

MACASSA BAY YACHT CLUB • Spring 2021

# Macassa Mariner



## FROM THE BRIDGE

*Reports from MBYC Executives*



### COMMODORE

Report from Brian Leslie

**We have had to make the tough decision to delay this year's launch due to the latest Stay-at-Home order and restrictions.**

The new lift-in date is June 1st and 2nd, unless the situation changes again. With low water depths at our docks at this time, this delay will allow the water levels to rise in time for our launch.

Here we are, one year later and locked down again just before our scheduled lift-in due to the uncontrolled spread of Covid-19 variants. This has been a tough year for everyone, for our businesses, our club and our social circles. As boat owners, most of us can enjoy sitting in our cockpits enjoying the view, just as well as on the lake, if need be.

Trying to get any work accomplished or building improvements done has been an ordeal this winter with the constant shutdowns and lack of building products, but eureka, our electric gate is now up and running. *Great job guys!*

*Continued on page 2.*

### 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** - Dave Bailey, Bob Mueller, Mark Mackesy and other club contributors.

Sorry if we missed anyone.

### Website - [mbyc-hamilton.org](http://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](mailto:editor.mbyc@gmail.com)

Next Edition of the Mariner: Fall

Deadline: September 1, 2021 (If you have your submission prior please send.)

### Macassa Bay Yacht Club

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905 529-9205 [www.mbyc-hamilton.org/](http://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.



**GRAND OPENING! Our new automatic gate is operational, thanks to the hard work of John Fraser, Jack Allan, Jim Bowen, Mark Campagna, Peter Bruch, Dave Jenkins, Bill Newman, and Dave Bath.**



## FROM THE BRIDGE

### Reports from MBYC Executives

Commodore's Report - Continued from page 1.

We are actively working at negotiating a lease with the city, also rewriting our bylaws to be current with the NFP legislation. All this without any meetings in person.

We also lost 2 long time movers and shakers from our club this year. Past Commodore William Mitchell and Tony Andrew. You will be missed.

We will get through this. ■



### DOCK MASTER

Report from Dave Thornhill

**We are currently scheduled for lift-in on June 1st for Power Boats and June 2nd for Sailboats.**

It will be the same safety procedures as Haul-out, with masks required when unable to maintain a distance from other members.

The following weekend we will be doing a yard clean up and storing all the cradles. During the summer we plan to replace wiring on B Dock, and build 2 mains over the summer for replacement in the fall. We will also be rebuilding the walkway in front of the club. Will be looking for volunteers for these projects as they come up.

Thanks to all the volunteers, we can't do this without you all!

Hope to see you all at the club soon ■



### SECRETARY

Report from Charles Mitchell Jr.

**Well another winter has come and gone and the hustle and bustle of getting our vessels ready are in full swing.** It will be nice to finally be

outside after being cooped up for so long and COVID making it even more difficult to see the outside world. One can only wonder what we all look like.

This last year has seemed like a whirlwind with having to navigate the challenges that we all have had to face in this ever changing world. There have been many changes on how we all interact with each other and how our club is run, but together we have all been able to adapt and overcome. It only shows in our resolve at how well we can all adapt to unavoidable change.

Unfortunately we have had to say goodbye to some friends, but at the same time technology has allowed us to meet new ones from other parts of the world. It is amazing what is really out there and the ways that we are all being brought together in new ways. I know for me I have used this time to embark on my own personal journey and have been learning many new things. I am almost a whole new person because of this and I can only be thankful for these opportunities.

I would like to thank **Terry Wagg** for his continued help with our website and now his assistance along with **Frank Harild** and **Barry Costello** on the hosting of our Virtual General Meetings. Their work has helped us greatly in bringing us back to some normalcy within our club.

I would also like to extend a big thank you to **Lorna Howarth** for her continued assistance with handling our reciprocals so that when we are finally able to travel we will have a place to go.

Here's to a hopeful new season and I look forward to tipping a few with our MBYC family. See you all on the docks. ■

**Check out the MBYC Website**  
[mbyc-hamilton.org](http://mbyc-hamilton.org)

### SLEEPING BEAUTY!

**A local Swan is laying on two eggs, in a large twig nest, in the shallow lagoon, in front of the club.**





## ENTERTAINMENT

*Report from Mark Mackesy*

### Random Thoughts.

One of the sad things about the Covid pandemic has been how people have just disappeared from our lives. No

Funeral. No Celebrations of Life. Just gone. If not forgotten. Many of us have instances of this in our lives.

