

Macassa Mariner



FROM THE BRIDGE

Reports from MBYC Executives



COMMODORE

Report from Brian Leslie

It has been a long time without an update about our club, and I apologize about that. Although sometimes no news is good news.

The Clubhouse has been closed to our members since March 16th and remains closed due to Provincial gathering limits and enforcing Social Distancing.

We were able to open our Patio Bar in August for 3 days a week, with limited hours. Many of our regular members have come back to take advantage of the outdoor Patio. We have had mostly good and dry weather, which makes outdoor sitting more enjoyable. Our staff are protected and are trained to disinfect after serving each member following Covid -19 Protocols to keep our members safe.

The good news, all boats were launched this season and we have been able to use and enjoy our boats for most of this 2020 season. Yes, we were delayed launching for 1 month. Some, not all, Yacht Clubs and Marinas did open this season to visitors and that did impact the usual destinations for travel on the lake.

I found that the boating members that did leave the dock, travelled for longer periods of time and distances this season, and in many cases found

Continued on next page.



FAMILY FUN! OUR SUMMER ADVENTURE - PAGE 6

MBYC Directors 2020

Commodore – Brian Leslie

Past Commodore – John Modesto

Vice Commodore – Robert Schindler

Secretary – Charles Mitchell Jr.

Treasurer – Adam Wilk

Secretary-Treasurer – Sandy Kovacs

Director - Building Maintenance – Ray Lizee

Director - Membership – Carl Easton

Dock/Yard Master – Dave Thornhill

Director - Entertainment – Mark Mackesy

Director - Bar Management – Gerry Boyar

Sergeant-at-Arms – Frank Harild

Auditors – Bob Mueller, Bill Newman

Newsletter Staff & Contributors

Editor/Designer - Helena Laidlaw-Allan

Advertising - Bruce McLeod

Club Photography - Helena Laidlaw-Allan.

Roy Mayberry, Heiner Rogge, Dave Bailey,

Brian Leslie, and other club contributors.

Sorry if we missed anyone.

Website - mbyc-hamilton.org

Web Editor - Terry Wagg

Macassa Mariner is published three times a year by MBYC.

The Editors reserve the right to edit submissions when necessary.

Thank you to everyone who submitted candid photos. Submissions can be sent to editor.mbyc@gmail.com

Next Edition of the Mariner: Winter
Deadline: December 15, 2020 (If you have your submission prior please send.)

Macassa Bay Yacht Club

80 Harbour Front Drive

Hamilton ON L8L 0B1

905 529-9205 www.mbyc-hamilton.org/

Please keep us updated on your e-mail listing and phone # so we can keep you informed of any important notifications regarding our club. Send an e-mail to Carl Easton (Membership) through the Club's website or leave a note at the bar.



FROM THE BRIDGE

Reports from MBYC Executives

Continued from cover

anchoring to be quite enjoyable for longer periods of time. These are unprecedented times, and you must make the best of it.

What has been going on this season? Well we replaced one section of main dock and the whole of dock A was rewired. A new floating dock at the mast hoist was built. An electronic main gate is being installed and should be working soon. The lower bar has had the floor replaced and the upstairs washrooms are being refurbished. We have installed a security light facing dock D, since a recent break-in. The gardens have been tended and beautified. The KAB ladies held 2 highly successful bottle drives to raise money for their racing season in 2021.

All this work cannot happen without the many volunteers we have at MBYC, who give their time to make our club better.

Unfortunately, we have had to cancel all our social events for the remainder of the year due to Covid-19. What this meant was there was no Sail-Past, Canada Day celebrations, weekly Barbeques, Potlucks, music or dances. This also means there will not be a Commodore's Ball, Children's Christmas Party or Open House this year. Let me tell you, all the above events mean a lot to me.

2020 will go down as a tragic year, where all our lives and regular activities have been put on hold. The MBYC Executive, has had to make some very tough decisions concerning the running of this club. We will get through this, and all I can ask is that the Regular and Social members stick with us and continue to support the club through their membership renewals.

We have been unable to hold any General Meetings, due to restrictions placed on everyone by the Ontario Government. The Executive recognizes the need for continuity and the election process. We are exploring safe alternatives to having a face to face meeting with the membership. None of this is taken lightly or is being ignored. ■

The MAIN GATE is to be closed and locked at all times, including during the day. It has been observed that the

Main Gate is being left open, including after sunset.

Also make sure the DOCK GATES are also closed.

We must all do our part to help protect the club and one another's property.



SECRETARY/TREASURER

Report from Sandy Kovacs

Storage list has been available during the Bar open hours since the beginning of September.

Payments received after **October 6** are subject to penalty per By-law 14(a) and Yard Regulation #17.

Remember that flares and sources of ignition must be removed from your boat not later than the day of lift-out (Yard Regulation #18). Ladders used to access boats in storage must be securely fastened and locked to cradle/stands when not in active use (Yard Regulation #19).

Reminder to "Snowbirds" to look after 2021 Dock Deposit and Membership if they dare to head south this year. ■



DIRECTOR -

BUILDING MAINTENANCE

Report from Ray Lizee

Hello Everyone. Coping with COVID is slowly getting easier. For example, 6 weeks ago, you couldn't find a sheet of oak plywood at the big box hardware stores. Now they are fully stocked.

Same thing happened for pressure treated lumber. Definitely not the summer to take on major projects.

In spite of this, we are making improvements to the outside facilities building. In the first phase, we are closing off the upper parts of the showers and bathrooms to keep critters from nesting and soiling.

In the second phase, we will upgrade the outside washrooms themselves. In the condition they are in now, it is not possible to properly sanitize them.

We have also decided to upgrade the upstairs washrooms, since we are not opening the upstairs for the time being. Depending on how the COVID situation develops, we would be looking at further improvements to both the upstairs and downstairs facilities.

As for me, I spent most of the summer working in that new condo building on the water next to Emma's Back Porch in Burlington.

Emma's is now closed permanently. Beautiful view from those balconies. After work I would stop at the beach for a swim. Should have just parked the boat there.

Here's to your health. ■



ENTERTAINMENT

Report from Mark Mackesy

Like many of my age cohort, when I was a kid I read MAD magazine. I would read every page, including the "Letters to the Editor". One month, instead of letters,

there was a blank page with a drawing of a mailbox with spider webs on it. Underneath, in script, was written, "Nobody Wrote!". This year is kinda like that. No St Patricks Day party. No Sailpast Dinner. No Saturday BBQ's. No Commodores Ball. No nuthin'. Nobody gets to have organized fun.

I have to admit, it did make my job easier, on account I had nothing to do. And even if I did, the government told us all to stay home.

Too bad this job doesn't pay a salary. Money for nothing! CERB for free!

Thank you to my right hand man **Greg Coderre**, for helping with the Friday lunches and other stuff before we were shut down.

