

CROSSCHOP

The Official Newsletter of the



NORTH BAY ^{Power Sail} SQUADRON

Published Quarterly



Great Summer Activities

CavenFord P

This summer your squadron has planned a number of activities or has been invited to participate in some of the North Bay Yacht Clubs activities. Please mark your calendars and come out and enjoy as many of these great activities as you can. Participation of the squadron members is what makes them fun and worthwhile! The following is a summary of the great activities coming up this summer:

As mentioned elsewhere, don't miss the Squadron BBQ on Sunday June 26, 2005 at 1400.

As in previous years we have been invited to take part in the Rendezvous with the Yacht Club at Keystone on the weekend of July 16 and 17, 2005. Dinner is in the evening on July 16th. Contact David Tafe (497-0839) for details.

Cruise to Sturgeon Falls during Fiddle Fest August 13 and 14, 2005. Security is to be provided for boats staying over night. Contact David Tafe (497-0839) for details.

Dinner Cruise on the New Chief - August 11, 2005 - see details elsewhere in this newsletter.

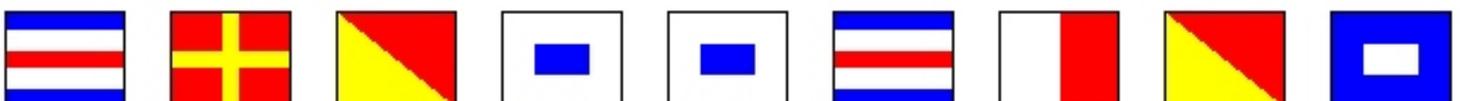
Cruise to the West Arm on Friday August 26 to Sunday August 28, 2005. See elsewhere in this newsletter for details.

Check out some articles and further descriptions of these activities elsewhere in this newsletter. Please make an effort to come out and attend one or more of these great activities. We hope to see you there!



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Merit Marks/Graduation - 2004

The "reward" for performing a minimum of 20 hours of service to the Squadron in any manner is in the form of a Merit Mark. If someone achieves 20 Merit Marks, they become a Life Member.

The following people received Merit Marks for work this past year and the numbers indicate the total Merit Marks they have earned. These Merit Marks were awarded at the Graduation and Change of Watch ceremonies on Sunday May 1, 2005:

Anne Taylor	5
Grant Churcher	7
Caven Ford	7
Bill Simkins	7
Michael Eedy	8
Terry Lang	8
Pat Onions	9
Elizabeth Appleton	11
George Graham	11
Dave Byrnes	12
Maria Ermel	19
Carol Gibson	22*
Don Whyte	22*
Ivan Gough	25*
John Size	43*

* life member

The following were the Boating Graduates for this year, ably taught by George Graham AP assisted by Doug Hay P:

Colleen Beckett
Bill Bryant
Denise Farelli
Dan Faulkner
Jill Faulkner
Joanne Fortin
Dina Gilbert
Shannon Gilbert
Rebecca MacDonald
Marvia Mitchell
Jean Robitaille
Bernard Tempelmans Plat

The following were the Seamanship Sail Graduates ably instructed by Pat Onions AP:

Brian Close
Matt Close
Dan Faulkner
Dillon McGee
Taras Romaniuk
Mark Sevigny

Congratulations to all our graduates once again this year! A job well done!

Graduation Dinner a Huge Success!

Caven Ford P

The May 1 Graduation / Change of Watch Dinner was a great evening. The Royal Canadian Legion put on a fine roast beef dinner for us and it appears that all had a fine time. The evening was capped off with the swearing in of the new bridge. Along the way we handed out some awards as well. Dina and Shannon Gilbert were jointly awarded the Windsor Trophy which is awarded to a boating student based on a number of criteria including the National exam in which they both achieved a mark of 99%. As well, the John Size Maskinoge Trophy was awarded to Anne Oswald for outstanding service to the Squadron. Congratulations to all.

We welcomed 12 new graduates into the CPS fold and our Commander was sworn in by myself as the representative for the Voyageur District. Elizabeth then swore her bridge in for the coming year.

Commander's Message

Elizabeth Appleton AP

The following is the text of the speech given at the graduation by our Commander, Elizabeth Appleton. It contains a true story and a great message. During the presentation of this story, the rest of the bridge assisted by providing the sounds and such that are indicated in bold text and brackets in the body of the story:

"ELIZABETH, CAN YOU SEE OUR STERN LIGHT?" crackled through the VHF receiver.