MBYC has lost three long time members since January. First we lost Social Member **Jim Smillie**.

Then we lost long time Full Members, **Past Commodore Bill Mitchell** and **Tony Andrew**. Between the three of them they probably had 100 years in the club. When this is over, we are going to have a lot of "Celebrations of Life". Or maybe one big one.

Due to the pandemic the Entertainment cupboards are largely bare. The food in our freezers got donated to the Good Shepards long ago. Then everything that had an (expired) expiry date, went. Normally, as in your home kitchen, we build up a collection of condiments and ingredients; Mustard. Worcestershire sauce. Paprika. Olive oil. Whatever. These are used up throughout the year during our various events. Now we have to start over, building up this inventory, as it has all been thrown out. I mention this because your board has been working on creating a budget and a reserve fund.

In the case of Entertainment, we are going to spend money we usually would not have to spend. Normally a lot of Entertainment inventory can be rolled over from one event to the other. We don't go out and buy new ketchup, relish and mustard for every Saturday BBQ. In the past, we've even considered buying gallon jugs of some condiments to save money.

After Lift-in, whenever that is, assuming that Saturday BBQ's can resume, we may have to change our methods. Members will still be able to buy our quality burgers, sausages, hotdogs and other offerings. But you may get them in take away containers. Rather than serving yourself, they may come pre-loaded with tomatoes, onions or whatever. Condiments may come in those small packs you open yourself. Still, the MBYC Saturday BBQ will be the best deal in town, certainly on the waterfront!

Whatever happens, your Board and the Entertainment committee wants life at MBYC to go back to (sort of) normal as soon as Covid allows. But safety comes first.

**THINK POSITIVE.** ■



## MEMBERSHIP

*Report from Carl Easton*

The pandemic is still disrupting life in the world and more particularly where we live. The restrictions imposed by the government have certainly affected our ability to use and enjoy the facilities

of the clubhouse. This has caused a significant drop in social membership renewals over the past year.

The introduction of the vaccines gave hope of a fairly rapid return to normal but it seems the virus has other ideas. A few social members renewed their memberships just in time to see the doors slammed shut again.

We can only hope that the vaccines will prevail. If the predictions of the government have any validity Canada day could see us enjoying our docks yard and clubhouse with minimal restrictions.

Sadly, our ranks have been depleted by the recent losses of Social Member Jim Smillie, Full Member Tony Andrew and our long serving Past Commodore Bill Mitchell.

Total of Memberships Renewed: 356

Applicants: 31, Social: 162, Regular: 147

Life: 7, Honourary: 7

The electronic gate is now active. There were some hiccups with FOB operation, however, that seems be resolved. ■

### **MBYC Electronic Vehicle Entrance Gate**

**The electronic gate is fully operational and the installion is complete.**

The gate can only be opened by a current members FOB.

The FOB reader is easily accessed from the driver's side door and should be approached slowly.

The gate should be fully open before driving through.

The gate will start to close after the vehicle has passed into the yard and has multiple safeties to prevent any accidental closure.

Please keep driving through gate entrance and do not pause vehicle until you have completely cleared the gate area.

EXTRA CAUTION IF PULLING A TRAILER, to make sure you are not entering at a angle, as this could damage the gate and the FOB reader.

Please use MAN gate if on foot, DO NOT try to slip in behind vehicles.

To exit yard, keep left at gate, pause, an underground sensor will detect your vehicle and activate opening the gate.

Please be patient! Thank you.