Also thank you to **Greg Dawson**, who agreed to be BBQ Boss for 2020. Greg was ready to do all the cooking for the year if he had to. Sadly, he didn't get the chance. I hope that Greg Dawson volunteers to be BBQ Boss next year. I hope we have barbeques next year.

Finally, as always, thanks to the lovely **Doris Konow** for letting me do this, and her help.

Who knows what 2020 will fling at us next? I sincerely hope that the MBYC membership can always keep in mind how lucky we are. We have to all work together to get through this year.

It will be entertaining, whatever happens. ■

**PAY AND PICK UP YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD
FOR 2021 AT THE CLUB BAR.**

If you would like to become a MBYC Mariner Supporter and advertise here, or to renew your advertising contract, please contact Bruce McLeod.



CANADIAN TIRE MONEY IS STILL BEING ACCEPTED! THIS IS USED TO BUY TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT FOR OUR WORKSHOP.

PLEASE LEAVE CTC COUPONS AT THE BAR!



MEMBERSHIP

Report from Carl Easton

Membership, like most of the rest of the club has had a very quiet summer. We have actually gained a very small number of new social members and a couple of additions to the waiting list for regular membership.

The Covid pandemic will have a significant effect on life and club activities for quite a while.

It will likely not be until late next spring when a suitable vaccine may be available, even then folk have to get past the fear of close contact developed over the last year.

Thanks to **Helena Laidlaw-Allan** The 2021 Regular and Social Membership cards are available. You can pay for and receive your card at the Club Bar.

We all need to embrace the new reality of social distancing and mask wearing. Since many of us are in the Macassa Lodge Marine Division age group we need to be extra careful to avoid the consequences of a Covid infection. ■



BAR MANAGEMENT

Report from Gerry Boyar

BAR OPERATING HOURS.

Fridays - 1pm to 7pm

Saturdays - 12pm to 6pm

Sundays - 12pm to 6pm

We are presently using the outside patio area, and the main floor bar (Mitchell Hall) with the indoor seating capacity being limited per current COVID- 19 Provincial restrictions.

Please come out to support our Club, Bar and Staff ■

Send your MBYC MARINER submissions via Email (preferred) to editor.mbyc@gmail.com or drop your article/photos addressed to Helena Laidlaw-Allan, Mariner Newsletter. Please be sure to put your name and contact info with your submission. Your submission will be checked for spelling/grammar. Submissions are always subject to review for content suitability.

Check out the NEW MBYC Website
mbyc-hamilton.org

REMOVING & RE-INSTALLING THE SWING KEEL ON A GRAMPIAN 26



By Royston Mayberry, MBYC Member

Late in 2017 I became the owner of a swing keel Grampian 26. It was however during lift in at the beginning of the next season that a serious problem with the swing keel became apparent.

The hanger bracket on the port side was not only loose but was ready to fall off. The bolt heads attaching it to the main keel had rusted off and it was now hanging about three inches below where it ought to be.

As it was going into the water, it was necessary to do a quick fix for the season. So using a piece of mild steel flat about an inch wide by a quarter thick and about a foot long, I drilled and tapped the bottom of the keel and strapped the hanger bracket in place for the summer. During that summer season I did not deploy the swing keel for fear of loosing it to the deep. It was just as well that the boat sailed and pointed adequately with only the short fixed keel.

With some planning and preparation I got down to fixing the problem over the winter of 2018. First was the problem of lifting the boat high enough to allow access to the keel. I did this by buying a length of 6"x 6" wood, cutting it into 12" lengths and aligning them in a vertical fashion on the keel pad as shown in the photograph to the right. I also bought a length of threaded bar to make extra long pads for the boat

stand (photo left).

Once the boat was installed on the cradle and the cradle on blocks. I added two further supports at the front of the fixed keel. This was



bridged with a piece of steel box section with a 5/8 UNC jacking screw. With this I was able to lift the front end of the keel clear of all but the backmost wooden supporting block. Meanwhile I paid full attention to further chocking up beneath the cradle and adjusting the pads. I also installed a strap around the cradle at the top of the pad threads as a precaution to top them splaying. At that point I was able to remove the first seven of the 6"x 6" blocks leaving the keel supported at the back and front. This allowed me access to the keel slot.



The next task was to remove the swing keel. Once my temporary fix had been removed the port hanger bracket was already loose and ready to fall off. The starboard hanger was fixed with flat head bolts soundly rusted in. To remove them I drilled the heads off. Once off, the entire assembly came away when I lowered the keel with the winch. The old screws remained in the main keel so I ground them flat and flush using an angle grinder.



With the swing keel assembly removed it was now time to get to work. The swing keel (made of mild steel) was rusty but still usable. The old pivot pin was bent. The hanger brackets were rusted beyond saving. So I discarded these two items. I removed the loose rust and old paint from the swing keel. I drilled and reamed the pivot hole to 0.750" (3/4") on a vertical milling machine. I turned a new pivot pin using aluminum bronze giving 0.001" to 0.002" interference. I pressed it in and then went to work on the rest of it. I replaced the badly corroded eye that connected to the winch cable. I did this by machining a new one from an old 3/4" bolt which I turned down and threaded it to 1/2" x 20 UNF, and milled a new eye on its opposite end. (more detail on this in the appendix). I bought some marine grade rust inhibiting primer paint and gave it all a few coats and then applied a few coats of antifoulant. To inhibit further corrosion I also attached an anode.

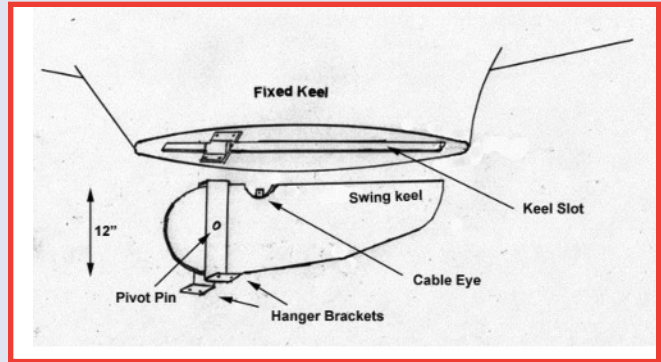
The hanger brackets were made from 2 1/2" x 1/4" hot



rolled flat steel. The 2 1/2" dimension was machined down to 2 1/4" to allow it to fit into the pre cast channels in the keel slot. The 90° bends

were done using an acetylene torch, and two bushes made of 316 stainless steel were inserted for the pivot holes (I got a co-worker to tig weld them in for me). The bushes were given a 0.005" clearance over the diameter of the pivot pin to ensure that they would never seize. I also welded a small piece at the top of the hanger bracket to keep them apart when fitted.