"No!! Where ARE you?" I radioed back. Silence. Well, radio silence at least.

For the past two hours, my husband Art and I and a large wet dog (**RUFF, RUFF, RUFF**) had been circling in the French River. We knew the shoreline couldn't be more than metres away. We had been doing our best to keep it that way!

The Friday of the Thanksgiving weekend was a beautiful day, with sights and smells of autumn. (**TWEET, TWEAK, HONK, HONK**) The trip across Lake Nipissing in our 26 foot Chriscraft was uneventful. The sky was clear and blue. Flocks of loons were gathered by the hundreds intermingled with small groups of gulls, one group hoping the other would stir up dinner.

After mooring at our friends' cottage in mid afternoon and getting the boat organized for the weekend, we went for a walk in the bush. The air was soft with the smell of pine needles and leaves. The dog played hide and seek with anything that moved. And no bugs...always a bonus in the bush.

This late in the year, the French River becomes a private (Continued on page 5)

My Association with the Diesel Engine

Pat Onions

It was the other day while visiting my old friend and cohort Don Merritt that he took me into his store room to see if there was anything I could use. Disappointed I wasn't able to relieve him of any of his stuff, he reached on top of an old dresser and handed me a booklet titled "Introduction to the Diesel Engine".

I thought this rather a funny gesture on his part as I don't think Don realized my long association with the diesel engine. The booklet was informative though, as it was Dr. Rudolph Diesel that produced the first successful diesel in 1897 after his third try. The first diesel truck was produced by Daimler-Benz in 1923 and the first diesel car by Mercedes in 1935.

My connection with the diesel goes back to my grandfather Onions. After moving his family from Ireland to England, my grandfather, who was an engineer, worked for the Ruston-Hornsby Co. which was manufacturing Steam Engines at the time. Now, I don't know how or when the transition took place but I do know that grandfather Onions was co-designer of the Ruston-Hornsby "Oil Engine".

These engines were horizontal, mostly single cylinder with a massive fly wheel to help them complete their 4 cylinder operation. These slow revving engines proved to be very robust and maintenance free. Using the lowest grade of fuel oil made it was very economical to run. With various belts and pulleys they were coupled up to run all sorts of machinery of which the most common was the electric generator.

As a side light to all of this, Ruston-Hornsby sold an oil engine generator set to the French who (yes it was France) built the Statue of Liberty. My grandfather traveled all the way across the Atlantic to see that the unit was installed properly. It was used to light the torch that is held high for all to see. I am sorry that in all our travels past the statue that we never stopped to inspect it more closely.

After my grandfather had decreed that my father learn all the mechanics of a steam engine, as this was still the prime function of the Ruston Co., Dad joined the Merless Engine Co. who were building more advanced diesel engines than the slow revving Hornsby types. During this time my Dad earned his degree in Mechanical Engineering. When the First World War broke out my Dad joined the British Navy. It became his job to oversee the service of the diesel auxiliary engines installed aboard the great warships of the British Navy. When Britain built a fleet of Diesel powered submarines and

established a submarine base in Malta. Dad was sent out as Chief Engineer in charge of all these subs. His exploits while in Malta as a submariner are another story to be told.

After the war Dad immigrated to Canada and joined the Montreal based firm of Laurie & Lamb who were the agents for various lines of British Machinery including the Ruston-Hornsby diesel engine. They gave Dad Ontario to cover where upon he opened an office and display room on Queen Street East in Toronto. (It was two years later when my Mother decided that Bob Onions was going to stay in Canada and that she would immigrate to Canada to marry him.)

It is legend the success my father had selling the Ruston Engine to all kinds of applications that included numerous Grisk Flour Mills, pumping and sewage disposal stations to large standby generating units to such companies as O'keefes, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Eatons and Simpsons and the Royal York Hotel. During the depression years they had good success selling Bellis and Morlamb Compressors powered by the Ruston Engine to various mining camps and lumber mills throughout Northern Ontario.

Many of these camps were visited by open cockpit bush planes. To say Dad used to drive from Toronto to North Bay in a Model T Ford, then put the car on the train to Latchford, then drive to Kirkland Lake and Timmons are tales left to be told.

After the Second World War during which time Dad worked as an engineer for Canadian Vickers in Montreal who built the "Frigate" line of warships and the Liberty Merchant ships. Part of his duty was to take the warships down the St. Lawrence on their shake down cruise, numerous times getting caught in ice jams between Quebec City and Montreal, which at times did damage to these new ships.