## MBYC PAYS TRIBUTE TO REGULAR MEMBERS PASSED

**MBYC recently lost two of it's long time Regular Members, William Mitchell & Anthony Andrew.**



### **PAST COMMODORE WILLIAM MITCHELL**

***It is with great sadness that I am writing about the passing of Past Commodore William Mitchell.***

***A friend and mentor to many of us at MBYC. Bill will be missed by so***

***many and we send our sincere condolences to his wife Linda and family.***

*I was always so impressed by Bill Mitchell and proud to be his friend. He was a very shy and humble man, and treated everyone with dignity and respect. He believed in having a place affordable for everyone to enjoy boating and not just for the elite. Hence forth Bill and a few friends developed such a place, they named it "Macassa Bay Yacht Club". The club and its members will always be in their debt to Bill Mitchell.*

*I was honored to have served as Vice Commodore along side of Bill Mitchell. Bill and I had the same last name, but we were not related. We did share the same vision what MBYC should be and we always hoped it would remain as such in the future. If I could have picked a brother, he would have been mine, for we always kidded with each other about it.*



*I knew he was a true "captain" of a vessel for I witnessed it. On a bright sunny day and calm waters, Bill was operating the weed eater at the club and had a mishap, the weed eater was filling up with water and was about to go down. Well, there he stood as the vessel was sinking and he did not try to jump overboard. Luckily it was shallow water, but it did sink. Bill stood strong as it went down, a true Captain if there was ever one. Many laughs from that day fourth and we were not going to let him forget that day.*

*Bill was the longest standing Commodore of the Great Lakes, and served that time with dignity and honour at Macassa Bay Yacht Club. We will always cherish and boast that he was ours.*

*RIP our great friend, we toast to you Commodore Mitchell and we will always be saluting you, now and forever, till we meet again.... it truly has been an honour.*

*Respectfully: Charlie Mitchell Sr.,  
Past Vice Commodore*



### **ANTHONY ANDREW**

***On March 24, 2021 we lost a valued club member.***

*Tony was very proud to be member of MBYC. Along with his wife Pat, he served for many years as entertainment director and then went on to hold the position as Bar Director. Tony had a love of music, he could name almost any song and*

*the artist after just hearing a few chords of a song played. Hence the name of his sail boat "That's Life", his favorite song. He later became the captain of the power boat "Lady Lee".*

*Tony enjoyed his weekly lunches with the boys and socializing in the club afterwards. When we can all get together again let us all raise a shot of Bushmills in Tony's honour.*

*Calm winds and fair seas our good friend.*

*Respectfully: Pete Hampson*



## Birdman of Macassa

Members working on their boats or maybe just driving up Discovery Drive, may have noticed some new subsidized rent homes. It's attached to the MBYC fence and seems to rise out of the hedges.

**Paul Boleantu**, who has a C&C Corvette on C Dock, has erected a low rise condo complex for Purple Martins.

The birdhouse complex used to be installed at Paul's home. To keep it nautical, it's centre post is the mast off an old dingy.

According to <https://www.purple-martin.org/>, the first **Purple Martins**

arrive in March: *"..... put your martin house up .... four to six weeks after the first purple martins arrive. Once purple martins have used a martin house, they will return to it year after year. All you have to do is clean it out in fall, protect it from starlings and sparrows, and perhaps repaint it white every few years".*

Oh, and why build Purple Martins nests at all? From <https://ontariopurplemartins.ca/>: *"Despite the best efforts of bird lovers and researchers, the Purple Martins, the largest of Ontario's swallows, are on the decline, their population down overall 60 percent since the 1970s, and down closer to 90 percent in Ontario. Ontario Purple Martin Association members helped over 900 martin pairs in the 2019 year adding over 3500 fledglings to Ontario's swallow population."*

And finally, from the Google: *"Early native Americans prized the purple martin and offered houses for them in the form of hollowed out gourds. Martins are beautiful, graceful, clean, interesting and beneficial birds". ... Here's another reason, purple martins seem to enjoy being around people and most are dependent upon humans for their shelter.*

Thanks to Paul's donation, MBYC will be doing our part to help out this species.

