

**I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas and sky, and all I ask
is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
– John Masefield from the poem "Sea Fever" 1902**

ANGLING SECTION Yet again, three more Comps were cancelled during December, [7th, 21st and 27th], due to poor conditions. Let's hope that the DOUBLE PRIZE Comp on the 4TH January goes ahead as planned. Details are on the Notice Board, along with all other Comps for January & February.

Cancellation. It had been arranged that on Wed 4th February, Jon Trigwell would give a talk on the Wales Air Ambulance, attended by Crew and Paramedic, but due to the Club now being closed for that week, we shall re-arrange the event for a later date. Watch this space!

The Next Fisherman's Night, with a "BARRAGE" talk by representatives of The Cardiff Harbour Authority and Buffet etc., will be held on Wednesday, 7th January. ALL ARE WELCOME !

Comps November – February: As it has been decided to make all Comps arranged for these months, "COD ONLY", don't forget, this doesn't prevent Specimen Fish being weighed-in for the on-going Specimen Fish COMPETITION.

The date for the Section A.G.M. will be announced soon. Watch the notice board

YOUR COMMITTEE WISHES EVERYONE A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PASSING ON BAY SUCCESS Cardiff Bay may hold the key to a 30-year-old problem that has plagued Canadian engineers. A causeway was built across the tidal Petitcodiac River, New Brunswick in 1968 and was intended to provide a road link between two towns and to protect farmland from flooding. It also included a fish pass to allow the upstream migration of Atlantic salmon and other species. But the fish pass has failed to do its job, with the result that salmon are now virtually non-existent in the river and numbers of other fish seriously depleted.

A team led by international engineering giant Amec has been given the task of finding a solution. Vice-president for Atlantic Canada Operations (Earth & Environmental), Greg Gillis, believes answers may be found in Cardiff Bay, where the barrage has also created a freshwater lake from an estuary. Cardiff's barrage has the biggest fish pass in Europe, which allows salmon and sea trout to reach the rivers Taff and Ely. This year 296 salmon and 396 sea trout have passed through the barrage – the highest number of fish entering the Bay since 1994. Speaking during a visit to Cardiff, Mr Gillis said: "You have a successful fish pass in a barrage which combines scientific and artistic design. We decided to come and look for ourselves." Councillor Marion Drake, Cardiff's deputy leader, added "Once again, Cardiff is seen to be taking a world lead." Taken from The South Wales Echo. J.P.

BOOK Howard and Rosie Smith of Weston-super-Mare have recently published a well researched book which covers the coast line from Brean Down to Porlock. Illustrated throughout by watercolour paintings this book contains a wealth of interesting and historical information, and undoubtedly are of general interest to anyone who cruises that part of the coastline in the Bristol Channel

http://www.thewestonmercury.co.uk/archived_material/2003/week_45/features/asp/03-11-07Howard.asp It is rumoured that their next book will cover the coast from Brean to Bristol. T.D.

HAND BOOK In an attempt to improve next year's handbook 2004 – 2005, a draft copy is available on the notice board in the foyer for your comments. Members are invited to make alterations and amendments as required. Any queries please contact the Communications Officer:- Tony Davies

AGE Have you been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking, surely I cannot look that old? You may enjoy this short story.... While waiting for my first appointment in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name. Suddenly, remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school class some 30 years ago. Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought.

This balding, grey-haired man with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate.

After he had examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school.

'Yes,' he replied.

'When did you graduate?' I asked.

He answered, 'In 1971. Why?'

'You were in my class!' I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely and then asked,

'What did you teach?'

WEATHER SITE Take a look at this weather web site it's excellent... <http://www.maalla.co.uk/uk-weather/>

**Mystery of the waters, never slumbering sea!
Impassioned orator, with lips sublime, whose waves are arguments to prove a God.
- Robert Montgomery**

ANGLING SECTION SOCIAL EVENING, FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EVERY MONTH. Light refreshments, A Talk [or Quiz] & Raffle.

NAUTICAL SAYINGS The sea has contributed countless words, expressions and concepts to mainstream English. We seldom reflect upon their ocean-going origin when we use such expressions as: all in the same boat, blow over, crabby, don't give up the ship, down the hatch, getting the drift, happy as a clam, keel over, like a fish out of water, making headway, navy blue, small fry, the coast is clear, go off the deep end, take the wind out of his sails, or wide berth. Other expressions with less obvious nautical roots include:

Overwhelm comes from the Middle English word meaning "to capsize." **Pooped out** originally described the condition of seamen caught on the poop or aft deck after a wave from heavy seas crashed down upon it. **Rummage sale** stems from the French word *arrimage*, meaning "the loading of a cargo ship." Damaged cargo was occasionally sold at special warehouse sales. **Skyscraper** traditionally referred to the topsail of a ship and only more recently has come to mean a tall building. **Slush funds** were once the personal funds of ship cooks, who earned them by skimming off the fat, or "slush," from cooking and selling it when the ship came into port. **Stranded** vessels were ones that had drifted or run aground on a strand or beach.

FOR SALE Sloop "Jody of Rochester" 2750.00 o/b engine, fully equipped and ready to go with v.h.f. radio, depth gauge, anchor, life belt, etc. please telephone 01443 822548 for further details.

CRUISER SECTION The Cruiser section meets weekly in the Quay Lounge (downstairs bar). Our aim is to have something of interest each and every Thursday. Please watch the notice boards for coming events you're sure to enjoy yourselves. If anyone would like an Arrowsmiths tide table for the Bristol Channel 2004, please contact Tony Davies Tel 07816337904.

"THE OLD SALTS" is the C.B.Y.C. band. If you would like to join in, practice night is every Friday night in the Quay Lounge (downstairs bar) come along you're sure to enjoy yourself we have a musical instrument we guarantee you will be able to play, regardless of your musical skills or perhaps you may have an instrument to donate, please contact Nigel on 07753353522.

CRUISE TO GLOUCESTER Just a quick announcement that PCC will be organising a cruise in company to Gloucester Docks during the Easter weekend. The go-ahead has been given by British Waterways to hold the event in a similar format to last year. PCC extends an open invitation to all other yachtsmen/women in the Bristol Channel to join in.

Last year was the first time that the event was run in its new format and was attended by 38 boats; we anticipate that the numbers this time will be higher. Good Friday will be on the 9th of April. As the first cruise of the year, cruising on the canal will be an ideal shake down for the boat, following the Winter refit??

In addition, cruising along the Gloucester/Sharpness canal is suitable for partners/friends who may be reluctant to participate in similar cruises on the open sea. Mark your diaries now, and bring this to the attention of your cruising organizer. John Filer On Behalf of Portishead Cruising Club. T.D.

TURBINES Three turbines are going to be built along the foreshore at Avonmouth just north of the entrance to the Royal Edward dock. The top of the blades will reach to an incredible height of 170Metres (approx 500') and consequently will provide a considerable landmark to vessels coming up channel. Construction will start in the near future with a mock up of one turbine. The other wind farm planned for the Bristol Channel will be a built on the Scarweather sands off Porthcawl. This farm will consist of 30 turbines. The possible impacts on Yachtsmen of the Bristol Channel will be the proposed exclusion zone around each pylon, electro-magnetic interference (i.e. GPS transmissions, VHF radio, and RADAR), and wind turbulence. Many wind farms are now proposed around the country, hopefully there will be more empirical data available as the first ones come on-line. T.D.