The assembly now had to be re-installed onto the



boat. However preparation on the fixed keel had to be undertaken first. New holes were drilled and tapped to accommodate the hanger brackets. The positioning of these was achieved by making a drill template from a piece of the 2 1/2" flat. This template was used to position both the tapped holes in the main keel and the clearance holes in the hanger brackets. For the holes in the main keel I drilled diameter and tapped 3/8" UNC. The hanger bracket holes were countersunk for flat head bolts. Drilling the holes in the main keel presented some difficulty. The surface of the cast iron keel was quite hard due in part to the rust. Normal HSS drills dulled very quickly. I resorted to using carbide drills however, extreme care had to be used as these drills are very brittle and it would be quite the disaster to break one and get it or part of it stuck in the hole. Though once past the initial hard surface the cast iron was fairly soft (normal grey cast) and drilling became easier. Lastly I took the opportunity to clean inside the slot to remove the Zebra Mussels and give it a few coats of antifoulant.

Re-installation went fairly easily. I attached the winch cable to the eye and used the winch to lift it into position and take the weight. Some manipulation was needed and some climbing up and down the ladder onto the deck took place. It would have been better to have two people doing this but there was no one around at the time. Eventually it all went back together, I used anti seize compound on the bolts to give me an outside chance of getting them off again if I ever have to. It was necessary to have at the very least 12" clearance between the main keel and the cradle pad to undertake the project. Putting the cradle on some substantial and stable blocks also helped immensely.

Having access to a machine shop (I am a machinist by trade) was also very useful. My employer being accommodating helped too.

OUR SUMMER ADVENTURE



By Heiner & Helga Rogge, MBYC Social Members

As you all know, the boating bug never quite goes away.

So, this year, my wife and I finally caved and after a very confusing, tumultuous and exhausting search finally bought our dream.

The boat is a 31' Montego 296 Express and it is absolutely perfect for us. Only problem is, it's located at a very nice marina near Honey Harbour call Brandy's Cove Yachting



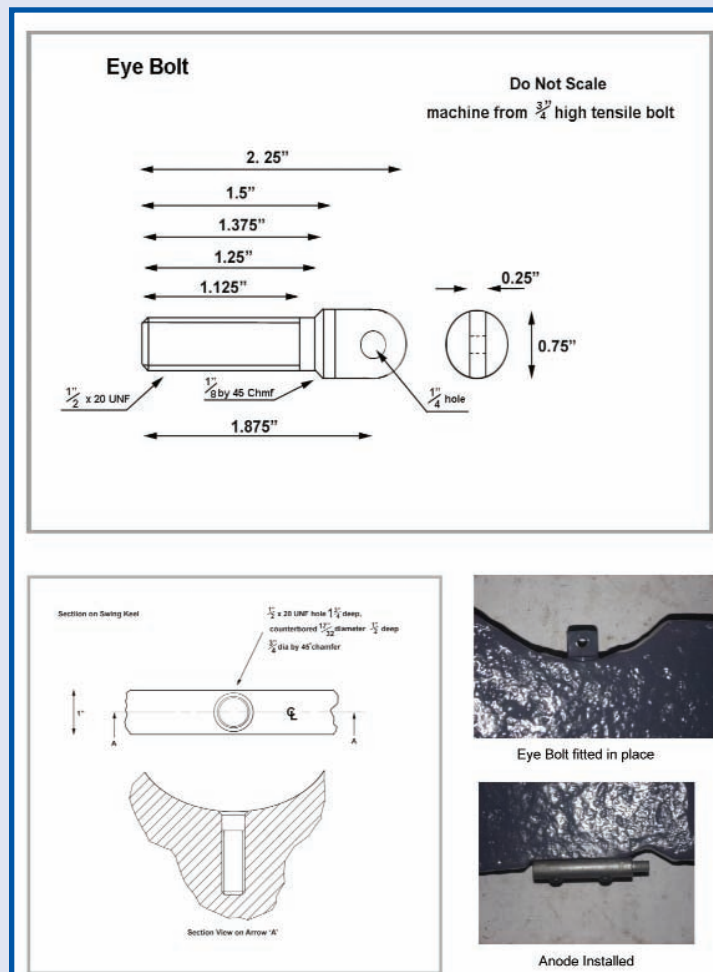
Centre, with a one way trip up the 400 taking about 2 1/2 hours. I must admit the boating there is absolutely wonderful with lots of fresh air, islands, coves, bays... and rocks, shallows, markers, and other boaters from Seadoes to 50 footers. Thank God for Navionics which everyone uses up there and is an absolute must. We are, however, looking forward to bringing the boat to Hamilton in the spring.

One of the highlights of our summer was a camping trip our two sons, their wives and 4 children planned to Beausoleil Island National Park. And yes, it's an island and the only way you can get there is by boat because the shuttle that usually takes you there was cancelled for the summer due to you know what. So, we were it. After piling about 2000 pounds of food, camping gear, beer, moms and dads and 4 grand-kids aboard, off we went.



Removing & re-installing the swing keel on a Grampian 26.

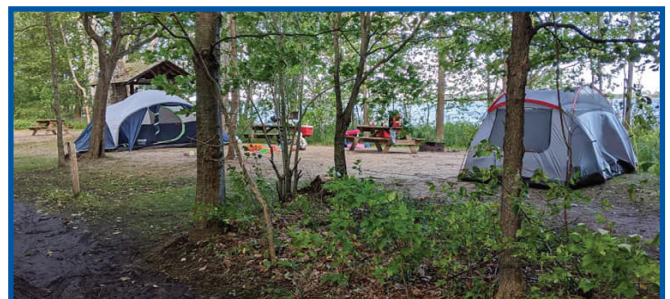
Appendix



I must say the boat handled remarkably well except for the docking at the island due to blustery winds and annoying waves. But once everyone and everything was off loaded and they pitched their tents at a very large and lovely spot right near the shoreline, we all settled in to what would be a very wonderful few days. The grand-kids loved the little sandy beach which they almost had to themselves and a very helpful and eager forest ranger Mike even led them on an educational nature trip.

The ride back to the marina was a bit rough with high winds and a threatening sky. Thanks to "dock assistance" which everyone uses up there, we tied up safely back at our dock and the kids offloaded their gear and headed back home.

After a lot of waving goodbye, we just crashed with a Scotch and watched the sunset from the back deck. All in all, a wonderful time had by all. ■



DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 5 - A trip down the Mississippi 1962 - 1963



By Grant Somerville, with Cherie Somerville

As a social member of MBYC, I am excited to share with you, The next Chapter of my memories of the boat trip that I took with my dad down the Mississippi in 1962.

This story is a excerpt from a recently published book and written in two voices, Grant (italics) and his father Bruce Somerville.