In return, the Purple Martins will eat a lot of bugs around the club. ■

By Mark Mackesy





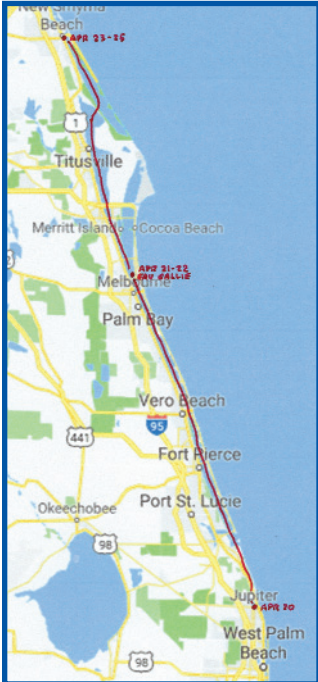
## DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 7 - ATLANTIC 1962 - 1963



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.**



*Leaving Jupiter Jib Club we had a S.E. following sea which made it difficult steering and on the way into Eau Gallie the steering broke again so had to anchor by the side of the channel to fix it temporarily.*

*The next day we could see the silos and missile launching apparatus on the Atlantic shore of Cape Canaveral (Kennedy). There are two bridges feeding traffic to and from the Cape, one at Titusville and the other at Allenhurst. These bridges won't open during night and morning rush periods of one and one-half hours. A mechan-*

*ic in a service centre at New Smyrna Beach found the salt water had seized up the bearings in the controls on the motors. This accounted for our trouble of the past few days. He freed them, gave them a good lubrication and ended our worries. We then spent 3 nights in New Smyrna.*

*We went over to the city harbour and docked beside a Dutch Canal boat the YANIC which resembled an over-size Dutch shoe. The crew was a*

family of 6 heading for the Potomac River. At Orange Port we took on fuel and strolled on the beach to gather shells. The temperature on the 23rd was 33°C. We departed New Smyrna at 0730 on the 25th and tied up in St Augustine at 1720 having covered

69 miles. I intended to go ashore and visit Marineland below St. Augustine, but it was raining so hard, we carried on to City Pier, St. Augustine.

Here we had a reunion with the crew from a Chicago boat we had met in New Orleans. Spent some very busy days there shopping for the folks back home, sight-seeing around the old streets and buildings, the Spanish Fort built in the early 1500s, slave market and the Fountain of Youth. The following day we met Mr and Mrs. Staffin with their daughter Bonnie who owned a large power yacht named "STOWAWAY II". They invited me to join them on a horse and buggy ride through the old section of St. Augustine.

Later Bonnie came on board the "Reta May" where I showed her how to shuck an oyster then we went for a walk on the beach. April 27th we departed at 1030 travelling on to Jacksonville Beach, the waterway became a channel through marshlands; every mile was like the one before except when you hit the sounds or bays coming in from the Atlantic Ocean. They were very rough.

April 29th we departed Jacksonville Beach to try to make up some miles. We called in at the new welcoming station at Fernadina, to pick up our mail before we left Florida. The sound crossings at St. Simons, Altamaha, Doboy and Sapelo were very rough. During one of these crossings we started to talk to a deep sea fisherman, Capt. Sanders aboard 'HI HOOK' just ahead of us. He made the trip north to New Jersey every spring, then back to the southern fishing grounds for the winter. He was quite amazed at the way our small boat



## DREAM OF A LIFETIME PART 7 - Continued



handled herself in the rough waters. *The winds that day were up to 25 mph.* Capt. Sanders told us about a nice quiet river not too far ahead where he would be dropping anchor for the night and invited us to join

him. He dropped anchor and then we lashed our boat to his so when we drifted with the change of tide, we would not hit each other. We joined him aboard his boat for supper and spent a very pleasant evening chatting about our journey down the Mississippi.

*Departing Front River Lt. at 0610 we encountered a rough crossing at Sapelo Sound and St. Catherine's Sound due to small craft warnings that had gone up. We were running low on fuel so had to borrow 5 gallons of fuel from Capt. Sanders at Isle. of Horr. We continued on to Thunderbolt where we took on fuel and docked for the night. We headed for Savannah, Georgia, to pick up some charts and here said goodbye to our fisherman friend Capt. Sanders who was pushing right through to get home. Our next stop had to be at a marina where we could make a promised phone call home at six o'clock. When our call was finished, the owners of this marina Mrs. Woodring took us out to see their pecan trees and a fig tree, also a fine Indian relic collection. Their parting gift to us was some bags of pecan nuts. We had left at 0630 in the morning and ran into more rough waters so pulled into Hilton Head Isle. at 0850.*