ASTRONOMICAL TWILIGHT - when the Sun's centre is 18 degrees below the horizon, is when it is truly dark and no remnant of the Sun's afterglow can be seen. It is possible to see the Zodiacal light, which comes from light from the Sun reflected by small particles between the Earth and the Sun; this can be mistaken for the Sun's afterglow.

OBSCENE PARROTS A lady went to her priest one day and told him, "Father, I have a problem. I have two female parrots, but they only know how to say one thing." "What do they say?" the priest inquired. They say, "Hi, we're hookers! Do you want to have some fun?" "That's obscene!" the priest exclaimed, then he thought for a moment. "You know," he said, "I may have a solution to your problem. I have two male talking parrots, which I have taught to pray and read the Bible. Bring your two parrots over to my house, and we'll put them in the cage with Frank and Jacob. My parrots can teach your parrots to pray and worship, and your parrots are sure to stop saying that phrase in no time." "Thank you," the woman responded, "This may very well be the solution." The next day, she brought her female parrots to the priest's house. As he ushered her in, she saw that his two male parrots were inside their cage, holding rosary beads and praying. Impressed, she walked over and placed her parrots in with them. After a few minutes, the female parrots cried out in unison: "Hi, we're hookers! Do you want to have some fun?" There was stunned silence. Shocked, one male parrot looked over at the other male parrot and exclaimed, "Put the beads away, Frank. Our prayers have been answered!" Alan Savage.

ON A LIGHTER NOTE If you hear the weather forecast increasing to force 10 later, stay in port or take up golf. If you chance to run aground by accident, take some antifouling, a brush and roller with you and pretend you did it on purpose.

COVER PICTURE Does anyone have a photograph suitable for the front cover of the Club handbook for next year 2004 – 2005 please contact Tony Davies.

BEAR ESSENTIALS

HANFODION ARTH

THE NEWSLETTER OF CARDIFF BAY YACHT CLUB 51.26.9 N 03.10.4 W



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Cost Priceless

www.cbyc.co.uk

Cardiff Bay Yacht Club, Ferry Rd. Grangetown, Cardiff, CF11 0JL Tel. 029 2022 6575. Admin. 029 2066 6627. Web site www.cbyc.co.uk e-mail info@cbyc.co.uk Affiliated to the R.Y.A. Web site :- www.rya.org and the B.C.Y.A. Web site: - www.bristolchannel.co.uk

Remember... eternal vigilance is the price of safety and safety is a state of mind, not a list of equipment.

COMMODORE'S REPORT FOR BEAR ESSENTIALS JANUARY 2004

OPEN COD ANGLING COMPETITION

I would like to offer my commiseration's and admiration to the organisers of the recent Open Cod Angling competition which had to be cancelled on the day because of bad weather. Commiseration's because it had to be cancelled after so much hard work by the organisers and admiration for their having the courage to ensure the safety of all concerned. Well done all!

RETURN TO HEALTH

It gives me great pleasure to announce the recovery to health of both our President Peter Annett after his recent heart by-pass operation and our Vice Commodore Terry Lee, after his hip replacement operation. I would also like to offer my thanks to Roy Evans who at the age of 60+, in spite of severe pain in his knee, caused by a damaged cartilage, has soldiered on in his role as Membership Secretary, whilst also standing in as Bar Chairman after the resignation of the Rear Commodore - Younger members watch and learn what devotion to the club is all about.

CONTROL OF DOGS ON CLUB PREMISES

I have just been informed that a club member has recently been bitten by an unsupervised dog in the club compound. Would all members please be aware that all dogs brought onto club premises **MUST BE KEPT ON A LEAD AT ALL TIMES** as per bye law 3.11.

Finally, may I take this opportunity of wishing all members a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**

JOHN JEFFERIES

LIBRARY Nautical books required for the club library would be most welcome. Please contact Tony Davies or alternatively place them in the downstairs bar (T.D.)

ARROWSMITHS TIDE TABLE 2004 If anyone would like an Arrowsmiths tide table for the Bristol Channel 2004, please contact Tony Davies Tel 07816337904.

BEWARE Don't run around on deck with a knife in your hand. Always wear shoes or boots when deploying an anchor.

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There is nothing; absolutely nothing; half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter . . . that's the charm of it... Kenneth Grahame "The Wind In The Willows"

**The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving -- we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it -- but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.
Oliver W. Holmes.**

**THE SEVERN BORE
Predictions for 2004**

Month	Date	Day	Minsterworth	Stonebench	Over Bridge
August	31*	Tue	21.05	21.20	21.45
September	01	Wed	09.25	09.40	10.05
"	"	"	21.45	22.00	22.45
September	28	Tue	20..00	20.15	20.40
"	29	Wed	08.20	08.35	09.00
"	"	"	20.40	20.55	21.20

* Highest of the year.

1. There are few occasions in 2004 when the tidal range is expected to be large enough to produce the Bore.
2. All times are in GMT (for BST where appropriate add 1 hour).
3. The times stated are approximate and depend on river conditions and the weather.

Minsterworth is 4.25 miles from Gloucester on the Gloucester / Chepstow Rd. (A48)

Stonebench is 3.5 miles from Gloucester and near Quedgeley on Gloucester / Bristol Rd. (A38)

Overbridge is one mile from Gloucester on the Gloucester / Monmouth Rd. (A40)

Warning the speed of the Bore can make viewing from low lying ground hazardous with risk of sudden and rapid flooding.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME The tale of the experienced single-handed yachtsman and his summer cruise to Ireland. From Cardiff, his first stop was Neyland Marina. We have all seen the size of the navigation buoys in the 'Haven' and I'm sure that you can see what is coming. Unfortunately our man didn't! On leaving Neyland under autopilot he leaned over the stern of the boat to lower the blade on his wind vane steering only to hear an almighty bang. By the time he had turned round the enormous red navigation mark was sliding past his quarter.

Having first checked to ensure that no one had spotted his indiscretion, he then checked along the side of the boat. There was a nice red streak (which could be quickly polished out on arrival in Ireland) but otherwise everything seemed okay. It was a pleasant sail over although there is always a chop when you leave Milford until you get clear of the Smalls. The boat felt a little sluggish but it was fully fuelled, watered and provisioned. On arrival, he went up to the fore cabin to find his dinghy. It was half full of water. There was a gaping hole in the bow. Did any one spot a yacht with a hasty red fibreglass bodge on its bow in late summer! B.M.

PORTISHEAD REVISITED A late autumn cruise was arranged for mid November and attended by eight boats, a couple joining us from Newport. Following the worst storm of the autumn so far, we had two perfect days of bright sunshine and warm calm weather. (Motorboater speaking.) We set off in two locks at 7 & 730. The original plan was to go to Bristol, but because of lock gate problems, this was not possible and Portishead was the alternative destination.