January 7th we departed at 0945 for the crossing of Mobile Bay. The crossing was made on great long swells that made steering very difficult due to tide against the current. We stayed that night at Holiday Harbour on the Inter-Coastal Waterway. Next day we departed at 0815 for a long run of 110 miles to Panama City, Florida.

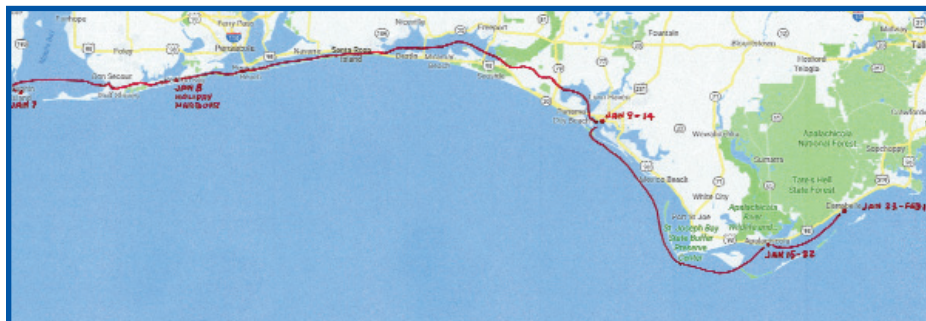
We passed beautiful white sand beaches at Pensacola, Fort Pickens U.S. Naval Base, and continued on in the dark as we searched for a place to dock for the night in Panama City. We made many friends here from the Tyndal Air Base and remained for six nights.

Our oyster house friend took us on a boat trip back into Seminole Swamp country. It was here we had our first encounter with a couple of Cotton Mouth or Water Moccasin. The natives are afraid of these more than anything else. We visited a church which had been prefabricated in New England and brought by Clipper Ship in the 16th century. In the gallery at the back of the church were the chains for tying up the slaves during the service.

During our 5 day layover in Panama City we contacted Calvin where we caught a bus to Tyndal Air Base to join him and he invited us to stay for dinner. Two days later Cal and his friend Art pulled into the marina and then drove us back to his place for another dinner. Cal and his friends were very keen on hearing of our adventures.

Richard Moore onboard Playboy visited us after seeing this strange flag and brought us some cake, we later went to church with him.

January 14th we departed at 1045 for a leisurely trip to Apalachicola while Dad did some trolling for fish with no success. We arrived at our docking spot after a 57 mi. trip. On the 16th we decided to back the boat up to shore to change props when Dan Sangaree came over from the Oyster Shucking Factory to inspect the strange flag. After talking about our journey Dan asked if we would like a good feed of the best Apalachicola Oysters? Dan owned the shucking plant and after his workers left we wandered over and sat at the shucking counter as he offered to keep shucking until we said STOP! He gave us more to take



back to the boat where we stewed and fried some later. They were absolutely the best!

While staying for 7 days Dan spoke of eventually opening a seafood restaurant on the pier next to the shucking factory. While we were there I designed a restaurant plan and elevation of what it could look like. It was designed so people having dinner could watch the boats unloading oysters and the ladies shucking them. Dan was all excited with this and as a consequence he and Dad stayed in touch for many

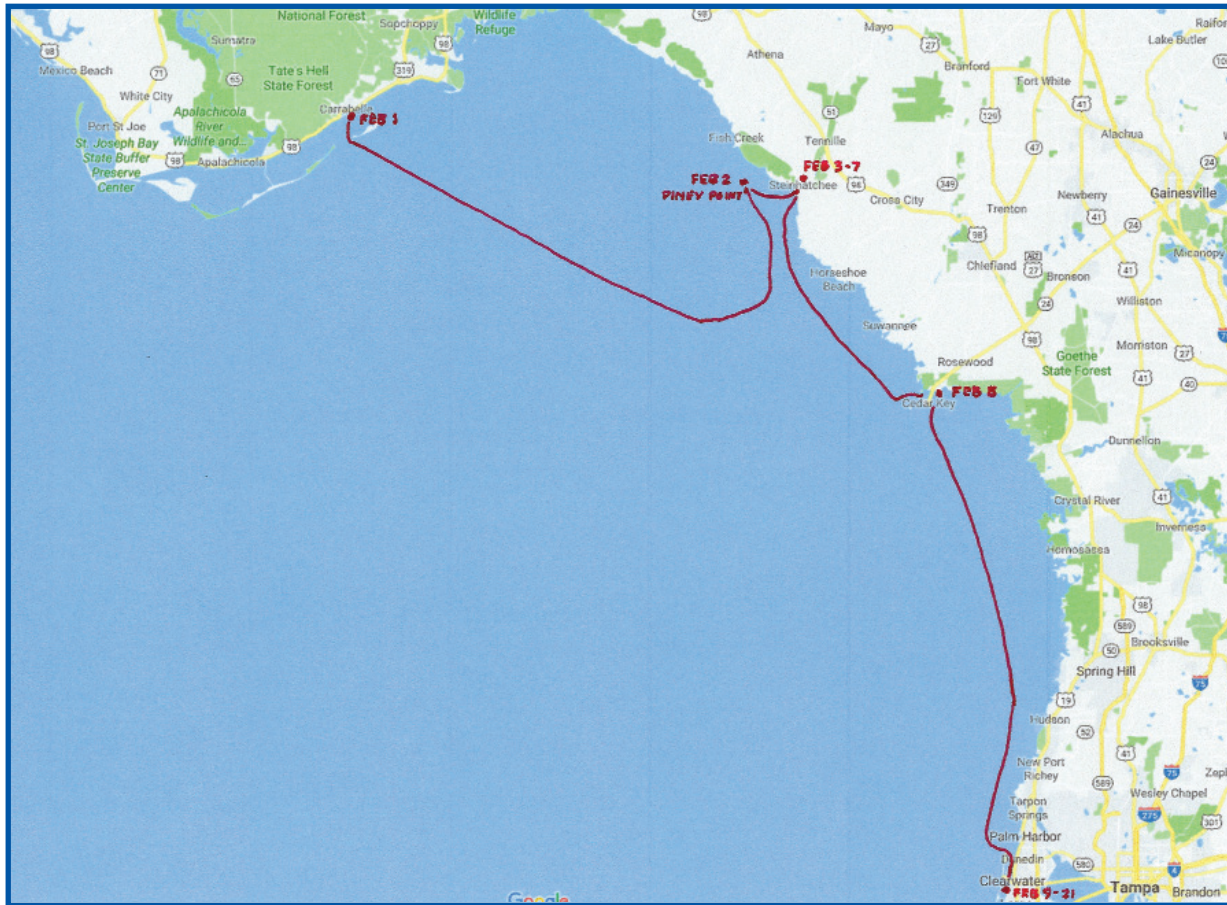


years. While we were there Dan also took us to see the Shrimp Fleet of Apalachicola.