*May 2nd we departed Hilton Head Island at 0535 for a good run of 89 miles. The harbour at Charleston, South Carolina, was one of the most up to date on the whole trip. Supplies of all kinds available and showers for boaters in the main building. A few miles south of McCellanville, outside a packing plant, there was a pile of oyster shells which would almost rate as a mountain in this low-lying marsh land. The packing plant serves as a land mark on the chart.*

On May 3 we departed Charleston at 0730 and pulled into Mt. Pleasant for fuel when the starboard motor would not start. After working on it we left at 1310 to travel through marshland which was quite boring. That evening in Georgetown I went to a theatre uptown to see "Miracle of a White Stallion".

We were now well into the month of May. The sun was shining most days and we had not had any bad passes to navigate lately, which made the trip more leisurely. On the chart we could see several wrecks spread over the Cape

Fear River entrance, but we had good travelling into Southport.

From the fishermen we heard warning of the Neuse and Alligator Rivers and Albermarle Sound. Three big cruisers, in charge of professional pilots, had

been lost the year before. We had to decide whether to go through the Dismal Swamp Route – twenty odd miles of uneventful canal – or take the open road up the North Landing River. Decided to leave the decision till we arrived there. After spending the night at Morehead City, a fair wind was blowing and the Neuse River was very rough. We were advised not to start out, so spent the day shopping and doing laundry. Started out next morning May 7th at 0600 in fog. Before long the wind cleared the fog, but the water was rough and washing over the cabin top continuously. We put into Holbucken after four hours. We had good travelling up the Fungo and Pamlico Rivers to Belhaven, and the next day found us heading up the much talked about Alligator River. The river was a bit choppy and in Albermarle Sound the rollers were long, so we made up our minds to take the North Landing River route. Next day the small craft warning were up, but we cruised as far as Norfolk in protected waters. ■



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

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# CAMBODIAN ADVENTURE

*Things got a little crazy in our life just like everyone. We had to cut our trip in 2020 short by 4 months because of the risks traveling overseas. Glad we made the choice when we did. We are now home safe. Below is about our experiences visiting Cambodia.*

*- Ian Fox*

It seems so long ago we visited Cambodia. What we did not know at the time is that it would be one of the last countries we visited before COVID-19 forced us to cut our travels short and head home to Canada. Neither of us knew much about Cambodia before we arrived after spending 6 weeks in Vietnam. We knew the basics, the Khmer Rouge years under Pol Pot and the US carpet bombing during the Vietnam War but our knowledge ended there. What we encountered was an amazing country with some of the friendliest people we've ever met. Cambodia is very inexpensive which allowed us to be more "touristy". We paid for private day tours and guides, which enabled us to get much more up close and personal with the locals.

We booked our first hotel online before arriving because it had free airport pickup, seemed to be within walking distance to a lot of attractions and was described as being in a central location for nightlife. "Nightlife" being a euphemism for the Re Light District! Everywhere we could see there were young Cambodian women and foreign men. There were dozens of on-street hair stylists getting the girls ready for their nights out. It was quite the introduction to the country. We spent more time walking along the waterfront in the evening. It's when most Cambodians come out to play games, exercise and listen to music since day time temperatures are well over 30C with high humidity. The river front area had a very French feel, with streetside cafes and a large promenade leftover from the French occupation.

After being kept up most of the night by blaring music and parties we escaped the Red Light District for a day tour in a remorque (small trailer towed by a motorbike) also known as a Cambodian tuk-tuk. The 125cc bikes often



*Angkor Wat Temple*

were not powerful enough to get their trailer up the hills if it stopped halfway up. Instead, we'd have to wait at the bottom of hills until the traffic was moving again to get a running start! The bikes also required large plastic jugs dripping water on the engine at all times to keep it cool. But those little motorcycles did everything.

There are so many drivers/guides to choose from, and we found Sophoarn recommended in a Cambodia Tourism Facebook group. It was a great choice, and for \$45CAD we got a full-day tour. He did a great job of mixing up local sights like a religious pavilion, the Royal Palace with more somber locations like the Genocide Museum (Tuol Sleng: S-21 Prison) a former school where citizens were taken to be tortured and killed under the Pol Pot regime. The museum at the S-21 Prison is very moving & emotional, and there was even one of the survivors at the site discussing his experiences.

