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fore'n aft



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*Santa's Plan to
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Artwork by Red Nose Graphics Ink.



Available on Facebook
Ask to join CFB Trenton
Yacht Club Group.

New Commodore takes over the helm

The new Flag Committee is looking different with departure of some familiar faces, and several new ones coming on board.

Jason Leuschen becomes the Club's 61st Commodore, taking over from Scott Creamer who has served since October 2019. Scott now replaces Dwight Koshman as past Commodore, a role he too has held for two years.

The new Vice Commodore is Andrew Hunt, who joined the Club in 2021 and immediately stepped in as treasurer.

Gerard O'Brian was overwhelmingly approved as Rear Commodore, a position long held by Dennis Dove who stepped down in September. This role is usually filled by a regular member, however the outgoing Flag specifically requested nominations of an associate or ordinary so as to acknowledge the very important contribution to the Club by it's non-military members.

Completing the new Flag Committee are ex-officio members Virginia Creamer, Secretary; David Reyenga, treasurer; Mary Game, Membership Director; and Dwight Koshman, Volunteer Co-ordinator.

During the handover, Jason acknowledged Scott's work on behalf of the Club over the last two years, an extended term made all the more challenging by Covid-19 rules which prohibited indoor gatherings. Despite restrictions, the Club was able to mark it's 60th Anniversary in September with a celebratory Sailpast and Champagne Reception.

A movie of the Sailpast produced by Scott's son, Colin, using drone photography, was shown to much acclaim at the SAGM. It will be shown again at future club gatherings.



Jason Leuschen takes over as Commodore from Scott Creamer who served in 2020 and 2021.



The forecast sounded ominous with gusty NW winds in the afternoon. Fortunately, the weather gods intervened by delaying the bad weather until later in the day, thereby ensuring the second lift out was as smooth and trouble-free as the first.

Photo by Dave Flett.

Some highlights of recent Club survey

BY JASON LEUSCHEN.

COMMODORE

Of the Club's 99 current members, 51 completed the Survey. 78 percent of those members own a sailboat, 16 percent own a powerboat, while 6 percent have no boat.

More than half the respondents most value the ability to use their boat (i.e. dockage, storage). Social and racing activities came in distant seconds at less than 20 percent each. Similarly, dockage winter storage, pump out, mast crane and clubhouse washrooms/showers are heavily used by members.

Desired upgrades have two clear priorities: potable water (74 percent) and wi-fi (63 percent). Clubhouse washrooms/showers (48 percent) and the breakwater (40 percent) are also clearly preferred over the remaining options (15-26 percent).

A slightly different picture is painted when asked what the #1 priority should be. Potable water is still the clear winner at 58 percent, whereas dock and storage upgrades for longer boats is the second highest at 14 percent.

From several questions it's clear that few members are willing to pay more, so the accommodation of larger boats, when pursued, is something that must be accomplished at minimal cost. This suggests it needs to be done through procedure (e.g. mooring line arrangement) or via upgrades accomplished by members.

This survey was a valuable tool to quantify member opinions and direct the next year of work by the executive. Surveys should become a regular tool for ensuring all voices are heard, and not just the squeaky wheels.

FLETCH'S NAUTICAL QUOTES

Learning to sail is a lifetime commitment and not just a one-course seminar."

Anon.

If you nurse every wound you get on a sailboat, you will spend all your time nursing wounds. It's best to just blurt a four-letter word and keep going."

Michelle Segrest.

