



A Death Aboard – by Mary Kilborn

The Cruise started as usual. Mom, Dad and I along with our dog Cassie set off from Meaford July 10, 1977. It was a sunny day with a light northwest breeze. I hoped and prayed that the breeze would get no stronger. I hate choppy water with a passion. Four years before, I had preferred to stay home at the farm and work with my horses. Mom and Dad had cruised alone for years but age seemed to be making it more difficult without crew. Dad considered my dislike of “roughness” and after frequent listening to the MAFORs, considered it was OK to travel. He was on his two-week vacation and wanted to get to the North Channel when he could relax away from patients.

My Dad was a busy doctor and took few holidays, but whenever possible he preferred to spend his spare time on his boat. He and Mom had their pride and joy built by Cliff Richardson Boats. The *Flying Chief 50* with twin 235 Detroit GM Diesels was launched in 1961 and berthed in Meaford. The ship’s bell, given to Dad after his term as Chief Commander of CPS, is mounted in the deckhouse within reaching distance. Suddenly he spotted something up there in the water just ahead of us. Damned if it wasn’t a huge oak door. You just never know what might be out there. To hit a big door at 1800 rpm would sure do big damage.”

I asked him once, what he was looking for about every two minutes when he would look astern and way off to both sides of the boat.

“You might just see a flare or someone in trouble.” he replied.

We stayed that night in Little Current. Dad walked his little dog Cassie. All was right with the world when Dad could walk Cassie where there were no rattlesnakes. I was happy to be tied to a dock especially since the wind seemed to be picking up.

We refueled the next morning and set off west past Narrow Island and headed to the James Foote Patch red flashing buoy.

From the Helm – by Cdr. Adrian Dwyer

Our " Fall Courses " are nearing completion with exams taking place in the next few weeks.

We would like to remind everyone of *the Annual Christmas Dinner on December 10, 2002*, at the *Kitchener Knights of Columbus Hall*. Beverages will be served at 1800 Hrs and dinner at 1900 Hrs. For Reservations please call Adrian at 747-3895 anytime and leave a message. Cost for the dinner is \$25.00 per person. Please let me know if you plan to attend by December 04, 2002, so we can inform the caterer how many meals to prepare.

The National AGM was held in Toronto in October with no major upsets because of elections. For the results please see the website at www.cps-ecp.ca.

Registration for the Winter classes in January will be held on January 9th and January 16th, with classes starting on January 23rd. We are in need of an instructor for the *Marine Maintenance* course. If anyone would be able to help out please contact our Training Officer Glenn Shugg at 894-5335

At this time I would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

After passing the buoy we set a 315 course. I asked Dad why all the other boats could “cut the corner” and save time to reach Clapperton Island or the Benjamins.

“James Foot Patch is a reef of boulders and boats should avoid any part of it by coming ‘round the buoy. Also you want to stay clear of Strawbenzie Reef.”

After a run of about an hour we entered Logan Bay on Clapperton Island, Dad’s favourite anchoring spot. The lower half of the bay has a mud and clay bottom; the upper half is a rock garden to avoid. I lowered the anchor in seven feet of water and Dad reversed slowly until we dug in. Dad let the diesels idle about five minutes to let them cool down and then—quiet. Song sparrows, thrushes and redstarts sang. A fish jumped. An osprey flew overhead. We had arrived at “our” bay. No other boats were

there. It was quiet at last.

I helped Dad unfasten the dinghy from its deck mount and we lowered it stern first, rolling it on fenders over the starboard aft deck. He took Cassie ashore to explore and see how the bay had wintered. Mom and I did some boat chores and then I tried some fishing from the cockpit of the *Chief*.

We settled into the routine of enjoying the quiet anchorage. Birds of all kinds were heard from the woods lining the shore. Mom and Dad remarked on the loons calling from Carling Bay just southeast of us. In the afternoon, I took the dinghy to look for the now rare Blandings Turtles that inhabit the bay.

Our second day at Logan Bay began with a light rain. It was a good day for reading. Dad occupied himself with repairing boat items in his "Glory Hole". This is the space below the deckhouse. It housed two banks of batteries, a variety of tools, replacement filters and other assorted parts. Dad enjoyed nothing better than standing in the "glory hole", his tools at waist level on the deckhouse sole with "something to fix".

Later Dad took Cassie ashore and returned in the early evening. The rain had stopped and it was partly cloudy with a light southeast breeze. We went to bed at sunset as the mosquitoes mandated that we all stay inside. They were fierce.

I settled into the bow starboard bunk. Mom and Dad were in the aft cabin astern of the deckhouse. At 2130 Mom came into the galley just aft of my bunk.

"Your Dad's not feeling well," she said.

I went back to their cabin. Dad had been sick to his stomach and said he had some chest pain. I helped him to his bunk and put two pillows under his shoulders. I took his pulse. I could feel my dread increasing. I'm a surgical nurse, not a cardiac nurse. Think! What does bigeminies mean as an arrhythmia? Keep calm! Think!

"I think you might have a bit of a myocardial infarct," I said. "Should I give you some digoxin from your medical bag?"

"I think it may be a plain old myocardial infarct," he replied. "No I don't think I want to try that of any morphine but you could give me a bit of Pantopon. That may help with the chest pain."

I got some Pantopon out of his medical bag. I mixed it in a teaspoon of boiled water. After it cooled a bit I drew up one cc in a 2-cc syringe and gave it hypodermically to him. Where the hell was a cardiac nurse or doctor when you needed them? There was no point in trying to take the boat into Little Current at that time. Just starting the engines would give Dad more to worry about. We had never run at night in those waters. I sat on the gangway to their bunks and waited for the pantaloons to take effect.

