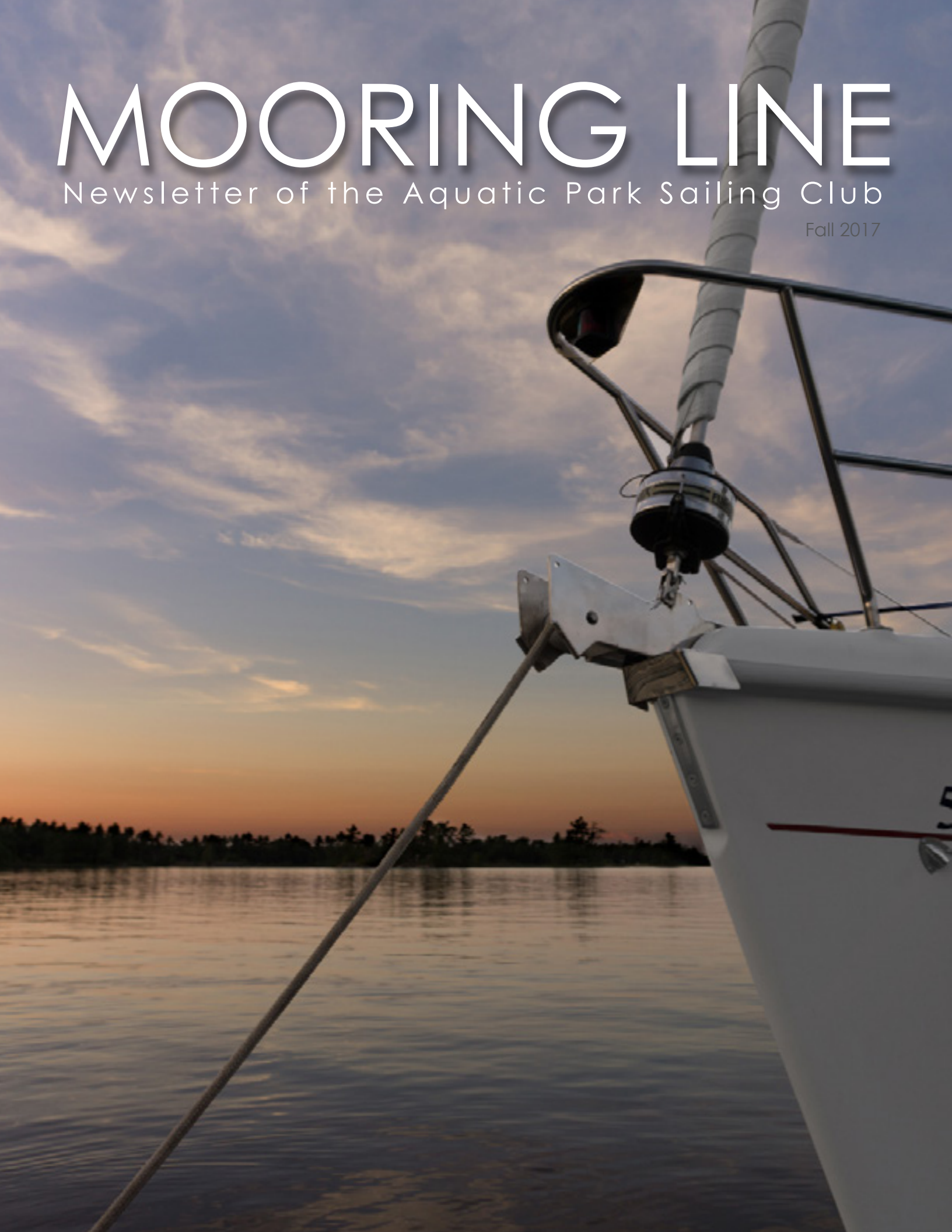


# MOORING LINE

Newsletter of the Aquatic Park Sailing Club

Fall 2017



# MOORING LINE



## DIRECTORS 2017

**Commodore:** Jeff Willis  
**Past Commodore:** Martin Osborne  
**Vice Commodore:** Marcus Van Ierssel  
**Treasurer:** Rafal Bilyk  
**Secretary:** David Todd  
**Communication:** John Ross  
**Duty Officer:** Brian Lumly  
**House & Grounds:** Stephen Paul  
**Harbourmaster:** Alex Gangurean  
**Member at Large:** Cathryn MacFarlane  
**Membership:** Greg Graham  
**Newsletter:** Philip Krueger  
**Race:** Robert Hickman  
**Safety:** Bill Miller  
**Social:** Lila Train

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Cover photo: Philip Krueger  
Above: APSC race night!