FLETCH FLETCHER, TROPHY OFFICER

TROPHIES & AWARDS PRESENTATION, OCT. 30 2021

RACING SERIES	TROPHY	AWARDED FOR	3RD	2ND	1ST
DIEHARD	Baby Seal (white sail)	Best overall average in the Diehard series for white sail keel class boats.	Gerard O'Brien	Dale Harron	Carl Hisey
	Ye Old Seal (Spinnaker)			Carol Bailey	Erik Rasmussen
HARVEST	Bittersweet (White Sail)	Best overall average in the Harvest series for white sail keel class boats.	Dale Harron	Carl Hisey	Dwight Koshman
	Allegro (Spinnaker)			Carol Bailey	Erik Rasmussen
AROUND THE BAY	Vice Commodore	Winning skipper of the "Once around the Bay" Race.	Dale Harron	Dwight Koshman	Jim Buckle
CLUB REGATTA		Winning skipper of the annual Regatta for White Sail keel class boats.	Carol Bailey	Marty Mathias	Dwight Koshman
SAILORS BOWL		Skipper competing in the most Club regular or regatta races.	Carl Hisey/ Gerard O'Brien	Carol Bailey	Dale Harron
	Chuckie Poo	Most improved lady sailor		Dona Neves	
	Take Five	Most improved gentleman sailor.		Brian Coughlan	
COMMODORE CITATIONS		Outstanding service to the Club	Virginia Creamer, Gerard O'Brian, Bruce Milliken, Christine Flett, Eric Lawlor, Simon Arcand, Dwight Koshman, Carol Bailey, Jason Leuschen, John Stewart, Paul Martin, Marty Mathias.		
ROOKIE AWARD		Service above and beyond what is expected of a new member.		Andrew Hunt	
BROKEN PINTLE		The most harrowing on-water experience.		Scott Creamer	
SILVER SHACKLE	The Club's most prestigious award.	Service above and beyond what is expected of a club member.		Gerard O'Brian.	



Gerard O'Brian, winner of this year's Silver Shackle, with Commodore Jason Leuschen.



Above: Most Improved Lady Sailor, Dona Neves (Photo Brian Coughlan) and Most Improved Gentleman Sailor, Brian Coughlan.



Upper Right, Sailor's Bowl winner Dale Harron (centre) with runners-up Gerard O'Brian and Carol Bailey.

Lower right: Past Commodore Scott Creamer, Broken Pintle recipient, describes the challenges he faced when returning to Trenton from Cedar Island with only the wind to power his boat. On the plus side, he is now an expert sailor.

See story on next page.

Photos: Donna Neves.



BY SCOTT CREAMER,
PAST COMMODORE

"It's a sailboat, so why do you need a tow?"

I WAS ASKED TO WRITE AN ARTICLE FOR THE *FORE'N AFT* ABOUT MY TRIP to the 1000 Islands, a trip that won me the "Broken Pintle" Award this year.

Before I do, I would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone for their support during my time as your Commodore over the past two years. Although I have been a member of the Yacht Club for the better part of 20 years, I was one of those military members who was always away, or at least it seemed that way to me.

So when asked to be the Commodore I was reluctant as I was not familiar with the inner workings of the Club. I knew I had to rely heavily on the Executive and Flag members of the Club.

Then the COVID Pandemic hit and we were all in new territory, increasing my reliance and reducing the number of people in a position to help under the new restrictions. I have already showed my appreciation individually at the SAGM so I won't name names here, but will give one last shout out to everyone for their help running the Club and keeping me sane!

Speaking of sanity, or the near loss thereof, let's get to my Broken Pinto story. I am not an experienced sailor. Before this year, my experiences were mainly limited to this Bay in a 7.5m Tanzer. I am sure my harrowing experience that earned me this Broken Pintle award is just another day on the water for a more experienced sailor, but it was enough for me.

It started with sitting on a sand bar for hours trying to free ourselves in the first 24 hrs of a two-week trip to the 1000 Islands, at which time I realized that my Sea Tow had expired, so we were now waiting for the Coast Guard to come to the rescue. The end of the trip began on Cedar Island when I awoke to find a dead battery and was forced to run a noisy generator on this very peaceful island. Luckily I had very understanding neighbours.

After trying to start the motor several times, my Yanmar diesel engine backfired but started briefly before it came to a quick stop. When I tried to restart it, all I got was the starter spinning the flywheel freely from the rest of the engine. I feared the crankshaft had broken.

What do I do now? Call Rick Tinga of course!

I explained my situation and desire to get my boat towed back to Trenton, as I did not want to be stuck in Kingston over the winter with major work to be done. Rick suggested I call Dave Gartshore as he thought this was something Dave could handle.

So I did. Dave was willing to come and look at the boat, but not before asking me a thought-provoking question. I can still hear his words:

"Don't take this the wrong way, but it's a sail boat; so why do you need a tow?"

