

Annual General Meeting!!

The Annual General Meeting is scheduled to be held in the downstairs meeting room of the Galley Restaurant, South Shore Marine. on October 26th. Members and guests are requested to be in attendance at 1330h. The meeting will call to order at 1400h. Lets meet for a snack in the restaurant at 1230h. I look forward to seeing you there.

N

“Concertina’s” second summer cruise.

With Lainie and Ed as the full ships compliment, the schooner “Concertina” steamed away from the Leahey Marina at Heckman’s Island to commence her cruise down the eastern shore to the Bras d’ Or Lakes. That first afternoon’s sail over to Rogues Roost proved to be one of the best sailing breezes of the entire seven week cruise. We enjoyed three weeks of harbour hopping and running the inside passages with only one lay day at Macdonald Island immobilized by a thick fog and no wind. Our longest days run was from Liscomb to Whitehead with a hearty SW breeze and good visibility. After enjoying the Eastern Shore and the Bras d’ Or Lakes we arrived at Baddeck for a crew change. Lainie departing and John Zuck joining the vessel for the planned sail along the south shore of Newfoundland. We made our passage with a fair tide out the Great Bras d’ Or past Cape Smoky and Cape North and headed out across the Cabot Strait.

As we approached the unseen shore of Newfoundland the wind increased and the visibility was decreased by fog and haze. With sail reduced to jib and fore our final 20 miles was an exciting sleighride bringing us to La Poile Bay with a big sea and a dying breeze well before nightfall. About thirty hours crossing. For the next twelve days we explored the numerous bays, islands and anchorages from Rose Blanch to just east of Burgeo. A fair breeze was not always present when required so a frequent turn of the ignition key assisted in making timely departures and arrivals, a new experience for the skipper. That coastline is a fascination for the sailor with a yen to explore what a winter of studying charts of the region had done to whet his curiosity. Finally one day, listening to the sketchy forecasts, we decided to take advantage of some benign conditions and headed out from seal Island Head at sundown to make our crossing back to Cape Breton. We steamed for well over 12 hours before starting to beat into a rising SW breeze. Early the next morning we arrived off the outer channel bouy to the Great Bras d’ Or. Anchoring for a couple of hours until slack water at 1000h we then steamed into the lakes. Three days later we were at Liscomb Lodge following some extended powering to westward. There, we were visited by Gerry Heyman who performed an in depth inspection of the vessel and her crew. At this point Lainie returned and John stepped ashore. A week later we had “Concertina” back on her home mooring at Heckman’s Island none the worse for her time away and with her crew somewhat wiser regarding her proper care and feeding. Carpe diem!

Porter

The first Annual September Classic. (fiberglass vessels need not apply)

On Saturday September 21st. 2002 the wharf rats who frequent the yard adjacent to the “Dory Shop” of Lunenburg, witnessed a gathering of various wooden boat fools, many of whom are notorious within the ranks of this esteemed association. The reason for this gathering was the running of the hugely unpublicized first annual September Classic. The event opened with a “friggin awesome” race around Cross Island, whimsically controlled by rules, handicapping etc which will stand up to no logical scrutiny. The various aspects of the race were won by “Amasonia”1st. o’er t’ line, “Concertina”1st in class.(He’s in a class we humble sinners can only aspire to.) and “Mora”, now cutter rigged, 1st since the refit! This was followed by the roastin’ n’ eatin’ of the remains of a past acquaintance of Edward Peill.(I think her name was Baaabaara. They once shared a pair of size eleven and a hoof gum boots.) Later, shrouded in darkness, there was a Tiki torch dingy race accompanied by erudite exaltations from both participants and onlookers! This, not surprisingly, was won by the boys of “Son of a gun” hotly pursued by the girls of “Picton Castle” in their pulling boat.(Someone should tell those lads that sometimes it may be in their best interest to “rowa little slowa you”). The revelry continued into the early hours to the musical accompaniment of those with (or without) talent in that direction. Since an event of such debauchery will no doubt offend the various uniformed, suited and undercover authorities that permeate present day life ashore with their unimaginative drear. The organizers, such as they are, request that you honour a pledge of secrecy. Don’t tell a soul, wink!

Anonymous

Congratulations Alex and Catherin!

Congratulations are in order for Catherin McKinnon and Alex Rhineland. On or about the tenth of July of this year they became the proud custodians of the very sleek and slippery schooner “Comet II”. It is my understanding that they plan to race her at our events and to cruise the waters of Nova Scotia. They may also be tempted to uphold the burgee of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association at some of the American Schooner Association events in the waters of the New England States. Good luck and many years of safe and successful sailing! Kudos go to Les Caslake for passing the torch to such worthy successors.

