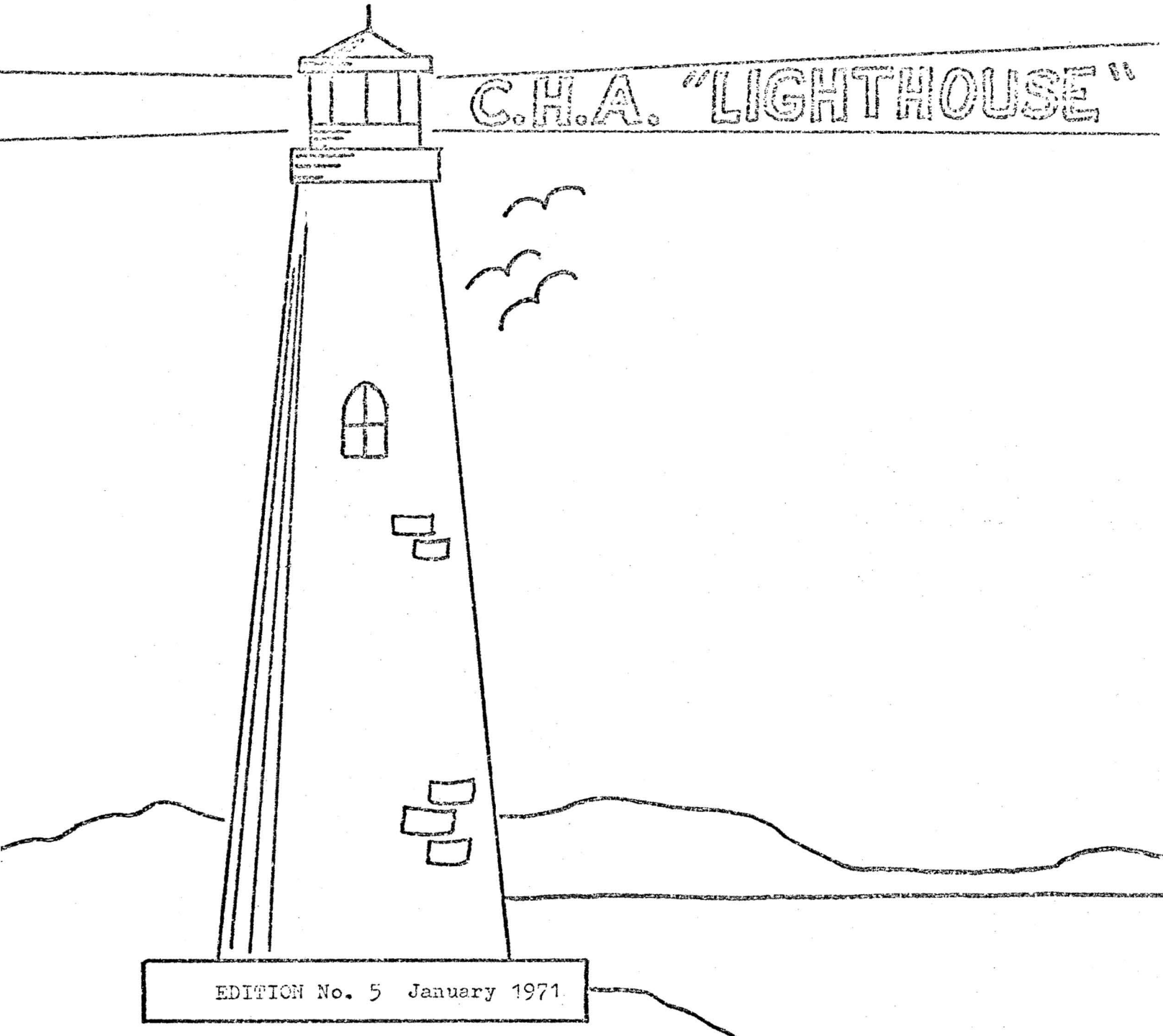
C.H.A. "LIGHTHOUSE"



EDITION No. 5 January 1971

FORWARD

As you have noticed from the cover of this newsletter we now have a title for our publication. It is a bright light in the harbour of hydrographers and it flashes at three month intervals.

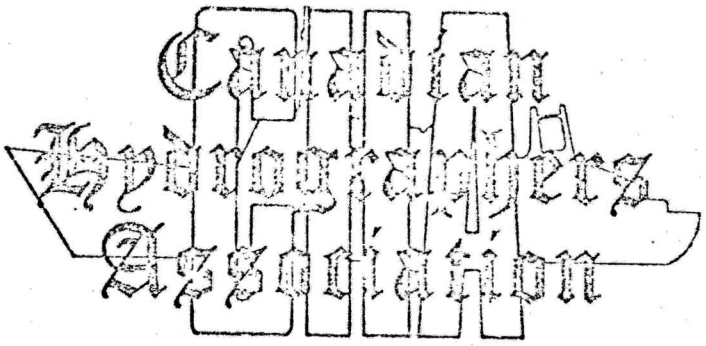
This is a new construction and should be recognized by all of us, especially those on the revisory survey team, as a symbol of strength and stability.

Your comments on THE LIGHTHOUSE -- its title, its cover, and its contents -- are sincerely invited and shall be gratefully accepted.

From the Editors

In the past issues, the editors have tried to achieve a balance between news, technical information, and humorous anecdotes. However, in this issue we feel that the balance should be altered slightly to meet what we feel are the immediate needs. To this end we are wholeheartedly devoting our time and this issue.

CHA Lighthouse January 15, 1971



Mr. R.W. Sandilands was suddenly called to the U.K. for personnal reasons and this has prevented him from contributing the article which he intended for the newsletter.

On Mr. Sandilands' behalf, we, the editors, would like to wish the 1971 National and Branch Executives every success in their endeavours during their coming term of office.

G. Macdonald
W. Silvey
R. Chapeskie

The CHA will soon be a defunct organization if two major problems are not soon resolved. These problems are: 1. lack of interest on the part of members, and 2. lack of recognition by other organizations.

Of these two problems, the lack of interest is most pressing. Only if this problem is solved- only if members become more active in CHA functions- will there be an organization left to be recognized.

It seems apparent that our organization has been hindered by paying too much attention to Article 2: Section 1(a) of the constitution, and not enough to the remainder of article 2. We must divert our attention from the step program in order to fulfill our other aims.

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For your membership fee you ask "What do I get?"
We say you get nothing 'til standards are met.
Standards of members ready to give
Of themselves for the others so ideals may live.

Ideals which lie dormant, they really aren't far
Constitution objectives state what they are.
Professional standing in this our great field
By technical tilling we're surely to yield.

You want recognition, we want it too
By you I mean we and by we I mean <u>you</u>!!
So lets get together and kindle the flames
And reap the results of objectives and aims.

Did You Know?...

... the record for beer drinking is 36 bottles in 60 minutes.

... the average cloud is not light, it weighs 150 tons.

... alcohol does not warm a person in cold weather. The effect is capillaries just under the skin dilating so they carry more blood creates an illusion.

... when plants are sick they run temperatures just like people.

... an ounce of oil can be spread in a film covering eight acres.

... the record for eating boiled eggs is 44 in 30 minutes.

... the record for eating live goldfish is 210.

... the record for eating raw eggs is 24 in 9.4 seconds.

... the seal only sleeps at intervals of 1-1/2 minutes.

