



## October 2000

**Editor: Colleen Kelly**

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Meetings are on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday @ 7:30PM. To get to the clubhouse over the winter, take the gravel road at the 3-way stop (Saratoga Rd & McLarey Ave) and enter the grounds by the cabins beside the river. **If you are on line, consider giving us your e-mail address to bring our newsletter into the Millennium.**

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**CRYC 2000 Executive:** Commodore: Hugh Silver 287-8213, Vice Commodore: Brian Kyle 923-7944, Treasurer: Mike Harris 923-4647, Secretary: Royeen Silver 287-8213 **Directors:** Membership: Brian Kyle 923-7944, Social: Kathy Mooney 923-7582, Cruising: Joe Wright 923-3915, Hubert Breukers 337-8752, Racing: Gary Wessel 337-8950, Bulletin: Colleen Kelly 337-8950  
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•  **The Commodore's Message**



Royeen and I missed you all terribly while we were enjoying these sunny warm days and empty anchorages between here and Victoria - sure we did! Seriously we'd like to have seen Pat and Jim's cruise show and raced around the marks with Svend before the wind died on Sept 24<sup>th</sup>, but after spending August painting the house we needed a cruise to remember during the dark and wet days to come. The new engine ran flawlessly, 6.5 kts @ 1750 engine RPM.

Next year look out, we're fully serviceable. See you Oct 19<sup>th</sup>. **Hugh SILVER**

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## ► Our Special **Events Calendar**

Mark December 10 on your calendar, this will be the CRYC Christmas Party

The CRYC **AGM** will be November 16, and this ends up being a drunken brawl... OOP's wine tasting gala affair.

A good time was had by all aboard the Seabear V for the September ladies luncheon--we'll have to try that venue again!

## ► Our upcoming **Program**

A member of the Coast Guard will present information on the new Operators Certificate and the new boating regulations. This will help us to know what safety equipment i.e. flares, we need to comply with the new regs.

## ► Action **Between the Sheets** with Wessel



**Fall Fracas Race** - The action around the docks prior to the last race of the season was fast and furious, with "Seabear V"s bottom cleaning tool (AKA the "Tooth Brush") seeing more activity than it has all season. Five club boats and one invitational were set to fight it out for the coveted Fall Fracas Trophy (a very pretty Trophy). Sven Hansen of the "Hobbit II", having followed the morning breeze down from Campbell River, single handedly maneuvered around the buoys while the Pacific Playgrounds fleet feverishly scrubbed bottoms and waited for the tide to let them out. Finally with the starting line set a ten minute signal was sounded and the race was on. As the fleet maneuvered themselves for a tight start, the "Seabear V" managed to position herself in the full flow of the Saratoga tidal current. This resulted in a nail biting crossing at the zero minute signal, for her best start of the season (whoa baby, whoooa!). Putting on the brakes at the start proved to be our undoing as we watched first the "Katana", spinnaker flying, and then "Hobbit II", "Chase the Wind" and "Chandelle" drift past us in the failing breeze. Being

a cowboy at heart, attempts were made to coerce my crew into lassooing a passing boom but they looked at me in abject horror and said, "are you allowed to do that?". So went the race for us, but I fondly remember the smiles on the faces of the crews and captains as they passed us and I know why we were all out enjoying the day. It was fun!

Thank you to all that joined us this sailing season. *Gary WESSEL*



### ***The Offshore Notebook***

#### Travels with Ankle Deep

- Panama Canal. September 27th 2000.

We left Cartagena on August 5th and other than being quietly approached, but not boarded, by a US Navy vessel on a anti drug patrol, had an uneventful overnight passage to Mamimulu, Isla Pinos - our first stop in the San Blas archipelago - which belongs to Panama. There our passenger, a little black and white bird who came aboard at sunset, left us. These small islands are inhabited by the Kuna Indians - Kuna Yala - the descendants of the last remaining Caribe Indian tribes. They are physically tiny people (one of the smallest races after the pygmies) and are famous for their appliquÃ© work (molans) which the women have developed to a high standard and for which they now demand high prices. The men live by fishing and farming, and while their living conditions may seem primitive at first glance, we did see TV sets in many of the dwellings. How long will their lifestyle persist in the face of this intrusion, I

wonder? In all we stayed only 12 days in these islands, unlike other cruisers who spend weeks if not months here as the snorkeling and diving are said to be excellent. For sure the water was beautifully refreshing for an afternoon dip in the hot humid climate. But the winds were not particularly kind and many of the anchorages were marginal by our standards. All travel has to be done during daylight hours because of the multitude of reefs and distances between anchorages can pose problems for slower boats like us. We made one stop at Achatupu - one of the largest communities where we were obliged to present our passports to the local police official. No stamp was used, merely a record of our numbers taken, and we were not actually cleared into Panama until we reached Cristobal. Other stops were at Isla Aridup, Ratones Cays - a very roly anchorage, Kanildup, Green Island and Bahia de Escribamos - where the touted anchorage turned into a horror show when the wind shifted 180degrees at 0300 and put us too close to the reef for comfort. We bypassed Porvenir on the advice of fellow cruisers - any