# Commodore

jeff willis

As I write this, the 2017 sailing season is winding down. The poplars are turning colour, Monarch butterflies are navigating south, and only a few straggling cormorants occupy the mooring basin. These are sure signs that summer is waning, together with the glum looks on sailors' faces as we contemplate the inevitable arrangements for haulout and winter storage.



This year proved extraordinary for our Little Club That Could. At the beginning of the season, the exceptionally high water levels brought major challenges to many clubs on the lake, but we were able to continue operations with minimal restrictions. Many thanks are due to our House and Grounds Director, Stephen Paul, and our Harbour Director, Alex Gangurean, for their efforts keeping the club operational. Of course, APSC members once again showed their mettle by braving the swamped grounds, dinghy compound, and parking lot. I won't soon forget seeing members paddling their dinghies

straight out of the compound into the lake, chasing the invading carp in the process! I still keep my rubber boots in the car, but now more as a reminder of the past season's challenges.

High water notwithstanding, the APSC Race series persevered under the capable hands of Robert "Shark" Hickman. Intrepid members, both veterans and novices, turned up in force through gales, calms, and everything in between to thrash around the buoys. Starts were managed expertly, in large part due to member Keith Bohlender's efficiency as Race Committee boat, although others stepped up for this duty as well. For all that the racing was spirited, I still have a sneaking suspicion that it was the post-race gourmet feasts that drew the numbers of enthusiastic participants. And no, you can't have the recipes...

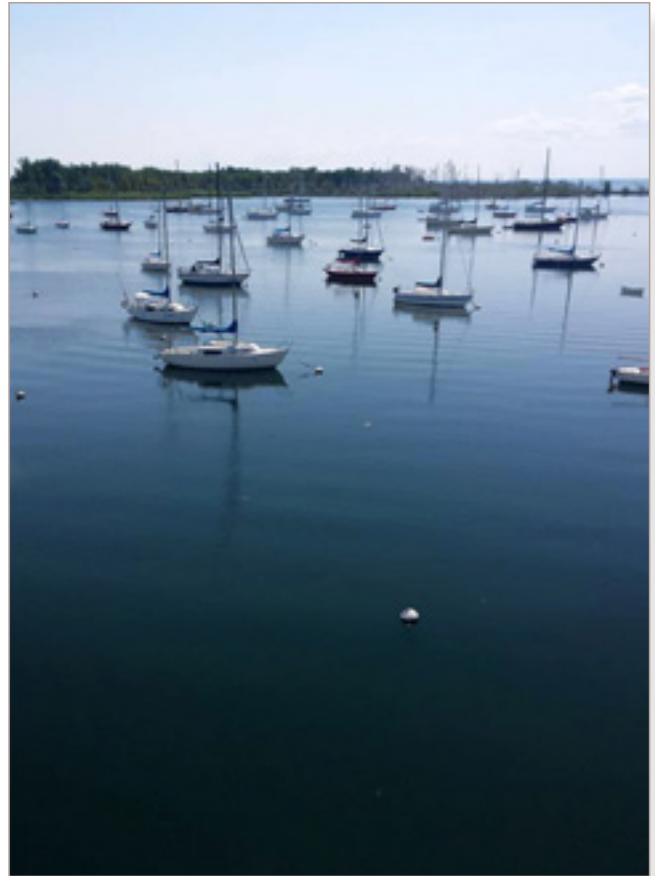
Former Membership Director Peter Smit left big shoes to fill. Peter's wry humour and unflinching sense of fairness served APSC well in the manner of making first impressions. So Greg Graham knew what he signed on for when he accepted the famous Smit briefcase as incoming Membership Director. Greg has proven a worthy successor in every respect, and APSC is lucky to have a personable, dedicated, and knowledgeable representative

as the first face that new members encounter. Many thanks, Greg!

APSC is famous for fabulous festivities: memorable bands, sacrificial offerings, ritual dances – well, these are all just a routine daysail on Warren Keillor and Alison Wheeler’s schooner, Solstice Moon! APSC parties themselves are even more incredible, with the famous camaraderie and esprit that makes APSC the jewel of Lake Ontario. Revelry and good food and good company prevail, and for these our Social Director, Lila Train, and her dedicated prep and cleanup crew deserve kudos.