When the war ended Father struck out on his own becoming his own agent for British Engines and Machinery. Ironically he never did see quite the success that transpired during the depression years as one would have expected after the war. He did however succeed in getting a major contract to supply all the engines for the DEW line and some for the Pine Tree Line. These were Canada's early warning devices set up across the Arctic Circle to detect any missile attacks that might come our way. These English built Dorman Diesel Engines proved to be the only ones to start automatically at - 40 F.

My own association with the Diesel Engine

My Association with the Diesel Engine

Cont'd from previous page

began after my discharge from the Navy. I joined Leyland Motors Canada Ltd. Leyland was a British company that built heavy duty trucks and busses during the late 20's and the 30's. Prior to WWII they had sold a number of trucks in Canada to the Canadian Brewers and Oil companies. My job was to try and piece together what remained of these trucks and learn to rebuild the engines.

It was with great anticipation when Leyland announced that they had developed a brand new truck for the North American Market and they were to assemble these trucks in Toronto. After sending some prototypes from England they made me truck driver and sent me to Montreal to offload large crates of parts to assemble these trucks in a leased hanger out at Malton Airport. Leyland then made me Demonstrator Driver and gave me four demonstrator units, two straight single axel trucks and two highway 5th wheel tractors. I ended up burning the diesel engines out of 3 of the 4 trucks. When the Vice President of Leyland came to Canada to see what the trouble was, it was then that I told him that the trucks were just not strong enough for the highway work in North America. He fired me on the spot.

Needless to say with England's failure to adapt to the American standards the whole automotive industry collapsed in England.

It was later I found myself working in the shop of a large Heavy Equipment Supply Co. It was here I worked on all types of construction equipment that included replacing the major domestic diesel engines such as G.M., Caterpillar, Cummins and International. After serving some time as a service mechanic on the road, I was given the opportunity to go into sales and take over the Northern Industry.

As a side light to all this, my brother sold Volvo Marine Engines, both gas and diesel. He sold four Volvo diesels that power the Chief Commanda 11.

Also those of us that now have or have previously owned a later model C.S. yacht will find it powered by Volvo sold by my brother. It is ironic that I once owned such a boat.

With the passing of my Dad and the retirement of myself and my brother, along came the end of a long Onions association with the Diesel engine.



Valedictory Address

Dan Faulkner, graduating class 2005

Tonight I find it my privilege to speak for the graduating students at this dinner...and I consider it an honor to have been chosen to convey to George, Pat and Doug our thanks for their time, their patience, their dedication and most of all, their good attitudes.

I was fortunate enough to have participated in both the courses...so now I consider myself equally incompetent on both a power and sailing craft...and thanks to Doug and George, and the countless hours devoted to navigation...I can say with NO lack of conviction that I can become equally lost with a COMPASS or a GPS!! And while I may now understand who has the right of way...I'm not sure I can do really anything about it. So if you happen upon sail number 1201 you might find it advisable to allow me a great deal of room...at least for this summer.

Now a little about Pat. Pat spent numerous hours teaching our group the science of sailing, the miracle of the Bernoulli effect, the magic of the sail slot, the importance of sail management, the importance of sail to displacement ratios, the physics of CE's and CLR's.....in a nutshell, we may not have the practical skills to avoid ramming you, BUT, we will be able to clearly explain to you why it happened.

I think one of the most important things we learned from this experience is how little we know, like I don't know why anyone would want a power boat...Doug and George never really were able to explain that...BUT I do understand why everyone should want to sail, Pat explained that at great length!

However, the most valuable lesson we all took away from this past winter is...when we fail to understand the limitations of our crafts and ourselves we become a danger to ourselves and those around us...we have learned to respect the water and understand that as humans beings we will not win any confrontation with Mother Nature, she is simply too powerful...too unpredictable.

I truly believe this group will be safer, more skilled boaters as a result of the dedication of these three gentlemen, and the Power Squadron as a whole.

All in all...on behalf of the graduates I would like to thank Doug, Pat and George again for their commitment to us. I would like to assure them that their efforts have resulted in making boating a safer and more enjoyable activity for us, and all those we encounter.

We all are very fortunate to have people who are willing to share their time and expertise with us.

Thank you...