clearance made here is disregarded by the officials in Cristobal and monies paid have then to be repeated. The charts all through the San Blas area are very ancient and the shifting sand bars are hard to see after a rainfall in the hills inland as the rivers flowing into the area make the water very cloudy. A Panama Navy vessel ran aground as it was overtaking us and they had two lookouts up in the bows. So much for local knowledge. The town of Portobelo is sited on a huge natural harbour and was once the site of much traffic in the days of the Spanish occupation. Silver used to lie in the streets, because the warehouses were so full of gold, waiting for shipment to Spain. Sir Francis Drake was buried at sea just outside the bay. Now it is a quiet backwater, where the local church contains a famous carving of a black Christ (rescued from a shipwreck any years ago), and a few boats are anchored off while their owners commute to Colon or further afield. There are the remains of two forts on each side of the bay, the one opposite the town being the most complete and interesting. But beware! Killer bees have taken up residence in one of the turrets. They will give you plenty of warning if you invade their space. There is also a museum in the restored old customs house which is well worth a visit - one room contained elaborately decorated costumes which are worn by the participants in the annual procession, on October 21, when the statue is paraded around town. Buses come in daily with tourists and souvenirs were much in evidence. As we had only large denomination US dollar bills we were unable to do any shopping - counterfeit notes have flooded into Panama from Colombia and the local tradespeople will not accept anything larger than a \$20 bill, and even that with reluctance. We finally arrived in Cristobal on 17th August and anchored out in The Flats as there was no room at the Panama Canal Yacht Club. The docks there are becoming very rundown, and access to the showers is virtually impossible. There is a laundry located on the premises which functions intermittently depending on the local water supply. The restaurant attached to the club does good business as the food is excellent, plentiful and cheap, while the bar is air-conditioned and well patronised. We spent a week in Cristobal on the arduous paper trail necessary to effect a transit of the canal, acquiring 8 heavy duty fenders (tires), arranging for line handlers (we used two sons of the local Immigration officer and a local taxi driver all of whom had made the trip many times before and were well worth their pay) and provisions to feed them during the 7 hour transit. On 23rd August we passed through the 3 up-locks at Gatun. These raised us 85 feet above sea level, then we motored the 31 miles across Gatun Lake and entered the first of the down-locks at Pedro Miguel. Here we were lowered 31 feet to Miraflores Lake and we brought the boat into the Pedro Miguel Boat Club for the next six weeks. We still have two more down locks to transit before we are back in the Pacific Ocean. Pat flew out from Panama City to the UK for a month to attend the 40th reunion of her Medical class, and to visit relatives and other friends. Lionel stayed with the boat and daily watched the rains pour down and mould grow before his very eyes. The Boat Club is a wonderfully friendly place where the clubroom adjoins a fully equipped kitchen and every boat has access to a shelf in a fridge/freezer and a locker for other food storage. A sort of backpacker's facility with a huge swap library of paperbacks filed in an unusual method by the colour of the cover. Power and water are available at every slip and much care is taken by everyone to secure numerous lines ashore to deal with the intermittent surge from the nearby canal as freighters enter and leave the locks. Every week there is a Pot luck get together but most people spend time in the club house each day socialising. There are two washing machines and dryers, and hot water showers for use by all visiting cruisers. Denise in the office is ever helpful with photocopying and arranging long-distance phone calls, while access to local calls is free. The club also provides free internet access on its computer and there are telephone jacks available for laptop connections. The

local bus runs into Panama City from a nearby stop, approximately every half hour, at 35 or 50cents a ride, depending on whether or not the bus is air-conditioned / has springs. The trip takes about 15 minutes. There is an ATM machine located a short walk from the club and taxis are relatively

inexpensive from the nearest 2 giant supermarkets. Panama City is itself a huge busy place and English is common though Spanish is the official language. Hugo is the local taxi driver who will help with fuel trips, other sightseeing and runs to the airport - he will be waiting on your return if you provide him with the date and flight number, even when the flight is seriously delayed - as happened on my return from the UK

All the best, Pat & Lionel

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 *From the **Galley Slaves Pot** by Silver*

### **ONE Pot Sauté**

Braise meat and add water or broth to cover ~2C , add ~1.5-2C pasta and cook while chopping veggies to add. Cook 5 min longer, add spices or flavorings and viola, SUPPER! (great boat meal, less dishes!)

*Royeen SILVER*

 News

Watch for new burgees. Options are currently being explored. Thankyou Anne Bosshart for your work developing a possible prototype. Jim Elliott is negotiating with an US company.

 **TRIVIA** by Elliott

Effective discipline on the early ships at sea was vital to maintaining good order and safe passage. The ship's command was required to deal with all manners of human problems from the petty in nature to the most serious such as mutiny.

Standards of discipline were established by various countries to set the rules of conduct. One such standard was the "Black book" of the British Admiralty. An example of a rule of the black book involves the competence of the ship's navigator:

"It is established for a custom of the sea that yf a ship is lost by defaulte of the lodeman the maryners may, yf they please, bring the lodeman to the windlass or any other place and cut off his head withoute the maryners being

bound to answer before any judge..."

Black Book of the Admiralty

Another instrument of discipline was a whip with nine tails. This "Cat of nine tails" was kept in a red cloth bag and only brought out for serious offenses. It didn't take long before the crew would advise any malcontent to be careful and not to "let the cat out of the bag".