My answer was quick. "With my confidence level I can't see myself sailing through the narrows or under the bridges without a motor to back me up."



Virginia jumps ship at Kingston in favour of driving home.

I ended the conversation with a plan for Dave to come see the boat the next day. After I hung up, I got to thinking, why don't I try and sail home? What's the worst that could happen?

My wife, Virginia, was with my son Colin and I at the time, and after 37 years of being together, I knew our marriage could handle it.

Of course it could!

So I had one of the other boaters at Cedar Island give Virginia a boat ride over to Kingston so she could drive home.

Then Colin and I were towed off the dock into the bay off the shores of Kingston. There we waited for some wind. We waited, and waited, and waited some more. We even tried using the light wind Gennaker sail – unsuccessfully. It was so calm that occasionally we used our kayak paddles to keep us moving away from the shore, more for fun and to make light of the situation.

After an hour or two, the wind started to pick up and we were now on our way with six to seven hours of sunlight and 30 nautical miles to go for the first leg of our return home.

The winds turned out to be perfect for this leg of the course. We were able to navigate past the sand shores and islands by Collins Bay with no difficulties. The only nuance was having to run the generator to keep the instruments and fridge going as the batteries did not seem to be holding a charge.

We did not need to tack much between Collins Bay and the Upper Gap. The winds were stronger now, sustaining our speed up around seven to eight knots, and making us heal over nicely.

It was at this point, when crossing the Upper Gap, that I noticed a six-inch tear in the front sail. Good thing Virginia was meeting us in Kingston, and I had put our spare sail in the car. Bad thing was that the car and sail were now on their way home to Trenton with Virginia.



As the sun went down, so did the winds and our speed. Just in sight of the Glenora Ferry we were floating on glass-smooth water at a depth of 100 ft. There was no anchoring here.

As we were settling into a long night with shift watches, we spotted a couple out on a midnight boat cruise. We were able to signal them over using our flashlights and convince them to tow us closer to shore so we could get a good night's sleep before the next day's sail.

The weather forecast for the next day showed winds out of the southwest. The plan was to anchor at the junction of Adolphus Reach and Long Reach so the morning winds could blow us off the shore in the right direction for the next leg of the trip. After about a 20-minute tow we were able to set anchor just as planned in the shelter of the high cliffs.

When morning came we found the cliffs were protecting us too well, we had to pull out the kayak paddles again to get moving in the right direction. Once out of the shadow of the shoreline, the winds were again in our favour pushing us down Long Reach. We were travelling at about five to six knots and flat on the water, allowing us to enjoy breakfast on the way.

These same winds took on a different perspective once we rounded Foresters Island, making it difficult to line up our run to the Skyway Bridge – which, by the way, was under construction, adding to the challenge. But we did it! After a few tacks we were sailing under the bridge, bringing us to the area I feared most – the Telegraph Narrows.

Now at this point I have to acknowledge once again, that for a seasoned sailor this would be just another sail. But for me, it was the first time I had attempted going through the narrows with my motor off. It puts a whole new dimension to the stress level when you know you can't turn on the motor. To raise stress levels even higher, we had rain coming. The winds were in a good direction but at 20 knots gusting 30-35 knots. Let's not forget, I had to keep an eye on the torn sail.

We made it through the narrows unscathed. What a relief! We were now heading into Big Bay with lots of wind but no rain and lots of open water to navigate. This gave us time to think about our next leg. I should mention that the whole time I was in contact with other members of the Club, such as Dwight, Rick and Andrew Hunt, discussing options, but more importantly getting encouragement which did wonders in boosting my confidence and reducing the stress.

During a discussion with Andrew while in Big Bay, it was decided he would meet me at Sandy Cove. Based on my estimated arrival time to Belleville Bridge, and looking at the expected wind in the Wind Predict app, I would have strong winds head on while going under the bridge which I was not willing to do. So Sandy Cove it was.



As I neared Sandy Cove and looked at the wind and waves in Belleville Bay, I decided to try and get as close to the bridge as possible to save Andrew some time. What's the worst that could happen?