Coming Events

Along with the up coming Squadron BBQ, are a number of other exciting Squadron Activities:

Rendezvous at Keystone July 16, 2005:

Once again the North Bay Squadron has been invited to join the Yacht Club for dinner at Keystone Lodge in conjunction with their weekend race to the French River. Cocktails are in the Lodge at 1800. You can order off their menu, or have one of the house specials. This has proved to be a really enjoyable get together the past few years - this year should be no exception. Please call David Tafe at 497-0839 for more information or if you plan on attending so Keystone can be sure to have lots of food available

Chief Commanda Dinner Cruise August 11, 2005:

Once again we will be enjoying the 2-1/2 hour dinner cruise aboard the chief Commanda 2. Pre reservations are a must, and Michael Eedy (494 9219) is waiting anxiously to hear from you by Tuesday August 9, 2005. Entrée & dessert selection must be given at time of reservation. Choices:

1. Potato Crusted Pan-fried Fillet of Pickerel
 2. Charbroiled New York Steak BBQ'd on board
 3. Chicken Kiev with white wine / mushroom sauce
- With Potato and vegetable. Cost for cruise and dinner is: \$45.00 adult. We'll meet at 1800 at the ticket office on the Government Dock and the boat sails at 1830.

Cruise to the West Arm:

Once again we are going to head out to the West Arm for a weekend. A group is already forming to head over there on Friday August 26. Details are still being arranged, but the plan so far is to meet at the west end of Sandy Island Friday morning and head as a group to Shuswap where we'll commandeer a convenient anchorage and raft together. Saturday will see us probably head into Monetteville for lunch and sight seeing or something like that. This event is open to both power and sail boats as there should be [plenty of room for those on boats too tall to get under the bridge to hitch a ride with those of us who can. To let us know you wish to attend and to get the information as it becomes available, please contact Caven Ford at 752-4807 or caven.ford@fordholdings.net.

Overheard in Passing

Perhaps the most important weather rule of all for sailors!

Whether the weather be fine or whether the weather be not. Whether the weather be cold or whether the weather be hot. We'll weather the weather whatever the weather, whether we like it or not.

Commander's Message

Continued from Page 2

retreat. Wouldn't we live to regret that! The "summer" people from away have long ago pulled in the dock, drained the water lines and said their farewells (**GOODBYE, SEE YOU NEXT YEAR**).

After supper we began to worry about Ginny, Jeff and Clint who were enroute by boat from Callander. Their 35 footer was loaded with steel roofing for one of the cottages undergoing renovations. At 6 p.m. we decided to head back out to the mouth of the French to see if we could get a glimpse of them. Perhaps they had a breakdown? We had checked our answering machine and their message said that they were leaving about five.

From the dock to Lake Nipissing is about a 10 minute boat ride. No sign of them. We continued out into the Lake. The sky grew darker, the wind began to blow (**SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH**) and the rain began to fall (**PLOP**). Suddenly, about halfway to Cross Point, the VHF squawked: "Elizabeth, is that you?" Out of the rain, their boat appeared, rolling with the waves and the heavy load 3,000 pounds of steel roofing laid crosswise on the gunwales. Ginnie came on the radio. "This has been the worst ride of my life!!". "You made it", I said. "We'll come about. Follow us back in". Famous last words. Leapfrogging, we managed to find our way back into the River and past the Keystone Light. The dock and our friend's cottage lay about 5 minutes west.

We knew where west was we were safe boaters. We had compass, VHF, GPS, depth finder and all manner of other safety equipment required and not required and we knew how to use them. But knowing west doesn't help much when the rain isn't falling, it's throwing itself at you; when the wind isn't blowing, it's screaming at the top of its lungs. And you know that you're off course because the slow speed and high waves have turned your bow any way but the right way. And you've been going dead slow, hoping not to hear the hull scrape across some unfriendly piece of the river bed.

"Do you know where you are?" I yelled into the radio. "I can't see your light!"

Ginne replied, "We can see your lights but ours are covered by the roofing. I'll use a flashlight as long as the battery lasts so you can see us".

The literal beacon of hope that stayed with us for two hours was the Keystone Light. We didn't know which side of it we were on and didn't really care! As long as we could see it, we knew we were close to home.

"How's our depth?" I asked Art, for probably the hundredth time. We wanted to be back at the dock, but everytime the depth sounder beeped, (**BEEP, BEEP, BEEP**) our hearts lept and we'd peer through the wind and rain. "Is that land? Is that the lighthouse? Let's throw the anchor? Let's....."