The sunrise was glorious from the hills east of Clevedon. Under our considerable horsepower, we soon caught up with the lead boats and after a leisurely crossing locked in at 10.15. It wasn't long before the deckchairs were out and the rugby commentary on with an early glass of whisky followed by a red, another red, a white wine, a lunch of fish soup, pie and beans, followed by a stroll around town and a further two pints in the White Lion. I noticed there were two Welsh teams playing two Russian teams on the T.V. Some of the other crews went for a free swim at the leisure centre (better idea). My day finished soon after going to my bunk still in my cap. Evening entertainment had been arranged in Bristol, being transported to a curry house by taxi, followed by a visit to the Cabot cruising club with some home spun musical renditions, returning to Portishead sometime after midnight for a last drink in the big cat. The cat had a rat, a tame one that is, that took a liking to one of the lady sailors, but it didn't get lost, so there was no need to go searching for it. The following morning, with everyone sober, was another glorious day with a light breeze from the west and after a full English we were ready to lock out on the high tide at 11.00.

Two Newport boats had locked out an hour earlier to cross the sands. and the big cat decided to leave later. Marianne made a beeline for Cardiff crossing shallows near the English & Welsh at 4.5m, locking in one hour after leaving. Our Qz in the mean time took a little longer, running on the sands at about 12.30. Even several choruses of sweet low sweet chariot would not move Seashell from the sand and they were joined sometime later by the big cat, refloating around 22.00. A good time was had by all, well nearly. JOHN WOOD 11.03

The Flotilla Restaurant would like to inform you that fresh homemade food is now available in the Quarterdeck Bar on Thursday evenings and Saturday and Sunday lunchtimes.

Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board.

BAROMETER The following concerns a question in a physics degree exam at the University of Copenhagen. The question was "Describe how to determine the height of a skyscraper with a barometer."

One student replied "You tie a long piece of string to the neck of the barometer, then lower the barometer from the roof of the skyscraper to the ground. The length of the string plus the length of the barometer will equal the height of the building."

This original answer so incensed the examiner that the student was failed. The student appealed on the grounds that his answer was indisputably correct, and the university appointed an independent arbiter to decide the case. The arbiter judged that the answer was indeed correct, but did not display any noticeable knowledge of physics. To resolve the problem it was decided to call the student in and allow him six minutes in which to provide a verbal answer, which showed at least a minimal familiarity with the basic principles of physics.

For five minutes the student sat in silence, forehead creased in thought. The arbiter reminded him that time was running out, to which the student replied that he had several extremely relevant answers but couldn't make up his mind which to use. On being advised to hurry up the student replied as follows:

"Firstly, you could take the barometer up to the roof of the skyscraper, drop it over the edge, and measure the time it takes to reach the ground. The height of the building can then be worked out from the formula $H=0.5g \times t^2$. But bad luck on the barometer. Or, if the sun is shining you could measure the height of the barometer, then set it on end and measure the length of its shadow. Then you measure the length of the skyscraper's shadow and thereafter it is a simple matter of proportional arithmetic to work out the height of the skyscraper.

But if you wanted to be highly scientific about it you could tie a short piece of string to the barometer and swing it like a pendulum, first at ground level then on the roof of the skyscraper, The height is worked out by the difference in the gravitational restoring force $T = 2\pi \sqrt{l/g}$.

Or if the skyscraper has an outside emergency staircase it would be easier to walk up it and mark off the height of the skyscraper in barometer lengths, then add them up.

If you merely wanted to be boring and orthodox about it, of course, you could use the barometer to measure the air pressure on the roof of the skyscraper and on the ground and convert the difference in millibars into feet to give the height of the building.

But since we are constantly being exhorted to exercise independence of mind and apply scientific methods, undoubtedly the best way would be to knock on the janitor's door and say to him 'If you would like a nice new barometer, I will give you this one if you tell me the height of this skyscraper.' The student was Neils Bohr, the only Dane to win the Nobel Prize for physics. Ozzie Dave.

E-MAIL ADDRESSES Does the club have your e-mail address? Please put it in the membership box in the foyer and you will be e-mailed with coming events.

WINS The sea is mother-death and she is a mighty female, the one who wins, the one who sucks us all up. - Anne Sexton

SOCIAL CALENDAR Look out for forthcoming Social activities advertised on Notices at CBYC Clubhouse and in Bear Essentials every month. Sat 14th February CBYC Dinner & Dance, with Alan Roderick & The Hitchikers. The Dinghy Section Dance is being planned now. Look out for Cruiser and Angling Section events also. Happy New Year to everyone. Dave Penning.

SHIP I wish to have no connection with any ship that does not sail fast for I intend to go in harm's way. John P Jones

WIND CHILL FACTOR The wind chill factor calculates wind speed at an average height of five feet (the typical height of an adult human face) based on readings from the national standard height of 33 feet (the typical height of an anemometer). It is based on a human face model and heat transfer theory and incorporates heat loss from the body to its surroundings during cold and breezy/windy days. The original wind chill scale was created in 1945 and known as the Siple and Passel Index.

The wind chill scale was recently modified. and lowers the calm wind threshold to 3 miles per hour, uses a consistent standard for skin tissue resistance, and assumes no radiant warming from sun. It is calculated as

$$WC=35.74 + 0.6215 T - 35.75 v^{0.16} + 0.4275 T v^{0.16}$$

where T is the temperature in Fahrenheit and v is the wind speed in miles per hour at a height of 10 meters. The wind chill factor is a purely subjective concept, since it expresses how cold the outside conditions feel to the body.

In other words....

Why do windy winter days seem so bitterly cold? A winter day with a strong wind can seem much colder than one with only a mild wind, though the air temperature may be exactly the same. The effect that wind has on our perception of cold is called the **wind chill factor**. The greater the wind speed, the faster we lose body heat. Wind chill can make a fairly moderate winter day equivalent to a much colder one—sometimes dangerously so. For example, a day with a temperature of 30 ° Fahrenheit might seem of little concern, but combined with winds of 10 miles per hour, it can feel like it's only 16° Fahrenheit. T.D.

DUTY Thank God I have done my duty.
- Admiral Horatio Nelson (last words)

DID YOU KNOW ... it takes 18 years for the tidal cycle to repeat itself ?

Black as the Ace of Spades Very dirty

Blacklead Wenglish for 'pencil'.

Bladder Wenglish for 'balloon'.

Blemmer/Brammer Excellent, as in "Them pears I got are real blemmers/brammers." (The 'a' sound in 'brammers' is elongated to sound like 'braahmers'.)

Block A log of firewood; "Lets have another block on the fire - it's a sharp one tonight."

Bloke/Bloak Man, as in "He's the bloke from the Prudential."

Boil Tam Wenglish for 'boiled ham'.

Bomper Big; "They've had twins - and one of them's a real bomper."

Bopa Local word for 'Auntie' - whether a blood relation or a "Welsh auntie"

Bosh The kitchen sink/wash up; "Have a quick swill in the bosh now before you have your tea."

Botch Mess, or not very well-completed job; "Don't you get 'im to do it - 'e'll only botch it for you."

Bout of An attack of, as in "Every year about this time, somehow or other I do get a nasty bout of 'flu."

Bracchi's The name often given to the local, Italian owned, cafe although the name of the proprietor may well be Rabaiotti, or Carpanini, or Berni.