APSC had its moments of glory as well this season, playing a starring role in a production of the Global TV series *Mary Kills People*. Member and Past Commodore Fred Nicolaidis served as liaison and coordinator for the production team who expressed their gratitude for our hospitality. The shooting went well, and in spite of the ominous title, few casualties were reported. Thanks to Fred for his coordination of the parties involved as well as bringing in the nice windfall to add to the club coffers.

Once again, the club shuttle proved an invaluable asset over the course of the season. APSC members dutifully signed on as designated drivers, and many transits of the Spit were navigated without incident – no small achievement given this year’s



increase of both pedestrian and bike traffic. Duty officer Brian Lumley made it all happen again this season – thanks Brian!

There are many more who contribute to making our club the marvel that it is, and I beg forgiveness if I can’t take the space to name everyone. But we can all find satisfaction in knowing that we pitch in and do our part to make our club functional and vibrant.

Our docks lifted out a little later this year and the elevated water levels ended up working in our favour. I hope your sailing season was enjoyable whether you raced feverishly, cruised contentedly, or lounged unashamedly. Let’s congratulate ourselves for a successful season and look forward in eager anticipation of more to come!



# The View From Here

editor: philip krueger



This summer my family and I navigated the whole Trent-Severn Waterway. *Tortuga* is now on-the-hard at Dutchman's Cove Marina in Penetanguishene, home to several former APSC members, so it feels much like a second nautical home.

While the Trent-Severn had high water levels it was nothing compared to Lake Ontario, the only noticeable impact was increased current and turbulence on the approaches to locks as many are incorporated into small hydro dams. I did appreciate the extra depth as I had 4100 lbs of lead dangling off my hull for some reason...

The journey was a great opportunity to experience a huge cross-section of cottage country, marinas, and clubs. It made me appreciate all that we have at APSC; our club really is a hidden gem and deserves our energy and dedication.

My family and I will spend the 2018 sailing season trying to traverse as much water and visit as many of the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay as time allows. As such, I will be a dormant member for the next year and will pass the Editor's cap onto a new member.

It is said that "the only constant, is change", and it seems that this year we are seeing a healthy turnover in the Board of Directors. This is good, new members bring new perspectives, new priorities and new energy to the Cub. I look forward to bringing *Tortuga* back in 2019 to a thriving *Aquatic Park Sailing Club*.

*Beach bonfire on west side of Beckwith Island.*



# Mary Kills People

tv shoot at apsc : fred nicolaidis

On August 28th the production team of Mary Kills People used APSC to shoot one of this years episodes for the series. This is the second season for the Global show, produced by eOne.

The television series MARY KILLS PEOPLE, is about a single mother Mary Harris who is an ER doctor



by day, but by night she and her partner, a former plastic surgeon, moonlight as underground angels of death who help the terminally ill patients slip away on their own terms.

Mary is played by Canadian Actress Caroline Dhavernas Set up call time was 4:30 in the morning to park and power the club, and production arrived at 7:00 am for a full day of shooting, the 65 plus crew was something to see at the club, the support trucks filled the parking



lot and overflowed onto the driveway leading into the club.

It was a perfect day to shoot, cloudy, which is a big help to control light, very light winds and 23C. Although they confirmed arriving to setup on Veritas at 7:00 John was surprise to see the crew open his hatch at 5:00am, which may have been more of a surprise to the crew to see Johnny sleeping in all his spender, I guess a good day for some.

This episode was about a police officer, Frank, who lives aboard his boat (Veritas), somehow he is found dead on the dinghy docks at the club.

In order for Veritas to look well lived in set dressing gave the cabin an extremely well lived in, with cloths and dirty dishes all around, prop pictures of Frank and his family, and cans of empty beer cans around, go figure.

On the original survey he was to be found in the water, but due this years high water levels, it left the water at the shoreline weedy and not to the taste of the director or the actor.

