**Sink The Boat**

I was at Loonatick Island in the Whitefish Bay of Lake of the Woods. Andy, Suzuna, and Kaio from Japan were visiting and we all decided to take a trip across the lake, through Turtle Portage, and then to Farnsworth Island on Sabaskong Bay where Ron’s brother Richard was living. Richard and family had updated the island with two large solar power panels, installed electricity in the buildings, and taken down the old ice house. Some of the paths around the island were upgraded to be passable with a small four wheel vehicle. After a pleasant visit, we departed for home. We were using the red Andy-painted rowboat with an outboard motor. Along the way back, we decided to have a picnic at Timber Island, which has a long sandy beach.

Andy nosed the boat onto the beach where we set out a nice picnic and had some relaxing time in the water. After a while the wind started to increase and we noticed that the waves from due west were increasing in size. The beach collects sand since there are no islands directly to the west, so the waves are unobstructed. We decided that we should leave. When we got in the boat, the waves started to come over the rear end and into the boat. Despite our furious attempts at bailing water, the boat kept getting more and more water in it. The engine could not be lowered into the water since now the boat was firmly beached on the sand. Now what?

Since the situation appeared hopeless, we decided to take the engine off the boat along with all of our belongings. The wind increased and soon the boat filled with water and completely sunk into the sand. Any attempt to lift the boat to drain the water was impossible; water is heavy! After some discussion, we decided to drag the sunken boat to deeper water, then turn it over while entirely submerged, and then lift it out of the water upside down so that it would now get filled with air. Once the boat was lifted completely out of the water, we took it over our heads to the beach. The water was quite cold and we were becoming blue. The boat was then repositioned so that the bow was facing the waves and the stern was loaded with people to keep the bow high. The engine was reattached; the boat moved a little further into the water; we then loaded the boat and shoved off into the waves. We could then lower the motor into the water, and it actually started up after several very nervous pulls of the starter cord. (Yea, we did not have to row.) We could then use the bailing jugs to get most of the water out of the boat and proceed. Of course, we were all completely wet, so we were glad to see Ron’s boat approaching (he had been contacted with a cell phone HELP message) with its friendly people and load of warm towels. We dried off somewhat and continued motoring the rowboat back to Loonatick Island.

**Sink The Kayak**

I was in Coronado and there was a kayak rental place on San Diego Bay. I had some experience renting kayaks at Morro Bay up the coast and I had learned about the tide and the wind. The water was calm. The nice person who rented the kayak declared that it was unsinkable, so off I went exploring the shores of the bay around the golf course and under the Coronado Bridge. I noticed that the kayak was becoming increasingly unstable, but I did not understand why. While on the shore near the golf course, the kayak suddenly turned over, but I was able to right it and get in. There was only the small inlet to cross to get back to the rental location, so off I went. As I was going across the inlet, I noticed that the kayak was becoming even more unstable, and it took all my effort to keep the kayak stable in an upright position. Eventually, I found myself on the side of the bay in a marina filled with boats. As I tried to get off the kayak onto the dock, I grabbed a float on the side of the dock and tried to step off the boat, but it sank deeper into the water and floated away. Now what?

The deck of the dock is much higher than the float and there is no grip on the dock. My arm strength was not good enough to get me above the float and onto the dock. There are barnacles and sharp objects under the water level, so there was no place to anchor my feet so I could climb onto the dock. I decided not expend further effort trying to get on the dock so I waited with one arm firmly around the rope connecting the float to the dock. At least the water was warm. I wondered how long I would have to remain attached to the dock.

Eventually, a nice man from one of the local boats showed up, grabbed my shorts, and helped me get my body onto the dock. I had been saved! As I washed off the blood on my hands and feet, I felt fortunate that there were no obvious sharks nearby. I then contacted the rental place to tell them about their unreturned kayak. They were apologetic and eventually found the kayak barely floating under the surface about a half-mile down the bay. Apparently, there was a leak in the plastic seam of the kayak that slowly filled the body with water causing the kayak to become increasingly unstable. So much for their statement that the kayak was unsinkable! Moral: always wear the life jacket when boating.