After a lunch break to decompress, we learned more about the Khmer Rouge with a trip out to the Killing Fields memorial, where more than 20,000 men, women, and children were murdered and buried in mass graves. It's a horrific location and you are only allowed to walk on the boardwalk paths. Every time it rains, there are articles of clothing and pieces of bone that wash





*Kathleen and me in Sophoarn's remorgue*

out of the ground. We needed time to reflect after visiting the memorial, and we eventually reunited with our guide in the parking lot where he was waiting with the other drivers and listening to Cambodian rap music. Ian couldn't pass up a chance to talk music and we spent awhile chatting and drinking beers with the many drivers while introducing them to Canadian rappers; Maestro Fresh West & Drake.

As we got to know Sophoarn better, he offered to switch up some of the locations we were going to visit at the end of the day so we could accompany him to a kick boxing match in the evening. It's a nationally televised event with music, dancers and pyrotechnics! Tourists get to sit ringside instead of paying for a grand-stand ticket like the locals. Our driver is a huge fan and was just hoping that we wanted to go so he could sit in the better seats. Most of the matches were Cambodian vs. Thai boxers (think Canada vs. US type hockey rivalry) The beers being sold from the food-carts in front of the stadium were about \$0.50, even cheaper than the ones we had at the local restaurant - no Rogers Center pricing! We actually still stay in touch with Sophoarn and often chat online.

The next few days were spent exploring the streets of Phnom Penh. They are a hot and dusty bustling collection of markets and stores offering a variety of shopping and eating. Things are cheap and incredibly varied. Around each corner offers a new sight, sound or experience.

At the main Central Market, absolutely anything you can think of is for sale. There is a room for jewelry and watches, halls of clothes and household goods. Cooked food, meat and produce were being sold at the various extensions to the main building.

We made multiple trips to

Central Market both times we were in the city and we still didn't see all the stalls! At night we decided to venture out to a local music venue. It came highly recommended for their great live music playing western rock classics. Again what we didn't know, was that the bar did double duty as the waiting/selection room for the brothel downstairs. It made for an entertaining night.

Most tourists come to Cambodia to visit Angkor Wat, we were no exception. It was a 6-hour bus ride from Phnom Penh to Siem Reap (the closest town to Angkor Wat) through the countryside where poverty was very visible. Most houses are small wood structures on high posts because of seasonal flooding. The town of Siem Reap is very touristy, but fun to walk around. It has a bit of a "wild west" kind of feel. Restaurants, bars and alcohol are plentiful and most are very cheap. Dishes are commonly \$2 - 3 CAD, and there is always somewhere offering a happy hour special. We splurged for dinner at a local brewery where we ate our first insects - mango salad with red ants. It was pretty good! Neither of us had the stomach to try the BBQ scorpion kebabs from the street vendors. We never did see anyone eat one, and it was \$1 to get your photo just holding the kebab.

We hired Zaki as our remorque driver for our time in Angkor & Siem Riep. He had been the guide for Kathleen's parents a couple of years ago. Angkor Wat is one of the largest temple complexes in the world and although you can rent bicycles and tour the enormous site yourself, we hired a driver/guide. It was extremely hot & dust and Kathleen was not going to bike and then hike!

It was about this time we really started to see the impact of the COVID travel restrictions. Cambodia and Vietnam had banned Chinese and Korean tourists, which is where the majority of their tourists are from. The parking lots at

Angkor Wat would have usually been filled with tour busses, and instead had just a few remorques. It was great to have many of these temples to almost ourselves.

When we are doing tours, we always try to get the drivers to take us somewhere that they would go for lunch, instead of a place that caters to tourists. It gets us places that we would never find on our own, where we can talk to locals and try their local foods. In Phnom Penh, our driver ordered us blackened eggplant with beef (delicious), and a sour soup (not delicious). Even our guide didn't like the sour soup, but it's a popular dish that he thought we should experience. We did the same at Angkor Wat and tried Lok Lak for the first time. The sauce is Kampot peppers and lime, over chicken with tomatoes and cucumber, amazing! Chickens (maybe tomorrow's lunch?) ran around our feet and hopped all over our remorque while we were eating. We know the food is always fresh.