This episode was produced by Norman Denver



(My Awkward Sexual Adventure', Lexx') directed by Kelly Makin (Kids in the Hall', Flashpoint', Saving Hope') and the set run by 1st AD Josh Gray, (Degrassi') Director of Photography Gavin Smith (Combat Hospital', My Awkward Sexual Adventure')

If you've ever been on a television set, there's a lot of hurry up and wait, which there was. Production ran into the night, but like a typical

day shoot scheduling, the interior shoot is left to the end to utilize lighting and not run out of daylight.

Shooting wrapped at 8:30, but the full crew didn't wrap out of the club until after 11:00. The cast and crew were very happy with how they were treated at the club and stated that this was perhaps their best location they have shot at this season.



## Soggy Dinghies & Sagging Shrouds

My inflatable has 3.2 psi printed on it, curious as to what that actually felt like I bought a gauge. My bellows foot-pump couldn't get close to that pressure, using a compressor the tubes were hard as rock! Just remember to adjust your pressure as the temperatures change!

Standing rigging can be checked by using a Loos gauge (below left). Generally shrouds should be approximately 15-20% of *breaking* load. Look up your boat's specs and rig tuning on the internet, you might be surprised. [Loos Naples](#) provides a lot of information on the gauge as well as mast/rigging providers like [Seldén](#).



# the benefits of simplicity

: leah gingerich

With lake Ontario's water levels at an all time high this season, floating the dingy right out of the dingy compound was a breeze!! This was just the beginning! The 2017 season proved to be the rainiest we have seen in decades all across the province. This year Lake Ontario kissed the steps of our club house, it truly was an Aquatic Park this year!



Dinghy compound in May.

Swimming happily in the parking lot were a handful of carp and the oar shed seemingly preparing to set a drift at any moment. Wearing rubber boots and creating new paths to get around our mucky-wet grounds was a simple hurdle to bare when compared to the inconveniences other clubs endured due to the high water levels. Most clubs were not able to offer ricripicals at the top of the season and many clubs were still in bad shape come July.

As of the end of May, the Great Lakes Environmental laboratory logged water levels at more than a meter above the long-term average for the lake, and roughly 15 centimeters higher than the previous record, set back in 1973. This forced parts of the Toronto Islands to be closed to the public and greatly impacted the residents and business of the islands.

As Aquatic Park Sailing Club is located three kilometers out on the





Leslie spit, we had rivers filling in the land around the clubhouse. What were usual walking paths to the shore were now rivers flowing in and out with the ebb and flow of the lake! The tides came in and went out many times throughout the day leaving us pieces of debris strewn about including large logs and well.... random boat.

For us, days in May/June one would take the lovely drive down the spit, which was flourishing like crazy, and wonder if the driveway would be engulfed by the lake. Luckily it never was. The toilets required a bucket of water to flush at one point but we never lost power and the oar shed stayed planted firmly on ground!!

Although it proved to be a challenging year with the water levels, our club really handled it well. Thanks to everyone who at anytime threw in a helping hand here and there to keep us functioning and happy!

Finally, August 18<sup>th</sup> was club clean up day to prepare for the pig roast on Sat 19<sup>th</sup>.



Photos: Leah Gingerich  
APSC parking lot flooded in May

# 40 Years of History

part-two, 1998-2014 : fred nicolaidis



## **Commodore John Whitney (1998-1999)**

I volunteered for the position. My goal was to maintain what we had without blowing the budget.

The members were happy to help and we put in a dozen new moorings, some new picnic tables, and generally maintained the place.

## **Commodore Mick Cotton (2000-2001)**

I was elected Commodore of the sailing club at the Annual General Meeting in November 1999, which was somewhat of a surprise to me as I had not put my name down as a candidate. However at the meeting someone else put my name forward and I agreed to stand. The then Vice Commodore, Keith Robinson, was the other candidate and he was disappointed not to be elected and a bit put out that I'd come out of nowhere. Since then Keith and I became good friends and have done a lot of work together and of course he became Commodore after me and served for four years.

My two year term began with having to sort out a couple of disagreements between members but after that was relatively uneventful. There were as always ongoing negotiations with TRCA but even they came through for us in one way. We needed to rebuild the sea wall at the club and dredge the area around the dinghy dock and TRCA had to be consulted. After much discussion we agreed that they would have the work done and we would split the cost. They did a great job as you can still see and even better at the end of the year we were told that they had found some spare money in their budget and we didn't have to pay anything saving us around \$12,000.