... the only animal other than man that can distinguish colors is the monkey.

... the monarch butterfly is the only animal not a bird that is capable of flying across oceans.

... that you are the CHA.

WHAT IS HISTORY?

What is history and where is it found?

Not in books only, written for classrooms, to be ploughed through for homework.

History is everywhere, the record of life, the record of men and of women who were dreamers and scoundrels, heroes and wretches, the lazy and the earnest, the dejected and the laughing.

It is written in diaries and newspapers, now yellowed and dry.

It was drawn onto maps by surveyors and sent back as dispatches by scouts to the settlements.

History is stories told by old men as they whittle and songs as their womenfolk sing them.

It is found in a horseshoe nailed over the door of a barn, long since rotted and lost.

Then, too, in a graveyard where the liittle stones tell their stories of hard winters, epidemics, fevers, and wilderness birth.

The record is endless-but eyes must be sharpened to read it: to read in the columns of one of our houses a love of the Greeks and the Romans, or in a crumbling milestone the long panorama of travel, an Indian runner on a woods path to a thruway for six lanes of traffic at 70 miles per hour.

There is history in chimneys and ox yokes, in grange halls and trolley cars, in the sharp sayings of old folks, and in shoes tied to the car of the bride and the groom.

There is history in baseballs and goalposts, in holly and old Boston rockers, in fish hooks and the blue and white quilt hidden away in the attic.

History is every mans story, the road along which man came. Seek it wherever you are, striking down roots that will nourish and strengthen you.

For only then do we keep our perspective, only then can we steady our aim.

Will you let CHA become part of this history, or will you do your best to support it?

****

You will never find time for anything. If you want time you must make it.

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WHY TELL ME

The world, you advise me, is utterly wrong
Your life you assure me is sad.
Whenever we meet you are there with a long
Sad tale of the trouble you've had.
Your rent has been raised and you think it's unfair;
You wife is a terrible scold.
You are losing your money your mind and your hair.
You are getting (you feel it) a cold.
The luck is against you my friend I can see
You have reason, I grant to be blue.
But why must you tell all your troubles to me
When I'm dying to tell mine to you .

ST. ELMO'S FIRE

"Last night I saw St. Elmo's stars
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
On the yops of the masts, the tips of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather today."
--- Longfellow

In early days, one of the most disturbing sights to seamen was an eerie, mysterious display of light that hovered around the tips of ships' masts or spars just before a storm. This was the dreaded St. Elmo's Fire, regarded by seamen everywhere as the corposant or ghost of the martyred St. Elmo, patron saint of mariners.

Today we know that St. Elmo's Fire, while a portent of foul weather, is a harmless discharge of electricity extending into the atmosphere from a projecting or elevated object. Its brushlike fiery jets are usually observed over a ship's mast or steeple or mountain top. However, on occasion they have been seen around the horns of cattle or even about the head of a person, causing a halo effect accompanied by a tingling sensation.

St. Elmo's Fire occurs when the atmosphere becomes charged and an electrical potential strong enough to cause a discharge is created between an object and the air around it. Not being very brilliant, it is mostly seen at night when the luminous spots of flames betray the presence of the discharge and present a weird and portentuous appearance. Frequently the hissing sound of the discharge may be heard, particularly when the "fire" is not visible for one reason or another.

The prognostic value of St. Elmo's Fire varies: it shows that the electrical conditions of the atmosphere is tense, but not necessarily to the point of producing violent storms.

It is, however, a more useful sign over sea than land since the necessary electrical conditions are unlikely to occur than in the vicinity of fronts or in doldrums; in both, foul weather is the rule.

The W.C.

A newly married couple were looking for a house in the country, and after finding one, they decided it was suitable and were making their way home. The young wife happened to think that she had not noticed a water closet (bathroom) on the place, and decided to write the owner about it. She hesitated to write out water closet, so refered to it as the W.C. in the letter. The owner did not understand what she meant but after some wondering decided she meant the Wesleyan Church located near there. This was his reply:

Dear Madam;

I take pleasure in informing you that the W.C. is located 9 miles from the house, and is capable of seating 250 persons. This is unfortunate if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be interested to know that a great many people take their lunch and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time go by car, and generally arrive just in time; but usually they are in too big a hurry to wait if the place is full. The last time my wife and I went was 8 years ago, and we had to stand all the time. I might also add, they are planning a bazaar to raise funds for coushin seats for the W.C. as that is felt wanted. I might also mention that it pains me very much to be unable to go more often. It surely isn't through lack of desire on my part, but as you grow older it seems more of an effort, particularly in cold weather.

Early Navigation

Ever since man first sailed over the horizon they have used the sun and the stars to guide them back to harbour. Navigation instruments have changed but the principles remain the same.

The first real information about early navigation comes from the Mediterranean almost 5,000 years ago, which was probably one of the cradles of navigation. Early techniques depended upon knowledge of the movements of the stars, the sun and the moon, and on experience of behaviour of the local winds and currents. The only aid to navigation was the leadline to take a bottom sample, with which to identify their position along coasts with known bottoms.

On September 8, 1492, three small sailing ships, using the northeast trade winds, left the Canary Islands to find a western route to the East Indies. The commander, Christopher Columbus, believed the journey to be about 3,000 miles. He had no idea of the existence of the American continent. His estimste of the distance was derived from the writings of the Greek geographer, Ptolemy, who had lived 1,300 years earlier. The ships had only crude navigational instruments and a rudimentary chart. The following March, Columbus returned to Spain. How was it possible for these three tiny ships to cross the Atlantic and to find their way back without reliable navigational aids? The answer probably lies in the superb seamanship of Columbus, and sheer luck.

From September 8 to October 12, when San Salvador Island was spotted, the ships were out of sight of land. During this time, Columbus navigated by dead reckoning (an abbreviation of deduced reckoning). He set his compass bearing due west and pricked a hole in the chart each day to mark his estimated distance along the line, making what corrections he judged necessary according to the prevailing winds and currents. He estimated the speed of the ships by noting how fast waves passed their sides, helped occasionally by checking the time taken to pass floating objects. Columbus' measure of time was an ampoleta half-hour sand-glass.

In the 1500's navigator's used a log to estimate the speed of their ships. The log was a piece of wood tied to a line knotted at regular intervals. A sailor tossed the wood overboard, turned the hour-glass and counted the knots as they slipped through his fingers. The number of knots paid out in an hour indicated the speed. In this way, 'knots' came to mean 'sea miles per hour!

Dead reckoning was not the only method of fixing a position that was known at that time. Although it was seldom done, it was theoretically possible to determine both latitude

and longitude. The latitude of any place can be measured either from the angle of the Pole Star above the horizon or from the angle of the noonday sun. In Columbus' time, navigators used two instruments to measure angles: the astrolabe and the mariner's quadrant. The mariner's quadrant was simply a quarter circle of wood, with curved circumference graduated from 0° to 90°. Along one side were two sighting holes in line with each other. At the apex was a brass ring, from which hung a silk cord with a lead weight at the end. The navigator sighted the Pole Star through the two holes. As soon as the star came into view, an assistant read off the angle marked by the cord against the scale. This was a difficult operation on a small ship being tossed about by the sea, and the angles read were often far from correct. Assuming the Pole Star was visible and the reading was correct, then the angle of the star above the horizon is practically the same as the latitude of the place at which the reading was taken.