The crew from the boat "Communicator" with whom we had travelled down the Mississippi River and bade good-bye

at the New Orleans, found us here. They had left their boat at the Orleans Marina and came by car to look for us. We celebrated the reunion with a big feed of fresh shucked oysters prepared in the galley of the "Reta May".

Jan 22nd we had a very peaceful 26 mile trip from Apalachicola to Carrabelle. We stayed 9 days enjoying the sun and many people came by with offers to drive us for groceries and propane. On the 29th Capt. Leon Langston who we befriended took us out to Dog Island aboard "Georgia Boy" to see all the seashells and the beautiful beach. On returning to the "Reta May" I was pumping water into the head when the plastic chlorinator exploded into our hanging locker and had all of our clothing sprayed with waste. We spent many hours at the laundromat up town and cleaning up the bilge. What a mess!



January 30th looked like a good time to make the 140 mile crossing to Cedar Keys. Capt. Langston on his private deep sea fishing boat told us he was making the trip at midnight and would give us a call at 0630 hrs to let us know the weather conditions on the Gulf. At 0630 hrs his call came through but was quite weak. We made out that it was pretty sloppy and would not advise starting.

Went up the river to do some fishing, found dockage at a motel. We tied up alongside a house boat that had sailed down the Warrior, Tom Bigly and Mobile Rivers, then the Intercoastal. He found he lacked the power to make the jump to Cedar Keys so had called it quits for the present. The following day we met Jim and Kay Anders of the "Imperial", a 20' craft which was heading for Puerto Rico and suggested we travel together down the coast. Together we crossed St. George's Sound and went out the East pass between St. George's and Dog Islands. Several shrimp boats were at anchor behind these islands. The channel passes through real shallow water and oyster shoals for two miles till you pass the whistle buoy. We never did find the buoy. Fog closed in so thick and we then knew why the "Shrimpers" were at anchor. Found our markers back to the sound to wait for clearing weather.

February 1st we departed again at 1100 hours, when the shrimp boats headed out. At the end of the channel, we turned east on a course of 258 degrees for buoy #26 off South Shoal, to clear the restricted area used by the Air Force for gunnery practice. This run was 16 1/2 miles from Dog Island to buoy #26.

We had discussed our selected compass courses with the Anders and as we left Dog Island the Imperial took off on a more southerly course. They then came back to us to suggest our compass was incorrect. Their boat being a 20' sedan cruiser was much faster. After some discussion Dad and I felt we would trust our compass as it had got us this far. Jim and Kay wished us luck and they left on their selected heading. We had not travelled long when we ran into a wall of fog, so we pulled up to check our depth and heading. With the flybridge window open and eyes peeled for any obstacles we decided to get up on plane and continue on course with me at the helm. As I would call out the depths from the chart, Dad would verify our position on the depth indicator until we had achieved our ETA. Suddenly the Imperial was on our stern, they had hit the same fog bank and panicked so headed north to find our salt water foamed wake, they then would follow us from there on.

DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 5 - Continued

I stretched out on the foredeck, watched the porpoises swim behind the boat. The sun was shining and then the fog closed in! We knew we were not more than ten miles off shore by the contour as shown by our depth meter. We were running over oyster reefs which are very hard on the boat if you run aground. The depths varied from 8 feet to a low of three feet. We searched for channel markers in some of the rivers but no success. Decided to drop anchor for the night. Due to the shallowness, we felt sure we must be clear of the big ship channel going into St. Mark's.

They were predicting a blow out of the south west so decided to anchor for the night, knowing the incoming winds would clear off the fog so would then be able to see our markers in the morning. The Imperial tied alongside for the night. We got very little sleep knowing we were sitting in the open Gulf.

We used our R.D.F. on Tallahassee Airport signals and Cross City Airport and decided we were just off Piney Pont. During the night as the tide current changed, our anchor would drag and then take hold again. In the morning we tried for Cedar Keys but found the fog getting worse. We headed due north till we came to a reading on the Cross City Airport which would take us into the Steinhatchee River. This had a straight channel marked by spars for four miles out. After feeling our way along for what seemed ages, we broke into the clear. The sun shone and a hundred yards in front of us was the first spar. We followed the channel into the river and into the friendship of some of the nicest people one could meet. It was February 2, Ground Hog Day.

On the Steinhatchee River we found a marina which was closed. Asked a gentleman if we could tie up and what we could expect from the tide. He told us we could dock as long as we wished and there was always plenty of water in the harbor. During the night a strong off shore wind came up. The river current helped by the out-going tide sucked all the water out of the harbor and left all the boats resting on bottom. We were all right with our square chines, but the boat bound for Puerto Rico with round bilges and fixed propeller and shaft, lay over on its side and rolled the crew out of their bunks. Several boats were left hanging by their lines and didn't right themselves even when the tide came in.

It was February 3rd, Sunday so Dad went up town to the Baptist Church and met Richard Kerley who invited us to have supper with he and his wife. They asked to see our boat then invited us to spend the night at their home because it was cold and drizzling rain. In the morning we had a wonderful breakfast served with hominy grits which was our first time trying this. During the 4 days there we spent evenings sitting around their fireplace talking about

our trip and hunting back home. Dad caught a 3.5 lb and a 1.25 lb trout which were cooked for dinner. He also took us into the swamp to cut cypress knees which they make lamps from. We took guns in case their hound "Slim" put out a cat. While there, we helped Richard finish off the interior of a room addition he was working on.

We met several new people here and one good friend Richard took us to his home for a Canadian Moose dinner with all the southern trimmings. Then he took us fishing for speckled trout. We left the Steinhatchee at 1030, as Richard escorted us to the outer marker and headed for Clearwater. The weather turned sloppy out of the Cedar Keys. Having heard many good reports about the marina there we decided to go in. The small craft warning were now up. On leaving the next day after the warnings were down we touched bottom in the channel where we mistook markers for an obstruction instead of the channel markers. We then completed our run to Clearwater. We decided to quit watching the weather and take a rest. Pulled the boat out of the water to scrub off the Mississippi River Oil, scrape the barnacles and copper the bottom.

Here we said good bye to our Puerto Rico bound friends and "hello" to the first boat on the entire trip which was flying the Canadian Ensign. They had trailed their boat from Quebec, put in at Clearwater and were bound for Miami by way of Lake Okeechobee, Fort Myers, and the Caloosahatchee River. While here which was our mailstop we were interviewed by the local Chamber of Commerce, The Sun, and Bill Purvis of the St. Petersburg Times. We later picked up a copy of the article that was written, with a picture of us and the boat (*Article on the next page*).

The warm weather felt like we were finally in the south so we spent 12 days at the dock in Clearwater, while there the owner of the Marina loaned us his car to drive to Gulfport. We visited with Mrs. Dyet and Mrs. Tasmer who took us out for dinner then drove us around St. Petersburg arriving back at the boat at 2200 hrs. ■



Adapted from "Dream of a Lifetime – A trip down the Mississippi 1962-1963" © by Grant Somerville, with Cherie Somerville.