Carol and I initially had a 26 ft. O'Day sailboat but in July 2000 we bought our 34 ft. Westerly, Ladye Hawke. She was at Port Dover on Lake Erie and I was presented with the problem of getting her to our club on Lake Ontario. It was then that our club's spirit of cooperation sprang to life. No sooner had I started to ask around about the logistics of getting a boat through the Welland Canal when I

received offers of help from club members. And a distinguished group they were- Paul Mitchell and Ralph Brown, both Past Commodores, and Chris Philp the Safety Officer. We set a date and so it was that three commodores and a safety officer were being driven one Friday to Port Dover by my daughter Sarah in Paul Mitchell's large four wheel drive. Sarah dropped us off at the Port Dover Marina and we stowed our gear aboard Ladye Hawke, had a meal of Pickerel and Perch and settled down for the night on our, fortunately spacious, new (to me anyway) boat.

The next morning we familiarised ourselves with the boat as although I'd had run through with everything with the previous owner I had forgotten most of the information he'd given me and hadn't a clue where everything was stowed. Thanks to everyone else's knowledge and experience we were soon ready to depart and so there being no wind and slight mist we motored off towards the canal entrance. We got there around 5.00 pm and checked in with the canal offices and told to standby on VHF and wait for instructions to enter the first lock. By 6.00 pm we were underway festooned with every available fender we could find. Progress was smooth and between the first and second lock I heated up a home-made curry which went down a treat. At several locks we had to wait for lake freighters on their way up the canal but we were lucky not to have to share a lock with anything too large and daunting. We cleared the last lock by 11.00 pm and motored round to Port Dalhousie where we stayed for the night.

Sunday morning we had breakfast and set off on the last leg. There was wind aplenty and Ralph and Paul put Ladye Hawke through her paces. She responded well and we made six or seven knots all the way across the lake. I had a few anxious moments as we flew into the middle of a swarm of racing dinghies in the channel as we approached our bay entrance. But the guys calmly threaded our way through and we were soon at the dock.

Ladye Hawke had arrived home.

Where I would have been without these guys I don't know, but the thing about our club is that if you have a boating problem you only have to ask around to find a solution. There is always someone who has had the same or a similar problem and is willing to help you solve yours. We've always had a great club spirit.

### **Commodore Keith Robinson (2002-2006)**

When i was a youngster, a good friend of mine, who was teaching me to sail, once said, "when you get older and get your own boat, join Aquatic Park. It's a special place, with great people and awesome parties.' This was back in the early 80s. Fast forward to the mid-90s, and Hazel, Marc (who was pretty new) and I joined the club. We were outsiders- a young couple with a kid and a home built catamaran. Talk about outcasts..... in a normal club.

Fred Nicolaidis was commodore at the time and he went out of his way to make us feel welcome. That first year was amazing. The people were great, the parties were out of this world, and we could race.

After Fred's term was up, John Whitney took over as commodore. John took me under his wing and asked me to take the position as Vice Commodore. I had a great two years doing that. I learned a lot about the inner workings of the Club, and how to hold an organization like this together. At the end of John's time, I put my hat in the ring for the job, but lost out to the great Mick Cotton. That's probably the best thing that could have happened, both for the club and for myself. I was too young and did not have enough experience.

Mick took over and did a great job of guiding us through some very hard times. Our membership was down, we were having a really hard time with the City and the TRCA, and were suffering from a lot of internal issues. As Mick's time drew to an end, I decided to run again. I spoke with a few of the past commodores, asked advice and guidance, and must say that I received some awesome help from those that came before me.

opposite: the first set of docks.

When I was voted in, the reality of the job ahead came to light. I spent a bit of time getting the executive I wanted in place. Most of these people are still on the board. We sorted out what we wanted to do, and the direction we felt best for the club. I was honestly blessed with a great executive; an incredibly diverse knowledgeable group of people with the best interest of the club at heart.

After about six months of monthly board meetings, talking about the Porta-Potties, boats on the dock and the garbage, I was feeling a bit frustrated; how could we spend so much time dealing with these mundane things? Didn't we have more important things to deal with? I popped over to Mick's home to pick up the big box of APSC history: the minutes of meetings from day one. when I got back to my home, I reached into the box and pulled one out, happened to be from 1984. I read it..... boats on the dock, check. Porta-Potties, check. garbage, check. Suddenly I felt a lot better. It was good to know that some things never change.