Mom said that when I was in the galley, Dad has pointed to his new VHF radio and said, "We're so lucky to have Mary and that new VHF aboard."

Dad had bought the new VHF before this cruise. He had the radio licence, knew how to work it and what to say. I didn't. Remember that I was into horses!

Dad said he felt a little better and would just rest a while.

Editorial

Another great boating season has ended and I'm sure everyone is busy making preparations for the upcoming holiday season. As always, it seems to have arrived so suddenly. However, the anticipation of sharing this special time with family and friends makes all the hustle and bustle of the season worthwhile.

This is our second issue on line. You'll notice that some significant changes have been made to the layout of the newsletter so that it is easier to read on line. Only a few members have indicated that they wish to receive a mailed copy of the High and Dry so I assume that most our members have access to the High and Dry via our website. I do wish to take this opportunity to publicly apologize to Bill Allan for incorrectly identifying Dave Allan as the web site author in the last issue. Bill has done an outstanding job of setting up our squadron website. I do hope that you are making frequent visits to our homepage at <http://www.kwpowerandsail.ca> to keep up to date on the many squadron activities that are underway.

This issue is devoted to boating safety. We have some very interesting and informative articles dealing with boating emergencies that are worthy of careful reading. Please be sure to read the articles and consider how you and your crew would deal with similar emergencies. Making the necessary plans to deal with unexpected events is one of the best ways to prevent boating emergencies from becoming catastrophes.

As the long winter months arrive, it's time to think about those warm, inviting memories of past vacations in exotic southern climates. In the next issue I would like to feature some articles on nautical winter getaways that our members have enjoyed. If you have had the opportunity to take a winter boating vacation in some southern destination, chartered a boating cruise in the sunny Caribbean, or enjoyed the luxury of a tropical cruise, please share your memories for our next issue. I'm sure the many wonderful experiences that you share will help to brighten the cold, winter months as we patiently wait for a new boating season to arrive. Please e-mail your contributions to rbren@golden.net by January 31, 2003 so that they can be included in the next issue.

Finally, I want to wish all of you a very happy holiday season. May you experience the joy and happiness of the season as you celebrate this special time with friends and family.

I was still sitting on the gangway at 2240 when Dad stopped breathing. He had died. CPR was of no use. Mom was devastated. So was I, but I had to stay in the “calm, think mode.” I was going to have to use the VHF, but I was unsure of the mechanics of it. Dad had never used electrical gadgets on board unless it was an absolute necessity—“It uses up the batteries,” he’d say.

I got through to the Wiarnton Coast Guard. I told them that the skipper had died aboard, our location, and that we needed a coroner.

Mom and I sat in the dining salon and waited without realizing that we should have left the VHF on. I had turned it off after my transmission.

At 0400 we heard the police launch from Little Current. Four officers were aboard with a local guide. I thought Dad would have had a fit as they stepped aboard wearing their hard, black shoes.

I had to tell one officer about bringing up the dinghy and then the anchor. I started the engines as I had seen Dad do so many times before and took the *Chief* slowly out the middle of the Logan Bay gap. The guide wanted to take the short cut past Elm Island.

“Oh no! Dad would never allow that. We have to run a bearing of 130 to the James Foote buoy and go around it,” I said. I was at the wheel, but I couldn’t see the flashing light on James Foote Patch. Closer, slower, closer, slower, but still no red light. Still slower, with docking lights on, we suddenly saw the James Foote Buoy dead ahead—burnt out! Of all nights!

We got into Little Current; my docking was dismal. I had never docked before. Having four big men aboard helped.

At 0830 Dr. Jack Bailey, the coroner, arrived. He pronounced Dad and allowed him to be moved to the funeral home. He felt that Dad had died from a coronary thrombosis.

It was a sad cruise for Mom and myself but Dad had died aboard his favourite boat in his safest bay. Two years later, I spread his ashes in Logan Bay too.

This article was submitted by Robert and Mary Kilborn in loving memory of Dr. Gordon Calder, 1905-1977. The *Flying Chief* (1961) is still getting them, Robert M. Kilborn and Mary (Calder) Bender, safely to and from the North Channel and their favourite Logan Bay.

Nautical Talk

How to Survive a Heart Attack When Alone

Let’s say it’s 6:15 p.m. and you’re driving home, (alone of course) after an unusually hard day on the nob. You’re really tired, upset and frustrated. Suddenly you start experiencing sever pain in your chest that starts to radiate out into your arm and up into your jaw. You are only about five miles from the hospital nearest your home but unfortunately your don’t know if you’ll be able to make it that far.

What can you do? You’ve been trained in CPR but the guy that taught you the course neglected to tell you how to perform it on yourself. Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack, this article seemed in order.

Without help the person whose heart stops beating properly and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds left before losing consciousness. However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously. A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest. A breath and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without letting up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again.

Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs and the coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it regain normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get to a phone and, between breaths, call for help.

Tell as many other people as possible about this; it could save their lives!

*This article was submitted by Past Commander Gary Millman and was published in the **Medical Book Probe**.*

Calling All boaters –By Larry Gorman

With every passing summer Marine radio channels become more crowded. We are in an era where remote communications seem to have taken on urgent and almost mystical qualities. At the bus stop and even on the highways cell phone contacts are in progress.