I wasn't the best lookout at the best of times because I had (Continued on next page)

Sixth Annual Squadron BBQ

Caven Ford P

The North Bay Power and Sail Squadron's 6th annual BBQ will be held on the beach at the Manitou Islands on Sunday June 26, 2005. The event will kick off around 1400. A few of us will be out there early to try to grab part of the beach for the BBQ. Those of you with boats that can't get to shore, give us a call on the VHF (we will be monitoring Chanel 68). Some one will be more than glad to scoot out to ferry you in. We plan to begin cooking around 1600. Done in plenty of time for the fishermen amongst us to get that evening fish in, or the rest to get back to port before dark. The Squadron will supply all the food and soft drinks for the BBQ for Squadron members and their immediate families. If you wish to bring a guest, they are welcome. We will ask guests for a small donation to cover the cost of the food. We plan on purchasing the food as close to the date as we possibly can, but we will need to know who is coming to get the right amount of food. Please contact Caven Ford at 752-4807, caven.ford@fordholdings.net or Terry Lang at 497-3705, terrylang@tlcconsulting.on.ca

There will be games for the kids, swimming (if not too cold), fun, sun (hopefully) and a really good meal. Come out and join us for a great afternoon on the lake!

If the weather is not agreeable to getting over to the Manitou Islands, we will hold the BBQ at the North Bay Yacht Club in Callander.

Ship's Stores

Carol Gibson S

Now that boating season is upon us, this is the time to replace that frayed flag, treat yourself to a North Bay Burgee - unique to our Squadron.

We have a limited supply of heavy duty CPS flags 8"x 13" @ \$20. and 12"x 20" CPS flags for those with larger boats sell for \$9.00

Burgees are available for \$15.00, and hats are \$9.00

We have also purchased a quantity of "Wheelies". They are advertised as a floating, all-season, safety-rope delivery system for outdoor enthusiasts. This is a locally made heaving line that packages 50 ft of floating line in a compact, tangle less method and can be hung for convenience, instead of being at the bottom of your line cupboard. They sell from the manufacturer for \$34, but by making a bulk purchase, we can offer to our members for \$25.00 including taxes.

Call Carol at 752 2223 to purchase any of the above.

Commander's Message

Continued from page 5

been losing my vision for the past few years but it wouldn't have mattered if I had 20:20 that night. Sheets of rain blew without end. Neither of us could see past the bow. I had unzipped the side curtains in case we got close enough to see anything. The rain poured in. The noise of the engine, wind and rain melded into one. In between screaming into the radio, we'd stick our heads out into the rain, looking, hoping, praying. **(OH GOD, OH GOD)**

"Did you leave the lights on at the cottage?" Ginny yelled over the radio. "If we get close, maybe we'll be able to see the light!"

I didn't answer. Dumb, dumb, dumb.

I was an active member of the Power and Sail Squadron. What is the main goal of CPS? Boating Safety!!! Who could I blame this fiasco on? Art, for deciding that we had better come out and look for them, rather than staying put. Me, for not putting on lights. Me for not entering GPS coordinates for the river. Who would need them? Once you hit the river, you can always find the cottage. Right? RIGHT??? **(WRONG, WRONG, WRONG)**

(Who asked you?)

I would have answered her in my meekest voice except we were yelling to be heard by each other. "No, but I laid the fire!" **(GREAT, WE'LL TOAST MARSHMALLOWS)**

No answer from Ginny. No kidding.

Suddenly our boats met amidships. **(CLUNK)** We grasped each other's gunwales like life lines. Being closer felt better. We didn't have any plan. We could have set a course and followed it until we hit something or ended up back in the main Lake or up some God-knows-where channel in a worse predicament than this. Lost half a mile from home or lost 10 miles from home. Throw the dice. We had a few minutes of pointless conversation until they disappeared into the darkness again.

Clint's voice on the radio "Elizabeth we're on the dock. Can you see our lights? We can see you. Keep on course.....turn to port.....keep coming....you're just off the island....can you see the light?"

"No!" I yelled.

"Keep coming...you're just about in the bay."

And finally, we saw the light! What relief! We pulled over to our dock and Jeff caught our lines. The dog was first off....not a peep out of her the whole time. **(PEEP, PEEP, PEEP)**. As I was saying, not a peep out of her the whole time. Who says dogs have a brain the size of a pea?

Naturally within minutes of docking, the rain stopped, the
(Continued on next page)

Miscellaneous Weather Stuff

Caven Ford P

The following are some sayings and such related to weather that I have picked up and kept note of. Where possible I include a note to the possible origin of the saying:

Sun sets Friday clear as bell, Rain on Monday sure as hell.

Rainbow to windward, foul fall the day. Rainbow to leeward, rain runs away.