The astrolabe, which had been developed by astronomers from an early Greek instrument, consists of a flat disc from the centre of which a sighting rule is pivoted. The disc is suspended from a brass ring, the object is sighted along an alidade, and the angular measurement is read off the scale around the rim of the disc. For 200 years following the sixteenth century, mariners often used a 'cross-staff', which was simply a wooden staff about three feet long with a sliding cross-piece.

To fix the position of his ship, a navigator also had to know the longitude. The only method Columbus knew involved eclipses of the sun. If the time of an eclipse was previously calculated at an observatory whose position was known, and if the mariner could observe the same eclipse and record the time, then he would know the time difference between his position and that of the observatory. Multiplying the number of hours of time difference by 15° would give the longitude in degrees.

The compass was unknown as a navigational instrument until the eleventh century. The early compasses were crude affairs: a magnetized needle, mounted on a pivot so that it could rotate freely and point to the magnetic north and south, was attached to a card. A piece of lodestone was kept to remagnetize the needle. Although Columbus used a magnetic compass, he did not fully understand the significance of magnetic variation. Fortunately, the correction required in 1492 for the region between Spain and the West Indies was only a few dgrees. It was not until the late eighteenth century that improvements were made to neutralize the effect of the distortion caused by iron objects on the ship. During the nineteenth century, several attempts were made to steady the compass against the roll and vibration of the ship. Experiments resulted in the adoption in 1906 of the liquid compass.

A major improvement in angle-measuring instruments was made in 1731 when an improved type of quadrant was invented. It used the principle of double reflection to overcome the effects of the motion of the ship, and from this instrument the accurate modern sextant was developed.

As instruments improved, so maps and charts became more reliable. The greatest single step forward in map making for the navigator was the designing, in 1569, of a map projection on which all straight lines are lines of constant bearing.

Today, in spite of all the electronic devices aboard modern ships, their equipment still includes a magnetic compass, a chronometer, and a sextant.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE PAST

MAPS 11,000 YEARS OLD?

Introduction:

Erich von Daeniken is a Swiss scientist, who has travelled to remote places throughout the world. He has collected data personally or from other scientists. Mr. von Daenikan was particularly interested in 'old finds' or archaeology. Today few things from the ancient past have been properly explained and he has attempted to do this.

He has written a book in which he presents the facts from which he builds his theories. The opinion among well-known scientists is divided on whether all his theories are correct, incorrect or partly correct. Even if I consider only the facts which he presents and nothing else, I would still consider his material the most thought-provoking ever seen. The facts point to an ancient civilization on earth where technology was so far advanced, that our modern society is reduced to an era comparable to the Middle Ages. Mind you the 'earthlings' did not have this knowledge but the "gods" (= astronauts) from outer space, who visited the earth and tried to improve it did. It would carry me too far to go into any great length here and anyone interested enough to find out more should read his book entitled "Chariots of the Gods?".

Of special interest to hydrographers is this exerpt from his book concerning a map that belonged to a Turkish admiral, who lived around 1500.

G.H. Goldsteen

At the beginning of the eighteenth century ancient maps which had belonged to an officer in the Turkish Navy, Admiral Piri Reis, were found in the Topkapi Palace. Two atlases preserved in the Berlin State Library which contain exact reproductions of the Mediterranean and the region round the Dead Sea also came from Piri Reis.

All these maps were handed over to the American cartographer Arlington H. Mallery for examination. Mallery confirmed the remarkable fact that all the geographical data were present, but were not drawn in the right places. He sought the help of Mr. Walters, cartographer in the U.S. Navy Hydrographic Bureau. Mallery and Walters constructed a grid and transferred the map to a modern globe. They made a sensational discovery. The maps were absolutely accurate - and not only as regards the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. The coasts of North and South America and even the

contours of the Antartic were also precisely delineated on Piri Reis's maps. The maps not only reproduced the outlines of the continents, but also showed the topography of the interiors! Mountain ranges, mountain peaks, islands, rivers and plateaux were drawn in with extreme accuracy.

In 1957, the Geophysical Year, the maps were handed over to the Jesuit Father Lineham, who is both Director of the Weston Observatory and a cartographer in the U.S. Navy. After scrupulous tests Father Lineham, too, could but confirm that the maps were fantastically accurate - even about regions which we have scarcely explored today. What is more the mountain ranges in the Antartic, which already figure on Reis's maps, were not discovered until 1952. They have been covered in ice for hundreds of years and our present-day maps have been drawn with the aid of echo sounding apparatus.

The latest studies of Professor Charles H. Hapgood and the mathematician Richard W. Strachan give us some more shattering information. Comparison with modern photographs of our globe taken from satellites showed that the originals of Piri Reis's maps must have been aerial photographs taken from very great heights. How can that be explained?

A space-ship hovers high above Cairo and points its camera straight downwards. When the film is developed, the following picture would emerge: everything that was in a radius of about 5,000 miles of Cairo is reproduced correctly, because it lay directly below the lens. But the countries and continents become increasingly distorted the further we move our eyes from the centre of the picture.

Why is this?

Owing to the spherical shape of the earth, the continents away from the centre 'sink downwards'. South America, for example, appears strangely distorted lengthways, exactly as it does on the Piri Reis maps! And exactly as it does on the photographs taken from the USA lunar probes.

There are one or two questions that can be answered quickly. Unquestionably our forefathers did not draw these maps. Yet there is no doubt that the maps must have been made with the most modern technical aids-from the air.

How are we to explain that? Should we be satisfied with the legend that a god gave them to a high priest? Or should we simply take no notice of them and pooh-pooh the 'miracle', because the maps do not fit into our mental world picture? Or should we boldly stir

up a wasps' nest and claim that this cartography of our globe was carried out from a high-flying aircraft or from a space-ship?

Admittedly the Turkish Admiral's maps are not originals. They are copies of copies of copies. Yet even if they dated only from the eighteenth century when they were found these facts are just as unexplainable. Whoever made them must have been able to fly and also to take photographs!

Note 22: Ohlmeyer and Burroughs Correspondence

8 RECONNAISSANCE TECHNICAL SQUADRON (SAC)
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
WESTOVER AIR FORCE BASE
MASSACHUSETTS

Reply to
Attn of: RTC

6 July 1960

SUBJECT: Admiral Piri Reis World Map

To: Professor Charles H. Hapgood
Keene Teachers College
Keene, New Hampshire

DEAR PROFESSOR HAPGOOD:

Your request for evaluation of certain unusual features of the Piri Reis World Map of 1513 by this organization has been reviewed.