Things were going great! The waves by Belleville were smaller and the winds had changed a little, putting us on a good track to sail straight under the bridge, as you can see in the photo.

You may also notice the cloud front in the picture. I mentioned to Colin that, with our luck, we'd meet the front as we were going under the bridge and get hit by lots of rain and wind. My confidence was building, I wanted to make it under the bridge on my own so I could save Andrew the trip from Trenton.

As luck would have it, the cloud front got to the bridge just before us, but the amount of rain and wind we got was unexpected – zero rain and zero wind! We coasted towards the bridge coming to a complete stop just in front of it, then started to drift to the shore – and rocks. I tried to use what little wind we had but that only moved us closer to the rocks as I could not build up enough speed to regain steerage.

While I was doing this, Colin called to a larger sailboat that was motoring under the bridge from the other side, asking them to tow us through into safer water. I could not believe it when they refused his request, and instead instructed me to let out my sail – which is what I had been trying for the past five minutes! I almost laughed aloud seeing this other captain get more frustrated than I was. He finally agreed to tow us under the bridge to safer water.

On the other side, the wind picked up, and once again we were sailing at six to seven knots. We met Andrew halfway to Trenton. Seeing we were well on our way he went on his own little boat ride and met up with us again at the Club entrance. He hooked up a line and proceeded to tow us to our dock.

There was one final lesson to be learned during this trip. When being towed, do not change the plan halfway through because the momentum of an eight-ton boat is going to keep you going. Fortunately there were lots of people waiting to catch us and we made it in safely. I am so impressed at how our Club joins together to help each other, and I'm grateful to have been a recipient of that support.

A special thank you to Dave for repairing my engine. We suspect the flywheel bolts were not torqued properly last time it was worked on, as they had all sheared off. More importantly, thank you for your passive encouragement and reminder that Défi is a sailboat. This trip raised our confidence, teaching Colin and me a lot about our boat, and what we are capable of.



Swift action contains work party spill

BY CHRISTINE FLETT
SAFETY & ENVIRONMENT

Those yellow drums located at the end of each dock, are not for collecting garbage – as some members this summer seemed to think.

Known as spill kits, these contain oil sorbent materials such as booms, pads and other absorbent materials, and are specifically intended for use in an oil spill – like the one that occurred during a recent work party.

At around 0900 on Oct 2, the pontoon boat crew was preparing to collect the race marks from the Bay, however a continuous engine alarm indicated there was some kind of problem with the motor.

On examination, it appeared the engine oil level was too high so someone went to get a pump to remove the excess. Meanwhile, the crew checked the on-line manual which indicated that to get an accurate oil level reading required first tilting the motor forward, then back. Too late, they realized the dip-stick had not been replaced. As a result, about 125 ml of oil leaked into the water.

The spill-control protocol was immediately initiated which included deploying containment booms and notifying the Fire Department of the incident. Containment was slow and more difficult than expected, mainly because the floating control booms in the spill-kits ranged in size from 10 to 30 feet, so the crew had to look for chords or zip ties with which to fasten the booms together to achieve the required length. Nevertheless, their quick response contained the spill within the B-dock basin and prevented it from entering the Bay of Quinte.

A team from the Water Fuels and Environmental (WFE) shop on Base, who attended the scene at around 1000 hours, then deployed an enviro-drum to skim the oil off of the water surface. The photos below, provided by WFE shop supervisor Corey Maggiolo, show B-dock basin with the oil slick contained by the boom, and the same view after the oil had been skimmed off.



Photos above: Dwight Koshman.



Controlling Eurasian Milfoil & Water Soldier

BY CHRISTINE FLETT
SAFETY & ENVIRONMENT

AS A BOATER, YOU'VE CERTAINLY COME ACROSS EURASIAN WATER MILFOIL IN YOUR TRAVELS. IT'S THE stringy weed that wraps itself around your prop as you make your way in or out of the Club – or the Trent River, or the Murray Canal, or almost anywhere else you want to go.

As the name implies, Eurasian Milfoil is an invasive species that was first identified in the Quinte area during the late 1980s. Since then it has spread rapidly, causing problems throughout the region. The Club keeps it in check by treating with Reward herbicide, in July.