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Cherie Somerville cheriesomer@yahoo.com

PORTRAITS OF MEN AT WORK

Photo studies by Dave Bailey

2-B

LOCAL

St. Petersburg Times, Monday, February 25, 1963



—Staff Photo

TAKING IT EASY AFTER LONG TRIP

... from Canada by boat are Grant and Bruce Sommerville. Their boat is the Rega May, now docked in Clearwater.

DARING DUO ON GULF

Dad, Son Defy Storms

By WILLIAM PURVIS
Of The Times Staff

CLEARWATER — Bruce Sommerville, 58, and his son Grant, 23, are getting more mileage out of a whimsey than just about any other travelers around.

The Sommervilles last week completed a 3,500 mile voyage across Lakes Huron and Michigan from Midland, Ontario, Canada, down the Mississippi and around the Florida coast to Clearwater in a 21-foot boat they built themselves. They are docked at the Clearwater Bay Marine Ways.

They plan to add another 3,500 miles on the return trip up the east coast when they start home for Hamilton, Ontario, during the spring.

The boat, called Rega May for Bruce's wife who died eight years ago, was originally planned as a 21-footer but came out to be 21-feet 1-inch, he said. It is powered by two out-board motors.

"I've always had a hankering to try the Mississippi," Bruce said when asked why he made the trip. He explained he had been to Florida on a vacation several years ago, but brought a boat on a trailer then.

Grant said he came along because "I'm only young once."

Both men quit their jobs for the voyage. Bruce was a millwright in Hamilton and Grant was a draftsman. He designed the flying bridge interior.

They left Midland Oct. 19.

Their plans now are to spend some time fishing, tour the state and make a leisurely trip home sometime in May. They will take the boat out of the water in Sarasota, their next port, for modifications sometime soon.

"We don't have any schedules," Bruce said. "We plan to keep warm and enjoy ourselves," Grant added.

They made the trip to Clearwater through one of the worst winters of the century, often stopping several days at a time to sit out any particularly bad storms.

Recounting experiences, they dwelled on the bad weather, friendliness shown by other boaters and persons living along their route.

Grant told of a run-in with a barge string near Panama City when he was at the wheel. He said they were trying to make port at Panama City at night, and he noticed a pair of red and green lights ahead somewhere in the distance.

But, he added, they didn't look any different than any other red and green lights he saw in the background, and he just kept moving down the channel.

Approximately 30 feet from the Rega May, Grant said, the lights turned into something different — the bow of the barge.

He turned away as quickly as he could because it was a cinch the barge couldn't in that

short distance, he said.

Bruce recalled the first day out of Midland. He said they were again trying to make a port on Lake Huron, sighting on a pair of red marker lights. He said they were just about in the proper position to mark the port they were seeking.

When they had the beacons lined up the lights started moving. On closer inspection they turned out to be the tail lights of an automobile parked near the lake's shore.

Their Christmas dinner, they said, was hot dogs, eaten on the Mississippi River near New Orleans with the owners of a boat traveling with them. Later that night they moved into Lake Pontchartrain to seek shelter from the storm.

Often the inside of their boat was covered with ice from condensation when they awoke in the morning, they said.

During the trip they learned the ways of bad weather on the Mississippi and Gulf, and what to do about it — sit it out.

"The Mississippi," said Bruce, "wasn't as bad as I thought in some spots and worse in others."

A third man started the trip with them but quit at Memphis, Tenn., they said.

Their average mileage, when running, has been 75 miles a day, Sommerville said, at two miles a gallon of gas. They hope to improve that with modifications to the stern in Sarasota.



ADVENTURES IN JORDAN

By Kathleen & Ian Fox, MBYC Members

We arrived in Jordan after spending September & October traveling Eastern Europe and Greece, with a brief stopover in Munich for Oktoberfest (which was an experience in itself).

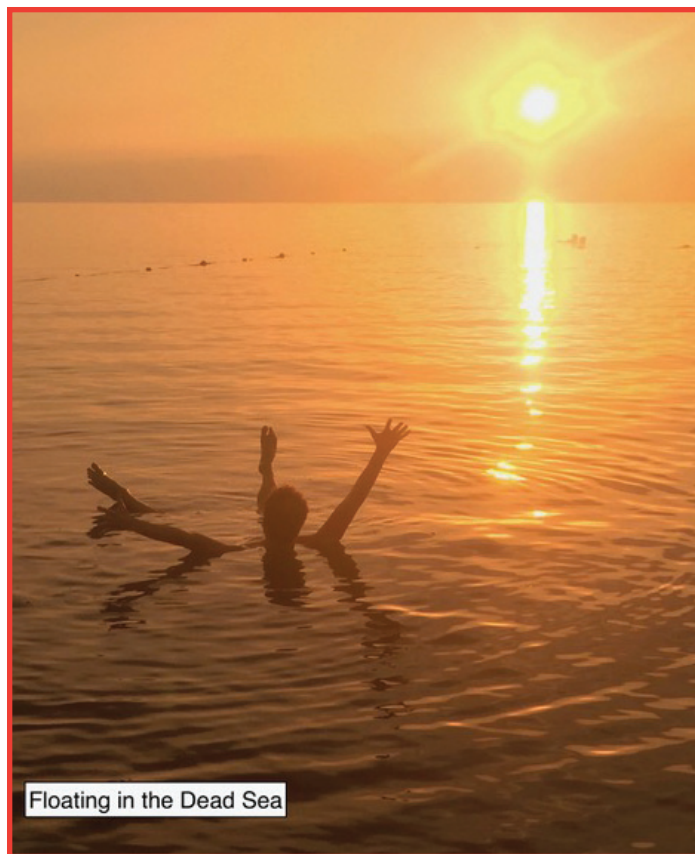
We'd been anticipating the Middle East with all of its history and culture. Jordanians are a friendly and proud people, which we found out right at the airport with our first taxi ride. Our driver discovered we were Canadian and he spent the next 30 minutes weaving all over the three lanes of the highway while trying to call and text his son who lives in London, Ontario.

Even after traveling through Greece, the history of all the sites in Jordan was overwhelming. Within the city of Amman, you can easily walk to several sites including a 2000 year old Roman amphitheatre still used for events of up to 6000 people. The sides are so steeply sloped, everyone has a great view, but you want to be sure you don't trip while scaling up and down the steps as there are no safety rails or lighting.