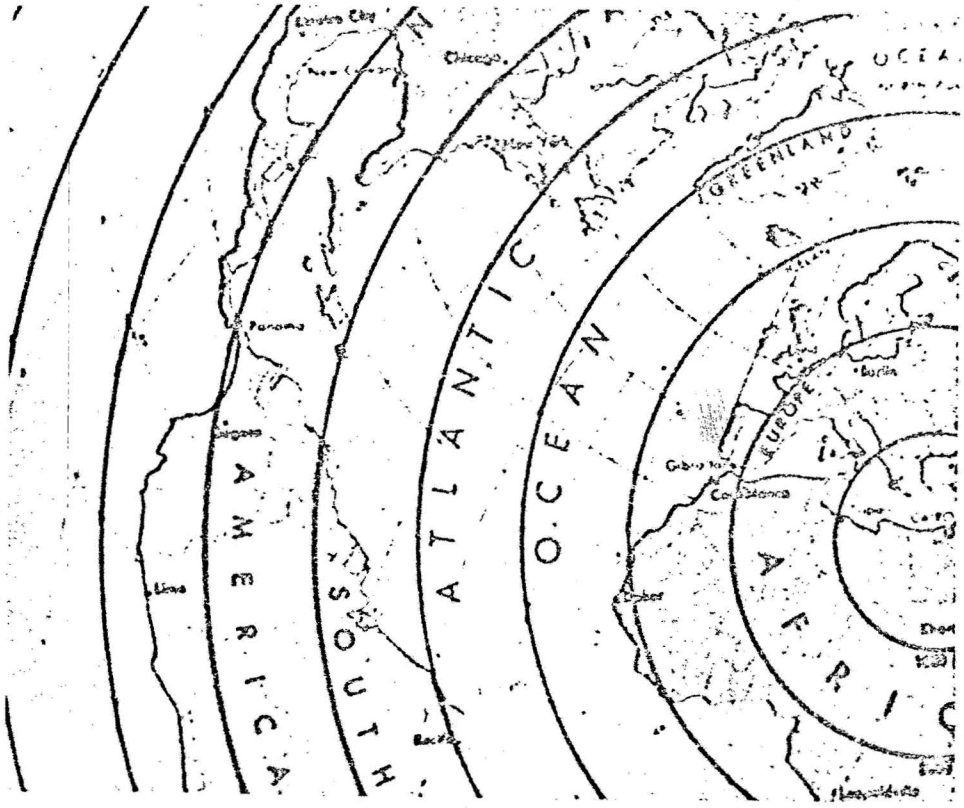
The claim that the lower part of the map portrays the Princess Martha Coast of Queen Maud Land Antarctica, and the Palmer Peninsula is reasonable. We find this is the most logical and in all probability the correct interpretation of the map.

The geographical detail shown in the lower part of the map agrees very remarkably with the results of the Seismic profile made across the top of the ice cap by the Swedish-British-Norwegian Antarctic Expedition of 1949.

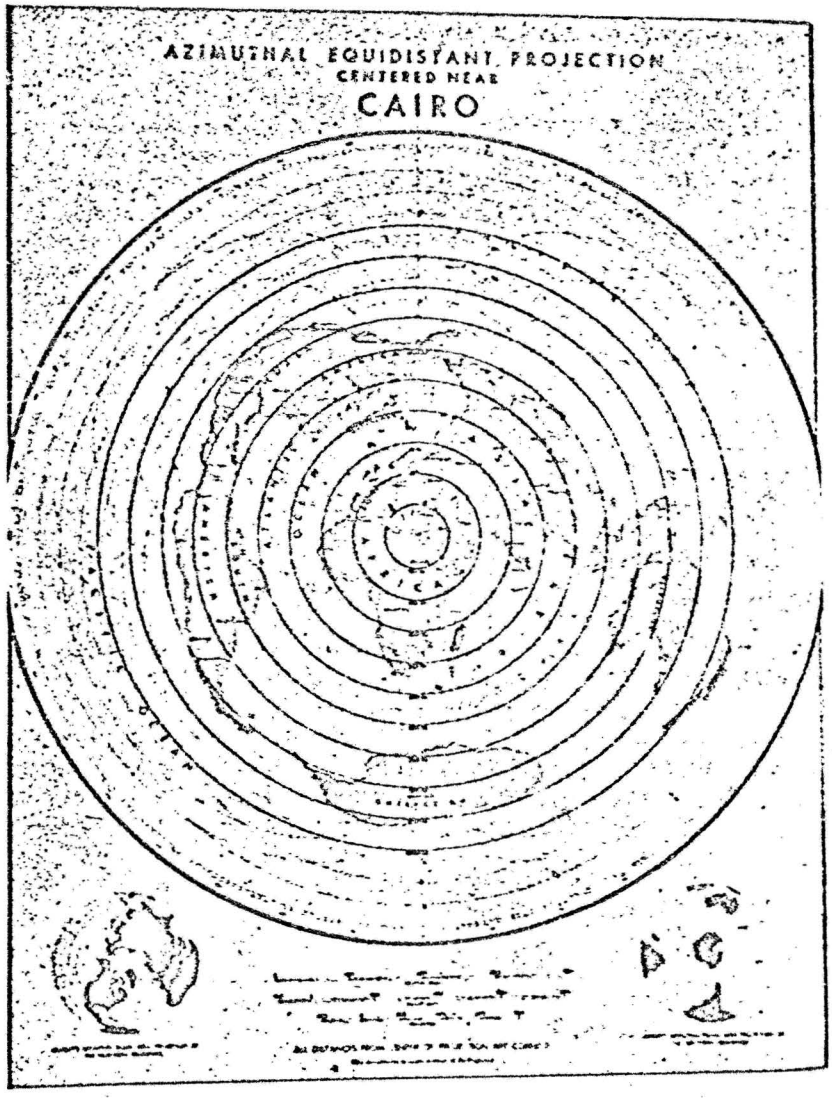
This indicates the coastline had been mapped before it was covered by the ice cap.

The ice cap in this region is now about a mile thick. We have no idea how the data on this map can be reconciled with the supposed state of geographical knowledge in 1513.

HAROLD Z. OHLMEYER
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commander



Part of Piri Reis's map.



Cartographers projected the Piri Reis map on to a grid using the reference points shown on the map. It then appeared virtually identical with this United States Air Force map of the world on an equidistant projection based on Cairo.

SATIRE ANONYMOUS

The following literature is submitted, not as a result of personal soul-searching or contrite insomnia, but as a surrender to effective cajoling and needling from the task force responsible for dispensing a dose of literal adrenalin into the tottering structure of our fraternal body.

Invariably, while sipping a cup of "gastronomic irritant" across the bargaining table of the resident "dyspensateria", or while thumbing a dialogue from the anchoreseat of my "bureau des plaintes", I have been the recipiant of casual rejoinders of deriliction of duty in respect of contributions. Thus, to grace the pages of this journal, and disgrace the art of literature, I tender the following litany.

My tale is not one of love, hate, war or peace. It embraces neither victory or defeat. It is inconclusive and intangible. No moral is pretended or derived. No achievement is acknowledged or warranted. It is facetious of approach and suffers from a triviality of content. It was conceived in five minutes and written in three.