Brack Defect, wear and tear; "I've had this frock years and there's still not a brack in it."

Brazen Impudent in behaviour and impervious to local opinion; "There's a way to carry on - brazen's not the word for it." (but of course it is!)

Bread and Butter/Bara Caws The leaves of the hawthorn tree.

Brewer's Goitre A beer belly

Brought up under a tub

Raised in a manner leaving much to be desired; "You can't go out in that state - anyone would think you'd been brought up under a tub."

Butty (a) A friend or workmate; "We've been big butties/big butts since school..." (b) One of a matching pair "I can't find the butty to this shoe for the life of me..."

Bwgi

Head Louse, as in "When that nurse comes to school she do look for bwgis in ouer 'air."

By (a) Aside; "You don't have to take it now, I'll put it by for you." (b) "By 'ere", and "By there" are Wenglish forms of 'here' and 'there'; "Come over by 'ere for a minute." and "That's the one youer looking for - over by there."

By you According to you, as in "What's the time by you?"

JOKE It was many years ago since the embarrassing day when a young woman, with a baby in her arms, entered his butcher shop and confronted him with the news that the baby was his and asked what was he going to do about it? Finally he offered to provide her with free meat until the boy was 16. She agreed.

He had been counting the years off on his calendar, and one day the teenager, who had been collecting the meat each week, came into the shop and said, 'I'll be 16 tomorrow.'

'I know,' said the butcher with a smile, 'I've been counting too, tell your mother, when you take this parcel of meat home, that it is the last free meat she'll get, and watch the expression on her face.'

When the boy arrived home he told his mother.

The woman nodded and said, 'Son, go back to the butcher and tell him I have also had free bread, free milk, and free groceries for the last 16 years and watch the expression on his face!'

THE BLUE BOOK The Bristol Channel Handbook (also known as the 'blue book' or 'Bristol Channel Pilot') which comprises pilotage information, submitted by the various clubs and interested bodies around the channel, is in the process of being re-compiled by the 'B.C.Y.A'. With volunteers putting in all the effort to bring this book to publication I hesitate to give a publication date, but anticipate that it will be available towards the beginning of the sailing season next year (2004). The book will be in the format of A5 size loose leaf, with a suitable folder also available.

INCREDIBLE In the last 40 years the mean sea level around the U.K. has increased by 0.1 metres and an air pressure difference of 34 millibars can change the height of the tide by 0.3 metres. Amazing stuff!!!

SYPHONING When you use a siphon, one end is in the larger portion of the water (if that's what you're siphoning), the other end is below the "tank" or reservoir. What makes things fall toward the earth? That's right, gravity. Because the terminal end is below the "tank" from which the liquid is being transferred, the water flows downhill.

But then how does the water or other liquid get uphill? The air pressure differential between the reservoir and the receiver tank causes the water to go uphill, once it gets up, it has to fall. It is gravity which causes things to fall toward the center of the earth. Once the water is started moving downward, gravity continues the process. But why does the water in the tank continue to "follow" the water in the tube? There is another process involved but it has to do with chemistry. This would be cohesion.

Molecules of a substance "stick" together with other molecules that are the same. There are tiny forces between the molecules that cause this. In the case of water, these forces are called "hydrogen bonding". As a result of these forces, the molecules "stick" together and one follows the other as they are pulled along, out the tube. T.D.

Equator and the poles, offers its perilous aid, and the power and empire that follow it. . .

"Beware of me," it says, "but if you can hold me, I am the key to all the lands."

- Ralph Waldo Emerson - Albert Camus

RYA As an RYA Member, are you aware of all the benefits that you are entitled to?... Yacht Insurance scheme, Dinghy Insurance scheme, Publications, Multi-Trip Travel Insurance, AA Membership Trailer Rescue, RYA Visa Card, Volvo discount, RYA Magazine, Magazine subscriptions, RYA Online, Boat Show Discounts, RYA Members Lounges Travel Extras, RYA Display Certificates, 10% discount on most policies, 10% off all RYA and other recommended publications.

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Currency delivered and free commission. A free special one-off presentation certificate complete in a presentation folder to mark your achievements in the RYA Cruising Scheme. (First certificate only.) Issued free to qualifying members. International Certificates of Competence Free Advice All the information you ever need from our expert legal, technical, cruising, racing and training teams. Free, if your interest is windsurfing. Third party Windsurfing Class Certificates Sail Numbers Measurers' Insurance, £5 off normal rate. Special public liability and professional indemnity insurance, Free to RYA Measurers (must be members).

Third party liability indemnity insurance available only to members. Instructors/Coaches Insurance Race Officers' Insurance Free third party liability insurance for qualified RYA Race Officers plus National Judges and Umpires.

Please note, not all benefits are available to all members. All benefits are subject to availability and Terms and Conditions apply. Contact the Membership Department for full details on 0845 345 0375. T.D

SNOW One winter morning while listening to the radio, Norman and his blonde wife hear the announcer say, "We are going to have 8 to 10 centimetres of snow today. You must park your car on the even numbered side of the street, so the snowplough can get through." Norman's wife goes out and moves her car.

A week later while they are eating breakfast, the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 10 to 12 centimetres of snow today. You must park your car on the odd numbered side of the street so the snowplough can get through." Norman's wife goes out and moves her car again. The next week they are having breakfast again, when the radio announcer says "We are expecting 12 to 14 centimetres of snow today. You must park..." then the electric power goes out.

Norman's wife is very upset, and with a worried look on her face she says, "Honey, I don't know what to do. Which side of the street do I need to park on so the snowplough can get through?" With the love and understanding in his voice like all of us men who are married to Blondes exhibit, Norman says, "Why don't you just leave it in the garage this time?"

COD'S WALLOP Les caught a 12Lb cod off Marianne somewhere near the mid Cardiff buoy. The fish was gutted and the large head removed and was used as the basis for a fish soup. The recipe follows: Boil the head in 3 pints of water until well cooked and the flesh comes away. Strain off the liquid, separate any flesh and put with the liquid discard the rest Add one or two fish or chicken cubes. Add a chopped onion and two cloves of crushed garlic. Add chopped carrot parsnip and celery, add a handful of lentils. Add fish spice, fennel seeds and half a teaspoon of chilli paste. Pressure cook the whole lot until all soft and leave to go cold. Serve reheated the following day. Enough for 8 servings. PAT WOOD 12.03

POEM

On an ancient wall in China
Where a brooding Buddha blinks
Deeply graven is the message
It is later than you think
The clock of life is wound but once
And no man has the power
To tell us when the hands will stop
At late or early hour
Now is all the time you own
The past a golden link
Go sailing now my brother
It's later than you think

Roger H Strube

FOR SALE Korina, 20 foot Bermudan sloop, fin keel outboard engine, £2705.00 plus cradle & trailer £950.00 tel 01443 822548 Topper # 35418. Good all-round condition, race pack, full cover, trolley. £550.00. Contact Jeremy Taylor, tel - 029 2040 0457 e-mail - taylorbuild@yahoo.co.uk

ORGANIST WANTED A nice sized electronic organ has been donated to the club by Alan Savage our Vice President, unfortunately we have none to "drive it" if you are able to give it a try please come along and have a go... contact Roy Evans 029 2070 4696.