Reward has been around since the 1950s. It is a fast acting contact herbicide, but it is also non-selective meaning it affects everything it touches including native plants that water fowl rely on for food. Although still permitted in Canada, the active ingredient diquat dibromide is no longer allowed in other jurisdictions including the European Union.

Until recently, there was no alternative control for aquatic weeds in North America. That changed in 2018 when the US approved ProcellaCor, a selective herbicide developed to eradicate a class of weeds that includes Eurasian Milfoil. ProcellaCor is a "Reduced Risk" herbicide which means it can be applied to lakes without impacting other plants or interfering with recreation. Swimming and irrigation are permissible even during treatment.

In August, the Club became the first site in Canada to test the effectiveness of ProcellaCor against Milfoil. The areas chosen for our trial included a heavy infestation located east of A dock where SailAbility used to be, and the Sail Training area off the south beach.

On October 11, six weeks after treatment, a biologist from the US manufacturer visited the Club to assess results. A three-hour on-water evaluation produced over 30 raked samples from the treated areas. Many native weeds were identified plus Starry Stonewort and Curly Pondweed turions. No healthy Milfoil was found. Data from all Canadian sites will be submitted to PMRA for review and eventual approval of ProcellaCor for use in Canada.

WATER SOLDIER IS A PARTICULARLY NASTY WEED THAT SHOWED UP THIS SUMMER JUST OFF THE DOCK IN the south bay. It's easy to identify with sharp spiny sword-shaped leaves that form a rosette similar to pineapple plant. It begins life fully submerged but floats to the surface in summer. Mature plants produce offsets which eventually break off and float to a new location.

Water Soldier is not native to any part of North America –this corner of Ontario is the only place it's known to grow. The Ministry of Natural Resources has been working to eradicate the plant since 2015 when it was first identified in the Trent River yet despite their efforts it has now reached the Bay of Quinte.

Its discovery at Baker Island is bad news. If ignored, it could render the beach unusable derailing any plans for kayaking, dinghy sailing or swimming. Known to be hard to control, the use of weed blankets has proved effective in some areas.

This would be a good choice for the Club especially as fish spawning means it is unlikely we could chemically treat the area before next July.

The plan is to lay the weed blankets as early as possible next spring, leave them in place for up to three months, then follow up with at least one application of Reward herbicide.

Sayonara Water Soldier!



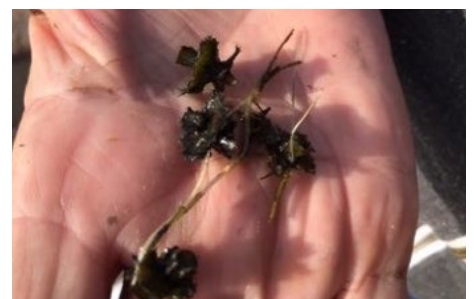
Painting the deck on a beautiful late October day are Gerard O'Brian with Karen and Marty Mathias.

Wendy Neumann, photo.



Above: Water Soldier in the Trent river system. First identified in 2015, this invader has now made its way to Baker Island where it threatens the south shore beach.

Below: Water Soldier plants found in shallow water off the south beach dock.



Above: Curly Pondweed turions are over-wintering buds unique to aquatic plants, that detach in summer and sink to the bottom where they remain dormant in the mud until spring. We all know what happens then.

Long time Club member Bill Phillips now a hospital volunteer

BY FLETCH FLETCHER

Bill Phillips served in the British Army and, after immigrating to Canada, joined the RCAF. After retiring from the RCAF he worked for Motorola, Honeywell and had a brief stint at Air Canada, always involving radios.



Bill and his wife Irene joined the Club in 1993 and won the first of their many racing trophies that same year. In fact, Bill won every White Sail trophy, most multiple times, including the Sailor's Bowl five times. Many a racer is very familiar with the stern of his C&C 29, Momma Bear.

Bill was twice awarded the prestigious Silver Shackle. He served on the Executive for many years as Membership Director, Handicap Officer and Fore 'n' Aft Editor.

Twice a year, as the money collector at lift in and lift out, he entertained all members with his endless supply of jokes. He also went for donuts and made coffee which he proudly announced was made with hot water – no one knows why that is significant.