In my five years as commodore, the goal was to get the garbage under control, get something better than the Porta-Potties, and try to deal with the Pandora's box that is boats on the dock. well..... two out of three is not bad. Sure, we did some other great things;



our relationship with the TRCA and Friends of the Spit improved, we had full membership and a waiting list, our harbour was secure and mooring records were kept, the social side of the club was booming, but these are the key items.

I had a great time as commodore, truly one of the best times in my life. It was such an honour to be a part of the history of our great club; it really is an amazing place. Welcome to paradise. Thank you.

### **Commodore Mike Robbins (2007-2014)**

I was commodore for seven years, from 2007 to 2014. Before that I was the Racing director, for quite a while. Before that, well, I forget. In any event a lot happened during those 7 years. Time and space is limited so I'll focus on two things the stood out for me.

I was prompted to become commodore when the club was faced with one of many threats that have loomed large in its 40 years of existence. This one came in the form of a proposal of urban planners and developers to turn the embayment into a summer camp as part of a larger project called the Lake Ontario Park. The plan called for the relocation of the club to some vague 'other place'. The push back on this took several years, countless meetings and emails, but no guns, lawyers and money. Those came later, when just after we breathed a sigh of relief that the LOP plan had collapsed under its own weight, the club received a notice that its property value had been re-assessed by MPAC and we now owed Ninety Three Thousand Dollars Per Year in property taxes, which is slightly less than double our annual revenue. Needless to say, while panic and pandemonium didn't quite kick in, some amount of craziness did ensue: three years of more countless meetings and emails, poring over documents, reading up on tax laws, and municipal acts. Eventually, the club prevailed over the grinding wheels of property tax assessment, and we survive to this day.

But the point here is it wasn't just me and a couple of other people doing all this. The club did have a collective voice in ensuring its own existence. I think that's the one thing I learned about being commodore: that an organization like ours has a life and consciousness of its own. The best thing an individual who might think



Opposite : Carlo and Dave on *Esnecca*  
Left: *Red Cherry* and *Someday*, racing.

of himself in charge can do is to provide the space and attention this entity needs to breathe and do its job, which in this case is to allow us to go sailing.

### **Commodore Martin Osborne (2015-2016)**

Sue and I happened on APSC purely by chance in the early fall of 2003. I was the site supervisor at a home renovation in Toronto, when a longtime member of the club came on-site lamenting that he was now the owner of two boats. Whatever was he going to do? Within a short time we decided to purchase the boat and join APSC, getting me back into the Toronto sailing scene and introducing my young and newly blended family to the world of sailing as well! The rest, as they say, is history. At our first haul-out at Mooredale a few weeks after buying the boat, I was told to watch the process carefully as I would be in charge of the crane the next year for launch and haul-out, and so began my tenure as an active member of the club. We enjoyed the club immensely that first summer, sailing *True Blue* as often as possible, and of course, trying to make it go fast on Wednesday nights!

My first haul-out guiding the crane at Mooredale went smoothly, feeling quite pleased that I had survived my first full season, I went innocently to the Annual General Meeting and found that I was being nominated as the House and Grounds guy. "Oh it's not much work" assured the Commodore of the day Keith Robinson, "You will be awesome at it dude!" Well, it was the beginning of many hours

spent building walkways, decks, washrooms and putting a roof on the clubhouse, all with a really great bunch of members, all who remain friends to this day.

I had become much busier at work and decided it was time to let someone else have all the fun building and I took on the role of Race Director for a couple of seasons. But, I was then asked if I would consider being House and Grounds again, "Sure why not" I said, and I was once again looking after the day to day stuff. After much cajoling and using the same line "It's not really that much work" I found someone to replace me and figured I was finally in the clear, alas it was not to be. At the general meeting that year Sue was nominated and accepted the position of Social Director and the deal was that I was to be her assistant. Well we all know she was a really awesome director and I was simply the social part of the equation. It was later that same year at the 2104 Annual Pig Roast that a number of members inquired as to whether I would consider running as the next Commodore since Mike Robbins was stepping down. Hmmm, what to do? I began to speak to more members individually and ask what they thought of the idea and at the same time asked what they saw as the biggest issues facing the club. By the time the AGM rolled around in November, I had spoken to nearly every member personally and thought I had a pretty good grasp of what the membership wanted and expected from their Commodore and decided I would take a run at it.