HEAVEN We are as near to heaven by sea as by land. Sir Humphrey Gilbert

REGULAR FEATURES Angling - Bryan (Reels) Morgan, Flying Fifteens, Pingel Tales - Brian Pingle, Around the Channel - John Wood. New Members - Roy Evans. Commodore - John Jefferies. Petals Perils - Judy Veal, Social calendar - Dave Penning, A little bird told me - Barrie Metcalf.

Thank you for supplying regular copy for the Bear Essentials. No doubt it would be impossible to produce without your contributions. My ultimate goal is to get regular monthly copy from every section of the Club. T.D.

Herman Melvill... The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. Edward Gibbone

Liberty is being free from the things we don't like in order to be slaves of the things we do like. - Ernest Benn

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LIFE: 1. Give people more than they expect and do it cheerfully. 2. Memorise your favourite poem. 3. Don't believe all you hear. 4. Don't spend all you have. 5. Don't sleep all you want. 6. When you say "I love you", mean it. 7. When you say "I'm sorry", look the person in the eye. 8. Be engaged at least six months before you get married. 9. Believe in love at first sight. 10. Never laugh at anyone's dreams. 11. Love deeply and passionately. You might get hurt but it's the only way to live life completely. 12. In disagreements, fight fairly. No name-calling. 13. Don't judge people by their relatives. 14. Talk slowly, but think quickly. 15. When someone asks you a question you don't want to answer, smile and ask, "Why do you want to know"? 16. Remember that great love and great achievements involve great risk. 17. Call your mom. 18. Say "God bless you" when you hear someone sneeze. 19. When you lose, don't lose the lesson. 20. Remember the three R's: Respect for self, respect for others, responsibility for all your actions. 21. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship. 22. When you realise you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it. 23. Smile when picking up the phone. The caller will hear it in your voice. 24. Marry a spouse you love to talk to. As you get older, conversational skills will be as important as any other. 25. Spend some time alone. 26. Open your arms to change but don't let go of your values. 27. Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer. 28. Read more books and watch less TV. 29. Live a good, honourable life. Then, when you get older and think back, you'll get to enjoy it a second time. 30. Trust in God, but lock your car. 31. A loving atmosphere in your home is so important. Do all you can to create a tranquil harmonious home. 32. In disagreements with loved ones, deal with the current situation. don't bring up the past. 33. Read between the lines. 34. Share your knowledge. It's a way to achieve mortality. 35. Be gentle with the earth. 36. Pray. There's immeasurable power in it. 37. Never interrupt when you are being flattered. 38. Mind your own business. 39. Don't trust a person who doesn't close his or her eyes when you kiss them. 40. Once a year, go someplace you've never been. 41. If you make a lot of money, put it to use helping others while you are living. That is wealth's greatest satisfaction. 42. Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a stroke of luck. 43. Learn the rules and then break some. 44. Remember that the best relationship is one where your love for each other is greater than your need for each other. 45. Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it. 46. Remember that your character is your destiny. 47. Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon. 48. If you have a mortgage, let it be on a boat. 49. Go sailing whenever possible, with your spouse as crew. 50. Dance like nobody is looking, Love like you've never been hurt, Sing like nobody's listening, Live like it's heaven on earth. 51. Never take your spouse sailing. I took mine out twice and now we have two little boys..... Never get bored in the evening... T.D.

MANAGEMENT MEMO

SICK DAYS:

We will no longer accept a doctor statement as proof of sickness. If you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

SURGERY:

Operations are now banned. As long as you are an employee here, you need all your organs. You should not consider removing anything. We hired you intact. To have something removed constitutes a breach of employment.

PERSONAL DAYS:

Each employee will receive 104 personal days a year. They are called Saturday & Sunday.

VACATION DAYS:

All employees will take their vacation at the same time every year. The vacation days are as follows: January 1 & December 25.

RESTROOM USE:

Entirely too much time is being spent in the restroom. In future, we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical Order. For instance, all employees whose names begin with 'A' will go from 8:00 to 8:20, employees whose names begin with 'B' will go from 8:20 to 8:40 and so on. If you're unable to go at your allotted time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your turn comes again. In extreme emergencies, employees may swap their time with a co-worker. Both employees' supervisors must approve this exchange in writing. In addition, there is now a strict 3-minute time limit in the stalls. At the end of three minutes, an alarm will sound, the toilet paper roll will retract, the stall door will open and a picture will be taken. After your second offence, your picture will be posted on the company bulletin board under the "Chronic Offenders" category.

LUNCH BREAK:

Skinny people get 30 minutes for lunch as they need to eat more so that they can look healthy. Normal size people get 15 minutes for lunch to get a balanced meal to maintain their average figure. Fat people get 5 minutes for lunch, because that's all the time needed to drink a Slim Fast and take a diet pill.

Thank you for your loyalty to our company. We are here to provide a positive employment experience. Therefore, all questions, comments, concerns, complaints, frustrations, irritations, aggravations, insinuations, allegations, accusations, contemplation, consternation and input should be directed elsewhere. Have a nice week. Management. T.D.

Bear Essentials is the Newsletter of the Cardiff Bay Yacht Club, it is produced monthly and is **entirely dependent on articles contributed by members**, the deadline is the end of each month, if you have an article, anecdote, item for sale or wanted etc. please e-mail it to the editor...
Tony Davies... enq@natures-table.co.uk

TRONIC REMEMBERED At 7:00 am, the Brooks and Gatehouse digital wind speed indicator peaked and appeared to freeze at 99 knots (115 mph). The hurricane, indifferent to this arbitrary value, continued to intensify. Its winds rendered an intolerable outcry in the boat's rigging. The barometric pressure continued to fall, closing inexorably with the eye's center, now only a few miles away.

Although relatively protected and secured in the narrow little mangrove creek, the boat pitched and rolled violently. No longer was it possible to stand up. Norah had wedged herself between the settee and main saloon table. With apparent composure, she watched her husband sitting at the "nav" station recording the changing parameters of the storm. But against her will, a silent tear betrayed her apprehension, and she leaned over and said: "John, *please* tell me we're going to get through this." Carefully crossing the cabin sole, he sat down and put an arm around her. With absolute confidence, he then told her the most outrageous lie: "Murphy, me darlin'... (A sobriquet and her maiden name.) Notwithstanding all the pissing and moaning outside, the old girl is stronger than both of us. We'll be laughing about this soon enough. Hang on just a little bit longer, sweetheart."

He returned to the 'nav' station and continued his readings. Sustained winds now exceeded 140 miles per hour, gusting to 170. The barometric pressure continued to spiral downwards. He had no illusions about what was happening and waited with a curiously detached dread for the boat to break loose and founder. Later, it would be determined that the yacht "Mara Cu" was, at that moment, four miles *inside* the inner wall of the eye of the hurricane known as "Andrew."

Shortly after we brought "Mara Cu," a Belliere 40 sloop over from Spain, I began thinking about what to do if a hurricane ever threatened Miami. On the docks and in the bars of Coconut Grove, there was much idle talk. Many people seemed content to ignore the marina caveat to depart if a hurricane warning should be declared, preferring to sit out the storm ashore (if one should ever come).