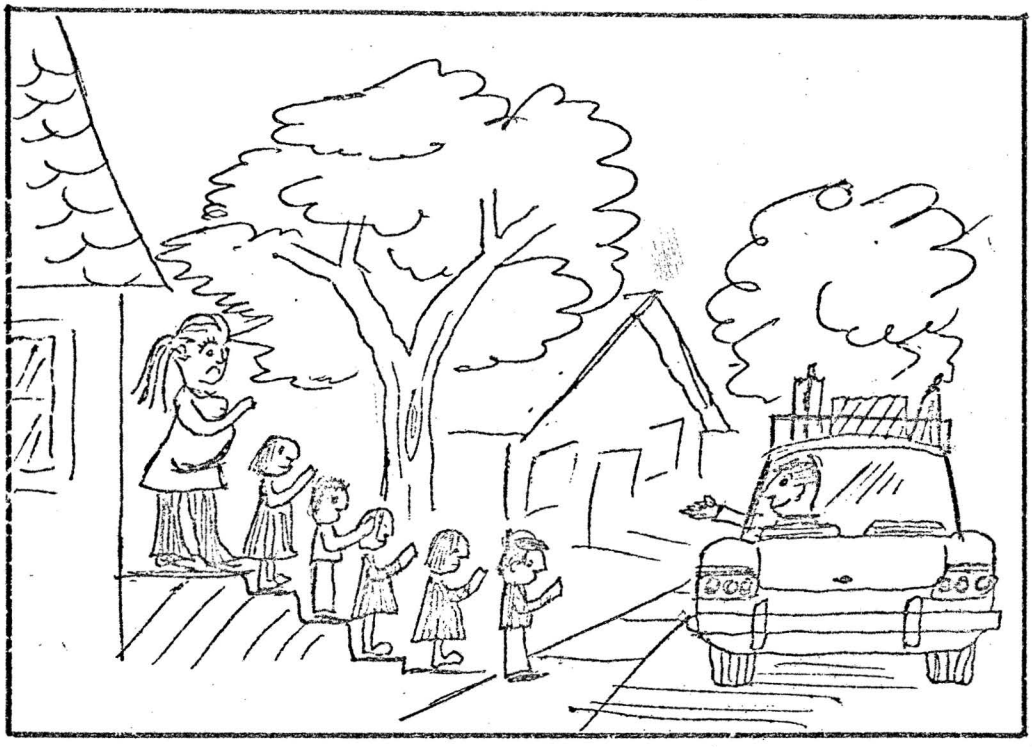
The principals involved come from all walks of life, conduct themselves accordingly, and then are seen no less. No one person can receive acclaim as the architect of success or the villain of failure. It has been said that their elegance of manner excused a laxity of morals. This is not so. Elegance never entered the picture.

The story begins in a small French Canadian village at the confluence of the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence rivers. Here, in the same spot where Wolfe gazed intently upon the gray, foreboding cliffs and pondered on who would knock over his statue, seven beleagured individuals huddle against a spring snowstorm, and reprimand each other--"will it ever be so nice to get to hell out of here"--. Six months later, standing on the same wharf in the midst of a fall snowstorm, these same seven men are heard to iterate--"will it ever be so nice to get to hell out of here"--. Such are the vicissitudes of fortune, that in both cases their wish was granted.

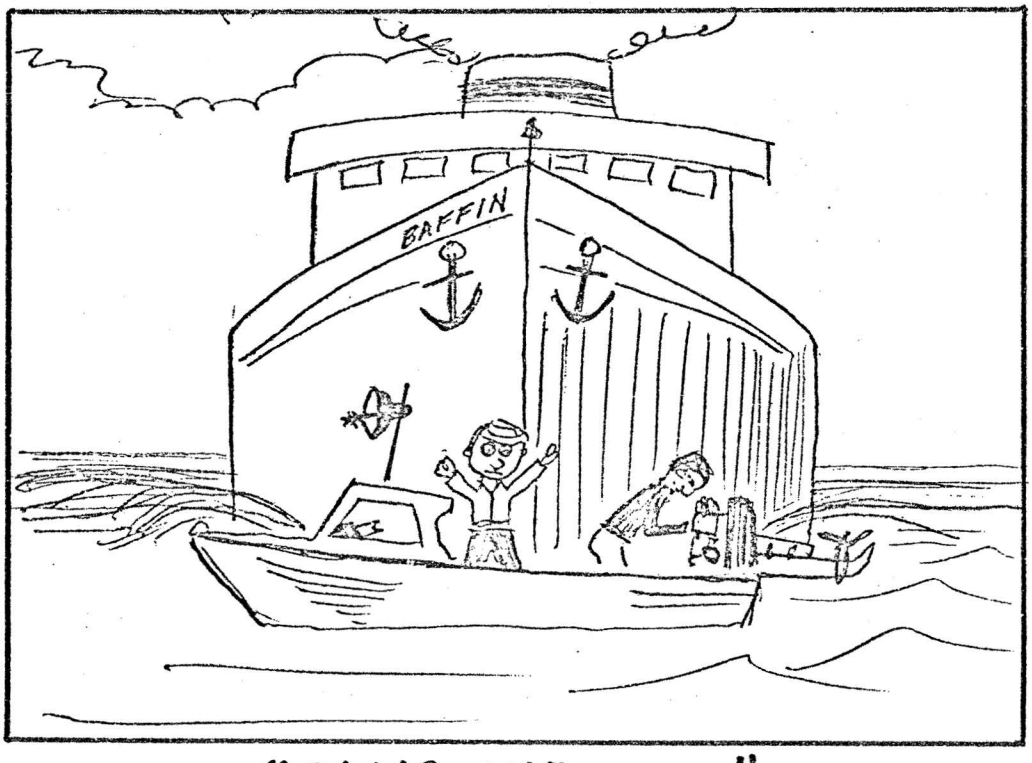
The reader may wonder what became of the intervening six months. Well! - love, hate, success, failure, suspence, boredom, perseverence, protraction, cursing,rejoicing, counting the days, and counting the hay - all those things that make a field season detestable but preferable.

And now the editor of this journal will wonder why he didn't hand me "terms of reference" before requesting an article.

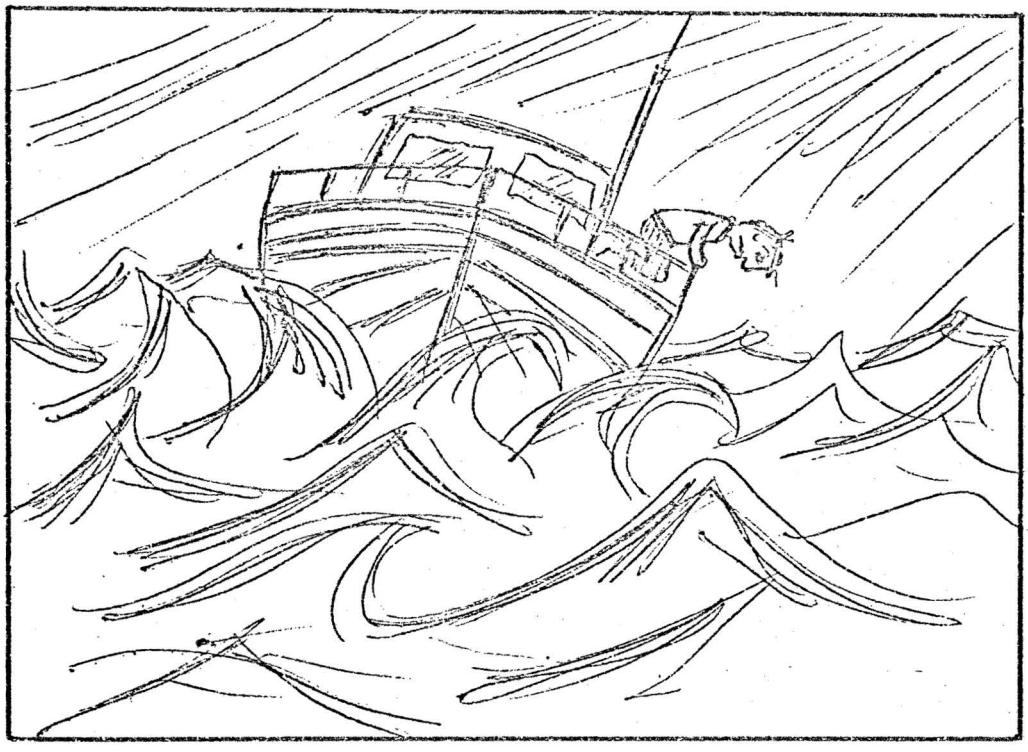
A HYDROGRAPHER IS . . . . .