Another must-see in Siem Reap is the local circus (Phare: The Cambodian Circus). It's an initiative to help poor and marginalized young adults who have been rescued from horrible situations. It's a Cirque-du-Soleil style performance



*Streets pf Kampot*

and they even tour internationally. From jugglers to tightrope walkers, it was an incredible show.

From Siem Reap, we did another tour to Tonle Sap, it's a very large, shallow lake that still has a floating village. Our guide explained that it's partly subsidized by the government now to keep it there for tourism purposes. It's very difficult for villagers to live only on the lake, since drinking water has to be brought in, and electricity is from solar and gas generators. Some of the villagers make a living working on the floating barges where we went to watch the sunset. The barge is also an alligator farm, which is dual-purpose: exhibition for the tourists, and eventually meat. The lake and channel are very shallow and are usually only 1-2m deep. The water depth in the channel can get as low as 30 cm in the dry season, so the boats are long, shallow and have adjustable propellers. Our boat had foot-pedals to adjust the height of the propellers as well as a clutch to change gears on the old V8 truck engine. It only took a little convincing for the driver to let Ian drive. Then the driver was happy to sit back and relax and let Ian drive all the way home, but no way was he going to trust the tourist to dock his boat!



Kathleen really wanted to go see the Irrawaddy dolphins that live in the Mekong River. The best place to see them is near Kratie, in the middle of the country, which was well off the regular tourist trail. Getting there from Siem Reap involved a day-long trip on multiple mini busses. We were happy to pay the tourist price and get an actual seat instead of the little plastic chairs down the center or sides of the buses. It was less than 250km, but it took forever as the bus stopped at every little town picking up and dropping off people and packages.

For the best chance to see dolphins, we booked a full-day kayaking trip. They drop you off higher up the river and we spent several hours paddling downstream with stops for lunch and swimming. There were a couple of pools where we caught glimpses of the dolphins. They are very shy, and we'd only see a slight bump coming out of the water. They disappeared far too quickly to ever get a photo! The dolphins are now protected, but there are fewer than 100 living in the Mekong.

After a couple of days in Kratie, we headed back south towards the coast stopping off briefly in Phnom Penh again for a night before another bus trip south to the coast and the town of Kampot. We stayed near the palace in a much more respectable neighbourhood and it changed the whole feel of the city for us.

Kampot is a small town on the Southern coast, filled with French Expats. The center of the town is built around a large square and still feels very French with bakeries and a couple of cafes, but there has been real updates since the French left. The scars of the Khmer Rouge occupation are still visible on the edges of town and into the countryside. The Khmer Rouge controlled much of the surrounding area up until about 20 years ago, up until the death of Pol Pot and some of their last hideouts can be explored.

We rented our own scooter to explore the countryside and visit the region's large pepper plantations. Kampot Pepper is well known through out the world and we had the opportunity to tour a plantation and sample the many different types of pepper. While at the plantation we took the

opportunity to take a water buffalo ride through the nearby lake where some local kids, who were fishing in the lake, took the time to show off their swimming skills for us.

One of the best experiences in Kampot was being able to travel out of town and spend a few hours day cooking with a local Khmer family. The husband met us at the market in the morning where we learned about local ingredients while picking up some of the items needed for lunch. It was wonderful to finally ask a local about some of the mysterious foods at the market. Their house was a very small, simple home on the outskirts of the town built on stilts with the kitchen on the ground outside. Most homes in the countryside have neither running water nor inside plumbing. We met the entire family: kids, relatives, neighbours and pets. Everyone was extremely friendly and we got a chance to find out more about what day-to-day life was really like in rural Cambodia and the food was incredible.

We finished our trip through Cambodia by crossing back into Vietnam near Kep. Things had drastically changed in the two weeks since entering the country. At this crossing, the border agents were checking temperatures and those entering into Cambodia were having their vaccine booklets examined before entering. The world was changing before our eyes.

Cambodia was a fascinating and amazing country to travel through. We spent less than \$130 CAD a day which included absolutely everything we did (travel, tours, hotels, food & SIM cards, even laundry). One thing we had some difficulty getting used to was their currency. They use a combination of US dollars and Cambodian Riel and you can pay and get change in a combination of both which they could do almost instantly.