Most people were comfortable knowing their insurance would deal with the misfortune. A few serious sailors realized that leaving a boat in any marina would be suicidal. Some had made arrangements to take their boats up the Miami River, a traditional refuge, and had reserved slips expressly for that purpose. Others talked about "hurricane holes" and survival tactics.

After a lot of thought, and inspired by the old pro, Hal Roth, I bought a three piece, 100 pound Paul Luke fisherman anchor. I replaced the anchor cable with 300 feet of high-test, 3/8ths inch chain. I made up two 50 foot lengths of 3/4 inch nylon rope, eye spliced at one end of each rope to a chain hook.

My intention was to ride out the storm, should one come, in a suitable, yet to be determined anchorage. I would use the Paul Luke as the primary anchor, a 45 pound CQR in tandem. The nylon springs, belayed at one end to bow mooring cleats, and attached at the other end to the chain by chain hooks, would take up most of the shock and strain once the chain was let further out.

From the moment Andrew was conceived as a tropical disturbance, I developed vague misgivings. It was Thursday, August 13th, our wedding anniversary. It was also the day Norah and I closed on the house. The sale had been a painful experience, the buyers difficult. Previously unknown defects had appeared during a pre-sale inspection, and we had taken a financial drubbing. But it was now over, and with a great sense of relief, we moved on board.

Our first vacation in four years had begun, and we made preparations for a three week trip to the Abacos in the northern Bahamas. With growing apprehension, however, I watched Andrew mutating out in the mid-Atlantic. I began thinking about "The Plan". I also began to regret all the lost weekends when we had intended to practice setting up and laying out all the expensive storm gear, preferring instead a lazy afternoon sail with beer-drinking friends. On Friday, August 21st, Andrew, now only several hundred miles due east of Miami, became a full-blown hurricane... and suddenly began moving west. Reluctantly, we cancelled our plans for the Abacos. My friend Tom, from "Eclipse," came over to the boat late in the afternoon. He was leaving the marina for his hurricane berth up the Miami River and wondered where "Mara Cu" might be going. "Haven't decided," I said. "For sure, I want to head south-the safer side of the storm-should it actually come this way." Tom suggested a little protected piece of water named Little Card Sound, just north of Key Largo.

After Tom left, I looked at the chart. Little Card Sound seemed as good as any. At the head of the dock, a group of Pier 5 regulars clustered on board a large trimaran, and a party began. Soft guitar music drifted down on an early evening sea breeze. The sun set with its usual tropical flamboyance. There was an aspect of dreamlike unreality to the scene, as though no-one yet knew or cared about "Andrew." They were in for a surprise.

We spent Saturday, August 22nd, preparing the boat for an early departure the following morning. While Norah sorted and stored a month's worth of supplies, I took off the roller-furling jib and wrapped the main and mainsail cover with rope. I began removing all the storm gear from the lazarette, laying it out on the foredeck and lashing it.

During a break for lunch, Norah and I watched a local news program. A hurricane alert had been posted from Titusville in central Florida to Key West. Pictures from Nassau, only 100 miles east of Miami, showed a nonchalant assembly of revelers, oblivious to "Andrew" looming over the horizon. We ate one last time at Scotty's Landing, usually full of boisterous people on a Saturday night. It was almost empty. It suddenly astonished me that not once had Norah questioned what it was we were about to do.

I awoke at daybreak. It was Sunday, August 23rd. Peering down the dock toward the marina office, I saw two red flags, one over the other, a black square in the center of each. They fluttered in the morning breeze. The hurricane warning had been posted during the night. Before leaving, I helped reposition my friend Barry's boat in its slip. Barry, sick and short-handed, and with a boat he was unsure of, had decided not to leave the marina. As we motored out of the marina, we waved one last time to our friend.

Barry stood disheartened on the bow of his ketch. It was obvious that he expected to lose his boat. Our plan was to motor south down the Intracoastal Waterway, through the Featherbed Cut into lower Biscayne Bay. From there, we would pass through the Cutter Bank and into Little Card Sound, 25 miles south of Miami. On the chart, it was depicted as a little bay protected to the west by land, and the Cutter Bank to the east. Our second choice was Angelfish Creek, but I was worried about getting into the entrance with our six feet of draft. So we progressed down the Waterway under a broiling sun. Norah steered, I prepared all the gear necessary to survive. I seized all the anchor and chain hook shackles and assembled the 100 pound Paul Luke anchor on the foredeck. I sewed chafing gear to the nylon springs. I inflated the dinghy to use later to run lines ashore. I was almost overcome by frustration when I realized a critical shackle I had acquired to attach to the ring of the Paul Luke anchor was fractionally too small and would not slip over the ring. I took a hammer to the shackle and began pounding it onto the ring. It became airborne, nearly going overboard. I continued to pound and mangled my thumb in the process. But I got it on. Continued...

Worried friends and relatives began to call on the cellular telephone. One caller was my son, a pilot, on a flying assignment in Turkey. He was transfixed before his hotel room television set, watching non-stop news on CNN of Andrew's advance. Another was Norah's son Kerry, who called from London. He wondered if his mother had gone a little mad. As touching as these calls were, there was little time for talk. Norah relayed their encouragement to me as I worked on the foredeck.

Shortly after noon, NOAA Weather Radio broadcast the news that Andrew had become a Category 4 hurricane, heading for Miami at 16 miles per hour. My heart sank and I began to have doubts.... My doubts deepened to grave misgivings when we entered Little Card Sound. It seemed impossible to me that we could survive in this pitiful little bay in the winds now forecast.

I wondered what I was doing out here arrogantly teasing God. I became, paralysed by uncertainty.

I also had the urge to wet my pants. For the first time, I recognized the fear on Norah's face and in her voice. Grimly, she suggested that we at least *look* at Angelfish Creek before making a final decision. After an interminable period of inconstancy, I turned the boat around. I faced the spectre of grounding in the channel's entrance at the worst possible time. Norah suggested that we call "Doc" Smith.

"Doc" was a friend, a fellow pilot, and experienced sailor. He'd once lived at Ocean Reef and, providentially, knew the area around Angelfish Creek well. He reassured me that if we waited for high tide, and stayed as close to the entrance markers as we dared, we would get in. Once inside, he said, we should proceed up the main creek until just before the eastern end, turn left, and follow a small tributary north, which would lead us into South Broad Creek. "Doc" recalled that it was deep and well protected on both sides by mangroves. There, he assured us, we should be secure. Norah said goodbye to "Doc" with a prayer of thanks.

My confidence returned. We arrived at the entrance and motored in circles for the better part of an hour, waiting for the rising tide. With an hour to high tide, a sail appeared to the north, heading directly for us. Mildly paranoid, and wanting to be first in, I waited no longer. With Norah on the bow looking wide-eyed down into the shallow water at the passing coral-heads, and the sixty-three horsepower Volvo diesel wide open, I aimed for the channel entrance marker. We passed it inches to port, making seven knots, stirring up clouds of mud and sand. The boat bumped a couple of times, but we made it in.