After Irene's passing last December, Bill moved close to Sudbury to be near his daughter. He's still very active and already volunteering at the local hospital. He welcomes contact from his friends at the yacht club.

Note: You can contact Bill by phone at 705 596-2496, or email him at rwp85@outlook.com. Editor.



Water in the clubhouse: it's posted "non potable" but is it really unsafe?

BY CHRISTINE FLETT
SAFETY OFFICER.

The question comes up at almost every executive meeting – when will the Club have potable water in the building?



And it's not only the executive who are concerned. 58 percent of members who responded to a recent survey listed potable water as their top concern, while 74 percent indicated that they considered this a priority for upgrade.

The Club takes its water from a well located by the Baker Island Community Centre (BICC), a facility run by Personnel Support Programs (PSP) the same organization that oversees all recreational groups on base, including our Club.

The problem is that the water treatment equipment in the basement at BICC is not working, and repairs are expected to be costly. A figure of \$50K has been mentioned.

Recently, the executive learned that PSP has no plans to proceed with these repairs. This leaves the Club's 100 or so members, their families and guests without access to potable water in the building.

So what can be done?

Clearly, there should be a discussion with PSP, but before proceeding down that road, some on the executive felt it important to identify the true condition of the water. Non potable simply means "not treated," it does not necessarily mean unsafe. We know from the smell that sulphur is present, but does the water contain anything more sinister, bacterial contamination, for instance?

Following a lengthy discussion at a recent meeting, it was suggested that we have the water independently tested. Accordingly, a sample from a tap inside the clubhouse was sent to a local Health Unit. The results were good – zero e-coli and zero coliform colonies – indicating the tap water in the clubhouse is safe to use, which should ease some concerns about using the washroom facilities.

That said, it changes nothing. The Club's tap water is still untreated, so it's considered "non potable," and should not be consumed unless it has first been boiled.

Options for how best to resolve this problem so the club can one again drink the tap water, will be examined over the coming months.

FALSE DUCKS (SWETMAN) ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE – 1829-1965.

BUILT ON SWETMAN ISLAND IN 1818, THE FALSE DUCKS ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST IN CANADA. Its construction was the result of an 1827 petition to the government of Upper Canada by a delegation of ship's captains and owners, pleading for a light on the False Ducks where "dangerous reefs obliged vessels to lie-to at night rather than risk passing between the islands and the Main Ducks."

The False Ducks, located off the southeast tip of Prince Edward County, consist of Swetman Island, named after the first two light keepers, and Timber Island to the northwest. Duckling Reef extends southwest from Swetman towards Prince Edward Point.

Commissioned on July 25, 1829, the lighthouse was modelled on an 1820 lighthouse built by the US on nearby Galloo Island. Circular in form, it was 60 ft. high with rough-cast exterior, tapered walls and inside diameter of 10 ft. It was topped by an octagonal iron lantern room which housed 15 lamps and 16 inch reflectors. In 1885, a new lantern room and a third-order Fresnel lens were placed atop False Ducks Lighthouse, and in November 1904, a fog alarm was also established at the station.

The first keeper was Joseph Swetman who was hired in 1828 at an annual salary of £100 sterling. This figure was slashed in 1833 to just £62 a year, an amount fixed for all keepers regardless of circumstances. Swetman petitioned the government to have his agreed pay restored, citing a large dependent family, the remote location of the lighthouse, its barren soil which did not support farming, and long navigation season compelling him to remain year round, rendering it impossible to supplement his income through other means. His appeal was successful and his original salary reinstated. His son Fred Swetman took over his duties from 1863 until 1886. Together, Joseph and Fred served as light keepers on the False Ducks for fifty-eight years. Ten keepers followed with the last leaving in 1965.

James Hudgins was keeper in December 1902 when the steamer *John Hall*, heading to Deseronto with a fully laden schooner barge in tow, developed engine trouble off the False Ducks. Conditions were bad with strong east winds, fog and snow so the Captain decided to cut the schooner loose and go it alone. Two days later, the schooner's crew of five was rescued off Charlotte NY. The abandoned schooner was then swept back across the Lake where it grounded at Salmon Point.