We could have easily added more time to our 15 days in the country. It is an extremely safe and friendly country to travel within for both men and women. Locals are proud of their country and all seem to have a very positive outlook on life, something I wish more of the world could have. ■



## My Adventures in spring 1969 on the "Bumblebee".

A Most memorable spring trip to Toronto "Bumblebee" and I have shared many adventures together. Many of these adventures occurred early in my ownership when I

was less experienced and more willing to risk life and limb.

While racing with my friends I had crossed the lake many times from Dalhousie to Toronto. A very simple straightforward sail. I was to find out that is not always the case.

At the time I was sailing out of Forans Marina in Grimsby. It was early in my second year of ownership and "Bumblebee" was still pretty much a stock boat and I was still very much a novice skipper.

For the first trip of the season I planned on joining my Dalhousie friends at Toronto Island for the Twenty Fourth of May weekend.

I did not anticipate any problems, it is just a straight shot across the lake, head for the CN tower and about five hours later sail through the Western Gap. Absolutely dead easy.

After loading up the boat I headed out in the lake. It was a gray breezy day with the wind out of the north west. I could not quite lay Toronto so I would have to tack at some point. As I headed further and further out in the lake it got rougher and rougher, after about an hour I was into four or five foot waves. I decided to tack and head for the north shore in the hope that the shore would provide some protection and the waves would be smaller. About this time I noticed that my compass did not seem to be too accurate, north seemed to be nearer Oakville than Toronto. Also about this time the weather decided that it was time to start raining and get misty, removing the CN Tower from the horizon.

Fortunately I had considerable experience sailing on the lake in early season and had the necessary foul weather gear and clothing to deal with spring sailing weather, which turned out to be a very good thing.

After tacking and sailing for another hour and a half I saw the Shell Pier pop out of the mist. This was a bit of a disappointment as I had hoped to be much nearer Bronte. Time to tack again and I headed out into the mist again. I thought I will stay on this tack for a couple of hours and then I can tack into Humber Bay and just run along the shore into the gap. Be there in lots of time for afternoon cocktails.

For the next three hours I saw nothing no shoreline, no boats nothing. I did tack over at about the two hour mark when I was reasonably sure I would be heading for Humber bay.

After about an hour on the new tack I saw an object swim out of the mist. There was a lot of mist on the water and there was very low cloud cover but I knew that I was looking at the shaft of the CN tower. I had done much better than expected! "Bumblebee" was apparently a close winded, stubby little rocket (I was wrong).

As I closed on shore I was elated, I would be in early. But then I noticed something disturbing, there was a stream of smoke emitting from the top of the "CN Tower". Slowly it dawned on me I had been steering on the chimney of the Canada Cement Plant. I was not much more than half way there.

To make a long story short I arrived on the wall at Hanlan's Point in the early evening after a ten hour sail. My friends were there worried and waiting. I was tired and cold, however, I was otherwise in good shape. In spite of my poor navigation and underestimating how long it could take to make the passage "Bumblebee" proved to be an excellent little boat even in my inexperienced hands.

We celebrated my safe arrival by ordering Chinese take out from Mr Pong's nautical delivery service.

As I recall the weekend was windy, cold and rainy, I think we even had a little sleet. The sail home made up for the crappy weather, the sun was out the breeze was fresh and I was on a broad reach at hull speed all the way, one of the most enjoyable and fastest sails back from Toronto ever!

One of the first things I did when I got home was to adjust the compass and make up a deviation table. Leaving dock with an inaccurate compass was a mistake I would never repeat on a boat I owned.

The experience made me realize just how important the tools that help you handle the boat, know where you are, communicate, assist with steering and provide protection from the weather are to the safety and enjoyment of sailing. As time went on "Bumblebee" acquired the tools and devices that make sailing easier, safer and more comfortable, a dodger, roller furling, slab reefing, a second set of reef points, much better sail controls, halyard winches, an autohelm, a VHF radio and good electronic navigation tools, however, in spite of that it was still possible to be wet, cold and terrified while having "FUN". ■



## GOOD TIMES PAST