The sailboat behind us was "Sun Duchess," an Oceanic 43, cutter-rigged sloop, coincidentally owned by Terry Richtmeyer, our next door neighbour at Dinner Key. After a warm exchange, we told Terry about "Doc's" hideaway, and he followed us.

Norah continued to stand on the bow looking for coral heads. The soundings looked good, rarely less than seven feet. It seemed we had found the perfect spot to ride out the storm, now less than twelve hours away. But we had three hours until dark. There was still very much left to do.

South Broad Creek ran due east and west. It was about a mile long and thirty yards wide, lined along either side with mangroves rising ten feet above the water. One hundred yards to the north, and running parallel with the creek, was a large stand of casuarinas trees-an additional windbreak.

Because of the strong current at the time-soon to reverse with the tide-we ended up heading east to anchor (In retrospect, a major error. The hurricane's winds would be strongest out of the WEST! But neither of us thought about this at the time). I set the main anchor-the 100 pound Paul Luke, laying out 300 feet of chain. I set the 45 pound CQR off the stern, laying out the nylon rope as Norah motored back toward the first anchor. I put the dinghy over the side.

With mask and fins, I checked both anchors visually. The Paul Luke had disappeared into a big hole in the coral. However, the chain from it had wrapped around a large piece of coral rock at an angle before running back to the boat. I tried to lift the chain to straighten it. The current, and the weight of the chain made this impossible. I checked the CQR. It too had disappeared into a hole and had set well. Next, I ran 3/4 inch nylon lines off both stern quarters to the heaviest, thickest mangrove roots I could find. Back on board, Norah working right along side me, I used the primary winches to tighten the lines. I set the two nylon springs onto the main cable with the chain hooks, easing out the rope slightly until they took up the strain. Satisfied, I deflated and stowed the dinghy. We did a walk-around of the deck in the failing light. Then, for the first time since our departure that morning, Norah and I sat down below. We tried to relax and listen to the latest news.

The news was not good. Andrew's highest winds were now 140 miles per hour. It was tracking at 16 miles per hour on an easterly course. The lowest recorded pressure in the eye was 941 millibars. The storm would hit Miami early Monday morning. We were most concerned about any indication *at all*, that it would veer south. The eye's northerly coordinate was holding at 25.4 degrees, which would put it at least 10 to 15 miles north of our position. It appeared that Homestead, uncomfortably close to us to the northwest, would now take the full brunt of the storm. Outside, the weather was giving no clue about what lay now only 130 miles away. Light easterly winds bathed us with hot humid air. Norah prepared some stew. We tried to get some sleep, but our apprehension made that difficult.

Again, my son called from Turkey. I reassured him that we were fine tucked in the little creek, and if he didn't hear from us again for a while, not to be concerned. All the phone lines and antennae would probably have gone down.

At 9 pm, "Sun Duchess" called on Channel 69, our private working frequency. Terry was about 200 yards behind us, pointed the same way. He had set two anchors forward and two aft, and had attached himself to the mangroves as we had. We turned on our anchor lights and agreed to check in, in *two* hours time.

At 11 pm, Norah made a large pot of strong coffee. I began a deck log at midnight and began to record barometric pressure and wind velocity. The wind picked up about midnight... a few teasing gusts at first, but then with more perseverance. The barometric pressure began its descent. The cellular phone rang again-a second call from my sister. She had located the boat's position on a Rand McNally road map. "John, the whole family is praying for you. You *do* have a bible on board, don't you?" "No," I answered reluctantly. "Do you remember the Lord's Prayer? "Some of it." "Does Norah remember it?" After a pause, a loud "Yes!" from Norah. "John, all of us will be praying for you. (Her voice was now tremulous.) You're mad, you know. I love you so much. God bless you both and Good Luck!" (She was convinced we were both going to die.) Continued...

At 3.05 am, the wind had risen to 70 miles per hour. The phone rang one last time. It was Sorensen, good friend and ex-mayor of the Florida Keys. Sorensen was watching Andrew on television from the comfort of his summer home in North Carolina. Mildly astonished to discover exactly where we were at that moment, Sorensen suggested that he could probably arrange to have some coffee and doughnuts delivered to the boat. This incongruous conversation ended with a terse "Hang in there, you guys." Sorensen owned a large supermarket in Key Largo and expected it to blow away.

At 4 am, the wind increased to 80 miles per hour and continued to back to the west-northwest. The pressure dropped below 980 millibars. It was unbelievably loud outside - a constant, unnerving shrieking and moaning. The boat moved about with short, violent jerks. Torrential rain, driven by the wind, forced its way through the main companionway hatch.

When the wind abated briefly, we were able, by looking out either aft cabin port light, to determine whether we were dragging. A third port light, facing aft, allowed us to see the anchor light from "Sun Duchess" directly behind us. I could no longer hear the Mozart piano concerto on the CD player. I spent my time at the "nav" station recording data every few minutes. Norah and I would then stagger into the aft cabin briefly to check our position. The cat, "Rico" had long since disappeared into a small locker in the center cabin.

In the midst of all this chaos, I remembered my Danish friend Heise-Laursen with whom we had sailed so long ago in the "Med." Soon after we would cast off, Lars always poured an ounce or two of rum into the water. He was adamant that we could have an uncomplicated voyage only if we made this offering to the great Viking sea god, Rasmus. Shocked that I had forgotten Rasmus, I now crawled along the cabin sole to the forward head with a bottle of Mt. Gay rum in one hand. I poured the entire bottle into the toilet, flushing it overboard. I hoped that Rasmus would be pleased. With no less resolve, I recited the Lord's Prayer... with a little help from Norah.

At 4.40 am, seven minutes after I told my outrageous lie, I began to talk to the boat. The pressure now grazed 957 millibars. The Brookes and Gatehouse wind speed indicator had pushed off scale and was stuck at 99 knots (115 miles per hour). The rigging screamed with tempestuous rage. The boat pitched and rolled desperately. "Come on, 'Mara Cu,' old girl, hang on," I said. "You can do it, you can do it."

At 4.46 am, I recorded a one millibar rise in pressure. I marked a large star in the deck log. We were, now, seventeen meager millibars from the eye or, as later evidence would show, four miles inside the inner wall of the eye. The wind, now out of the west, held the speed indicator pegged. Judging by the increasing noise level outside, it was blowing well in excess of 140 miles per hour, and then "Sun Duchess" broke loose. Though Terry screamed a warning to us over the radio, we couldn't hear him. Instead of drifting down on us, "Sun Duchess" was hurled high into the mangroves on the north side of the creek.

Shortly after 5 am, I began to think we would get through the ordeal. The stern anchor was holding. The starboard breast line and its companion mangrove showed no signs of giving way. The Paul Luke wasn't even breathing hard. The pressure continued to rise. The wind speed indicator had actually come off the peg, indicating less than 100 knots (116 mph) again. The wind continued to shift to the southwest, moderating to 85 miles per hour with occasional gusts of over 100.