(A windward rainbow indicates rain upwind, so it may begin raining soon. A rainbow behind the wind or to leeward implies the rain has probably past).

Cold is the night when the stars shine bright.

(The more moisture there is in the sky, the more the light from the sun, moon, and stars is dimmed or reddened. A very clear sky permits more starlight to penetrate, thus the stars appear brighter. Moisture tends to hold in the day's heat, like a blanket. The less moisture there is in the air at night, the more the temperature tends to fall. Thus, the brighter the stars appear, the cooler is the night).

If clouds are gathering thick and fast, keep sharp look out for sail and mast, but if they slowly onward crawl, shoot your lines, nets and trawl.

In the morning mountains. In the evening fountains.

(The mountains refer to high, billowing cumulus clouds, indicative of instability and possible development of cumulonimbus clouds and a late afternoon or evening thunderstorm).

Check to see from which quarter the wind blows! "A wind in the south has rain in her mouth."

(A southerly wind usually carries moisture from the Gulf of Mexico. It causes the air to become more humid, and thus, more likely to form rain clouds).

When the wind is blowing in the North, no fisherman should set forth.

When the wind is blowing in the East, 'Tis not fit for man nor beast.

When the wind is blowing in the South, it brings the food over the fish's mouth.

When the wind is blowing in the West, that is when the fishing's best!

No weather's ill if the wind be still.

When rain comes before the wind, halyards, sheets and braces mind, but when wind comes before rain, soon you may make sail again.

Weather cont'd

If you don't trust your own judgement, check with the local wildlife:

Sea gull, sea gull, sit on the sand, it's never good weather while you're on the land.

Or when sea-gulls fly to land, a storm is at hand.

Of course, around these parts, a seagull on land is probably just on his way to or from McDonald's!

Commander's Message

Continued from page 6

wind stopped, the stars came out. **(TWINKLE, TWINKLE)**

Back at the cottage, by a nice warm fire (did I mention that I laid the fire?) and a warm bowl of soup inside us, we talked and talked and talked. "How did you find the dock?" I asked.

"We ran aground on the shoal off Partridge Island and got our bearings from that. It was raining so hard that we hit the dock before we saw it. Jeff ran up to the cottage to put on the lights so you could see your way in. It was so dark, he walked right into the side of the cottage". **(SPLAT!)**

Did we learn any lessons from this?

- Don't rely on your compass when you have a load of steel on board.
- Never say "I'll never need coordinates in the river"
- Never head out into an impending storm without making a really good return plan. (My plan is to be the one left on the dock!)
- Turn on every light in the place and forget about laying the fire.
- Head for cover while you still can. We could have pulled into a dock after we entered the river but didn't know how wild the night was going to be.

The rest of the weekend was picture perfect. No wind of course...it might even have snowed one afternoon. The quiet of the French River is one of its assets but there are times when you wish for lots of company!

APPLAUSE, APPLAUSE, APPLAUSE

I hope you enjoyed the story. I hope the focus of boating safety will shine for you like the light we tried to follow.

Always be prepared, always be over prepared but always get out on your boat.

Thank you.

Elizabeth Appleton May 1, 2005

Next Bridge Meeting
Thur. Sept 8, 2005 @ 1930
North Bay Yacht Club, Callander
All Members and
Spouses welcome.

Our Web Address
[Http://www.nbpss.on.ca](http://www.nbpss.on.ca)

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Moon Halos

Caven Ford P

What is the halo-like ring you sometimes see around the moon? That breathtaking vision in the night sky is the result of ice crystals refracting the light of the moon. The halo rings the moon when high, thin cirrus clouds made up of millions of these crystals cover the sky. The moon's light enters into the hexagonal-shaped ice structures and is bent before passing out another side of the crystals, causing a ring of light to appear around the moon. But this phenomenon is not limited to the moon -- given the right conditions, you can spot a sun halo as well.

Halos typically appear as a ring of white light around the moon or the sun, but they can also appear in color patterns. The most common type of halo is the 22-degree halo, so-called because the ice crystals refract the light of the moon or sun at an angle of 22 degrees. A less-common type of halo is the 46-degree variety, which has a larger diameter than the 22-degree but is also fainter.

According to folklore, a moon halo indicates that bad weather is on the way. There may be some truth to this since the halo is usually caused by high-altitude cirrus clouds that precede a warm front and an associated storm.

One dark, cloudy night, you might also be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of another spectacular moon show -- the lunar corona, when the moonlight is diffracted into hazy colored rings.

2005-2006 Squadron Bridge

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