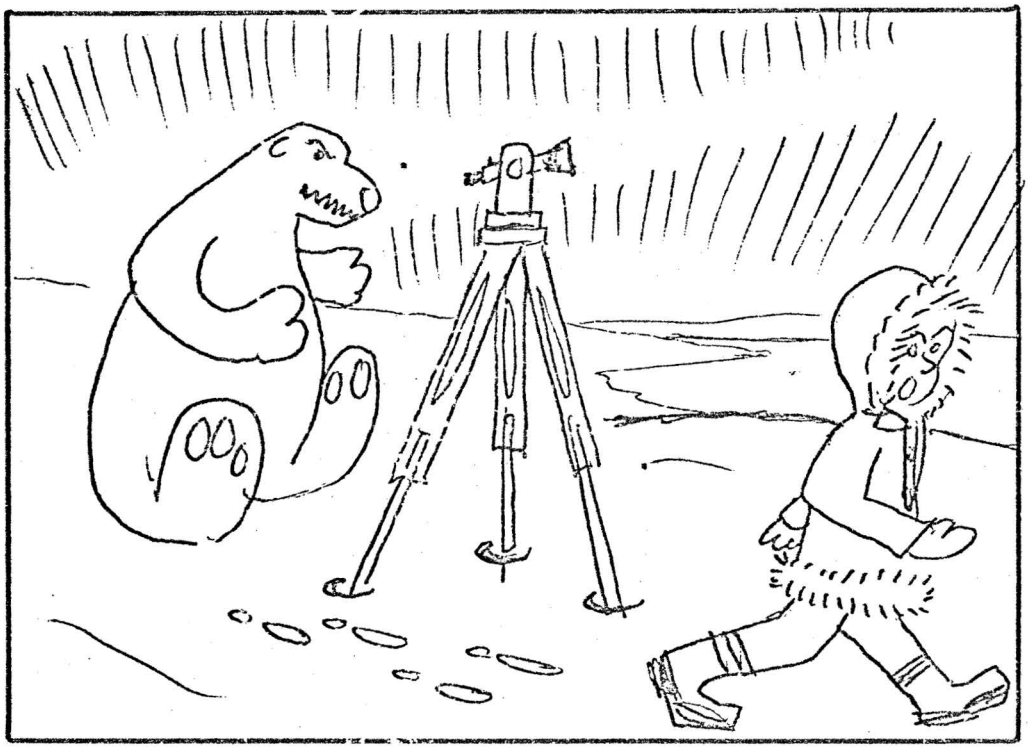
"A FAMILY MAN"



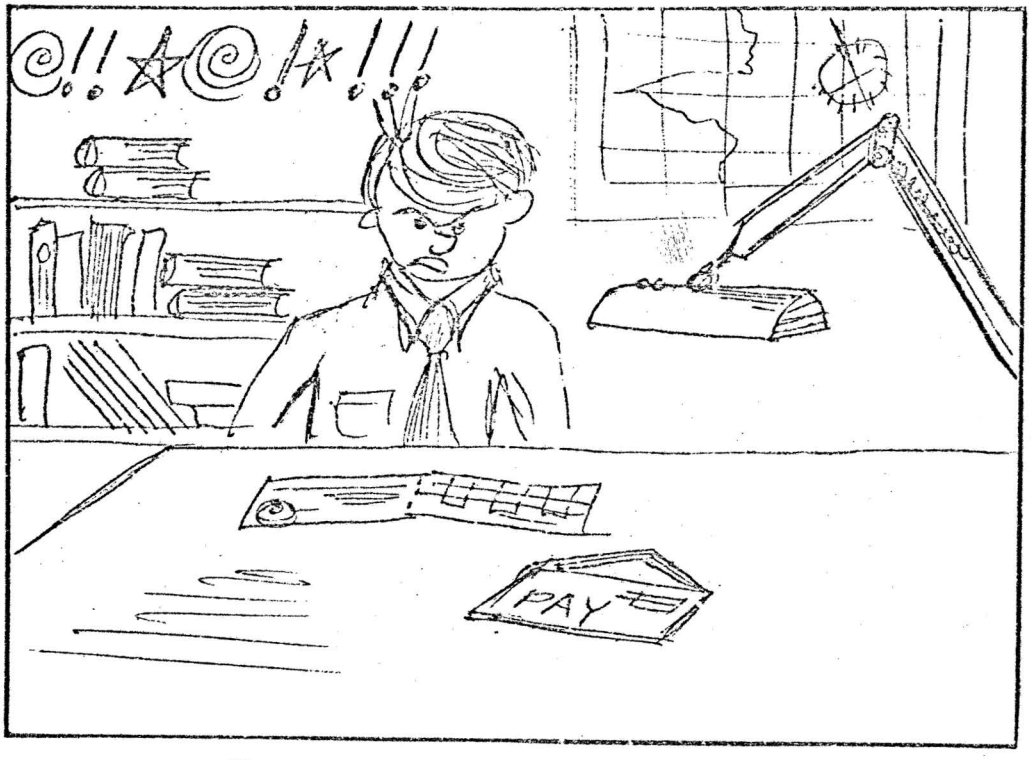
"CALM AND COOL"



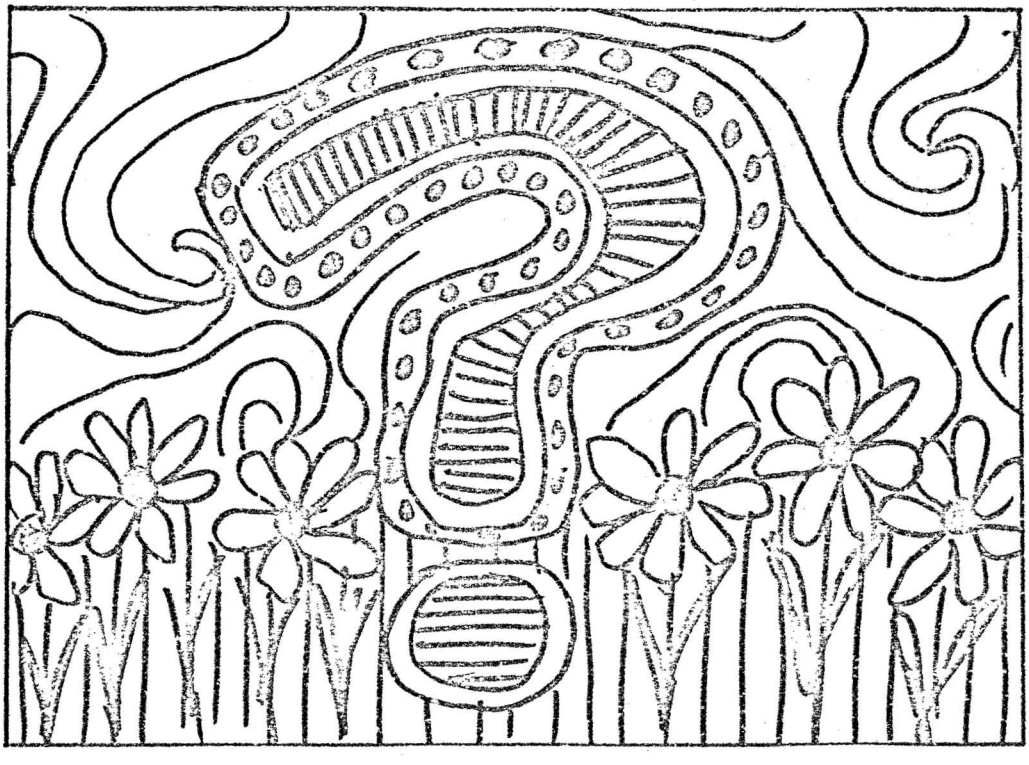
"A SEAMAN AT HEART "