Treasurers Report

As we approach the end of yet another eventful and I think, highly successful season. I’m moved to reflect upon some of those events and how they effected me. I was one of the nay sayers when we were considering Shelburn as a race week venue. I predicted that, because of the distance and other considerations, we would have such a poor showing that all concerned would be very disappointed. Boy, was I wrong! Despite some unavoidable no shows we were still able to put eight to ten schooners on the line at the start of each race. The Shelburn people were great! Perhaps we shouldn’t wait another eighteen years to go back.

On the negative side, one of my fears was justified. Quite a few of our members habitually pay their dues during race- week. If they do not attend race-week then this gets overlooked. Attendance this year was down and as a consequence, revenues are also down. We should consider how this problem can be addressed. Increasing dues? **NO!** Recruiting new members? Aha! If each skipper persuades only one more member of

his/her regular crew to pay twenty bucks per year to become a full member, that alone would bring in six hundred bucks or more.

I'll be presenting a full report on October the 26th but in the mean time; for the second consecutive year we spent more than we collected by a substantial amount. This year almost seven hundred bucks which is better than the thirteen hundred of last year!

Licence Plates & Regalia.

There are a few people who still owe for the purchase of licence plates, burgees and other items of regalia. I urge them to cough up da bucks coz I wanna balance da books!

Hope to see you all at the meeting.

N

For your gastronomic delight.

In this edition of the Scoon members will notice a few additions to the regular fare. One of the new columns. Liquor Locker is going to feature various recipes for the mariners favorite beverage. Gourmet Galley will have easy to prepare recipes for sailors. We encourage comments and submissions.

Mariner's Ruin

Rum on the Rocks. (How difficult is that?)

Sailors Sour

Juice of 2 limes

½ tsp sugar

1 Tbsp grenadine

2 oz. Dark rum

Soda Water

Shake with ice and strain into any clean glass. Fill with soda water if dilution is desired.

Gourmet Galley.

Hash Brown Dinner

1 onion minced

Oil

4-6 cooked potatoes, diced

4 tbsp cream or evaporated milk

1 tbsp flour

4 tbsp butter

1 can corned beef

Brown onion in oil. Mix potatoes, cream and flour, season to taste. Add butter to onions, heat butter to sizzling. Press potato mixture into pan. Cook til brown (about 10 minutes). Stir in beef and press. Cook 5 minutes more. Serve with Ketchup or Tomato Sauce.

M &W

Cruising Rules. (Blatantly plagiarised from a book of the same name by Roland Sawyer Barth)

I've discovered that certain rules of etiquette must be observed in order to establish the norms of personal behaviour required for two or more individuals to stay on speaking, even friendly, terms while confined for an indefinite period in close quarters at sea.

These, I have come to refer to as the "Cruisin' rules." They determine whether we return to port cordially, angrily, separately, together – or indeed, at all! The nice thing about the "Cruisin' Rules" is that one must allow them to evolve as circumstances demand. I,

therefore, invite the reader to submit any sailing related experience which may have had a more pleasurable outcome if a cruisin' rule had been devised to cover the circumstances in play at the time. I further invite the reader to devise the appropriate cruisin' rule in light of those circumstances.

Black, white or cat's ass brindle?

Recently some friends of mine entered into a discussion as to what colour they should choose for their new vessel. They are in harmony with most everything else but they seem to be at a loss to come to a mutually acceptable conclusion upon the question of colour. In an attempt to assist them with this dilemma I'll relate the story of five individuals who entered into a boat owning syndicate. The objective of which was to minimize not only the capital outlay but also the maintenance expenses and time commitment. All agreed to assemble at the boat yard each spring to scrape, sand and paint. Invitations were sent out and commitments secured. When the appointed weekend arrived - cold, raw and spitting snow - only two of the owners showed up. They scraped, sanded and primed. Sunday morning, with the vessel primed and ready to paint they were faced with the decision: what colour should they choose? The arguments were between black, white, battleship grey and what for some mysterious reason is called "cat's ass brindle". The latter being, in my opinion, a very attractive sort of paleish, buffish beige. The perfect compromise.

The two workers, having diligently dispatched their boatyard duties for the fitting out season, drove home with feelings of satisfaction. Virtue even. This warm aura persisted until, one by one the other three owners weighed in with their outrage over the dubious aesthetic properties of "cat's ass brindle" as a suitable hue for *their* boat. There emerged a new rule in time to save the day, the syndicate, and the cat's ass brindle.

Cruisin' rule # 7.

The hand that wields the paintbrush determines the colour.

For an appropriate shore side version, this rule may be transposed to read: "if you choose not to attend the meeting you forfeit your bitchin' rights". See you on the 26th.

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