 14' aluminum boat and a 15 hp outboard for fishing at my brother-in-law's cottage, on Kwigamog Lake north of Parry Sound, (part of the Pickerel river system). All of our children learned to water ski behind that boat. We still have her for fishing up north.

How and when did you get involved with the power and sail squadron?

In 1980, I took the Boating course and joined the London Squadron. The learning bug bit me and I continued taking courses, obtaining my full certificate in 2001. My first involvement with the squadron was selling advertising for the London Line. After holding several positions on the London Bridge, I became Commander in 1988. In 2001, Western Ontario District elected me as District Commander, I also served as a General Director of the Canadian Power and Sail Squadrons for two years. I instructed the Marine Electronic course for a couple of years. Then, the National Training committee became part of my life when Bob Parke asked me to be his deputy chair of the Maritime Radio Committee. I took over as chair of that committee when Bob was elected as Assistance National Training Officer. After serving in this position for four years, I was asked to take over as Course Director for the Boating Course. Two London Squadron members are on my committee – Alice Baratta and Dave Corke.

What are your present boating activities?

Lila and I are now doing our boating out of Aker's Marina – a mile east of Port Rowan. We inched our way up to our present boat which is a 23'with a cuddy cabin. Our boating has covered the Trent/Severn system (three times), but no longer tow the boat. We enjoy swimming off the boat, having luncheons on the boat and short trips to Turkey Point, Port Dover, Pottahawk etc.

What are your future boating plans?

Someday, if time and health permit, I would like to do the Rideau Canal system. This will likely mean renting a boat and sharing the adventure with friends.

What are your present non-boating activities?

Lila and I have a park model trailer at Aker's Marina. We enjoy our time there with friends and family. We have nine grandchildren to keep track of. Our daughter Mary lives in London, our oldest son Steve in Kitchener and son Jim lives in Hamilton. We love to travel, having been to Maui a couple of times, Venezuela, several of the islands and to Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates, where our son Steve was teaching multi-media.









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Clever Cleat is easily installed using household tools and was introduced to the public this past spring at the Toronto Cottage Life Show. It is now being sold through Canadian Tire and Home Hardware stores. The London Power and Sail Squadron is proud to introduce and support locally invented products of quality for the benefit of our membership. For more information, visit:

www.clevercleat.com

Commander Steve Waite wishes to invite you to our Annual Christmas Levee ...

Steve would like to take the opportunity of this occasion to thank our many volunteers, students and prospective students. Please come and meet everyone who has assisted in the success of the London Squadron, and enjoy some snacks and refreshment during this festive season.

2010 COMMANDER'S LEVEE

Sunday December 5th, 2010 HMCS Prevost Wardroom 1300 - 1500

Fall Courses Remaining

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

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