Again, as they say, the rest is history! I faced similar issues every Commodore before me had encountered, boats on the face of the dock, garbage disposal costs, dinghy mooring woes and of course a landlord that had their own agenda. I finished my two year term with no regrets and will always remember my time at APSC with a fondness reserved for the special places and people we are sometimes fortunate to be blessed within our daily lives.



# Bosun's Chair

something old, something new & and somethin' blue : philip krueger

Falling off my mast isn't my preferred way to "go". Having said that, enjoying my hobby probably isn't the worst way to check out; I'm more concerned it might be a bit premature and somewhat unplanned.

I've been to the top of my mast many times, and a few other boats too. I currently need to replace my anchoring light and windex so I need a safe way to get up there in the spring.

My boat came with a [MastMate](#) loop-strap ladder and I've tried using, it was a most unsatisfying experience. There are two issues that make it a less than ideal solution on my boat. Firstly, my in-mast furler makes it impossible to use track slides. (The solution offered by MastMate necessitates taking down the main....) this leaves the ladder swaying loosely from the mast making it difficult and dangerous to climb.

Secondly, I didn't have a spare halyard so I couldn't get to the very top of the mast as the jib halyard sheave box is about three feet from mast-top. (I have since run a spinnaker halyard as a spare/safety line.)



As my main is an in-mast furler, I am aware of the possibility of the mainsail getting fouled in the mast. Going up to sort out this issue would



completely rule out dousing the mainsail to use the main halyard. These two issues rule out the Mastmate for me.

This brings me back to the good old bosun's chair. I came across a moldy old chair that stank of fuel with rotten stitching, but was otherwise not a bad design. Always on the lookout for ways to leverage my investment in my walking-foot sewing machine, I decided to knock-off the stinky old chair.

I've gone up on a plank of wood to brand new super-fancy padded chair (photo left) and I can say

I definitely prefer something with pockets, safety straps, and hooks. Preferably something that has a space for tools, ropes and of course a camera! (that's my foot atop *Esnecca* on pg. 12).

I used this project as an excuse to make a leaf that fits into my dining table so that the sewing machine sits flush with the table. This will make larger projects, like the new bimini and dodger I plan on sewing this winter, easier. My sewing machine is a generic knock-off of the old walking-foot Singer/Brother. It



is the same base machine that [Sailrite](#) uses, cheaper but doesn't come with a case or telephone support.



I patterned the old chair, took notes on the stitching sequence and placed an order for straps and hardware from [JT's Outdoor Fabrics](#) in Barrie. I already had the blue nylon from making a bag for my folding bicycle (the material for the bag *and* bosun's chair was \$15 from Fabricland!). It took

a bit longer to stitch the chair together than I anticipated, making me appreciate the value of mass-produced goods. I'm looking forward to going up, and staying up, in my spiffy new contraption.



## eeek - it's a mouse

Speaking of safety, a loose boat careening through the mooring field will most definitely provoke a life-threatening response from fellow members.

Please ensure your boat is secured with two lines (*aka* mooring pendants) in good condition and your shackles are moused properly, as illustrated below. As always, please refer to APSC mooring regulations to ensure we have a safe mooring field.

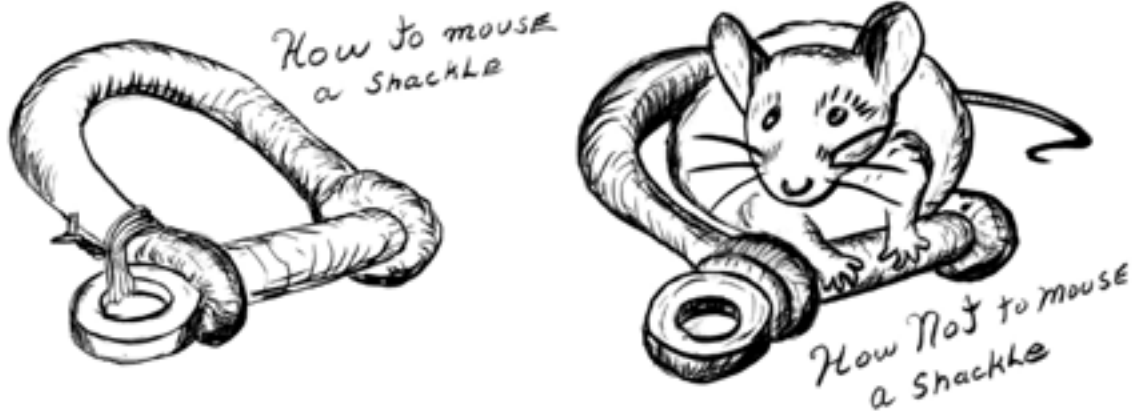


Illustration: Ernie Martin

# In Search of Adventure

Shetland and Faroe Islands: carol & jim wilson

Now, we're in search of different nautical adventures and the meaning of the standing stones!