" DECISIVE "



" A UNION MAN "



" A C.N.A. SUPPORTER ? "

The Great Trailer Caper

or

He Must Have Been Twins

"CSL Tadoussac.....CSL Tadoussac.....CSL Tadoussac.....CSL Bluejay." The auxilliary speaker crackled over the tumult in the shed. Josh had a problem. And he couldn't handle it alone. The old 26-A had stopped ticking and Josh couldn't find the trouble. There were no blown fuses to be found, no wire ends dangling free. The stylus looked okay. A smart kick in the lower left side of the power unit had failed to yield the desired results. There was no bottom trace to be found.

"Do you think we could have a technician take a look at it?" The Ottawa Valley twang, reverberating incongruously through the old Tadoussac D.C.T. shed, couldn't quite conceal the concern of the caller. Something had to be done.

"OK Josh, we'll get a man over on the 10 o'clock ferry. I was going to send your boat trailer over anyways. Tadoussac out."

No sweat here. The boss even welcomed the diversion. Besides, on the windy, rainy days there were always too many bodies around. And you could only measure the leadlines and barcheck chains so many times before the challenge was lost.

So it happened that restless Ross, with cool Mike for company and keen young Dave, the trouble-shooter, for passenger, set off on their memorable mission.

Through the wind and the rain the little convoy progressed doggedly through the Laurentides. Spirits were high. To escape from the office was reason enough to feel good. No number of delays could spoil it. The fifteen minute wait for the Tadoussac ferry, the heel-cooling minutes crossing the Saguenay, the slow pace necessitated by the lethargic Travelall with the empty boat trailer rattling behind, only contributed to the holiday mood.

But perhaps this was an illusion; perhaps Dave, for one, was pre-occupied. (For, after all, his trouble-shooting reputationwas at stake. How he could handle the problems of the next few hours would largely determine his reputation with the party. As the Orientals would say, there was much face to be won or lost on this trip.*) How else could you explain his sudden craving for a cigarette? What else could motivate his sudden impulse, as the St. Simeon ferry tied up, to leave the parked Travelall, to run through the driving rain,down the hill to the restaurant, to buy a package of cigarettes?

Dave made it back to the shelter of the Travelall as Ross eased her down the ramp, "Hey Ross, did you know there is a trailer on behind?"

Ask Josh to tell you about another trip on which a little face was lost. (And Ross has one too, but his isn't funny).

"A what?" demanded Ross, increduously.
"EH?" enquired Mike in shocked disbelief, displaying the quick turn of perfectly timed wit for which he was noted.
"A boat trailer. A great ruddy boat trailer," explained Dave.
"We must have dragged it all the way from Tadoussac.?
"No!" exclaimed Ross, as he struggled to park the unwieldy rig on the rolling deck, "You got to be kidding "
"Gwan!" chimed in Mike, "you're putting us on. There's no way we could drive a trailer this far and not know it."
"See for yourselves, dummies," countered Dave. He was convinced now that he had stumbled on to the joke of the week, perhaps the season. Someone had finally pulled one off on Ross, and Dave was going to make the most ofit. "It's the one that was parked out behind the shed."

And indeed it was. As all hands got out to investigate the mysterious trailer, possible hypothesis were expounded. "That's got tobbe Sylvester's work," explained Ross, with a flash of brilliant deductive reasoning. "That's just the kind of damn fool trick he'd try to pull. All those Nova Scotians are alike. Not a brain between them. That thing could have caused an accident."

"It was probably Tom's idea," suggested Mike. "He'd like to see us pay double fare, and besides Islanders are worse. Digging spuds stunts the mind. That's a medical fact."

No matter how you cut it the fact remained. Like it or not, a trailer was on the way to Riviere-du-Loup. And how do you explain that to Josh? How do you conceal the fact that you've been tricked, fair and square, into dragging a boat trailer half way across Quebec? There was no way to hide it. The truth must out. And Dave was the man to let it out. (For after all, he wwasn't the one who had been tricked. In fact he had discovered the thing in the first place. Surely there was merit in that).

As Ross calmly backed the trailer up to the Riviere-du-Loup office, as Josh directed him back to the parking spot, as Mike unhitched it from the Travelall, Dave quickly gathered an audience. And it didn't matter that he had forgatten his tools. It was merely unfortunate that he couldn't fix the power unit. The sounder could wait for another day. (And, besides, maybe Josh could fix it himself like he said. He certainly screamed less anxious now than he had earlier on the radio).

Right now there was a St. Simeon ferry to catch. The drive home should be faster without the trailer. It couldn't be too fast for Dave. There were a lot a people in Tadoussac who had to hear this story.

Verity's Last Stand

Like the plague, but not so final. Slowly - first the radar but its soon fixed. So take her out - go west young man - blown fuel line - but Chuck can fix it - temporarily. Send her out again - this time south, where she saves our life and the survey by sounding when the 36-F's cop-out. (If we could only fix that plugged up excuse for a toilet). Send her south again - more sounding until the steering goes - then send her out anyway. Still further south and off Lake Superior into the North Channel where she feels at home again - back on Revisory. She makes one last heroic jesture (rescues two fisherman from a capsized boat near Little Detroit) before she springs a leak and is dry-docked. Hours later - again seaworthy - she heads for her last rendez-vous. But - unlike Custer - she'll live to work again - another season.

A Talkin' Blues

Late last night the other day
Went for a ride on Verity
Up the channel and over a rock
Gave us all quite a shock
        Not buoyed
        You might say uncharted.

We soon went for another cruise
Three quarters of us full of booze
The other quarter drunk as well
We're really going to give her hell
        Chart revision - or how to sleep
        comfortably in a forty knot gale.

Three days out and three days back
Not to mention my aching back
The women are few and the work is fast
But we all knew it couldn't last
        No more food - or water
        Or fuel - or radar.

Back up the river and into port
And to the boss we did report
Then to town to drink our fill
We had an hour or two to kill
        Ourselves in - drown our sorrows
        Drink to our misfortunes.

I know Verity's going out again
And I really can't say when
But when she does we'll sing this song
And hope she won't be gone too long
        No booze - no TV - no women
        Just the captains cooking to keep us happy.

Motorola R.P.S. Trials and Errors

Towards the end of May when most of the control had been established on Lake Erie, a beginning was made in getting the R.P.S. operational and calibrated.

We spent several days trying to get decent steady readings to no avail. Different types of set-ups and codes were used but nothing worked satisfactorily. Finally some reasonable readings were obtained on single pulse and I decidedd to have more trials that same evening.