After a few days of exploring Amman we rented a car and headed north to Jerash and Ajlun, near the Syrian border. Jerash is home to a massive 2nd century Roman Forum and has been occupied since 7500 BCE. We were fortunate to stay with a local family here who fed us a mix of bread, hummus and mansaf (*Mansaf is a traditional Arab dish made of lamb cooked in a sauce of fermented dried yogurt and served with rice or bulgur*). All were delicious and since grocery stores were not something we found during our travels in Jordan, this was definitely appreciated and we ate all we could whenever we were offered food. Garbage, especially plastic, is also another problem they are faced with just like the rest of the world. Here, they basically pile it along the sides of roads or in their yards and burn it, creating a constant smell of burning plastic.

The military checkpoints were more frequent the further north we went, but as soon as we showed our Canadian passports, they smiled and said "Hello, welcome to Jordan". This became a running joke throughout our time in the country that this must be the first English phrase they learn. Whenever we walked anywhere, Taxi drivers or just regular citizens would yell from all directions "Hello, welcome to Jordan. Where are you from?". Taxi drivers would regularly stop and back up in the middle of 4 lane roundabouts or roads yelling to find out if we needed a ride.

We visited the ruins in Umm Qais which is only about a kilometer or so from the border with Syria, Israel, Lebanon. From the top of the fort at Umm Qais, we could easily see the Golan Heights and the line of the border.



Floating in the Dead Sea

From the North we looped back south by road to the Dead Sea. Known as the lowest place on earth, it was an experience like no other. When you are floating in the Dead Sea you really are just as buoyant as in pictures! It was such a weird feeling having half of your body out of the water at a time.

The water is so salty it stings and any scrape on your body is felt immediately. It's hard to describe how salty the water really is - I thought I had stubbed my toes on a rock, and reached into the water to move it. Instead, I picked up a grapefruit sized piece of pure salt! With such high salt content you are told to only spend a short amount of time in the water. The water is 10 times saltier than the Atlantic and every year the Dead Sea recedes by more than 3 feet. The original hotels on the Jordanian side were built about 20 years ago, and are now quite a distance from the water.

At the water's edge we covered ourselves with the mineral-rich mud from head to toe. Bring an old swimsuit as the mud can permanently stain clothing. After the mud dried on our skin, we soaked it off in the salty sea water and rinsed in the freshwater showers nearby. We had several recommendations to stay at a hotel at the Dead Sea instead of just doing a day trip. It was pricey but there is no way to rinse off well enough



at the showers by the beach. Having the convenience of a hotel room was fantastic. It was a nice change to stay in a large, modern hotel after some of the small rustic guest houses, home stays and hostels we'd been using.

The drive from the Dead Sea to Petra was incredible. We started the day at the water's edge and slowly climbed the winding roads inland up into the mountains. Petra had been the original reason we were drawn to Jordan. It is one of the World's most famous archaeological sites, built by the Nabateans and dating to about 300BC. Its most famous structure is the 45m high temple carved into the sheer sandstone walls known as The Treasury. It was the scene in Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade that inspired me to visit Petra.

We stayed with Abid, Minal and their young son Sultan, a local Bedouin family, where we got to understand their culture and day-to-day life. Water only gets delivered once a week and most houses are built slowly, when they get enough money for supplies. Their house we stayed in only had part of the first floor finished, but it will eventually be 6 apartments. They had only recently moved in from their cave in the desert and often still go back to the cave when they want to get away from town. The husband, Abid, works as a tour guide but used to work as a horse trainer in Brunei for the Sultan. His wife,



Manal, speaks more than 10 languages and worked in a market stall before having children. Abid said he speaks 3 languages, English, Arabic and Malay, but we did overhear him speaking some Italian and French to a couple other tourists. It was a great experience being able to eat dinner with them and learn about life in Jordan from a regular family.

We spent 2 full days hiking and exploring the massive site. On the first day, we hired Abid for a tour through the rocky and steep trails above The Treasury and he gave us some history regarding the ornate designs of tombs, theatres and water conduits through this arid region.

After Petra, we continued our drive south into the Wadi Rum desert. The unrelenting sun and dry, windswept landscapes were like nothing we'd seen before. The roads are also extremely treacherous and I would recommend hiring a driver or taking a tour if you visit Jordan.

Vehicles drive the wrong way down highways, food stalls are set up in merge lanes and massive potholes and dropoffs litter many of the roads. It made for some white knuckle driving situations.

After arriving in the town of Wadi Rum, we were taken by 4x4 truck to the tent camp out in the middle of the desert. The next morning we hiked about 26km through the desert to within eyesight of the Saudi border with Tanger, our hilarious and friendly 5ft tall guide.

We only understood about 30% of what the other said; we all did a lot of smiling and nodding! At one point we thought that he said Kathleen would be worth about 4 camels and a truck in a trade. However, I didn't know enough about camels to make the trade. Evenings were spent eating delicious foods and listening to our guides play traditional Bedouin music all while drinking excessive amounts of sweet tea.

The second day in the desert, we travelled by camel to a different area with our Sudanese guide. He was trying to work out a business proposition to bring camels to our area of