Terry called again and this time we heard him. "Sun Duchess" was heeled at an angle of about forty degrees, motionless. He was high and dry, but not hurt. We told Terry how glad we were that his first warning went unheard. We would talk again at daybreak. At 6.50 am, it became light. The wind, now blew out of the southwest at 40 miles per hour, gusting to 50. We were being swept left about 40 degrees by the strong current and wind. "Mara Cu's" bow was two to three feet from the north bank of the creek. The bow anchor chain had obviously unhooked itself from the rock and the slack had allowed the boat to swing.

We were astonished at the sight of "Sun Duchess" fifty yards behind us, high in the mangroves, well over on her side. The casuarinas trees to the north of us had disappeared. The mangroves had been defoliated. It looked like we were anchored by a desert island.

We talked to Terry again and agreed there was nothing to be done for the moment. All of us were very tired and in need of sleep. "Rico" reappeared and curled up next to Norah in the V-berth. Not quite ready to crawl into the arms of Morpheus, I poured a very large scotch. Alone in the main saloon, with new-found humility, I offered my thanks... for answered prayers, for Norah's extraordinary support, to remarkable serendipity... and, of course, to Rasmus. We would never be the same again. With the help of a salvage tug, "Sun Duchess" was pulled out of the mangroves a day later. Other than some scratches, she was undamaged.

Together, we motored out of Angelfish Creek on Wednesday morning, carefully making our way up Biscayne Bay. The Coast Guard called us on Channel 16, informing us that the yacht "Clipper Nighthawk" had been trying to raise us for the last 48 hours. It was "Doc" Smith. When we made contact, his voice betrayed his obvious relief. Dinner Key had been destroyed, he said. He suggested we put in at the Miami Beach Marina, amazingly still in operation.

We entered an area where the cellular phone network was operational and, with difficulty, began to contact our friends. Reactions were varied: Some were obviously happy and relieved that we were still alive. Norah's brother, whom we called in St. John's, Newfoundland, thought it was the "gutsiest" thing his kid sister had ever done. My great friend, Gandt, an airshow pilot and author, was envious, and wished he could have come along for the experience. A couple of people were genuinely angry, not able to understand how a boat could possibly be that important. One accused me of risking my wife's life by forcing her to come with me. She implied that Norah did not have the "balls" to say no. Mildly irritated, I suggested that in fact, it had taken a lot of "balls" to say yes. One question frequently asked was whether we would do it again. Without hesitation, we answered yes. We felt we were safer in our well built Spanish boat than most people were in their houses. Our 40 foot boat weighed twice as much as the average three bedroom house. We were encapsulated in a near-indestructible egg with relatively little windage. And we were well protected by one of nature's gifts, the mangroves. Another question: What would we do differently if we had it to do over again? I regretted not practicing with the gear I had gone to the trouble of buying. As I explained to a fellow pilot: When you prepare for a simulator check ride, you are at least allowed a warm-up period before the check. I went into this check cold. We were lucky. The 100 pound Paul Luke anchor didn't help much because we were pointed the • wrong way in the creek. That could have made a *major* difference to the outcome. Again, we were lucky. Continued...

**Finding the leak and stemming the flow is the first order of business in any sinking vessel.
Gate valves are notoriously unreliable and should be replaced with ball valves.**

I would carry more line and at least two extra anchors, and run them deep into the mangroves on either side, off the quarters, in addition to what we had out. I had lived with redundancy and remain nervous without it. And finally: What were your thoughts during the worst part of the storm? Were you terrified? Did you think you were going to die? There was no doubt that we were fearful. I was unsure of the outcome. But there was no panic. I had had my bad moment out in Little Card Sound. I honestly believed that the worst that could happen would be breaking loose and ending up in the mangroves like "Sun Duchess." If we were holed somehow, we were in only eight feet of water and could not sink. I did *not* think we would die.

One last thing I learned; without question, the most important aspect of our experience: Norah and I had been put to a severe test and we had succeeded. But it was her unquestioned support that had made the difference. I could not have done this alone. In the end, it had taken adversity to bring us much closer together. Ozzie Dave.

WEATHER SPEAK WHAT IT ALL MEANS

HECTOPASCAL (HPA) The modern scientific name for the unit of atmospheric pressure. Equal to millibar.

LOW OR DEPRESSION An area of low pressure, usually less than about 1,015 hPa. Often associated with strong winds, usually with cloud and rain. In the N hemisphere, winds blow anticlockwise around a low.

FRONT The separation between air masses having different origins, eg the poles and tropics. A front will lie in a trough, sometimes a very pronounced V-shape, and at other times barely discernible.

TROUGH An extension from a low, often with a front.

DEEPENING Lowering of central pressure of a low; usually implies becoming more vigorous.

FILLING The reverse of deepening

HIGH OR ANTICYCLONE An area of high pressure. Often settled, dry weather with little cloud or thin, low cloud and no rain. Winds blow clockwise and can be quite strong, especially near coasts.

RIDGE An extension from a high.

INTENSIFYING Rising pressure in the centre of a high. Implies the high will persist.

WEAKENING The reverse of intensifying.

WIND DIRECTIONS Usually only given as N, NE, E etc. Each direction covers + 45°. Thus, SW covers winds from any direction between W and S.

WIND FORCE Marine forecasts are usually given in Beaufort forces. Note - with normal variability, winds will frequently be one force above or below the prediction for an area.

SEA BREEZE The wind caused by heating of the land during the day. Although often affected by cliffs and headlands, the sea breeze effect will often cause winds to blow slantwise onto a coast as though there was a low over the land.

NEAR GALE Beaufort Force 7 (28- 33 knots)

GALE Beaufort Force 8 (34-40 knots)

SEVERE GALE Beaufort Force 9 (41-47 knots)

STORM Beaufort Force 10 (48-55 knots)

CYCLONIC Used when there's a low giving winds that go 'all round the clock' in a sea area

FORECAST A prediction of the weather based on the latest information and the best science. Usually for 24 hours. Rarely correct in detail but usually useful!

WARNING Issued when actual or forecast weather may prove dangerous due to strong wind or, occasionally, fog.

IMMINENT In UK forecasts, it implies 'within 6 hours'

SOON In UK forecasts, it implies 'within 12 hours'

LATER In UK forecasts, it implies 'within 12-24 hours'

PERHAPS LATER Implies some doubt in the forecast of a gale. French forecasts use the more evocative '*menace de...*'

OUTLOOK A brief description of weather beyond the current forecast period. **report** A statement of actual weather.

WAVES The effect of the local wind on the sea. Waves break, once beyond ripple size.

SWELL The effect of wind that has died down or occurred at some distance away. Swell waves don't break.

SEA STATE The combined effect of wave and swell. Produced from The Practical Boat Owner T.D.

SAD Sail Area To Displacement Ratio - SA/D Used for boat comparisons. High numbers are associated with racing boats. The calculation is Sail Area in square feet divided by displacement in cubic feet to the 2/3 power. The cubic feet of displacement is calculated as the equivalent of sea water. Therefore there is one cubic foot of displacement for every 64 pounds of cruising weight.

SA/D = Sail Area / (Displacement)^{2/3}

Sailors are exposed to nature's beauty, or her ugliness, more intensely than more men ashore. I have chosen the sailor's life to escape society's restrictions and have sacrificed this protection. I have chosen freedom and have paid the price. Adrift by Stephen Calahan.