Imagine, stones placed erect by some unknown force 3000 to 5000 years ago, many of them still in their original place. This in a land where stone was a highly valued construction material. It appears that over many centuries, these standing stones were given continued respect, and not plundered for other

construction, like a broche. These are structures only found in Scotland, built in the iron age, by hand, out of uncut stone, about 40 feet in diameter with interior chambers, lived in by people nearly 2000 years ago. These are widely spread across Western Scotland, including Shetland and Orkney, thought to be defensive, as it appears they were built within site of each other along the coast. We are just in awe!

By the way, this all started when in mid-september, when we drove to Halifax, flew to Iceland, and saw some amazing geology. We stood on both sides of an ocean ridge, where 2 tectonic plates have been diverging for millions of years, the only place in the world where this can be seen on land! The diverging or spreading of the Eurasian and the north American plates, along with a hot spot or mantle plume, created Iceland and its volcanoes, both old and active, including Hekla (same name as a village near our home in Muskoka). A sweeping



Standing stones in Orkney , northern islands of Scotland

panorama filled us with awe, aware of the primordial forces at play, and the breath-taking scene, that needed 3 photos to try and capture. The main airport is on the south-east extremity of Iceland having been created by the hotspot as both tectonic plates move northwest. Fields of black lava flows spread before us, barely covered with lichen and moss, as vegetation struggles to get a toehold on the lava. Geysers and hot springs ([www.icelandontheweb.com](http://www.icelandontheweb.com)) and 400 tiny earthquakes a week, as well as geo-thermal energy affect the life of Icelanders. And here too was the first parliament, in 874 AD, started by a Norse chieftain. What an unforgettable place!

Interestingly, we bumped into 2 separate sets of mining engineers financed by Canadian companies, looking for opportunities in Greenland and Iceland.

In the absence of a bus or boat, we had to take a plane from Reykjavak to a tiny village squeezed



among near vertical hills and a fiord, where we took a large ferry to the Faroe islands...20 hours across the north Atlantic, with a 35 knot tail wind, making 8-10 foot long white crested waves, giving the ferry a nice corkscrew motion, reminiscent of Jim's old folkboat, S/V Portree! In these waters, the gulf stream current together with the islands and the underwater topography has created swirling currents and whirlpools, scaring ancient



Mousa Broch is the finest surviving example of a 2,000 year old Iron Age tower, or broch.

fisherman who explained them with stories and myths of strange beings. Today, the hull of the ferry now being used to track these strange currents, with the intent to use them for tidal generators. In this tiny village, we met a man who wrote computer programs, built boats, was a blacksmith, sold tractors & trucks, was part of a 100 year-old family business, and now is curator of a wonderful technical museum containing everything from basic foundry to cartography to old typewriters, and a functioning switchboard, straight out of "White Christmas"!

The Faroes are a bunch of almost vertical mounds in the middle of the ocean, independent, but still owned by Denmark. These islands sit in the northern part of the gulf stream, and so are warmer than you might expect. They speak Faroese, which apparently has origins in ancient Norse. These folks can understand Danish, but the Danes can't understand Faroese. Sheep and fish abound, but they farm fish too! We even saw highland cattle on a very steep cliff.

St. Magnus introduced Christianity in the 1200s and established a stone monastery on a desolate rugged shore, open to the north Atlantic. Our guide, also a trumpeter, plays in a cavern in the island opposite, where the acoustics are unbelievable.

To our disappointment, we found that we couldn't take a ferry from the Faroes to the Shetland Islands of Scotland. It stopped running last year! So, we found ourselves in a small airport, flying to Copenhagen, and then on to Aberdeen!!

And so the story continues, in Scotland....

Cheers & Fair Winds,



# eat. sail.



# repeat.