The *Hall* was not so lucky. Wreckage from the steamer was found on Main Duck Island. None of the crew survived. A commission found that keeper Hudgins had "neglected to have his light in operation from the 10th to 14th December 1902, while navigation was still open, and that during this period the steamer *John Hall*, with all hands on board, was lost in a severe storm in close proximity." Hudgins was dismissed and Dorland Dulmage was placed in charge of the light.

On November 26, 1905, keeper Dulmage and his family were at supper when a severe storm hit the Island. A bolt of lightning described as being "in the shape of a three-tined fork" struck the lighthouse, cracking the tower wall. The lighting also ignited barrels of oil and coal stored nearby which burned the keeper's house to the ground. What happened to the family that winter is not recorded, however repairs were made to the tower in spring 1906, and a new dwelling and oil shed were built.

The lighthouse operated for a further sixty years. In 1965, the present automated electric light-tower was built and the last keeper, James McConnell, left the island. After 136 years, light-keeping on Swetman Island came to an end. The 1829 stone lighthouse on the False Ducks was demolished in 1966.

And yet, its story continues. In 1967, as a centennial project for South Marysburgh and Athol Townships, a thirty foot stone replica of the original 1829 tower was erected at South Bay in Prince Edward County. This was topped by the 136 year-old iron lantern and third-order Fresnel lens taken from the old stone lighthouse before it was torn down.

Dedicated on September 17, 1967, the tower (right) is a memorial to the over one hundred sailors from the County who lost their lives at sea. It now forms part of the Mariners Museum at South Bay in Prince Edward County.



The False Ducks Island Lighthouse on Swetman Island before its repair in 1906.



Existing automated light tower on Swetman Island.



Mariners Museum at South Bay, a replica of the 1829 Lighthouse at the False Ducks.

Chicken Pronto with Tipsy Orange Dessert

BY DOROTHY FLETCHER

To me, nothing is more enjoyable than taking a whole afternoon to cook a great dinner. But life doesn't always allow the luxury of so much time, and sometimes dinner needs to get onto the table quickly.

Here is a fail-proof entree that everyone loves. While it is cooking you can boil some pasta and steam a vegetable and everything should be ready together.

And this dessert is as decadent as it is simple. You should know that it is just as good without the liqueur. Well, almost as good but probably more suitable for the kids.

I wish you many leisurely afternoons in the kitchen this winter as you cook, perhaps sip a glass of wine and daydream about being out on the Bay again in the spring.



CHICKEN PRONTO

4 skinless boneless chicken breasts
Salt & Pepper
1 cup jarred pasta sauce or salsa
1/2 cup grated mozzarella

Cut chicken breasts in half lengthwise and lightly season with salt and pepper. Quickly pan fry the chicken in a bit of oil. Just lightly brown them leaving them raw at the centre.

Place the partly cooked chicken breasts in an oiled baking pan and spoon pasta sauce or salsa over them. Top with grated cheese. Bake at 350F until the chicken is fully cooked, the cheese has melted and started to lightly brown, about 10 - 15 minutes. Serves 4.

TIPSY ORANGES

4 navel oranges
2 tablespoons orange liqueur (Triple Sec, Cointreau or Grand Marnier)
Cinnamon

Prepare each orange by cutting a slice off the top and bottom to expose the fruit. Place the orange upright on a cutting board and thickly slice off the peel in strips following the curve of the orange.

Then hold the orange over a bowl and cut along the sides of each section allowing the fruit to drop into the bowl. Add the liqueur and cover. Refrigerate until ready to use, up to eight hours.

Place orange sections in stemmed glasses and sprinkle with a dusting of cinnamon. Serves 4.



Dorothy came on board in 2016 as editor of this feature which we whimsically call "Cooking on Board." She has planned, shopped for, prepped, cooked, photographed and documented recipes for no less than 36 food pages, all with meticulous attention to detail. But nothing lasts forever. After six years on the Fore'n Aft mast head, Dorothy is moving on. On behalf of the Club, I would like to thank her for her hard work and wish her many more fish to fry. Editor.