The transponders with their brackets were mounted on T-2 tripods. The electronics technician was left behind on a breakwater, that was detached from the mainland, in Port Colborne. The tripods were set up about 20 feet apart. The launch 'Gull' left the scene and started to steam towards the marina at Port Colborne trying to get readings. I had noticed cumulus clouds packing quite rapidly and expected rain shortly. This was a good opportunity to test the ability of the transponders to withstand water, so I thought. Little did I know how it would be tested. To our horror, it not only rained but it started to blow and big hailstones fell. Visibility became next to nil. An excited voice started to scream over the radio,"I'm drowning here. Come back. Come back." Silence. "The transponder's falling.....I've got it, I've got it....Christ the other's going, too....It's gone....It went in the drink." In the meantime, we had turned around and headed back for the breakwater, but further communications madd us stay in the harbour. Jean, the technician, had found shelter at the lighthouse and saved the equipment on the breakwater.

The storm drifted fast and we left Port Colborne for the lighthouse. The lighthouse keeper informed us that this type of weather occurs 2 to 3 times per week and usually early in the evening. He, also, told us that he was watching the transponder go over and at that moment the anenometer indicated a 50 knot wind. One transponder was sitting in about 10 feet of water. The lighthouse keeper retrieved it with a grappling hook and we returned to Port Colborne. It was found that the transponder that had been lying on the bottom for about 45 minutes was not damaged at all and no water had penetrated the casing. The other, however, had a cracked co-arcial tube which happened when it hit the breakwater while Jean was trying to prevent it from going over. We had not found the fault with the equipment yet, but our trust in the weather-proofing was now enhanced.

The 90-proof habits of the CCIW Control Group, 1970

First there was D'Arcy E.
He enjoyed going on a regular drinking spree.
Canadian Rye was the best he could hack,
Come next morning though he'd fume alc. like a stack.
After four months on this beat
His stomach no longer took this treat.
He finally gave up and said:"I am no fool,
I'll give up drinking and go back to school/

Then there was a man called Sidney,
Who sure wasn't worried about his kidney.
He'd drink beer, but also liked rye
and would gulp it down, as if it were pie.
While enjoying his alcoholic scheme
he'd always let out, in anguish, a scream:
"How come when drinking this stuff
that I never seem to get enough.

There also were Robert and B.T.,
who certainly didn't drink a wee.
They were minors, Bob et al,
but it didn't bother them and they had a ball.
All summer they were in luck
because the fuzz never struck.
Come September, they gave up their fling,
since they had to go back studying.

Last but not least, there was George;
He is a Scotch man, and likes to gorge.
Always watching his physical preservation,
he used to drink with some reservation,
though after a few he'd order a triple
and kept drinking the stuff without going cripple.
George was a mariner, so you don't have to guess,
he drinks in the finest tradition of the C.H.S.

Morson, Ontario.

November 25,1970.

Dear Mort,

Well, I'm back home now. It sure was a swell summer. That's some country you have up there - Morson. I'm writing to you to ask you something important. Would you ..... Could you please send me two bottles of wood ticks? You see, Mort, we don't have them down here in Hamilton.

I've been praising your country and want to show others what it offers. (Should be easy) Morson meant many things to me: relief from noisy nightclubs, the mighty call of the bullfrogs. The only disccouragement in your country was the continual traffic jams at highways 619 & 620.

Morson offered many benefits - excitement --- scheduled break-ins at the liquor store; parties --- with all inclusive 40 mile safaris to the nearest hotel; the most up-to-date waste treatment facilities - sewage lagoons only a matter of steps from our doors; business competitions between Mr. Falspeg and himself; scenery - gigantic sawdust piles reminiscent of the Sahara; entertainment - by the Winnepeg Philharmonic Hymn Sing; and the quaint resort atmosphere - ah yes, so quaint. I'm pretty sure I'm going to be home sick.

Although I won't have the pleasure of your hospitality next summer, my friends are all looking ahead to a repeat of your unique methods of operating. Well, so long Mort.

Sonny

Due to life in the Arctic...

...Jake Kean got lost in a blizzard (or was it a beard)

...Bob Moulton is becoming a father

...Chopper loves seals

...Pingo is a Hydrographic word

...John O'Shea is a big game hunter

...Reg Lewis thinks in 'Focal'

...Michel Grant wasn't home to greet 'little Tom'

The transfer of Central Region, CHS, from Ottawa to Burlington not only disrupted the home and personal life of the hydrographic personel, but also their sporting activities. While in Ottawa many members of Central Regio n belonged to the EM&R broomball league, which was found to be an entertaining way to keep in physical shape. But with the warmer climate of Burlington and the scarcity of snow, outdoor rinks were at a premium and the ice surface was unpredictable.

After several phone calls, an outdoor artificial ice surface was located and arrangements were made to occupy an hour each week for broomball.

At the December 10th meeting of Central Branch CHA, a motion was passed that CHA would pay the ice rental fee for a period of ten weeks. This could have been a result of the fact that 20 out of 24 members present would be playing broomball.

The first game was slated for December 14th and with the division of players into two teams, everything was ready.

The "Puffers", after a scoreless first half, opened up a comfortable lead on a four goal performance by P. Dal Bianco and coasted to a 9 to 1 victory over the "Blowers". The last goal was scored in the dying seconds of the game by E. Thompson of the "Blowers".

The members of the two teams are:

"Puffers"	"Blowers"
E. Brown	P. Davies
R. Chapeskie	J. Gervais
K. Daeschel	M. Grant
P. Dal Bianco	K. Hipkin
B. "Tonto" Eidsforth	J. Kean
R."Madman" Lasnier	R."Hacker" Marshall
G. Macdonald	W. Silvey
R."Speed" Mahaffy	J. Statham
J."Felix" McCarthy	E. Thompson
	E. Waugh

The second game, played with depleted ranks due to Christmas leave, was a much closer affair. The victory went to the "Blowers" on an 8 to7 score. The "Puffers" again had a four goal performance by "Madman" Lasnier, who also notched a pair of shins and a couple of fingers. The "Blowers" scores were distributed between

D. Thompson, W. Silvey, and B. Wright who filled in for some of the missing players.

With a large percentage of the players out of town for Christmas, the remaining players decided to invite their wives and/or girl friends out to an hour of broomball on the 28th of December. This game I would like to see.

On closing, I would like to thank the CHA for providing funds for the ice, and also thank the players who turn out for the games.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Bernie B. Broomball

DATA STREAM

Data stream, data stream,
You're the answer to someones dream
Complete the following questionnaire
With all the patience you can bear.

Sixty-three thousand men and women
Fed into your digestion system
Maximize career opportunities
By listing all your present duties.

Some people know me as G.D.M.
And I would dearly like to thank them
For I'm known as three three six one four
By our new buddy the computer.

And when all is said and done
The computer will be the one
To say which one is qualified
Let's hope the computer hasn't lied.

Data stream, data stream,
You're the answer to someones dream
When I kneel down tonight
It's you I'll pray to in my plight.

The editors send out a "plea for help" to the other branches of the CHA. The Newsletter Committee needs stories, letters, articles, rumors, jokes, complaints, messages, tales-of-woe, and even postcards, from which to compile a newsletter.

There are two alternatives:

1. CHA Central Branch can issue a branch newsletter to branch members using branch contributions; or
2. A member from each region can volunteer for the Newsletter Committee. This volunteer member would insure that each region contributed articles to the newsletter.

The deadline for material for the next newsletter is March 30, 1971. The newsletter will be issued in April 1971. Will it be a National newsletter or a Branch newsletter?

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B. Wright

PEACE