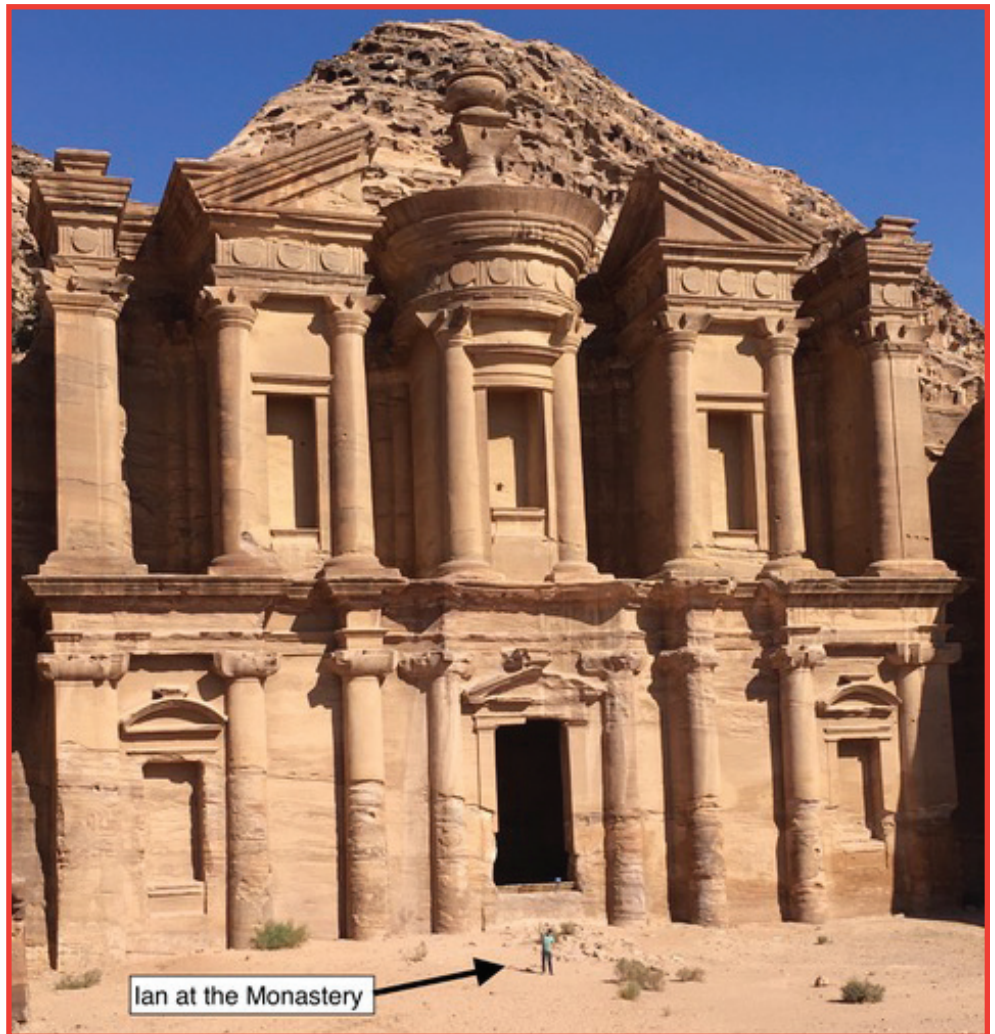
ADVENTURES IN JORDAN - Continued

Canada for tourists to ride. He quickly lost interest when we told him what temperatures were in the winter and he couldn't understand why people would want to live in a cold climate like that. The desert was an incredible place at night. The stars and moon light up the sky so much that you could see your shadow from just the moon. With it being so dry and dark in the tent, you could actually see sparks from the static electricity.

One of our last stops was in the city of Madaba. We chose to stay in the city only because of the proximity to the airport for our last night, but I'm so glad we did. It was such a great city and a lovely way to end our trip. Madaba is one of the few places in Jordan where a large portion of the population is Christian. It was very weird after spending two weeks in a Muslim country to see churches and even Christmas decorations. We visited St George's Greek Orthodox church, a Byzantine building, that contains a huge floor mosaic which is a map of the Middle East and Holy Lands from the 6th century.

A highlight of Madaba was Carakale brewery! It's the only craft Brewery in the country. It's really difficult to source ingredients in a country where 90% of the population does not drink, so brewing anything is a challenge. But the brewery is doing some interesting things with ingredients that are local such as figs, pomegranates and salt because importing ingredients for alcohol is very difficult.

Jordan was one of our more difficult places to travel for a woman. Kathleen was very glad that we were travelling together and not traveling by herself. We never felt unsafe, but there were times it was far better to be part of a couple. For the



dress-code, even calf-length skirts are not long enough! After just one day in the capital city, which is more cosmopolitan, Kathleen switched completely to pants. Even skinny jeans were more acceptable than showing a little ankle. Most of the time she was more comfortable with her hair covered as well. A couple of teenage American girls walked by us in a bustling Amman market wearing tiny shorts and tank tops. It was startling how quiet several hundred people can suddenly get.

Overall, Jordan is an incredible country to visit steeped in history and tradition and we really appreciated being able to spend two weeks there. ■



MBYC Race Day • September 2020

AROUND THE CLUB



Check out the MBYC Website mbyc-hamilton.org

PLEASE NOTE: some pictures in this issue were taken prior to distancing restrictions.

KNOT-A-BREAST DRAGON BOAT TEAM

Greetings to all our Macassa Bay friends!



Things have certainly changed since last year!

Although we are not able to get together to paddle at this time, we are being creative in finding ways to strengthen our teamwork and keep in shape. Tuesday evenings (weather permitting) you can find many of us out of the water at the Flat water Centre in Welland and some ambitious members have joined an OC/SUP classes. Kayaks, canoes, SUP boards and some walking and bicycle riding along the canal.

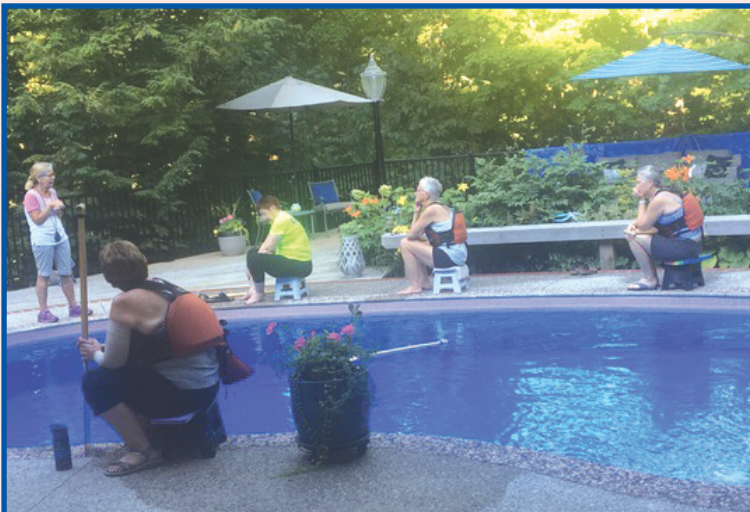
Fundraising too has been limited in terms of what we are permitted to do, and we are thankful for our Macassa Bay friends for supporting us in our fundraiser last Saturday, September 12th at the Club House.

So great to see "our water" and many Macassa Bay friends.



Six months into this pandemic and Knot A Breast is grateful for all we have. We are healthy and we are winning. No, we're not winning races. We did not race in France this summer as planned. We didn't race at all. We are not hanging out at MBYC and paddling in our beloved dragon boats on the harbour. Do you miss us? We haven't stepped in a dragon boat since last year. We dearly miss the paddling, the MBYC BBQs after practice and the camaraderie of being together as a team and spending time with our friends at MBYC.

But there's been no time to feel sorry for ourselves, we've been busy! Busy exercising to stay in shape for getting back on the bay and in our dragon boats. We've taken up stand up paddle boarding, outrigger canoe and kayaking. We're cycling, hiking, walking, and running. We're doing workout circuits via Zoom. Our newbies have been busy learning our paddling technique at Coach Kathy Levy's backyard pool, socially distanced of course. Our newbies will be dragon boat ready like our veterans once we're back on the water. So we have lots to look forward to and a ton to be grateful for.



Including the support we receive from members of MBYC. Special thanks to our Commodore, Brian Leslie, and all of the MBYC members for supporting our bottle drives that have helped tremendously with our fundraising.

We're practicing positive thinking and looking ahead to 2021 and beyond. Knot A Breast will represent Hamilton and MBYC in April 2022 when we head to New Zealand to defend our title. We will be ready!

**We miss you MBYC! But we'll be back.
We 'Never Give Up, Never Give In'.**